

and which, unlike the front lawn, she noted, sadly needed its first spring mowing. Shall Angelina and I ever be able to afford a gasoline mower? thought Emma. And the very dream of that mower in some distant future, its quick, compact *putt-putts* as it swept across the grass, as it left wide swaths of firm, shorn turf, somehow gave her an absurd courage to turn from the window and to meet Mrs. Christianson's pale blue gaze again, which in the meantime she had felt unmistakably between her shoulder blades.

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There was a large table just to the left of Mrs. Christianson's window, and on it Emma Davis saw, in the fleeting moments when her eyes somehow failed to meet Mrs. Christianson's eyes, an amazing array of scissors in varying sizes, all neatly placed in a shining row, their handles, circular, oval, cylindrical, plumb with the table edge, their blades, long and thin like lancets, heavy and thick, round-edged and dull, extending in uneven ranks toward the center of the table. Wherever, asked Emma Davis' mind, now fortunately with her, did she get all those scissors? But she was almost instantly diverted from that subject of research by the quick and alarming discovery that she did not need to continue it. Instead she looked