

CHARLES STEWART PARNELL

evidently put these large sums beyond the power of—
of the Land League's expenditure!"

Gladstone would not sit still when he talked to me, but liked to pace up and down the long room with me. On my entry he would rise from his desk to greet me and, solemnly handing me a chair, would walk down the room to the door at the end, which was always open when I entered, close it firmly and, pacing back to the door of my entry, push it. These preparations always made me smile—a smile in which he joined as, coming up to me and offering me his arm, he said: "Do you mind walking up and down the room, I talk better so." So we paced up and down while I voiced Parnell's instructions and listened to the G.O.M.'s views, intentions, and tentative suggestions, always on my part keeping to "It is considered that, etc.," in giving Parnell's point, and always receiving "Your friend should, etc.," or "I am prepared to concede to your friend, etc., in return."

He was so careful in this regard that one day I said: "What is it you shut up in that room, Mr. Gladstone, when I come to see you?"

"Persons, or a person, you do not come to see, Mrs. O'Shea. Only a secretary or so, and occasionally, in these times of foolish panic, detectives. No," in answer to my look of inquiry, "no one can overhear a word we say when we pace up and down like this, and, as you do not mind it, it refreshes me."

Always as I stood face to face with this Grand Old Man on leaving, and looked into his slate-coloured eyes, so like those of an eagle, I experienced a sudden