The Fenelon Falls Gazette.

VOL. IX. FENELON FALLS, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1881. NO. 27.

ENGLISH AND FOREIGN NOTES.

A few weeks ago the foundation stone was laid of a huge embankment, across a Welsh valley, which is to confine waters destined to supply Liverpool, 67 miles distant, with 52,000,000 gallons a day. The works are expected to take ten years.

A writer in the Dublin *Review* says: "I remember seeing, a few days after the battle of Worth, a party of German infantry paraded for guard duty. One of the men had his accoutrements out of order, upon which the inspecting officer slapped his face." And yet the men thus treated want to emigrate!

A gold mine, the Havilah, just placed on the London market, is, according to the prospectus, mentioned in the Bible, reference being made to it in the eleventh and twelfth verses of the second chapter of Genesis. The passage in question reads as follows: "The name of the first is Pison; that is it which compasseth the whole land of Havilah where there is gold. And the gold of that land is good."

STATISTICS lately laid before the Congress of Brewers at Versailles show that there are in Europe about 40,000 breweries, producing nearly 2,250,000 gallons of malt liquor. Great Britain produces nearly a third; then come Prussia, Bavaria, and Austria. Bavaria consumes 54 gallons per head; Belgium, (whose beer is chiefly made at Lounain, where, too, is her chief university) 30; England 29. Outside of Bavaria, where the very babies lap beer, the average consumption in Germany is 19 gallons. In Scotland it is 9; Ireland, 8½; France, 4, but steadily increasing. The past twenty-five years have seen also an extraordinary increase in the beer production of Ireland and Scotland, where formerly wine and spirits were almost exclusively drunk.

THE *Correspondence Francais* gives the following comparative census of the French and German armies; Infantry—Germany, 503 battalions of 600 men; total, 301,800. France, 641 battalions of 400 men; total, 256,500. Cavalry—Germany, 405 squadrons of 180 men; total, 83,700. France, 392 squadrons of 170 men; total, 66,640. Artillery—Germany, 2,935 pieces; France, 2,508 pieces. Engineers—Germany, 19 battalions; France, 19 battalions. The German Imperial Guard consists of 29 battalions of infantry, in all 12,400 men; 18 squadrons of cavalry, in all 3,240 men; and 96 pieces of artillery, forming 16 batteries. Germany has thus 83,000 soldiers and 523 pieces of cannon more than France.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC

THE Corrine Merrie Makers open on the 22d inst., at Halifax, N.S., where it is very popular.

MISS EMMA JUCH is the first of the operatic artists to return to this country, having arrived on Friday last.

A BOSTON paper states that Mr. Mapleson is negotiating with Mme. Lucca for next season in this country.

MR. JOSEFFY and his cousin, Mr. Boscovitz, are announced to appear together in piano concerts next season.

MISS EMMA THURSBY has been visiting Ems as a preliminary to entering upon her concert tour in Scandinavia.

LYTTON SOTHERN, son of the late Lord Dundreary, talks of starring in this country during the season of 1882-3.

RICE'S Surprise Party for next season will be larger and stronger, musically, than in the past three seasons, and his chorus alone will embrace fifty trained voices.

AMONG the artists said to have been engaged by the Kiralfys, for "Michael Strogoff" are the dancers Mlle. Bazzano of La Scala and Fraulein Hofschuler of the Karl Theatre, Vienna.

THE London *Figaro* prints an elaborate series of announcements for the next musical season, extending up to next Summer. A review of these programmes, however, does not justify much anticipatory enthusiasm. For the greater part they consist of the most familiar works, and in many cases the artists announced have no claims, as yet, to fame.

MRS. E. A. OSGOODE, who has made such a decided success in England, has been engaged by the Toronto Choral Society as solo singer in their performance of the Creation, during the coming season. The Society is to be congratulated on this engagement, and we have no doubt the musical public of Toronto will shew their appreciation of its enterprise by making the engagement a successful one financially, as it is sure to be artistically.

RICHARD WAGNER is making preparations to bring out his latest opera, "Parsifal," in great style at his Bayreuth theatre in the August of next year. The magnificent orchestra of the Munich Hof-Theatre will go to Bayreuth on a special two months' leave granted by the King. The scenery is to be painted in Munich, and the costumes are to be made there after designs by a Polish artist, who is an intimate friend of Wagner. King Ludwig has granted Wagner a subsidy of 300,000 marks, or about $75,000, to guarantee the success of the undertaking.

EMINENT FOLKS.

ON a train from Florence to Pisa a robbery of $60,000 was committed by brigands last month.

AFTER their Jerusalem trip, Prince Sergius and Prince Paul of Russia summer with the King of Greece.

PRINCE BISMARCK, who was a student friend of Motley's is reported to have written an autograph letter to Mrs. Garfield.

WHEN Mr. Gladstone's physician orders rest, the statesman takes it by collating the revised New Testament with the Greek.

JENNY LIND'S husband, who was a Hebrew, gave up that form of religion in order to marry her. They live near Buckingham Palace, London.

