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Poetry.

Earth and Heaven's Greatest Joys.

There's many beautiful things on earth
To please the mind and eye;
We see the glories of the land,
The grandeur of the sky!

There's many a worthy, noble deed,
Wrought by our fellow men;
There's many a holy, lasting thought,
Drops from the author's pen.

But the grandest of our efforts here—
In word, or deed, or song—
Is the utterance of the noble heart
That dares to say—"I'm wrong!"

That erring one who long hath strayed,
And grieved the mother's heart,
Returning to the fold again—
What joy it doth impart.

How all the family exult
To welcome back their boy!
The neighbors, too, are jubilant—
Their hearts o'erflow with joy!

Those who have strayed in error's path,
Returning to the right—
The humble, frank acknowledgement—
Earth has no grander sight!

E'en angels, in yon Blest Abode,
The gladsome strains prolong;
Rejoice o'er every penitent—
And sing their sweetest song!

The Colonel's Second Wife.

"What! her dowery ten thousand, and her age under eighteen! You are a lucky dog, Hewett! Of course it's a love-match?'

"I flatter myselv, yes, on the lady's part, at least;' and the speaker, a tall, rather handsome man drew himself up superciliously; "though, in fact, it is a family arrangement.'

"How is that?'

"Why, you see, Colonel Harding was my father, General Hewett's greatest chum. When dying, he left me and my future to the former's guardianship; a trust he saw no better nor more friendly way of carrying out than by an engagement between myself and his daughter Kate—the sole inheritor of a rich aunt's wealth.'

"Some people fall into pleasant places, certainly. When is it to be?'

"In a month. I fancy, since the Colonel has been such a dotard as to take home a second wife, he would rather have his daughter's room than her company."

"Possibly. Duced pretty woman Mrs. Harding—eh? Very sparkling, self-willed and fast, I'm sure, will want a tight curb, but will pull hard. I imagine the Colonel will have his hands full, and need to keep his eyes open. They have been married a year, and within the last month I have noted he is preoccupied, while two wrinkles have appeared on his forehead. When will these old fellows,' laughed his friend, "take the lessons Pope has so graphically read us—December must not wed May? Ta, ta! Remember I'm booked for the Benedict ceremony.'

The two gentlemen between whom the above conversation passed on the steps of a West End club now parted—the one addressed as Hewett, known among his less familliars as Captain Hewett, proceeding to go by train to Colonel Harding's villa, at Richmond.

Arriving there, in due course, he was speedily introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Harding; after exchanging greetings with whom he was summoned to see the Colonel in the library. The ladies were surprised at the haste displayed, and could not refrain from remarking on the subject.

"Whatever is that for?' Kate remarked when the officer had gone.

"To sign your marriage-settlement,' smiled Mrs. Harding.

"Nonsense! By the way, mamma, do you not think papa has looked altered lately?'

"For many days I have seen it, Kate. I fear something is wrong.'

"Then I fancy he might confide it to you instead of the Captain.'

"True!' Mrs. Harding's lips perceptibly contracted; then she added—"Kate, I forgot to tell my maid about the trimmings for my dress next Friday. Would you mind doing so?'

Rising, the young girl readily went on her mission, when the other's entire manner changed. Her expression became grave, perplexed. She cast aside her work and leaned her head upon her hand.

"Can my husband possibly suspect?' she murmured. "There is a change in him! Kate sees it, too! Then there must be a cause! Can he have found us out? If so, everything is ruined—ruined!' She paused; then added—"I must be certain—I will!'

Hurriedly throwing a shawl of Kate's, that had laid on a sofa near, about her, she passed through the open glass doors into the flower-garden.

Going to the side of the villa cautiously she crept through a shrubbery of lilacs and syringas, until she came within sight and hearing of the two in the library, the window of which was open.

Charlie Hewett was leaning back in a chair; the Colonel, a handsome, elderly, military-looking man, sat by the table, his brows contracted, his features expressive of pain and anger blended. He had evidently been speaking vehemently, and exclaimed, as the listener came within range—"I wouldn't have believed it of her! Of all women, I would have staked my life on the fidelity of Constance! When you hinted that you had seen a fellow suspiciously lounging about the villa, I thought nothing about it; but Jackson, the under-gardener declares that it is true.'

The listener became livid with rage. Her suspicions were well founded.

