

The Water Mill.

Listen to the water mill
Through the live-long day;
How the clanking of the wheels
Wear the hours away!

Take the lesson to thyself,
Loving heart and true;
Golden years are fleeting by,
Youth is passing, and is gone.

Work while yet the daylight shines,
Man of strength and will;
Never does the streamlet glide
Useless by the mill.

Oh, the wasted hours of life
That have drifted by!
Oh, the good we might have done,
Lost without a sigh!

The Queen at Balmoral.

The last number of Harper's Bazar has a most interesting article on the British Royal Family. We make room for the following extract:—One day last autumn it so chanced that the writer was given the opportunity of seeing the Queen of England under circumstances peculiarly favorable for a critical survey of Her Majesty.

At Balmoral the daily life of the Court might be most pleasantly chronicled, for there Her Majesty seems happiest, and from this Scotch palace come the most genial recollections of her Court. The household is admirably managed; there are two housekeepers, besides the official functionaries, and the Queen knows personally every servant who is engaged in her service, either in Scotland or England.

and the sumptuous dress of servants and officials, give them almost theatrical brilliancy. The dinner hour is invariably eight, and throughout England the upper ten follows the royal lead in these matters.

The Queen's servants are notably devoted to her. It is well known that her favorite attendant is John Brown. Whatever idle tales were told of this faithful servant's devotion, British dignity and the common-sense of nations have long since flung to the winds; those nearest the Queen know Brown's usefulness.

Not long ago a private photograph was taken at Balmoral which represents the Queen and Princess Beatrice together on the lawn—a pretty, home-like picture, more real than those in the London shop windows, and therefore more attractive; but a friend of the writer, seeing it, was struck by the "smartness" of Her Majesty's bonnet—a phenomenon of which she afterwards heard an amusing explanation. It seems that when the photographer arrived, and the Queen and Princess were seated, some hesitation was evident in his manner.

Near-sighted Children.

It has been said once, and can never be said too often, that a "near-sighted eye is a sick eye," and a step farther may be safely taken by saying that a near-sighted person is, as a rule, a sickly person, especially when the near-sightedness occurs in a young child, where it is often but the result of a reduction of the general vital force, and the expression of a laxity of tissue.

Abstraction from fresh air and exercise is, however, not the only evil engendered by this condition; the very attitude under which the use of the eyes is performed is detrimental to general health and due development of important organs.

But it is not alone these physical attributes; even the mental are affected. A near-sighted child cannot, even across the table, see clearly the features of his own family, let alone those of his instructors, nor catch the ever-varying expression of the eye or the subtle changes in the muscles of the face, by which an idea is emphasized or a principle enforced.

He judges of men and their intentions rather by the sound of the voice than the expression of the face, and is apt, for that reason, to be suspicious of strangers, and overconfident in mere acquaintances, and this is even more the case with places than with men. Thus he is timid and overcautious in strange pathways, especially when the light is a little insufficient, and he will blindly walk into temporary obstacles in a once familiar path, and often to his great bodily harm, which, to a person with good eyesight, seems incredible.

Now all this must have an effect on the general health, and reduce longevity; and I feel confident, however different it may be with individual exceptions, that in a great number of near-sighted people the general average of physical vigor would be less than in the same number of those who possessed long sight.

socially about books and things, of which they really know very little, and should know less, is a sign of intellectual development. These children read much, it is true, but it is only because they can do nothing else. In no possible way, either mental or physical, is a defect in vision a benefit to the individual or the race, donors to the contrary notwithstanding.—Dr. Edward G. Loring, in Harper's Magazine for August.

A FORSAKEN WIFE'S SUICIDE.

The Wife of a Handsome Composer Shoots Herself Because of His Description.

Mrs. Josephine A. Colton was found dead in her room at 216 Chrystie street, last evening. She had taken a pillow from the bed, placed it on the floor, and then laid down upon it, and shot herself with a small revolver twice in the left breast near the heart and once in the forehead. The body lay at full length, with the head resting easily on the pillow. Formerly Mrs. Colton was in the dressmaking department in R. H. Macy & Co.'s store, and in comfortable circumstances. She was attractive in appearance for a woman 43 years of age and always dressed well.

NEW YORK, July 7.

