

"I have been just wondering when I should be blessed with a home of my own, before you came in, and have come to the conclusion that to obtain it, I must have money."

"Money answereth all things," was the reply; "and yet there is something more than money wanted, in my opinion, to constitute a bona-fide home. Do you remember the lines—

" 'Tis Hope, and Love, and Memory give
A home in which the heart can live."

"There you are Sydney, with your romantic notions, which I have determined to eschew for ever."

"And with them all thoughts of Alice Weldon, I presume?" There was a slight tremulousness in the speaker's voice, that might not have passed unobserved by his companion, had his mind been less pre-absorbed.

"How strange you should have guessed so accurately; but indeed, Sydney, I am serious, and I really would be thankful for your advice."

"It shall be given to the best of my ability," was the grave response.

"Well, then, listen to my position. I am in business for myself; to be sure a pretty safe one, but the gain so slow, so small, I am out of patience. If I had only a large capital, I should be able to make my mark in the world, to marry, and have a splendid establishment. Now, how on earth can I procure this money?"

"A question very difficult to answer, Edward."