

she saw with untold relief a faint light creep into Miss Tiddle's bewildered, yet wary brown eyes. By some fortuitous, yet blessed, chance, she had said the one right thing out of a possible dozen which would have been disastrous beyond repair.

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"I think I always did have patience," Annie Tiddle said, closing her Bible, to Emma Davis' unspeakable joy, upon St. Paul's rhetorical questions, his glorious certainties. "At least, I did my best with you all. And I may say it's given me heart-warming rewards in years since then. Those many cards sent to me—you recall them, I'm sure. They're in a box with your name on it—just a little memento which I thought you'd like to keep to remember me by."

Emma Davis recalled with no difficulty the many cards. She had once seen Miss Tiddle in Woolworth's buying cards, Valentines those were, and she had concealed herself hurriedly behind the kitchen ware so that Miss Tiddle's own house of cards might not come tumbling down, never to rise again. She had the next morning gathered the cards together as she sorted the mail, noted their thinly disguised handwriting, studied them later on Miss Tiddle's mantelpiece with exclamations of pleas-