

grave and somber presence like some young colt bursting through a pasture fence.

"My dear Annie Tiddle," she cried, "forgive me! As you must know by this time, I'm not one to open doors when there are signs upon them. But time is so precious to me this lovely morning, and I've so much to do that I really couldn't help it. You *will* forgive me, won't you?"

C198638

If any power on earth, under it, or above it, could have been allowed to dampen the effervescent (if counterfeited) spirits of Emma Davis at that moment, Annie Tiddle's room and Annie herself would have dampened them, indeed soaked them, bogged them down, never to rise again. Miss Tiddle's room was divested of all her personal possessions: her pictures, photographs, all her many Christmas and Easter cards, all her Valentines which she had heretofore kept conspicuously arranged on her mantelpiece; her flower vases, her sewing basket, her rose jar with petals gathered years ago but still sweet; her playing cards always in evidence on her table, for Annie had dearly loved a game of hearts; her books, *Daily Thoughts for Daily Needs*, Longfellow's *Tales of the Wayside Inn*, all the few other volumes from her small bamboo bookcase; her wonder-