

you as I do, I know you'll want to rejoice with her, even if you can spare only a brief quarter of an hour. She needs you, and you've never forsaken a friend in need; *that* I know from long experience. She said to me just now, 'I do hope Annie Tiddle can come. Then we'll be sure of a perfect party.'"

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Miss Tiddle sat forward a bit in her chair. She was clearly both touched and embarrassed, and in her obvious confusion she fingered the cover of her Bible on the table, shuffling the first pages nervously.

"I haven't a thing to wear," she said at last. "My clothes are packed."

"Nonsense!" cried Emma Davis. "As though *you* wouldn't look nice in anything! That dress you have on right now is perfect for all occasions. I'll tell you what. I'll just bring around that new white collar of mine, you know the one, wide with all that lovely tatting which Mrs. Whipple made for me. That will add the finishing touch to this nice dress, and we'll maybe stick a flower on somewhere. Annie, dear, I knew you'd never fail me after years of helpfulness."

Miss Tiddle slowly and gravely took her Bible again into her lap.