

Patience With Love.
They are such tiny feet;
They have gone such a little way to meet
The years which are required to break
Their steps to evenness, and make
Them go
More sure and slow.
They are such little hands;
So kind, things are so new, and life but
stands
A step beyond the doorway. All around
New day has found
Such tempting things to shine upon, and so
The hands are tempted hard, you know.
They are such new, young lives;
Surely their newness shines
Them well of many sins. They see so much
That, being immortal, they would touch
That if they reach
We must not chide, but teach.
They are such fond, dear eyes
That open wide to surprise
At every turn; they are so often held
To suns or showers—showers soon dispelled,
By looking in your face.
Love asks for such, much grace.
They are such fair, frail gifts;
Uncertain as the riffs
Of light that lie along the sky—
That may not be here by and by—
Give them not love, but more above
And harder—patience with the love.

OLD POPPLEWELL'S WILL

A Story With a Moral.

It was a great shock to the feelings of Mr. Silas Popplewell to discover that his father had bequeathed a legacy of £2,000 to his housekeeper, a certain Mrs. Draycott. The woman had entered the old man's service only about a year before his death, and if there had been anything remarkable in her demeanor towards him it consisted rather of scant courtesy and want of attention. She had never apparently made the slightest attempt to ingratiate herself with her master, who, on his part, had always seemed to regard his attendant with calm indifference. But Silas felt doubly aggrieved because his father had scrupulously concealed from him that he had made a will, leaving him to believe that he was bound to inherit everything as next of kin and heir-at-law.

Silas Popplewell came across the will quite unexpectedly while going through the old man's papers a few hours after his decease. The document appeared to be perfectly legal, and had evidently been prepared by a solicitor, whose name was appended as one of the witnesses to the testator's signature. Excepting the legacy to the housekeeper it left everything to Silas Popplewell and appointed him sole executor. Considering that old Joseph Popplewell was reputed to be a wealthy man most persons in Silas' position would not have suffered the unexpected legacy to disturb their equanimity. But Silas Popplewell was one of those mean, grasping, avaricious individuals who can not bear the thought of losing anything. He considered he was both legally and morally entitled to the whole of his father's property, and regarded the legacy to Mrs. Draycott as a fraud upon his just rights. He was, therefore, overwhelmed with rage and disappointment, and worked himself into a perfect fever of virtuous indignation.

In the midst of his tribulation it suddenly occurred to him that but for the sheet of paper which he held in his hand he would be a richer man by two thousand pounds sterling. This eminently practical view of the situation aroused his worst passions and he soon found himself wondering what would probably happen if the will were not forthcoming. Supposing, for instance, he were to leave the document where he found it and say nothing to anybody? The chances were, he thought, that the housekeeper would believe the testator had revoked it, assuming she had ever been aware of its existence, while it was quite possible, considering his late father's habitual reticence concerning his affairs, that the woman suspected nothing. If the worst happened, and a hue and cry were raised, the will could be conveniently found; or better still, who could gainsay him if he were to declare boldly that his father had deliberately destroyed the will in his presence?

Such insidious reflections as these are apt to blunt a man's moral perceptions, especially when he is laboring under a keen sense of injustice. Silas Popplewell's standard of morality was not a high one, and he would any day sooner have done a shabby trick than lose a sixpence. The consequence was that after a little hesitation he yielded to an uncontrollable impulse and consigned the obnoxious will to the flames.

When the paper was reduced to a heap, Silas suddenly awoke to the fact that he had committed a felony and rendered himself liable to penal servitude. He turned deadly pale when he thought of the disgraceful contingency and for a moment was inclined to repent for what he had done. But when he reflected that his wicked act had not been witnessed by any mortal eye, while the only evidence of his guilt—the charred paper—was rapidly disappearing up the chimney, he soon recovered his spirits. Having waited patiently until there was no longer any trace left even of the ashes of the will, he locked up the strong box in which he had found it and left the room, feeling tolerably easy in his mind.

