

THE COURTSHIP OF ROSAMOND FAYRE

you never would 'notice' me, Nell. That was my trouble, just then."

"Nonsense. You were quite conceited enough to see that I liked you from the very beginning—I don't mean 'see,' I mean 'imagine'," Mrs. Urquhart corrected herself hastily. "Well, I noticed that you put your hand up to the safety-pin at your collar when you were speaking about the new moon. . . . Do tell me," she broke off into a coaxing whisper as she nestled her head down again. "Were you touching gold for a wish?"

"As a matter of fact, I was," admitted the young man. "I was wishing that I might have gold to touch. And I've got it," concluded Ted Urquhart happily, with his lips on Rosamond's hair.

THE END