"What do you intend doing? asked Captain Hewett.

"That is my perplexity. To accuse her on the word of an under-gardener seems preposterous; and the Colonel uneasily drummed the table with his fingers.

"Something must be done,' he said, "or I shall go mad. I can't support this terrible suspicion, for—I don't mind confessing it to you, George, who so soon will be my son—I love Constance devotedly. What was that? Why, the window is open.—Shut it; we want no eavesdroppers.'

Captain Hewett complied, but, before closing it, leaned forth and looked around. The Colonel's wife had flown.

"If my fine lady would only commit herself,' he thought, "Kate will inherit the Colonel's wealth. It is nothing,' he said.

Trembling at her narrow escape, Mrs. Harding hastened from the shrubbery.—Just as she emerged, she ran violently against a man.

"Robert! Tell me, what are you doing here?'

"Ten thousand pardons! I thought—'

"Never mind what you thought. Why are you here? Quick, go to the side door. If in five minutes I call you, come—if not, go away.'

He raised her hand to his lips.

"How good you are!' he said. "I only came to say I have prepared everything for our flight on Friday.'

"Hush?' she answered, as she fled from him.

Five minutes after, the side door opened a white hand beckoned, and soon the stranger was again seated, with locked doors, in Mrs. Harding's boudoir.

The next day, by no means to the surprise of his wife, the Colonel announced that business would take him to London in the evening, and detain him until late.

Mrs. Harding expressed her sorrow at his departure, and begged him to hasten back. Nevertheless, when she was alone, she lighted the lamp in her boudior, then retired to a spare bed-chamber just above, from the window of which she watched.—An hour and a half passed eventless, then a man's shadow flitted among the trees.

"It is the Captain,' thought Mrs. Harding. "He has selected his proper sphere. The Colonel was too noble for it. Well, each shall have a suitable reward.

She waited. So did the Captain. Finally, the latter, perhaps, imagining while he watched outside the bird he would detect was enjoying himself within, cautiously drew near, and peered into the window.

The temptation was irresistible. Mrs. Harding noiselessly opened the lattice, took up a pitcher of water standing near, and flung out the contents.

There was a muttered curse; but the lattice was closed, and the ladie's merry burst of laughter smothered in her handkerchief.

When, ten minutes after, Captain Hewett looked at the drawing-room window from a distance, as he, unobserved, quitted the grounds, he beheld Mrs. Harding and his future bride reading and working, according to their habit.

"It must have been a confounded housemaid,' he growled. "She couldn't have seen me.'

He passed on towards a break in the boundary hedge, by which he quitted the place and reached the main road.

Had he been a quarter of an hour later, he would surely have encountered a gentleman usuing the same means to enter it.—Quickly but cautiously, he made his way to a half-decayed elm-tree, at the foot of which grew ferns and burdock. Slipping his hand beneath these, he drew out a paper, on which, by the aid of a wax taper he lighted, and read: 'DEAREST—At eight on Friday. The Colonel will be absent.—All is prepared.'

Pressing the fragment passionately to his lips, the man placed a reply in the same place, then withdrew.

It was on the morning of the eventful Friday that Colonel Harding entered Captain Hewett's apartments at Richmond.

"George!' he exclaimed, "no man was ever in greater perplexity than I. For the last month I have been engaged to the Dunderbulls to dinner to-day. This morning Constance declares—looking well and hearty—herself too ill to attend, but urges me to go.'

"I'll tell you what, Colonel. If you refuse, yon may only raise her suspicions.—You had better, therefore, go and I will watch for you. Perhaps this time something may be discovered.'

"I was thinking,' began the Colonel, doubtfully, "whether it would not be best to ask Constance right down the truth?'

"Absurd! If a woman will stop to deceive a husband, she will not hesitate at a falsehood.'

"That is true. Well, George, let it be as you say.'

The Colonel went to the dinner, and the gentlemen had long been left to their wine, when a footman whispered to the officer he was wanted. Making an excuse, he withdrew, and found the Captain in the hall.

"Come home,' said the latter "I must speak to you at once.'

The Colonel, growing pale, followed him into the road.

"What is it?'

"Bear it like a man Colonel,' returned the other. "Your wife is unworthy your affection; she has fled with her lover. I saw them. They are now in the train going to London.

