THE SILENT SHORE.

A Romance.

By JNO. BLOUNDELLE-BURTON

Chapter XV.

"I knew him intimately," Senor Guffanta said. "It is about him and his murderer that I have come to talk."

These were the words with which he had responded to Lord Penlyn's reception of him; and, as he uttered them, a hope had sprung up in the young man's breast that, in the handsome Spaniard who stood before him, some one might have been found who, from his knowledge of his brother, would be able to throw some light upon, or clue to, his death.

"I cannot tell you," he said, "how welcome this information is to me. We have tried everything in our power to gather some knowledge that might lead towards finding—first, some one who would be likely to have a reason for his death; and, afterwards, the man who killed him. If you knew him intimately, it may be that you can assist us."

The Senor had taken the seat offered him by Penlyn, and from the time that he had first sat down, until now, he had not removed his dark piercing eyes from the other's face. But, as he continued to fix his glance upon Penlyn, there had come into his own face a look of surprise, a look that seemed to express a baffled feeling of consternation.

"*Caramba*," he said to himself while the other was speaking. "*Caramba*, what mystery is there here? I have made a mistake. I have erred in some way; how have I deceived myself? Yet I could have sworn by the blood of San Pedro that I was sure."

Then, when Lord Penlyn had ceased speaking, he said aloud:

"You will pardon me—but I am labouring under no mistake? You are Lord Penlyn?"

The other looked at him for a moment, wondering what such a question meant. Then he answered him:

"There is no mistake. I am Lord Penlyn."

The Spaniard passed his hand across his eyes as he heard this, but did not speak; and Lord Penlyn said:

"May I ask why you inquire?"

"Because—because I had thought—because I wished to be sure of whom I was speaking to."

"You may rest assured. And now, sir, let me hear what you know about this unhappy Mr. Cundall and his life?"

"I know much about him. To begin with, I know that he was your brother—your elder brother—and that you have come to possess his name."

Lord Penlyn started and said: "You know that? May I ask how you know it?"

"It is not necessary for me to say. It is sufficient that I do know it. But it is not of that that I come to talk."

"Of what have you to talk then?"

"Of his murderer."

"Of his murderer!" the other repeated. "Ah! Senor Guffanta, is it possible that you can give any clue, is it possible that you think you will be able to find the man who killed him?"

"*I am sure of it.*"

Lord Penlyn stared at him as he spoke, stared at him while in his mind there was a feeling of astonishment, mixed with something like awe, of this strange visitor. The dark, powerful-looking stranger, sat there before him perfectly calm and unmoved, looking straight at him as he spoke these words of import, "I am sure of it," and spoke them as though he was speaking of some ordinary incident. And in his calmness there was something that told the other that it was born of certainty.

"If you can do that, Senor Guffanta," he said, "there is nothing that you can ask from me, there is nothing that I can give that——"

"There is nothing I want of you," the Spaniard said, interrupting him, and making a disdainful motion with his long, brown hand. "I am not a paid police spy."

"I beg your pardon," the other answered. "I had no thought of offence. Only, sir, it is the wish of my life, and of some others who knew and loved him, to see him avenged."

"And it is the wish of my life also. Will you hear a short story?"

"I will hear anything you have to say."

"Then listen. I was born in Honduras, the child of a Spanish lady and of a friend of the old Englishman, Cundall, him from whom your brother's wealth was derived. That friend was a scoundrel, a man who tricked my mother into a marriage with him under a false name, who never was her husband at all. When they had been married, as she thought, for some few years, and when another child, my sister, had been born, she found out the deception, and—she killed him."

"Killed him!" Penlyn exclaimed.

"Yes, dead! We spaniards brook no dishonour, we never allow a wrong to pass unavenged. She showed him the evidence of his falsehood in one hand, and with the other she shot him dead upon his own verandah. She was tried and instantly acquitted, and, in consideration of the wrong she had suffered, a law was made constituting her legally his wife, and making us children legitimate. But the disgrace was to her—a high-minded, noble woman—too much; she fell ill and died. Then the old man, Cundall, seeing that it was his friend's evil-doing that had led to our being orphans, said that hence-forth we should be his care. So we grew up, and I had learnt to look upon myself and my sister as his heirs, when one day there came another who, it was easy to see, had supplanted us. It was the English lad, Walter Cundall."

"I begin to see," Penlyn said.

"At first," Senor Guffanta went on, "I hated him for spoiling our chances, but at last I could hate him no longer. Gradually, his gentle disposition, his way of interceding for me with his uncle, when I had erred, above all his tenderness to my poor sister, who was sick and deformed, won my love. Had he been my brother I could not have loved him more. Then—then, as years went on, I committed a fault, and the old man cast me off for ever. Another man tried to take from me the woman I loved—she was a vile thing worth no man's love; but—no matter how—I avenged myself. But from that day the old man turned against me, and would neither see nor hear of me again.

