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enough to be clearly seen, spaces in their mouths where they had lost their first teeth. Now, just as Angelina Norton and Emma Davis had stopped talking to ponder for a bit over those mysterious and troubling gifts which Life and Time had bestowed so generously upon Mrs. Rust, Miss Tiddle, and Mrs. Christianson, they stopped swinging their ropes and advanced hand in hand across the lawn toward the little plum tree. When they got quite close to it, they stood, still hand in hand, and gazed at it as though they were too surprised to move or to speak. Their faces were uplifted to it there in the sunlight, and Emma Davis saw, or feared she saw, a new world, or perhaps the understanding of an old one, opening before their eyes. She feared that water was again being changed into wine, that power and glory and pain were getting inside the blue chambray frocks, and she thought she couldn't bear it.

"Don't, my darlings!" her heart cried out to them. "Run away. Don't look too long! It's too soon. Run away, I say!"

And as though the little girls had heard the warning of Emma Davis' heart, they did run away across the wet lawn and on to the sidewalk again.