PARSON KELLY.

Old Parson Kelly's fair young wife Irene
Died when but three months wed,
And no new love has ever come between
His true heart and the dead,
Though now for sixty years the grass has grown
Upon her grave, and on its simple stone
The moss
And yellow lichens creep her name across.

Outside the door, in the warm summer-air,
The old man sits for hours.
The idle wind that stirs his silver hair
Is sweet with June's first flowers;
But dull his mind, and, clouded with the haze
Of life's last weary, gray November days;
And dim
The past and present look alike to him.

The sunny scene around, confused and blurred,
The twitter of the birds,
Blend in his mind with voices long since heard—
Glad childhoods's careless words,
Old hymns and Scripture texts; while indistinct.
Yet strong, one thought with all fair things is linked—
The bride
Of his lost youth is ever by his side.

By its sweet weight of snow blossoms bowed,
The rose-tree branch hangs low.
And in the sunshine, like a fleecy cloud,
Sways slowly to and fro.
"Oh! is it you?" the old man asks "Irene?"
And smiles and fancies, that her face he's seen
Beneath
The opening roses of a bridal wreath!

Down from the grimbrel roof a white dove flits,
The sunshine on its wings,
And lighting close to where the dreamer sits,
A vision with it brings—
A golden gleam from some long-vanished day.
"Dear love!" he calls; then, "Why will you not stay?"
He sighs,
For, at his voice, the bird looks up and flies!

O constant heart! whose failing thoughts cling fast
To one long bid in the dust,
Still seeing, turned to thine, as in the past,
Her look of perfect trust,
Her soft voice hearing in the south winds breath,
Dream on! love pure as thine shall outlive death,
And, when
The gates unfold her eyes meet thine again!

—*Marian Douglas in Macmillian's Magazine.*

DEATH RATHER THAN DISHONOR.

On the 14th of November, 1814, at 9 o'clock in the evening, passers-by on the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, Paris, heard loud cries of "help!" and "murder!" from a room on the third floor of house No. 17. Before the persons so alarmed could ascend the stairs, or even the neighbors nearest the room whence the cries proceeded could answer the summons, a woman was seen staggering down the stairs. With both hands she pressed a towel to her throat, essaying to stop the torrent of blood which, welling from a ghastly wound in her neck, streamed through between her fingers and poured down the front of her dress.

"Help! help! I am dying," she cried, in a choking voice, tottering as she spoke: and with one hand clutching vaguely in the air.

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed a porter, who was the first to recognize her, "It is the beautiful Holland girl."

"Who has done this to you?" demanded a dozen voices of her at once.

"Scissors, scissors," she feebly gasped, signing to those about her to cut her corsets, the pressure of which seemed to stifle her. Those were her last words. Before her request could be complied with, she fell into the arms of those nearest her and was dead. "The beautiful Holland girl," was the *sobriquet* by which Cornelie Kærsmaker, a very pretty young cyprian, was popularly known. She had rooms in the house where her existence thus tragically ended, and to them her poor mangled body was carried. There were counted upon her no less than seventeen deep gashes, made apparently by a sharp knife with a rounded point, but the one fatal wound was that in her throat, which had severed the jugular vein.

The police were quickly present to note every detail which might be of service in tracking the assassin, but found little or nothing in their searching examination to afford a clew. The knife with which the deadly assault had been made was picked up in one corner of the room. It was a common pocket knife, the large blade of which had a rounded point. Blood covered it, but there was nothing upon it to indicate to whom it had belonged. The girl's bed was scarcely rumpled, but upon its surface was the imprint of a bloody hand, and crimson spots flecked it where the life-current of the girl had spouted up against a mirror at the back of the bed, and spattered back upon the spread. Evidently the attack had been made upon her while she was lying down. Evidence of a struggle were strangely lacking. A little taple, covered with articles of porcelain and glass, stood near the bed, and did not seem to have been in the slightest degree disturbed.