Nothing occurred during the next few days to arouse Silas Popplewell's apprehensions, and as he was not troubled with a conscience he began to congratulate himself upon the decisive step he had taken. The housekeeper went about her duties as usual, and did not seem to trouble her head as to whether her master had left a will or not, from which Silas gathered with heartfelt satisfaction that she knew nothing about her legacy. He could not, refrain, however, from watching her furtively, knowing what he did of his father's intention toward her. She was a vulgar, illiterate, elderly woman, singularly devoid of personal attraction and apparently not possessed of much intelligence. While striving in vain to account for her father's extraordinary predilection for her as manifested by his will, Silas was struck by an expression of determination on the woman's face which seemed to indicate a desperate character. He began to suspect that she had forged the will by the aid of accomplices, and was waiting with calmness the issue of her machinations. If so, she was doomed to disappointment, thought Silas, and he chuckled at the notion of having frustrated such an infamous scheme.

When the day of the funeral arrived Silas felt strangely nervous and uncomfortable.

He was very much upset by the unexpected number of mourners, the mere fact of having to provide gloves and crapes on such an extended scale being sufficient to cause him serious vexation. Old Joseph Popplewell was a man of very humble origin, having, in fact, commenced life as a common laborer, and Silas scarcely knew anything of his father's relatives. Several of these turned up, however, without being invited, and Silas resented their presence very much, not only because he was not anxious to claim kinship with them, but because they would no doubt make particular inquiries about the destination of the old man's property.

It is to be feared that Silas suffered his mind to wander a good deal from his old father's obsequies. He may have had a soft corner in his heart for the old man's memory, but nervousness and apprehension rendered it inaccessible on this occasion. The solemn words of the burial service fell unheeded on his ear, for his mind was disturbed by the prospect of having to explain to his friends that his father had died intestate. His newly-discovered kinsmen were a painfully vulgar and coarse-minded set, and several fragments of conversation referring to the father's supposed testamentary intentions had reached him. The idea that the old man had left a will seemed as general as the extravagant notion that each individual mourner had been named in it. Though he was guiltless as far as they were all concerned, Silas Popplewell, being agitated and unnerved, shrank from the task of answering their inquiries, while he was seized with sudden terror lest the housekeeper should take the opportunity to give utterance to unpleasant suspicions.

When the mourners returned to the house Mrs. Draycott was standing by the fireplace in the sitting-room conversing with a prim, professional-looking gentleman, who, on perceiving Silas, advanced to meet him, rubbing his hands.

"Mr. Popplewell, I believe," he said with a slight bow.

"Yes," replied Silas uneasily.

"You will doubtless know my name when I mention it," replied the other; "I am Mr. Reeves, of Grays' Inn Square."

Silas turned very white and his knees trembled, for Mr. Reeves was the solicitor who had witnessed the execution of his father's will.

"I—I beg your pardon," he said falteringly; "I think there must be some mistake, I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance."

"I imagined your housekeeper wrote to me by your instructions," said the solicitor, slightly embarrassed and glancing at Mrs. Draycott.

"I wrote because the late Mr. Popplewell told me to in case you did not," said the woman, looking toward Silas defiantly. "He wished the will to be read at the funeral."

"Will! what will?" exclaimed Silas, with feigned surprise; and then he added, as though bracing his nerves for the ordeal, "Pray be seated, gentlemen, and take a glass of wine and biscuit."

Each person selected a chair and subsided into it with a good deal of shuffling of feet and coughing, but no one accepted the proffered hospitality. The dead silence which ensued indicated breathless interest and excitement.

"My father has left no will," asserted Silas, taking up his position on the hearth-rug and endeavoring to speak calmly.

"I think you are mistaken, Mr. Popplewell," said Mr. Reeves, politely, but firmly. "Your father executed a will in my presence which I prepared for him about a year ago. He certainly has left a will—unless, of course, he has destroyed or otherwise revoked it."

