eard a dog howl in the moonlight night, eard a dent to the window to see the sight; the dead that I ever knew ing one by one, and two by two.

they passed and on they passed; wnsferlows all from first to last; orn in the moonlight of the lane.
and quenched in the heavy shadow again. hoolmates, marching as when we played

soldiers once—but now more staid; ose were the strangest sight to me ho were drowned, I knew, in the awful sea raight and handsome folk; bent and weak,

nd some that I loved, and gasped to speak to: me but a day in their churchyard bed; nd some that I had not known were dead.

ROOF BRIG

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long, long crowd, where each seemed lonely, and yet of them all there was one, one only, hat raised her head, or looked my way; hat raised her head, or looked my way; and she seemed to linger, but might not stay.

on, a moving bridge they made cross the moon-stream from shade to shade bung and old, women and men; any long-forgot, but remembered then.

nd first there came a bitter laughter, ad a sound of tears a moment after; nd then a music so lofty and gay hat every morning, day by day, trive to recall it if I may. -William Allingham

CONCLUDED.

I stayed two months in Ireland. It was ents: It ota very happy time, though we saw a reat deal of company, and went out every ening when we were not ourselves enterining. She was a very wasteful woman. ith none of my mother's sweetness and inning ways to soften her character, and ne set all her wits to work to force me into marriage with a wealthy Irish gentleman ho made me an offer during my stay. But could not yield either to persuasions or mmands, for I did not even like him, much ss love him, and she was displeased with e, and I, of course, was unhappy. I think other could have not thoroughly understood unt Celia's disposition or she would not ave sent me to stay with her, I feel sure. ust as I had made up my mind to write to er and tell her about it, and beg her to and for me to come home, I received one om her instead, telling me that Cousin lick had arrived quite unexpectedly and as staying at our house.

"You will like to see," she wrote, "for. I remember, you and he were greatfriends ears ago. He is so altered, so much imroved, we are all so pleased with him. If bu can make up your mind to leave your ents:-The ant's gay circle I should like you to return adall's Special once Alick is eager to see you, ms, drug a. I think he will be surprised at the alterout hesitation in you.'

" Who is this Cousin Alick?" inquired my or Curbs ant, with a sharp look at me from under her rows when I showed her my mother's

> "He is father's nephew, Aunt Celia, and as been out in India since he was twenty-

"i'm! How long ago was that?"

"Just ten years—yes, he must be thirty-

"Is he well off?" "I believe so."

"H'm!" again, with another sharp glauce t my changing face. "Well, perhaps you ad better go, child."

I knew what was in her mind, and it ade me ashamed, and yet my heart leaped igh with joy at the thought of meeting him gain. I wrote to my mother, telling her ow glad I should be to come home, but as evere pain by deliverance was near I reserved the when I be tory of my troubles until I should see her. with the said, of course, that I should be very tirely rem leased to meet Cousin Alick again, but no the lames rord of the heart-gladness which I really it to be en elt passed my lips, or rather my pen.

My letter was answered in a few days by that I am ny father in person, who came to pay a hort visit to Aunt Celia as well as to fetch

Oh, how intolerably long the time seemed et. 27, 18 ome-how that week dragged by-spent ents:-Il pleasantly by my father in shooting exeat succes peliti as and other excursions of pleasure with Aunt Celia's Irish friends. He knew I and wanted to come, but he had no idea of ness andd ever of unrest which possessed me-he did ne of my make any difference to me, while the preever say lous time of Al ck's stay was being wasted, in a few and he might be returning to India soon for Ill knew. And when he had smoked and hot and chatted one week away, heactually ik it was proposed staying another, and would certainone horse y have carried out his intention had he not chanced to catch my eye at that moment, and seeing, I am afraid, some regretful ex-

pression therein, altered his mind. "No, we'll go on Tuesday after all," he aid kindly. "I forgot that my little Ruth tere had not seen her mother for two months, of its and there's her cousin home from India, too.

les, we'll go on Tuesday." "What sort of a young man is this nethew of yours?" inquired my aunt, just

s sharply as she had questioned me. "As fine a fellow as ever breathed," rearned my father, and I knew that from him res high praise.

