

Oh, he goes away, singing,
sing over the sea!

Coming is better than going;
But never was queen so grand

Hark to his billowy laughter,
Blithe on the homeward tide!

AN OLD MAID'S ROMANCE.
The announcement of my father's intended
second marriage had proved a great shock to me;

My wedding had been fixed for the month
following the terrible calamity. Everything
for weeks past had been bustle and preparation;

I thought so little of myself that, springing
from my bed one bright spring morning,
and glancing at the calendar hanging in my room;

My wedding had been fixed for the month
following the terrible calamity. Everything
for weeks past had been bustle and preparation;

Heart and hands were so busy in the days
that followed that I scarcely realized it, until,
when baby was some two months old, Roy told me

What was to be done with baby? It was
this thought which flashed lightning-like
through my brain. She was a delicate child,

How strength was given me to unfold my
resolve, I know not, nor how and when that
resolve took place; but at last I made Roy

He pleaded, he prayed, alternately in love
and anger, but I stood firm.
"God grant it may not be many years," I said,

So I spoke as bravely as I could; though
when the time came, when my bursting sobs
mingled with his agony, and the heart upon

A child's wailing cry aroused me. Was it
heaven-sent? A child's needs demanded my
attention. The little one laughed in my face.

Baby Ethel! How I grew to love her, as
the weary, weary months which followed
lengthened into years, until my baby was no

My care had been rewarded. The delicacy
which characterized her infancy no one
would have suspected in the after years; and

Ah, had I known how long would have
been the waiting, could I have seen him go?
I was but thirty-six, but I looked full ten

A letter from Roy lay at my breakfast-plate.
It lay untouched until I could feast on it
alone; and what a feast was every word,

I had never told my child, my little sister,

relationship with Roy. Something kept me
silent now. A strange, new difficulty crept
upon me as the days went by. I grew to

I was sitting in my little parlor, the gas
unlighted, on the evening of the tenth day
after receiving his letter, when there came a

A faint scream betrayed me. In another
moment I was clasped in his arms, the sixteen
long years buried in the past. We took

In another moment Ethel burst in upon us.
I had but time to whisper, "She knows
nothing; do not let her suspect," ere she

"It is not—it cannot be—baby Ethel?"
Roy answered. "Now, Beatrice, I can estimate
the lapse of years."

"How young and pretty you look to-night,
sister Beatrice!" Ethel said an hour later, as
I entered her room, with Roy's good-night

Yes, she spoke truly—how truly only the
pain which crept into my heart in the days
following taught me.

The years which had wrought in me such
change had but told for the better with Roy.
At forty he was a man calculated to win any

Since that first night Roy had not been the
same. He urged our immediate marriage
with greater fervor, but—What was the

He had been home two months, when, one
morning, I ran softly down stairs to speak a
moment with Ethel, whom I thought alone.

Half-way I stood transfixed. The door of
the library was open and I could see within
the room. She whom I sought stood, in her

It was a betrayal, not to each other, only
to me—to me. I turned and crept—oh, so
slowly, so heavily! up the stairs, like an

"Remember we sacrifice all things, nor
call it sacrifice, for our own."
These words rang in my ears, were written

He would never swerve from his word—he
would struggle nobly to hide from me the
change—he would not let me make the

His heart had gone from me. I let a week
go by—a week which had added ten years to
my age—before I spoke; then quietly, in a

How could he know mine had snapped
when it looked upon that picture a week
gone by?

He studied me narrowly, keenly; then a
sudden light gleamed in his eye of some
great happiness; but he only stooped and

"Sister," she whispered, "he loves me—
think of it—loves poor little me, and I am to
be his wife!"

No need to utter the name; I knew it, but
I kissed my darling and blessed her. Was
it a fancy that an angel from above

History of a Famous Chinese Pagoda—
Description of Its Remains.

The celebrated Porcelain Tower, near
Nanking, China, is described by a traveller,
who says: In the quiet evening we made

Standing before the half which is left, we
query who were they that fashioned this
beautiful casting, worthy the hand of a

Presence of mind has lately proved valuable
in several interesting cases. Henry Kuhn,
at the bottom of a Duquesne well, drove his

How the Queen travels is related by one
who has been favored with a glimpse at an
elaborate official document, printed on rose-

The Zulus have a matted chair to which
they ascribe supernatural powers. Warriors
who sit in it before going to battle are

Mayor Dawson, of Charlottetown, P. E. I.,
has been re-elected by a majority of 79 over
ex-Mayor Desbriay.

