

SHORT AND CRISP.

IT WAS THE AUDIENCE THAT SUFFERED.

"You say you sang forty-seven verses?"
"Yes," replied the vocalist proudly.
"I should think it would have tired you to death."
"It probably would have done so, but it was a chorus, and divided among so many of us there was less than one verse apiece."

SHE WAS IMPOSING.

Several gentlemen were standing about the door at a swell reception, when a fine looking lady passed down the hall.
"By Jove," said one, "that's a magnificent looking woman."
"Very imposing, indeed," said another.
"You bet she is," said a third; "I know, for I've been her husband for ten years."

NOT MUCH OF A BREAKFAST.

"Why, where is the mackerel I brought home last night?" asked Jenkins at the breakfast table.
"Do you mean the mackerel you brought home early this morning?" inquired his wife rigidly.
"Er—yes, of course. I was detained at the office last night, and I suppose it was morning before I got home. But where is it?"
"You put it to soak in the wash basin, and I had to throw it away."

A CRITICISM AS IS A CRITICISM.

A New York young man who imagines that he is a painter, recently took one of his productions to an artist and said:
"Now I want you to give me a criticism on this."
The real artist turned the picture over and examined the back of it carefully, and then said:
"You have made one great mistake. You should have bought cheaper canvas."

THE SIMPLE SUMMER BOARDER.

"You seem to raise fine crops of hay on this place," observed a tourist to a man who was taking up the fragrant stuff.
"Yes," said the man.
"Do you ship it to the city?"
"Oh, no," replied the mower; "we use it here in the hotel."
"But you have no horses," observed the tourist; "what do you use it for?"
"Green tea," responded the mower, as he reached for the whetstone.

A RANK UMPIRE.

"Did I ever see the play of 'Julius Caesar'?" exclaimed the passenger from St. Louis.
"Course I did. We had it down to our town last fall for three nights. Say, it's a daisy cutter, ain't it? Old Shakespeare made a three-baser that hit, and no mistake. I could look at a play like that seven nights a week and never get tired. They were queer acts in them days, but wasn't it a daisy mob, though? And the way they got away with that rank umpire, Caesar, just did me good."

NOT A REGULAR.

First doctor—"Do you know I am beginning to suspect Slatbers?"
Second doctor—"You surprise me. He seems to be quite a gentleman."
First doctor—"Oh, certainly; but I mean—well, I hate to say it, but I suspect he is not a regular practitioner."
Second doctor—"You horrify me!"
First doctor—"In fact, I feel certain of it."
Second doctor—"Upon what do you base your opinion?"
First doctor—"Upon facts, sir, facts. As his patients recover."

Extraordinary Vegetables.

A tomato vine at Plant City, Fla., covered a spot seventy-two feet in circumference, and bore all last winter without injury by cold.

A stalk of corn, with two ears of corn enclosed in red shucks, grown from a grain of corn found in an eagle's nest, is one of the curiosities of Alachua county.

The largest strawberry was a Sharpless raised by Adam S. Knight of Batavia, N. Y. It measured 11 inches in circumference and weighed half a pound.

A mushroom in the Undercliff, near Ventnor, England, measured over 11 inches in diameter. When cooked it was palatable and filled a large breakfast dish.

J. A. Camp of Atlanta, Ga., says he has cabbage growing in his garden that are eight feet in circumference, and that a cabbage weighing sixteen pounds is a common thing among his vegetables.

A Marechal Neil rose tree of London, although 20 years of age, produced this season more than 3,000 choice blooms. In 1882 more than 2,500 roses are recorded from this wonderful tree.

Deep Sea Fishes.

The report upon the fishes collected upon the famous Challenger expedition, shows that all those dredged from great depths (two to three thousand fathoms) possess bones and ligaments of great softness, and muscles loosely connected. This is a provision to allow of the permeation of their tissues by the water, since otherwise at the great depth where they live the pressure of the water, which shivers solid glass to powder, would crush their bodies. Many of these abyssal fishes are blind; many have phosphorescent organs, or secrete a phosphorescent slime; others have distensible stomach, and wide mouths, which can engulf fishes much larger than themselves.

THE LAWYER TURNED BURG-LAR.

The Singular Career and Death of Joseph Haines Johnson.

