

THE PLACE OF WAILING.

CECIL BURLEIGH IN LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

There is a portion of the old foundation wall of Solomon's Temple in Jerusalem still standing, and to this there clings a religious feeling indulged in by Christian, Hebrew and Mohammedan; but it is in connection with a purely Jewish ceremony or custom that I wish to speak of the ancient wall in this article.

Access is easily had to it on the outer side of the inclosure, occupied by the Mosque of Omar, which is built over the traditional rock of sacrifice whereon Abraham would have offered up Isaac but for divine intervention, and from which Mohammed is said to have ascended to heaven, the rock itself being stayed from falling the prophet by the hand of the angel Gabriel, the imprint of the hand on the rock being shown to credulous believers to this day.

A narrow lane, scarcely more than ten feet wide, runs at the base of the old wall, and here, for a space of about two hundred feet, come the Jews to wail over the loss of their holy city on Fridays, and upon days just preceding any of their great feasts or fasts; as, for instance, the Passover or the Feast of Tabernacles. Nominally they come to lament and pray, and read their religious books, and many of them do all these things, but many more of them come for quite a different purpose, and think less of the loss of Jerusalem than of gain to themselves, the time being mostly devoted to barter and sale, and retelling the latest gossip of the quarter.

Imagine a long stretch of wall, fifty feet high, composed of great, gray stones, each many feet in length and evidently of great thickness; grass and weeds growing between the chinks at the top, and the lower portions worn smooth by the long continued pressing of hands and of lips to its once hard and rough surface. Close to this wall, with their faces almost touching, stand men and women closely packed together

stock shows of the town, and no more to be believed in than are the traditional holy places that are shown to the devout visitor, each one guaranteed to be the actual place where this or that event in biblical history took place, the information being usually accepted as thoroughly authentic.

On my second visit to the wailing place of the Jews, two years after my first, it was with entirely different emotions that I approached the place. I went armed with a camera with which to catch a few character studies and what picturesque bits there might be fitting about, resolving to hold my tears in check until I pressed the button a few times and caught something worth remembering in the future.

There was really no occasion to damp up the lachrymæ flood, and it was entirely unnecessary to force back my emotions so as to be perfectly calm and passive. There was really nothing to be sensitive about. Men in broad-brimmed hats and long coats, with oily faces and curling ear-locks, stood by the wall and groaned and muttered most perfunctorily. Sleek-faced women, wearing their whitest kerchiefs and their gayest head-dresses, sat on comfortable stools, holding their books in their laps, gossiping most amicably with their neighbors, retelling the latest scandal or news of the quarter, doing fancy work like any Christian girl at a summer resort, or taking note of some new and particularly flamboyant design in neckerchiefs, or some fine de siecle method of plaiting the hair, so that it shall be more shiny and redolent of pomade than ever before since the time of David.

Moving about among the mourners and keeping a particular lookout for strangers, whom they regard as their legitimate prey, were beggars—the lame, the halt and the blind—some with an excuse for asking alms and others with none, except that it was

changes of the scene will always be remembered, but only as a show; never as a religious ceremonial to impress the mind and heart with its recollection, for long habit has taken away what seriousness the custom might once have had, while the commercial spirit so greatly in evidence cannot but remind one that not far away—almost on this very site, in fact—the Master once said: "Ye have made my house a den of thieves."

His Funeral.

The minister of a colored church in a Connecticut town gave out a funeral notice one Sunday which came near upsetting the gravity of a visiting clergyman, who had come to preside over some ceremony in the mission church which was connected with his own society. "I had to announce to you, brethren and sisters," said the pastor, earnestly, "that de funeral ob de only surviving son ob de late William Johnson and his widow, Sarah Johnson (formerly Baker), both deceased, will take place and come to occurrence on Tuesday next at twelve m. noon precisely. And I hab to say, brethren and sisters, dat contributions for carrying out ob dat funeral will be in order and acceptations, or else de funeral cannot take place, excepting and save only as a plain burial; for Samuel Johnson has got jes' money enough to bury himself widout any obsequious ceremonies, such as de deserves."