"The will is locked up in the iron box in the study," interposed Mrs. Draycott with decision.

"I repeat that my father has left no will," cried Silas angrily. "And one is at liberty to search the iron box if he likes. As Mr. Reeves suggests, my father destroyed the will."

"I don't believe it," exclaimed the housekeeper, excitedly. "Why, I saw it with my two eyes not a month ago."

"When did he destroy it? Who said 'im do it'?" inquired a voice from among the mourners.

"He destroyed it in my presence last—let me see—last Thursday week. I fetched it at his request from the iron box, and he put it in the fire at his own free will," said Silas, lying glibly.

Though affecting to recall the date promissuously, Silas had been careful to prepare this story beforehand. On the day named he had sat with his father alone for more than an hour during the afternoon, while Mrs. Draycott had been sent out on an errand. If the deceased had intended to destroy the will he would probably have got the woman out of the way on a similar pretence, and the suggestion was plausible enough. The housekeeper gave a palpable start, and was evidently impressed by the coincidence, but among the rest of the audience there was a general expression of incredulity, with a good deal of head-chucking and some murmurs.

"Well, gentlemen, I must say that Mr. Popplewell's account is perfectly straightforward," interposed the lawyer, who, over his private opinions might have been, probably thought it prudent as a matter of business to side with Silas. "Testators frequently revoke their wills in the manner described. If it is any consolation to you, gentlemen, I may mention that as far as you are concerned the existence of the will would have made no difference to you."

"Will you tell us, Mr. Lawyer, who will get the money, supposing what Mr. Silas says is true?"

"Mr. Popplewell will inherit everything as next of kin and heir at law," replied the lawyer.

This information elicited a loud chorus of indignation, and many insulting epithets were levelled at the head of the luckless Silas, who, pale and trembling, realized that his triumph was dearly bought, even at the price of £2,000. Suddenly the strident tones of Mrs. Draycott became audible above the uproar and compelled attention.

"The old villain has broke faith with me and a sneaking scoundrel he always was and so he died," cried she, speaking under strong excitement. "But I'm no longer bound to keep my secret, and I won't. I say, Bill Allen!" she exclaimed, appealing to one of the mourners, "you ought to know me, though it's thirty years and more since I was supposed to have died. You recollect

Poll Saunders that old Joe Popplewell married when he was working at the railway down Liverpool way?"

"Why, surely!" ejaculated the individual referred to. "Aye, it's Poll, sure enough!" he added, shading his eyes with his hand.

"I was his lawful wife, Mr. Reeves, and he knew it," she explained, turning to the astonished solicitor. "He deserted me years ago and married a lady—Mr. Silas' mother. I found him out again by accident quite recently, and promised to keep his secret on condition that he would provide for me as he was years ago, and now I won't keep silence any longer."

"This is most serious," said the solicitor, turning to Silas, who stood aghast with horror and amazement. "If this lady can prove her marriage—"

"Oh! I have proofs. I took care of that," interposed the soot-dim Mr. Draycott, drawing an oblong slip of paper from her bosom and handing it to the lawyer. "Read that and look at what I made him sign on the back."

"It's a marriage certificate," said Mr. Reeves, glancing at it; and turning it over he read aloud as follows: "I Joseph Popplewell, do acknowledge that my housekeeper, Mrs. Draycott, is my lawful wife, which I married under the name of Mary Saunders in 18—, and I, Mary Popplewell or Draycott, do hereby avow that if my husband, Joseph Popplewell, leaves me £2,000 by his will, I will keep his marriage secret."

"This extraordinary document purports to be signed by both parties," added the lawyer, handing the paper reverently, "and I must say that upon the face of it, taken in conjunction with the certificate, it appears to be incontestible evidence."

"Who gets the money now, then?" demanded the same person who had asked the question before.

