

Behind the counter she had a certain tired and anxious prettiness, and looked, perhaps, twenty-five, if not more. At home her prettiness flowered and blossomed, and one saw that she was certainly not yet twenty. This transformation bewildered while it enchanted Mr. Burns, but Miss Eden took it as a matter of course. She herself sometimes brightened up in the evening if the day had not been too hard.

What did surprise Miss Eden was the wonderful comfort of the little room. Here, at least, the high, narrow casements of the old-fashioned bay-window had been managed successfully, for the curtains, which were of some dainty, figured stuff, had been made to fit, and were surmounted by a graceful valance of the same material. This, and a covered window seat with cushions, took away from the excessive height, and made what in most of the rooms was an eyesore into a pleasant lounging place. There was a round table with a moss green cloth in the centre of the room; the old-fashioned chairs were upholstered in green; a green rug half covered the floor, which was painted to match, and the paper was pretty and quite in keeping. The room which had once been large was now divided by a board partition which did not reach quite to the ceiling. Not an abode of wealth, surely; but to Miss Eden, who knew the rooms of many girl clerks, it displayed a homelike comfort which was surprising. "If only I had a room like this," she thought. "I could invite——" Then her thoughts strayed off to what Miss Brown had said in the store about "having a little," and she sighed. Some girls were so fortunate!

"The baby is perfectly fine!" said Celia Brown. "Look how the little monkey has pulled my hair! She