I am atraid my cheeks flushed with pleaeure as I heard his warm comendation. "Rich?" pursued my aunt. My father quite understood her ideas, and if he had not

she would not have cared. "Oh, yes," he answered carelessly; quite a nabob. He made a nice little: of tame of his own out there, and has the whole of my bro her's property as well."

'Ah ." ejaculated my aunt, looking satis-And after that she did not press father to

etay as much as a day longer.

Tuesday night we spent on the boat. e Could not sleep, though I was very comfortable; I lay awake, thinking that the moryw would bring me face to face with my hero once more after ten long years of anticipation How would he look? What would he say? What would he think of me? Would be consider me improved as my mother's letter had certainly implied; Would he have quite forgotten those days we spent together in the garden long age, or would he remember—a little? These were the thoughts which chased one another through my brain all the night long? but when morning came I was not weary. was too happy and excited for that.

It was a good distance to Clipstone, and my father took the journey is his usual

ATTOM

o'clock in the afternoon before we seached loved him Tall these years I have loved him one for the last of the love of her husband and children;

Mother was in the drawing-room with Nina. They said Valence had been out in the garden ever since luncheon, and that Alick had gone a little while ago to find her. Mother was very pleased to have me back again, even though I still proved obdurate, and she thought the change had done me good. No wonder, when my cheeks were so red—I could feel how they burned—and my eyes were so bright with eager looking forward. But she did not know that. Some one else had improved, too, during my absence. Nina was growing a most beautiful girl. She was seventeen now, and received a great deal of attention. She was not at all in Valerie's style, though quite as fair, with a clear skin and rich golden hair. But she was queenly, haughty-almost scornful to her many admirers, who served her as much in fear as in admiration. There were people who said that in another year or two she would quite eclipse her sister; but to me there was nobody in the wold to corpare with our laughing, witching, loving Valerie.

Mother had good reason to be proud of her two younger daughters, yet she never for one moment forget me or slighted me, though I had certainly disappointed her in opposing her wishes so decidedly all these years. Oh, it was so good to meet herkindly smile, instead of Aunt Celia's sharp glances from beneath her brows- to hear her soft words of gentle guidance, instead of Aunt Celia's stern command!

Carus Wyckham came in while we were still in the first bustle of greeting- He said he had just half an hour to spare, so thought he would call in passing. And very glad, was I to see him, even though my mind was full of other things. Carus and I were always good friends. We talked a few minutes longer, and when I had drunk a cup of tea, as I was not in the least tired, my dear mother, knowing that he call to see Valerie, and would be disappointed if he had to leave before she came in from the garden, proposed that he and I should go together, and take her and Alick by surprise.

"Very likely Alick won't know Ruth," she said smilingly, "and will wonder what strange lady Carus has brought with him."

So, after stealing a look into the glass to see if my hair was smooth, and-well-how I was looking altogether, -I stepped out into the lawn with Carus. That glance had satisfied me very well; I was looking my best, what with the unwonted color in my cheeks and the sparkle in my eyes. Of course, I could not compare with Valerie, bu; then no one expected that.

We crossed the lawn, Carus talking to me in his quiet, brotherly fashion, with the sunlight falling on his uncovered head and irradiating his calm, grave face. There were times—generally when he was preaching or praying in church—when I had seen that quiet face lit up with an almost heavenly radiance, and though I sometimes speculated as to how he and Valerie would get on together in married life, with their different tastes and inclination., I yet could wonder at his power over her. There was something irresistible about this young, grave man.

We went to the arbor, but they were not there, nor in the rose garden or the hothouse. Then Carus thought of the kitchen garden. Valeria was fond of fruit, and he strawberries or any fruit that happened to be in season, when he had searched all other places in vain. Of course, Alick would willingly join her in such a raid, so thither we bent our steps.

To reach the kitchen garden we had to pass a small but dense surubbery, on the other side of which was a narrow path leading to the stables. As we went by we heard voices, and though we could not distinguish what was said, we recognized the owners directly-Valerie's soft accents only just audible, and a deep full voice, the sound of which made my heart beat fast and loud, for, though so much richer and more manly than when I heard it last, it was still the same voice which I had learned to love ten years ago.

"There they are !" said Carus; "they must have been to the s ables, then."

