

Dick Ambrose the elder of the step-children always got up and went out of the room when Miss Dalywood came in.

"I shall throw something at her, I know I shall," he said on one occasion. "She is so appallingly hideous," then very quickly he had added, "no, don't tell me she's got a good heart: what's the use of having a good heart if you've got projecting teeth and eyes that look six ways at once."

It would probably have occasioned young Ambrose a considerable amount of surprise if he could have known that the lady with the projecting teeth and disintegrated eyes had as little liking for him as he had for her.

"It is downright abominable! That is what I call it," Miss Dalywood had said, as she had slipped into her home-made tweed coat and had prepared for her departure. "Why don't you make him do *something*? He's the son of a dreamer that's true enough; but Nigel Ambrose hasn't always been a dreamer! He certainly works hard enough now. It is your positive duty, my dear woman, to let his father know the truth about Dick."

"If you only knew all the things I have to do," Mrs. Ambrose had answered plaintively; but really she was not very sorry for herself, and always when she sighed she smiled.

"Dick's all right," she had continued: "he's just nothing but a boy and you know he's awfully good-looking and that makes him perhaps a little bit above himself; but honestly he's all right, Agnes."

Miss Dalywood had grunted and then she had said: "I am disappointed in you."