The visiting clergyman was glad to learn that this remarkable appeal was not without effect, and that Samuel, "the only surviving son," did not lack proper "obsequious ceremonies."

Seeing Rome.

The illusions of the foreign traveller are well hit off by some remarks, real or invented, credited to Pope Pius IX. "How long have you been in Rome?" asked Pius IX. of a visitor, one of three who had been admitted to audience.

A MAN FROM THE CAPE



I T was an eccentric picture gallery, with pictures painted by men who were young enough to know better, of sprawling ladies in green, scarlet landscapes, and blue angels. The frames formed in themselves a grim attraction to most of the visitors; the catalogue was usually preserved by suburban patrons for the purpose of frightening birds. Yet the gallery was not without attractions on a cold day when the wind cut along from the Green Park, down Piccadilly, racing another wind which was speeding madly along Pall Mall with a slight start in advance toward Waterloo Place.

"It does one good," said Mr. James Marchant, "to come to a show like this. If I ever go out to the Cape again—"

"Which you won't," said the young lady.

"And I feel wistful—"

"Mal du pays," suggested the young lady.

"Exactly. Why, then, I shall think of this hideous collection of pictures, and I shall feel reconciled to my lot. The Cape is not all honey, but at any rate you do get nature there. And nature is always good."

"I suppose these artists think she can be improved by the introduction of a little novelty."

"I wouldn't," said Mr. James Marchant, waving his stick round the gallery, "I wouldn't give twopenny half-penny for the lot of them."

"I don't suppose they would care to sell them for less."

Mr. James Marchant laughed good-temperedly, and touched her hand, which happened to be resting on her knee. It was a very pretty hand and very neatly gloved, and there was good excuse for him.

"But there is something," he said, lowering his voice, "something in the gallery, Ella, that I would give every penny I have in the world to possess."

"A picture?"

"Prettier than any picture."

"Statuary?"

"Better shaped than any statuary."

"Not disposed of already?"

"I hope not. There is only one difficulty—I am not sure, if I were to make an offer now, that it would be accepted."

"How shall you find out?"

He rose and adjusted his frock coat with the manner of a man to whom for some years frock coats had not been familiar wear. He was a tall brown-faced man, with a good deal of earnestness in his eyes.

"I shall ask Mrs. Beckett."

"O!" she said. She gasped a little before she went on. "And you—you think my stepmother will be—will be able to advise you in the matter?"

"I think she will." They walked slowly on the thick carpet to the swing doors. "Besides, it's only fair to do so."

"It seems to me," she said, rolling up her catalogue very tightly, "rather an old-fashioned mode of procedure."

"There is this excuse in my case. Mrs. Beckett has an idea, I am afraid, that I have brought back from the Cape untold gold. I want to make her



"THEY DON'T KISS ME."

understand that when I say I shall have to work for my living, I really mean it."

"I am glad," she said quietly.

"I know that you are, dear. But I suppose parents are different."

"My parent is."

"And if she objects, why," he looked down upon her affectionately. "I shall just pack you up, Ella, and run off with you."

"Now," she said, delightedly, "that is more old-fashioned than ever. I believe it's an idea you have learnt from the Kafirs. What a wonderful thing ravel is for improving the mind!"

"I shall see you tonight!"

"I am not sure," she said, with her little hand resting for a moment in his. "I think the invitation is for two only."

"I have a great mind," said Mr. James Marchant, looking down at her affectionately, "to kiss you."

"That is no evidence of a great mind," she said reprovingly. "Besides, you are in London now."

"And don't people kiss in London?"

"They don't kiss me, Mr. Marchant."

"I am very glad of that."

"And people don't talk of kissing at the doors of picture galleries?"

"I am afraid," said James Marchant apologetically, "that I have much to learn before I become recivilized. The Cape makes one forget all one's manners."

"It has not made you forget your friends," she said.

"There was one," he said, as he assisted her into the hansom, "she was only a small girl—"

"Not old enough to count?"

"Of whom I thought every day of my life out there."