And turning aside, we entered upon the narrow path behind the shrubbery, and half a dozen steps brought us in full view of Valerie and—her lover! Yes, lover—for his arms were folded about her, her head lay on his broad breast, and there they stood, all unconscious of observation, wholly wrapped up in their love !

Ah, what a face the sun shone upon—as dark as a Spaniard's, as noble as a king'sfull of fire, and passion, and tenderness. My wildest dreams of my cousin Alick were more than realized when my eyes fell once more upon his splendid face, glowing with love for another than me.

"I ought not to have spoken," he was saying; "but I love you so, Valerie-I loved you directly I saw you- My dearest, I ought to be the last in the world to teach you to be faithful, yet, if what you tell me is true, it would be a si i to marry him."

"Oh, yes, yes," she answered and I never heard my sister's voice so moved before; "it is true, indeed. I never knew knew what it was to love until you came. It was reverence, respect, liking, that I felt for him-anything but love."

"My sweet! But there, I won't call you that-I will not touch your lips again-while you belong to another !" ....

I had heard enough -too much. This was how they met, then, who had parted without so much as a farewell! I turned to Carus with a face that - but I cannot tell how I looked, I only know how ! felt in that moment.

He took me by the hand and drew me gently away. We walked back in silence down the path we had come, and presently I raised my eyes to his face, scarcely con scious of my own pain in this first overwhelming of blankness.

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"Carus," I wailed, 'gon are not alone, I so.

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L could not have spoken so to any other person on castle, but Carda was not an or dmary man. He seemed so far above men's weaknesses and foibler, and yet was so tender with all of them. He lifted his head at my sorrowful cry, and smiled on me with infinite compassion.

"Poor child !" he said. "And I was thinking how could I? Poor child ?" He laid his hand pityingly upon my head

as I knelt beside the table, speaking gentle words of comfort and strength, putting aside all though of his own grief to minister to my

"Wist shall we do?" I asked presently. "There is nothing for you to do," he returned. "You must endure; it is I who must act, and yours is often the harder task; but that will be mine also, a ter-

"Then you mean to-" "I shall not see her again," he said quietly. "I shall write to her, and give her that which she craves her freedom. My best beloved," he continued, speaking as if momentarily unconscious of my presence, "did you think I would for one moment withhold aught that might conduce to your happiness, your welfare? Heaven forbedite ve His face was rapt, a light as if from an

at me again, and returned to my sorrows. "Poor child !" he said once more. "It is know to whom to go in our sorrow."

other world beaming upon it. He looked down

"Were they—were they much together?" I asked after a pause. "I do not know. If they were I did not notice it. I never thought-" He broke off, and I took up his words with

some bit:erness. "No, you never thought she could be false to you, that he would steal your best

"Don't, Ruth," he interposed with gentle firmness; "don't blame her, or him. They loved each other, they were made for each other; what wonder he spoke when he saw that his love was returned? Mine was the mistake, to think I might ever—I would not have it otherwise; it would have been, as he said, a sin for her to marry me, loving

He spoke so calmly, so firmly, but looking at his face as he raised his grave blue eyes to the Summer sky for one moment, I test that he had received his death-blow, broke down into bitter weeping, until he laid his hand upon my head again. That tender touch, as of benediction, stopped my viqlent sobs, laid my passion to sleep with its socthing power. He paused a moment, standing by my side, and then stooped down to speak in my ear:

"Say unto happiness, 'I can do without thee; with self-renunciation life begins." I did not speak; I could not. The solemn words opened up to me such a noble life of self-forgetfulness. Was such a one as I able to walk in it? Could I take up my cross and go on my way with a smiling face, living for others alone, trampling bravely upon this poor wounded shrinking self? But he would, I knew, and I could but try. It did seem strange, though, and just at first a little cruel, that my beautiful sister, with her many conquests, must needs fix upon the one man whom I loved. Still, he might had sometimes found her there, eating never have loved me; I had no real reason to think he would have done so even if he had never seen Valerie; it was only my foolish imagination after all.

And all Carus's devotion, all his patience and tenderness, were as nothing compared to Alick's love. Well, I could not blame her, seeing that I loved him myself.

"Ruth," he continued, "we must separate now, p rhaps never to meet again in this world. But we shall never forget this hour. We have been linked together in sorrow; let us look forward to a joyful meeting in the glorious future that awaits us, where grief and trial are unknown. Good-bye, dear Ruth; may God bless and comfort you." He pressed my hand and left me.

