ARCHBISHOP CROKE.

AN AUTHORITATIVE MANIFESTO.

Ireland's Calumniators Dismissed from the Vatican.

DUBLIN, June 25.—His Grace Most Rev. Dr. Croke, Archbishop of Cashel, who since his return has been visiting several districts in his diocese, elicits everywhere he goes the most enthusiastic outbursts of popular devotion. Whether under the Devil's Bit at the foot of the Slievenamon, or at the base of the Galtees, the populace throng to welcome him, and hang with rapture on His Grace's utterances. On Thursday last the Archbishop visited Aherlow, a picturesque glen lying under Galtymore, and, in answer to addresses from the parishioners, made some highly important statements respecting the filling of the vacant See of Dublin and the necessity for a new departure in the diplomatic protection which Irish interests, ecclesiastical and political, require in Rome. This authoritative manifesto from the Archbishop is so weighty that you will, I trust, find space for its insertion in full :—

My dear friends, of the many addresses which I received since I landed in Kingstown on my way home a fortnight ago, I do not think there was even one that did not refer, either directly or otherwise, to our Holy Father the Pope, especially in connection with the vacant See of Dublin ; the sinister influence which the English Government and anti-Irishmen generally are supposed to exercise over him ; to British intrigue in Rome ; and to the dreadful consequences that must ensue if these unfriendly agencies shall have caused His Holiness to set aside the choice of the metropolitan chapter and clergy, endorsed as it undoubtedly is by the voice of the Irish race, and to substitute for him any other ecclesiastic whatsoever. These things I have heard discussed over and over again in public speech and private coteries since my return to Ireland from the Eternal City. I think it well, then, to say a few words to you on this all absorbing matter lest you may misunderstand the real state of the case, entertain apprehensions for which I believe there is no foundation, and be led to distrust, and perhaps dislike, one of the greatest of Roman Pontiffs and one of Ireland's best friends. And, first of all, let me say that I attach but little weight, if any, to what is called the Errington mission. There is no doubt, indeed, that the member for Longford has appeared in Rome from time to time in something more than his private capacity ; and that, availing himself of whatever ambiguous credentials he may have possessed, he worked his way into the offices of high Roman dignitaries, told the story of Ireland's needs and naughtiness as he was instructed by his employers to tell it, and produced thereby more or less effect. But it would be perfectly preposterous, nevertheless, to suppose that he had the ear of or access to our Holy Father the Pope, and still more absurd to imagine that he could influence any of the judicial acts of the Sovereign Pontiff. So Errington may go down, and if, perchance, say two years ago, he possessed in Rome any power of mischief-making, the authorities must by this time be convinced that he represented nobody but himself and his class, and that he is now held in utter abhorrence by every genuine Irishman on earth. But though there is only one George Errington in the flesh, there are many George Erringtons in spirit, and several of them are either located permanently in Rome, or visit that city periodically. This class of people lose no opportunity whatever, whether publicly at hotel tables, or in private houses, of discrediting as far as possible everything that is really Irish, representing our people as thirsting for rich men's blood and property, our priests as mercenary demagogues, and some of our bishops—myself, of course, high up in the criminal category—as dumb if not dangerous dogs, wholly unworthy of the important guardianship that has been confided to them. From one end of the year to the other, especially in the winter months, this style of talk is circulating in Rome, nor is it conceivable that much of it would not reach the ears of the authorities in Propaganda, if, indeed, it does not penetrate into the Vatican itself. This is simply in the nature of things. But I desire, at the same time, to have it distinctly understood as my deliberate opinion, or rather as my settled conviction that, in the present crisis at all events of our affairs, the British faction in Rome possesses no real power, and can exercise no decisive influence whatever. This is owing to two circumstances about which there should be no mistake. The first circumstance is that the Roman Cardinals on whom the Bishops called while in Rome, and with whom they conversed on Irish political and social affairs, are now thoroughly convinced that the Irish people labor under a weight of grievances which would be intolerable to any other nation on earth, and that they are fully justified in seeking the removal of them by all legitimate means within their reach. The second circumstance is, and it is clearly far the more important of the two, that the Pope, having had private and public conferences with Irish Bishops on most of the grave questions which have of late years agitated Ireland, can no longer be imposed on by interested parties as to the aims and necessities of this country, having had clear, positive and convincing evidence on the matter laid before him by those most competent to give it, and that, consequently, no interference with the political rights of the Irish clergy need be at all apprehended. It has, I know, been partly generally said, and circulated throughout the country, that His Holiness, being the head of the Universal Church has a right to consult rather for the general interests of religion all over the world than for those of any special section of it, and that, therefore, he might feel called upon to do that which may possibly for instance displease his Irish children, in order to obtain certain contingent advantages for the Church elsewhere. There can be no question that the Pope is the best judge, as he is the Heaven-directed agent in all such matters, but at the same time he would no more barter the affection of his Irish children, I am sure, for any possible good otherwise attainable, than I would part with the affectionate regard of my countrymen by joining Kavanagh's Land Company or becoming a member of the Emergency Brigade. So I earnestly entreat you all to have unbounded confidence in our illustrious Pontiff, to trust implicitly to his enlightened wisdom and discretion, and to set your face against any injurious reports that you may hear to the contrary. There is no time lost in making the Dublin appointment, and you may rest assured that when made it will be one calculated to gladden the heart of every true Irishman, to enhance the affectionate regard which we will entertain for Leo XIII., and to promote the best interests of Faith and Fatherland in Ireland. But, however the present crisis may eventuate, there is really but one way in which the future machinations of our adversaries can be successfully met in the Eternal City, and that is by the appointment and permanent residence there of a really representative man, a staunch and gifted Irish ecclesiastic, who would enjoy the confidence of the Irish Bishops, transact for them their diocesan business at the Propaganda, be fully imbued with Irish views and influenced by Irish sympathies, and one, withal, who would be guaranteed a liberal annuity so as to be on a social level at least with the highest of the Roman dignitaries. The sooner we have such a representative the better. It is true, indeed, that there are several Irish ecclesiastics in Rome, and a few laymen, eminently among the former the Right Rev. the Rector of the Irish College, who, staunch in their adherence to the old land, and jealous of its fair fame, have never lost an opportunity of confronting its traducers, and placing the actual state of things here in its proper light. Still I believe a formally accredited ecclesiastic, with a large heart, sound head, solid learning, much tact, a ready tongue and pen, and a plentiful purse, would be of immense service to the Irish cause in the Eternal City. And now I thank you very much for this grand reception of me here this evening, as well as for the other unmistakable tokens of your good wishes previously made manifest, and beg in return to assure you of my deep and lasting gratitude.