Joseph Haines Johnson in 1816 read law in Keene. He removed to Cincinnati, where he became one of the most wealthy and respectable wholesale merchants in that city, and sustained a high standing and had an intelligent and well-educated family. His fortune was estimated at \$100,000. The circumstances of his death were remarkable, and were thus given in a newspaper. One of the clerks of a large wholesale store was roused from his sleep at midnight by a noise in an upper story. He immediately proceeded to ascertain the cause. There was an open hatchway from the garret to the cellar, and down this he heard something fall. Supposing that some goods had been thrown down, he awakened a companion, and they watched the premises so that no one went out till morning, when the cellar was examined and the body of a man found quite dead and much disfigured. He was armed with a knife and pistols and disguised in a wig and false whiskers.

Depending from the hatchway in the third and fourth stories was found a cord fastened by a hook from which the thief had evidently fallen in the attempt to descend. The body was buried, but the mayor ordered it to be taken up and publicly exposed, in hopes that someone would recognize it and perhaps lead to the discovery of his accomplices. It was at length recognized by a gentleman who stopped to visit it, and afterwards by some of his family who were brought to view the body. The house of the deceased was immediately taken possession of by the police, and was found to have been a perfect receptacle of stolen goods, possessed of every convenience for carrying on the trade. A range of stores four stories high had been owned and occupied by him, and were provided with vaults for the purpose of concealment, and with subterranean passages leading to other houses, over which, no doubt he had control.

The stacks of chimneys had been converted into channels for the conveying of goods in and out without exposure to the public eye. Goods were found which had been stolen four years before, and some which could have been taken a short time before his death. Thus perished Joseph Haines Johnson. His death happened about September, 1832. The young gentleman who first found him was engaged to one of his daughters.

Extraordinary Hallucination.

Malebranche, a celebrated philosopher of the seventeenth century, was for a long time the victim of a singular notion. He fancied that he had an enormous leg of mutton attached to the end of his nose. A friend would shake hands with him and inquire, "How is M. Malebranche to-day?" "Pretty well, on the whole; but this horrid leg of mutton is getting quite unbearable by its weight and its smell." "What! This leg of mutton?" "Yes. Can't you see it hanging there in front?" If the friend burst into a laugh, or ventured to deny the existence of the strange phenomenon, Malebranche would get angry. At length a colleague of his, a man gifted with a sense of the humorous, determined to cure him by some means or other. Calling upon him one day, he affected to perceive the cause of his trouble and inquired about it. The imaginary patient, overcome with gratitude, ran to embrace his first believer, who, stepping backward, uttered a cry "What! Have I hurt you, my friend!" "Certainly; you have run your leg of mutton into my eye. I really cannot understand why you have not tried to get rid of that awkward appendage long since. If you will allow me with a razor—an operation performed without the slightest danger—" "My friend, my friend, you will have saved my life! Oh! Ah! Oh!" In the twinkling of an eye the friend had slightly grazed the tip of his nose, and, producing from under his cloak a splendid leg of mutton, he flourished it triumphantly in the air. "Ah," exclaimed Malebranche, "I live, I breathe? My nose is free, my head is free! But—out—it was a raw one, and this one is cooked!" "Why, of course you have been sitting for an hour close to the fire!" From this time Malebranche ceased to be haunted by his leg of mutton.

Alpine Accidents.

Serious accidents in the Alps appear to be on the increase from year to year. There is every summer a large number of tourists who make light of Alpine ascents that are really dangerous, and who pride themselves on dispensing with guides, though their assistance is in most cases absolutely essential to safety. In the Austrian Alps hundreds of such imprudent travellers may be met at this time of year. Most of them are clerks, without any training or experience, and hence the increasing frequency of loss of life in the mountains. Precisely at the spot where last year Dr. Kosel was dashed over a terrible precipice, two young tourists from Vienna have just met their death. They had no guide, and, slipping over a perpendicular rock, fell a distance of 6,000ft. The accident took place in a wild and picturesque gorge in the Alps of Upper Austria. The two companions were observed near a most dangerous spot, and were missed. Searching parties were sent out after them and soon came upon their shattered remains lying at the foot of the precipice near which they were last seen.

AN IMPERIAL NAVY.

How It is Proposed to Federalize the Fleet.