"Oh, Constance—Constance!' he groaned, "why have you brought this disgrace upon me?'

And he grasped the hedge, to save himself from falling. Recovering himself, his mood changed.

"George!' he exclaimed, fiercely.—"Come we will follow them. The villian shall answer for the wrong he has done me; but tell me all about it.'

The Captain stated a cab had passed him on the road to the villa. In it he had recognized a strange gentlemen and Mrs. Harding. He pursued, but only reached the railway station in time to see them leap into a first-class carriage as the train moved off.

The true statement was this: Captain Hewett had seen a cab waiting near the villa. Concealing himself, he had perceived a gentleman, escorting a ledy thickly veiled and cloaked, come through the break in the hedge, hurriedly cross the intervening field, enter the cab, and drive off, after giving the direction, "the railway station—for London.'

Had he put his hand out, he could have stayed them. But that was not his plan. Let her go beyond recall and forgiveness, that was what he thought.

Then hurrying straight to his dressing-room, the Colonel, secured his pistols.

"I have never used them against a fellow being before,' he exclaimed, very stern and determined, "but a bullet shall reach his heart or mine. One shall not leave the field.'

"Why, goodness gracious, my love, how early you are back! I hope nope nothing is wrong!' exclaimed a pleasant voice.

Both gentlemen swung round on their heel, with an ejaculation of surprise for there, in the doorway, looking charming in her evening dress, was Mrs. Harding.

"You here, Constance!'

"Here! Why, where should I be, my dear?'

The Colonel looked at the Captain, and *vice versa*.

"Whatever is the matter?' asked the lady; "and—gracious, Edmund, love!—what are you going to do with those pistols?'

"I—I was going;' blured out the Colonel, half angrily, "to take with them the life of your lover, Constance!'

"My lover! Surely, darling, you never contemplated suicide!'

"Suicide! Constance, can you look me in the face and say you have no other one than I!

"Yes—there, sir! But can you look in mine, and say you ever were cruel enough to suspect me of such a sin?'

The Colonel dropped instantly.

"You have!' she went on. "Pray, on what grounds?'

"That of a man having been seen to enter your room, admitted by you, and—in—in—your supposed flight this night in a cab with him.'

Mrs. Harding burst into a peal of laughter.

"Why, Edmund that, was Kate's lover!' she cried.

"Kate's!' both gentlemen repeated.

"No less. Do not blame the poor girl, for you yourself have driven her to this step—askin. Captain Hewett to pardon my speaking out,' said the lady, with a malicious twinkle in her eye; "Because you loved his father, you ordered your daughter to accept the General's son. She—her heart secretly bestowed elsewhere—said 'Nay;' you said 'Ay.' When I became your wife, Kate made me her confidant. I too, said 'Nay;' yet you repeated 'Ay'—declaring you could not go from your word: therefore, perceiving, as a gentleman, that was true, I determined to break it for you; and, unwilling that your child, my love, should have a less happy life than the one you made mine, I planned—yes, it was wicked—I planned her elopement with Robert Kenway, the man she loves. However you may regard it, Edmund, I think I have done the girl a good turn in saving her from an alliance with an amateur detective.' (So saying, she swept the Captain a contemptuous curtesey.) "I see how all this has happened; this gentleman watched her while you went to dine. Charming! He waited and spied to see your own property stolen! Captain Hewett, I compliment you! Now, gentlemen, I will leave you to yourselves.'

She quitted the room as she spoke, very hautily, and retired to her own, apparently the most injured party.

A brief space after, the Colonel came in.

"Constance,' he said, "you have done very wrong.'

"Sir, how have you acted, in suspecting a wife who was foolish enough to love you?' she answered, proudly.

"Do you love me, Constance?'

"Better than—than—all—the world!' was the answer, given between a sudden burst of sobs.

A woman's tears were the only enemies which had ever beaten the Colonel. He caught his pretty wife in his arms, and cried—"Constance, forgive me, and let us say no more about it.'

"And Kate?' she sobbed.

"I'll pardon her, for your sake.'

"You dear, dear Edmund! There! That kiss is for a reward!'

And that is how Captain Hewett was checkmated by the Colonel's second wife.

Truth Will Out.

JAKEY, HIS MA AND THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER.