DR. SCHLIEMANN, General Von Moltke, and Prince Bismarck are the only living persons upon whom the honorary citizenship of Berlin has been bestowed.

The Princess Leineb Hanoun, the only living daughter of Mehemet (who, by-the-way, is shortly expected on a visit to London), is very charitable, and is laboring at present to establish a hospital at Scutari.

SIR FREDRICK ROBERTS has been selected to represent the British army at the grand autumn manœuvres this year in Hanover and Schleswig-Holstein. The General's march from Cabul to Candahar was a feat warmly admired in Germany.

AT M. Grevy's country place in Montsous-Vaudrey he is esteemed a mighty huntsman, but ten months of the year he is to be found at the Elysees Palace in Paris. M. Grevy has two brothers, one of whom is Governor of Algeria, the other a general in the French Army, and both of them ardent supporters of the republic.

The Bishop of Natal and the Zulus.

Bishop Colenso, in a letter addressed to a friend in England says: "I had a visit last week from Sikota, Panda's son, living with his brother Umkungo in this colony. He has brought his son—who is Umkungo's adopted heir—to be taught here at Bishoptown. Umkungo, you will remember, was Panda's favorite son, after the death of his full brother Umbuluz, in the great fight between his party and Cetewayo in 1859, when Umkungo and Sikota escaped into Natal. Sikota entirely confirmed the fact that when he escaped at Isandolwana, where he fought on our side with Umkungo's men, of whom many were killed, and had got across the river near Rorke's Drift, where he sat down out of breath, expecting the Zulus to follow and kill him and others with him, he heard the Zulu induna call out to his men: 'Come back; the king has not said that you were to cross;' and they went back, and he was saved."

Heated Term Poetry.

Oh for a lodge in a garden of cucumbers!
Oh for an iceberg or two to control!
Oh for a vale that at midday the dew cumbers!
Oh for a pleasure trip up to the pole!

Oh for a little one-story thermometer,
With nothing but zeros all ranged in a row!
oh for a big double-barrelled hydrometer,
To measure this moisture that falls from my brow!

Oh that this cold world were twenty times colder!
(That's irony red hot it seemeth to me).
Oh for a turn of its dreaded cold shoulder!
Oh what a comfort an age it would be!

Oh for a grotto to typify Heaven,
Scooped in a rock under cataract vast!
Oh for a winter of discontent even!
Oh for a wet blanket judiciously cast!

Oh for a soda fount spouting up boldly
From every hot lamp-post against the hot sky!
Oh for a proud maiden to look on me coldly,
Freezing my soul with a glance of her eye.

Oh for a draught of a cup of "cold pizen!"
Oh for a resting place in the cold grave!
Oh for a bath in the Styx, where the thick shadow lies on,
And deepens the chill of its dark, running wave.

"Nobody Asked You, Sir," She Said.

By the Author of "MARRIED IN BLACK," "AZALEA; OR, LOVE THE WINNER," "THE ROMANCE OF A ROSE," "AT HER HANDS," "IN HONOUR BOUND," &c.

CHAPTER IX.—(CONTINUED.)

Greta was carrying some Christmas gifts to an old pensioner, with the house-dog Peter pattering along solemnly behind her for company. The hills looked ghostly white beyond the dark sweep of the Drumnabreeze woods, but she was not thinking of the wintry landscape; she was thinking of other days in this lane, days when the trees were gorgeous in their autumn colouring, when the sky was blue, when some one whom it gave her the heartache to remember, was walking beside her; and, just as she wondered how they should meet when they did meet, she came upon him suddenly face to face. And he had put out his hand and shaken hands with her before she had time to look surprised.

"I was coming o[illegible]okor Jack," he said. "Is he at home?"

"No; he has gone out to shoot with Joe Reeves."

He glanced down at the basket on her arm.

"Are you going down to the Glebe?"

"No; only to visit a sick old woman."

"May I come with you? There is no use in going to Kincora if Jack is out."

It was better to have him walking beside her than staring down into her face; so she gave him the desired permission—Mary Molloy's cottage was close at hand.

"I hardly recognise the country under its new aspect—nothing looks the same but the sea."

Greta said nothing. She did not feel called upon to make any remark.

"I suppose you won't believe me when I tell you I was longing to get back to Ireland?"

"Why not," she asked carelessly, "if you say so?"

"You did not believe what I said last October in Kincora wood."

"Oh, that!" the girl said, with a little shrug of the shoulders. "We are supposed only to take speeches of that kind for what they are worth."

"Have you grown cynical, Greta?"

"Perhaps," the girl answered, with a bitter laugh which made him wince.

"Yet I meant every word of it, Greta—at the time. And I not only loved you then, Greta, but I thought that you loved me."

"I suppose so," she said hardily. But she would not meet his eyes.

"I have brought you something from London," he said, a moment later; "a slight memento of gratitude for having saved the donor's life."

"I do not want any memento," Greta answered stiffly. "What I did I would have done just as much for Joe Reeves—or anybody."