A correspondent in the Pall Mall Gazette proposes to federalize the fleet. He says that a glance at the map of the British Empire will show that there are four great groups of colonies where Englishmen may make a home and rear their children without injury to their own health or race deterioration. These four are Australia, Canada, the Cape and New Zealand. In more or less close proximity to these great colonies are minor groups under our flag, where the climate, though in most cases fairly healthful, is not favorable to the maintenance of English vigor without the constant infusion of fresh blood—where, in short, statistics show that the settlers, or at least their children, tend to fall below the standard of English energy and vitality. The minor groups are Papua, Labuan and British Borneo near Australia; the West Indies and Belize near Canada; Mauritius and the West African settlements, near the Cape; Fiji and British Polynesia, near New Zealand. Canada, the Cape and Australia (including for the time New Zealand) are at present, naval stations, each under an admiral's command. Federalizing the fleet means placing in the hands of each of these four colonies the care and command of the squadron that protects it. Take the Dominion as an illustration. We should put the North American and West Indian squadron into a thoroughly fit condition, and then transfer it to the Canadian Government, which would undertake to maintain it in such a state of efficiency as should ensure the proper performance of its duties in time of peace and its active co-operation with the mother country in time of war. The Dominion would also have the responsibility of the effectual protection of its coasts, harbors, local sea trade, and refitting docks, unless the Imperial Government specially undertook any of these duties.

The naval jurisdiction of the squadron would embrace, as now, the West Indian Islands, which would contribute a portion of the expenses. The Home Admiralty might continue to enlist the necessary number of men, but the Dominion would pay the wages. Canada would, within reasonable limits of safety, decide when new ships, guns, &c. were wanted, and the Home Admiralty would supply whatever was required at cost price, unless Canada should prefer to employ private firms. Canada, thanks to her magnificent waterways, fisheries, harbors and timber, has developed a splendid mercantile marine, and she will not fail in the task of protecting it. It is proposed to extend her naval rule to the West Indies for several reasons. The Islands are seriously thinking of joining the Dominion, they are not rich enough to protect themselves, and they are of great imperial value. If Cuba and Hayti belonged to Britain it might be possible to form a small separate union. But Spain, though willing to sell, still holds Cuba, and Hayti remains an independent nuisance to her neighbors. So the West Indies must continue as at present under the guardianship of the North American (that is the Canadian) squadron. The docks of Halifax and Bermuda would probably be required and kept up for imperial use, as also would a harbor in Vancouver, and we might therefore continue to police the Pacific coast of the Dominion for some years.

The Earth a Great Magnet.

Everything on earth and in the air above is permeated with the earth's magnetic force,—it goes through your clothes, it penetrates your bodies, it saturates your brains, it is a part of life itself. Gauss, the illustrious German astronomer, has computed (taking as a unit of his measurement a magnet fourteen inches long, one inch wide, one-fourth inch thick, weighing one pound, made of the hardest steel and of the strongest magnetic force possible) the earth's magnetic force as equal to \$,464,000,000,000,000,000 such magnets. The attracting or lifting power of such a magnet is about ten pounds, which would make the attractive power of the earth \$2,310,000,000,000,000,000 tons. If this magnetism were equally distributed throughout the mass of the earth, the magnetic intensity of each cubic yard would be equal to six of these magnets, or about sixty pounds attractive force. Prof. Mayer has shown that this magnetic influence, this invisible force, is a power filling space to an unknown distance, and radiating in the lines of magnetic force very much as the rays of sunlight, the lines of the earth's magnetic force being from South to North, as indicated by the compass needle.

"What is your occupation?" the judge asked the red-nosed man. "I'm a bartender, your honor," was the reply. "But the officer swears you're a loafer, and pass the greater part of your time in saloons." "Don't a bartender pass most of his time in saloons?" "True," mused the judge. "By the way," he asked, "which side of the bar do you tend?" "The outside, your honor." "I thought so," said the judge; "three months."

The chap who has received the most bouquets this spring from the ladies is a fellow who assaulted a woman with intent to rob and got a year in state prison. He was pronounced "perfectly lovely."

"Weeds," says an agricultural paper, "affect the yield of any crop." Not excepting widows' weeds, which have a very marked effect on the matrimonial crop.

CURED BY FAITH.