Jakey crept up and sat down by his mother's side as she was looking out of the window yesterday morning. After a few minutes of silence, he broke out with—

"Ma, ain't Pa's name Jacob?

"Yes, Jakey.

"If I was called young Jacob, he'd be called old Jacob, wouldn't he?

"Yes, my dear; what makes you ask such a question as that?

"Nothing, only I heard something about him last night.

Mrs. Watts suddenly became interested. "What was it, my son?

"Oh, nothing much; something the new Sunday school teacher said.

"You oughtn't to have anything your mother don't know, Jakey, coaxingly plead Mrs. Watts.

"Well, if you must go poking into everything, I'll tell you. The new teacher says to me, what's your name, my little man? and when I said Jacob, he asked me if I ever heard of old Jacob, and I thought that was pa's name, so I told him I guess I had, but I'd like to hear what he had to say about hi a. He said old Jacob used to be a little boy once just like me, and had bean-shooters and stilts, and used to play hookey and get licked, and used to tend cattle——

"Yes, I believe he said his father used to keep a cow, interrupted Mrs. Watts.

"And he hogged his brother out of something or other, and he got struck with a young woman named Rachel [Mrs. Watts became still more interested,] and was going to marry her, but her old man fooled him and made him marry his other daughter; but pa said he guessed he wasn't nobody's fool, and married them both.

"The wretch! ejaculated Mrs. Watts, shaking her fist at Mr. Watt's slipper.

"He said old Jacob had a dozen or two children and—

"Did I marry him for this? exclaimed Mrs. Watts, sobbing and throwing herself on the sofa, making all the springs hum like a set of tuning-forks.

Jakey said he didn't know what she married him for, but she would not catch him telling her anything very soon again if she was going to kick up such a row about it, and went out of the room feeling highly indignant.

When Mr. Watts came home he met Mrs. Watts in the hall with a very red face, who pointed her finger at him jerked out the word "Villain!" and asked him if he could look his innocent wife and infant son in the face. Mr. Watts showed that he could by staring very hard alternatively at Jakey and Mrs. Watts.

"I know where you go, sir, when you stay away from home, continued Mrs. Watts; I've heard the story of your perfidy. Can't you tell me how Rachel and that other woman is to-day? she asked with forced calmness. Mr. Watts confessed his inability to enlighten her on the health of the ladies about whom she was so solicitous. Mrs. W. said that she always knew that something like this would occur, and ended with another hysterical interrogation after the children's health, but not receiving any satisfactory answer, she threw herself on the sofa again, and sobbed and asked herself a few times why she had ever left her mother's house, and then she called Jakey to her and told him that they would have to live alone in a little house, and be very poor, and maybe not have enough to eat, which made that hopeful utter a series of most doleful howls and hasten down to the kitchen to examine the larder.

Later in the day Mrs. Lewis happened in and Mrs. Watts confided to her the story of her husband's villainy. Of course Mrs. Lewis was very properly shocked, and tried to impress upon Mrs. Watts the necessity of being philosophical, and left with the observation that she had never yet seen a man with a mole on his nose who did not, sooner or later, prove to be a rascal.

Towards evening Jakey was sitting on the steps, having recovered from his grief of the morning, when the Sunday school teacher chanced to pass by, and Jakey hailed him with: "Say, mister, I told my mother what you told me about old Jacob, last night, and there has been the old scratch to pay ever since. Ma called pa a villian and a bloody thief, and tried to break her back on the sofa, and said that there wouldn't be anything to eat, and there ain't been such a time since pa offered to kiss Aunt Jane good-bye. Maybe you had better drop in and see the old lady, mister; but she ain't so bad as she was.'

The teacher, after some pressing, accompanied Jakey into the house, and was presented to Mrs. Watts in the parlor.

Mrs. Watts began to thank him for disclosing her husband's perfidy, but he disclaimed having done anything of the kind, and at length, after considerable talking, it was discovered that Jakey had misapplied the story of the patriarch Jacob. Mrs. Watts started right out to hunt up Jacob, and when she found him, astonished him again by being as loving as she had been distant. Jakey is contented in the fact that there is no immediate prospect of a lack of supplies in the family, and Mrs. Watts would be perfectly happy if she could only shut Mrs. Lewis' mouth.

NEWSPAPER publishing is getting to be a hazardous business. Since the first of January of this year, no less than 317 newspapers have suspended publication.

