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Curzon's \$8.60 Overcoat has
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Address for Patterns:

CURZON BROS., c/o THE CLOUGHER SYNDICATE (Dept.)
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West End Depot: PEMBROKE HOUSE, 133 & 135 OXFORD ST., LONDON, ENGLAND.

Please mention this paper.



CONCERNING A CHILD

(Continued from page 6.)

knows that they helped check you on
your way to commit a crime she'll
offer up a prayer of thankfulness."

"They made me think of Cousin
Martha," David repeated, "and it came
to me all at once that if I killed that
hound it would be a blow to her—that
it would be called murder—though
God knows he ought to die!—that I
must stand for his crime myself. And
I knew I ought to come in and ask
you what to do. How am I to go on
living, Robert—living and looking
people in the face?"

"Just by turning neither to the right
nor to the left because of this, which
is no fault of yours. The village can't
bring into play the Scarlet Badge of
another's infamy—it's none of their
business. Be kind to Christine, for-
give her, for there is really nothing
to forgive on her part."

"As Holt pulled himself wearily out
of the rocker I felt that I had ac-
complished very little; I had exhaust-
ed his first burst of Bersek and that
was something. As to his standing
up against the village, he wasn't the
kind, he was too negative. 'Don't try
to drown your troubles with drink,
David,' I admonished as kindly as I
could.

"I watched him turn down toward
his own house, which also was some-
thing, for the tavern lay the other
way."

"But your counsel d'd prevail,
Gray," I said, "for there seems to
have been a happy ending."

"Not at all," he answered. "My in-
fluence over Holt lasted about as
long as I watched him going down the
way. That is one of the reasons why
I have been on the ego side of the
story so far. I simply want to show
you, Bates, that the Creator is still
considerably wiser than either of
us—works in mysterious ways, and,
as a rule, chooses humble instruments.
The good Samaritan in this case—
well that's what I'm going to tell you.

"For days and weeks the shadow
that was over the house of David Holt
grew darker. As he passed to or
from the factory I could see a heavier
droop growing into his shoulders.
Sometimes his face was full of a
tired moroseness, sometimes the flush
of the essence of forgetfulness rouged
his pallid cheeks. Catherine knew in
her own house Christine as a stran-
ger—this I had from David. When
I remonstrated with him he only
shook his head, saying: 'It's no use—
no use! It's the shame; when it be-
comes known in the village we'll be
like lepers—we'll be outcasts. That's
what Catherine keeps dinging into my
ears morning, noon, and night. God
knows I know it. People will look on
me with shame in their eyes.'"

"I could see it all. David and
Catherine had sat under the Word of
God in its Mosaic expression until
their minds had holding for but two
forms of humanity, saints and devils,
holiness and sin. And their own
daughter, blood of their blood, was like
an evil thing that sat with them. Walled
in of long evenings, afraid to venture
forth upon the street lest someone
who had come by their dread secret
should put shame upon them, they
were becoming morbid—their power
to visualize anything but their shame
atrophied."

"The girl, Christine, was experi-
encing a veritable hell on earth," I
said, as Gray, with an expression of
disgust knocked the bowl of his pipe
empty against the fire-place.

"Yes; and suddenly, worse, if pos-
sible, materialized. You see, my wife
and I had been worrying over when
Ruth should come to know the calam-
ity that had befallen Christine. With
that natural shrinking which is moral
cowardice we had put off—we had
said nothing about it. And by one
of those curious mental twists that
are so unexplainable Ruth was pos-
sessed of an abnormal desire to visit
Chris; and this day that the storm
broke and she was thrust into pos-
session of what God had no doubt
set aside for her hands to do, she
came back to her mother from Holt's
in a tempest of agitation. They were



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