"It is a diamond, Greta, and I chose it for you myself. I don't know if you care for such things—I don't suppose you do. But you're not bound to wear it unless you like, you know."

"I am very much obliged to you, Lord Geraldine," Greta, said, throwing up her head. "But your diamond would be a white elephant to me. And if it was known," she added, smiling suddenly, "that we had such a precious thing up at Kincora, we should be obliged to put up bolts and bars to the windows to keep burglars out of the house."

"I am under a great obligation to you, Miss Power. You must let me remove it in some slight degree—in the only way possible to me."

"You are under no obligation to me, Lord Geraldine."

"I am; and you make me feel it," he replied, in a tone which was a little hurt. "But you will take what I offer you, Greta—as a Christmas gift. Are you coming to my sister's dance to-night?"

"Jack want's me to go," Greta said.

"That's right; Jack's a brick. And mind you keep a couple of round dances for me. Joe Reeves will get hold of your card and stick his own name down for everything!"

Greta did not laugh; and Geraldine's own face grew grave as they walked down the lane in a silence which Greta would not break. She was wishing with all her heart that Mary Molloy's cottage did not stand so far away.

"How long ago it seems since September!" Geraldine said at last. "Greta, I am afraid you think very badly of me. But we must only do our best to forget that time, and how happy we were together. It was very wrong of me to try to make you care for me; but I am punished too. The best part of my heart lies buried in Kincora wood."

She did not look at him—she could not trust herself to speak.

"Greta, don't you believe that, if I had my own way, I would marry you to-morrow?"

Still the girl did not look round at him, though the childish heart under the old red cloak was beating fast with passionate pain.

"I would marry you if I could Greta. Don't you believe me when I tell you that?"

"Who asked you to marry me, Lord Geraldine?"

"Nobody," he answered, trying hard to smile.

"Then why do you say all this to me?" she exclaimed, with wide-open eyes full of anger and astonishment. "Why do you come up here to tease and worry me when I hate you so much?"

"Hate me, Greta?"

"I hate you when you will talk to me so—I, who never asked you to care for me—who never wanted you to marry me! I wish you would go away."

"I am going away. Won't you forgive me, Greta?"

He held out his hand, standing still in the snowy pathway, the winter sunshine full on his bold brave face, in his bold blue eyes.

"Oh, yes; I forgive you! Go away."

"Greta, since you don't wan't to marry me, perhaps you will be glad to hear that I care for a girl who cares for me—a girl I am going to marry as soon as she will have me—a dear little girl to whom I shall have the pleasure of introducing you to-night at Drumnabreeze."

"I am very glad to hear it," Greta said formally, though her stiff lips almost refused to utter the sentence. "Jack said something about her long ago—I think you told him about it when you were ill."

"Jack! Oh, yes, I remember!"—and Geraldine smiled covertly. "Yes, I told Jack about her; but I thought he was a better hand at keeping a secret than that!"

"Oh," Greta said bravely, "he told us nothing about her—not even her name! This is Mary Molloy's cottage. Good evening, Lord Geraldine."

"Good-bye, till we meet at Drumnabreeze to-night?" and he raised his cap as she passed in through the cottage door.

CHAPTER X., AND LAST.

"How pretty it is!" said Greta.

She was standing near Mimi Grant in the great ball-room of Drumnabreeze.

"Very pretty," Mimi answered, breathless from the last *deux temps*; "and how well your brother looks! I never saw him in evening-dress before."

Greta looked lovingly across the room at Jack. It was to please him that she had come to the dance to-night; and even now she was thinking how glad she should be when it was all over, and she could shut herself up in her own little room and cry her heart out. But nobody could have guessed her thoughts as she stood there quietly watching Jack. Certainly Mimi Grant did not guess them, nor Joe Reeves, as he petitioned her to try the waltz again.

"How pretty it is!" said Laurie Reeves half an hour later, standing in the doorway with Little Kenelm Dudley.

"Very pretty," he agreed, looking down the long vista crowded with well-dressed people, glittering with lamps, music filling the air, everywhere holly and ivy greenly wreathed about the rooms, with cunning little bunches of mistletoe glimmering mischievously out of unexpected places, showing, in spite of the glow of warmth within, that out of doors at least it was snowy Christmas weather.

That it was Christmas had been further demonstrated by the beautiful tall Christmas tree glittering with tapers from the ground to the topmast firry pinnacle, which was only now deserted by the grown-up portion of the guests for the more potent charms of the Manola waltz.

"Who is that girl with your brother—the tall girl in white?"

"Don't you know her? That is Greta Power," Laurie answered, laughing.

"I declare I did not know her; she is transformed!" the little Baronet said, surveying her comprehensively through his eye-glass. "I never saw such a change in anybody; never in my life!"

"Greta has not been looking like herself since she came back from Germany;" and Laurie did not look altogether pleased. "We tell her she must have left her heart behind her; she looks so pensive sometimes."