The address was listened to with close attention, and at its conclusion the joy of the people over the words of hope it contained found vent in a ringing cheer.

His Grace—I don't think I ever met with any body of people who can give so splendid a shout and splendid a cheer as you can ; and now by way of proving that you agree with me, and that you approve of all I have said regarding the Pope, I will ask you everyone—every man, woman and child of you—to give one splendid and magnificent Irish cheer for our Holy Father.

A prolonged hurrah, wonderful in its volume and intensity, rang out at the bidding of His Grace from thousands of throats, and its echo was sent back with manifold power by the Galtees, as if they, too, were glad to join in the acclaim.

The illuminations at night were on a scale of splendor corresponding to the magnificence of the demonstration in the day. Every house in the village was decorated and every window of every house was ablaze with candles. On the hills around tar barrels and bonfires burned till the village, in its concentrated brilliancy, looked like a diamond in a ring of fire.

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES —In *General Debility* and *Emaciation*.—Is a most valuable food and medicine. It tends to create an appetite for food.—It strengthens the nervous system, and builds up the body.

A PRIEST'S BURIAL.

LAST TRIBUTE OF RESPECT TO THE MEMORY OF REV. FATHER POWER.

TORONTO, July 7.—The funeral of Rev. Father Power, chaplain of the house of providence, took place from that institution yesterday afternoon to St. Michael's cemetery, followed by a large number of the clergy of the diocese, who are now in town attending the annual retreat, and a large number of friends. In the morning requiem High Mass was celebrated by Very Rev. Vicar-General Rooney, assisted by the priests of St. Mary's parish, Archbishop Lynch, Bishop O'Mahoney and fifteen priests being present. The usual Gregorian chant was beautifully sung by the choir. The archbishop made a short address, in which he praised the deceased priest for his virtues and pious zeal.

In the afternoon, just prior to the formation of the cortege, His Grace sang the Livre and pronounced absolution in full pontificals. The remains were then borne to the hearse by priests, preceded by His Grace Bishop O'Mahoney, and a number of the clergy. The procession then moved slowly off to St. Michael's cemetery, where the final obsequies of the Church were performed by Bishop O'Mahoney.