Just Married.

AND THEY WERE ON THEIR WEDDING TOUR.

A funny-looking old fellow, gray-haired, wrinkled face, and evidently about sixty years of age, entered the City Hall yesterday with a girl of eighteen hanging on his arm. He had on an old-fashioned black coat, with a double row of buttons up and down, a Greeley plug hat, new buckskin gloves, and a severe attempt had been made to get up a "shine" on his cowhide boots. The girl had gay ribbons on her hat, a blue shawl, green kids and a white dress on, and the two attracted attention at once.—No one had an idea they were husband and wife until the old man stopped a passing policeman and said:

"My wife, mister. Just got married Sunday, and we want to look around the court-house a little.'

She reached out and, 'shook" hands with the officer, and the old man looked pleased as he said:

"Didn't I tell you, Lucy, that folks in Detroit would all notice you? You didn't do so bad when you married the old man, eh?'

"So you have just entered the state of matrimony, have you?' asked the officer.

"I don't know anything about your matrimony,' answered the old chap, "but I know we've just been married, and I'm the happiest old sunflower in the States——eh, Lucy?'

"Married for love, I suppose?' queried the officer.

"Love and nothing else,' replied the old man. "I was struck with her—she with me, and we spliced. I'm getttin a leetle old, I'spose I'll make a baby of her, but Lucy's a good girl. She can put on style with anybody, or she can flop a mop around as good as any woman in America. She feels a little shy, and I thought I'd introduce her to some of the big-bugs. I'm bound she shall go in the best society or none.'

The officer sent them down the hall to the Mayor's office. The bride hung back, but the old man passed his arm around her and said:

"Come along, Lucy; you've got heaps of expensive duds on. You are handsome, and I'll risk you alone with anybody in Detroit?'

As they entered the Mayor's office the clerk came forward and asked what was wanted, and being told that they would like to see his Honor, they were informed that the gentleman was out.

"Oh, well, it don't make any great difference,' said the old man. "This is my wife, mister—just got married.'

"Happy to congratulate you,' said the clerk as he shook hands.

"She's a leetle shy,' continued the old man, pinching his wife's ear, "but that's the way with 'em all. Lucy's a mighty good girl, and she worked out at two dollars per week and bought all her wedding duds. Say to the Mayor that we called, wished he had been here.'

They went out and wandered about for awhile, the old man keeping his arm around her, and finally they entered the City Clerk's office. A lawyer happened to be standing near the door, and walking up to him the old man said:

"Mister, my wife. Looking around a little and thought I'd drop in and introduce her.'

The bride and lawyer shook hands, the lawyer wondering what it all meant, and after a painful pause the old man said:

"She's a little shy, but she's just old lightning after she gets acquainted. I told her we might as well step in and make friends while we are here. If you ever come our way we'd like to have you stop.'

"I shall be glad to,' replied the lawyer, and they went out to drop in on the City Attorney. He was out, but his clerk received them with a bland smile which went right to the old man's heart.

"Folks all well?' inquired the husband as he shook hands, and then turning and bowing he said:

"My wife, mister. You can see for yourself she's a little shy, but it'll wear off bime-by.'

"Come to see the City Hall?' inquired the clerk.

"We're on our wedding tour around,' replied the old man. "Married Sunday night, and I thought I'd take her around a leetle afore we settle down. Lucy's a powerful good girl, stranger, and she's cream and sugar on keeping house. You don't find any dirt in the corners, and no cord-wood under the bed. It's a case of luv from the start. I call her darling and she calls me dear hubby, and I'd lay my life down for her as quick as wink!'

About four o'clock the same couple were seen at the Central depot, waiting for a train. The bride sat on one of the old man's knees, both his arms around her, and she was heard to say:

"I don't care a gin what folks think—don't we luv!'

WHAT IT SHOWED.—A lady teacher in a Sunday school recently had occasion to illustrate a lesson on faith by a story of a child who was told by his father to drop from an elevated place into his arms. The rather could not be seen by the child, yet when commanded, it dropped. Upon the teacher asking her class what was shown by this story, a bright little fellow immediately replied, "It showed he had pluck.'

Somebody in Dubuque got an organ-grinder drunk and gave him an ice cream freezer. The old fellow turned the crank by the roadside patiently till he went to sleep.

