

heard a dog howl in the moonlight night, and I went to the window to see the sight; and the dead that I ever knew lying one by one, and two by two.

MY COUSIN ALICK.

CONCLUDED.

I stayed two months in Ireland. It was a very happy time, though we saw a great deal of company, and went out every evening when we were not ourselves entertaining. She was a very wasteful woman, with none of my mother's sweetness and fining ways to soften her character, and she set all her wits to work to force me into marriage with a wealthy Irish gentleman who made me an offer during my stay.

assuredly way, so that it was quite four o'clock in the afternoon before we reached our house. Mother was in the drawing-room with Nina. They said Valerie had been out in the garden, ever since lunch, and that Alick had gone a little while ago to find her.

Mother had good reason to be proud of her two younger daughters, yet she never for one moment forgot me or Alick. I thought I had certainly disappointed her in opposing her wishes so decidedly all these years.

Carus Wyckham came in while we were still in the first bustle of greeting. He said he had just had 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.

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 inclinations, I yet could wonder at his power over her.

Oh, how intolerably long the time seemed to pass—how that week dragged by—spent so pleasantly by my father in shooting expeditions and other excursions of pleasure with Aunt Celia's Irish friends. He knew I did not want to come, but he had no idea of ever-unrest which possessed me—he did not think that a week more or less could make any difference to me, while the previous time of Alick's stay was being wasted, and he might be returning to India soon for all I knew.

I could not have spoken to any other person in the world, but I was not an ordinary man. He seemed to far above men's weaknesses and foibles, 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 thought of his own grief to minister to my need.

"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 him."

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 bare and desolate, stripped of its love, but time brought comfort, and every day brings me nearer to my rest.

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 welcome visitor. I did not sorrow for him, for I saw his heart was broken on the day he found my sister Valerie in Alick's arms.

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 develop very young, being often married at 10 or 12 years old, and old women at 20 or 30.

The crop depends so much on the Nile that one foot difference in flood-levels 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.

Life in Iceland. Dr. Vigfusson, a teacher of Icelandic at the University of Oxford, has recently published some very interesting notes on the simplicity 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."

Changes in London. 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 elbow room to display their beauties in. For that purpose Clement's Inn, Dane's Inn, and the block of buildings including Wyck street and old Holywell street are to be swept away, and with the St. Clement's, Dane's church, which always figures in drawings of the neighboring Temple bar.

There still exists 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 Galigni 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 part of the playground of a school, and children may be seen climbing over this relic of the past."

How the Egyptian Leader Spends Most of His Time in His Palace. A Cairo correspondent sends the following: "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. What ever is done should be done at once."

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. It was an eye-witness of the scene that then took place. As Arabi rode up to 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!"

As soon as the decree of dismissing the Riaz Ministry was signed and handed to Arabi the troops, with music at their head, marched triumphantly 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, Gardsmen 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 elastic step, commanding presence—a man who resembled Dawson, 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.

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