Alick and Valerie have been married ten years now. I kept my secret well, and no one has ever guessed the reason of my determination to remain single. It was hard at first; my life seemed very tare and desolate, stripped of its love, but time brought comfort, and every day brings me nearer to my rest. I never saw any one else for whom I could care, and I could not marry without true love; so here I am, an old maid, and my best affection is lavished on their oldest boy, Alick, such a fine bright lad, and really fond of his auntie.

Va erie is a sweet woman, her husband has just the qualities which she needs to supplement her own, and their union is indeed blessed. I think she grows every day more like her mother—our dear mother, who has slept beneath the turf these six years. live near them, and see them and their children constantly, sometimes two or three times in a day. Alick often comes in to give advice about my plants and grapes: such a fine, noble looking man he is. I wish his father could see him now, with his halfdozen children tumbling and laughing around him, and scrambling to walk next to "faver." We are capital friends, he and I, and when he sometimes teases me about my determined old maidenism, he never guesses that the faded woman who smiles so calmly at his sallies gave up all other love for the love of him. That is all put aside now, cast out of my life long ago, and the love which I might not feel for him is given to his deed, that she was a pauper." children.

Six months after Carus Wyckham bade me farewell in the little arbor at Clipstone I heard of his death from fever caught during his ministrations to the fever-stricken in a poor London district. I knew he was glad to go; death would come to him as a we'that one glance. He walked on mechanically, and which I kept. Such a noble letter it until we reached the little creeper-covered was. She never guessed what he suffered; arbor where we had first sought them, and he let her think him cold, pre-occupied, any-

thick of him, and in the firelight I sometimes see his face as Lappy it on that day in

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The greater number of children playing in the streets were boys. Girls are early accustomed to remain inside the house and employ themselves in the household work. Besides this, they develope very young, being often married at 10 or 12 years old, and old women at 29 or 30. Grandmothers of 25 to 30 are very frequent, A forther significant fact is the permanent disproportion of male and female births among the Singhalese, The average is 10 boys to 8.9 girls. This fact is connected, to some extent at least, with the curious institution of polyandry. In spite of the efforts made by the English Gover ment to suppress this custom, it maintains its ground, especially in the more remot , districts of the island. It is not unusual to find two or three brothers with one wife in common, and ladies, may be found the happy possessors of 10 or 12 husbands. These complicated family arrangements form the theme of many extraordinary stories; but it is very difficult to distinguish fact from fable on the subject. The Singhalese have a passion for music and dancing, and practice both arts according to a standard of taste very different from our own. Their principal instruments are the drum and the tom-tom, vigorously belabored with wooden drumsticks; besides these, they have reed-pipes, and a very primitive stringed instrument of one string. My evening calm was often broken in by the din of these earsplitting instruments, and if I followed the sound to its source I was sure to find, in front of a fire under a palm-tree, a groug of 10 or a dozen naked brown fellows, gayly painted with white, yellow or red stripes, and indulging in the most extraordinary antics. A circle of spectactors stood round and followed the grotesque performance with devout attention .- Prof. Haeckel, in Na-

### The Crops and the Nile Level.

The crop depends so much on the Nile that one foot difference in flood-level is worth £2, 000,000. The rise begins in June, reaching its highest in September, and then beginning to decline. From the records of a hundred years we find the proportion of floods was as follows: Forty-five good, from 24 to 27 feet; 15 excessive, over 27 feet; 40 feeble, from 10 to 20 feet. The variation of floodlevel may, therefore, cause a serious disturbance in the Budget, as in years of drought the peasants will be unabe to pay all the present land tax, although it is admitted to be moderate. Great efforts are, nevertheless, made to supply artificial means for irrigation in dry or deficient seasons. There are 476 steam-pumps—some belonging to Zawats, others to jobbers, who charge £3 per acre in watering the crops of the Fellaheen. There are also 107,200 Persian water-wheels, which employ 60,000 animals and 150,000 men during 180 days in the year. On the whole, the cost of irrigation is said to average 4s. an acre, but this is in years of good a Nile. If the Arabs could be got to abindon their prejudice against windmills, great good would accrue from 10,000 or 20,000 mills, such as the Americans use for watering gardens. This would enable a larger are to be reclaimed from the desert, for the surveys show that 1,100,000 acres of cultivable land are still unused, and it is a remarkable fact that as soon as the canal is opened anywhere the arid sards become at once converted into green fields. The advice of the first Caliph to his son, a thousand years ago, still holds good: "Beware of moneylenders, and devote one-third of the revenue to making canals."—M. G. Mulhall. in the Contemporary Review.

