THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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A GIRL WITH A FORTUNE.

BY JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

Athens," &c.

"Do tell me," he said perplexedly, " what

what you have in your mind. Pray have

"Absolutely and unconditionally. I know

I can trust to anything you say." "You are right in that, my dear boy. Just

let me think for a moment. Don't you find

that to strike a few chords on the organ

east that it gives inspiration sometimes ? 1

friend I have on earth." But he did not say

this aloud. Even in the fervor of his grati-

would not absolutely delight Mrs. Pollen to

be classified with his mother. Truly a sin-

Mrs. Pollen kept on playing for a few mo

ments. Then she suddenly looked round, and

"You have heard me talk of my Albanian

servant Joseph, have you not; the man who

was with me, first, in Greece, and, after-

"Yes; I remember your telling me some

"His real name is not Joseph; only the

merely talking about anything to give herself

"Yes; I want to get him a place with

some one who is travelling, as I don't pro-pose just now to travel myself. He would rather stay with me ; but I think he would

oaly stageate in London. I have a great

regard for him; and I want him to do well.

course, meant to suggest that you should send him away, but I thought that if you were in-

" I am afraid I am not rich enough for such

a luxu.y." "Well, perhaps you could help me find a place for my Joseph. The worst of it is he

can't speak one word of English or understand

clined to have another servant -

suppose you don't particularly want an

time to think.

Albaman servant ?"

weys; and -

thrusting his hands deep into his pockets.

"Absolutely and unconditionally?"

pity on my stupidity and tell me."

CHAPTER XIV.-Continued.

GORDON'S DIARY.

STRANGE MEDLEY. OF FACTS, FIGURES AND COMMENTS ON THE EGYPTIAN PROBLEM.

THE HERO OF KHABTOUM BLAMES THE ENGLISH GOVEENMENT AND COLVIN, SUGGESTS THAT SOUDAN SHOULD BE GIVEN TO THE TURKS-HIS HATRED FOR DIPLOMATISTS.

BOSTON, June 24.—The "Journals of Gen. Gordon at Khartoum," published in London to day, and which will be published in this city next Tuesday, will make a volume of 500 pages. The diaries are a strange medley and were written evidently in perfect sincerity, but varying in style, manner and sub-ject from page to page. One page will be an abstruse statistical discussion of the social and political aspect of the Egyptian problem ; then follows perhaps a page, reading like a biblical commentary, with many scriptural quotations and cross references, giving Gordon's peculiar views, which the editors have been compelled to make a great effort to ex-plain in foot lines. Then suddenly will come a bit of reminiscence of life in England or elsewhere, or a story about some Arabic child. Then he turns aside to discuss his own feelings and habits, and ends, perhaps, with a furny sketch, followed by the declaration that he is resigned to God's will. Much is underlined. The following extracts will give an idea of the varying character of the diary and of Gordon's opinions :---

THE GOVERNMENT BLAMED.

I do not judge the question of abandoning the garrison or not; what I judge is the indecision of the Government. They did not dare abandon the garrison, so they prevented me leaving for the equator with the determination not to relieve ine, and the hope-well I will not say what their hope was-there is my point of complaint. "Heavy lumbering column, power strong,

is now here in this land. Parties of forty or sixty moving swiftly about will do more than any column. I can say I owe the defeats in this country to having artillery with me, which delayed me much, and it was the artillery with Hicks which, in my opinion, did for him.

THE AIM OF THE EXPEDITION.

I altogether decline the imputation that the projected expedition has come to relieve It has come to save our national honor in extricating the garrisons here from a position in which our action in Egypt has placed these garrisons. As for myself, I could make good my retreat at any moment if I wished. came up to extricate the garrisons and failed. Earle comes up to extricate the gerrison and, I hope, succeeds. Early does not come to extricate mc. The extrication of the garrisons was supposed to affect our "national honor." If Earle succeeds the national bonor thanks him and I hope rewards him, but it is altogether independent of me, who, for failing, incurs its blame. I am not the rescued lamb and I will not be.

GIVE IT TO THE TURKS.

As for Her Majesty's Government keeping the Soudan itself, it is out of the question and as for giving it back to Egypt-in a couple of years would have another mahdi. Therefore our choice lies between Senaar and the Turks. Therefore give the country to the Turks. Let 6,000 Turks land at Suskim and march up to Berber, thence to Khartoum. You can then retire at once.

