# The Grey Review.

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**Newspaper Laws.**

We call the special attention of Postmasters and subscribers to the following synopsis of the newspaper laws:

1. If any person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payments are made, and collect the whole amount, whether it be taken from the office or not. There can be no legal discontinuance until payment is made.

2. Any person who takes a paper from the post office, whether directed to his name or another, or whether he has subscribed or not is responsible for the pay.

3. If a subscriber orders his paper to be stopped at a certain time, and the publisher continues to send, the subscriber is bound to pay for it if he takes it out of the post office. This proceeds upon the ground that a man must pay for what he uses.

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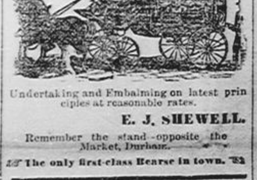

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# THE VICAR'S GOVERNESS

CHAPTER XXVIII. (Continued).

Dorian grows moody and irritable and nurses his wrongs in sullen morbid silence. He will shoot whole days without a companion, or go for long purposeless rides across country, only to return at nightfall weary and sick at heart.

"Grief is a stone that bears one down." To Dorian, all the world seems going wrong; his whole life is a failure. The two beings he loved most on earth—Lord Sartoris and his wife—distrust him, and willingly lend an open ear to the shameless story unlucky Fate has coined for him.

As for Georgie, she grows pale and thin, and altogether unlike herself. From being a gay, merry, happy little girl, with "the sun upon her heart," as Bailey so sweetly expresses it, she has changed into a woman, cold and self contained, with a manner full of settled reserve.

Now and again small scenes occur between them that only render matters more intolerable. For instance, coming into the breakfast room one morning, Georgie, meeting the man who brings the letters, takes them from him, and, dividing them, comes upon one directed to Dorian, in an unmistakable woman's hand, bearing the London post-mark, which she throws across the table to her husband.

Something in the quickness of her action makes him raise his head to look at her. Catching the expression of her eyes, he sees that they are full of passionate distrust, and at once reads her thoughts aright. His brow darkens, and, rising, he goes over to her, and takes her hand in his, not with a desire to conciliate, but most untenderly.

"It is impossible you can accuse me of this thing," he says, his voice low and angry.

"Few things are impossible," returns she, with cold disdain. "Remove your hands, Dorian; they hurt me."

"At least you shall be convinced that in this instance, as in all the others, you have wronged me."

Still holding her hands, he compels her to listen to him while he reads aloud a letter from the wife of one of his tenants who has gone to town on law business and who has written to him on the matter.

Such scenes only help to make more wide the breach between them. Perhaps, had Georgie learned to live her husband before her marriage, all might have been well; but the vague feeling of regard she had entertained for him (that, during the early days of their wedded life, had been slowly ripening into honest love, not having had time to perfect itself) at the first check had given in, and fallen—hurt to death—beneath the terrible attack it had sustained.

She fights and battles with herself at times, and, with passionate earnestness, tries to live down the gnawing emptiness of heart that is withering her young life. All night long, sometimes she lies awake, waiting wearily for the dawn and longing prayerfully for some change in her present stagnation.

And, even if she can summon sleep to her aid, small is the benefit she derives from it. Bad dreams, and sad as bad, harass and perplex her, until she is thankful when her lids unclose and she feels at least she is free of the horrors that threatened her a moment since.

"Thou hast been called, O sleep! the friend of woe;
But, 'tis the happy that have called thee so!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

"The waves of a mighty sorrow
Have whelmed the pearl of my life;
And there cometh to me no morrow
Shall solace this desolate strife.
* * * *
"Gone are the last faint flashes,
Set in the sun of many years,
And over a few poor ashes
I sit in darkness and tears.

Gerald Massey.

All night the rain had fallen unceasingly; now the sun shines forth again, as though forgetting that excessive moisture has inundated the quiet uncomplaining earth. The "windy night" has not produced a "rainy morrow," on the contrary, the world seems athirst for drink again, and is looking pale and languid because it comes not.

