

also like the fall of an autumn leaf from the full-budded tree of her happiness.

Miladi jerked back, reaching for a bunch of grass, and Jim's lips twitched.

"Betty," he said meekly.

Betty drummed her heels, whistling still. A magpie strutted out to the open, raised his clear black and white wings, and sent his answer carolling out on the sunny air. Jim sighed gently.

"One thing, there isn't goin' to be any monotony in our marriage," he remarked. "We're likely to find plenty to quarrel about."

"I wasn't quarrelling."

"Then it must have been me," said Jim in humbleness.

Betty kicked her heels again, biting her lips. Then she flashed a glance at him. Then another. Then she put out her arms.

"Jim," she cried; "what are you an angel without any wings for? I want to be cross, and you won't let me."

Jim gathered her close to him, rubbing his cheek against hers.

"It's just your unselfishness upsettin' you over this, darlin'. You think mother wants to live with us. But she doesn't, Betty. She an' I talked it all out clear long ago, an' she knows we're best left to ourselves. We have a lot to find out about each other yet, my Betty, an' we've got to do it our own way. Nothin's got to come between a man an' his wife, Betty . . . not even mother."

"She wouldn't come between us——"

Jim turned her face up, looking into her eyes.

"Betty," he said, "you an' me are likely to go to