While these investigations were being made, a great excitement was created in the Cafe de l'Europe, in the Boulevard du Temple, a long distance from the Rue Nueve des Petitus Champs, by the appearance there of a young captain of grenadiers. Antoine Serres de Saint Clair, who was a frequenter of that place. He came in running, pale, with blood upon his face and hands, and with his dress disordered, In answer to the hurried and excited questions of those who clustered about him, he told a strange story.

He said that he had yielded to the solicitations of one of the women of gallantry who at that time encumbered the galleries of the Palias Royal, and had accompanied her to her room, the location of which, however he did not note. Upon arriving there, he was surprised to find in her chamber two sturdy, villainous-looking ruffians, whose appearance was so sinister as to cause him much apprehension. The woman however did not appear to notice them, and, cooly taking off her hat proceeded to disrobe. While he was endeavoring to invent some excuse for a retreat, the woman spoke to the men some words in German, and one of them said to him:

"You are a military man, are you not?"

He replied that he had the honor to be so, retreating at the same time toward the door, when suddenly, without further parley, the two ruffians sprang upon him. Believing robbery and murder to be their objects, he struggled with them as well as he could, but ineffectually, as one of them held him by the elbows from behind, while the other despoiled him of his purse, rings, and even of a pocket-knife, with a round-pointed blade, which he had been in the habit of carrying. The woman mixed in the melee, seemingly taking his part, at which one of the robbers furiously attacked her, knocking her over on the bed, and there striking her with the knife again and again. This division of the enemy's force was in so far favorable to Captain Saint Clair that he succeeded in felling the robber with whom he was still engaged, and then, Getting out of the door, ran, and did not stop until he reached the Cafe de l'Europe. In recounting these adventure a second time, he represented the robbers as fleeing before him, after clutching their booty, and he pursuing them to the street, where one ran to the right and the other to the left, and no one noticed his cries of "Stop, thief and assassin."

The little variation in his narratives was attributed to his bewilderment and excitement in going through such a perilous adventure, and the people of the Cafe de l'Europe lavished attentions upon him. One of his shirt sleeves were partly torn off. They tore away still more to bind up an ugly cut which his right hand had received, and they dressed his other wounds and remedied the disorder of his clothing. They then recommended him to lodge a complaint with the police, and he set forth to do so. Before going to Commissioner of Police, he diverted his steps to make a call upon a man named Barthelemy, keeper of a little jewelry-shop in the Palais Royal, who was one of his friends, and to him and his wife related his adventure. While telling his story he was overheard by two agents of the secret police, who listened closely to his narration. Once before, on that same evening, Captain St. Clair had visited the Barthelemy family to tell them on that succeeding day he was going to Lyons. They sympathized with him, and told him that two rascals had been arrested in the Palais Royal that evening who might be the same ones who had robbed him.

They went together to the guard-house to see the fellow. Only one was there. The other had been sent to his barracks, being a soldier. Captain St. Clair could not identify the one who remained.

Then Barthelemy and his wife accompanied the captain to the office of the Commissary of Police. They didn't find that functionary. He had gone to No. 17 Rue Neuve des Petits Champs. Thither they followed him, and the two secret police agents closely dogged their footsteps. As they went along Captain Saint Clair told his story over again, and with a new variation. Now his terific combat with the robbers took place not in the woman's room, but in the water-closet on the seventh floor, whither he had ascended. The detectives made a mental note of the discrepency.

Arriving at the scene of the tragedy, the captain recognized the house as the one to which he had been enticed, and he also recognized the corpse of the beautiful Holland girl who had lured him to this den of assassins. He denied ever having seen her before that night, but his various stories had awakened suspicion, and, upon his being arrested and searched, a little memorandum book, in which with rare frankness of detail, he noted down his receipts and expenditures, was found in his pocket, and, from the entries therein, it was learned that he had twice before visited the girl, and paid her small sums of money on each occasion. Convicted thus of one direct falsehood, his whole story was deemed a fantastic and improbable invention, and he was believed to be guilty of the girl's assassination. The bloody knife he identified as his, and his affirmation that it had been forcibly wrenched from him by the murders who robbed him was not at all credited.

