

hurriedly pushed away. Then the door opened a trifle and Miss Brown's face appeared.

"Oh, Miss Eden, come in! We are just——. Oh, Mr. Burns, I didn't—excuse me a moment."

In a sudden panic she partly closed the door again, and more sounds of confusion added to the red upon Mr. Burns' already embarrassed countenance. It was only a moment, however, and then the door was thrown hospitably open.

"Do come in!" said Miss Brown. "It was the baby's bath that was in the way. We had it on two chairs, and one of the chairs was against the door, and it *nearly* tipped. You needn't be afraid to sit on the chairs; they are quite dry."

"We thought," began Mr. Burns, "that we would call in to see how the baby was."

"I just couldn't sleep for thinking of that baby," declared Miss Eden. "I think it is the most *romantic* thing! But Mr. Burns needn't pretend that he was thinking about it, he just happened to meet me in the street, and I reminded him."

Mr. Burns was gallantly understood to murmur, "Not at all." (Luckily the windows of the Misses Brown did not look out directly upon Brook Street.)

Celia Brown smiled brightly at her visitors. Here in her own room she seemed very different from the pale, quiet-looking girl of the ribbon counter at Angers'. True, even there she had a certain attraction; else why the effect already produced upon the susceptible nature of Mr. Burns? But here one noticed for the first time that her hair was wavy and soft, her eyes were clear and pleasantly serious, and her lips were no longer pinched and blue-looking. Her expression, too, was different, more alert, humorous, changeful; more human, in fact.