

me one"; but she checked herself and instead she remarked a little weakly: "I don't think you ought to smoke in here."

But Dick apparently did not hear this, for he put the cigarette between his lips, tucked his arms under his coat-tails, closed his eyes and stood luxuriating in the warmth of the fire.

"Silvia not back yet?" he asked, after awhile.

"No: I'm a little anxious. I hope she's well. She promised she would be home at lunch-time."

Dick yawned. "Trust Silvia, she's having a good time and you bet she isn't coming back here in a hurry."

"It seems to me," said Helen Ambrose, "that you never have anything else but a good time you two!"

"Oh! that's how you look at it, is it?" asked her stepson, "funny we aren't quite in sympathy on this point?"

"Well, you're idle enough both of you! The pair of you do nothing except what you choose to do! I guess that is having a good time according to some folk's idea!"

Young Ambrose turned and looked at his stepmother.

"What's gone wrong?" he asked lazily. "You're about the only person in this hole who has a decent temper as a general rule!"

The woman was conscious of a decided little thrill of pleasure. It was the first time that Dick had let her feel that he remarked on anything she did. He never played at pretty manners. She had never understood whether he realized his sister's pronounced dislike for her.