

THE HOUSE OF WINDOWS

their etiquette, and the young ladies felt that they did not know Miss Brown well enough to question her. They felt quite at liberty to show their disapproval of the mystery, however, by a certain aloofness of manner shown in the flirt with which they spread their dust cloths and extricated their skirts from the entangling corpses of the slaughter sale. Miss Brown, still rosy with suppressed excitement, volunteered no information. She spread her dust cloths rapidly and hurried away to put on her coat and hat.

When she had gone the girls gathered around the tiny go-cart, and a chorus of exclamations broke forth.

"Oh, what a *little* one!"

"It must be starved!"

"Whatever did Brownie tell that lie for?"

"What do you suppose she is going to do with it?"

"You don't suppose she really knew——"

"Hush! Here she is."

Miss Brown came hurriedly up and, for the first time, peeped under the little black cover of the go-cart. She appeared to do something for the comfort of its inmate, for the tiny thread of wailing ceased. When she looked up there were tears in her nice blue eyes.

"Girls," she said as if upon impulse, "I may as well tell you, I don't know a thing about the woman. I saw her when she wheeled the go-cart up and—I'll never forget her face. It was such an ugly face. It was like—well, it was just ugly. She looked poor and half starved. Of course, she meant to leave the baby! Look at its eyes—it has been drugged! But I just couldn't let it go to the police station. I'm going to take it home—with me."

The girls, all friendly now, gathered closer.

"Oh, say!"