# Life n Iceland.

Dr. Vigfusson, a teacher of Icelandic at the

University of Oxford, has recently published some very interesting notes on the simp'icity of life in his native land. "We are a spare folk," he says, "I myself was always thin and pale, in my youth. And, after all, food is not everything; the English perhaps think too much of their dinner. Dinners are good, but there is better in health of body and a contented mind." He goes on to say that in his young days his people lived sparingly and healthy. He never tasted wine till he was 22, or ter before he was grown up. Milk and whey or water were always to be had, and we did not wish for more." he says. Dr. Vigfusson says that on his father's farm, in his youth, were two Omagi or poor people, ; who had been allotted to the farm in accordance with the Icelandic custom of treating the roor. One of them was an old woman, the other a young girl of his own age, who became a kind of foster sister to him. "We drank of the same cup," he writes, "and ate of the same dish, were clad in the same stuff, were made to do all manner of errand-work—now to fetch in a pony, now a sheep, or a pitcher of water from the brook, or to carry food to the farm folk out on the land; in short, we went to and fro like a weaver's shuttle; in winter we wou'd gather Iceland moss together or sit at home capping verses and ditties, a few of which are just about to appear for the first time in a volume of Icelandic poems, now being printed in The Clarendon Press. Not one member of the hou ehold ever let the child feel, by word or

# Changes in Lordon,

London alters by leaps and bounds. An enormous reconstruction is now projected. The new law courts, which are asserted to be the architectural glory of the city, to have come visitor. I did not sorrow for him, for elbow room to display their beauties in. I saw his heart was broken on the day he For that purpose Clement's Inn, Dane's Inn, found my sister Valerie in Alick sarms. But | and the block of buildings including. Wyck I went to my desk and took out the letter street and old Holywell street are to be swept word to describe what I read in his face in he wrote to her, which she showed to me, away, and with the St. Clement's, Dane's church, which always figures in drawinps of the neighboring Temp'e bar. The spot is full of social and historical intrest. Mr. there we went in and sat down, still in thing, rather than give her pain for his sake. Justice Shallow lived as a student in Clesilence. Carns leaned his arms upon the And in accordance with his implied wish I ment's inn. and used to sally out thence table, and after a little while his golden head | did not tell her the truth, I did not tell her | with that other scapegrace, young Jack Falstooped down upon them until his face was his heart was broken, and I even kept the staff. Defoe hved on Wyen street, Dick stooped down upon mean in the best of his death from her destante thould Steele ledged there. Mistress Nell Gwynne hidden. "Carus, Carus,!" I cried at last, but he think her inconstancy in any degree stands where the witty and pretty Iriah did not answer me. see see to sit with the merry monarch

> in Markinde, on the 18th. Char, total seried Ser. List Core. A STATE OF THE STA

How the Egyptian Leader Spends Most d bie tille it ger abengen.

A Cairo cor espondent sends the follow-

"What is to be done with Arabi?" is the question in every one's mouth. Whether he is to be hanged or set free is the basis upon which many betting books are made up-even betting that he will be hanged, two to one that he will be set free. Whatever is done should be done at once. Cariously enough it was the Royptian Ministers who first suggested that Arabi should have the benefit of an English barrister for his defence. When it became known, however, that Mr. Wilfrid Blunt had sent out a barrister and a solicitor for that purpose the Egyptian Ministers changed their minds and took the ground that "in view of the present disturbed state of public feeling it was imperative that Arabi s tate should be decided without delay, and objections which would be involved by the presence of English barristers, and which would be incomprehensible to the great body of the

