

WHEN THE PLUM TREE CEASED TO BE Hawley and became itself again, when all the meanings of that black night above the river and of the years which followed had redefined themselves in quick flashes through Emma Davis' mind, she looked at Angelina still twisting her cord in her window space. A great tenderness for Angelina swept over Emma at that moment. She was clearly tired, done in, washed out. She needed nothing so much as a day in bed, with hot cups of tea at frequent intervals, and a solacing magazine with quiet pictures, *House Beautiful*, *Better Homes and Gardens*. Her brown eyes behind her spectacles looked scared, as they had years ago when Old Sackett had been more on the loose than usual. Everyone but Emma called Angelina *Angie*, and, it must be admitted, the diminutive suited her far more aptly than did her full name. But Emma stuck to *Angelina*, partly because it amused her by its very incongruity, largely because she felt that its frequent utterance served, in some odd way, as a prop to Angelina.

Emma Davis had been known as *Davy* from her youth up. She hated the name of *Emma*. Once you were neatly inside *Emma*, she felt,

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