

C198633

must. They've both got queer notions. I don't like to tell you, but it's true. They've both got queer notions about four o'clock. Mrs. Christianson, poor thing, thinks she's been ordered to kill someone at just four. And poor Annie Tiddle thinks she's had a summons. She said to me—though I can't recall just when, but she did, upon my word—'Melvina,' she said, 'I'm dying at four, if not today, then tomorrow. I know it,' she said. Those were her very words. Now did you ever hear anything so awful and so sad?"

Emma Davis led Mrs. Rust back to the chair and placed her securely in it. Then she knelt again on the floor and put her arms around the old woman.

"Rusty," she said, "you're always so wise and kind. I can always depend on you. That's just what it is, *sad*. And, of course, you'd see it as a lot wouldn't. A lot of people would leave Mrs. Christianson and Miss Tiddle alone, poor things, when you and I understand that what they need is friends. Now, because no one knows this but you and me, because it's a solemn secret between us, the only thing for us to do is to work together. We'll ask Mrs. Christianson and Miss Tiddle to your party. They'll be so happy that there won't be any room in