THE LOSS OF LIFE.

When one thinks of the enormous loss of life which has taken place in the Soudan

part d hope they will all run away. We have in a most effectual way restored the slave trade and slave hunting, for Her Majesty's Government cannot keep the Sondán rnd never will Egypt be able to govern it. The only thing to CAMIOLA be done is to give it to the Sultan What an end to the diplomacy of Her Majesty's Government, and it was so easy when I left in January, 1880, to have settled it with decency and quiet. I want to get out MALLET AND DILKE ESPECIALLY-HE of the affair, but with decency. I could write volumes of pent-up wrath on this subject if I did not believe Author of "Miss Misanthrope," "Maid of things are ordained and all work for the best. I have done what I can, and one man can do no more than trust now. What has been the painful position for me is that there is not one person on you mean ; what you think I ought to do ; what I could do. I am dull ; I am stupid ; I whom I can rely. I may truly say I am weary of my life. Day

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and night-night and day-it is one continual worry.

A PREMONITION.

"The near approach of the Mahdi has not troubled me. I have always felt we should meet face to face ere the matter ended. I am tossing up in my mind whether, if this place is taken, to blow up the palace and all in it or be taken and, with God's help, maintain the faith, and, if necessary, suffer for it. I think I shall elect for the last."

"If any emissary letter comes ordering me to leave, I will not obey it, but will stay here, fall with the town and run all risks." do.'

The last entry is on December 14th, and says: "Now mark this: If the expeditionary force (and I ask for no more than 200 men do not come in ten days, the town may fall. I have done my best for the honor of our country. Good bye."

IN LONDON.

The demand has exceeded expectations. The ten thousand copies printed for the first edition were barely sufficient to meet the orders before publication. The price is one guinea. The publishers paid five thousand tude he had a tolerably clear idea that it guineas for the copyright. The editor, Mr. Egmont Hake, contends that it is illogical to say that Gordon exceeded the instructions of cere woman of forty may well take a motherly Her Majesty's Government, because he was interest in a young man, and may say so; but it would not be well for him to tell her appointed by the Egyptian Government and sanctioned by the British Governthat he regards her in the light of a mother. ment, The latter could have no control unless he openly declared for the annexation of Egypt and the Soudan. The Khedive with her hand still on the keys, she said to delegated his own power to Gen. Gordon ; therefore, to exceed his instructions was an him : impossibility. Gen. Gordon was constantly thwarted and never supported, Mr. Hake says, and gives specific instances of the rewards, in Syria ?' fusal of Gordon's most pressing requests. At last Gordon telegraphed that he would do his thing about him." best, but he felt convinced he would be caught Albanian equivalent for it; I turned it into English, because I don't speak Albanian. He at Khartoum. Gordon's position at Khar-toum is described by his brother, Sir Henry W. Gordon. The latter expresses the belief is coming to England.' that no blame attaches to Sir Charles Wilson. The Government handed the diaries to Sir Henry, expressing a wish for their complete

publication. Only six or seven pages are omitted. On the outside wrapper is written "No secrets so far as I am concerned. --C. G. Gordon." On the back of cover, "This journal will want pruning, and if thought necessary, publish the signature."

A EVERE INDICTMENT.

LONDON, June 25 .- The Standard this morning, in an editorial on Gen. Gordon's diary, says that it is such a crushing indict ment of Mr. Gladstone's policy that there is hardly room to feel regret for the few expurgations made.

C. A. Livingstone, Plattsville, says : " have much pleasure in recommending Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, from having used it myself, and having sold it for some time. In my own case I will say for it that it is the best preparation I have ever tried for rheumati in,'

