

She cuddled back cosily into the chair, and then she started out of it. The sound of a child crying came to her from the distance.

Helen Ambrose ran out of the room and up the stairs two at a time.

"I'm coming," she said. "I'm coming, Spudgins. I'm just here, darling."

She was a good bit out of breath as she reached the top landing and turned into the nursery.

A little boy of about five or six was lying on the floor, kicking his heels and howling vigorously.

"Mr. Dick done that. He boxed the poor child's ears," said the maid. She was only a girl, and she looked hot and angry. "I don't think as Mr. Dick ought to do that, ma'am, and I told him so."

Mrs. Ambrose sat on the floor, picked up the little struggling, howling figure and held him on her lap.

"Poor little ears," she said and she kissed them. "Poor little Spudgins, dear little Spudgins. Helen has come to take care of you. Naughty Dick! I'll punish him!" and then she changed her tone. "Dear, dear darling, *don't* make so much noise! You'll frighten father, he'll think all sorts of dreadful things have happened, and he's got *such* a bad headache to-day. We mustn't upset father must we?"

"I wonder how Mr. Dick 'u'd like to have *his* ears boxed?" the nurse talked on angrily. "Master Spencer he did not but just run up and showed 'is brother 'is boat as he'd got standing in the basin; and what for should he hit the child I should like to know?"

"Show *me* the boat," said Mrs. Ambrose.

It was a tempting offer. With snuffles and the tears

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