

BLUE-BIRD WEATHER

a corker! I love him—that little brother, Jim, of mine; and as for—Molly——” His voice broke and he turned sharply aside, saying: “It’s certainly blue-bird weather, Courtney, and we all might as well go North. Come out under the stars, and we’ll talk it over.”

It was almost dawn when they returned. Marche’s hand lay lightly on Courtney’s shoulder for a moment, as they parted.

Above, as Courtney stood feeling blindly for his door, Molly’s door swung softly ajar, and the girl came out in her night-dress.

“Father,” she whispered, “is it all right?”