

people, who seeing their friends in distress, begin an account of their own difficulties, for fear of being called on for assistance, M. Pomereul took a chair opposite Nicois, and said to him bluntly,

"What has gone wrong with you?"

"Everything has gone wrong," said Nicois. "I came on purpose to tell you, and now—"

"You hesitate," said Pomereul; "but I say, what is the use of having friends if you cannot ask a favor of them? It was just the same with that fine, clever boy who has gone out. He came to open his heart to me, and I was obliged to offer him Sabine in marriage. *You* need money."

"Who told you so?" cried Nicois excitedly.

"No one," answered his friend.

"Can you assure me of this," said Nicois, "there are no rumors at the Bourse?" *

"On the contrary," said Pomereul, "the talk there yesterday was how solid you were. If you are in difficulties, no hint of it has got about. But I simply judge from this. Nothing else but financial embarrassment could make you look so down in the mouth, and what else could have brought you here just before the end of the month, if it were not to say, Friend Pomereul, open your money-chest wide. I want to put in both hands."

"You are right," said Nicois, "you are as clear-sighted as generous. I need money, a large sum."

"How much?"

"A hundred thousand francs," said the banker with much embarrassment.

"I have not that much in the house," said Pomereul quietly, "but I can get it for you. Come here the day after to-morrow, and it will be ready."

* Exchange.