"Well, gentlemen, I am sorry to say that Mr. Silas Popplewell, being, unfortunately for himself, nullius in law, or illegitimate, can inherit nothing," replied Mr. Reeves. "The estate will, therefore, be divided between the lawful widow of the deceased and the next of kin, according to the statute."

The excitement of the audience at this announcement found vent in a hoarse cheer, in the midst of which poor Silas sank into a chair in a half-fainting condition. He now understood—too late, alas!—what had caused his father suddenly to make a will, and he was also keenly conscious of the fact that, having borne witness to its alleged revocation, it was out of the question to endeavor to set it up again. He was aroused from his bitter reflections by the touch of the housekeeper upon his shoulder.

"Cheer up, my lad," she said roughly, but not unkindly; "I did not know it would be so bad for you as this, but I don't pity you less because I suspect you've brought it on yourself. Now, I won't make any rash promises, because I don't know how much money I'm going to get. But you shall have the £2,000 you graded to me, even if I don't receive a farthing more."

Popularity of the Tricycle.

The tricycle is evidently becoming a favorite vehicle of the velocipede class, not merely amongst those who ride for pleasure or exercise, but also among those who require some means of getting over ground quickly in the pursuit of their business. In the case of families living in the country who can afford only one velocipede, the choice is readily made, for while the bicycle might suit the girls, the disadvantage of the three-wheeled machine is the greater labor required to propel it, especially on country roads, where the three tracks made by the wheels add considerably to the resistance, while the bicycle bows easily in a rut made by a cart; the advantage of this tricycle is that the rider can stop without dismounting, and can also carry a number of parcels. The Post Office has appreciated the latter fact, and many rural postmen are now provided with a machine, but when the parcels post comes into full work there will be a greater demand for the useful carriage. Considerable use is already made of the tricycle in London by "town travellers" who have only small samples to carry, and we have seen it utilized by enterprising "news agents" for delivering newspapers to the shops in the suburbs. "Niggers" and other peripatetic entertainers are also investing in tricycles, as they find that mode of travelling cheaper than the railways, with the great advantage that it leaves their movements independent of time-tables.

A Blind Man Who Sees.

The case of Prof. Fawcett, who is a member of the British Cabinet, has often excited the wonder of those who think vision is indispensable to the transaction of the work of life. He writes books, makes speeches, and is one of the most efficient heads the post office of Great Britain ever had. Now comes to the front another remarkable blind man, M. J. Plateau, of the Royal Academy of Belgium, who for the last forty years has been so totally blind that he may direct his face to the sun without being sensible of the least objective clearness. His researches into the phenomena of light have excited the admiration of his fellow-scientists; his experiments, for example, on the wonderful colors of soap-bubbles are exquisitely beautiful. M. Plateau has just published a little paper on the sensations which he experiences in his eye, which is not only interesting but calculated to be of practical value. The results of his researches are too elaborate to be given here, but are the wonder of scientists whose sight is unimpaired.

Arabi's Chances.

Arabi says he surrendered to Englishmen and would have escaped had he known he was to be tried by Egyptians. He and Toulba Pasha have been removed to the Gards Meubles, where eighty other prisoners were also removed. The preliminary examination in the case of Arabi was held secretly. His formal trial will be public. He has telegraphed here for counsel. The persons applied to decline to defend him because they are afraid of losing clients. Arabi will probably be convicted with ease. De Lesseps telegraphed the President of the Court-martial by which Arabi is being tried that during the war Arabi exerted himself to maintain the neutrality of the Suez Canal, and protected the lives and interests of several Europeans in Egypt.

PERSONAL.

The Khedive will give medals to the entire British army engaged in the Egyptian campaign. Those of the soldiers will be of copper, and the officers of silver.

On Aug. 21 the King of Sweden, presiding at the annual festival of the Order of St. Olaf, in his palace, cancelled the knighthood of Baron Hoffmann of Vienna, discredibly implicated in certain financial undertakings at Vienna.