Charley Ross.

ANOTHER DISAPPOINTMENT—AN EXCITEMENT IN CAMDEN, N. J.

Camden, New Jersey, opposite Philadelphia, was thrown into an intense excitement on Wednesday afternoon by the announcement that Charley Ross had been found and taken to the station house. The rumor spread with great celerity, and in less than half an hour the Mayor's office was thronged with hundreds of men, women and children anxious to see the child. It appears that about half-past two o'clock an Italian organ grinder, who gave his name as Stephen Koster, or Coster, was taken into custody on Second street having the child in his possession. He was conducted to the station house, where he stated that he resided at No. 230 North Eighth street, Philadelphia, with his brother-in-law, Louis Coster.

At first he said that the child was his brother-in-law's son, and afterwards claimed him as his child, and that he would be five years old next Christmas. The child had many marked characteristics of the likeness and description of Charley Ross, large lustrous eyes and an intelligent face, but could not be induced to speak a single word. His hair was also light and predisposed to curl, but looked in some parts as if it had been colored. The authorities telegraphed to the Central Station here, and Detectives Levy and McKibben visited Camden, but could not identify the child. About 6 o'clock Mr. Ross, the father of Charley Ross, also arrived at the Mayor's office, and, after a minute scrutiny, said the child was not his, while tears filled his eyes, and he could scarcely repress other emotions of disappointment.

The man and child were thereupon released, and the crowd dispersed. Over fifteen hundred persons visited the child, including the grand jury, now in session, the prosecutor of the pleas, and many high officials, all expressing a wish that the lost one had been found. When it was finally settled that he was not Charley Ross, a number of ladies, who had congregated in front of the station house, manifested their disappointment in tears.

What Will You Take?

How often this question is asked by men accustomed to the use of intoxicating drinks. Suppose we put the question in a more practical way? Will you take a pain in the head? Will you take a stab in the lungs? Will you take a blister on the mucous membrane? Will you take a nauseating sickness of the stomach? Will you take a redness of the eyes, or black eyes? Will you take a tint of red for your nose? Will you take a rum-bud for your face? Will you take an offensive breath? Will you take a touch of delirium tremens? Suppose we change the questions a little.—Will you take something that will make you more thirsty than you were before you drank it? There would be some sense in asking a man out at the elbows to take a coat, or in asking a bare-headed man to take a hat, or in asking a shoeless man to take a pair of shoes, or in asking a hungry man to take something to eat; but it is a piece of insane absurdity to ask a man to take something to drink—that which will not quench his thirst. Why should he take something? Will it make him stronger, wiser, better? No! a thousand times no! It will make him weaker; it will make him idiotic and base; and will make him an enemy to himself and a shame to his name.

CURIOUS BIRD'S NEST.—There is a bird in New Guinea called the megapodius, which in the size of its eggs and its manner of hatching them, must be considered extraordinary. It is not larger than one of our ordinary fowls, but its eggs are three inches long by two and a half inches in diameter. It does not attempt to sit on them. A colony of birds lay their eggs together in a large mound, in the hottest part of the year, from September to March, and leaves them to be hatched by the sun. The mound is made of sand, loose earth, and sticks and leaves, which latter, by their decay, increase their heat. The mounds are wonderfully large, being ten feet high and about sixty feet in circumference at the base. The young birds come out at a hole in the top; the mother birds wait on the trees around until their chicks are hatched, and then each leads off her own brood. How each one knows its own is a mystery. The eggs are much relished by the natives, but not at all by Europeans. A native of Cape York ventured one day, into a nest of eggs, and while he was exploring the hidden riches of the large mound, the upper part fell in and he was smothered. He was found afterwards in the very act of digging—buried alive in a bird's nest.

ECHO PARK, COLORADO.—At the junction of Green and Bear rivers is what is called Echo Park, taking its name from the very singular echoes that are heard there. One writer who noted the remarkable reverberations, says that when a gun is discharged total silence follows the report for a moment, then, with startling suddenness, the echo is heard, seemingly at a great distance—say five miles to the south—whence it comes back in separate and distinct reverberations, as if leaping from glen to glen. Louder and quicker grew the sound, until apparently directly opposite, when a full volume of sound is returned; then once more the echo is heard, like the snapping of a cap, far to the eastward.

Imagination and Disease.