Sir Aucklaud Colvin, Sir Edward Mallet and Sir Charles Dilke, for it is on account of these three men, whose advice were the second of these the second fully bad Italian and some almost unintelli-three men, whose advice were the second of these the second fully bad Italian and some almost unintelli-three men, whose advice were the second of these backs of the second fully bad Italian and some almost unintelli-three men, whose advice were the second of these backs of the second fully bad italian and some almost unintelli-three men, whose advice were the second of these backs of the second fully bad italian and some almost unintelli-three men, whose advice were the second of these backs of the second fully bad italian and some almost unintelli-three men. Mr. Deady is a veteran collector of su'scrip tions to charitable works and has generally met with success. He has in his possession the most satisfactory credentials, besides numerous letters from eminent clergymen and others bearing testimony to his zeal in the work of faith and labor of love with which he has been so long and so prominently identified. In refer-ring to his mission the Cork Examiner says: 'Mr. Deady is a veteran in pious work of this kind, having successfully collected for many religious institutions in this country, among which we may mention :-- Noviciate to edu cate young Dominican Friars at Finglass, near Dublin, under the authority of Dr. Russell and the Fathers of the Denmark street Friary; the Esker Friary, County Galway, under the authority of Dr. Smith and the Rev. Mr. Mudden, Prior of that community; the new church of St. Saviour, Lower Dominick street, Dublin, under the authority of Dr. Russell : the Convent of the Ladies of Charity, High Park, Dromcondra, under the authority of His Eminence the late Cardinal Cullen, and the present Lord Bishop of Ardagh, the Most Rev. Dr. Woodlock and the new Church, Convent and Schools Kanturk, under the authority of the late Most Rev. Dr. Kcane, Biscop of Cleyne. We may say that the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass will be offered up twice a week in perpetuity for all subscribers and benefactors, both living and dead, besides several other Masses annually in perpetuity for deceased benefactors and the constant prayers of the community."

Now first-Published Sole right of publica-tion in Canada secured by the Globe. interest and sometimes with surprise, occasionally looking curiously into her face, as if [Now FIRST PUBUISHED]. not quite certain whether she was altogether in earnest.

"That is enough," she said at last, " for you to know for the present. Further in structions will come hereafter, according an they are wanted. I don't mean to pay out too much cable all at once. You will do this?"

"Oh, yes," he said, " certainly; 1 am pledged to you. I do not quite see as yet -...." "Of course you don't ; who ever supposed you would ? But you will see in time, always. supposing that you open your eyes and do as 1 tell you, and don't ask too many questions." "Just one question at least. Does your Albanian friend dress like one of Byron's Albanians? Does he go kirtled to the knee?" "Oh no, he dresses like a sailor ; like the can't think of anything ; I can't even guess | sailor of an English yacht. He was a sailor, and he used to wear the uniform of my husband's yacht when we had one, but lately he has just worn the dress of an ordinary sailor.

"Will you pat yourself in my hands?" "I will," he answered doggedly, and " All right," Romont said after a moment's pause, "I'll take charge of him. I am glad to be doing anything. I couldn't endure idleness in my present mood. You are a dear friend, Mrs. Pollen, and whether this hits or misses I shall thank you all the same. I am afraid you are mistaken; but in any case I can't be worse than I am, and I owe you a good turn.' greatly helps one in thinking a thing out, at

"Mind you throw your whole soul into this," she said. "As if Lwouldn't throw my whole soul into

She went back to the organ, sat down and anything which gave me the remotest chance of a glimpso of light in that direction." touched the keys. Romont leaned with his back against the chimney-piece and looked at her. He was intensely grateful to her, even while much puzzled by her. "Good heaven,

" Come, that's right." A servant announced a visitor.

" And you leave town to-morrow !" Mrs. how kind she is !" he thought in a kind of ecstasy of gratefulness for the interest she took in him. "After my mother," he said to himself, "she is the detrest and best Pollen said in a lend voice. "Yes; I leave town to morrow, Good

evening. CHAPTER XV,-"My DAUGHTER-OIL! MY

DAUGHTER !'

The stern political economist would bardly, we fear, have approved of all that Mrs. Pollen was doing. Unquestionably the restoration of Fitzurse house and grounds was in great measure undertaken with the object of giving employment to the people of Fitzurscham, those who worked and those who sold ; and Mrs. Pollen never troubled herself about the laws of supply and demand. Nor could a very liberal minded ceemo. politan philanthropist have smiled his cordial approval upon a benificence narrowed almost exclusively to Fitzurscham. Mrs. Pollen seldom subscribed to any charity which did not belong to the region she patronized. She might be said to have been only a benefactress to Fitzurseham. Her reason for this limitation of her bounty had something to be said for it :-- "I can't do everything. I am pretty well off in the way "Oh, indeed?" Romont did not find him-solf deeply interested in the movements of Joseph, but he assumed that Mrs. Pollen was be cast down on the soil of Fig. urscham I don't see that I can do any better than help the people who are near me. I know something about them; I can see with my own cyes and judge for myself. And then, you know, I am a selfish egotistic sort of woman ; I like being a little queen of society, and I couldn't be that anywhere but in a poor out-of-the-way sort of place like Fitz-urseham. Gratitude ? Oh, well, I don't care

