

setting, with a little chinking of plates and for our supper.

She came to the door and called in her insidious voice, "*Mae'n barod rwan, sir!*"

"That means it's ready now," said Bill softly. "Come in, dear. Yes—those lights are outward-bound, Nancy. But you—you're anchored, aren't you? All fast?"

"Ah, but as I love to be," I said, this time with a happy sigh; and turned—to his breast.

He clasped me, crushing against my neck a kiss that has left there, rosy and distinct, the impression of a chain. . . .

It's that slender gold chain which holds the little oval pendant framing a christening-curl. His mother fastened that gift beneath the white shimmer of my bridal-gown this morning.

And I remember something that she said when first she offered it.

Presently, I shall tell my husband what it was.

THE END