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less witnesses who unwillingly encompassed her about as she ran her weary, resigned, and uneventful course. For Annie Tiddle, as she ran that course, could not cast aside every weight that easily beset her. There were quite too many of them, as Emma Davis knew: an ailing and complaining mother, lack of money and of friends, a want of humor, of that trifling nonsense which might now and again have turned even *her* Valley of Baca into an occasional well of water. Unlike Mrs. Melvina Rust, she had not had so much as a red geranium in her parlor window or a polyanthus in her backyard, simply because there had been cruelly left out of her that kind and eager necessity which would have placed them there. Nor had she been granted the gift of a thoroughly bad nephew to feed and worry over and, at last, to break her heart upon.

Indeed, these last ten years in the Home for Aged Women had given Annie Tiddle the only happiness she had known, a late benison of security in a frightened, resentful life. She even had come close to blossoming there like some century plant bursting into long-delayed bloom. She had loved the Sunday evening sings around the piano, with Emma Davis' square hands pounding on the keys, *Sun of my soul*,