Mr. E. Duclaux, a French chemist, thinks that he has discovered that the flavour of cheese is determined by germs in the atmosphere, which takes the form of fungus mould. In which case it may prove practicable to inoculate cheeses.

"Herbert Spencer," says the Boston Globe, somewhat irreverently, "is slouching around amongst the people of this country, asking questions of anybody he happens to meet, and the chances are that he will learn more about us than any Englishman who has crossed the Atlantic for years."

On September 23rd, Prince Bismarck celebrated the twentieth anniversary of his entrance into office as the head of the Prussian Ministry. Among the tokens received by him on that day was a magnificent silver punch-bowl, with stand, ladle, and six goblets, from the German colony of Odessa.

The uncle of Lord Wolsley's great grandfather was the Colonel Wolsley who, in the old "No Popery" days, gained the battle of Newtownbutler, and caused the Mayor of Scarborough to be well tossed in a blanket in the market-place for making a speech in favour of King James.

There are five Peers in the House of Lords over eighty—Lord Sh. Broke, who is 88; Lord Eversley, 83; Lord Mostyn, 87; Lord Wemyss, 86; Lord Almarley, 83. It is the fashion to picture the House of Lords as a body of feeble old men. The great majority are under 60, with a contingent under 30.

Leclanche, the famous French electrician, who died the other day, was only forty-three years old. He left an enormous fortune to his young wife and two babies. In politics he was one of the most irreconcilable Radicals in Rochefort's clique. It is stated that he bequeathed to the Louvre a superb art collection, on condition that it shall be placed in a hall bearing his name.

The London Figaro says that Adeline Patti is reported to have accepted an engagement for South America during the season of 1884 at so high a rate that, should she economize her salary during her 1882-3 season in the United States, and her South American fees, her fortune will be largely enabled to enable her to "reject with scorn the paltry few hundred guineas a night she is likely to be promised elsewhere."

Edmund Yates, editor of the World, in his daily ride in Rotten Row, is described as "a tall, powerful cavalier weighing at least sixteen stone, mounted on a powerful black horse. The rider sits his horse fairly well for a park practitioner, appears to enjoy his exercise very much, and to know nearly everybody worth knowing. The Prince of Wales nods pleasantly to him, gold-sticks and silver-sticks chat with him, members of Parliament, and peers of the realm, cross-country baronets like Sir George Wombwell, Royal Academicians like Mr. Frith, actors and managers like Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Wyndham, and Mr. Hare, are on the best of terms with him as he canters along totus, teres atque rotundus."

A Prussian provincial composer has produced what he calls an "Egg Polka." Its purpose is eminently practical, as may be gathered from the following "Directions for Use," printed on the back of each copy: "Let the polka be placed, open at the first page, upon the pianoforte desk. Then drop the egg into a pipkin half full of boiling water. Set the pipkin on the fire. Then play the polka through in strict time, as per metronome indication. On completing this last bar the egg will be cooked to a turn—its fat, its yolk will be fluent, and its white about as yielding to the touch as the flesh of a ripe plum. Those who wish their eggs hard set will play the polka andante maestoso. The contrary effect will be produced by an allegro vivace rendering of the composition."

Judge Lawson, who has created such a sensation by the fine and imprisonment of High Sheriff Dwyer Gray, is low-sized, stout, very near-sighted, with a rather forbidding expression, and waddles in his walk. He is a native of Waterford, and 65 years of age. His career in Trinity College was distinguished. He was a scholar, moderator, and gold medalist, took double first honors, and succeeded the late Isaac Butt as Professor of Political Economy in 1841. His career at the bar was equally distinguished. He was called in 1840, took silk in 1857, became sergeant in 1860, Solicitor-General in 1861, Attorney General in 1865, and in 1868 was made Judge of the Common Pleas, from which he has been recently transferred to the Queen's Bench. He is regarded as being, with Sullivan, the Master of the Rolls, the best black-letter lawyer on the Irish bench. He was member for Portlinton, the smallest borough in Ireland, from 1865 to 1868, but was a failure in the House, his style and delivery being weak.