The deceased was in his 59th year and was born in Kilkenny, Ireland. He was educated in Maynooth college, and served as curate in several parishes in the diocese of Ossory in his native country. He came to this country about seven years ago and served in several parishes until about a year ago, when he was appointed chaplain of the House of Providence. He was a devoted man to his faith, and respected by those with whom he came in contact.

Arouse the Liver when torpid with National Pills, a good anti-bilious cathartic, sugar-coated.

The successor of Cardinal Schwarzemberg, late Archbishop of Prague, is Count Scohnborn, a Bohemian aristocrat, who has served in the Austrian army as an officer of dragoons, and fought against Prussia and Italy. He subsequently studied in the University of Innspruk, and was ordained priest in 1873. The appointment is a popular one.

WHO WILL BE THE NEXT PRESIDENT?

is an important question to every citizen of the United States ; but, far more essential is the knowledge how to live our life as the Great Creator intended. That knowledge is imparted in Dr. Pierce's "Common Sense Medical Adviser"—nearly 1,000 pages and about 300 illustrations—published by the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N.Y., and sent, on receipt of one dollar and fifty cents, to any address.

It is said the third costliest building in the world is the New York State Capitol. Started under a legislative limitation of $4,000,000, it has already cost nearly $18,000,000, or more than the national capitol building at Washington. Six or seven millions more will be required to finish it.

A WANT OF ACTIVITY

Much of the ill condition of chronic invalids is due to want of activity in a sluggish liver. Burdock Blood Bitters arouses a healthy action of the Liver to secrete pure bile, and thus make pure blood which gives perfect health.

Holloway's Pills.—The stomach and its troubles cause more discomfort and bring more unhappiness then is commonly supposed. The thousand ills that settle there may be prevented or dislodged by the judicious use of these purifying Pills, which act as a sure, gentle anti-acid aperient, without annoying the nerves of the most susceptible or irritating the most delicate organization. Holloway's Pills will bestow comfort and confer relief on every headachy, dyspeptic, and sickly sufferer, whose tortures made him a burden to himself and a bugbear to his friends. These Pills have long been the popular remedy for a weak stomach, for a disordered liver, or a paralysed digestion, which yield without difficulty to their regulating, purifying, and tonic qualities.

ALL WELL PLEASED.—The children like Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup and parents rejoice over its virtues

Now first Published—Sole right of publication in Canada secured by the Globe.

CAMIOLA

A GIRL WITH A FORTUNE.

BY

M. E. McCARTHY.

Author of "Miss Misanthrope," "Maid of Athens," &c.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

"Not at any time to-day ; or yesterday. I haven't seen him these many days. He doesn't care much about me now," Pilgrim added with a certain bitterness. "He has his grand friends." He had hardly spoken the words when he was sorry for having uttered them. Poor Vinnie burst into tears.

"Oh, and he doesn't care for me either," she sobbed ; "any more ; any more ; he has given me up ; he has thrown me over. Oh, Mr. Pilgrim, I am so much ashamed to be seen by you and giving way like this. Why can't I have some self-control?"

"There, there," Pilgrim said hurriedly and awkwardly, for he did not know in the least how to set about consoling or soothing a girl under the circumstances. "Never mind, Vinnie dear ; never mind, that's a good child."

"How can I help minding?" was the not unreasonable question. "My heart is breaking ; it's broken, I think."

"Hearts don't break," Pilgrim exclaimed so suddenly and fiercely that the girl stopped in her wail and looked wonderingly at him ; "they don't break ; I wish to God they did?"

"Why, Mr. Pilgrim, what *is* the matter? You look quite put out—quite wild. Has anything happened?" His voice and manner frightened her ; she drew away from him.

"Do you think I am going mad?" he asked grimly. "I am not ; I wish I could go mad, girl."

"Mr. Pilgrim, I don't think you ought to talk in that way. Fancy wishing that you were mad! I wish I was dead, but I don't wish I was mad ; oh, God forbid!"

"Well, Vinnie, one doesn't die for wishing it ; and I suppose one doesn't go mad for wishing it. However, I think you are right in rebuking me for making such an exhibition of myself ; and it was not for that I came here."

