

For a moment he looked down into her upturned face, struggling against the provocation of her lips.

"I love the most charming, youngest, most mature, most unselfish, most winsome—oh, there aren't adjectives enough. Who do you love?"

"The nicest—the very nicest and cleverest man in the world," she answered demurely.

"Nicest—I'm not quite sure that I like that adjective applied to a man."

"I can't help it—we can't all have playwright's vocabularies, you know. I could draw him better."

He bent over very near to her while her clever fingers made rapid strokes. When it was finished she looked up at him with shy daring in her eyes.

"Is my nose really like that?" he asked.

"How did you guess who it was meant for?" she teased, and turned her head quickly, because she was not quite sure even now that she was ready for that wonderful first kiss.

"I've always wanted to kiss you just below that little curl anyway," whispered Terry. "And now your lips, please."