"Moist, bright, and green, the landscape laughs around:
Full swell the woods;
Everything is richer for the welcome drops that fell last night. "The very earth, the steamy air, is all with fragrance rife;" the flowers lift up their heads and fling their perfume broadcast upon the flying wind;

"And that same dew, which sometime
within buds
Was wont to swell, like round and
Orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flowerets' eyes,
Like tears that did their own disgrace
bewail."

Georgie, with scarcely any heart to see their beauty, passes by them, and walks on until she reaches that part of Hythe wood that adjoins their own. As she passes them, the gentle deer raise their heads and sniff at her, and, with their wild eyes, entreat her to go by and take no notice of them.

Autumn, with his "gold hand," is

Gilding the falling leaf,
Bringing up winter to fulfill the year,
Bearing upon his back the ripe sheaf."

All nature seems lovely, and, in coloring, intense. To look upon it is to have one's heart widen and grow stronger and greater as its divinity fills one's soul to overflowing. Yet to Georgie the hour gives no joy. With lowered head and dejected mien she goes, scarce heeding the glowing tints that meet her on every side. It is as though she tells herself the world's beauty can avail her nothing, as, he the day

"Foul, or even fair,
Methinks her heart's joy is stained
with some care."

Crossing a little brook that is babbling merrily, she enters the land of Hythe, and, as she turns a corner (all rock, and covered with quaint ferns and tender mosses), she comes face to face with an old man, tall and lean, who is standing by a pool, planted by nature in a piece of granite.

He is not altogether unknown to her. At church she has seen him twice, and once in the village, though she has never been introduced to him, has never interchanged a single word with him; it is Lord Sartoris.

He gazes at her intently. Perhaps he too knows who she is, but, if so, he makes no sign. At last, unable to bear the silence any longer, she says, naively and very gently,—

"I thought you were in Paris."

At this extraordinary remark from a woman he has never spoken to before, Sartoris lifts his brows, and regards her, if possibly, more curiously.

"So I was," he says; "but I came home yesterday." Then, "And you are Dorian's wife!"

Her brows grow clouded.

"Yes," she says, and no more, and turning aside, pulls to pieces the flowering grasses that grow on her right hand.

"I suppose I am unwelcome in your sight," says the old man, noting her reserve. "Yet, if, at the time of your marriage, I held aloof, it was not because you were the bride."

"Did you hold aloof?" says Georgie, with wondering eyes. "Did our marriage displease you? I never knew; Dorian never told me." Then, with sudden unexpected bitterness, "Half measures are of no use. Why did you not forbid the wedding altogether? That would have been the wisest and kindest thing, both for him and me."

"I don't think I quite follow you," says Lord Sartoris, in a troubled tone. "Am I to understand you already regret your marriage? Do not tell me that."

"Why should I not?" says Georgie, defiantly. His tone has angered her, though why, she would have found a difficulty in explaining. "You are his uncle," she says, with some warmth; "why should you not know? Why am I always to pretend happiness that I never feel?"

"Do you know what your words convey?" says Sartoris, more shocked than he can express.

"I think I do," says the girl, half passionately; and then she turns aside, and moves as though she would leave him.

"This is terrible," says Sartoris, in a low voice full of pain. "And yet I cannot believe he is unkind to you."

"Unkind? No," with a little scornful smile; "I hear no harsh words, my lightest wish is law, yet the veriest beggar that crawls the road is happier than I am."

"It seems impossible," says Sartoris, quietly, looking intently at her flower-like face and lovely wistful eyes,—"seeing you it seems impossible to me that he can do anything but love you."

"Do not profane the words," she says, quickly. Then she pauses, as though afraid to continue, and presently says, in a broken voice, "Am I—the only woman he has—loved?"

Something in the suppressed passion of her tone tells Lord Sartoris that she too is in possession of the secret that for months has embittered his life. This discovery is horrible to him.

