

"Well, I have come to the conclusion—no other way presenting itself—of marrying for money. There is Miss Ludgate. I tell you this in confidence, of course, I know well how trustworthy you are. Her father, who is very wealthy, is my particular friend, and it was only the other day he said to me, that he would far prefer a young man of steady habits, even though comparatively poor, for his daughter, than one of those who, inheriting wealth, know so little the value of what they have so easily obtained, as to recklessly squander it; and I know well that the hint was for me, for he has several times made similar observations in my presence."

"But the young lady. I should think that was the most important part?"

"Well, I have no rival, that is one thing; and, without vanity, I fancy she favors your humble servant a little."

"And Miss Weldon?"

A flush mounted to Edward Mortimer's brow, as he turned hastily away.

"I have a great respect and esteem for that young lady; she is my beau-ideal of woman. But then, you see how I am circumstanced—strong inclination and limited means, on the one hand, and the probability of wealth, a large sphere of action, and wide-spread influence on the other."

"You seem to leave the lady out of your calculation entirely."

"Oh, well, she is handsome and dignified looking. A little proud and haughty, perhaps, that is natural