A Dying Woman Sees Our Lady of Perpetual Help, and is Restored.

Probably the most remarkable and the best known of faith cures in St. Louis is the case of Theresa Schaefer, a young woman who had a visitation of the Blessed Virgin, or the Mother of Christ, while at the point of death. This occurred at the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, some eleven years ago. Miss Schaefer was a German girl, a very devout Roman Catholic, an excellent housekeeper, and an intelligent, sensible girl. She was afflicted with a tumor, and was removed from her home to St. John's Hospital, which is a part of the convent referred to. The affliction baffled the skill of at least twenty physicians, whose services were called on by the Sisters of Mercy, from the Medical College close by. She was given up as dying by a number of physicians after the holding of a consultation. Two of the consulting physicians were positive in the belief that she would not live three days at the furthest. The girl had been praying for health all the time to Our Lady of Perpetual Help, as the Blessed Virgin is sometimes termed, and on the day following the evening on which the consultation had been held was in a dying state. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon she showed signs of animation, and, speaking to the Sisters, declared that she saw angels.

Little attention was paid to her until between 11 and 12 o'clock at night, when her firm utterances and clear eyes commanded it. "I have had a visitation," she said; "the Virgin and the angels have been with me, and the Virgin told me I should get well if I devoted my life to her." This statement was repeated several times, when one of the Sisters laughingly asked her how she was going to prove it. "By getting up and dressing," she replied, and, despite all protestations, the young woman arose, and, donning her clothing, moved with a light, springy tread about the room. Such a positive proof of a return to health was taken as proof also of the girl's assertions of the visitation. The Sisters were in a wakeful condition that night and Miss Schaefer, attributing the visitation and the cure to the fact that she had been making a novena to "Our Lady of Perpetual Help," insisted when morning arrived on making a visit to the Church of the Redemptorist Fathers on Grand avenue, where the shrine of Our Lady of Perpetual Help stands, and returning thanks for her miraculous restoration to health. This she did, riding to the church and returning to the convent on foot. The young lady departed immediately from the convent to her father's house, where she died some six years later of some such illness as malaria.

It seems, however, that she did not devote her days to the Mother of God, unless the leading of an exemplary life constitutes such devotion. The report of this case attracted a great deal of attention at the time, the doctors who had had Miss Schaefer in charge justifying freely to the fact that the case was miraculous. To an artist of some celebrity the young woman described minutely the details of the apparition, and he shortly afterward produced a painting which now occupies a place of honor at the Convent of the Sisters, and which has become something of a shrine. The picture represents a young woman lying on a hospital cot, while over her, in a burst of light is the Virgin with fair face and flowing robes. The Virgin's form is encircled by angels of cherubic form and face, and the picture altogether is of the old masters' order.

Warned by a Dream.

Dr. Glasse's son George, who became a clergyman, was acquainted at college with a dissolute set of young men, who turned religion into ridicule, and aimed to extract as much so-called pleasure out of life as possible. On one occasion a member of the group entered the room where the rest were assembled, with an unusually depressed countenance. All railed him upon his gravity, and demanded the cause. He explained that on the preceding night he dreamed he was breathing stifling, oppressive air, in a large, gloomy hall which was densely thronged with undergraduates, their gowns wrapped round them, and their countenances indicative of suffering and extreme dejection. Inquiring where he was, "This is Hell," replied a melancholy young man, unfolding his gown and revealing in his breast a transparent heart as of crystal, in which burned a fierce flame. "Good God!" he exclaimed, appalled by the sight, "cannot I escape from this place?" "You have a chance for nine days," answered the gloomy figure, folding his arms within his gown and concealing his burning heart. They laughed at his disordered fancy, drank deep, and persuaded him to spend the ensuing nine days with them in especial gaiety. On the ninth day, however, whether from the natural effects of excessive debauch or solemn fulfillment of the warning, he suddenly died—an event which produced a strong and salutary effect upon some of his comrades, who began an amended life from that day.

The Price of Peace and War.

Bismarck gets \$300 a day for keeping all Europe in a state of fighting suspense about what he is going to do next. General Komaroff gets 100,000 roubles for killing a few Afghans and standing all India up on end. A good cannon costs \$11,000, and a city missionary wears out his life for \$600 a year, and you can get a Bible of the Tract Society for nothing.

