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ever is in that big box under this desk? It's marked *Fragile*."

"That's just right," Emma Davis said. "It is fragile. It's so fragile you could crush it in your hands without half trying. It's a tea set."

"A tea set!" cried Angelina Norton, forgetting for the moment in her consternation all the far weightier happenings of yesterday, all the ominous dread of today, and advancing from her window space quite up to Emma. "What in the world for?"

Emma Davis all at once stopped fussing at her cap, the front pleat of her uniform. Her hands fell at her sides; her body became rigid; her slowly widening blue eyes stared at Angelina, but saw her not; her mouth dropped open. She stood in the matron's office of the Home for Aged Women, in that neat, brisk room where they had conferred together for thirty years; but in reality she was on some Mount Pèor like the ancient seer, who, falling into a trance with his eyes wide-open like Emma Davis' eyes, had, like her, a vision of his immediate future straight and clear before him.

"That's just what I wondered yesterday," she said, spacing each of the words as though she were discovering each, one by one, and setting each down carefully in its appointed