"A year or two passed and then I heard from Walter, for my sister and I had left Los Torros (the town where we had all lived) and had gone elsewhere, that the old man was dead. 'He has left everything to me,' Walter wrote, 'and there is no mention of you nor Juanna, but be assured neither of you shall ever want for anything.'"

"Stop," Lord Penlyn said, "you need tell me no more. I know the rest."

"You know the rest?" Senor Guffanta said, looking fixedly at him, "You know the rest?"

"Yes. You are *Corot*."

A bewildered look came over the Spaniard's face, and then, after a second's pause, he said:

"Yes. I am *Corot*. It was the name given me by the Mestizos amongst whom I played as a boy, and it kept to me. It is you, then, Lord Penlyn, who has set this Dobson to look for me?"

"Yes; we found your letters to him, and from one of them we believed you to be in England. We thought that—that——"

"That I killed him?"

"You threatened him in one of your letters. We were justified in thinking so."

"He, at least, did not think so. Read this."

He took from his pocket a letter written by Walter Cundall during the few days he had been back in England, and gave it to Penlyn. It ran:

"*June* 188—.

"My dear Corot,

"I am delighted to hear you are in England, and have got an appointment as agent for Don Rodriguez in London, Perhaps, now, I shall have some respite from those fearful threats which, at intervals, from your boyhood, you have hurled at me, at Juanna, and every one you really love. Come and see me when you can, only come as late as possible as I am out much; and we will have a talk about the old place and old times.

"Ever yours, in haste, W. C.

"P.S.—I wish poor Juanna could have lived to know of your good fortune."

"Do you think I should murder that man, Lord Penlyn?" Senor Guffanta asked quietly. "That man who, when he heard of my good fortune, could think of how happy it would have made my beloved sister—she who is now in her grave."

"Whatever I may have thought must be ascribed to the intense desire I and my friends have to find his murderer, and you must pardon the suspicion that came to our minds in reading your letters. But, Senor Guffanta, let us forget that and speak about finding him, since you also are anxious to avenge Walter, and feel sure that you can do so."

"I am perfectly sure. And before long I shall stand face to face with him. Then his doom is certain!"

Again Lord Penlyn noticed the self-constrained calm of the man, and again he told himself that he spoke with such an air of certainty that it was impossible to doubt him. For one moment the thought came to his mind that this apparent calmness, this certainty of finding the murderer, might be a rôle assumed by Guffanta to prevent suspicion falling upon him. But on reflection that thought took flight. Had he been the murderer he would never have revealed himself, would never have allowed it to be known that he was *Corot*, the man against whom circumstances had looked so black. And Cundall's letter was sufficient to show that what the Senor had told him, about the friendship that had existed between them, was true.

"You must know more than any of us, Senor Guffanta, as no doubt you do—to inspire you with such confidence of finding him. Had he any enemy in Honduras, who may now be in England, and have done this deed?"

"To my knowledge, none. He was a man who made friends, not enemies."

"How then, do you hope to find the man who killed him?"

"I hope nothing, Lord Penlyn, for I am sure to find him. What will you say when I tell you that I have seen his murderer's face?"

"You have seen his face? You know it!" the other exclaimed, springing to his feet. "Oh, let me at once send for the detectives and the lawyers, so that you may describe him to them, and let them endeavour to find him. But," he said suddenly, "where have you seen him?"

There was an almost contemptuous smile upon the Senor Guffanta's face as he said:

"Send for no one—at least, not yet. If by the detectives you mean Dobson, the heavy man, he will not assist me, and of the lawyers I know nothing; and at present I will not tell you when and where I have seen this man. But, sir—but, Lord Penlyn, I know one thing. When that man and I once more stand face to face Walter Cundall, who shielded me from his uncle's wrath, who was as a brother to my beloved Juanna, will be avenged."

"What will you do?" Penlyn asked in an almost awe-struck whisper. "You will not take the law into your own hands and kill him?"

"No; it maybe not! But with these hands alone," and he held them out extended to Penlyn as he spoke, "I will drag him to a prison which he shall only leave for a scaffold. Drag him there, I say, unless my blood gets the better of my reason, and I throttle him like a dog by the way."

He, too, had risen in his excitement; and as he stood towering in his height, which was great, above the other, and extended his long sinewy hands in front of him, while his deep brown skin turned to an almost darker hue, Penlyn felt that this man before him would be the avenger of his brother's death. So terrible did he look, that the other wondered how that murderer would feel when he should be in his grasp.

He stepped forward to Guffanta and held out his hand to him. "Sir," he said, "I thank God that you and I have met. But can we do nothing to assist you in your search? May I not tell the detectives what you know?"

"You may tell them everything I have told you; it will not enable them to be in my way. But what I have to do I must do by myself." He paused a moment; then he said; "it may be that when you do tell them, they will still think that I am the man——"

"No, no!"

