

AN ANGEL UNAWARES

By KATE M. CLEARY

The April downpour was at its fiercest when the knock came to the kitchen door. It was a timid knock—so timid that Nan stood with knife suspended over the pan of apples she was paring, thinking her imagination might have played her a trick. It came again—low, entreating.

Helena stared from her cousin to the strange guest and back again. "Do you mean to say you've gone out of your head, wasting good food on a tramp?" she shrieked.

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