But what motive could he have for such a crime? He was a young man of good sense and excellent character, according to public repute. It was impossible that he could have had any emotions of jealousy connected with this woman of the town. He could not have intended to rob her, for in her purse, loose pieces of gold and silver and some jewelry, were found lying about the room when the police took possession. Besides he was a brave soldier, one of the bravest of the intrepid 23d Demi-brigade, and had won by gallantry and good conduct his rank in the 31st Regiment of the Line, although he was but twenty-seven years old. Surely he could not have stooped to be the assassin and robber of a woman.

The little memorandum book seemed to suggest a motive for the hideous crime. He was madly infatuated with gambling. In five months he had lost 5,439 francs. Altogether between the preceeding June and the date of the murder, he had lost 6,500 francs, which were 5,000 more than his pay amounted to. So great had been his infatuation, and so bad had been his luck, that a few days before this tragic event he had been compelled to pawn his watch.

In addition to his pay, the book showed only that he had received two bills of exchange, for one 1,000 francs each, and in the unhappy light in which he now stood it was promptly surmised by the authorities that he had gained the rest of the money by crime—perhaps by such horrid means as the murder of the Holland girl. It was furthermore represented that she had been economical, and was supposed to have saved up a considerable sum of money, which had mysteriously disappeared since her death, however. Taking everything into consideration, it seemed exceedingly probable that he had murdered the girl for her money, to make good his losses at play.

Captain St. Clair was brought to trial before a court-martial, composed of officers of the First Division, Adjt. Comm'r Bigex presiding, and, in spite of the able endeavors of his attorney, M. Brachet Ferriere, was found guilty of premeditated homicide. It is believed the court was prejudiced very seriously by some minor facts, such as the captain's treatment of his mother, whom he had neglected for a long time.

"A bad son," said the President of the Court very gravely, "is likely to become an assasin if he ever has a profitable opportunity thereof."

The execution of sentence upon the man was delayed. His poor old mother went to the king to intercede for her son, but his majesty pronounced the motive and association of the crime so ignoble as to be beyond his clemency.

Upon the plea of informalities and irregularities in the prosecution of the case, the defendant's council did succeed in having a new trial ordered, and the council therefore assembled on February 17. 1825, under the Presidency of Field Marshal Batoille.

But, just at this time, Napoleon made his brief and brilliant return to France, and the case of Captain Saint Clair was, perforce, laid aside for a season. In May, however, it was reopened. It was now shown that the beautiful Holland girl had been in the habit of enticing men to places where they were robbed by her sturdy accomplices. This lent some element of probability to the captain's story of the plot to which he became a victim. But on the other hand, all the old evidence was revived, and with it the further damaging fact, of which he was arrested the back of his shirt was sprinkled with blood—as it would have been had he stood leaning over his victim while her blood spouted up against the mirror and spattered over the bed. It was also discovered now that the girl, when she died, clutched in her stiffening fingers a fragment torn from Saint Clair's shirt sleeve.

This trial excited a great deal of public interest, was very long, and prosecuted with careful scrutiny. When his judges were about retiring to consult upon their verdict, Saint Clair sprang up and addressed to them a touching appeal. He said: "Gentlemen your decision can restore me to honor, but never could it give me back peace of mind and self-respect, if such a norrible crime as this had banished them from me. But I am innocent. I swear before Heaven that it was not I who shed the blood of that unhappy girl."

After careful deliberation, the court found the accused "guilty," and sentenced him to be degraded from his military rank, stricken from the Legion of Honor, and condemned to imprisonment for life.

When this terrible sentence was pronounced against him, the young man stood up again before his judges and cried out in tones of despair:

"You condemn me to dishonor when I am innocent. I will not survive the degredation you put upon me. I will die a wretched man, but as God sees me, an innocent one."