"Well, no, Mrs. Pollen. You see my man here are just as grateful as people invwhere has been with me a long time, and we get on else. So Mrs. Pollen went her own way ; and very well together, and he knows all my was probably in her own way, for the time at "Yes, yes, quite Lunderstand ; I never, of

about gratitude; and I dare say the people

least, very happy. Something has been said about Mrs. Pollen's increasing correspondence. It was indeed increasing and multiplying in a man-ner which threatened to become overwhelm-For remote in condition and sentiment

ing. For remote in condition and sentiment as Fitzurscham was from London society, vet even from out of Fitzurschan itself some rumours managed to make their way into London society about a lady of stately presence, boundless wealth, unpai-

explanation ; not much. He listened with advice of a woman. Ingenious girls confided. the whole story of their quarrels with their self to have found out, and how she had got lovers, and besought Mrs./Pollen to tell them at it. "I have given him comething to how they ought to go about to make the think of," she said in her own mind," some quarrels up. Wives implored her to tell them what they ought to do with regard to discipated on faithless on diminical her

dissipated, or faithless, or drunken hus-bands; mothers appealed to her for counsel about their, daughters. Legion was the name of the number of girls whom she was implored to reclaim, and earnestly tried reclaim from lives of folly leadto ing:down to darkness and death. We need not say much about the eccentric letters, the letters setting forth the value of some won derful invention which she was besought to encourage ; the letters admonishing her as to the state of her soul ; the letters from men offering her their hand in marriage ; the let ters from downright maniacs; the letters which asked for nothing more than an autograph or perhaps an autograph with an accompanying photograph ; and also the letters from photographers inviting her to have her likeness taken-in cabinet or panel form, to be expanded afterwards into life-size draw-

ings in red chalk. Many of these letters, it will be seen, had to do exclusively with the concerns of women ; their poverty, their efforts to earn a living, their shifts and struggles, their loves and quarrels, and sorrows. Mrs. Pollen found that she really could not manage all this correspondence herself, and she would not put it into the hands of any secretary but a woman Perhaps a great deal of it did not call for answer at all; or might just as well have been answered by a man as by a woman ; perhaps Mrs. Pollen only wanted to find an excuse for giving employment to Vinnie Lammas. But at all events she made up her mind that she must have a girl of intelligence and some education to assist her in her correspondence, and that Vinnie Lammas might, if she liked, be that girl. We know the deep designs Mrs. Pollen had long had in her mind concerning poor little Vinnie. Mrs. Pollen was a somewhat self contradictory person in many ways. She was constantly saying scornful and cynical things about matrimony, and yet she had in her heart a weakness for match-making. To hear her talk sometimes one would have thought that she regarded married life as the most insufferable and absurd condition into which men and women could get; and yet she was now bent on bringing about a marriage between Camiola and Romont; and she had almost made up her mind that the best thing she could do for Pilgrim and Vinnie Lammas alike was to turn them into husband and wife as soon as possible. In truth, with all her strength of mind and scorn of weakness, her courage, her unconvention ality, and her humor, Mrs. Pollen was a very womanly woman

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She communicated her purpose concerning Vinnie Lammas to Mr. Pilrgrim, and watched him keenly the while. He cordially approv-ed, as indeed he would have approved of any thing Mrs. Follen suggested; and he was delighted on Vinnie's account. But the sort of emotion Mrs. Pollen expected wasnot in him. He was not in love with Vinnie Lammas clearly, not as yet. Was there someone else? Very likely. Mrs. Pollen was not blind to the halt-distracted manner which poor Pilgrim fell into for a while after his unfortunate outburst of love to Camiola ; she knew that something had happened which was a load upon his mind ; a distress and a shame to him. "What do you think of my Albanian, Mr.

Pilgrim ?"

" Think of him, Madame ?" "Yes, Mr. Pilgrim, 'twas my word."

"I don't know what to say, Madame."

"Very well; don't say anything, then. I quite understand you. I dare say you have a theory about my Albanian----" Pilgrim smiled

"Yes; no doubt. You would come to know, of course, in time. Only let it be a theory for the present; and take it for granted that there is an honest and reasonable purpose in everything my Albanian and alleled liberality and charity, and somewhat I may do." eccentric ways, who was at once constructing "As if could possibly doubt that, Ma-

grim what she had found out or believed her.

