

"I wonder where you think the fairy gold is coming from that is to take us flying across the world at will. You must remember that you and I will be poor folks for many years to come, and that anything we have left over from our own necessities will be needed by those around us."

Whilst Oswald was speaking Frank was adjusting his glasses, and now looked full at Olga with one of those glances she never could resist. She went off into a peal of silvery laughter, though Frank's face never changed, and he remarked reprovingly :

"Olga, you are flippant. It does not become the wife of the 'meenister' to comport herself thus. What would they say to you if your destination were to be Scotland?"

"It's your fault, Frankie—it's you who make me laugh. I shall never dare to have you to stay with us. You always make me what you are pleased to call flippant."

Damaris had long felt that some secret understanding existed between Olga and Frank. She did not exactly know what it might mean, but she began to have a shrewd suspicion that the dainty little "cosmopolitan" who had won Oswald's heart, and who talked so cheerfully about sharing his poverty with him, was not quite the dependent young person she was popularly supposed to be.