

Helen Ambrose took it as an omen of good that he seemed very pleased to see her. He put his arms round her and gave her a good hug.

"Master Spencer went looking for you, ma'am. He couldn't make out nowheres where you'd gone. He seemed to feel it so queer he couldn't find you downstairs."

"It is good to be missed," said Mrs. Ambrose, with something of her usual buoyant manner.

She kissed the child tenderly, and sent him away with a little packet to be opened when he was in bed.

After some deliberation, she put on one of her prettiest gowns, and when she was dressed she looked at herself critically, and yet with some satisfaction.

"If I could put things on the right road here," she mused, with a scarcely conscious sigh, "and I still find I am not wanted any more, why, I guess I'll go right back home!"

She knocked sharply at Dick's door a moment or so later; without waiting for his voice to answer she turned the handle and entered the room. It was in darkness, and the atmosphere was stuffy.

She groped her way to the mantelpiece, where she knew that she would find matches, and she lit the candles; then stood and looked at the figure lying huddled on the bed.

"Please get up, Dick," she said. "Your father has gone away, and I want you to take the head of the table."

There was no movement or response, and Helen Ambrose walked across to the bed and suddenly pulled the clothes away.

"Get up,"

Dick Ambrose
to pull the cloth
out of his half

"For God's
kind of fuss.

"Your father
mother, quietly

"I'm not going
in a slow, sulky

"Then I'll
how, I'll give you

She walked
As a stream

room, the young
the edge of the

"How dare you
"How dare you

get up. I tell
"I'm not going

This kind of
on sure ground

"If you won't
give you the re-

said, "well, the
hog!"

Dick Ambrose
window, which

with rage.

"If you dare
you out!"

"Do!" retorted