There were tears in her eyes that challenged the lightness of her good-by. The small gloved hand was pressed in the big fist of the man from the Cape for one moment, and then he gave the address to the driver.

A bright face with the tears of happiness still there looked through the glass as the hansom drove off, and Mr. James Marchant strode away with a glad heart to see a business man in Bedford street. For men who want to earn money must force their thoughts away even from the direction of pleasant young women.

It was by great dexterity that at dinner in Duke Street Mansions that night Mr. James Marchant contrived to get himself paired with the excellent Mrs. Beckett. Mrs. Beckett declared herself enchanted; but this was so frequent a declaration on the part of Mrs. Beckett that it was held to mean something less than the phrase really meant.

"I should have thought you would have insisted, simply insisted on taking down my dear Madeline."

Mrs. Beckett fluttered her fan at Mr. Marchant in a manner that had in the early seventies been pronounced bewitching.

"I want particularly to speak to you, Mrs. Beckett. I want to offer myself—"

"S—s—sh," said Mrs. Beckett mysteriously. "Not a word. I know exactly what you are going to say. Madeline, my dear." She called to a tall, bony damsel just in front of them.

"You haven't shaken hands with dear Mr. Marchant. How very remiss of you. The dear girl is so thoughtless; do you know, Mr. Marchant, that I declare to goodness I believe she's in love?"

Miss Madeline received this railing with a grim smile and shook hands with Mr. Marchant. Miss Madeline explained that her half-sister Ella had remained at home because she had some writing to do.

"Poor Ella," said Mrs. Beckett, with effusive sympathy, "poor, dear girl. I'm really dreadfully fond of her. You must give me your advice, Mr. Marchant, concerning her at dinner. I feel already—forgive me for saying so—I feel already as though you were one of the family."

Mrs. Beckett gave her little cackle of self-approval and general satisfaction and went on as they seated themselves at table.

"I have noticed it all along, do you know, and I am so delighted. Quite enchanted really. And my influence with the dear girl will make her like you. I dare say you may have thought her a little—what shall I say—cold?—but, as a matter of fact, it has only been—O, bless my soul, thick soup, please—what is the expression? It has only been—it has only been—"

"Maldenly reserve?" suggested Marchant.

"Pre—cisely! Pre—cisely what I was trying to say. How clever of you, dear Mr. Marchant. I can understand now how it was you got on so well in South Africa. And your assertion that you had come home with very little was, I could see, only a pretense to try us.—Yes, sherry, please."

"I want to speak to you about that, Mrs. Beckett. I'm afraid you don't realize what I mean when I say that I haven't brought much home with me."

"Now, my dear Mr. Marchant."

"You must allow me, please, to tell you exactly my position. Unless I work and earn money we shan't have—"

"Mr. Marchant! This elaborate ruse is one that I have heard of before. A woman like myself doesn't live in this world for—well, a certain number of years for nothing."

"No," said Mr. Marchant; "it costs money, I know."

"That is not at all what I mean. But when you came back from the Cape a few weeks ago and hinted that you had only a few hundreds I could see through it at once. It was—this is a dreadfully slangy expression—too thin. But the dear girl, of course, didn't see through it, and consequently you may feel quite sure that she will love you for yourself alone. That's all you wanted, isn't it?"

"That, certainly, is all that I wanted, but—"

"And, fortunately enough, to confirm my suspicions, I came across a letter addressed to a friend of mine—she didn't know that I saw it, but I managed to do so all the same—from your partner, Burchison."

"Really?" Mr. James Marchant was suddenly interested.

"And Mr. Burchison said that you and he had made a pile—such an odd expression isn't it—of £20,000. And he said that he thought you would both stay on for a few years, but as we know you sensibly came home."

Mrs. Beckett looked triumphantly across at her angular daughter opposite, who was bawling information about the weather to a deaf archdeacon, and then at Marchant. She shook her head waggishly at the man from the Cape.

"Can I see that letter?" he asked sharply.

"Fortunately I have it in my pocket, but I really don't know whether I ought to show it to you. You see it is private."

"Is that why you took it, Mrs. Beckett?"