"Yes, it may be so. Well, if they want to spy upon my actions, if they want to know what I do and where I go, I am to be found at the Hôtel Lepanto—that is when I am not here in this house, for I must ask you—I have a reason—to let me come to you as I want."

Penlyn bowed, and said some words to the effect that he should always be free of the house, and the other continued:

"My business here as agent for Don Rodriguez, a wealthy merchant of Honduras, will not occupy me much at present, the rest of my time will be devoted to the one purpose of finding that man."

"I pray that you may be successful."

"I shall be successful," the Spaniard answered quietly.

"And now," he said, "I will ask you to do one thing."

"Ask me anything and I will do it."

"You have a garden behind your house," Senor Guffanta said, "how is admission obtained to it?"

Lord Penlyn stared at him wonderingly, not knowing what this question might mean, and then he said:

"There is an entrance from the back of this house, and another from an iron gate in the side street. But why do you ask? no one ever goes into it. It is damp, and even the paths are partly overgrown with weeds."

"There are keys to those entrances?"

"Yes."

"And in your possession?" and, as he spoke, his dark eyes were fixed very intently on the young man.

"They are somewhere about the house, but they are never used."

"I wish them found. Then, when they are found, I must ask you to give me your word of honour that no living creature, not even you yourself, will enter that garden without my knowing it. Will you do this?"

"I will do it," Penlyn said. "But I wish you would tell me your reason."

"I will tell you nothing more at present. But remember that I have a task to perform, and that I shall do it."

Then he left him, and walked away to the neighbourhood of Leicester-square.

"What I have seen to-day," he said to himself, "would have baffled many a man. But you, Miguel, are different from other men, You are not baffled, you are only still more determined to do what you have to do. But who is he?—who is he? *Caramba*! he is not Lord Penlyn!"

(To be continued).

The new editor of the *Globe* (in succession to Mr. Locker, who has been appointed editor of the *Morning Post*) is Mr. Armstrong, son of Sir George Armstrong, the proprietor of the paper.

Lance-sergeant Merton, West Riding Regiment, committed suicide by shooting himself at Dover.

WORK AND WAGES.

THE NORTHUMBERLAND COAL TRADE.

The Northumberland Coalowners' Association held a meeting at the Coal Trade Office, Newcastle, on Saturday for the purpose of taking into consideration the wages of the deputies of the mines and the decision was to reduce the wages of these officials by 3d. per day. With this reduction the wages of all the men connected with the collieries of Northumberland will have been reduced since the close of the first quarter of the year.

BRICKMAKERS' STRIKE IN VIENNA.

The brickmakers' strike in Vienna is now at an end, the employers having been forced by weight of public opinion against them to make concessions. The brickmakers have not won the day entirely. Instead of being raised 50 per cent., their wages are raised 15 and 20 per cent. only; still the figures have been fixed under the eyes of the Government, and cannot be altered at pleasure. The employers have moreover pledged themselves to make improvements in their workmen's lodgings so as to conform with the sanitary laws.

THREATENED RAILWAY STRIKE IN FRANCE.

The congress of railway employees held another private sitting at Paris. It is asserted that at its sitting on Saturday the congress, after a lively discussion, adopted the principle of a general strike in the event of Parliament passing the Bill forbidding railway employees to strike work.

THE BOOT TRADE SETTLEMENT.

Reports have been received at the headquarters of the National Union of Shoe Operatives in Leicester of the votes which have been adopted by various centres of the trade with respect to the Board of Trade agreement. Public meetings of the Unionists have now been held at Manchester, Bristol, Wolverhampton, Derby, Cork, Maybole, Dublin, and Norwich. At each and all of these centres votes of confidence in the executive have been adopted, and supplemented by the expression of the hope that in working out the terms of settlement an understanding would be arrived at satisfactory to both employers and employed.

The ballot of the Northampton members of the Shoe Operatives' Union on the settlement by the Union leaders closed on Saturday afternoon. The figures, which were made known in the course of the evening, were: For the settlement, 1,554; against, 780; majority for the settlement, 774. Only about one-half of those entitled to vote did so.

LANCASHIRE COTTON TRADE.

It is reported that there are evidences of improvement in the Lacanshire cotton trade. During the past few days a considerable quantity of machinery, which has been idle for some time, has been set going, and some firms have secured orders for three and four months to come. There is no doubt the close of the war in the East has assisted to raise prices, and to advance the trade. Several new mills are being built or completed in Northern Lancashire, and the production will be correspondingly increased. There, however, is no fear as to new mills equipped with best machinery and well managed not paying. The number of disputes between the operatives and employers is small. The prices of yarn are almost keeping pace with cotton advances.

WHOLESALE INSURANCE FRAUDS.

