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four o'clock. Every day for a fortnight now she had gotten ready to go, and every day she had been kept from going, sometimes by a threatening thunderstorm, so graphically described by Miss Davis that it would have been madness to venture out, sometimes by a sore throat, which Miss Davis discovered just in the nick of time, sometimes by household mending, or preparing vegetables, or running the dustmop in the corridor, duties which had so piled up on Miss Norton, or the cook, or Miss Davis that they simply could not manage to exist unless Mrs. Rust could postpone her return home in order to help them out. But today, with the sky blue and the air mild and that little plum tree, which Mrs. Rust could see from her window, full of blossoms, was clearly the day; and Mrs. Rust had made up her mind, or what was left of it, that she was going back to 14 Vine Street for good and all, and she was beginning to pack her belongings in her old canvas carryall. She was, therefore, inclined toward rebellion when Emma Davis burst through her door, for she had had some reason in the near past to suspect Miss Davis.

"Rusty!" Emma Davis cried with no preliminaries whatever and no apparent notice of the carryall on the floor. "My dear Rusty, the most