"Tell me something about him ; about Walter please do," she entreated.

"I have little to tell. He does not live in this place any longer. He has ceased to be a grub, and has turned into quite the butterfly—quite the butterfly. In plainer words, Vinnie, he is living now at the West End, in handsome lodgings, and is exhibiting himself as a regular fine gentleman."

"But, Mr. Pilgrim, where does he get the money?"

Vinnie was positively astonished out of her grief for the moment. Her personal suffering had gone down before the shock of mere curiosity.

"It isn't for me to say anything about that." Pilgrim knew, of course, that Walter had been enabled by Mrs. Pollen thus to enter upon the butterfly stage of his existence ; but Pilgrim never breathed a word of anything done by Mrs. Pollen unless he had her express direction to do so. In this case he had no faith in the success of her experiment ; nor indeed had she much, by this time.

"Well, I have lost him, anyhow," Vinnie said wearily, sinking down in sheer dejection once again.

"I have come to you with a message," Pilgrim said.

"From Walter ; oh, from Walter?" The sudden wild light that came into poor Vinnie's eyes was sad to see for one who knew the disappointment that must follow.

"Not from Walter, Vinnie ; you know I am not likely to be made a messenger by Walter. You said this moment that you had lost him. Have you made up your mind to that, or have you not? Has he left you, or has he not?"

"But one always hopes ; one keeps hoping," Vinnie replied.

"My poor child, yes," said Pilgrim very kindly and tenderly ; and he put his hand on her curly head. She was seated or squatted on the hearth beside him. "For one who is young like you there is always hope, thank God. I ought to have thought of that. I ought to have remembered that you were not like me. Well, I have brought you a message. Don't you want to know what it is?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Pilgrim." She did not, however, seem particularly angry about it.

"It is from Mrs. Pollen."

"Yes?" To all appearance she had not any great concern in the purport of the message.

Mrs. Lammas had just come back into the room.

"She wants to see you to-morrow, up at Fitzurse House. She takes a great interest in you, Vinnie ; and I shouldn't wonder if she wanted you to become her secretary."

Once this message would have made Vinnie dance about her room with joy. Now she took it wearily.

"I don't think I can do it, Mr. Pilgrim ; I don't, indeed."

Mrs. Lammas sighed.

"Things didn't ever seem to come at the right time," she said. She was thinking that but a few weeks ago the proffered patronage of the rich and beneficent Mrs. Pollen would have set Vinnie wild with delight, and now Vinnie did not seem to care in the least about it, apparently regarded it rather as a trouble.

"She is a kind woman and a good woman," Pilgrim said, almost sternly ; it will do you good to talk to her ; you may tell her anything you like—or indeed you need not tell her much ; she will understand what you mean before you have said it."

"I don't want to talk to any one," Vinnie murmured, "I think I only want to be left alone."

She got up and began to walk about the little room. She walked with a listless air and with a curiously heavy tread. It would seem as if the weight in her heart had sent lead into her feet as well."

"She'll go to see the lady to-morrow of course, Mr. Pilgrim," Mrs. Lammas said. "It's very kind of Mrs. Pollen, I'm sure, and Vinnie feels it just the same as I do ; only she's a little put out, to-night, with things."

Vinnie has now come to a stand by the window, and was staring out into the deepening night. Pilgrim went quietly up to her.

"I am sorry to see you in trouble, Vinnie ; indeed I am. I feel for you very much ; you are one of the few human creatures I really care about ; but you'll get over this, my dear child ; you'll get over this ; you are young."

"It's no use telling me I'll get over it," Vinnie cried out passionately. "There's no comfort to me in being told that I'll get over it ; I don't want to get over it. Why should I? How could I? It won't make any difference a few days passing, will it? I shall be the same, and—and—he'll be the same ; he has left me ; and—and what's the use of talking? Oh, there, I am ashamed of myself ; but you don't understand, Mr. Pilgrim—I suppose a man couldn't understand—how one hates to be comforted and cheered up, and all that ; how one hates everyone in the world, friends and all—when one feels as I do now. Oh, I don't know what I am saying, but I'll not bear this trouble. I'll not bear it. I know that."

Vinnie hurried out of the room.

"Won't you go after her?" Pilgrim asked.