Good-bye, my husband. May God forgive you for your treatment of your poor wife. I have got the courage to meet the cold world alive. You can never know how lonesome I was and how I loved you. Good-bye, and may God forgive me. He has tried me too hard, and I cannot bear it. Not one ray of sunshine since you have lived with her.

Down in a Balloon.

That's what the public said over the failure of those Fourth of July balloons to go up, and that's what our reporter, who had been invited to go along, said when darkness came and he found himself down among mortals instead of up among the cloudlets.

It was all nicely planned between the Professor and the pencil-shaver, and it seems too bad to waste so much manuscript. The following bulletins were to be dropped from the balloon to amuse the farmers and villagers between Detroit and Lake Huron:

"1. We are up in the balloon 'Take a Horn,' which left Detroit at five o'clock p. m. The Professor has run mad, and is slashing around with a bowie-knife! He has given me five minutes to prepare to go still higher up among the angels. Tell my children I did think of them, and how much their clothes cost. Heaven help me!"

"2. The Professor seems a bit easier, and is now blowing down the muzzle of a wicker bottle to see if it is loaded. He has extended my leave ten minutes. I am very calm. Tell my wife that in this thrilling hour I could distinctly remember exactly what her new bonnet cost. The prospects are terrible."

"3. The Professor had a lucid interval, in which he recognized John Smith in a cornfield below. John was standing on one foot and killing time. If there was any backyard to a balloon I think I could climb over the alley fence and get away, but alas, there is none! My oiliness surprises me. I have made up my mind to die game."

"4. Lake Huron is in sight. In a few minutes more we shall reach it, and then farewell to all! The Professor has been shooting the buttons off my vest to get his practice perfect. I would jump overboard, only I don't like so much water in mine all at once. I am very calm. I couldn't be more so if I was in jail. Tell my wife that I believe I left three or four nickels in my every day pants."

"5. We are now over the lake. The Professor is going to throw me overboard! I wonder if I can manage to strike on my cheek, and thus escape injury? His eyes roll! He advances!! He seizes me!!! His fiendish intentions are clearly indicated in—here I go—good-bye—tell the chil—!"

The reporter was to be rescued by a schooner, and the professor was to sail on till he got out of the State, where his Detroit board-bill wouldn't be worth five cents on the dollar. The reporter was to fall 5,000 feet, float for half a day, and come back to the city with six columns of matter all ready for the boys upstairs. It is an infernal shame that all this was knocked in the head by the refusal of the professor to rise superior to the occasion. It's the last time any cloud-splitter can get the "off color" on this journal, and they musn't forget it.

Georgina Black, a child of two years, was killed at Montreal by a fall through a hay-loft to the ground, only about ten feet.

A Fishy Tale.

"Good fish in the sea as ever was caught" Is a very nice saying no doubt, And may be all true, as it is fairly ought, But it is hard to get the fish out.

"Good fish in the sea" in love means just this— And not a thing more, you can bet— That when one's little affair goes amiss, Another fair love one can easily get.

I know from experience the adage's a fraud, At the time I was terribly smitten, And I tell you it felt mighty odd— We quarrelled, and I got the mitten.

"Good fish in the sea as ever was caught," Was a boom friend's kindly remark, I braced right up on that happy thought, (The next verse I hope you'll keep "dark.")

I fished in the sea for years, day and night, And— with sorrow now I relate it— I got not a nibble, much less a bite, And the adage—Lord, how I hate it!

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL'S REMAINS.

The Body Well Preserved and Life-like—Imposing Scene at Chislehurst—The Mother's Last Look.

