

GORDON'S DIARY.

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

THE HERO OF KHARTOUM BLAMES THE ENGLISH GOVERNMENT AND COLVIN, MALLEET AND DILKE ESPECIALLY—HE SUGGESTS THAT SOUDAN SHOULD BE GIVEN TO THE TURKS—HIS HATED 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 diary is a strange medley and were written evidently in perfect sincerity, but varying in style, manner and subject from page to page.

THE GOVERNMENT BLAMED.

I do not judge the question of abandoning the garrison or not; what I judge is the decision of the Government. They did not dare abandon the garrison, so they prevented me leaving for the coast with the determination not to relieve me, 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 defects in this country to having artillery with me, which delayed me much, and it was the artillery which 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 me. It has come to save our national honor in extricating the garrisons here from a position in which our honor in Egypt has placed these garrisons. As for myself, I could make good my retreat at any moment if I wished. I came up to extricate the garrisons and failed. Earle comes up to extricate the garrison and, I hope, succeeds. Earle does not come to extricate me. The extrication of the garrisons was supposed to affect our "national honor." If Earle succeeds the national honor 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 Suakim 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 since 1880 and general upset of all government, one cannot feel feeling vicious against Sir Auckland Colvin, Sir Edward Mallet and Sir Charles Dilke, for it is on account of these 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 crooks and not officially honest. I declare solemnly 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 ten times better, but because they are weak there is so much more reason to try and help them.

HAILED 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 these snakes. India to us is not an advantage; it is the centre of all party intrigue, while if our 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 HIS ENVOIES.

There is nothing like a civil war to show what skunks men are. One of my greatest worries are the shabby men who are continually feathering towards me or towards the Mahdi. I expect both sides despise them equally. If in two days I find the news correct that the Mahdi is still in Kordofan, I shall let out the political prisoners which will shock the townspeople, but will be a time of joy and delight to me. For it has been a work utterly repugnant to me. Like free will, I hate a forced subscription. I feel free will 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 counselors 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., etc. You would do better than we do, is what they say, and I, poor devil, do not know where to turn. Oh! our Government, 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 Mahdi I would give it up, so much do I respect free will."

DIPLOMATS AND DINNERS.

I must say I hate our diplomats. 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 abusing one another. I would sooner live like a dervish with the Mahdi than go to dinner every night in London. I hope if any English general comes to Khartoum 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 80,000; and it is not yet over. For my part, I hope they will all run away. We have in a most efficient way raised the slaves' trade and slaying hunting, for Her Majesty's Government cannot keep the Soudan and never will Egypt be able to govern it. The only thing to be done is to give it to the Sultan. What an end to the diplomacy of Her Majesty's Government, and it was so, say when I left in January, 1880, to have settled it with decency and quiet. I want to get out of the affair, but with decency. I could write volumes of pent-up wrath on this subject if I did not believe things are ordained and all work for the best. I have done what I can, and one man can do no more than trust for me in that there is not one person on whom I can rely. I may truly say I am weary of my life. Day and night—night and day—it is one continual worry."

part I hope they will all run away. We have in a most efficient way raised the slaves' trade and slaying hunting, for Her Majesty's Government cannot keep the Soudan and never will Egypt be able to govern it. The only thing to be done is to give it to the Sultan. What an end to the diplomacy of Her Majesty's Government, and it was so, say when I left in January, 1880, to have settled it with decency and quiet. I want to get out of the affair, but with decency. I could write volumes of pent-up wrath on this subject if I did not believe things are ordained and all work for the best. I have done what I can, and one man can do no more than trust for me in that there is not one person on whom I can rely. I may truly say I am weary of my life. Day and night—night and day—it is one continual worry."

A PROMOTION. "The near approach of the Mahdi has not troubled me. I have always felt we should meet face to face on the matter ended. I am leaning up in my mind whether, if this place is taken up by the palace and all in it is to 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 comes ordering me to leave, I will not obey it, but will stay here, fall with the town and run all risks." 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 guineas for the copyright. The editor, Mr. J. Mallet, contains that it is illegal to publish the Government's instructions to Her Majesty's Government, because he was appointed by the Egyptian Government and sanctioned by the British Government. The latter could have no control unless he openly declared for the annexation of Egypt and the Soudan. The Khedive delegated his own power to Gen. Gordon; therefore, to exceed his instructions was an impossibility. Gen. Gordon was constantly thwarted and never supported. Mr. Mallet says, and gives specific instances of the refusal of Gordon's most pressing requests. At last Gordon telegraphed that he would do his best, but he felt convinced he would be caught at Khartoum. Gordon's position at Khartoum is described by his brother, Sir Henry W. Gordon. The latter expresses the belief 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 "Nossecrets 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 FUTURE INDICENT. LONDON, June 25.—The Standard this morning, in an editorial on Gen. Gordon's diary, says that it is such a crushing indictment of Mr. Gladstone's policy that it is hardly room for feigning for the few expurgations made.