The Russian composer P. Tchaikovsky had written a new overture, "The Year 1812," which is said to surpass all his previous works. It was in 1812 that the Russians rallied to the defence of their country against Napoleon and the Grand Army. In commemoration of that event the grand Cathedral of Christ the Savior was erected in Moscow, which took fifty years in building. Tchaikovsky prepared his overture especially for the consecration of this cathedral. Recently, at the Moscow Industrial Exhibition, "The Year 1812" was performed for the first time, and the Muscovites were wild about it. The overture is composed exclusively of Russian national airs. It begins with a grand church hymn, "God, Save Thy People," and embraces a number of soldier songs of 1812. Then follows "The Battle," with the ringing of bells, the beating of drums, the shouting of the combatants, and the groans of the wounded and dying, after which the noise of battle dies away, and the clergy lead the Russian people in a grand thanksgiving hymn. Several Russian and Slav marches are also effectively rendered. The overture ends with the Russian national hymn, "God Save the Czar."

Storming a Rat's Stronghold.

I was once present when a very old man, which had lain with other persons in a chamber for a long time, was pulled out. I shall never forget the scene. In the chamber were hundreds—I believe it would be an exaggeration to say thousands—of rats, which were riddled, honey-combed by them. It had preserved its shape and appearance so long was a mystery, and the masses of it fell in and seemed to wait to powder nothingness when it was disturbed. Of course, the presence of omnivorous vermin and their multitudes, well known, and all available preparations made for giving them a warm room when evicted. Nets were drawn round sturdy men and boys stood behind, armed with stout cudgels, and bludgeoned dogs of all degrees, mustered from various farms and villages of the country for miles around—sheep-dogs, setters, pointers, spaniels, retrievers, dogs even, with curs and mongrels of breed and every breed and no breed at all. Then the work began; it was a raty mare. At first little was to be seen of their tails, as they darted in further towards the centre of their stronghold, escape from the disturbance; but as the storming of the castle proceeded, they edged themselves simultaneously to the door and poured forth as if at a given signal within. There was a great heave, a black flood overflowed the top, and the rats from the sides and welled and bubbled from underneath; the rick, the roof of the nets, the very air seemed alive the leaping, tumbling, rushing, squeaking which, with the shouts of bystanders, barking and snarling of the dogs, the excitement from their owners, and the blows of sticks and flails made up a monotonous and sounds more like the chaotic phantasy of some madman's dream than any matter-of-fact reality. Dog this single exception, all of the men worked with a will, and the result a goodly heap of battered carcasses; the get how many were killed, but the represent one tithe, no, nor one twentieth part of the number that got away.

A Temperance General.

It was recently reported that Sir G. Wolsley is a total abstainer from intoxicating beverages. A man who sat by the side of him at dinner found that he left his wine glass untouched, and that that was his habit. Of course, the temperance people will make much of that alleged fact. The greatest, or at least the most successful English general of this day is a teetotaler. His success they will attribute to his stemness, which is all the more remarkable in a soldier, or, at any rate, will claim that the triumph of the arms in Egypt has been greatly helped by the sobriety of the general in command. And they will have good reason for claim. Undoubtedly a sober General is more trustworthy than one who relies on stimulants to bolster him up when the sion is trying. No man can be trusted to work which requires good judgment if much addicted to drink. Alcohol very affects the balance of the faculties, therefore the less people who need to be their heads about them take of it the better they are off. Drinking is the great vice of armies, and yet nowhere else does a require that all his faculties shall be more than when in the charge of troops in the field, especially when he is high in command. If Sir Garnet Wolsley is a teetotaler, he is a wise man. He is in better physical condition to stand the different mates to which military service may him, and intellectually he keeps himself better poised than if he followed the drinking customs of the run of army officers. His mind is clearer, and he can trust his judgment. How many thousands of lives have been saved in our war, for instance the Generals had all been as sober as Wolsley is said to be. We observe that an Englishman of education and ability, who carry the load of extensive affairs, tendency is toward increasing abstinence, and that even total abstainers growing numerous. It is a tendency we commend to the thoughtful attention of our men in public life, our professional business men.—New York Sun.