JULY 1, 1885.

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with him as if he were a thoroughly sane and sensible man, Mrs. Pollen had won him into a confidence and a quietude which allowed him the full use of such ability as he possessed. She soon became con inced that he was. indeed, sound and shrewd enough on every point but the atrange disappearance of his daughter and her certain return, glorified into a fine lady. It was quite clear to Mrs. Pollen that poor Jethro once had a daughter, and that on some one eventful occasion she had left him, and had afterwards written to him and told him that she would return one day a lady. In all this there was nothing surprising. The girl might well have been enticed away some admirer who promised that by he would marry her and bring her back in honor and splendour to her father's house. It was unfortunately only too probable that such a promise would not have been kept; and so the girl would not come back to her home. Little by little Mrs. Pollen got at the whole reality of Merridew's story. He had been married ; his wife was a Sheffield woman, her maiden name was Eccles; she had left him-had run away from him, leaving their one little daughter behind. For this one little daughter Merridew lived, worked, pinched, starved. He would never bring her into Fitzurseham, whither he had migrated or drifted after his wife left him. He had kept the girl at a good school where she was taught French and music and other such ladylike accomplishments. The whole soul of the poor man was set on making a lady of the child. While she was still at the school she ran away ; he did not know whether alone or in companionship ; only that she had gone.

Merride s's mental condition resembled the physical condition of one who is suddenly struck blind or deaf by some shock. Up to a certain day, hour and minute he is in full possession of all his senses and faculties; from that instant forthwith he is robbed of some of them forever. This was mentally Merridew's case. Up to the time when his daughter left him all was clear ; with her disappearance his confusion began. Now that he had became confidential with Mrs. Polien he could tell her the whole story of his life, with its every incident up to the moment when he got the letter from his daughter telling him of her flight; from that moment he could tell nothing clearly-nothing that is to say that had to do with his daughter's story. On every other subject all was confusion. He could not tell of any steps he had taken to find the girl ; he could not remember

whether he had taken any steps. He could not give any reason for his belief that she would certainly come back; he only grew angry and looked puzzled if any question of the kind were pressed upon him. His conviction was, to Mrs. Pollen's thinking, simply a part of his mental disorder, to be traced back to the shock of his daughter's disappearance. He loved to tell his story over and over again, enriched with many quotations from the poets, to his benefactress, "the lady of the land," as he now called Mrs. Pollen. She listened again and again, always hoping for some hint or word which might supply a missing link in the narrative, and put her in the way of making some quest for the lost daughter.

The girl had written him a letter, in which the avowed, apparently with all the wild sincerity of passionate affection and grief, that she would come back to him a lady. There, it seemed to Mrs. Policn, was the point at which his mind became shalp. He took his daughter's promise as something like the word of a prophet. Life had nothing in which he believed with so profound a convic-tion as the certainty of her glorified return. He was educating himself for this ; he was giving himself airs in advance on the strength of the position he was to be called to occupy ; he became the butt of his neighbors for his crazy vanity. Mrs. Pollen was casily able to verify much of the story. An application to the school settled part of it : poor Merridew brought her his daughter's letter ever read it before. But Mrs. Pollen could not succeed in finding any further trace of the girl Several years had passed, and Merridew's daughter, if she were living, would not be particularly young any longer. It may have been, perhaps, only the most ordinary version of a commonplace old story. A giddy girl, the daughter of a very giddy mother, disappeared below the surface of society, and did not reappear. There would be nothing very amazing in that. Mrs. Pollen, however, did not put that view of the matter to Merridew. On the contrary she felt con-vinced that the best tie she had on life, the only thing that made life endurable to him, was this happy delusion about the sure return of his daughter. Mrs. Pollen tried her best to believe it herself.

three men, whose advice was taken by Her Majesty's Government, that all these sorrows are due. We are an honest nation, but our diplomats are cronics and not officially honest. I declare solemply that if it were not for honor's sake of our nation, I would let these people slide. They are of the very feeblest nature, and Arabs are ten times better, but because they are weak there is so much more reason to try and help them.

HARD ON THE SEPOYS.

As for those wretched sepoys, they are useless, I have the greatest contempt for these Indian sepoys. I hate these snake-like creatures. Any man accustomed to judge by faces sees that they hate us. I would back the Mussulmans of India against the lot of those snakes. India to us is not an advantage ; it is the centre of all party intrigue, while if cur energy were developed elsewhere it would produce tenfold. India sways all our policy to our detriment.

