

three. And because it's going to be a very exciting and lovely day, I want to get you properly ready for it. You can't even see your new tea set till you've had a good rest. Get your clothes off now and into that bed, for you're having the back rub of your life in just half an hour." She bent over old Mrs. Rust, who was fumbling for the door key in her black sateen pocket. "And I'll not forget," she whispered, "that no one knows a thing about this but only you and me."

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ONCE EMMA DAVIS HAD LEFT OLD MRS. Rust's room for that of Miss Annie Tiddle, she was acutely conscious of the need for time, for just ten minutes, five, to pull herself together, to get a tighter grasp on things in general as well as on things in particular, to marshal her scattered faculties of invention and pretense; but there clearly wasn't any time. Not only was the journey from the one room to the other brief in itself, but there were obligations to be met along the way. All the doors of all the rooms were open on this bright spring morn-

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