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nicé, and really the proper thing to do, for you to give a very small, very select, tea party up here, say at three o'clock, in honor of Captain Melvin Rust? Honor deserves honor, if you know what I mean. The party needn't be a long one, and, as there are only six cups and saucers, it would have to be small. I wouldn't pack all my things right now, for you'll want your room nice for the party. I'll promise to help you pack afterward."

Old Mrs. Rust was by this time sitting on the edge of her chair with every curlpaper off.

"I must say I think it's a lovely plan," she said. "I've always maintained there's nothing stays the heart like a nice cup of tea." Just then the faintest shadow crept into her eyes, which did not for a moment escape the quick glance of Emma Davis, still kneeling on the floor by Mrs. Rust's chair. "Who'll we ask to this tea-party?" asked old Mrs. Rust with again just a hint of suspicion.

Emma Davis rose then and moved closer to Mrs. Rust's window, which looked out on the green lawn and the little tree. She chose her words carefully.

"Miss Norton, of course," she said. "We couldn't have a real party without her. And me, I hope, Rusty. I'd be brokenhearted if I