

The Light of Other Days

he will be to the end. It wasn't Imshi Pasha, and it wasn't English influence, and it wasn't the Caisse de la Dette, each by its lonesome, or all together by initiative."

"What was it—who was it, then?" said Dimsdale breathlessly. "Was it you?—I know you've worked for me. It wasn't *backsheesh* anyhow. But Imshi Pasha didn't turn honest and patriotic for nothing—I know that."

Fielding, who had known him all his life, looked at him curiously for a moment, and then, in a far-away sort of voice, made recitative:

"'Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray;
And when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary child.'"

Dimsdale gasped. "Lucy Gray!" he said falteringly.

Fielding nodded. "You didn't know, of course. She's been here for six months—has more influence than the whole diplomatic corps. Twists old Imshi Pasha round her little finger. She has played your game handsomely — I've been in her confidence. Wordsworth was wrong when he wrote:

'No mate, no comrade Lucy knew;
She dwelt on a wide moor:
The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door'——

For my wife's been her comrade. And her mate—would you like to know her mate?—she's married, you know."

Dimsdale's face was pale. He was about to reply,