"Who has been cruel enough to make you wise on that subject?" he says, impulsively, and therefore unwisely.

Georgie turns upon him eyes brilliant with despair and grief. "So,"—she says vehemently—"it is the world's talk. You know it; it is, indeed, common property, this disgraceful story." Something within her chokes her words; she can say no more. Passion overcomes her, and want of hope, and grief, too deep for expression. The gentle truth that nature supplies are dead within her, her eyes, hot and burning, conceal no water wherewith to cool the fever that consumes them.

"You are a stranger to me," she says presently, "yet to you I have laid bare my thoughts. You think, perhaps, I am one to parade my griefs, but it is not so; I would have you—"

"I believe you," he interrupts her hastily. He can hardly do otherwise, she is looking so little, so fragile, with her quivering lips, and her childish, pleading eyes, and plaintive voice.

"Take courage," he says softly, "you are young; good days may be in store for you; but with me it is different. I am on the verge of the grave,—am going down into it with no one to soothe or comfort my declining years. Dorian was my one thought; you can never know how I planned, and lived, and dreamed for him alone; and see how he has rewarded me! For youth there is a future, and in that thought alone lies hope; for age there is nothing but the flying present, and even that for me has lost its sweetness. I have staked my all, and—lost, surely, of we two, I should be the most miserable."

"Is that your belief?" says Mrs. Branscombe, mournfully. "Forgive me if I say I think you wrong. You have but a little time to endure your grief, I have my life, and perhaps"—pathetically—"it will be a long one. To know I must live under his roof, and feel myself indebted to him for everything I may want, for many years, is very bitter to me."

Sartoris is out to the heart; that it should have gone so far that she should shrink from accepting anything at Dorian's hands galls him sorely. And what a gentle, tender boy he used to be, and how incapable of a dishonest thought or action! At least, something should be done for his wife,—this girl who has grown tired and saddened and out of all heart since her luckless marriage. He looks at her again keenly, and tells himself she is sweet enough to keep any man at her side, so dainty she shows in her simple linen gown, with its soft Quakerish frillings at the throat and wrists. A sudden thought at last strikes him.

"I am glad I have met you," he says, quietly. "By and by, perhaps, we shall learn to be good friends. In the mean time will you do me a small favor? will you come up to Hythe on Thursday next at half-past one o'clock. I should not trouble you so far, but that business demands your presence. I give you my word not to detain you longer than is absolutely necessary."

Folding up this note, he gives it to her, and pressing her hand warmly, parts from her, and goes back to Hythe.

When, in answer to his uncle's summons, Dorian walks into the library at Hythe on Thursday afternoon, he is both astonished and disconcerted to find his wife there before him. She had given the letter not to him, but to one of the men-servants to deliver to him, so that he is still in utter ignorance of her meeting in the wood with his uncle.

"You here?" he says to her, after he has acknowledged Lord Sartoris's presence by the coldest and haughtiest of salutations.

She says, "Yes," in a low tone, without raising her eyes.

"I was not aware that you and Lord Sartoris were on such intimate terms."

"We met by chance last Monday for the first time," returns she, still without troubling herself to turn her eyes in his direction.

"You will sit down?" says Sartoris, nervously pushing a chair toward him. Dorian is looking so pale and haggard, so unlike himself, that the old man's heart dies within him. What "evil days" has he not fallen on!

"No, thank you; I prefer standing. I must, however, remind you of your promise not to detain me longer than you can help."

"Nor shall I. I have sent for you to-day to let you know of my determination to settle upon your wife the sum of twenty thousand pounds, to be used for her own exclusive benefit, to be hers absolutely to do with as may seem best to her."

"May I ask what has put this quixotic idea into your head?" asks Dorian, in a curious tone.

Georgie, who, up to this, has been so astounded at the disclosure of the earl's scheme as to be unable to collect her ideas, now feels a sudden light break in upon her. She rises to her feet, and comes a little forward, and, for the first time since his entrance, turns to confront her husband.