"Come, come, Mr. Marchant. Don't be too severe. One has to keep one's eyes open in this world."

She found the letter with some difficulty—for the pockets in ladies' dresses are remote and difficult of access—and under ambush of his plate Marchant read it.

"Mrs. Beckett," he said excitedly, "you have, without knowing it, done me a very great service. Burchison declared to me that he had invested our gains and that all the money had been lost. It seems from this letter that he has behaved shamefully, and I shall make him disgorge every penny that belongs to me. I shall go back to the Cape by the next boat."

"This is very unsatisfactory," declared Mrs. Beckett aggrievedly. "You can't very well get married before next Saturday."

"The dear girl will wait," he answered confidently.

"I'm not so sure of that," said Mrs. Beckett with some snappishness. "Dear Madeline is not so young as she was."

"So I should judge. But what has she to do with the affair? Is she to be bridesmaid?"

"Madeline has been bridesmaid often enough," said Madeline's mother. "This time, providing this money affair of yours comes out right, she will be the bride."

"Whose bride, Mrs. Beckett?"

"Why, bless the man," cried Mrs. Beckett, "yours."

"I don't see how that can be managed with convenience. There's a law against bigamy, I believe. Besides, I only want to marry your stepdaughter."

"Ella?" cried Mrs. Beckett amazedly. "If you don't mind."

Mrs. Beckett laid down her fish knife and fork and stared distractedly around the table at the other guests. Finally her eyes rested on Madeline, and she frowned so much at that young lady that Madeline asked across the table in an audible tone if she were ill.

"Ill?" echoed Mrs. Beckett tartly; "I have uncommonly good cause to be. To think that I have taken all this trouble for the sake of poor Mr. Beckett's ridiculous little daughter by his first wife. Why, she isn't worth—"

"Excuse me," interrupted Marchant promptly; "you will remember, please, that you are speaking of a lady who is to be my wife."

"Bah!" said Mrs. Beckett.—Chambers' Journal.

Another Triumph for the X-Rays.

The scientific journals and the community at large are interested in another wonderful surgical operation made possible by the X-rays. A child born with a deformed arm has been examined under the new light, and it is shown to be clearly possible to remove the bones of a superfluous arm and hands, an operation that would not have been possible without the skiagraph to show precisely the connection and location of the bones. With the aid of these rays the surgeon may ascertain beyond the shadow of a question the formation and, to an extent, the condition, of the bones of any living creature. To do this is triumph over one class of diseases that has for many years baffled the ablest practitioners. Operating on the bones is and always has been a most delicate and risky undertaking, but now there is no doubt as to the accuracy of the diagnosis when the rays are turned upon the affected part. A photograph is absolutely truthful, and science has enabled the surgeon to triumph over pain and lead suffering captive.

Necessary.

"Do you think," said the lady who was shopping, "that anybody would steal this umbrella if I were to leave it for a few minutes?"

"Really, madam," replied the clerk, "I should not like to venture an opinion without first examining the umbrella."

—Washington Star.

Wash-a-Kie Baptized.

After living a pagan and polygamist for ninety-three years, Wash-a-kie, chief of the Shoshones, has been baptized at Fort Washakie, Wyo. He is one of the bravest and wisest of the Indians of the west.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

"Now for another Arctic expedition," said Fogg, as he started on a search for his overshoes.—Boston Transcript.

A gentleman who recently died in Portland, Me., bequeathed \$3,000 for a fund, the interest of which is to be expended in caring for neglected graves in Evergreen Cemetery, that city.

In Waterford, Me., there is a pastor who used to be an expert boxer in his college days, and this winter he has been giving lessons in the manly art to the youths of his neighborhood.

San Francisco is soon to have the largest plant in the world for disposing of the city's refuse by fire. There will be thirty-two furnaces with a capacity for disposing of 400 tons of material a day.

The two oldest newspapers in Spain are the Gazette de Madrid, founded in 1661, and the Diario de Barcelona, founded in 1792. The latter has a circulation of 20,000, and is the only large Spanish paper that appears twice a day.