At the Central Criminal Court, London, George Sherlock, brass finisher; James Smith, bricklayer; Henry Moore and Charles Walters, labourers, were indicted for conspiring to cheat the Liverpool Victoria Friendly Society, the Refuge Assurance Company, and other friendly societies. They were also charged with stealing policies of insurance, with forging receipts, and with feloniously causing to be inserted in certain registers of deaths various false entries.—In opening the case Mr. Avory said that the allegation against the accused was that they had carried out a wholesale scheme of fraud on insurance offices. Their plan was to ascertain the names of persons whose lives were insured, and then by some trick to obtain possession of the policies. This they did by representing themselves to be officers of the societies. Their next dodge was to get possession of blank certificates of death, and they seemed to have ascertained that Dr. Reid, of Lambeth-road, kept his book of certificates in a place where it could be easily obtained from the surgery. Accordingly, two of the men—Smith and another—waited about until they saw Dr. Reid leave his house. The two men then called at the house and pretended to want to see Dr. Reid. They were admitted to the surgery, and while there succeeded in stealing the certificates of death. Their next move was to fill up the blank death certificates in the names of the insured, and with the policies to present them at the insurance offices. In several cases they were enabled to get payment of the sums insured, but the frauds were discovered and the accused were arrested. When Walters was taken in custody he seized a hatchet, observing, "I'll give it them 'tecs." After the arrest the accused made various incriminatory statements, and according to these, Smith was represented as the man who instructed the others how to carry out the frauds. He (Smith) told them that the Prudential Insurance Company must be left alone, as, before they settled any claim, they wanted to see the corpse (laughter). Moore was alleged to have made some of the claims, and he usually appeared at the offices of the company on a pair of crutches, which were produced in court.—Smith was found guilty, and the other prisoners pleaded guilty to counts in the indictment.—Convictions of penal servitude were proved against Smith and Moore, and of hard labour against Walters.—Mr. Avory said that Dr. Reid lost 14 blank certificates from his surgery, and Dr. Josephs, of Battersea, 40, and it was impossible to say how many people were registered and certified as dead, who still believed that they were living (laughter).—The Common Serjeant sentenced Smith to seven years' penal servitude, Moore and Walters to five years' each, and Sherlock to nine months' hard labour.—The police were commended for their conduct in arresting the prisoners.

THE BOOT TRADE STRIKE.

SIR C. BOYLE ON THE SETTLEMENT.

Sir Courtenay Boyle, Permanent Secretary of the Board of Trade, visited Leicester as the guest of Alderman Lennard, chairman of the Gas Committee of the Corporation, on the occasion of the formal inauguration of new electric lighting works by the town. He was very heartily received by a large and representative company, and at the luncheon which followed responded to the toast of "Trade and Commerce," proposed by Sir Thomas Wright, president of the late National Conference in the shoe trade. Sir Courtenay said he would like to point out that it was not quite certain that it would be a wholesome idea that, whenever a trade dispute of sufficient magnitude arose, there would be a Minister of State or a Department of State to solve it. It was conceivable that such an idea might have the effect of encouraging people to go into such disputes with a lighter heart and with less circumspection than they would otherwise exercise. Therefore he would say that there was almost a better scheme for settling trade disputes, which was to be found in one or other of those measures which were now under the attention of Parliament by which bodies, not necessarily State Department bodies, could be set up with facilities for conciliation and, if necessary, arbitration (hear, hear). He thought that whenever there was a trade dispute they should utilise to the utmost such magnificent services and such high abilities as those which had been shown by Sir Thomas Wright—(cheers)—and that it was only in the last resort that recourse should be had to a State Department.

George Ninn, 69, an inmate of the Metropolitan Benefit Societies' Asylum, London, was charged on a warrant with attempting to commit suicide. Constable Tucker saw him in the porch of the chapel attached to the almshouses "sawing away at his throat with a razor." There was a deep gash in his throat. He said, "I have suffered a lot, and it drove me mad. I wish you had not come so soon, I should have been done by now." He was remanded for the state of his mind to be inquired into.

WIT AND HUMOUR.

Babies should never put a gift horse in the mouth.

There is but one perfect man—her first husband.

There is nothing one can get accustomed to quicker than luxury.

"Is the medicine hard to take?" "No. Just as easy as the cold was."

Philosophy is a first-rate thing to assuage somebody else's sorrow.

It is estimated that a woman has the last word and eighty-two per cent. of the preceding conversation.

To erect a monument to a man during his lifetime would at least increase by one the number of possible anonymous subscribers.

With most of us it is up to-day and down to-morrow, and the day after and many succeeding days.

This is "the theory and practice of medicine." You look ill and try to tell the doctor what ails you. He looks wise and tries to give you a remedy

Smithers: "Brown, you are a well-read man. What do you think is the greatest thing about this world?" Brown: "Well, to be accurate, Smithers, I think it's the circumference."

A Slight Difference.—Maud: "And Mr. Meanitall really said that I was better looking than ever?" Marie (wickedly): "No, dear. He simply said you were looking better.