LONDON, July 11.—The Admiralty yacht Eucharist, having on board the body of the Prince Imperial, arrived off Woolwich this morning, after a rapid passage from Spithead. She remained in the stream till four o'clock this afternoon. A large number of distinguished Frenchmen have arrived at Woolwich to accompany the funeral procession. The Eucharist arrived several hours before the time at which she was expected and some delay in the arrangements was thus caused. A number of Imperialists were admitted aboard the Eucharist, and viewed the coffin containing the body of the Prince Imperial. Twelve blue jackets of the British navy carried the remains ashore. Great crowds congregated outside the Woolwich Arsenal gates to witness the procession. The coffin was unceremoniously for the purpose of identifying the remains. Upon opening the coffin the body was found to be in a state of good preservation. The face was somewhat sunken and slightly discolored. One of the most skillful embalmers in London was in attendance for the purpose of repairing, if possible, any injury which might have been sustained by the body during the voyage. The embalming which it had received at the Cape, however, proved sufficient. The body was removed from the coffin and very carefully rearranged and prepared for the obsequies. It was then placed in the coffin which was again closed and arrangements made for beginning the funeral march from Woolwich Arsenal to Camden House, Chislehurst. The two places are about ten miles distant from each other. The assemblage at Woolwich was very large, and all along the route through which the funeral cortege passed crowds of people were gathered. The coffin was placed upon a gun carriage; a detachment of the Royal Horse Artillery formed its escort, and mounted bands of music played the "Dead March in Saul" and other solemn music. As the procession advanced the coffin was covered with the French and English flags. The scene on the arrival of the cortege at Chislehurst beggars description. It recalled vividly the scene in the same spot when the Emperor Napoleon III. lay dead in Camden House and was buried in the little church where his son will be buried to-morrow. The ex-Empress, who had been apprised of the coming of the cortege, was greatly agitated but still preserved some degree of outward composure. She was surrounded by a great number of her illustrious English and French friends. When the great gates of Camden House were swung open to admit the passage of the mortuary carriage, the whole space in front of Camden House and on either side of it was filled with people. The house and grounds around it contained the immediate friends of the ex-Empress and a great number of Bonapartists who had arrived from France to assist at the funeral. The gun carriage was driven up to the main entrance of the house, and the coffin, still covered with flags, was carried into the saloon which had been prepared for its reception and placed upon a platform erected for it. Here the arrangements were already completed, and in a few moments the lid of the coffin was removed and the body of the Prince exposed to view. Around the coffin were arranged a number of lighted candles, and at the head were two Sisters of Mercy who knelt in prayer. The countenance of the Prince, as seen in the soft light of the candles, seemed lifelike and peaceful.

When all was arranged every one save the sisters and priests were requested to leave the room, and in a few moments the ex-Empress, accompanied only by a single attendant, entered the room to take her last farewell of the dead body of her son. The sacredness of her grief was respected, and no reports of how she sustained this painful and agonizing trial have been given out. She is said, however, to have manifested almost unnatural composure upon emerging from the room. After this scene the adherents of the Prince and friends of the dynasty were permitted to enter the room, and each for a few moments to look upon the dead Prince. The scene was sombre and impressive in the extreme. Two nuns still knelt at the head, the priests kneeling at the foot, and repeating the prayers for the dead. The funeral tapers cast a soft and subdued light upon the face of the dead boy. For several hours the doors of the saloon were kept open, and a constant stream of sympathizing friends passed through. The funeral will take place to-morrow morning at an early hour. The body will be taken to the Church of St. Mary and placed in front of the altar. Low mass for the dead will then be said without musical accompaniment of any kind, and the body will be deposited in a tomb at the side of the sarcophagus which encloses the remains of the Emperor. It is doubted whether the ex-Empress will be able to attend the ceremony, but it is thought she will make a great effort to do so, especially as the Queen has announced her intention of coming to accompany her to the grave.

BRIDGE COMPANY ELECTION.—At a meeting of the stockholders of the Niagara Falls and Clifton Suspension Bridge Companies held on Tuesday at their respective offices at Niagara Falls and Clifton, the following gentlemen were unanimously re-elected directors: Delos DeWolf, Samuel B. Johnson, Charles A. Smyth, of Oswego, and Warren Bryant and John M. Hutchinson, of Buffalo. At a subsequent meeting of the directors, Delos DeWolf was re-elected President of the Niagara Falls Company, and John M. Hutchinson President of the Clifton Company, with Charles H. Smyth Secretary and Treasurer of both.

Hanlan's Departure from Newcastle.