I must say I am against doctors. If a man is suffering intense pain and is in a more or less desperate condition, I would give as much morphine as would still that pain.

SOME OF DIS TROUBLES.

There is nothing like a civil war to show what skunks men are. One of my greatest worries are the shaggy men who are contin ually feathering towards me or towards the Mauhi. I expect both sides despise them equally. If in two days I find the news correct that the Madhi is still in Kordofan, I shall let out the political prisoners which will shock the townsneople, but will be a time of joy and delight to me. For it has been a work utterly repugnant to me. 1 like free will. I hate a forecd subjection. I feel sure that to let these people out with free will to go to the Arabs or not will be good policy. I must say that I felt it a great compliment when my counsellors say to me, Do what you think right irrespective of our advice---when they know I am ignorant of all that goes on, ignorant of the Arabic language except in my styles, ignorant of the Arab customs, etc., You would do better than we do, is etc. what they say, and I, poor devil, do not our Government, what has it not to answer for ? Not to me, but to these poor people. I declare if I thought the town wished the A number of the frequenters of his place Mahdi I would give it up, so much do I respect free will.

DIPLOMATS AND DINNERS.

I must say I hate our diplomatists. I dwell on the joy of never seeing Great Britain again with its horrid, wearisome dinner parties and miseries. How we can put up with those things is past my imagination. It is a perfect bondage at those dinner parties. We are all in masks, saying what we do not believe, eating and drinking things we do not want, and then abusing one another. I would sooner livo like a dervisch with the Mahdi than go to dinner every night in London. hope if any English general comes to Khar toum he will not ask me to dinner. Why men cannot be friendly without bringing their wretched stomachs in is astounding.

AGAIN THE GOVERNMENT.

I am afraid to say what numbers have been killed through this present policy, certainly some \$0,000; and it is not yet over. For my

PROMINENT BUTTER MAKERS.

There is no dissent from the decision of can did and canable dairymen, that the Improved Butter Color, of Wells, Richardson & Co., Bur lington, Vt., is the best in the world. Such men as A. W. Cheever, of Massachusetts, F. D. Masson, Vermont, Francis A. Hoffman, Wisconsin, use it, and recommend it as superior to all other.

A TERRIBLE REVENCE.

OLEAN, N. Y., June 24 .- The fire which destroyed 23 business houses and dwellings in Portville, Friday night, is believed to have know where to turn. Oh ! our Government, been kindled by incendiaries as a means of revenge for the prosecution of Sam Ferris, who has been running a saloon in the village. openly declared that the public should suffer because Ferris had been prosecuted.

In no other medicinal preparation have the results of the most intelligent study and scientific inquiry been so steadily and progressively utilized as in Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It leads the list as a truly scientific preparation for all blood diseases. tts

There were eighty-five suicides in Philadelphia during the year ending June 1.

12 YOU WILL BE HAPPY. Make your old things look like new by using the Diamond Dyes, and you will be happy. Any of the fashionable colors for 10c at the druggists. Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal, P.Q.

The average life of members of the Society of Friends, or Quakers, is fifty-nine years.

jargon. Anyhow he is coming to Londou-I expect him to morrow - and he will stay here until I get him a place or unless I get him a place. He is devoted to me, and I am deoted to him. That reminds me that I must send some one to meet him, for he has never by all their acquaintances for some news been in London before, and he never could find his way or make a cabman understand all Mrs. Pollen's doings. She was indeed him. Would you kindly ring the bell, Mr. Romont ?"

He did so, wondering what had become of his love affair and her plans on his behalf. A servant made his appearance, "Would you he good enough to ask Mr. Pilgrim kindly to come here for a moment ?

She said nothing to Romont Romont re-" Best to let her mained silent as a statue. have her way," he thought.

Christian Filgrim made his appearance.

" Oh, Mr. Pilgrim, I want you to to mor row evening to go and meet the train from Dover and look out for an Albanian servant of mine who is coming here. I think I told you of him once or twice."

Yes, madame."

"Well, he is coming here from Corfu, and he can't speak a word of English. He talks little bad French ; you can speak French, Mr. Pilgrim, can't you ?'

" In a sort of way, madame."

