

take on more than you can carry, my friend. I'm a fair weight, and, anyhow," she laughed, "if you did throw me out of the window, why, I'd be glad, for it would show me that you had some spunk in you."

Dick stood and looked at her. His feet were bare. He had on a tumbled and tobacco-stained suit of pyjamas. His hair was rough, and he was unshaven and unwashed, and as far as a really handsome boy could look ugly, he looked it.

"I say, what has come to you?" he asked, fretfully. "Have you gone mad?"

"No; I've gotten back my senses, that's all. Things have been going on in this house that I don't mean to have go on any longer. I'm mistress here, and I'm going to show you what that means, Dick Ambrose. Your father isn't here, and you've got to be in his place while he is away. Now dress. I'll go and turn on the hot water; a nice bath will make a new man of you."

But Dick had got back into bed, and he covered himself over once again.

"I don't know what sort of game you think you're playing," he sneered; "but you can go to hell before you'll get me to come and join you."

"Very well, then," said Mrs. Ambrose. "I'm not going to hell just yet awhile; but I *am* going to master you."

She took the key out of the lock from the inside, and when she went out of the room she put it into the door again, and locked him in.

"Now," she said; "he's mighty fond of his food, and if he won't come round any other way, why, perhaps an empty stomach will do the trick!"

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