

Robin had turned to look back at the sunlit gallery and long line of portraits when he felt Jean's hand slipped into his.

"We'll come back presently, Jean," whispered Robin softly, "just you and I, to tell them how happy we are, and how we want always to live at the Manor. You won't want to go back to Canada like Bunty and Eric, will you, Jean?"

Jean laughed. "No," she replied, "I don't think so, but we won't think of the future. We'll just run down—and tell the others the story."

And Robin was only too happy to obey.