DESPERATE FIGHT BETWEEN THE
MOBS.

The French Canadians, numbering 3,000,
Attacked and Beaten.

QUEBEC City.—The ship laborers' trouble
culminated to-day in a fearful free fight
in Lower Town, in Champlain street, near

1st. Nothing is more fatal to good table
manners than haste; therefore be deliberate.
Do not eat fast.

2nd. Soup should be taken from the side of
the spoon with noiseless inhalation, the spoon
being slightly tipped.

3rd. Keep the plate that is handed you by
carver or servant; it confuses one who pre-
sides to have it passed from one to another.

4th. Cut your bread into pieces and let them
rest on your plate while spreading.

5th. Do not open the lips while chewing or
make unnecessary noise.

6th. Do not speak with the mouth full.

7th. Use the knife for cutting only; never
put it to the lips or in the mouth.

8th. Do not drink your tea or coffee without
first removing the teaspoon from the cup to
the saucer. Always place it in the saucer

9th. When asked at table how you prefer
a thing—for instance, if you will have cream
on your berries, or sugar on your tomatoes,

10th. Talk in a low tone of voice, and
handle your knife, fork and plate without
any audible gulping or smacking of the lips.

11th. In sending your plate to be helped a
second time retain the knife and fork, let
them lie on the table with the tips on your

12th. Avoid whispering at table. The
conversation should be general.

13th. Do not rest your elbow on the table
or touch your head while eating.

14th. Never reach across the table or
help yourself with your own knife or fork.

15th. In passing a tumbler of water do
not put your hand over the top, or when
asked for a dish do not shove, but hand it.

16th. While drinking do not look around.

17th. One's teeth are not to be poked at
table; but if it is impossible to hinder it, it
should be done behind the napkin.

18th. Never leave the table before others
without asking the lady or gentleman who
presides to excuse you.

H. J. Burdette, of the Burlington "Hav-
ey," Gives His Experience of Crossing from
Niagara to Toronto—What He Had.

Possibly the Hawkeye thinks I have at
wandered clear to the jumping-off place
jumped off and pulled the place off after

Lake Ontario, I observed, is just
Niagara Falls.
It takes everything you have.

At least it took all the excursionists
Talk about casting your bread upon
waters.

Supper was served on the boat, and I
one man pay seventy-five cents for a sup-
per that ought to have lasted him two weeks.

It didn't last him five minutes.
I never saw such reckless extravagance
my life.

One very pale young man told me he
crossed the lake twenty times, and had
been sick, in all the term implies, in all

In ten minutes I saw that young
looking down into the angry waters,
am a sinner if he didn't throw up every-
thing he had in the world except his situation.

He looked wretched.
In fact, it was the retchedest time I
saw anywhere.

A MURDERER'S ARREST.
A Double Escape from American Jail
and a Double Capture in Ontario
During Feats of Crossing the Niagara
River.

CLIFTON, Aug. 17.—Asa Broughton,
escaped from Albion, N.Y., jail on the
inst., where he was confined for the

of Levant Bancroft at Medina, N.Y., on
14th of May last, was recaptured at Crow-
early this morning by Detective Gorman.

Ontario Policeman Wynn, of this place,
assisted by Constable White, of Wells,
Broughton escaped to Canada without an

immediately after the murder, but was ar-
ranted at Hagersville on May 17th, and
taken back to Albion jail, where he lay

under an indictment for murder of
the 4th inst., when he escaped from jail
cutting his way through an unused

closet with a knife, and returned to Cana-
second time.

The above named officers, who had
on his trail for some days, proceeded
together in a carriage from here at 9 o'clock

last night to Crowland, some fifteen
miles distant, at which place it was
believed Brogton was in hiding at the residence

of a relative named Hiram Straun. The
officers reached their destination about 4
o'clock. They took up positions surrounding

house, and demanded admittance.
tomatoes, however, kept all doors and
windows locked with the exception of a

door through which Broughton appeared.
The attempt to make his escape, but
succeeded only in falling into the hands of