

Folly and Fate

By LESLIE FOX

Her face was turned from him; he would have given a great deal to have been able to see it as she murmured with a shyness that was real or assumed—he could not decide which.

"Well, Chandoz?"

He sighed with carefully exaggerated sigh.

"That is heavenly!"

"Yes, I want to know what were your thoughts at that moment?"

"If I am to speak the truth?"

"Of course, Mr. Olive must always speak the truth."

"Well, I think—"

"Yes, darling? Don't be afraid!"

"I don't think I am—afraid!"

Exactly. I was wondering—mind you insisted on having the truth—I was wondering if there are any fish in this big pool just below?"

As her laugh rang out wickedly, he wondered whether he liked her better with a soul or without one.

CHAPTER III

It was about fooling, meriting, beyond a doubt, the punishment it received.

In spite of Mrs. Willoughby's persuasions, Kain kept on his rooms at Edgelyne, though, apparently, merely for sleeping purposes.

He very soon began to feel as "if" as he had ever been in his life; rejoicing in the daily swim with Olive and her companion, she and Amy Willoughby having a tent in a cosy little cove, while Jack and Chandoz found a dressing-room amongst the rocks.

Lady Cleveland was too nervous to care for bathing, and Rossdale almost loathed the very sight of the sea, so the others had it all to themselves so far as these things were concerned.

There were plenty of motor runs, and long walks, with music to wind up the happy days for Olive and Kain, while the others played bridge.

Sometimes, when they were alone, Olive put searching questions concerning the truth. When did he get time to write considering he was so often at Thurleston?

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