

familiar and beloved figure, the Princess Georgina, just looking and timidly smiling at the people that were to be her people, while the Princess bowed and bowed. . . .

They sat together, in the evening, in a quiet room of the Palace where their high, encroaching world, with all its exactions and instructions, had left them for a little with friendliness alone.

There she sat, so unbelievably near him, so almost his own—their high state dissolved into that. There were roses in the room, and a green twilight from the garden—all that seemed to matter. She had come far to meet him there; she looked perhaps a little tired.

He regarded her very tenderly, and leaned toward her, and took her hand, and stroked it. "The Abbey is a beautiful place," he said; "and it belongs to us all. You will not be afraid, my dear love—to-morrow."

Hilary smiled upon her husband. "I know it is a beautiful place," she said; "and I know I shall not be afraid, my dear love—to-morrow."

The King kissed her hand.

THE END

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