With these words, he snatched from its concealment a long and keen poinard, which he had hidden upon his person, and again and again stabbed himself in the breast. Great excitement prevailed in the court. The President of the Council imagined that the prisoner was about to use his knife to take vengence upon his judges, and cried loudly for "help." All for a few moments stood aghast before this desperate action, and, before any one could summon presence of mind to stay the hand of the suicide, he was tottering falling, dying. They laid, him upon the floor, and in a few minutes he was dead, but with his last words he avowed his innocence of the awful crime imputed to him.

To this day the mystery overshadowing the assassination of Cornelie Kærsmaker, the beautiful Holland girl, has never been cleared up, and it is but just to the memory of Captain Saint Clair to say that, after his tragic death, there were very few people who continued to believe in his guilt.

AN ARSENIC-EATING GIRL.

Says The Troy (N. Y.) *Times*: A thirteen-year-old daughter of Mr. Flagg, residing near Whitehall, is exciting the attention of physicians and scientific men in that vicinity. Some time ago Mr. Flagg put some arsenic on some bread and placed it in a portion of the house frequented by rats. The bread suddenly disappeared, and again and again other pieces were placed in the same locality, with the same result. He finally determined to watch and ascertain, if possible, what became of it. He had not long to wait before he was horror-stricken to observe his little daughter walk away from the place cramming her mouth with the poisoned bread. A physician was sent for, and before his arrival the sobbing child made known to her parents that she had eaten all the bread that was prepared for the rats, and that she liked it better than anything she had ever tasted. The physician was surprised, and thinking possibly that the drug might not be arsenic, he examined and found it arsenic beyond a doubt. To still further test it he tried a small quantity of it on a cat, which quickly sent the animal into convulsions, causing its death soon afterward. What seems remarkable, too, is the fact that ever since the child first tasted arsenic it has begged for the deadly poison, time and time again. About a year ago the girl fell sick with fits. Nothing would bring her out of the convulsions. In her quiet moments she would beg incessantly for arsonic. The physician in attendance, believing that the girl could not possibly recover, ventured to give it to her. The child devoured it with avidity, and in less than three days she was as well as usual. Since then she has been given the deadly poison at different times, the only effect it having upon her being to make her appear well, bright and cheerful. The case has been before several scientific men all of whom pronounce it one of the most remarkable phenomena of the age.

THE PODDLES FAMILY.

Poddles, Junior, had unfortunately an ear for music—two much so, in fact. In this he bears no resemblance to Poddles, pere, whose musical notions are so vage that he can with difficulty distinguish his favorite air, "Old Dog Tray," from "The Irish Washerwoman."

Whenever Poddles, Jr., is relieved from the laborious occupation of devouring bread and molasses, he is either whistling or singing. His *reportoire* of airs is extensive, comprising all those furnished by the street musicians and concert halls. No matter though he be perusing the most exciting pages of "Jack Harkaway," this youth indulged in song at the same time, totally oblivions of the fact that others cannot appreciate his music when similarly engaged.

The other evening his father entered the room, where the junior, seated in his favorite rocking-chair, with one leg over an arm, was filling the house with that well-known air, "Up in a Balloon."

"Thomas, where did you put the market basket this morning!" demanded the senior.

"Down in a coal mine, underneath the ground," sang the junior, without looking up."

"Down where!" sharply inquired the senior, who is a little deaf.

"Where a ray of sunshine never can be found," yelled the youngster.

"Can't never be found, hey? you young rascal," shrieked the elder party, making a break for his son and heir. "What do you mean? Answer me directly."

"Yes, pap; what is it?" 'Sweet Genevieve sweet Gene——'"

"I'll sweeten you, young imp. Mrs. Poodles, this has come from that boy reading dime song books, 'Jack Harkaway,' and similar stories, Come, sir (threatningly), where's the market basket!"

"In the cellar, pap. Put me in my little bed,'" he shouted.

