

place. "What in the world for?" I asked, just as you're asking now. Well, now I know what for. It's a lovely tea set, white, like that little tree with tiny pale green leaves, and fragile, as it says on the box. And you'd better unpack it right away, for, mark my words, we're going to need it before this day is over. . . . And now," she concluded, descending suddenly from Mount Peor and starting toward the doorway as the sounds above increased in haste and violence, "I have various things to do. You can dock the price from my salary. It cost \$8.75, and it's going to be worth every penny of it—and more."

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NOW MRS. MELVINA RUST, TOWARD whose room Emma Davis was hastening, had once lived in a small white house at No. 14 Vine Street, an inconsequential house enough, with sagging green shutters and frayed gingerbread work over its front door. There was no longer any such house on Vine Street, nor had there been for ten years, it having been sold to the owner of a filling-station, who had paid exactly enough money for it to get Mrs. Rust

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