

"Shall we go back?" he asked gently.
 "It is almost your luncheon hour."

"You will come in with me. You know
 Gerald is always glad to see you. He likes
 you and he likes so few."

"Not today—tomorrow, perhaps; and we
 won't talk of that other April morning."

We were children playing with the things
 that matter."

"Yes," she answered gravely. "But we
 are not giving in."

"Far from it. There are the next ten
 years. I wonder shall we meet on an April
 morning then and compare the outlook."

She shook her head. "No, for then I
 shall know," was all she said.



King Edward returning to his yacht.