

I gave, the more would be left me to give him, since he had given me all.

Desperately he whispered, "I should never have *lived* if I'd never held you like this, Jill!"

"Jack! But we had to meet," I whispered back. "It couldn't be an accident. Not Chance. It must be Fate. Think, we'd nearly met before. I only just missed that party, and that class where you would have been. The next time came off. The chance has to come sooner or later when sweethearts like you and me have *seen* each other. It's bound to come——"

He lifted his head from my throat. "Is it bound to come?" he muttered at my lips. "No, it's only a bit of luck, I think; that I'm able to take—this——" he kissed me; deep. "What luck, I say, *what* luck!"

"Fate!" I tried to protest, all trembling from him. "Bound to come!"

"No it wasn't. Anyhow, kiss me. *You* never do kiss me."

"*Oh——!*"

"Kiss me now, then," he coaxed. The sound of the gong rumbled softly down from the house. "Will you? U'm?"

"Then say it *was*, first."

"Was what, Sweetheart?"

"Fate that we met," I prompted. "Bound to be."

"Fate, then!" he retorted, so close to me that I couldn't look at him, even if I hadn't had to shut my eyes as he says, "Funny how," I always find them shut-