C. A. Livingstone, Plattville, says: "I have much pleasure in recommending Dr. Thomas' Eclectic 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 rheumatism."

A VETERAN COLLECTOR. Mr. Patrick Deady has returned again to Canada in the interests of the Trappists of Mount Melleray in Ireland, who are building a new church and monastery for their order. Mr. Deady is a veteran collector of subscriptions to charitable works and has generally met with success. He has in his possession the most satisfactory credentials, besides numerous letters from prominent laymen and others bearing testimony to his zeal and the purity of his faith and labor of love with which he has been so long and so prominently identified. In referring 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 educate young Dominican Friars at Pinghu, near Dublin, under the authority of Dr. Russell and the Fathers of the Denmark Street Priory; the Esker Priory, County Galway, under the authority of Dr. Smith and the Rev. Mr. Madden, 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, Drumcondra, under the authority of the late Cardinal Cullen, and the present Lord Bishop of Arleigh, the Most Rev. Dr. Woodcock, and the new Church, Convent and Schools, Kanturk, under the authority of the late Most Rev. Dr. Keane, Bishop of Cloyne. 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."

PROMINENT BUTTER MAKERS. There is no dissent from the decision of candid and capable dairymen, that the Improved Butter Color of Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt., is the best in the world. Such is the opinion of A. W. Claver, of Massachusetts, E. D. Mason, Vermont, Francis A. Hoffman, Wisconsin, use it, and recommend it as superior to all other.

A TERRIBLE REVENGE. ULEAH, N. Y., June 24.—The fire which destroyed 23 business houses and dwellings in Portville, Friday night, is believed to have been kindled by incendiaries as a means of revenge for the prosecution of Sam Ferris, who has been running a saloon in the village. A number of the frequenters of his place 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.

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

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 drugists, Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal, P.Q.

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

There is nothing equal to Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator for destroying Worms!

Now First Published. Sole Right of Publication in Canada secured by the Globe. (NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.) CAMIOLA A GIRL WITH A FORTUNE. BY JUSTIN MCCARTHY. Author of "Miss Misanthrope," "Maid of Athens," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued. "Do tell me," he said perplexedly, "what you mean; what you think I ought to do; what I could do. I am dull; I am stupid; I can't think of anything; I can't even guess what you have in your mind. Pray have pity on my stupidity and tell me." "Will you put yourself in my hands?" "I will," he answered doggedly, and thrusting his hands deep into his pockets. "Absolutely and unconditionally." "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 greatly helps one in thinking a thing out, at least that it gives inspiration sometimes?" "I do." She went back to the organ, sat down and touched the keys. Romont leaned with his back against the chimney-piece and looked at her. He was intensely grateful for her, even while much puzzled by her. "Good heaven, 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 dearest and best friend I have on earth." But he did not say this aloud. Even in the fervor of his gratitude he had a tolerably clear idea that it would not absolutely delight Mrs. Pollen to be classified with his mother. Truly a sincere woman of forty may well take a motherly interest in a young man, and may say so; but it would not be well for him to tell her that he regards her in the light of a mother.

Mrs. Pollen kept on playing for a few moments. Then she suddenly looked round, and with her hand still on the keys, she said to him: "You have heard me talk of my Albanian servant Joseph, have you not; the man who was with me, first, in Greece, and afterwards, in Syria?" "Yes; I remember your telling me something about him." "His real name is not Joseph; only the Albanian equivalent for it; I turned it into English, because I don't speak Albanian. He is coming to England."

"Oh, indeed?" Romont did not find himself deeply interested in the movements of Joseph, but he assumed that Mrs. Pollen was merely talking about anything to give herself time to think.