"She dosen't look pensive to-night; she looks splendid!" Sir Kenelm said. "I thought her rather heavy-looking, you know—rather inert, and as if she thought it too much trouble to answer you or to raise her eyes. But look at her now! What eyes they are too, when she does give a fellow a chance of seeing them!"

Greta had paused with Joe Reeves near the middle of the room to speak to Jack and his partner, Miss Farquhar. She stood there as perfectly at ease as if she had been in society all her life, caring too little about her surroundings to feel in the smallest degree disturbed by them. Her gown of soft clinging cream-coloured silk, square-cut, with sleeves to the elbow, showed the slim perfection of her figure to the greatest possible advantage. She wore no ornaments, no flower in the sleek dark hair gathered closely round her head, combed smoothly to within half an inch of the beautiful dark level eyebrows overshadowing the eyes which had roused Sir Kenelm Dudley's admiration. She looked pale; but that was her usual complexion, and suited her dreamy Egyptian beauty; but she was talking gaily, and looked quite happy. Jack, looking at her with unqualified satisfaction, felt that his was the honour and glory of being brother to the prettiest girl in the room.

"Young Power is a good-looking fellow too," Sir Kenelm said, dropping his eye-glass at last.

Laurie looked at him, and a little sharp pain like the prick of a thorn shot to her vain little heart. He was looking down at the quiet brown-haired girl leaning on his arm, with a light in his eyes which Laurie had learned to know very well last summer, but which had had not come into them, for her, of late. And then she turned quickly away to her partner and allowed him to whirl her into the midst of the waltzers again, with a sudden loathing of his red hair and little near-sighted eyes.

"Will you give me this waltz, Miss Power?"

Greta turned round. It was late in the evening; and, until now, she had not spoken to Lord Geraldine, had not found herself near him in any of the crowded rooms.

"I am engaged for it," she answered stiffly, all the light dying out of her face.

"To Jack?" he said, taking the card out of her hand. "Jack won't mind your giving it to me. You don't want to dance with your brother?"

Greta would have said, "I don't want to dance with you," if she had spoken her thought. But she did not speak it; and Jack, hurrying up just then, and being asked if he would resign her to Lord Geraldine, had meanly deserted her, exchanging with his substitute a smiling look which further exasperated her.

"I allowed Jack to put his name down for this dance because I wanted to sit it out. I am very tired," she said with cool displeasure.

"You danced so much. I do not think you sat out one dance all the evening."

"No; not one."

"You looked," he began; but then he stopped. His eyes finished the sentence eloquently; but Greta would not meet his eyes.

"How pretty the rooms look, and how much all your guests seem to be enjoying themselves!" she said, feeling it incumbent on her to say something.

"Yes," he answered, but as if the subject did not interest him very much; "and there are some pretty girls here too, but none—like you."

Greta, remembering who was there, though she had not succeeded in identifying her yet—half the people in the room being strangers to her—thought this speech was in bad taste; but she said nothing.

"I am not the only one who thought so," Geraldine went on, jealously. "You have been besieged with fellows all the evening."

"Every one has been very kind to me," the girl answered in the same old unmoved way.

"Kind!" he repeated, looking at her. "Greta, have you any idea how you look to-night? By-the-bye, I promised to show you somebody," he added, a flash of amusement lighting up his blue eyes.

"Is she here?" Greta asked, with a sudden sinking of the heart.

"Yes, she is here."

"Will you point her out to me?"

"Come with me, and I will bring you face to face with each other," he replied, and smilingly offered her his arm.

Greta took it, and allowed him to lead her out of that room into another and much smaller one, a room where the light was softer, the flowers more abundant, where the music came mellowed by distance.

"We shall be undisturbed here till the waltz is over," Lord Geraldine said. "If you will wait here with me, I will show you my darling by-and-by."

Gerta waited, feeling that she could scarcely suffer more than she was suffering now, come what would. She would not let him see any shadow of suffering on her face however, as she sat in the corner of the great red-velvet ottoman, he beside her, playing with the big white fan he had taken out of her hand.

"Greta," he said, after a silence of perhaps a minute, broken only by the measured time of the "Clang of the Wooden Shoon," "will you change your mind about that keepsake I brought to you from London? Will you gratify me by accepting it, and something else that I want to offer you—something that goes with it—if you will have it."

He had taken a little morocco case from his pocket and opened it; and in his hand he now held a splendid ring—a gipsy ring, with one large diamond in it.

"I wish you would not ask me," the girl replied, almost frightened by the beauty of the "keepsake."

"But as a memento of that night, Greta?"

"I want no memento of it," Greta answered, thinking truly that she should remember it without Lord Geraldine's diamond ring.

"Greta," he said, his blue eyes suddenly losing their laughing light—"oh, Greta, my own little darling, don't you know that I love you better than anything else in the world?"

There was indignation as well as surprise in the girl's great eyes as she turned them upon him, half-rising from her seat.

"How dare you say this to me, Lord Geraldine, when—when——"

"When I am going to be married!" he concluded for her, half laughing again. "Well, yes, Greta, I am going to be married. And, if you knew the girl I am going to marry as well as I know her, you would say I was a lucky man!"