"Very good. Be off this instant," replied the senior, taking the junior at his word, and before this misguided little musician could well realize the turn affairs had taken he was quickly trotted off bed-ward to the enlivening tune of the "Mulligan Guards."

An hour afterward a faint voice from the attic was heard imploring forgivness, mingled with the plaintive song of the Madigal boys, "Good night, good night, good night." *Danbury News.*

A PARISH INCIDENT.

In a rural Presbyterian congregation in the western section of Canada, the people, for various reasons, were desireus of a change in the pastorate. A meeting was called to consider how the desired change could be effected. All were agreed that though the pastor was a learned, laborious, amiable, and excellent man, he was exceeding prosy and uninteresting as a preacher. It was resolved therefore that a deputation should be sent respectfully to ask him to demit his charge. No one was ready to undertake the difficult and delicate task. At last two elders were induced to go and talk to the minister about the matter. They went on their mission with no little trepidation, but were greatly relieved by the cordial manner in which the good minister received them. He listened quietly to their hesitatingly told story, and at once acquiesced in their desire that he would resign. Elated with their success, they hastened to report the result to the people. All were grately gratified at the prospect of such an amicable arrangement; and feeling some sense of gratitude to the minister for his many years of service, and especially for his ready compliance with their wishes, they determined to present him with an addrees and a purse. A public meeting of the congregation was held, at which the pastor was invited to be present, an address was read to him containing strong expression of appreciation and gratitude for his manifold labors and of strong personal affection for himself, and the purse was handed to him as a token of their continued esteem.

On rising to reply, the pastor was deeply moved, and spoke with a faltering voice. He stated that, influenced by the statements of the elders who had called on him, he had resolved, at much expense of feeling to himself, to resign his charge. Pausing for a minute, as if overcome with emotion—not a few of the tender-hearted betraying their sympathy with him—he went on to say that in view of the affectionate and touching address he had just received, so very numerously signed, and accompanied by so generous a gift, he felt constrained to abandon his purpose, and would therefore remain with them, and devote his future life to the best interests of a people who were so warmly attached to him, and who so highly valued his humble services.

The reply was so obviously dictated by generous simplicity that no one at the time had the courage to rise and explain. That minister is still pastor of the same parish. The incident transpired some ten or twelve years ago, and contains a good moral.

Theodore Thomas gave a concert in Watertown, N. Y., last week, and, when a Wagner selection was reached, a chap leaned toward his girl and explained, "Wagner was here last night and gave a concert. Wagner and Thomas are great friends, and Thomas always puts two or three of his pieces in the programme." The Wagner referred to by the Watertown connoisseur was "Happy Cal," of negro-minstrel fame.

By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

THE BOAT OF MY LOVER.

Gaelic Air—F'hir a bhata—"The Boat of my Lover."

O boat of my lover, go softly, go safely;
O boat of my lover, that bears him from me!
From the homes of the clachan, from the burn singing sweetly,
From the loch and the mountain, that he'll never more see.

O boat of my lover, go softly, go safely;
Thou bearest my soul with thee over the tide.
I said not a word, but my heart it was breaking,
For life is so short, and the ocean so wide.

O boat of my lover, go softly go safely;
Though the dear voice is silent, the kind hand is gone:
But oh, love me, my lover! and I'll live till I find thee;
Till our parting is over, and our dark days are done.

A BRAVE FRONTIERSMAN.

Friday's Rio Grande train (says *The Denver Times* of a recent date), brought in one of those characters sometimes met with in this vicinity, who don't wear nicely curled locks falling down on their shoulders, whose waists are not belted up about half their natural size, who do not pretend to be one of the families of "Bills," and yet have seen a hard service as any of their strutting competitors for fame, and in a square fight with man or beast would not be the first to throw up their hands. The race is dying out, or at least is overshadowed by those whose pretensions, backed by good figures, have made themselves the heroes of dime novels and sensation newspapers, and it was absolutely refreshing to hear the subject of this sketch, without the least swagger or braggadocio, relate in a quiet, subdued tone, experiences that would have tested the courage of the bravest, even of the hardy pioneers of this region.