"Oh, no," Mrs. Lammas said, sadly ; "it's better not, Mr. Pilgrim ; she is better left to herself. Girls are so queer in these ways. She has always been the best of daughters ; but I know there are times when it would only worry her if even her mother were to go to her. No ; she's better left alone just for a little. Are you going? Good night, Mr. Pilgrim ; I'm sorry we were so dull when you came." She looked very miserable.

"It is better sometimes to go to the house of mourning than the house of feasting," he said. "That is," he added, in his curious meditative way, "if we look upon the house of mourning as something got up entirely for the spiritual improvement of the people who do not happen to be mourners just at that moment. In that way I am improving myself at your expense and that of poor Vinnie, Mrs. Lammas."

Mrs. Lammas did not understand in the least what he meant or what he was talking about. Pilgrim left the house, and walked slowly towards his home. The soft warm breath of the summer evening still lingered everywhere. The artistic touch of the gathering dusk delicately effaced from sight all commonplace or unsightly outlines and objects, and the dull street might have been a path in an American village. Groups of people were wandering here and there ; and Pilgrim passed many a couple whose subdued whisper as they went along told the lovers' tale as clearly as it could be told under Sicilian boughs There was bitterness in Pilgrim's heart, and he saw with soured sentiment each happy whispering pair. One couple in particular attracted his attention. The girl was pretty ; the young man was better dressed than she, and seemed to belong to a different class.

"All right," Pilgrim murmured almost aloud as he turned and looked after them. "Enjoy your Sunday evening, my pretty, fond little girl, while you can. There will soon come a Sunday when he won't care to keep his appointment with you, and what will you do then? Will you remember that there is a river near, I wonder? I shouldn't be surprised if Vinnie Lammas was thinking of something of the kind just now."

He walked on and soon came in sight of the river. It set him thinking as he looked this way and that along the darkling stream ; this way towards London, where the cloud of dull orange glow was resting ; that way to the green fields and woods and delicious back waters and overhanging trees which he could not see, but could think of, could picture to himself ; the fields where when a boy he had never played, the trees which he had never had time or heart to climb, all the rich and varied loveliness of the earth which his hard life had never allowed him to enjoy, while he was still within the years that leave enjoyment a chance. He was not now thinking of himself, however, or of his lost youth. As he looked on the filling river—the tide was still coming in—he was more and more thinking of Vinnie Lammas and of her ominous words as she was leaving the room. What if she were to come down to the river that night? It was the natural thing, the familiar thing, the hideously common thing for a deserted girl to do. Not a day's paper that does not tell some such sad and common story. What if Vinnie should come that Sunday evening to the churchyard where on other Sunday evenings she used to meet her lover, and should seek for rest in the rising waters of the river? That spot which so often saw her happiness, which must be associated in her mind—with the best hours of happiness she had ever known—what place could be more appropriate for a broken-hearted girl's farewell to life? The thought once conceived began to fill Pilgrim's mind. It grew to be a conviction, a fixed forecast with him. "I will stay here ; I will watch," he determined. "If she ever attempts it she will attempt it this very night, and from the wall of the churchyard."

CHAPTER XIX.—"RIVER OF REMORSE AND INNOCENCY."

Suddenly Pilgrim was hailed from the road out of which he had turned to reach the river side.

"Hallo, Pilgrim!"

"Mr. Romont, is it you?"

"Why, certainly, Pilgrim. You look a little surprised to see me!"

"Well, yes ; I am a little surprised, Mr. Romont."

Pilgrim became rather embarrassed. What he would have said if he had spoken out his mind was this : "I am surprised to see you going about openly in your ordinary costume and your own person, seeing that you are supposed to be somewhere far out of London, and that Albanian Joseph is still supposed to be in Fitzurseham." Pilgrim had never asked a question or said a word about Albanian Joseph ; but he knew perfectly well who Albanian Joseph was, and Romont always knew he did. What little plot Mrs. Pollen and Romont had in hand he could not guess, but he had a vague presentiment borne in upon him, he could not tell how, that it would prove to have something to do with Camiola Sabine. He knew it would be some purpose of good to herself, but his heart was sad all the same. Every thought of her wounded him. He had not seen her since that fatal day when he made such a lamentable exhibition of his madness, and he dreaded to look her in the face again.

"I am in Fitzurseham again, Pilgrim, as you see. There is a time for folly and a time to be sane. I am trying to be sane just now."

"Were you up at the house? Were you looking for me?"

