

even the interest of it, till she was of age. If the Baroness hadn't given her a home she'd have had to go to the workhouse. It was a queer will her father made, and she's not had anything of her own till now. But now—oh, now it's a very different pair of shoes! Won't old Oswald stare!"

"But why didn't Olga tell him? why did she only tell you?"

"'Cause I'm too 'cute a chap to be hood-winked, and I was her friend all through, throwing dust into Oswald's ostrich-eyes, for the fellow would never have asked her if he thought she'd above a few dozen penny pieces to bless herself with. But I guessed all along a girl like that, coming of such a stock, must have something in the back-ground, and, when I put it to her plump, she told me she should have some money some day, but didn't know how much, and didn't want anything said till she could tell all. So we bottled up our information till to-day, and now—'Oh, what a surprise!'"

"Well," answered Damaris, "I won't pretend that I am either very much astonished, or at all sorry. I had my suspicions before. And dear old Oswald deserves his good luck, though, as you say, he never would have tried to get an heiress if he had known. But she certainly is the very wife