He rejoices in the name of Harrison Barndecker, was born in Ohio in the heat of the presidental campaign of 1840 (whence his given name), and came to this section with his father in 1855, before the Pike's Peak excitement was thought of. His family had removed to Texas a year or two previous to the above date and commenced a stock ranch. A sudden raid of the Commanches deprived them of every hoof, and in the fight with the savages, his mother and elder brother were killed. This decided the fate of the two survivors, and having by their determined resistance (which was protracted until the decaying corpses of the slain made their stay in the cabin almost unbearable) worried out the little band of raiders, they struck out for the mountains. Though they did not "on bended knees," etc., swear eternal vengence to the Commanches they did not allow an opportunity to pass without taking a scalp. While on their way over the Texas plains from their cover in an arroya they saw a band of five Commanches go into camp. Before morning five scalps dangled from their belts, and they were provided with horses with which to continute their journey. They pitched upon a point far into the heart of the range as the scene of their future life, and there for ten years they lived, seeing only the trappers and hunters that stumbled on their retreat, except when once a year one went to Santa Fe to exchange peltries for a years supply of powder and lead. Some glittering sand in one of the streams near their cabin attaacted their attention, and taking some of the stuff to Santa Fe it was found to be gold dust. They didn't go crazy over it, but after that when game was scarce they washed the sand, and in the course of a few years had accumulated enough to keep the old man comfortable for the balance of his days. Then old association came back to the father, and he determined once more to return to civilization. The son accompanied him, but a year in Ohio was enough. It was in 1865, when everything was in a hurrah upon the close of the war, and the young man was disgusted with the bombast indulged in by politicians, and returned to his cabin alone. Since then he has made frequent trips to the settlements, and has on several occasions been employed by parties of English Nimrods to assist them in their search for wild game. His bronzed face takes a peculiar expression as he tells how many have taken home the fruits of his rifle to palm off on their friends as the result of their own skill. In the severe winter of 1871 he had an encounter with a bear which he had wounded, and received a spat which left an ugly scar, extend from his left temple down his cheek, shoulder, and arm to the wrist. The animal died, but before he could bandage his bleeding arm a storm arose suddenly, and for three days, though he succeeded in building a fire, he had all he could do to keep from freezing to death. When he did start he was a whole day reaching his cabin, only two miles distant, and had four toes so badly frozen that they dropped off, keeping him in bed three months. Last summer a party of New Yorkers secured his services while out here, and one of the number has organized a party for the Black Hills, which has engaged him to acompany them. He Left Saturdy morning to meet his party at Cheyenne. During our conversation with him, he related several incidents that will be of interest some future time. As we rose to go he said, "You're a newspaper man, 'aint you?" We complimented him on his discrimination. "Well if you write out any of these 'ere stories I'd ruther you wouldn't make me talk like those fellers who like to see their names in the paper. Jest tell these yarns as I told them to you, and it'll be all right." We assured him it would be impossible to improve on his manner of relating his exploits, shook hands, and turned to the door. As we swung it open, he called out: "Say stranger, save some of your papers, and send 'em to me when we we gets a postoffice up yonder." Human nature would crop out, but we readily gave the desired, promise, and left him happy.

DANBEUBE AND PRINCE.

The young duke of Reichstadt, Napoleon II., delicate in health from his birth, had never seemed capable of feeling the least interest in life. Nothing could rouse him from a profound indifference and melancholy that penetrated his whole being. He distrusted everybody; was unwilling to go into society. It was thought that if his affections could be enlisted his mind would assert itself. A number of the fairest young women about the court was presented to him, but their charms, their blandishments, their conversation, their passion, real or feigned, moved him not a jot. He turned from them in weariness, and begged to be excused. Some sagacious functionary suggested that the ballet queen should be introduced to the forlorn youth in the guise of a peasant, in the hope that she, so accustomed to conquests, might conquer even him. The plan succeeded to a charm, and Louis fell in love with the seeming peasant girl. She pretended to reciprocate his love, never intimating that she was not ignorant of his birth and position.