"No ; I haven't been up at Fitzurse House ; and the truth is I wasn't looking for you, Pilgrim. But I am glad to see you all the same. Are you meditating on the flowing on of life as you look at that shining river?"

There was an enforced gaiety in Romont's manner which did not escape even Pilgrim's notice.

"Have you been at the Rectory, Mr. Romont? Have you heard how Mr. George is getting on?"

"No ; I haven't been at the Rectory, Pilgrim ; at least I didn't go in, and I didn't make any enquiry ; and I haven't the slightest doubt that Mr. George is getting on as well as his most devoted friends could possibly desire. That sort of fellow always does get on all right, don't you think?"

Pilgrim wondered what could have induced Mr. Romont to walk to the Rectory and not go in or even make an enquiry. Romont had been in a restless mood all the evening, and he had wandered away vaguely from St. James street and found himself at last idly lounging round and round that part of Fitzurseham where the rectory stood. If there be any many or woman still young or having memory of youth who requires to be told, as Christian Pilgrim apparently did, why Romont hovered in the neighborhood of the Rectory, then on that man or woman are love stories and love's experiences utterly thrown away.

"But what are you doing here, Pilgrim? You look like a watcher ; as if you were on the look out for something?"

"I am on the look out for something, Mr. Romont ; perhaps you will think me absurd if I tell you.

"My good fellow, what does it matter whether I think you absurd or not? What does it matter whether you are absurd or not? Are we not all absurd, every one of us, at almost any hour in the day? I hope to heaven that you are tremendously, insanely, preposterously absurd, Pilgrim ; because you will then keep me all the better in countenance."

"I know, at least, that you won't laugh at what I am going to say to you."

"I don't think I feel much in the laughing humor, Pilgrim ; but go ahead."

At another time Pilgrim might have paid serious attention to Romont's words and manner, and might even in his humble, friendly way have pressed for some explanation. Now his mind was absorbed in one thought. He told his thought to Romont in as few words as he could put it into. Romont did not laugh, but shook his heav very gravely.

"Of course this is mere conjecture, Pilgrim, and there may be nothing in it."

"Of course, of course, Mr. Romont."

"But still," Romont said, "I am almost inclined to think with you that something bad may be coming. Things do look ominous, and I am absurd even to attach some importance to the fact that the notion has taken so strong a hold on your mind. If she ever were going to do it, here, certainly, would be the likeliest spot. Anyhow, no harm can come of our waiting and watching."

"Will you keep me company Mr. Romont?"

"Of course I will ; I am just thinking what he had better do. Look here ; we'll get into one of these little boats. There's one lying off the Old Ferry Inn—we'll get into it and just go out midstream and get behind one of the big barges there, and keep our eyes fixed on the shore and the churchyard wall Makes one feel creepy, doesn't it? But that's the thing to do, you may be sure. If the attempt is made here, Pilgrim, we can save her.

"What would you think, Mr. Romont, now that you are here to keep watch, if I were to go back to Mrs. Lammas' house and tell her of our suspicions, and get her to look after Vinnie?"

"Wouldn't think about it at all, Pilgrim."

"No, Mr. Romont?"

"No."

"Not tell the girl's mother and put her on her guard?"

"Certainly not, Pilgrim."

Pilgrim was absolutely dumbfounded. Not to go at once and tell the girl's mother ; not to put her on her guard ; not to have some restraint used with Vinnie! This was marvellous. Only his implicit faith in Romont could stand it.

"My good fellow," Romont said, "don't you see if this girl is bent on killing herself nothing on earth can prevent her from trying? To go and frighten her mother, and set her mother to frighten her, would be the stupidest policy in the world. It would only come to this, that Vinnie would put off her attempt to some time and place where we should not be standing by to prevent her. The best thing we can do is to let her try here under our very eyes."

Pilgrim's breath was almost taken away.

"But suppose we don't succeed in saving her?"

"Of course we'll save her ; what is the matter with us? If she does come here the thing is easy ; and if she doesn't come here then we can't tell where she may go. It is an off chance, but a chance ; I think she will come here."

"Then don't you think we should stop her?"

"No ; no, no ; the only thing is to let her go right into the river. Many a girl when once she is in would endure the worst troubles in life to be out again. If they are pulled out they become ashamed of the whole affair, the row, and the scandal, and the exposure, and all the rest of it ; and they get back to their better senses. No ; girls don't often try that sort of thing a second time."

