

Katherine knelt by the bedside, gathering up the little body in her loving arms.

Dr. Ballard bent to lift the tiny wrist.

There was a gentle sigh, a flicker of the eyelids. Madam Crewe looked up contentedly, over Katherine's bowed head, and her eyes fixed themselves full on Martha.

The look said, "Slawson, you're a *good* woman!"

THE END