"Yes; I want to get him a place with someone who is travelling, as I don't propose just now to travel myself. He would rather stay with me; but I think he would only stay a couple of weeks. I have a great regard for him; and I want him to do well. I suppose you don't particularly want an Albanian servant?" "Well, no, Mrs. Pollen. You see my man has been with me a long time, and we get on very well together, and he knows all my ways; and—"

"Yes, yes, quite I understand; I never, of course, meant to suggest that you should send him away, but I thought that if you were inclined to have another servant—"

"I am afraid I am not rich enough for such a luxury." "Well, perhaps you could help me find a place for Joseph. The worst of it is he can't speak one word of English or understand half a word. He speaks only some dreadful bad Italian and some almost unintelligible French, or lingo that he calls French. I can do with him because I am used to his jargon. Anyhow he is coming to London—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 devoted to him. That reminds me that I must send some one to meet him, for he has never been in London before, and he never could find his way or make a cabman understand 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 be good enough to ask Mr. Pilgrim kindly to come here for a moment?" She said nothing to Romont. Romont remained silent as a statue. "Best to let her have her way," he thought. Christian Pilgrim made his appearance.

"Oh, Mr. Pilgrim, I want you to to-morrow 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 a 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 him to my room here. You 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."

"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 I 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 interrupt our councils just at this moment?" Mrs. Pollen laughed a laugh of gratified good humour. "I am always delighted," she said, "when I puzzle clever men, and make them look stupid. You look so stupid just now."

intention; not much. He listened with interest and sometimes with surprise, occasionally looking curiously into her face, as if not quite certain whether she was altogether in earnest.

"That is enough," she said at last, "for you to know for the present. Further instructions will come hereafter, according as 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; I 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 assuming that you open your eyes and don't tell me, 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 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."

"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."

"Mind you throw your whole soul into this," she said. "As if I wouldn't throw my whole soul into anything which gave me the remotest chance of a glimpse of light in that direction." "Come, that's right."

A servant announced a visitor. "And you leave town to-morrow?" Mrs. Pollen said in a loud voice. "Yes; I leave town to-morrow. Good evening."

CHAPTER XV.—"MY DAUGHTER—OH! MY DAUGHTER!" The stern political economist would hardly, we fear, have approved of all that Mrs. Pollen was doing. He would have disapproved of her leaving the house, and disapproved of her giving employment to the people of Fitzurseham, 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 cosmopolitan philanthropist have smiled his cordial approval upon a beneficence narrowed almost exclusively to Fitzurseham. 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 of money; but my money wouldn't run to that.

So as I happen to be cashed down on the soil of Fitzurseham 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 eyes 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 Fitzurseham. Gratitude! Oh, well, I don't care about gratitude; and I dare say the people here are just as grateful as people anywhere else.

So Mrs. Pollen went her own way; and was probably in her own way, for the time at least, very happy. Something has been said about Mrs. Pollen's increasing correspondence. It was indeed increasing and multiplying in a manner which she would have approved of, if she were not so contented with the quiet life of Fitzurseham as to be contented with the quiet life of Fitzurseham.

"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 I 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 interrupt our councils just at this moment?" Mrs. Pollen laughed a laugh of gratified good humour. "I am always delighted," she said, "when I puzzle clever men, and make them look stupid. You look so stupid just now."

advice of a woman. Ingenious girls, confided the whole story of their quarrels with their lovers, and bestowed Mrs. Pollen to tell them how they ought to go about to make the quarrels up. Wives implored her to tell them what they ought to do with regard to dispersed, or faithless, or drunken husbands; mothers appealed to her for counsel about their daughters. Legions of the name of the number of girls who were desirous to be married, and earnestly tried implored to reclaim from lives of folly leading down to darkness and death. We need not say much about the eccentric letters, the letters setting forth the value of some wonderful 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 letters 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 drawings in red chalk.

Many of these letters, it will be seen, had to do exclusively with the concerns of women; and so, naturally, they were sent to her by women. Little by little, Mrs. Pollen got into the whole reality of Merriwede's story. He had been married; his wife was a Sheffield iron worker, her maiden name was Eccles; she had had him—had run away from him, leaving her one little daughter behind. For this one little daughter Merriwede lived, worked, pinched, starved. He would never bring her into Fitzurseham, whether 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.

Merriwede'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; and that instant forthwith he is robbed of some of them forever. This was mentally Merriwede's case. Up to the time when his daughter left him all was clear; with her disappearance his confusion began. Now that he had become confidential with Mrs. Pollen 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.