Couldn't Hear Himself.—Forrester: "Your dog has quit barking at night, it seems." Lancaster: "Yes; he got discouraged, I suppose. We have twins at our house now you know."

In His Vocabulary.—She (writing a letter): "What is a synonym for artistic?" He: "Expensive."

Professor von Blitzen (the conjurer): "One of my tricks is to draw an egg from the pocket of every man in the audience." Barnes Tomer (the actor, sadly): "That is one of mine, too."

A Doubled Burden.—"Henpeck more than shows his years." "Yes; he has to carry part of his wife's. She still sticks to thirty."

A Man of His Word.—"Here, this horse is blind. Why did you tell me it's sight was good?" "I didn't. I said it's sight was never better, and it's Gospel truth. The beast was born blind."

"How little we know what is in store for us!" murmured the cabbage as it hurried through the air. "A month ago I never dreamed of going on the stage.

In Doubt.—In Maine, a number of years ago, lived a couple—the wife a good woman, but not very brilliant in intellect. The husband had been very intemperate, but had reformed, although at times his appearance suggested that the reformation was not a complete one. One day the worthy woman called upon a neighbour, and during the conversation anxiously asked her "If she could tell her how long the odour of liquor remained after a man left off drinking? for her husband signed the pledge two years before, and his breath still smelled of liquor!"

Very Flighty.—"I'm dreadfully afraid that Cousin Jasper's wife is an awful gadabout," said Mrs. Sassafras to her husband, after a visit to her wealthy relatives in the city. "Why, mother?" "Well, she has her name printed on cards, and in the corner it says 'Tuesdays.' I asked her what it meant, and she said that was her day at home. Think of it, Abner! Only home one day in the week!"

Wooed an' Married and A'.—Mr. Gadd: "Oh, have you heard the news? Miss De Ledger and her father's bookkeeper were secretly married six months ago." Mrs. Gabb: "Dearie me! How did it leak out?" Mrs. Gadd: "Someone overheard them quarrelling."

"I suppose you want the lady's name engraved inside, sir?" said the jeweller, after Tillinghast had selected an engagement ring. "Oh, no," replied the careful young man. "Just put inside 'To my heart's own treasure,' or 'The star of my life.'"

Took It Back.—Tom Singleton: "I hear you're engaged. Congratulate you, my boy." Benny Dictus: "You didn't hear it quite right. I'm married." Tom Singleton: "Oh, excuse me, old man!"

"I conclude that's a fly," said the young trout. "You are quite right, my dear," said the mother. "But you mustn't jump at conclusions. It is a fly, but I fear that man made it."

The sum total.—"How much is seven and nine?" asked the teacher. "Dunno," said the boy at the foot of the class. "Well, suppose I say that your father and your uncle went fishing on Saturday"——"They didn't go fishin'," "Well, just suppose that they did, and your father brought home seven fish, and your uncle nine more—what would that be?" "It'd be are awful surprise to ma!" said he, with an appreciative grin.

The Mass Meeting.—Orator: "My friends, the time is coming when we shall own the railroads" —— Everybody: "Hooray!" "We will own the mills and the mines, there will be no more poverty, there will no plutocrats"—— "Hip! Hip! Hi! Hi!" "No, my friends, there will be no more soft-handed plutocrats"—— "Good!" "For every man will have to work three hours a day." "Put him out! Knock the traitor on the head! Lynch him! Lynch him!"

The After-Effect. — Ada: "Does drinking make you nervous?" Reggy Hardup: "It makes me nervous to drink champagne if I think I'll have to pay for it."

Brosonhurst: "I wish you would tell me something about chickens. What kind of food do they like best?" Howson Lott: "Mine seem to prefer the flower seeds my wife sowed in the garden."

Easy if you know how.—"Do you know," said the Cheerful Idiot, "that it is the easiest thing in the world to tell whether a man is going out on a journey or returning by the way he carries his valise?" "I never thought of that," said the youngest boarder. "What is the difference?" The Cheerful Idiot settled himself a little firmer in his chair and gloated a moment before answering. "It's just this way," he went on. "When a man is going away he carries his valise towards the railroad station, and when he is coming back he carries it in the other direction."

One Good Deed.—Mrs. De Ruffle: "If you ever did any good in this wide world, I'd like to know what it is." Mr. De Ruffle: "Well, for one thing, I saved you from dying an old maid."

She was well up on the Subject.—The professor of natural philosophy had just completed a lecture on the "Forces of Cohesion and Adhesion." He had been extremely careful to explain the difference between the two; and in order to test the know'edge of the class upon the subject he asked a demure young lady on the front seat: "Miss ——, you powder your face, what it is that keeps the powder in place? What keeps it from falling off?" The maiden, thoroughy startled at the question, seemed to be in doubt for a few moments, and then, with sparkling eyes and animated countenance, made the remarkable answer: "Glycerine!"

