

"Does Miss Twiss know Miss Brown well?"

"Not what you would call well. You see, Miss Brown is new. But she called to see how the baby was getting on. That's how she knew about the house. We can't see very well now, it is so dark, but Miss Twiss thinks Miss Brown is lucky to live in such rooms. It used to be quite a swell place when this part of the city was fashionable. Then it was a girls' school, until all the land around it was built upon. That accounts for the number of windows."

"By Jove, it looks as if it were nearly all windows!" exclaimed Mr. Burns.

"Yes, bay-windows. The idea was to give the schoolgirls lots of light, I suppose. Miss Brown told Miss Twiss that they make it very cold in winter, and ordinary curtains never look right, they are so high—hist! someone's coming!"

The door before them opened with a jerk, disclosing a bare-looking hall, and a forbidding-looking personage with a large nose.

"Who do you want?" asked the personage abruptly.

"Do the Misses Brown live here?" asked Miss Eden politely.

"Third floor back, on the left. You don't need to ring at this door. This hall's for everybody. The names are pasted on the wall." She pointed to a framed cardboard which was covered with names, to which certain directions were attached.

The callers, however, did not wait to fathom its mysteries. Third-floor-back-to-the-left was sufficiently explicit, and they found their way easily to a door which bore upon a neat white card, "The Misses Brown."

At their knock there was a slight commotion behind the door, a laugh, and the noise of something being