Greta sank into her place again, astonished at his effrontery, too indignant to do more than open eyes of angry wonder at him.

"She is so sweet, so wilful, so proud!" he went on, furling and unfurling the big white fan. "She looks such a darling when she is angry; and yet I know she loves me almost as much as I love her. But she is such a child too—I don't think she knows how much we love each other, or how utterly absurd it is for her to fancy that any whim of hers could divide us now!"

"But why," Greta exclaimed, furious—"why do you tell all this to—me?"

"Because I want you to know all about it, and what a darling I think her all the same. You have been acquainted with her all your life, Miss Power, and yet I don't think you know her half so well as I do, who did not know of her very existence four months ago."

Greta sat quite still, looking at him, the indignant crimson fading slowly out of her cheeks.

"Oh, Greta, my own darling, don't you know that you are the girl I love best in the world—that it is you I am going to marry if you will have me—that, if you take this ring, you must take something else with it, for better, for worse, and that is Lord Evremond's agent, who owes it to you that he is in the land of the living on this blessed Christmas Eve?"

* * * * *

"But you said you would show her to me," Greta laughed, as they left the room some ten minutes after.

"Look before you," her lover said, smiling.

Greta looked, and saw her own reflection in the pier-glass opposite—a lovely apparition of youth and gladness, with dark eyes full to overflowing of unmixed delight.

"How do you like her," Geraldine asked.

But how she liked her Greta would not say. Perhaps she thought she had said enough in telling him how much she liked himself!

Picking up Fortunes.

A printer recently borrowed 25 cents in the office of the Socorro *Sun*, invested it and made $5, and with the latter capital started to prospect. He located a claim and recently sold one-third of it for $30,000.

Surface assays from the new silver bearing and copper ore recently discovered near Fort Laramie are reputed to vary from $60 to $50 the ton. Miners are hurrying to the new district, which swarms with prospectors.

A man named Lewis, who left Stockton for San Francisco, recently, had for his luggage a peck or so of rock, which was nearly one-half gold. He took it from the surface of a ledge near Sonora. He found one boulder that netted him $15,000, and pounded without a morter $619 in pure gold in a short time.

The Santa Rita del Cobres mine near Fort Bayard, cleared its owners last year the net sum of $500,000, the gold found in the copper paying all expenses. The miner continually meets with veins of native sheet copper from an eight of an inch to two inches thick all through the porphyry rock and with boulders or nugget copper, in nuggets weighing from 50 pounds to 150 pounds.

Miss Ida Everson, a school teacher of Wheeling, W. Va., suddenly resigned her position and returned to Steubenville, where her earnings had been applied to the support of a broken-down father, three sisters, and a brother. It is reported in the neighborhood that the father, a tailor, whose real name was Christopher Armstrong, had become, by the death of his elder brother, the possessor of a Scoth baronetcy and an estate in Dumfrieshire worth seven millions. The father died of the shock of the news, and his son, 15 years old, will be the future Sir William Armstrong.

Road Locomotive.

A road locomotive for war purposes, constructed by Bolle, was recently tried in presence of Count Moltke and several other authorities. The machine drew five guns with their carriages completely equipped, the load amounting to 800 cwt. The journey lasted about three hours and a half, with one halt. The locomotive itself weighed 575 cwt., and it is capable of drawing 3,000 cwt. The expense is about two marks an hour. The velocity was equal to that of a troop of infantry, but might be much increased.

Are you going to the Zoo? No, but my little sister Lou, she is going to the Zoo, and will go along with you.

The combination of rose color with violet lilac is extremely fashionable.

A SACRED SPOT.

Something About the Holy Rock at Jerusalem.

A correspondent thus writes to the editor of the London *Times*: Referring to your notice in last Monday's review of the Royal Academy Exhibition of Mr. Carl Haag's water-color drawing, "The Holy Rock, Jerusalem," I think it might interest some of your readers to hear the history of its execution and certain particulars connected with the spot depicted.

Since the Holy Rock, which occupies the centre of the area of what is popularly known as the Mosque of Omar, is, after the Kaaba at Mecca, the most venerated spot connected with the Mohammedan religion, the difficulty of obtaining a drawing of it is proportionately great. The interior of the mosque has, I believe, never been painted before. Mr. Carl Haag could not obtain entrance to it only by a special firman of the Sultan, granted him at the request of her Majesty the Queen, and, though constantly attended by guards, ran imminent risk of losing his life. Never before had any artist dared to plant his easel on the sacred spot. The painting was begun and completed in the mosque. The measurements given below were kindly furnished by Mr. Hagg, and were taken by himself with great care.

