

she knew what reporting at the office meant, but she had her pride and would have gone without a word had not Miss Brown interposed with an excited question.

"What will they do? Where will they take it?" she asked of the floor-walker. The majesty of Mr. Flynn was surprised at the question, but he answered as befitted his dignity:

"Don't know, I'm sure. That's hardly in my department."

"They'll take it to the police station, of course," volunteered Miss Eden.

"To the police station—that little mite of a baby? Oh," with a sudden impulse, "I don't think they need do that! I will—I mean, I think I know who left the baby. She didn't intend to desert it. She—I'll take it home to her myself."

Mr. Flynn was surprised. He was also suspicious, but above all he was desirous of having things go smoothly in his department, and this seemed an easy way out of an awkward situation. He looked for a moment at Miss Brown's flushed cheeks—her lips were not blue now—and shrugged his shoulders. Then, as the clang of the closing bell rang through the store, he gave his verdict.

"Very well, Miss Twiss, as Miss Brown is willing to take the responsibility of returning this—er—go-cart, you need not report the matter at the office. See that it does not occur again."

He moved away, and the girls, in a sudden flutter, began hastily to spread their dust cloths over the reconstructed pyramids. They looked at Miss Brown out of the corners of their eyes. Had she not been a new girl they would have descended upon her in an avalanche of questioning, but ribbon counters have