Foreman: "We need a few lines to block out a column." Rural Editor (wearily): "Well, say 'The Prince of Wales has begun wearing old clothes, because they are more comfortable.' Perhaps it will start a fashion that you and I can follow."

COLLIERY EXPLOSION IN SCOTLAND.

LOSS OF LIFE.

A terrible explosion took place on Friday in the Quarter coal pit, Dunipace Denny, near Stirling, belonging to Messrs. Baird. Of those in the mine by 2 o'clock 164 were brought to the bank, but the remainder of the shift, 13 men, were engaged in the section of the working district near the seat of the explosion, and the worst fears were entertained for their safety. Exploring parties were busy, but the section was in a dangerous state, and the air courses were being dealt with. The pit is 140 fathoms deep, and the new working district is nearly 400 fathoms from the bottom of the shaft. All hope of rescuing the remaining thirteen men alive was abandoned owing to the distance of the working district from the pit head.

SELECTED READINGS.

Time Measurers.—In ancient times there were neither clocks nor watches by which time might be measured. The only instrument in use calculated to be of service in this respect was the sundial which appears to have been known in very early times. It was most likely invented by the Egyptians, from whom its use spread among the Chaldeans and Jews, or Hebrews, it being mentioned in the Old Testament. The Greeks became acquainted with the sundial from the Jews, and from the Greeks it was derived by the Romans, who were the means of introducing it into the western nations of Europe. Before they thus became acquainted with sundials, they measured time by means of a thing called a clepsydra, a word signifying in Greek "I steal water," the time being reckoned by the dropping of water; and it was the duty of a slave to attend and make a sound at the recurrence of every certain number of drops. Clepsydræ were long used in both Greek and Roman courts and assemblies, and, like our sand-glasses, they determined the length of time which members were permitted to speak.

Tramps of 300 years ago.—In a book entitled "Caveat, or a Warning for Common Cursetors, vulgarly called Vagabonds," whose author, "A Poor Gentleman," had drawn it up "for the utility and profit of his native country," we have a good deal of curious information of the wandering orders of the sixteenth century. Among these were the Rufflers," or sturdy beggars; the "Upright Men," who were chiefly vagabond chiefs; the "Priggers of Prances," or horse-stealers; the "Abraham Men," pretended lunatic; and the "Counterfeit Cranks," who affected sickness. The auther of the book referred to gives an amusing, yet, properly considered, melancholy account of one of these latter worthies, whose portrait, together with that of an "Upright Man," named Nicholas Blunt, trim and comfortable-looking, is given as an illustration. A poor "afflicted Counterfeit Crank," Nicholas Genings, we are told, appeared, while the "Caveat" was going through the press, at the author's lodgings at Whitefriars, where he hoped to gain from two or three great ladies. The author watched the proceedings of the man, penetrated his imposture, questioned him, and almost reduced him to confession, but at the critical point the "crank," not exactly liking his position, started off. He was taken after a long and difficult pursuit, in the house of an "honest Kent yeoman," many miles from town. To make sure of him he was stripped naked, and merely wrapped in an old cloak. But they must be cunning who could hold him even under such conditions. He was presently running naked over the fields, and had soon completely baffled his enemies among the metropolitan wilds of vagabondism. After two months, in a new disguise, Nicholas Genings reappeared one New Year's Day in Whitefriars. The author of the "Caveat" again discovered him, and again he fled; but this time Genings was less happy in his exertions—being taken at fleet Bridge, and lodged in Bridewell.

Current Phrases.—Much may be learned of a people from their sayings and phrases. Many of the popular phrases of the day have been handed down from the classics, while Shakespeare incorporated into his native language a vast number of expressions which have since become household words. From him we have "The long and short of it," "What the Dickens!" "As good luck would have it," "Every why hath its wherefore," "True as steel," "Neither rhyme nor reason," "Give the devil his due," and a host of others. In every-day conversation we hear or use the phrase, "Adding insult to injury." How many know that it is first found in Phædrus, a latin writer who lived in the reign of Tiberius? "Conspicuous by his absence," is to be met in Tacitus; but, though we can name the author in whose work certain expressions appear for the first time, that does not prove that he invented it. "As good as a play" was a favourite exclamation of Charles II., who loved to sit in the House of Peers and make fun of the debates. A diligent search acquaints us with the fact that, though "Leave no stone unturned" is met with in Euripides, it can be traced back to an answer of the Delphic Oracle, given to Polycrates when he sent to ascertain the best means to find a treasure buried at Platea, by Xerxes's general, Mardonius. "Murder will out" belongs to Chaucer.

