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say. There are plenty of tears. . . . Well, when's the Exodus?"

Angelina Norton seized the window sash with her square, capable hands before she answered Emma Davis. She obviously felt the need of support.

"It's at four today," she said. "When I told the doctors about all the things that have been happening around here at four o'clock for the last two weeks, they apparently thought that was the hour. I suppose it's reasonable enough. From what they said, or didn't say, I gathered they wanted to see the three of them while the notions are still on."

Emma Davis turned from the window and the view of the little plum tree as rigidly and abruptly as though she were a mechanical toy. Now she stood at right angles to both and stared at Angelina, who still held on to the sash.

"You and I aren't likely to forget the hour of four, Angelina, for the rest of our mortal lives," she said. "I always used to think it was the dullest hour of the twenty-four, but never again! And since what will be, will be, I'll get busy. I suppose, knowing you, the day's a Special?"

"It is," Angelina said. "Last night, after the"