"That will do well enough. Just take hold of him and bring him here. You will have to speak distinctly and slowly : but really it will be almost enough if you mention | curious persons went so far out of their my name. Just say 'Madame Polien,' and he will come with you. I may see you to-morrow; but if I shouldn't be here until late you will remember, won't you ?"

" Certainly, Madame."

"Look here," Romont said, "can't I do this for you? I am afraid Pilgrim's French is a little too good; too literary, too much studied out of books, to be intelligible to our Levantine."

"But have you positively to leave town to-morrow early ?" Mrs. Pollen said. " How could you manage to do this ?"

Romont had not said a word about leaving town early next day. But he took care not to contradict her.

"I am sure I shall not find any difficulty, Pilgrim said. "My French will be quite as bad as his.'

"Oh yes, it will be all right," Mrs. Pollen said. "Thank you very much, Mr. Pilgrim.

Mr. Pilgrim bowed and left the room. "Now," Mrs. Pollen turning sharply

round to Romont, "you begin to see, don't you?"

"I give you my word, Mrs. Pollen," he replied, with the utmost gravity, "that the blind fish in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky couldn't be more absolutely in the dark than am. What on earth has this worthy Albanian personage got to do with me and my difficulties? Is he a magician? Is there such a person at all, and why does he come in to merrupt our councils just at this moment ?"

good humour. "I am always delighted," she said, " when

puzzle clever men, and make them look stupid. You look so stupid just now."

"I don't believe I look half as stupid as I am.' "Well, I must take pity on your stupidity,

eccentric ways, who was at once constructing a palace for herself in a swampy suburb, and looking after the housing of all the poor for miles around. Paragraphs began to get into the society papers about her : the Lisles whenever they went to town were pestered of her. Of course the reports exaggerated very active about the poor of Fitzurscham: if the readers of these pages do not receive full

reports of all that she and the Lisics and Romont and Pilgrim had been doing or trying to do in that way, it is only because this narrative is a story merely, and not any thing in the nature of the report of a Royal commission. But if Mrs. Pollen had been a Crossus, Howard the philanthropist, and the whole building firm of Cubitt rolled into one, she could not have accomplished the prodigies of charitable reconstruction which rumor assigned to her. Of course society cought her out, and of course she steadily declined to be found by society. She did not keep a London

house. She still occupied the same rooms in a small private hotel in Dover street, Piecadilly; she made use of a hired carriage ; and

her retinue of servants consisted of a man and a maid-for we do not as yet reckon among her domestics her Albanian retainer Joseph. Great ladies called on her and left their cards : Mrs. Pollen returned the civility by leaving her card at their doors; and there the matter ended. Enterprising and way as to visit Fitzurseham, and take a look at the house Mrs. Pol len was reconstructing there, and per-

haps even have the good fortune to see her on the lawn. Meanwhile she was becoming the personal acquaintance of every man, Two classes of the population she left almost unheeded. Those who were reasonably well off and those who were hopelessly irreclaimable

her beneficence took little account of. The one class she thought did not want her : and for the other she could do nothing. "I can't do more than give a helping hand," she would say, "and a helping hand is for those who want help and can take it."

But as to the correspondence ! It came in irom all parts of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. It was already beginning to pour in with increasing volume from the United States. Beneficent institutions without number requested Mrs. Pollen's subscriptions and patronage, and proposed to her the taking of shares in unending specu-lations for the improvement of the condition of the poor. All this, however, was as nothing when compared with the letters from individual men and women. The appeals of associations and corporate bodies of any kind could be answered by subscriptions or by formal letter, circular fashion, declining and setting forth the reason, or setting no reason forth. But the men and women who wrote put forward a special and individual case which must either be answered separately or Mrs. Pollen laughed a laugh of gratified left altogether unanswered. Many, of course,

were obviously the appeals of begging-letter impostors and professional mendicants and swindlers. All such were dropped at once into a waste-paper basket. But there were great numbers of letters whitch were evidently, or at least to all appearance, genuine, and from There is nothing equal to Mother Graves' is you put it yourself a moment or two ago. Pollen would answer. Many of these were of Worm Exterminator for destroying Worms I must explain to you." She gave him some letters from women, simply asking for the

dame!" If Mrs. Pollen had told him that she had a particular desire that he should fling himself into the Thames, Christian Pilgrim would have assured her without any and gave it to her to read. None but he had question that she had an honest and reasonable purpose in telling him so.

