

THE HOUSE OF WINDOWS

"I am going to call to see the baby, you know," said Miss Eden confidentially. "Of course, as you are a friend of Miss Brown's, you have heard about the baby? Most of the girls have called already, but this is my first free evening; not that one can help much, but it is a friendly thing to do."

"Most kind, I am sure," agreed Mr. Burns, and then as if upon sudden impulse, "I wonder, now, if it would be the friendly thing for me to call too?"

Miss Eden, who was really a rather stupid girl, looked surprised, but murmured that she was sure that Mr. Burns' call would be appreciated.

"Seeing that I am so close," added Mr. Burns.

"Why, yes."

"And as I happen to be going in that direction in any case?"

"I am sure it would be very nice," said Miss Eden. She had had the impression that Mr. Burns had been going in exactly the opposite direction when he had met her, but that was his business; nevertheless, it seemed to her, not knowing Mr. Burns' peculiar state of mind, that he was making a lot of fuss about a very little thing.

It was quite dusk when they reached the house which they sought. So dark that the facility with which Mr. Burns deciphered the number was little short of miraculous. Miss Eden, who had good eyes also, could not see it at all.

"But I am sure it is the right house," she told him. "See all the windows. It is a regular house of windows! I recognised it from the description Miss Twiss gave me. Do you know Miss Twiss, the tall, dark girl with the big mouth? You'd like her! I'll introduce you sometime. Say, isn't this a funny house?"