

"You sent me?"

"I made old General Duncan talk to you. The inspiration was mine. I also wrote to Fielding Pasha—and at last he wrote to me to come."

"You—why—"

"I know more about irrigation than any one in England," she continued illogically. "I've studied it. I have all your reports. That's why I could help you here. They saw I *knew*."

Dimsdale shook a little. "I didn't understand," he said.

"You don't know my husband, I think," she added, rising slowly. "He is coming yonder with Imshi Pasha."

"I know of him—as a millionaire," he answered, in a tone of mingled emotions.

"I must introduce you," she said, and seemed to make an effort to hold herself firmly. "He will have great power here. Come and see me to-morrow," she added in an even voice. "Please come—Harry."

In another minute Dimsdale heard the great financier Arnold St. John say that the name of Dimsdale would be for ever honoured in Egypt.