

THE HOUSE OF WINDOWS

about a baby! The police tell me to wait—wait. I'll not wait—the child may die while I'm waiting. Tell them to bring her back and I'll give them anything!"

More than one of the reporters turned away and fumbled with the leaves of his notebook so that he might not see the agony on the poor fellow's face, and when they were in the street again they exploded into lurid comments upon the cowardly miscreants who had caused such misery.

The Stores read all about it in the evening papers and also made comments, warm but more detached, and wanted to know what our boasted civilisation is coming to, anyway, if a man's own children aren't safe in their own nurse's arms.

"It seems to me to be a pretty lame story put up by that nurse," remarked Mr. Harcourt Flynn (otherwise Slippers), as he washed his nice white hands preparatory to sitting down to dinner in his "apartments."

"Yes," said Miss Flynn, who kept house and did not feel it necessary to be always burdened with the "Harcourt." "Yes, it's lame, but if she had known more about it she would probably have had a better story."

"Hum! perhaps."

"So the papers say, anyway. She was very trustworthy. Mrs. Torrance got her out from England specially. They say she wept and wrung her hands, and said that she had nursed babies for twenty-five years and such a thing had never happened before."

"Well, she'll have some fun getting another baby to nurse," said Mr. Flynn grimly. "She left that child longer than she admits, depend on it. What puzzles me is why they don't come out after their money. Says he's willing to pay, doesn't he?"