Wonderful Prices.—When the Californian gold fever was at its height, forty years ago, coined money was practically unknown as the means of payment, nearly all articles being purchased for virgin gold. The gains of the ore seekers were so tremendous that the precious metal was recklessly squandered by the finders as soon as it was obtained, the result, of course, being famine prices for every requisite. Carpenters and blacksmiths—the only mechanics in demand—received a daily ounce of gold; laundresses half an ounce for every dozen articles washed; cooks eight ounces a month. Wretched tenements, previously purchased for a barrel of "strong water," realized one thousand ounces. Physicians' fees ran to fifty ounces per fever, and "a number of magnificent pianos fetched 100 ounces as *cupboards*." Blankets were £10 each, fresh water half a crown a bucket. A slice of ham, two eggs, and a cup of coffee cost 12 shillings; rifles 100 dollars, pistols 50 dollars, and and knives 30 each, gunpowder being five shillings an ounce. Nothing was accepted in payment but gold dust and nuggets, with the exception of a few American dollars or Spanish doubloons at rare intervals.

Coins in Bells.—Most people are aware that the old custom obtains even now of placing inscriptions upon bells. But it is not so well known that the practice of placing coin impressions upon bells was very common in the eighteenth century, many examples thereof being existent in Nottinghamshire, Derbyshire, Cornwall, and Salop. Such coin marks are familiar to campanologists, and occur on mediæval as well as later bells. One of the strangest instances of coin impression could be seen at Sevenhampton, in Gloucestershire, where the impression upon a *Christian* bell was of a *Hebrew* shekel. The coins were pressed upon the mould when soft, and so came out in *fac-simile* in the casting. In Bunce's "History of Old St. Martin's Church, Birmingham," we find:—No. 1 bells weighs 35cwt. 8lb.; was cast by Lester and Packe, of London, in 1758, Richard Dovey, rector; Charles Horton and Christopher Stedman, churchwardens.

"Let your ceaseless changes vary
To our Great Maker still new praise.

Several coins—one a Spanish dollar of 1742—are visible in the metal."

The virtues made of necessity always appear as if the material could not have been very abundant.

A stray philosopher asserts that this is the age of woman. But of course he doesn't dare give the exact figures.

Contentment is a of great price, and whoever procures it at an expense of ten thousand desires, makes a wise and happy purchase.

There is a certain kind of charity that would attach balloons to birds of the air that they might be saved from fatigue.

No teaching is effectual without example, no authority is endurable except it be softened by example. Begin with acting, and let your words come after that. Actions speak and persuade, while mere words without kindly deeds are but vain.

One argument to prove that the common relations of ghosts and spectres are generally false may be drawn from the opinion held that spirits are never seen by more than one person at a time; that is to say, it seldom happens to above one person in a company to be possessed with any high degree of spleen or melancholy.

The grumbler should have a corner to himself, and not burden others with his complaints. He spoils the companionship of life, and deserves no public recognition. There is too much to enjoy, and too much to do, to waste time upon the querulous and the fault-finding. Sunshine is what society needs, and the more we put it into speech, manner, and deed, the sweeter and more inspiring become our association and influence.

There are two things, each of which he will will seldom fail to discover who seeks for it in earnest: the knowledge of what he ought to do, and a plausible pretext to do what he liked.

SOCIETY GOSSIP.

(From *The World*).

The weather has been fine and warm during the greater part of the Queen's stay at Cimiez, and her Majesty has lived very much as she does at Osborne during her summer residence in the Isle of Wight, breakfasting in one tent, and spending the morning in another, where the day's business was transacted. One of the "personal" servants was employed on these occasions in conveying boxes between the Queen and Sir Fleetwood Edwards and Colonel Bigge, who worked together in a room in the hotel. Why the papers describe the Queen's visit to Nice as her "holiday" it is impossible to understand, for her Majesty transacts all public and private business as regularly and systematically as when she is at Windsor Castle, and there has been about three hours' work for her every day, messengers from London arriving and departing six days out of the seven.

The Princess of Wales and the Princesses Victoria and Maud will come to Marlborough House for the season towards the end of next week. There will be another family party at Sandringham during the Whitsuntide holidays.

It is improbable that the Princess of Wales will go out much in society this season, in consequence of her mourning for the late Czar and of the precarious health of the Queen of Denmark. The Princess will, of course, be present at the State Concert at Buckingham Palace, but it is doubtful whether she will attend the two State Balls.

I stated last week that there is a "project of marriage" between the young Queen of the Netherlands and the Hereditary Prince of Coburg, and my information on the subject is perfectly correct, in spite of the cloudy contradictions in some of the German papers. Of course no official announcement on the subject will be made for several months to come, as Queen Wilhelmina will not be 15 until August next. A contemporary has published some ridiculous nonsense about the alleged sentiments of the Emperor William on the subject of the young Queen's marriage, asserting that he would object to her union with any German Prince who is next heir to a German throne. Of course, if Prince Alfred becomes King Consort of the Netherlands, he will, as a matter of course, renounce his right of succession to the dukedom of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, as was done by Prince Albert's cousin, Prince Ferdinand, when he married Queen Maria of Portugal in 1836. The result would be that the Duke of Connaught would become the heir to it, an arrangement which would be peculiarly grateful to the Emperor William for various reasons.