"I suppose you are right Mr. Romont. You are sure you can save her?"

"Of course ; of course. My good fellow, do you think I never saved anyone from drowning in my life?" Romont spoke as if saving people from drowning was one of the commonest incidents in an ordinary man's life.

"I am sure I never did," said Pilgrim, sadly.

"Lots of things you never did, Pilgrim. But there's one thing I know you can do ; and that is obey orders."

"Yes, I can do that."

"Very well, then ; if anything should happen, if we should see anything, you had better let me boss this business—let me manage it all, if you don't mind."

"Certainly, Mr. Romont"

"I think I am a cooler hand, don't you know ; and if this should happen we must bear in mind that we haven't merely to prevent the poor thing from coming to any harm just now, but we have to prevent her from ever trying it on again. Do you understand what I mean now, Pilgrim?"

"I don't think I do, Mr. Romont ; but it doesn't matter if you do. I'll just take my orders."

"All right ; you will understand."

There was a silence for some moments. Nothing was heard by the two watching men but the lapping of the water against their own boat and round the bows of the barge behind which they lay sheltered, and the occasional barking of a dog and the chiming of a clock in some belfry tower.

"Ten o'clock! If she is coming at all," Pilgrim said in a low whisper, "she won't be long now. Keep a sharp look out, Mr. Romont ; your sight is better than mine."

"Why do you think it will be soon now?"

"She will wait until her mother has gone to bed—that will be before ten."

"Oh."

There was another pause, and for a longer time. Pilgrim was almost growing sick with nervous anxiety. Although there was no moon the skies were singularly clear, and the eye travelled far under that luminous atmosphere. The watchers were peering cautiously out from behind the shelter of the barge and her heavy rudder. The tide was nearly at its height. There must have been many feet of water under the old churchyard wall. There was a rather strong current running towards London.

"Hush," said Romont, in a voice so low that the ripple of the waves was noise to it. His quick ears had caught the sound of some movement like the crunching of gravel in the churchyard. The gates of the churchyard were always closed at nights, but there was a kind of roadway, or "hard" sloping down to the river parallel with that one of the churchyard walls which ran from the river inland, and parts of this wall were so low, and the rough roadway mounted in places so high, that any one could easily get over the wall and in among the graves and tombs. Unquestionably some one had leaped down from the wall into the churchyard ; and now a hurried, irregular tread could be heard by the watchers behind the barge.

Yes, it was a girl. Pilgrim had guessed aright. The figure of a woman was plainly seen now by both men. The woman came to the wall which looked over the river and stood a moment and stared across the waters and up at the sky and back on the church itself. Then she flung off her bonnet and shawl and mounted on to the wall. She stood there one moment, and a half-suppressed cry or moan broke from her. Pilgrim was about to push off the boat and shout to the girl to stop ; but Romont seized him by the shoulder and held him in his place, making at the same time vehement gestures to him to keep quiet. It needed all Pilgrim's confidence in Romont's judgment to enable him to keep quiet at such a moment. "She will do it," he said to his own affrighted soul ; "she will do it in a second while we are waiting here." Yes ; he was right ; she has done it. She sprang wildly from the wall ; there was a splash and a stifled shriek ; and poor Vinnie Lammas was in the Thames.

"Keep quiet," said Romont harshly to Pilgrim, "sit still, don't stir, leave this to me." He took the sculls as if he were merely about to amuse himself with a late paddle on the river and gently pushed the boat away from the shelter of the dark barge. Pilgrim covered his face with his hands ; he could not bear to look up or around him. Romont sculled the boat lightly with the current, shooting several rapid strokes ahead ; and looking keenly out over his shoulder the while.

"Now then, Pilgrim, we are here!" Getting courage from Romont's cool composure, Pilgrim looked up, and made ready to do something, he did not quite know what. Romont was resting on his oars and waiting. Suddenly Pilgrim saw something come floating, bobbing, dancing down the stream. It was the back of a woman's head. He could see nothing but that at first ; it seemed like a curly haired head with no body attached. "All right," said Romont, in a low, reassurring tone, and shipping his sculls he crept over Pilgrim to the stern of the boat, and put both his arms under Vinnie's head, and held it up by the short curling hair.

"Catch hold of the sculls, Pilgrim, and pull like mad for the shore."

Romont was in reality much excited, but he spoke as composedly as if all this sort of thing were happening every day.