Day after day they met in the gardens of the palace; then they extended their excursions on foot and in carriage, until a new spirit and a new life became his. He made her his confidant; he told her his bitter past, the despondency; of the hope and joy she had been the first to awaken in his nature; that she was the one human being in all the world he loved or cared for. In the midst of this idylic life, the duke being one day in the city, felt inclined to visit the theatre. That evening he sat listless in the box, hardly heeding the performance, scarcely noticing the ballet, until all the figure of brightness and beauty bounded upon the scene. He was all eyes and animation at once. He had never imagined so marvelous a likeness to Marie. Could he be mistaken? He leveled his lorgnette again and again. The vision of the lover could not be deceived. The truth and the whole truth soon flashed upon him. His Marie and everybody's Fanny were one and the same. The glass fell from his hand; the poor boy turned deadly pale, and might have swooned in his seat had he not been taken from the theatre and driven home almost insensible. The next morning the story was all over Vienna. Louis never saw Marie more. The little hope and faith he had she had aroused; after that cruel trick he fell once more into himself, never to hope again. He did not live very long. The very night he died she was dancing in a crowded and applauding theatre. She had forgotten all about him, but she still remembered the 20,000 florins that had been paid her for deceiving him.

A CHINESE MATHEMATICIAN.

The Terre Haute *Gazette* says: Wong Chingfoo, the highly educated Chinaman, rather "got away" with a young professor at Greencastle the other evening. During the course of the evening, Mr. Wong stated that among the Chinese mathematicians were hired at four dollars per week, and were not as goood as the most ordinary men here. They do this work by machinery, as it were, and it is the dirty labor of the empire. When Mr. Wong first came to this country, to enter college, he was told that it would be necessary to study mathematics two years; he at once told them he knew mathematics better than those who were to teach him in this particular branch. Illustrative of this, Wong, in his address at Brown's Hall, offered to foot up several columns of figures. For convenience, his manager, Mr. Watkins, was to name the figures, but the young professor of mathematics of Ausbury, who was present, thought he saw a flaw there, and at once came to his feet. He asked:

"Will you, sir, allow me to give you the figures?"

"Certainly, sir. I shall be glad to have you do so," was Mr. Wong's courteous answer.

"Now, then, sir," began the professor, and he named sum upon sum, not going beyond the tens of thousands, but giving him at least thirty different sums to add. When they were all on paper Mr. Wong asked:

"And now is that all?"

"That's all," replied the professor, "get ready to add."

Mr. Wong stood smiling, and when the professor had straightened himself up and said, "Now begin," he quietly remarked,

"Very well, sir, here is my amount." This before the astonished professor had time to get half way up the first column.

"But you're not through already," remarked the professor.

"Here is the footing of my figures," was the response; and he read them, the footing being exact.

"Please read that again, sir,' asked the professor.

He did so and the astonished professor was forced to admit that it was right.

The professor was astounded, and was forced to admit that Mr. Wong did know something about mathematics.

The mandarin stated that he was not an extraordinary mathematician, as compared to some of the educated Chinese. The professor afterward called on Mr. Wong at the hotel.

Preaching as a candidate for a vacant pulpit is not without its disadvantages. In a Connecticut village, a few Sundays ago, a dignified and sleepy clergyman was exhibiting his gift and grace with a view to a call. After the sermon there was, as is customary on such occasions, a discussion as to the merits of the aspirant for the vacancy. A solid trustee, on being asked how he liked him, gravely remarked, "Well I have my fears," "Fears of what!" responded the inquirer. "Well," he said, "I have my fears that some day that old fellow will go to sleep in the pulpit and fall out and break his neck." The pulpit is still vacant, and the dignified minister is in search of a place.