Claims for Compensation.

The Dublin Gazette contained recent further notices of claims, under the Provisions of the Crime Act, for compensation for torts committed upon persons in the counties of Roscommon, Cork, Mayo, Sligo, Queen's County, Tipperary, Galway, Leitrim, and the loss of the Abbot of 1500 by John Dillon, of Carnacorta, for the murder of his father; a claim by Mrs. Henry F. Blake, of Rathville, Galway, on her own behalf and that of her child for the murder of her husband and personal injuries to herself by being wounded at the time of the assassination; one by J. Connor, of Kilsniff, Galway, on behalf of herself and children, for the murder of her husband; one of £20,000 by Isadore William Bourke, of Rahassano Park, Galway, for the murder of his brother, Walter M. Bourke; and a claim by M. Dempsey, of Riverda, Galway, on behalf of herself and family, for the murder of her husband.

A Hint to Letter Writers.

To be accurate in little things is the way to become accurate in everything. No one knows how many of the great advances of life spring from little habits of neatness, and the little inaccuracies of tail, which one is often content to let rather than make, at the proper time, slight exertion necessary to complete a seemingly unimportant duty. A hint on this line may be drawn from a recent letter of a New England professor, whose letters are always marked by clearness of penmanship and minute attention to punctuation. He writes:

I do not know that I ever told you of my subscribing a letter, I write the name of the State in full. I do so under the vice of a post-office official. "Sir," said clerks in their hurry rarely look at anything but the name of the State. And letter gets into the right State, it will get into the right town. I have followed the advice, and found my account in it. S. Times.

Lead Me.

My days so briefly past,
In silence, one by one;
What shadows have they cast
Beneath the sun!

Have pilgrims found them sweet,
By lengthened ways,
And, resting weary feet,
Thanked God with praise?

Upon these hours of mine
Hang great demands;
What task of faith divine
Hath crossed my hands?

Have they drawn folds of calm
Some heart around,
Or touched with pity's balm
A rugged wound?

I am thine own, O God,
To serve each day;
When thou thyself hath trod
Point out the way!

AN ARMY OF COWARDS.

The Egyptian Troops—How they behaved in Previous Wars and Were But Causes of their Proletroony—Arabi's Army.

It was my fortune—good or ill, it does not say—to spend something over the winter in Egypt, in the service of the late Khedive Ismail Pasha, as an officer of engineering. I lived in Cairo with my wife and children, and was daily in intimate association with the native population, and had charge of the Third Section, of the general Topographical Bureau.

Since the days of Mehemet Ali, the warrior son, Ibrahim Pasha, has had entirely lost her military prestige, and has no recent victories of any kind. In 1875 the Egyptian troops, under the command of a successful general, Ismail Pasha, made a successful attack on the Soudan, a walled town of the Soudan, and the result of the attack was a matter of fact reality. Dog this single exception, all of the military efforts have been most failures. I need only mention the attempts at conquest in Abyssinia, in 1875 and 1876. The writer has seen the unfortunate who participate in the inglorious undertakings, and know of the speaks. The first expedition was under Col. Arbi, a Danish officer in the service of the Khedive. He commanded a column of troops, numbering about 3,500 men, and was apparently excellent troops, organized, well drilled, well equipped in every way, and very first encounter with the Abyssinians, the entire force engaged was literally cut to pieces. Only a few were left as dead by their hands, the survivors of that bloody battle were the survivors of that bloody battle, and the survivors of that bloody battle, and the survivors of that bloody battle.

These wretched sufferers, with their vitality, crawled off the field of battle, and they were the survivors of that bloody battle, and the survivors of that bloody battle, and the survivors of that bloody battle.

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