

### THE MEETING.

HE.  
To me a childish pledge she made—  
She promised, some day, to be mine—  
How splendidly she is arrayed!  
To me a childish pledge she made—  
Long since forgotten I'm afraid—  
Her laugh is like a draught of wine;  
To me a childish pledge she made,  
She promised, some day, to be mine.

I kissed her oft, in those dear days,  
When she was eight and I was ten;  
How fair she is, how proud her ways!  
I kissed her oft, in those dear days,  
And now I may but stand and gaze,  
Nor claim the love she gave me then!  
I kissed her oft, in those dear days,  
When she was eight and I was ten.

SHE.  
We played together long ago,  
I promised to be his, some day—  
Ah, doubtless he's forgotten, though—  
We played together long ago,  
I promised to be his, but oh,  
He keeps so far, so far away!  
We played together long ago,  
I promised to be his, some day,

He used to tell me I was fair—  
I wonder if he thinks so yet?  
He used to kiss my lips, my hair,  
He used to tell me I was fair—  
Ah, if our pledge were kept—but there  
Is much to make a man forget!  
He used to tell me I was fair,  
I wonder if he thinks so yet?

## RATHER A NEAT JOB.

MY profession isn't a popular one. There is considerable prejudice against it. I don't myself think it's much worse than a good many others. However, that's nothing to do with my story. Some years ago me and the gentleman who was at that time connected with me in business—he's met with reverses since then, and at present isn't able to go out—were looking around for a job, being at that time rather hard up, as you might say. We struck a small country town—I ain't a-goin' to give it away by telling where it is, or what the name of it was. There was one bank there; the President was a rich old duffer; owned the mills, owned the bank, owned most of the town. There wasn't no other officer but the cashier, and they had a boy, who used to sweep out and run of errands.

The bank was on the main street, pretty well up one end of it—nice, snug place, on the corner of a cross street, with nothing very near it. We took our observations and found there wasn't no trouble at all about it. There was an old watchman who walked up and down the street nights, when he didn't fall asleep and forget it. The vault had two doors; the outside one was chilled iron, and a three wheel combination lock; the inner door wasn't no door at all; you could kick it open. It didn't pretend to be nothing but fireproof, and it wasn't even that. The first thing we done, of course, was to fit a key to the outside door. As the lock on the outside door was an old-fashioned Bacon lock, any gentleman a my profession who chances to read his article will know just how easy that job was, and how we done it. I may say here that the gentlemen in my line of business, having at times a good deal of leisure on their hands, do considerable reading; and are particularly fond of a neat bit of writing. In fact, in the way of literature, I have found among 'em—however, this being digression, I drop it, and go on with the main job again.

This was our plan: After the key was fitted I was to go into the bank, and Jim—that wasn't his name, of course, but let it pass—was to keep watch on the outside. When any one passed he was to tip me a whistle, and then I doused the gim and lay low; after they got by I goes on again. Simple and easy, you see. Well, the night as we selected the President happened to be out of town; gone down to the city, as he often did. I got inside all right, with a slide lantern, a breast drill, a small steel jimmy, a bunch of skeleton keys, and a green baize bag, to stow the swag. I fixed my light and rigged my breast drill, and got to work on the door right over the lock.

Probably a great many of our readers are not so well posted as me about bank locks, and I may say for them that a three wheel combination lock has three wheels in it, and a slot in each wheel.

In order to unlock the door you have to get the three slots opposite to each other at the top of the lock. Of course, if you know the number the lock is set on you can do this; but if you don't you have to depend on your ingenuity. There is in each of these wheels a small hole, through which you can put a wire through the back of the lock when you change the combination. Now, if you can bore a hole through the door and pick up those wheels by running a wire through those holes, why, you can open the door. I hope I make myself clear. I was boring that hole. The door was chilled iron; about the nearest stuff I ever worked on. I went on steady enough; only stopped when Jim—which, as I said, wasn't his real name—whistled outside, and the watchman toddled by. By-and-by, when I'd got pretty near through, I heard Jim—so to speak—whistle again. I stopped, and pretty soon I heard footsteps outside, and I'm blowed, if they didn't come right up the bank steps and I heard a key in the lock. I was so dumfounded when I heard that that you could have slipped the bracelets right on me. I picked up my lantern, and I'll be hanged if I didn't let the slide slip down and throw the light right onto the door, and there was the President. Instead of calling for help, as I supposed he would, he took a step inside the door, and shaded his eyes with his hand and looked at me. I knoowed I ought to knock him down and cut out, but I'm blest if I could, I was that surprised.

"Who are you?" says he.  
"Who are you?" says I, thinking that was an innocent remark as he commenced it, and a-trying all the time to collect myself.  
"I'm president of the bank," says he, kinder short; "something the matter with the lock?"  
By George! the idea came to me then.