A paper published in Switzerland makes the astonishing assertion that there are in that country no fewer than 3,955 women's societies, with nearly 100,000 members. Most of them have charitable or utilitarian objects in view.

Florida will this year plant a large acreage in tobacco. A northern firm has bought 6,000 acres near Quincy, in Gadsden county, and will put it all in tobacco. The same firm has been making a successful test upon a 100-acre tract.

The midnight music of cats so annoyed Jerome Summers of Weaverville, N. Y., that he hurried out barefooted with his pistol to shoot them. In the yard he stepped upon a rusty nail, which caused lockjaw, and in ten days he died.



THE JEWS' WAILING PLACE, SOLOMON'S WALL, JERUSALEM.

er in a long line, praying and wailing, their faces anxious, their eyes filled with tears, and now and then their glances turned to the clear, blue sky above, as if half expecting to see the promised Messiah coming out of the heavens to restore to them their ancient glory and the city which they have lost—it maybe, forever. Old men and youths, gray beards and striplings, young girls and shriveled old women crowd each other, and for hours this singular ceremony continues.

I must confess that upon my first visit to the Jews' wailing place, as this part of the old wall is called, I was greatly impressed by the double line of mourners, one at the wall, the other opposite it, along the wall forming the backs of houses, bazaars or workshops. The grief of those gathered there seemed real, their tears genuine, their sorrow most sincere, and I felt that I had no right to stand there and stare at them, nor to treat their religious custom as if it were a play, or an exhibition of some sort. I know that I could not do it, at all events, and that I turned away with a lump in my throat and tears starting to my own eyes, feeling that before I was aware I might myself be lamenting the loss of Jerusalem. I simply walked away and stood aloof, while the others of our party stared and asked questions to their heart's content.

Repetition dulls the senses, however, and I believe that if I went very often to the Jews' wailing place on a Friday afternoon I would soon become thoroughly hardened and come to regard the exhibition as merely one of the

the easiest way to make a living. There are, however, six thousand professional beggars in Jerusalem, and the field is so crowded that it is no longer possible for any one to make a decent living by begging in the holy city. The rabbis sought out the strangers also, selling them brass money to be given in charity, and afterward redeemed by them when presented in sufficient quantities, offering chairs to the ladies—for a consideration—and selling nails at a half-franc apiece. In short, the ceremony seemed to be made the occasion for making as much money as possible, and the gayly dressed women and the picturesque men, some in bright velvet gowns, with big, fur-trimmed hats, seemed only a part of the exhibition, and one could not but think of those who wailed the loudest and shed the most tears were the star performers and received the largest salaries.

There is a tradition of belief among the Jews that if one leaves the city he is sure to return some day if he will only drive a nail in the chinks of the temple wall, this nail being something which binds him to his native city. These nails are drawn out and sold to strangers, and the rustier the nail and the more difficult it is to be drawn, the better price it commands. If the tradition holds good, however, I know of one poor Jew who will never return, and he must have been sure of it, too, by the way that spikes were driven in.

The long, high wall, the groups of picturesque men and women, the life, the motion, the shifting color, the many

"Three weeks," was the answer. "Ah, then you have seen Rome. And how long have you been here?" he continued, turning to the second visitor.

"Three months," answered the man. "You, then, have begun to see Rome. And you, sir," addressing the third visitor, "how long have you been here?"

"Three years," was the reply. "Ah, yes," said the pope, "then you have not begun to see Rome."

Women Put Out Fires.

In the little town of Nasso, in Sweden, the firemen happen to be women, however paradoxical that sounds. The place is only a little village, and four enormous tubs constitute the "waterworks." One hundred and fifty women make up the fire department, and one of their duties consists in always keeping the tubs filled with water. The women are fine workers. It is said, and know how to handle a fire with as little confusion as possible.

Just You Wait.

The temperance society of an Ohio town recently purchased the only saloon in the town limits and burned all of the fixtures with appropriate ceremonies. The owner was recently converted at a revival meeting, and the prohibitionists are now booming him for mayor.

Boiled alligator fish tastes very much like veal. It is much eaten in India.