"For the barge, Mr. Romont?" Pilgrim asked in doubt and excitement.

"No ; no ; for the shore ; man alive, we couldn't get her into this boat, and we couldn't get the barge ashore. Go ahead."

Pilgrim was pulling with heroic vigor and unheroic awkwardness. A very few strokes brought them close to the landing place just under the churchyard. Romont here stepped into the water and lifted Vinnie out of it. He was now standing on the shore holding her in his arms, her pallid, corpse like face resting on his shoulder. She was still insensible, but full of life and shivering all over.

"Take off your coat, Pilgrim, and wrap it tightly round her ; wrap it as if you were wrapping a mummy ; that will get some heat into her again. Now just contrive somehow to get of this coat of mine ; bear a hand this way. Gently now while I just lift her head a little. There—here—quietly. Don't stir her more than you can help. That's it ; all right. Now wrap my coat tightly round her feet and ankles. That's the way. Now, then, you had better carry her ; this way, don't you see, just as you would carry a child. And now we had better start. I'll just make fast the boat."

Romont had a kind of idea that when Vinnie came to and heard what had happened she would rather know that she had been carried in the arms of the elder than of the younger man.

"One moment, Pilgrim." Romont employed his handkerchief to dry as well as he could Vinnie's curly hair and her face. "Now, stoop down ; kneel down ; she must have swallowed a lot of water. Hold her head just a little this way ; yes, that will be all right."

A little torrent of water gushed from the girl's mouth as Romont had expected that it would ; and she sobbed and shuddered convulsively, opened her eyes once or twice in a sightless way, and sank off again insensible but evidently relieved.

"Now, we may go on again ; but not too fast. Is she very cold?"

"I don't think she is so very cold now, Mr. Romont ; except her face, perhaps."

"No matter about that ; just keep these coats round her as tightly as you can. The women won't be long getting her plenty of hot blankets up at the house, I suppose? Shall I run on before and tell them?"

"At what house, Mr. Romont?"

"Why, at Fitzurse House, to be sure."

"But there's nobody there."

They kept going on all the same, for as yet they had not reached the main road, and only when they got there would it be necessary for them to decide. It had not occurred to Romont that there could be any difficulty about carrying the rescued girl up to Fitzurse House at once. For a moment he became puzzled, when Pilgrim interposed his practical objection.

"By Jove ; I never thought of that—are there no women to-night up at the house?"

"Not a ghost of a woman. Mrs. Pollen and her maid went away hours ago."

"Then there's nothing for it but to take her to the Rectory. We can't go into the Old Ferry Inn and have all Fitzurseham gaping over the story for the next week, and if we took her home we should only frighten her mother into fits, and find no one else who could do a hand's turn for the poor child. The Rectory is a place we have all a claim on ; and there are women enough there."

They were again tramping briskly along. Pilgrim found his physical strength come in useful to him now. He was carrying Vinnie with as much ease and tender care as if she were a little sick child.

"She will recover, Mr. Romont?" he asked plaintively with his ever fixed eye on the little dark and damp head that rested on his shoulder.

"Recover? of course she will. Her heart was beating nicely a moment ago. Here we are. She will be in better hands here than yours or mine, Pilgrim."

As they made for the door of the rectory Romont was thinking that he was sure to see Camiola, and was wondering what she would say when she saw this sudden apparition ; and was wishing in his secret soul that he was in Vinnie Lammas' condition, on the off chance that Camiola might have to do something for him.

CHAPTER XX.—"THIS NIGHT—TO MEET HERE!"

The Rectory received Vinnie and her bearers with less excitement and confusion than might have been expected. In truth there had been of late a remarkable renewal of relations between the Rectory and the poverty of Fitzurseham ; and the lawn and the gate were made the scene of many an appeal for counsel and help under various distressing and professing-to-be-distressed conditions. The servants, like the master and mistress, were getting pretty well drilled to the work. The master and the mistress were not at home when Vinnie was brought in ; but Camiola and Janette were there ; and Janette had been doing a good deal of ministering to the poor and sick lately, and Camiola was, in her way, as quick, cool, and practical as Romont himself. "I come from the working lot, you know," she was fond of saying ; "and it was natural to me to turn a hand to anything." So Vinnie was quickly got into bed and nearly smothered with hot blankets, and a medical man was sent for from the town,