"Let me tell you," she says, silencing Lord Sartoris by a quick motion of the hand. "On Monday I told your uncle how—how I hated being indebted to you for everything I may require. And he has thought of this plan, out of his great kindness," turning eyes dim with tears upon Lord Sartoris—"to rid me of my sense of obligation. I think, you," she says, going up to Sartoris and slipping her icy cold little hands into his, "but it is far—far too much."

"So you have been regaling Lord Sartoris (an utter stranger to you) with a history of all our private griefs and woes!" says Dorian, slowly, utter contempt in his tone and an ominous light in his eyes.

"You wrong her, Dorian," says his uncle, gently. "It is not as you represent it. It was by the merest chance I discovered your wife would feel happier if more her own mistress."

"And by what right, may I inquire, do you seek to come between my wife and me?" says Dorian, white with anger, standing, tall and strong, with his arms folded and his eyes fixed upon his uncle. "Is it not my part to support and keep her? Whose duty is it, if not mine? I wish to know why you, of all men, have dared to interfere."

"I have not come between you; I seek no such ungracious part," replies Sartoris, with quiet dignity. "I am only doing now what I should have done on her marriage morning had — had things been different."

"It seems to me that I am brought up here as a criminal before my judge and accuser," says Branscombe, very bitterly. "Let me at least have the small satisfaction of knowing of what it is I am accused, — wherein lies my crime. Speak," he says, turning suddenly to his wife.

She is awed more than she cares to confess by his manner, which is different from anything she has ever seen in him before. The kind-hearted, easy-going Dorian is gone, leaving a stern, passionate, disappointed man in his place.

"Have I ill-used you?" he goes on, vehemently. "Have I spoken harsh words to you, or thwarted you in any way? Ever since the first hour that saw you my wife have I refused to grant your lightest wish? Speak; and let us hear the truth of this matter. I am a bad husband, you say,—so infamous that it is impossible for you to receive even the common necessaries of life at my hands! How have I failed in my duty toward you?"

"In none of the outward observances," she says, faintly. "And yet you have broken my heart!"

There is a pause. And then Dorian laughs aloud,—a terrible, sneering, embittered laugh, that strikes cold on the hearts of the hearers.

"Your heart!" he says, witheringly. "Why, supposing for courtesy's sake you did possess such an inconvenient and unfashionable appendage, it would be still absurd to accuse me of having broken it, as it has never been for five minutes in my possession."

Taking out his watch, he examines it leisurely. Then with an utter change of manner, addressing Lord Sartoris, he says, with cold and studied politeness—

"If you have quite done with me, I shall be glad, as I have another appointment at three."

"I have quite done," says his uncle, wistfully, looking earnestly at the handsome face before him that shows no sign of feeling whatsoever. "I thank you much for having so far obliged me."

"Pray do not mention it. Good-morning."

"Good-morning," says Sartoris, wearily. And Branscombe, bowing carelessly, leaves the room without another word.

When he has gone, Georgie, pale and trembling, turns to Sartoris and lays her hand upon his arm.

"He hates me. He will not even look at me," she says, passionately. "What was it he said, that I had no heart? Ah! what would I not give to be able to prove his words true!"

She bursts into tears, and sobs long and bitterly.

"Tears are idle," says Sartoris, sadly. "Have you yet to learn that? Take comfort from the thought that all things have an end."

(To be Continued.)

## ROMANCE OF A FRENCH SOLDIER

**Deserted Twice for Love of a Woman, and Twice Repented and Surrendered.**

The story of a French soldier named Massiault, recently acquitted by the court martial of Montpellier, reads a little like a romance. Young Massiault enlisted in 1882 in the Ninety-first Regiment of infantry at Mezieres. He proved an excellent soldier, and was promoted successively to the grades of corporal, sergeant, sergeant-major, and adjutant. In 1888 he was a pupil in the Administration school, and was on the point of being again promoted when he made the acquaintance of a young woman, with whom he fell desperately in love. To the astonishment of all, he deserted and ran away with her to Belgium. A few months later he returned to Mezieres and gave himself up. He was tried by court martial, sentenced to four years' hard labor, and to be reduced to the ranks on the expiration of his term of punishment. Under the amnesty law of 1889 he was released and was incorporated in the 100th Regiment garrison at Narbonne. The military authorities doubtless imagined that by sending him to the other end of France they would place him out of the reach of the influence of the beauty that bewitched him.

