

But Dick Bygrave! An East End tailor! Cyrus, it's rather awfull!"

"But he is a Member of Parliament, and life is all before him, my dear. And, after all, if the child is happy, what else matters?"

"But will she be happy, do you think?"

"I am certain of it. She is not a child, but a woman who has weighed up things."

Mrs. Rodney wrung her hands a little and rocked herself on her chair.

"And there's poor Kitty left at the loose end, and I shouldn't be at all surprised if she took up with John Glide yet. It is just the sort of thing likely to happen to me. I haven't any luck. Now, tell me, what better are any of us for the money? We, or, at least, I, have only acquired a lot of expensive tastes, which I'll never be able to get comfortably rid of again. But the children are not a bit better off. I've done my best, but they just all go their own way. We might just as well be at 'The Laurels' yet, if Estelle is to marry Dick Bygrave and Kathleen John Glide. Don't you think it disappointing?"

Cyrus smiled.

"I think, my dear, that perhaps you set the wrong way about making use of the money. It's a great gift in itself. It is the foolish use of it that brings only disappointment and heartache."

"Well, and that's true, Cyrus. But you were always a deep thinker. I think I'll turn the money all over to you and let you have the spending for the next year or two. I'm so tired, and I don't seem to care a bit what happens to me now! I'm like the preacher, I could cry out that all is vanity and vexation of spirit."

"Money by itself is powerless to buy happiness," said Cyrus. "But we'll have a bid for it in a new direction. Meanwhile, the first thing is to find a home somewhere—