

wonderful tea set of the frailest, daintiest pure white china with little sprigs of pale green leaves, six cups, six saucers, six plates, a cream pitcher; a sugar bowl, and a teapot. It's just the color of that little plum tree and just as gay. Miss Norton and I have unpacked it, and we're going to have it on display at our dinner party, so that everyone can see it and so that everyone can know how much Captain Rust thinks of his Aunt Melvina."

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By this time two bright red spots had appeared on Mrs. Rust's wrinkled cheeks. She was sitting up straight in her chair with curlpapers off and curlpapers on, and there were tears in her blue eyes.

"Well, I really never did!" she said. "And coming on the very day I'm going home for good! I assume," she concluded, with just the merest trace of returning suspicion, "that I'll be allowed to take my own tea set, sent me by my own nephew, to my own home with me?"

Emma Davis laughed aloud and placed her strong, broad hands over Mrs. Rust's small, shaking ones.

"If you aren't allowed to take that tea set when you go this afternoon, my name's not Emma Davis," she said; "but Rusty, I've got a marvelous idea. Don't you think it would be