According to immemorial tradition, the Holy Rock is the threshing floor, on Mount Moriah, of Araunah, or Omar the Jebusite chief, which David bought of him for a place of sacrifice, and where Solomon afterwards erected the temple. There is much in support of this tradition. The rock is the highest part of the temple platform. Throughout Syria rock plateaus of high elevation are at the present day selected for threshing floors; and the higher and more exposed the site, the more valuable it is for the purpose, as the wind needful for driving off the chaff can play upon it from a great number of quarters. The lofty situation of the Sakhrah, or Holy Rock, would have made it a most valuable threshing floor. Immediately beneath it is a natural cave, a fact which also lends support to the correctness of the tradition, since underneath the majority of the threshing floors of Palestine are similar caves, which abound in the limestone hills of the country, and afford to the laborers an invaluable retreat during the burning mid-day hours. In configuration, the rock, as it juts up above the marble pavement of the mosque, is very irregular. From north to south it measures 56 feet, and from east to west 35 feet. The highest point is 6½ feet above the floor. On the top of the rock, which can only be seen by climbing upon the railing surrounding it, is a rough, basin-shaped hollowing, and also a hole about three feet in diameter. This communicates perpendicularly with the cave beneath. Descending into the cave from the southeast corner of the mosque, by a flight of 15 steps, we find a chamber 23½ feet from north to south and 23¾ feet from east to west. At the end and on the two sides of the cave low stone walls have been built of height varying irregularly with the slope of the rock which forms the roof. Two lamps, suspended beneath the hole already mentioned, light the cave. On the tessellated pavement of the floor, and directly beneath the hole in the roof, is a radiating star in various colored marbles. On tapping this the central part, consisting of a slab of white marble, not quite perpendicular beneath the centre of the orifice above, is found to be hollow. The slabs conceals the Bir-el-Arruah, or "Well of Spirits," a passage said to lead out eventually into the valley of the Kedron.

A hypothesis not unreasonable is that the hole on the top of the Holy Rock was made to conduct the blood of the sacrificial victims slain upon it in Jewish times down into the cavern, thence into the Bir-el-Artuah, and eventually into the Kedron near Siloam. If the Sakhrah is really the spot where the Jewish sacrifices were offered, the Holy Place of the Temple must have stood immediately to the west of it, facing that side of the stone which is to the right and in shadow in Mr. Haag's painting. The promise that was made by Jehovah to Solomon, "Mine ear shall be attent unto the prayer that is made in this place, gives the rock its present sanctity for the Mohammedans. They guard it from the approach of any but Moslem, lest supplication for evil on themselves or on their religion should be made in such a place. The profound interest of the rock, if the tradition concerning it is correct, hardly needs to be dwelt on.

Mr. Haag's view is taken from the northwest pier of the four supporting the noble dome, which rises to a height of 100 feet, roughly estimated, and has a diameter of 66 feet. On the left in the picture can be seen the double corridor (the inner corridor 23½ feet wide, the outer 13½ feet) which surrounds the building, and is lighted by stained glass windows. To the right, and somewhat in the background, is seen the small, tall baldachin which stands over the southwest corner of the rock. For Mohammedans this is the point of greatest interest. At this point alone are they allowed to touch the holy stone. Thrusting their hands through a small circular opening on the west side of this structure, they can feel, if not see, an indention in the rock. That mark the faithful believe to have been made by the foot of the prophet, when, with the other foot already in the stirrup of the white celestial steed sent to bear him hence, he for the last time pressed upon the soil

"of this dim spot
Which men call Earth."

This jealously-guarded, mysterious Holy Rock, with its proud traditions, extending so far back into the past, is, alike for the Mohammedan, Jewish and Christian world, one of the most profoundly interesting spots in Jerusalem.

Encouragement.

Whenever you can conscientiously encourage anyone, do so. You would not leave those plants in your window-boxes without water or refuse to open the shutters that the sunlight might fall upon them; but you leave some human flower to suffer from want of appreciation or the sunlight of encouragement. There are a few hardy souls that can struggle on stony soil—shrubs that can wait for the dew and the sunbeams—vines that will climb without kindly training—but only a few. Utter the kind word when you can; give the helping praise when you see that it is deserved. The thought that "no one cares and no one knows" blights many a bud of promise. Whether it be the young artist at his easel, the workman at his bench, the boy at his mathematical problems, or the little girl at her piano, give what praise you can, for many a one has fallen by the way for the want of that word of encouragement which would have "stablished their feet."

A decidedly unpleasant impression has been made in Switzerland by the intimation that the Government of France proposes to build a fort at Annemasse, on the neutral territory of Savoy, where, as the Swiss contend, France is barred by treaty from erecting any fortifications whatever. The Swiss Minister at Paris has made a vigorous protest against the proposal to fortify Annemasse, a protest in which, in case of need, he will doubtless be supported by England, Germany and Italy.

Growth of Telegraph Monopoly.

The rise and progress of the Western Union Telegraph Company is thus set forth in a prospectus issued by a rival company.