But in this they were mistaken. She found out where he was, and soon she arrived at Narbonne. Once more he deserted and went with her, this time to Spain. This second desertion was aggravated by the fact that he carried off his uniform and arms.

Not daring to return to France, he led a miserable life in Spain for eighteen months, but at last he could not stand it any longer, so he returned to Marseilles, where he entered the service of the Foreign Legion for five years under the false name of Stoock. He was sent off to Tonquin, where once more he proved himself to be a good soldier, and rapidly regained the galons of corporal, sergeant, and sergeant-major.

But the recollection of his desertion weighed upon his mind, and his false name troubled him. Moreover, for seven years he had not seen his parents. He became homesick, and longed to visit his native place in the Ardennes. His term of service being about to expire, he went to the Colonel and told him who he was. He was sent back to Narbonne, and thence to Montpellier, where once more he appeared before the court martial. He was tried and acquitted on account of his good record, and the soldiers and spectators who were present at the trial cheered him. But he had again to be reduced to the ranks because Sergeant-Major Stoock no longer existed in the French army. At the present time his friends and admirers are making energetic efforts with a view of getting him restored to his former rank.

## DEVELOPMENT OF INDIA.

India is a wonderful example of the energy and enterprise of the British race, says Pearson's Weekly. At the beginning of the last century, before the British became the ruling power, the country did not produce $5,000,000 a year of staples for exportation. During the first three-quarters of a century of our rule exports slowly rose to about $50,000,000 in 1834. Since that date the old inland duties and other restrictions on Indian trade have been abolished. Exports have multiplied sixfold. In 1893 India sold to foreign nations $300,000,000 worth of strictly Indian produce, which the Indian husbandman had raised, and for which he was paid, and in that year the total trade of India, including exports and imports, exceeded $610,000,000.

A rotten cause abides no handling.—Shakespeare.

Uncle Hiram Lester, of Henry county, Ga., is said to be now in his 125th year.

That's liberal to all alike, may do good by chance but by accident of judge, Bennett and Fletcher.

# LONG YEARS OF TORTURE.

## WITH FIRE AND SWORD IN THE TERRIBLE SOUDAN.

**Thrilling Narrative of the Long Captivity of Slatin Pasha in the Fanatic Mahdist Camp—"Chinese" Gordon's Death and Slatin's Rescue—Awful Picture of Life in the Soudan.**

Until Slatin Pasha published his book "Fire and Sword in the Soudan" very few people knew anything definite about the cruel fanatics who swept England out of the Egyptian equatorial provinces, killed and beheaded Chinese Gordon, and established an empire of robbers and slave traders over the most beautiful and most fertile part of Africa. In his book Slatin Pasha has told the whole story, and soon every one will know about Mahdism and the Soudan.

Rudolph Slatin comes of an excellent Austrian family. He was born in 1856 and is now thirty-nine years old. When he was in his teens he marked out a career of military adventure for himself. As early as 1870 he had the fever for African exploration, and in 1874 he persuaded his family to let him visit the Soudan. He travelled over the scenes of his future hardships and sufferings and returned to Vienna after a year's absence. He became a lieutenant in a regiment of Austrian reserves. While he was serving in the Bosnian campaign, Gordon, newly appointed Governor-General of the Egyptian Soudanese provinces, offered him a position in his Government.

