

DARING NIAGARA WRATH.

Some of the Remarkable Escapes at the Great Waterfall.

There were daring men before Capt. Webb and of course they found their way to Niagara. One jumped from the bridge 192 feet to the swirling current.

Of accidents some very strange ones are recorded. One lady stooped for a cup of water, lost her balance, and was out of reach and over the falls almost before her amazed husband knew what had happened.

Another lady stooped to pick a flower on the brink of the Table Rock. She was taken up dead from the rocks below.

In 1875 an accident equally sad and foolish occurred. An engaged couple went behind the falls into the Cave of the Winds without a guide.

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BARTH'S AWFUL GUNS.

They Hurl Rock Precipitates of 100 Cubic Yards 16 Miles High.

In 1783 Cotopaxi ejected its blazing rocks more than 3,000 feet above its crater, while in 1787 the flaming mass, struggling for an outlet, roared so that its awful voice was heard for more than 600 miles.

The molten stream from Vesuvius, which passed through Torre del Greco in 1873, contained 33,000,000 cubic yards of solid matter.

The year 1793 witnessed the destruction of Torre del Greco the second time from the eruptive action of Vesuvius, when the mass of lava amounted to 45,000,000 cubic yards.

In 1790 Etna poured out a blazing river that covered 84 square miles of surface with boiling lava from 10 to 40 feet deep.

Vesuvius in A. D. 79 vomited forth an amount of matter whose bulk far exceeded that of the mountain itself.

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THE POET'S CORNER.

A Song of England.

Mr. W. H. Hoag contributes the following poem to the National Review, of which we omit the third verse:-

What have I done for you, England, my England? What is there I would not do, England, my own?

Where shall the watchful Sun, England, my England, Match the master work you've done, England, my own?

Mother of ships whose might, England, my England, With a sword or a dagger, England, my own?

The bravest of battles, England, my England, The bravest of battles that ever was fought, Shall I tell you where and when?

The Fatted Calf. Father and me are gettin' old; We ain't used to the way Of hearin' the organ 'stead Of preachin' Sabbath day.

When we were with Andrew's folks, An' Sunday mornin' come, We've posed we'd hear the word an' live In the sweet hymns they sung.

When we stood in that dim aisle, An' the light shined on the floor, A ray of light touched her hair, An' his own features shone.

When the organ grand an' solemn tone Just sounded like a prayer, An' when it stopped it seemed to feel Wings beatin' through the air.

When the preacher said, Has left the swine an' now has turned His face towards his choir.

When all his faces his horn; 'Twas made me laugh to see 'Em bring in the fatted calf.

When the fatted calf, the calf 'Implored the fatted calf, An' all the rest jined in, as if They couldn't let it go.

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When the preacher said, Has left the swine an' now has turned His face towards his choir.

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When the preacher said, Has left the swine an' now has turned His face towards his choir.

Deeming the Murderer.

Speaking of the man now under arrest at Melbourne, Australia, for wife murder, a London correspondent says: "Deeming, one might say, is quite a characteristic British name."

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PEARLS OF TRUTH.

It requires a definite aim to make a hit in life. The society of good people is always good society.

As an appliance for the improvement of one's friends a habit of scolding possesses no appreciable virtue.

Domestic rule is founded on truth and love. If it has not both of these it is nothing better than a despotism.

Twenty men who believe what they profess, and live as they believe, are worth more than five hundred hypocrites to any good cause.

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THE WOLF CHILDREN.

Raised by Wolves, They Partake of the Animals Nature.

The Rev. Dr. Jewell's H. Seelye writes as follows in the Congregationalist:- In November, 1872, I saw at Secunda, near Agra, in Northern India, a boy who had been brought up among wolves.

After keeping him a while the magistrate brought him to an orphanage at Secunda, under the care of the church missionary society, where he was kindly received and cared for and where he has since been an object of unceasing wonder to the many who have seen him there.

He is well known as far as can be judged, about thirty years of age. His forehead is low, but his features are regular, and his eyes, though wild and restless, have not an idiotic look.

From a friend in India, who has recently seen him, I learn that he is still living at the orphanage where he was first taken, and in a report of the orphanage, which was lately come into my hands, I find also the statement that three other children—two boys and a girl—found under similar circumstances and all with similar characteristics, have been brought to the institution, though none of these have lived longer than a few months after their capture.

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