Beginning as the House Printing Telegraph Company, with a capital of $360,000. On the first of January, 1863, by stock bonuses, and the purchases of other lines, its capital was increased to $3,000,000. On the 2nd of March, 1863, this was watered by exactly doubling its capital and presenting the additional shares to stockholders, thus raising it to $6,000,000. May 28, 1864, it was further increased, by purchase and extension of lines, $5,000,000, making it capital $11,000,000, and the same time the whole of its stock was again doubled by an issue of 100 per cent bonus to its stockholders, making its capital $22,000,000. From this period up to January, 1868, it took in the United States Telegraph Company at $3,333,333, and absorbed the American Telegraph Company, with a capital of only $2,000,000, taking it in at $11,818,800, and by bonuses and extension of lines, etc., its capital was increased $41,008,800; and recently it absorbed the Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph Company, whose lines cost not more than $2,500,000 and the American Union Telegraph Company, with its lines, which cost little more than $2,000,000, taking them in at $25,000,000 and at the same time issuing a stock bonus of $15,000,000, thus bringing its capital up to $80,000,000. In addition to all this it sank $3,000,000 in the abandonment of the Russian Telegraph, and nearly as much more by the abandonment of the California lines and contracts for lines parallel to the Pacific Railroad, and it also borrowed $5,000,000 for the purchase of real estate in New York, and pays $75,000 per annum rental for the California State Telegraph Company: $85,000 per annum rental for the Illinois State Telegraph Company; purchased a majority of the Pacific and Atlantic, Southern Atlantic, and Franklin Telegraph companies, and guarantee perpetual dividends on the minority of the stock; and recently leased the Northwestern Telegraph Company, and pay a large rental on stock and bonded capital of nearly $4,000,000, besides rentals of other leased lines, making its capital really about $100,000,000. The increase in the volume of its business and the amount of its earnings have kept pace with its increase of capital, until now its traffic is over 30,000,000 of messages, gross receipts over $15,000,000, and net earnings over $6,000,000 per annum; and all this with no improvement in method and but little improvement in appliances over the first line constructed forty years ago; moreover, this gigantic monopoly, touching and influencing every branch of commerce and industry is controlled by one man, whose sole object is self-aggrandizement.

Mme. Blanc.

Mme. Blanc, of Monaco, has gone to rest. Her husband preceded her a few days since. In early life, says a foreign correspondent, M. Blanc and his spouse kept a small dry goods store in Paris in an obscure street near the depot of the Chemin de Fer du Nord. To them gaming had irresistible charms. These charms were enhanced by the fact that luck was always in their favor. Money flowed in freely, and in a short time M. and Mme. Blanc found themselves at the head of the notorious gambling hell at Monte Carlo, Monaco, the only den of the kind now remaining in Europe. The suppression, in 1872, of the green cloth-clad tables of the German watering-places, followed by the bouncing of M. Fama, an ex-priest, and now proprietor of a Nice theatre, from the "hell" at Saxon-le-Bains, Canton Valais, Switzerland, on the 31st of December, 1876, greatly strengthened the position of the Blanc family. Lovers of roulette and rouge-et-noir from all parts of the world repaired to Monaco, and M. Blanc departed this life with the satisfaction of knowing that his family was one of the best provided for in the old world. The Blanc family not only maintained themselves on the failings of others, but have been the main supporters of the smallest principality in the world—a spot, second to none in beauty, which has for a thousand years past claimed as its head a scion of the historical house of Grimaldi. Of the dead nothing but good. The benevolence of Mme. Blanc was extraordinary—not on the principle of the man who stole a new pair of shoes and gave away his old ones, "pour l'amour de bon Dieu," but because she considered it right to be charitable. Many a family may have been beggared in the casino of Monte Carlo, many a suicide's grave may have been dug there, but many an aching heart has been made glad and many an empty stomach filled by the generosity of Mme. Blanc. She leaves three children, the present M. Blanc, whose scheme for recuperating the finances of the fast-rotting Ottoman empire by the establishment at Constantinople and in Egypt of gaming tables similar to those at Monte Carlo, and of the profits of which the sultan was to have a big share, is well known, and two daughters, one of whom is married to Prince Radziwilli, son of the celebrated Austrian diplomat of that name, while the other is the wife of Roland Bonaparte, son of the notoriously wayward Pierre Bonaparte. Although each daughter received a dowry of $4,000,000 and the son a huge fortune before the death of his parents, Mme. Blanc's treasury was not depleted. She is said to have a fabulous sum of money, no inconsiderable portion of which has come out of the pockets of crazy Americans.

Burdett-Coutts.