The Empress Frederick has been staying with Prince and Princess Frederick Charles of Hesse at the Château of Rumpenheim, near Frankfort, during the last fortnight. The Empress will remain there for several weeks as the accouchement of Princess Frederick Charles (her youngest daughter) is expected early next month.

The Emperor William, who has been visiting the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar (his great-uncle) at the Wartburg (when he had two days' excellent capercailzie shooting in the Thuringian Forest), is now staying at Dresden on a visit to the King and Queen of Saxony, and is expected to arrive at Darmstadt on Saturday morning.

The Empress of Austria has decided to spend two months of next winter at Ajaccio, and has already engaged a large number of apartments for herself and suite.

The question of Lord Wolseley's acceptance, or otherwise, of the office of Gold Stick, left vacant by the death of Sir Patrick Grant, is not quite decided. He has been rather pressed to allow himself to be nominated for the position, but as he has always been more of the soldier than the courtier, he does not much care for the dignity, unless it is made clear that he is keeping nobody else out of it who might be desirous of obtaining the honour.

It is, I am told, settled that Lord Roberts will succeed Lord Wolseley next October as Commander-in-Chief in Ireland; and he surely has the highest claims, besides being an Irishman. But it will be a task worthy of all his powers to equal in popularity Lord Wolseley, and also Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, who, in his own way, was quite as successful, and made many attached and permanent friends in Dublin.

The King of Denmark is to spend next month at Wiesbaden, and it is hoped that the Queen will be able to pay her annual visit to the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland at Gmunden, in which case his Majesty will proceed there on the conclusion of his cure.

(From *Truth*).

The Queen will hold a Council at Windsor Castle next week, when the Speaker will be sworn in, and the new Bishop of Hereford is to do homage to her Majesty for his temporalities. If the Bishop of Rochester is unable to be present at the function as Clerk of the Closet, his place will be taken by Dean Vaughan, one of the Deputy Clerks.

Some of the papers are announcing that the Queen has given orders that the Queen of the Netherlands and her mother are to be received "with full royal state," which is simply the very purest of fictions. People who invent and recklessly circulate these romances only prove their own ignorance; for a "royal state" reception would mean, as a matter of course, a State visit, in which the guest would have to be treated as a Sovereign. As a matter of fact, the visit will be as private as possible, and all that the Queen has done has been to offer Queen Emma the attendance of any members of the Household (a lord or equerry-in-waiting, and one of the Ladies of the Bed-chamber), and the use of the Royal servants, horses and carriages. The two Queens will spend most of the time they are in England at Claremont with the Duchess of Albany, and they can easily "do" any London sight from that place.

The King of Denmark, who is about to proceed to Wiesbaden for his annual course of the waters, will probably come to England about May 30, in which case he is to be the guest of the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham during the Whitsuntide holidays. King Christian will stay in England until after Ascot races.

Lord Ardilaun's health is again causing his friends anxiety. He is going on a long sea voyage by medical advice. Lady Ardilaun and a party of friends will accompany him. Some years ago a sea voyage almost completely restored his health. Lord and Lady Ardilaun are very popular in Ireland, and live for a great portion of the year at St. Anne's, near Dublin.

Lady Eva Greville will shortly resign her office as Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of York, in consequence of her approaching marriage, and the post is to be offered to Lady Gertrude Molyneux, daughter of Lord and Lady Sefton.

There ought to be no question whatever as to the Duke of Cambridge's successor. He should have no successor at all. That conclusion was arrived at by the Commission over which the present Duke of Devonshire presided, and with the concurrence and approval of the highest military experts, as well as of the two ablest civilian administrators of recent years. We know, however, that the post will not be surrendered without a struggle, and, as the *Spectator* very justly points out, we are in imminent danger of waking up any morning to find not only that the Duke of Cambridge has retired from the scene, but that one of his august relatives has already stepped into his shoes. Being forewarned against this danger, we should also be forearmed. Parliament should pin Ministers, whether Tory or Liberal, to stand by the recommendation of the Hartington Commission on this point.

When the difficulty of bringing about innovations or improvements in the routine of our General Post Office is taken into consideration, there should be great satisfaction in the announcement that post-masters throughout the country have been informed by the St. Martin's-le-Grand authorities that the date-stamps at present in use are to be replaced by stamps which will show the time of dispatch of the mail on the postmark. Following the system adopted in the United States, the time is to be indicated in plain figures, and not in the regulation code letters, as was originally intended. This means, that any one in future receiving a letter will be able to ascertain by reference to the stamp-mark the time at which the missive was dispatched, instead of, as at present, being compelled to apply to the post office for such information.