LONDON IN THE NIGHT.

With the Sleepers out on the streets and Bridges.

In the dim shadows of a half-lighted hall are gathered together one of the strangest and saddest assemblies that even London, the city of strange sights, can show. The gas is lowed off to induce the slumber of the poor creatures, who have abandoned themselves to almost every conceivable attitude to obtain rest and sleep. Some lie stretched full length upon the bare floor, others crouch by their chairs and rest their heads on the hard wooden seats, some are bent almost double, their faces on their knees; others again, sit bolt upright, save for their weary heads, which are sunk on their breasts.

Men, women, and even little children are here, in every woeful stage of poverty, rags and dirt. From the voiceless assembly rises a hoarse murmur of moans and groans and stifled cries, as ever and again the distress of life breaks even into the sleep of some poor wanderer, and he dreams painful dreams.

These poor creatures are London outcasts—the veritable wanderers of the midnight streets—poor wretches, who, being absolutely penniless, are compelled to shiver and shrink through the keen winter night, with no roof above them but the pitiless sky, or to seek a shelter in any hole or corner they may find. And they have been so ght out and brought hither by friends connected with the London Congregations. Union, who are endeavoring to help them both physically and spiritually.

Of all the sad sights which London streets unhappily present there are few more sad than that of these homeless wanderers. In the light of day, when the streets are crowded, and the bustle and noise about their heads, they are hardly noticed, the full extent of their misery is not seen; but when the hour of midnight is passed, and the thoroughfares are deserted, and such silence as restless London ever knows has descended upon the wilderness of houses, then their weary, aimless walk, their deplorably sad faces, their pitiful rags blowing in the night wind, all present a terribly painful picture, and their awful misery is strikingly apparent.

We proceed over Blackfriars Bridge. Alas, what a sight is here! Huddled together out of the wind are quite a number of midnight wanderers—starved, cold and terribly helpless they appear. Some have sunk to the full length on the hard pavement at the foot of the bridge-head, and one we met further on is a woman, with a piteous-looking baby face peeping from the folds of her tattered shawl. Others stand against the wall, with hands in pockets and shoulders raised, sheltering themselves from the cold blast which sweeps so keenly over the river. The deeply recessed seats are crowded with wretched occupants, thronging together to obtain rest and warmth and slumber.

Over sixty poor wretches have thus been found on the bridge alone. They are of various trades and occupation, and from all parts of the country; one has been a Hampshire laborer, another a Margate ostler, this man a Cambridge stonemason, that woman a needleworker from Dorsetshire. Mantle-makers, domestic servants, governesses, charwomen, bricklayers, law-writers, coopers, pianoforte makers, laborers of every description are found among them. Some have been sleeping out in the street three nights, some five, some one.

On London bridge the same sad sight is presented, and numbers of men and women of all characters and employments, as just described, are to be found crouching into the seats in search of rest and shelter.

For some reason the bridges are favorite resorts of the sleepers-out. Perhaps the sight of the silent river, with its rows of shining lamps, its shipping, and its far outlook, is more welcome to the wanderer than the stony streets. In any case here they congregate, and as many as 130 poor wretches have been found on London bridge alone.

The embankment is not such a place of resort as might have been expected—at least, not in the winter months. Eight persons have been found passing the night there, but its seats are too exposed to the wind. Neither is Watloo bridge much frequented—six only having been discovered sleeping there. Trafalgar Square is more in request; no less than forty seven have been found wandering in the dimly lit space fronting the National Gallery and surrounding Nelson's monument. The Green park side of Piccadilly also furnishes its contingent, and sleepers have been found crowding within the railings of the court-yard fronting Baron Rothschild's house. The contrast between poverty and riches is sharply enough defined then!

Many—a majority, in fact—of these wretched wanderers are from the country. From north, south, east and west they tramp up many miles to the metropolis in hope of finding its streets paved with gold, and too often, alas! they find them instead paved with poverty. Their speech is of the country whence they come, their hands are yet horny with the toil they have left. They have lost work there, "times being so bad," and with a little money in their pockets, have bent their steps hither. They are unused to London and London ways. Their little funds are soon exhausted, and they tramp about the streets weary and heartsick and full of despair.

The older a violin is the more valuable it becomes. It is different with jokers.