(From the Newcastle Chronicle, June 27.) The departure from Newcastle of Edward Hanlan, the champion sculler of England and America, was yesterday morning signalized by a demonstration of a kind altogether exceptional in the annals of aquatic sports. It was known that the young Canadian and his friends would leave the Central Station by the south train, and the railway authorities having some well-founded apprehensions as to the number of people who would wish to bid the popular sculler good speed, made the most elaborate preparations for excluding from the Central Station all persons not having business therein. Despite these precautions between three and four thousand people found their way within the precincts of the building, and the crush on the general platform and on the enclosure was simply extraordinary. When the champion was recognized in the streets on his way to the station, crowds gathering at every step followed him, cheering and expressing hearty good wishes as he went along. Arrived at the station, it was only by dint of the greatest exertions that the party could make their way from the ticket office to the train. A special force of railway policemen had to be organized in order to drive a passage through the crowd, and when Hanlan had been safely landed on the departure platform, these officials had to form a cordon around him so as to keep off the pressure. We need scarcely say that the cheering and enthusiasm which greeted the champion as he stepped into a first-class compartment almost beggared description. Loud cries for a "few words" arose from the vast assemblage, and Hanlan, whose modesty and reticence of speech are well known, needed some persuasion from his friends before acceding to the request so generally made. At length he motioned his hand for silence, and said it was from no desire to retain silence that he had so long resisted their call, but that his heart was really too full to express the feelings with which he regarded the people of Newcastle generally and especially those who had by their kindness made his stay so pleasant, and had come, perhaps at some personal inconvenience, to bid him farewell on his departure. In all his wanderings he had never met with a people more warm hearted, more hospitable or more willing to do justice, and even to honor a stranger. He could say no more than that he should never forget the generous people with whom he had spent such a pleasant time, and he thanked them all very heartily. With reference to any future championship match, Hanlan said he would be very glad to row at Toronto any sculler who chose to come out, but it was his intention to defend the Cup, and whether at Toronto, or on the Tyne or Thames, he was ready to meet all comers. About five minutes before the time of the train's departure a singularly pleasant episode occurred. Loud cheers from the crowds outside heralded the approach of the late champion. The people opened out a lane for Elliott and his companion Ralph Hoplewhite, of Elswick, and as the former came through the crowd, many pats on the back and expressions of approval greeted him for the good taste and friendly feeling which impelled him to see his successful rival away on his long homeward journey. Elliott advanced to the carriage amidst such a scene as has rarely, if ever, been witnessed within this fine building, and Hanlan, on his approach, stepped out, and the two scullers warmly shook hands. Elliott wished the Canadian a pleasant voyage, and hoped that on his arrival at home he might find his family well, and the people of Toronto as appreciative of a good sculler as were those he was just leaving. Hanlan was laboring under considerable emotion, and could make but small response to Elliott's greeting, but his manner was nevertheless full of kindness, and the meeting between the pair was altogether very pleasant to witness. The moment for the departure of the train now arrived and the champion, after a final farewell with Mr. Chris. Barras, stepped into the carriage; the doors were closed and the train moved away. The cheering and enthusiasm were renewed as the wheels got into motion, and Hanlan, bending out of the window, acknowledged, hat in hand, the greetings which from all sides were showered upon him. After the champion had departed, upwards of two thousand people gathered round Elliott as he left the station. Cheers were raised for him, and he was accompanied to the house of his old friend Mr. Brownlee by the major part of the assemblage.

UNKIND BURGLARS.—On Monday night the Stratford Herald office was burglarized. The thieves, for there were two of them—no one burglar would ever enter a printing office and expect to have the requisite strength of mind and body to carry off the "swag"—were possessed of a duplicate key of the safe. Some \$53 were taken and the safe left unlocked. Several valuable papers—receipts for church pew rent—were also removed. We sympathize with our contemporary. It is quite bad enough to have valuable property destroyed by fire and find insurance companies put to the trouble of repudiating all claims; but when the savings of a lifetime are ruthlessly torn from the grasp of a newspaper man—or rather from the grasp of that individual's safe—sympathy is weak and liquor is debilitating. And there should be little of it mixed. If those burglars are caught they should be beheaded and quartered, as a warning to those who might ever contemplate the perpetrating of such a crime—a crime which will darken the pages of the history of the present century. \$53! just think of it!—Guelph Mercury.

Harris Cohen, a Jew tailor, of London, has been arrested for bigamy. Sometime ago he married a widow named Rosengarten, and all went very well till the arrival of a young woman from New York, accompanied by a little girl her child, and her uncle. She enquired for Cohen and was greatly surprised to find that he was married. She claimed to be his wife and that the little girl was his child, she stated that he had married her in New York in 1876, but had started off to make a home elsewhere. She waited, but failed to hear from him; at last hearing that he was in London working she set out to visit him and get him to support his child, but she found him living with another wife. The prisoner was brought up yesterday and remanded till the 14th.