

Celia (it was indeed no wonder that one had failed at first glance to recognise her) smiled ruefully. "Really, I—I don't remember," she said.

"That's a fib! You know quite well that you haven't. And, Celia, when do you get your holidays? Don't put me off, because I have an address I want to give you, a nice quiet place, where you can really get some rest. It worries me to see you looking so tired." Mrs. Flynn's sharp, black eyes rested affectionately upon her friend's pale face.

"I go off in a week or so," answered Celia, "but I am not going away this year—excuse me, Fanny, there is a customer waiting."

"Let her wait, it won't hurt her. Now, Celia, you *are* going away. I'm coming over to see you, and I'll bring the address. I'll give those girls a piece of my mind. I'll tell Ada that you are killing yourself."

"Oh, please," began Celia, but the voice of the irate customer, who, like Louis XVIII., had almost been obliged to wait, cut short her appeal, and Mrs. Flynn, annihilating the customer with a look, swept loftily away.

"Are you the head of this department?" demanded the customer; then, as Celia bowed, "Well, I would like you to match this ribbon; your assistant tells me that you haven't any apricot of this exact shade, but I know better. I bought this ribbon here only yesterday."

Celia took the scrap handed to her and examined it.

"The apricot we have is a shade darker, madam," she said politely.

The customer put up her glasses. "But it's impossible! It's a strange thing if you clerks cannot