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 accepted with sparkling eyes the invitation of Mrs. Pollen to come over to Fitzurse House, and spend a whole day there looking at 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 was not for this that a young lady with a devoted lover usually makes a bargain. She does not as a rule suggest a stipulation which implies that the lover is not to be allowed to come near her for a whole day. But Mrs. Pollen 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 factory now. There were times when Camiola dreaded even the kindly eyes of Letitia. They looked doubtfully, suspiciously at her sometimes, those kindly eyes. Lady Letitia evidently had an uneasy doubt even still about Camiola's willingness to marry George. She dreaded lest the girl should be making a more sacrifice to friendship which she would one day regret. This troubled Lady Letitia all the more because she could not see at the bottom of her heart that Camiola had not a word to say about her own conduct. Camiola had not a word to say about her own conduct. Camiola had not a word to say about her own conduct. Camiola had not a word to say about her own conduct.

"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."

"I'm afraid I am not rich enough for such a luxury." "Well, perhaps you could help me find a place for Joseph. The worst of it is he can't speak one word of English or understand half a word. He speaks only some dreadful bad Italian and some almost unintelligible French, or lingo that he calls French. I can do with him because I am used to his jargon. Anyhow he is coming to London—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 devoted to him. That reminds me that I must send some one to meet him, for he has never been in London before, and he never could find his way or make a cabman understand 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 be good enough to ask Mr. Pilgrim kindly to come here for a moment?" She said nothing to Romont. Romont remained silent as a statue. "Best to let her have her way," he thought. Christian Pilgrim made his appearance.

"Oh, Mr. Pilgrim, I want you to to-morrow 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 a 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 him to my room here. You 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."

"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 I 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 interrupt our councils just at this moment?" Mrs. Pollen laughed a laugh of gratified good humour. "I am always delighted," she said, "when I puzzle clever men, and make them look stupid. You look so stupid just now."

grim what she had found out or believed her self to have found out, and how she had got at it. "I have given him something to think of," she said in her own mind, "something else."

Always dealing with Merriwede and talking 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 convinced that he was, indeed, sound and shrewd enough on every point but the strange 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 by some admirer who promised that 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 into the whole reality of Merriwede's story. He had been married; his wife was a Sheffield iron worker, her maiden name was Eccles; she had had him—had run away from him, leaving her one little daughter behind. For this one little daughter Merriwede lived, worked, pinched, starved. He would never bring her into Fitzurseham, whether 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.

Merriwede'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; and that instant forthwith he is robbed of some of them forever. This was mentally Merriwede's case. Up to the time when his daughter left him all was clear; with her disappearance his confusion began. Now that he had become confidential with Mrs. Pollen 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.

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 accepted with sparkling eyes the invitation of Mrs. Pollen to come over to Fitzurse House, and spend a whole day there looking at 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 was not for this that a young lady with a devoted lover usually makes a bargain. She does not as a rule suggest a stipulation which implies that the lover is not to be allowed to come near her for a whole day. But Mrs. Pollen 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 factory now. There were times when Camiola dreaded even the kindly eyes of Letitia. They looked doubtfully, suspiciously at her sometimes, those kindly eyes. Lady Letitia evidently had an uneasy doubt even still about Camiola's willingness to marry George. She dreaded lest the girl should be making a more sacrifice to friendship which she would one day regret. This troubled Lady Letitia all the more because she could not see at the bottom of her heart that Camiola had not a word to say about her own conduct. Camiola had not a word to say about her own conduct. Camiola had not a word to say about her own conduct. Camiola had not a word to say about her own conduct.

"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."

"I'm afraid I am not rich enough for such a luxury." "Well, perhaps you could help me find a place for Joseph. The worst of it is he can't speak one word of English or understand half a word. He speaks only some dreadful bad Italian and some almost unintelligible French, or lingo that he calls French. I can do with him because I am used to his jargon. Anyhow he is coming to London—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 devoted to him. That reminds me that I must send some one to meet him, for he has never been in London before, and he never could find his way or make a cabman understand 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 be good enough to ask Mr. Pilgrim kindly to come here for a moment?" She said nothing to Romont. Romont remained silent as a statue. "Best to let her have her way," he thought. Christian Pilgrim made his appearance.

"Oh, Mr. Pilgrim, I want you to to-morrow 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 a 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 him to my room here. You 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."

"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 I 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 interrupt our councils just at this moment?" Mrs. Pollen laughed a laugh of gratified good humour. "I am always delighted," she said, "when I puzzle clever men, and make them look stupid. You look so stupid just now."