In the meantime Arabi is shut up with his colleagues and satellites in a large public building in the European quarter of the town. He is watched by Circassian guards, who occupy the interior of the house. while a company of Grenadier Guards stand sentry at every possible exit from the extemporized prison. Arabi says that the Circassians treat him cruelly, and eat his bread and onions and steal his tobacco. He seems afraid of their assasinating him, and has asked several times that British soldiers be placed in the room with him. This demand has been refused, but an officer now sees that the Circassians do not abuse Arabi in any way,

Arabi now presents a striking contrast to the tall, erect horseman who on the 9th September, 1881, rode, sword in hand, up to the Khedive, who stood at the foot of the palace steps at Abdin. Surrounded by four batteries of Krupp guns and 9,000 troops the Khedive was a prisoner in his palace. I was an eye-witness of the scene that then took place. As Arabi rode up the Khedive, regaining for a moment the imperial demeanor of Mehemet Ali, extended himself to his full height, and drawing back his well formed head commanded Arabi, "Put up that sword!"

Arabi, taken completely by surprise, hesitated, and his sword hand trembled palpably. I then felt convinced that Arabi lacked physical courage. The Khedive, profiting by the hesitation, made a commanding gesture with his right hand. Arabi then swung up the hilt of his sabre and then replaced it in its scabbard. The Khedive then commanded, " Get off that horse!" This order Arabi also obeyed. It was then that Sir Auckland (then Mr.) Colvin bent toward the Khedive and said, "Order him shot!" Instead of this the Khedive said to Arabi, "What do you want?" Arabi seemed now to have completely recovered his presence of mind, and with six of his officers by his side replied ;- I have three demands to make of you, and if they be not granted I have your successor ready. I first insist that the present Ministry (the Riaz Ministry) be dismissed; second, he pay of the army must be increased, as proposed by the Military Commission, and, third, an Egyptian Parliament must be established." The Khedive, after a short and rapid discussion with the Ministers, replied "I grant the first demard. I disuiss the Ministry. The other two demands I cannot decide upon without first referring them to the Sultan."

As soon as the decree of dismissing the Riaz Ministry was signed and handed to Arabi the troops, with music at their head, marched triumphautly from the Palace square, and thus began the drama which ended in the cast-iron picnic of a British army and a " march past" of Highlanders, Beloochees, Guardsmen and Bengal cavalry in the same Palace square just one year later. The Arabi victorious and triumphant was a large, very dark, powerfully built man, with clastic step, commanding presence-a man who resembled Dawison, the famous German tragedian, and who could make a fortune if he had chosen to act Othello instead of playing the role of a military pretender, or, of a tenth rate Cromwell. Such was the Arabi of a few months ago. The Arabi of to-day is a pale cafe au lait, bloated and haggard fellah. His eyes have lost their brilliancy and extraord nary power. His hair instead of being raven black, is streaked with gray. His once black but now gray moustache is reinforced by a stubby, streaked beard. He now stoops and walks with a shuffling, and uncertain step. He passes his time in pray. ing and washing-two inseperable rituals of Islam. He also suffers from a severe attack of diarrhœa. He has in his room a large silver basin, and a pitcher with a long note I ke a teapot. He constantly pours water, which is scented, over his hands. The poor man although now treated with the greatest kindness, is evidently suffering most severely, both mentally and physically. The sooner the trial begins the better for everybody.

# Relics of Cour De Lion.

There still exhists in Paris considerable remains of the great wall with turrets which Philip Augustus began before he joined Richard of England in his crusade. The positions of some of these relics are pointed out by Galignani as follows: "In the Cour de Rouen, near the Passage du Commerce, is the lower portion of a turret still intact, with a piece of wall covered with ivy. It forms rart of the playground of a school, and children may be seen climbing over this relic of the past. In the Rue Clovis is another fragment bordering on the Rue des Fosses Saint-Victor. , At the hottom of the court-yard of the house No. 31 Rue Dauph. ine is a turret almost entire, which serves as a werehouse and residence. In the Rus. Guenegend, No. 31 are also the remains of a tower which was joined to that in the Rue Dauphine by a wall which ran in one direction to the Tour de Nesle, and in the other to the Porte Dauphine It was recently used as a forge. On the right bank of the Seine the enceinte had a wider circumference. Several houses still contain fragments increased on their walls or inclosed in their gardens."

Mr. Phone During netter, has been a true brick Louis this sended on his firm chous all Accelling will send to best