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fully wrought sofa pillows, tidies, antimacassars, pincushions. All these were apparently now housed in pasteboard boxes and cartons which were piled on the floor at the foot of her bed, all tied up with stout twine, all labeled with tags in her careful handwriting. On the very top of the neat pile was a box marked *Sanitary Laundry*. It bore a long envelope inscribed, *Open when all is over*. The only objects in evidence, except for those necessary furnishings which the Home supplied its tenants, were, as Emma Davis' nervous scrutiny instantly revealed, a silent alarm clock on the bare mantelpiece with its stopped hands pointing to four o'clock, a Bible on the lap of Miss Tiddle, who sat by her window, and Miss Tiddle herself in a neat black dress.

Emma at once crossed the small room, drew up a chair opposite to Miss Tiddle, and sat down. She did not convey the least surprise over the unaccustomed appearance of the room, or seem to notice the parcels at the foot of the bed, or apparently recognize the fact that she was an unwelcome caller. As a matter of fact, however, that silent clock on the mantel was making its inroads upon her, and those inroads she must *not* give in to. A silent clock, she thought, in just the moment she allowed her-