

I'm not one that bears false witness against my neighbors. I never, never did at 14 Vine Street, and I never, never shall once I'm back there. It's something about Annie Tiddle and Sigrid Christianson that no one knows but me. And I wouldn't tell it to you, only it's been revealed to me that I must. But before I tell it," Mrs. Rust whispered on, "you'll have to swear on God's Own Word that it shall be a secret between me and thee."

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She crept to a small table beside her bed and brought a worn Bible to Emma Davis.

"Put your right hand on this book," she whispered. "The left is not genuine. Only the right will do. Swear that what I'm going to reveal will never be revealed, that what I'm going to speak will never be spoken. Swear!"

"I swear!" Emma Davis said, placing her right hand on the Bible and at the same time encircling old Mrs. Rust with her left arm, for she was now shaking quite too much to be at all firm on her feet.

Mrs. Rust drew still nearer to Emma Davis' ear.

"Mrs. Christianson and Miss Tiddle must be watched," she whispered. "As it says in this book, *I say unto you, Watch*. And since I'm leaving today and can't watch any longer, you