

of the sixteen years it had been moved almost all over the ground floor, but had now, in the process of shifting, come back to the exact place it had occupied when one visited it before. True, it was a glorified ribbon counter, with multiplied pyramids and superfine glass cases, and yet it was wonderfully like that other counter where a shabby go-cart had been left upon the occasion of a ribbon sale sixteen years ago. There were no go-carts there now, for none were allowed inside the doors; instead, one could find upon the top floor a playroom for waiting children—Angers' believed in keeping up to date.

But if there was little real change in the identity of the Stores themselves, the personnel of their various staffs of workers was almost completely altered. One searched eagerly for a familiar face. There used to be such a nice girl to whom one always went for gloves—one missed her; and the girl in the book department who could really recommend a good book, was gone. Why! they were all different! Or was that a familiar face at the ribbon counter? One thought probably not, for it is harder to know a person after sixteen years than to recognise a store.

If one were really interested, however, one might recognise an old acquaintance in Mr. Harcourt Flynn, no longer floor-walker, but now manager of the furniture department, with much added dignity, and a little office and telephone of his own. One might have recognised Mrs. Harcourt Flynn also, had she happened to be doing some shopping, for this fortunate person was no less than Miss Twiss, that tall, dark girl with the large mouth, who used to be head of the ribbon counter, and who once came very near losing her place through carelessness in instructing her subordinates as to the rules