### A BEY AT TWENTY-THREE.

At the same time Gordon gave a place to Dr. Emin, then Emin Bey, afterwards raised to the rank of Pasha. As soon as the Bosnian campaign was over Slatin hastened to Gordon at his capital, Khartoum, and received a military commission. He was then twenty-two years old. A year later he received the rank of Bey and was made Governor of the Province of Darfur, the most western province of the equatorial possessions of Egypt in the Soudan. He was soon installed at El Fasher, which has been the capital of Darfur and of its Arabian tribes of shepherds and slave-hunters for more than a hundred years. There are no braver, fiercer people on the earth to-day than these tribes of Darfur. They now form the flower of the Mahdist army. They fight until they fall and give and take no quarter. They will charge straight up to a battery, and the guns may shoot them to pieces, but will never cause them to retreat.

### THE MAHDI'S MEN.

You must read in the book of the many strange men he met; of their cunning and their wiles; of the curious customs and manners, of the savage wars and the exhibitions of bravery. It was early in 1882 that Slatin Bey heard a rumor that a religious fanatic was calling upon the people to resist the Government in the next province to the east. A little later he received a cipher message from the new Governor-General who had succeeded Gordon, announced that a dervish named Mohammed Ahmed was heading a revolt which might prove very serious. Slatin Bey was advised to do all in his power to prevent the revolt from spreading to Darfur.

News of the dervish began to pour in. The Government troops had been annihilated. Everywhere in Kardofan and Gezira the people were rising. The slave-hunting tribes were rushing northward. The dervish had proclaimed himself the long-expected, long hoped-for Mahdi, who was to free the people, restore the ancient purity of the Mohametan religion and drive back the infidel. And presently Slatin Bey found that the Mahdi was in communication with the sheiks he most relied upon in Darfur and that he was over a small-defying volcano of hatred and fanaticism.

He does not tell you the part he played in abating this fury, in holding the troops firm to the Government standard. But you realize in what a dangerous position he was, practically alone, among these barbaric tribes, looked upon with suspicion because he was an alien both in faith and in race. And he carried himself with frankness and an open and undaunted courage. If there had been such a man as this youth at Khartoum, instead of the ignorant Turk who succeeded Gordon the Mahdi would have been captured and sent to Cairo before he had more than a few hundred open followers.

But the Government delayed, and day by day the Mahdi grew in power. Gordon hurried back to Khartoum. But it was too late.

Between Slatin and Gordon, the two European men of conspicuous ability in that region lay a huge army frenzied by religion and ready to die to the last man for the Mahdi, the prophet and miracle worker of the new creed. Every day that army was increasing, and the religious fury was rising with the swelling numbers. Slatin Bey realized that unless England came to the rescue the Mahdists would overwhelm the Soudan.

### SIEGE OF EL OBEID.

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His soldiers seemed to be losing heart. They believed that they were losing because they were fighting under an infidel. So he proclaimed himself a Mahometan, appearing before his army and crying: "God is God and Mahomet is his prophet!" The men fought better after that. But still the Mahdi's power grew, Slatin was completely surrounded. He had not an officer who was not secretly longing to yield to the Mahdi, and they were deserting every night. He yielded to the inevitable. He sent word that he would surrender, that he realized that the Mahdi was from God, and that it behooved his humble servant, Slatin, to yield and become a devoted and faithful follower.

In a few weeks he found himself in the camp of the Mahdi, an avowed Mahdist, a companion and supposed friend of the chiefs he had been fighting. They received him cheerfully and seemed to bear him no malice for his stout blows. For instance, when Slatin greatly bemoaned his changed fortunes to Madibbo, that brave chief said: "I am only an Arab, but listen to me. Be obedient and patient, for, it is written, 'God is with the patient.' Who knows? He who lives long sees much."

### HICKS PASHA'S DEATH.

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The Khalifa presented him to the Mahdi. Slatin assured the Mahdi "on coming near you I am most happy." The Mahdi urged Slatin to serve him faithfully, and Slatin eagerly begged him to administer the oath of allegiance. The Mahdi consented, and Slatin put his hand in the Mahdi's hand and swore "to renounce this world, to look only to the world to come, and that I shall not flee from the religious war." Slatin kissed his hand and was enrolled in the inner circle of devoted adherents.