The general impression, says a London letter-writer, is that Lady Burdett-Coutts has made an amicable settlement with her relatives concerning the distribution of that colossal fortune, the disputes concerning which have, in a greater or less degree, interested every one in the world who has money, or who hopes to get it. Since her marriage to Mr. Ashmead Bartlett—or, to give him the name he is now entitled by law to assume, Mr. Ashmead Burdett-Coutts Bartlett—the baroness has, if possible, lived in more costly fashion than ever before. The dinners she has given in her Picadilly residence have formed a marked feature of the brilliancy of this season, and they have been attended by persons of very high standing indeed in the social world, though British royalty has held aloof. The slight put upon this angel of charity, in consequence of the matrimonial alliance she has seen fit to make, is all the more marked, as in former times there was no subject in all the kingdom whom British royalty loved more to honor than Burdett-Coutts. In spite of all this, I never saw the dear old lady look so happy as she does now. She has almost lost that distressing expression of sadness and heart-desolation, which it was a pain to any sympathetic heart to see, and now looks so gay and cheerful that a good ten years seems lifted from her age. As for Mr. Bartlett, everyone agrees that he is the soul of chivalrous devotion to his kind wife, and she seems delighted with the company of her young and handsome American husband. So, if they are satisfied, I don't know why the rest of the world should not be.

WIDE-AWAKE: "Come, now, guess what my favorite flower is," said the spinster housekeeper to the widower's little boy as they were walking in the fields together. He was a lad who kept his wits about him and his eyes open, so he answered her as he looked up with an arch expression, "Poppy."

WAIFS.

A Toronto young man calls his sweet "Silence," because when he wants to k[illegible] she "gives consent."

A Hamilton girl has a case in which she displays rings received from her captives in matrimonial engagements. Sort of wa[illegible] hoops, as it were.

IT is very easy for stay-at-home families to imagine themselves at the seashore. All they have to do is to catch a few flies and stick them in the butter.

"ARE you going to the ocean?" "No, I am not going to the ocean; I detest the motion but my sister has a notion of going to the ocean, by way of Goschen."

PATTI is said to make fortunes simply by recommending things, but when she recommends "shaving soap," as she has done lately in England, it won't wash.

BERNHARDT won't marry now, of course. She has had an extremely costly tomb built for herself with the name Bernhardt on it, and it's too late to have it changed without spoiling the tomb.

AN old bachelor, who particulary hated literary women, asked an authoress if she could throw any light on kissing. "I could," said she, looking archly at him, "but I think it's better in the dark."

"YOU are now one," said the minister to the happy pair he had just joined together in a knot that they could never undo. "Which one?" asked the bride. "You will have to settle that for yourselves," said the clergyman.

THE other day a lady began to thank a man who gave her his seat in a street car; the car started and she fell into the proffered seat with a bang that jarred her sore teeth out. Now we understand why the girls who never thank a man for any street car civilities hold their peace.

AN exchange says: "A man lives in this vicinity who states that he first met his wife in a storm, took her to the first ball in a storm, popped the question in a storm, was accepted in a storm, and has lived in a storm ever since." That couple must have been Mr. and Mrs. Cy Clone.

ON the shelly shore: "Come, Cicely, my dear, are you not going into the surface?" was the query of an enthusiast in bathing. "Not now, thank you. My toilet is too complete. I can't afford to waste another two hours in getting up my complexion." Her friend had forgotten that the color on her face was not adhesive and would wash off in the waves.

IT was considered an excellent *mot* when the Princess Louise was married to state that now she was all for Lorne. At present she is enjoying all the privileges of a grass widow, and the forlorn individual is the marquis himself, as he prowls disconsolate among the Canadian thistles, and feels as blue as the traditional noses of his quasi subjects.

MILDMAY has never been in the habit of punishing his children, leaving that disagreeable duty to his wife, but the other day one of his numerous progeny became very unruly and he was obliged to say: "Flora, if you don't keep quiet I shall have to whip you." "Pooh!" retorted little 3-year-old, with a contemptuous toss of her dainty head, "You ain't the mother."

HE was a bachelor, had travelled extensively, and could speak any language dead or alive; but when he returned home the other day and talked to his sister's baby, and when it cried and was pacified by its mother saying: "Did his naughty wauty uncle wuncle come homey womey and scarey warey my little putsey wapsey?" he just leaned over the back of the chair and wept.

FACTS AND INCIDENTS.

UNDER the new army scheme the number of Field Marshals in the British service will be limited to six. There are now only three Field Marshals, but it is not intended to fill the three vacancies.

MAURICE DENGREMONT, the boy violinist, is now in Paris. He will return to this country and play in concert during the month of October next. He has selected Sophr's Second Concerto for the next first concert of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society.

A submarine cable is to be laid between Emden, on the Hanoverian coast, and Valentia, in Ireland, to connect Germany directly with the United States. At Valentia the new cable will be attached to the Anglo-American one, which will thus form a second wholly submarine electric tie between America and the continent of Europe.

Garden parties have been the marked feature of the present season in London. Some fifty years ago the most celebrated garden parties were those given by the Duke of Devonshire at Chiswick, by the Duke of Northumberland, whose grounds from Northumberland House ran down to the river, by the Duke Buccleugh at Whitehall Gardens, and by Lady Holland at Holland House. Lady Peel, wife of Sir Robert Peel, then Prime Minister, gave one very brilliant party at his residence in Whitehall Garden. Lady Blessington gave assemblies at Gore House, but they were exclusively for men. The great heat of this summer has given special glory to the garden party.

Prof. Ennis of the Naval Observatory at Washington believes that the tails of comets are