

THE BEAUTIFUL WORLD

"Keep him! Why, father, you forget who he is! There are friends, relatives, an adoring public, and a mint of money awaiting that boy. You can't keep him. You could never have kept him this long if this little town of yours had n't been buried in this forgotten valley up among these hills. You'll have the whole world at your doors the minute they find out he is here — hills or no hills! Besides, there are his people; they have some claim."

There was no answer. With a suddenly old, drawn look on his face, the elder man had turned away.

Half an hour later Simeon Holly climbed the stairs to David's room, and as gently and plainly as he could told the boy of this great, good thing that had come to him.

David was amazed, but overjoyed. That he was found to be the son of a famous man affected him not at all, only so far as it seemed to set his father right in other eyes — in David's own, the man had always been supreme. But the going away — the marvelous going away — filled him with excited wonder.

"You mean, I shall go away and study — practice — learn more of my violin?"