

BLUE-BIRD WEATHER

I would scarcely care to marry the daughter of a——” He stopped short, and Herold set his teeth.

“Say it,” he said, “and let this end matters for all of us. Except that I have saved seven thousand dollars toward—what I took. I will draw you a check for it now.”

He walked steadily to the table, laid out a thin checkbook, and with his fountain-pen wrote out a check for seven thousand dollars on a Norfolk bank.

“There you are, Marche,” he said wearily. “I made most of it buying and selling pine timber in this district. It seemed a little like expiation, too, working here for you, unknown to you. I won’t stay, now, of course. I’ll try