" My Albanian and I are much concerned just now about the happiness of two young people, Mr. Pi'grim."

This was a sentence spoken with a double parpose.

"1-I thought as much, Madame." He had great difficulty in saying these

few words." He gasped and staminered, and kept his eyes away from hers ; looked down, looked round : looked anywhere but in the direction of her eyes. She remained pur posely silent, and kept her looks fixed upon him, and she saw his uncasiness. She knew all now. "Poor, absurd fellow !" she said to herself. " Poor, heavy old moth-would nothing serve it but to singe its wings at the flame of the brilliant candle?" A certain

amount of contempt was mingled in her pity for him.

"Oh ! another thing I wanted to talk to you about, Mr. Pilgrin. You once lived in Sheffield, did you not?" "Yes, Madame." This was a painful sub-

ject ; it brought back the memory of his unhappy married life.

Now let me ask you another question of two ; don't think I mean to put you to any needless pain ; but you will soon see what my reason is, and you will not find fault with

Pilgrim bent his head and remained silent. "I want to ask you two questions. Was your wife's maiden name Eccles, and had she an elder sister ?"

"Her name was Eccles, Madame, and she had an elder sister, whom I never saw," "Do you know whether that elder sister ever had a daughter ?'

"I never, Madame, asked or was told anything about her-there was nothing very pleasant to be learned, I fear."

"Well, I believe that she had a daughter ; and that that daughter is the girl about whom poor old Jethro Merridew went half mad. I believe she is old Jethro Merridew's daughter, and that she is still alive somewhere ; and I want you to help me in finding her, if we can. I don't ask you to do this because she is your nicce-and I fully believe she is, and I will tell you presently why I her own conduct Camioia saw all this; and believe it -- but because there is a chance of your being able to do some good and because I think by doing so you will brighten and think bearable some of the sadder memories of your own life, and dismiss into the darkness some of these shadows and phantoms that haunt you now; some of them bright phantoms, perhaps, as well as dark and grey, but phany toms all the same, and misleading and distracting.

Pilgrim shook his head in melancholy as sent.

"Come, I am your friend and you know it. I will tell you how I found out all this, I found out something and how that concerns myself, too. I begin to be pretty sure that I have a relative living; relative by marriage, that is to say, as well as you, about whom I knew nothing a few months ago. Hope he is likely to do me some credit, but I am not by any means quite certain on that point."

Then Mrs. Pollen explained fully to Pil- I room without ring or bell or summons of

CHAPTER XVI. -- ALL TO OURSELVES.

" And we shall have a happy day, all to ourselves-mind, all to ourselves."

These were the words in which Camiola acepted with sparkling eyes the invitation of Mrs. Pollen to come over to Fitzurse House, and spend a whole day there looking at the progress of the work, giving ideas about the decorations of the rooms and the arrangement of the grounds, and so forth. Camiola made this her condition, that they were to have a happy day themselves. It is not for this that a young lady with a devoted lover unusually makes a bargain. She does not as a rule suggest a stipulation which implies that the lover is not to be allowed to come nearherfora wholeday. But Mrs. Pollenquite understood the girl, and was anxious that she should have her wish. It would be a relief to Camiola to have a day altogether free from the occupations, and emotions, of the licetory now. There were times when Camiola dreaded even the kindly eyes of Letitia. They looked doubtingly, suspiciously at her some times, those kindly eyes. Lady Letitia evidently had an uneasy doubt even still about Camiola's willingness to marry Georgie. She dreaded lest the girl should be making a mere sacrifice to friendship which she would one day regret. This troubled Lady Letitia all the more because she could not at the bottom of her heart feel quite satisfied as to was glad to be away for a few free hours

even, alone with Mrs. Pollen. Lady Letitia for her part was glad that Camiola was to be out of the way some hours. She had determined to have a fall explanation with Janette concerning Walter Fitzurse ; and she thought she could manage better with Janette if they, too, were alone, for it was as likely as not that Camiola might side with Jeanette out of some romantic sympathy with young love and all that sort of thing; and Janette would perhaps feel strengthened up to the point of actual defiance. Poor Lady Letitia did not by any means like the prospect of what she feared would be a conflict. Janette was in her way as headstrong as Georgie, and strength of will is a very different

thing indeed from strength of intellect. Meanwhile Camiola found a welcome reception at Fitzurse House. She had made use of her key, and let herself into the music-

woman and child in Fitzurseham.