

doctors had gone, and I knew what was what. I got the Seventies together and told them the whole mess. I knew they'd stand by, once they understood. They all cried a little, and said we could bank on them. They're all nice old things, really, and the two other Eighties out of bed won't matter. They'll just follow along. There's going to be roast chicken for dinner. We can't afford it, but I don't care. And I've ordered ice cream in molds, roses in strawberry for everyone except O'Neill and McCarty, who get shamrocks in pistachio. I'm going to place the three tables in one big square, and, for God's sake, Davy, don't let me down. You've got to make things go. I'm like it says in the Prayer Book—there's no health left in me."

C198619

There was just the slightest suspicion of a tremor in Angelina Norton's lips as she completed this rather long explanation; but it had no time to develop into a full-fledged tremble. For just at that moment, while she fingered the window sash, and Emma Davis stood at right angles to her, and the plum tree continued to grow in grace if not in height, a sound was heard in the room above them as though someone with great determination were dragging a heavy object across the floor. Emma Davis did not tarry to assure Angelina that she wouldn't