

POSTSCRIPT

WISH AND FULFILMENT

"**W**HY, you jumped at me, you know you did," Captain Urquhart summed up a teasing discussion with his young wife.

They were sitting at lazy ease in two deck-chairs set right up in the bows of his steam yacht as she sped along under tropic, star-strewn skies and over tropic seas, at night.

They were on their second honeymoon now (the first having lasted two days only), and the silhouette of the couple showed black as ivory against the restless silver of the water.

"Naturally, I jumped at you," took up Mrs. Ted Urquhart's pretty mocking voice. "There was I, a penniless pauper of a secretary-girl, and out of work at that, remember! Suddenly confronted with the chance of being released for life from the fear of penury and the need to work—besides the chance of starrng it as a hero's wife. Of course she snapped at it! And now you throw it in her face——"

"Ah! Shamefully ill-used, isn't she?" the young husband responded with an easy laugh.