The influence of the imagination in the simulation of disease has often been proved. It was in France, I believe, that an experiment was made upon a soldier who, being condemned to die for some infraction of military decipline, was handed over to the scientists as a living subject. He was placed in a hospital, and told that all around him were patients suffering from small-pox. Although this was not true, the man was soon taken violently sick and displayed every sympton of the disease. Instances tending to establish this remarkable domination of the mental faculties over the bodies are not rare, and a story is going the round of the newspapers which may be cited in this connection:

A young man in Indianapolis went into a drug store and asked for fifty cents' worth of strychnine. The druggist gave him a harmless powder, and he swallowed it.—He then explained that his affections had been blighted, and he had taken the poison to get even. The druggist told him that there were not fifteen minutes' life in him, and that he was beginning to fade about the eyes already. The youth sank to the floor, and the sweat streamed from his brow. He was becoming very sick, mentally and bodily, and appeared to be dying. The medicine-man became alarmed at the effect of the dose, and examined the jar from which he had taken the powder. It was "sugar of milk,' sure enough—perfectly harmless, and yet it was producing spasms. As a last resort the young man was informed that he had taken no poison, but instead a very harmless powder, a bushel of which would not kill. The information put a stop to the dying business; he revived, got up and walked out of the store disgusted, promising, however, to give the coroner an early job. It was the opinion of all the bystanders that the mere imagination of poison in his system was really killing the youth.

An Egyptian Mummy Regaining the Appearance of Life.

A gentleman of Halifax, England, being in Egypt, brought back several heads taken from human mummies. These heads were brought back in separate small boxes, and one of them in some way got soaked in salt water on the voyage. When it was opened by Mr. Leyland, in the presence of a number of other gentlemen, they were startled—even astounded—to find that the flesh on the face had recovered its outline, the cheeks and chin were plump and rounded, the opened eyes looked upon them, and even seemed to move. The gentlemen hastened to call others from all parts of the museum to observe this wonderful phenomenon. For a few minutes they beheld an unmistakably Egytian countenance, with pleasant, composed expression—the face of a man who lived at least three thousand years ago. They could only conclude that the powerful aromatic guns which had been used had arrested the decay which the salt water had now rendered possible, and which speedily set in after the head was taken from its box and wrappings. But several gentlemen who saw it have assured me that they can never forget the life likeness of the face before the swift decay of flesh which followed.

A Strange Church Scene.

There was a double service in a Methodist church at Nottingham, Manitoba, on a recent Sunday. A quarrel had divided the congregation, and each party claimed to be dominant. Each had called a new minister, and the two clergymen were on hand to begin their labors. The first to arrive took possession of the pulpit, and the other sat behind the chancel rail. The man in the pulpit gave out a hymn, the other man gave out another, and both were sung confusedly by the rival sections of the assembly. Then the man behind the railing started off on his sermon, and the other began to read a chapter of Scripture.—When the reading was over, and it was plain that the preaching was going to last much longer, the partisans of the reader sang another hymn with a loud organ accompaniment. The musical noise drowned the voice of the clergyman in the pulpit, but when it was over he was found to be preaching right along, as though nothing unusual had happened. The clergyman in the chancel, less cool, was unable to fix his thoughts on a discourse, and so remained silent and beaten. At the close of this extraordinary scene a deacon explained that it had been enacted "under legal advice, and to further the cause of Christ.'

Bran Kills Cabbage Worms.

Let me say, in answer to Mr. F. W. Fearman, that the object of scattering wheat bran over cabbage, is to protect them from the ravages of the green worm. It will not do to wait until the worms are strong and fat; as then it will not destroy them. Two years since I saw this remedy recommended, and at the time thought it a humbug, as it seemed scarcely possible that such a simple thing could effect the worms, still I made up my mind to try it, as I do all things, holding fast to what is good. In June, in going through my early cabbage, I found one completely covered with the worms. Immediately I obtained a handful of bran and sprinkled it over the head. The worms began to squirm and fall off the cabbage, and whenever the bran touched them, they seemed to be in pain. The following morning they were all dead. Since that time, on the first appearance of the worm I sow the bran.—Some seasons it may be necessary to do it the second time. If the worms are very thick it is necessary to take a handful and sprinkle it over the cabbage. A hundred weight is ample for an acre.