

"Get up," she said.

Dick Ambrose shivered and stretched out his arm to pull the clothes back again ; then he looked at her out of his half-closed eyes, and he said—

"For God's sake, don't come in here making this kind of fuss. Can't you leave me alone?"

"Your father has gone away," repeated his stepmother, quietly ; "and I require you to get up."

"I'm not going to get up," answered Dick Ambrose, in a slow, sullen voice.

"Then I'll throw a jug of water over you ; and, anyhow, I'll give you some fresh air."

She walked across to the window and flung it open.

As a stream of very cold raw air poured into the room, the young man twisted himself round and sat on the edge of the bed.

"How dare you do that !" he asked, in a fury. "How dare you come in here at all ! You tell me to get up. I tell you to get out !"

"I'm not going," Helen Ambrose answered.

This kind of encounter did her good. She felt on sure ground, and her spirit was whipped into action.

"If you want me to treat you as a man, and give you the respect that a decent man commands," she said, "well, then, you'll have to *be* a man, and not a hog !"

Dick Ambrose started to his feet and walked to the window, which he slammed down. He was trembling with rage.

"If you dare to do that again," he said, "I'll throw you out !"

"Do !" retorted his stepmother. "I—I guess you'd