### SAW GORDON'S HEAD.

It was while Slatin was in temporary disfavor and chained in a tent that Khartoum was surprised and carried. He heard the uproar and crawled out of his tent. Presently several black soldier slaves came towards him, one of them carrying a bloody cloth in which something was wrapped. Behind them, was a crowd of people, weeping. The blacks unrolled the cloth almost in his face. It contained the head of Gordon. "His blue eyes were half opened. The mouth was perfectly natural; the hair of his head and his short beard, were almost snow-white." It is a wonderful tribute to Gordon that the people dared to weep over him, even in the Mahdi's camp. Slatin heard the splendid story of Gordon's heroism and self-sacrifice from the lips of those who had seen. Gordon might have escaped by the river. He preferred to die with his troops.

Slatin tells of the scenes that followed the fall of the city. "Whoever was suspected of having concealed money was tortured until the secret was disclosed. There was no sparing of the lash. The unfortunate people were flogged until their flesh hung in shreds from their bodies. Another torture was to tie two small slips of bamboo to the temples the two ends, before and behind, being joined together and twisted as tightly as possible. The ends were then struck with vibrating sticks, which produced inexpressible agony. Even old women were tormented in this way.

"Young women and girls only were exempted from torture. They were put aside for the harem of the Mahdi, who, on the actual day of the conquest, made his selections, and turned over the rejected women to his generals. This picking and choosing continued for weeks, until the households of these libidinous and inhuman scoundrels were stocked to overflowing with all the youth and beauty of the city."

### THE MAHDI'S DEATH.

A few months afterwards the Mahdi died, and the Khalifa Abdullahi reigned in his stead. Slatin was not the favorite slave of the absolute monarch of the Mahdist empire. He says that this man was as hypocritical as he was cruel. Like the Mahdi he pretended to be a strict observer of the letter of the religious law, and tyrannically enforced it upon the people. Also like the Mahdi he was within doors a drunkard and debauchee of such utter degradation that the Occidental wonders without comprehending.

Slatin shows by appalling instances the positive love of ignorance and the bitter hatred of civilization not only in Abdullahi but also in Osman Digna and all the other generals and leaders of the Mahdists. Abdullahi had not the oratorical ability of the Mahdi. He was compelled to enforce his rule more and more by the sword as religious fanaticism waned and the misery of the people increased. Of the pestilences and famines that swept the Soudan of about 75 per cent. of its population, Slatin was an eye-witness.

After six years Slatin succeeded in getting word to his family in Vienna, and letters and money and presents for the Khalifa came in answer. He did not dare let his people negotiate for his release. He knew that the Khalifa would have him tortured to death if he even suggested leaving. He was forced to pretend that nothing pleased him so much as to remain in Omdurman, near the representative of God, Mahomet and the Prophet. And he asked his family to write flattering letters to the Khalifa. These flatteries came in due time and so pleased him that he ordered Slatin to send for his brother. When Slatin told him that his brother thanked him, but could not come, the Khalifa was so angry that he forbade any further writing or receiving of letters.

### LIBERTY AT LAST.

In the last three years of the captivity Slatin's family arranged several plans for his escape. But each time the Arabs who were sent through the defying volcano of hatred and fanaticism. He does not tell you the part he played in abating this fury, in holding the troops firm to the Government standard. But you realize in what a dangerous position he was, practically alone, among these barbaric tribes, looked upon with suspicion because he was an alien both in faith and in race. And he carried himself with frankness and an open and undaunted courage. If there had been such a man as this youth at Khartoum, instead of the ignorant Turk who succeeded Gordon the Mahdi would have been captured and sent to Cairo before he had more than a few hundred open followers.

But the Government delayed, and day by day the Mahdi grew in power. Gordon hurried back to Khartoum. But it was too late.

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