"Yes, sir," says I touching my cap; "Mr. Jennings, he telegraphed this morning as the lock was out of order and he couldn't get in, and I'm come on to open it for him."  
"I told Jennings a week ago," says he, "that he ought to get that lock fixed. Where is he?"  
"He's been a-trying letters, and he's gone up to his house to get another letter he wanted for to answer."  
"Well, why don't you go right on?" says he.  
"I've got almost through," says I, "and I didn't want to finish up and open the vault till there was somebody here."

"That's very creditable to you," says he; "a very proper sentiment, my man. You can't," he goes on, coming round by the door, "be too particular about avoiding the very suspicion of evil."  
"No, sir," says I, kinder modest like.  
"What do you suppose is the matter with the lock?" says he.  
"I don't rightly know yet," says I; "but I rather think it's a little wore on account of not being oiled enough. These 'ere locks ought to be oiled about once a year."

"Well," says he, "you might as well go right on, now I'm here; I will stay till Jennings comes. Can't I help you—hold your lantern, or something of that sort?"  
The thought came to me like a flash, and I turned around and says:  
"How do I know you're the President? I ain't never seen you afore, and you may be a-trying to crack this bank for all I know."

"That's a very proper inquiry, my man," says he, "and shows a most remarkable degree of discretion. I confess that I should not have thought of the position in which I was placing you. However, I can easily convince you that it's all right. Do you know what the President's name is?"  
"No, I don't," says I, sorter surly.  
"Well, you'll find it on that bill," said he, taking a bill out of his pocket; "and you see the same name on these letters," and he took some letters from his coat.

I suppose that I ought to have gone right on then, but I was beginning to feel interested in making him prove who he was, so I says:  
"You might have got them letters to put up a job on me."  
"You're a very honest man," says he; "one among a thousand. Don't think I'm at all offended at your persistence. No, my good fellow, I like it, I like it," and he laid his hand on my shoulder.  
"Now, here," says he, taking a bundle out of his pocket, is a package of \$10,000 in bonds. A burglar wouldn't be apt to carry those around with him, would he? I bought them in the city yesterday, and I stopped here to-night on my way home to place them in the vault, and I may add, that your simple and manly honesty has so touched me that I would willingly leave them in your hands for safe keeping. You needn't blush at my praise."

I suppose I did turn sorter red when I see them bonds.  
"Are you satisfied now?" says he.  
I told him I was thoroughly, and so I was. So I picked up my drill again, and gave him the lantern to hold so that I could see the door. I heard Jim, as I call him, outside once or twice, and I like to have burst out laughing, thinking how he must be wondering what was going on inside. I worked away and kept explaining to him what I was a-trying to do. He was very much interested in mechanics, he said, and knowed as I was a man as was up in my business by the way I went to work. He asked me about what wages I got, and how I liked my business, and said he took quite a fancy to me. I turned round once in a while and looked at him a-setting up there as solemn as a billed owl, with my dark lantern in his blessed hand, and I'm blamed if I didn't think I should have to holler right out.

I got through the lock pretty soon and put in my wire and opened it. Then he took hold of the door and opened the vault.  
"I'll put my bonds in," says he, "and go home. You can lock up and wait till Mr. Jennings comes. I don't suppose you will try to fix the lock to-night."  
I told him I shouldn't do anything more with it now, as we could get in before morning.  
"Well, I'll bid you good-night, my man," says he, as I swung the door to again.  
Just then I heard Jim, by name, whistle, and I guessed the watchman was a-coming up the street.  
"Ah," says I, "you might speak to the watchman, if you see him, and tell him to keep an extra lookout to-night."  
"I will," says he, and we both went to the front door.  
"There comes the watchman up the street," says he.

street," says he. "Watchman, this man has been fixing the bank lock, and I want you to keep a sharp lookout to-night. He will stay here until Mr. Jennings returns."

"Good-night again," says he, and we shook hands and he went up the street. I saw Jim, so called, in the shadow of the other side of the street, as I stood on the step with the watchman.  
"Well," says I to the watchman, "I'll go and pick up my tools and get ready to go."

I went back into the bank, and it didn't take long to throw the door open and stuff them bonds into the bag. There was some boxes lying around and a safe as I should rather have liked to have tackled, but it seemed like tempting Providence after the luck we'd had. I looked at my watch and see it was just a quarter past twelve. There was an express train went through at half-past twelve. I tucked my tools in the bag on the top of the bonds, and walked out of the front door. The watchman was on the steps.  
"I don't believe I'll wait for Mr. Jennings," says I. "I suppose it will be all right if I give you his key."  
"That's all right," says the watchman.

"I wouldn't go very far away from the bank," says I.  
"No, I won't," says he; "I'll stay right about here all night."  
"Good-night," says I, and I shook hands with him, and me and Jim—which wasn't his right name, you understand—took the twelve-thirty express, and the best part of that job was we never heard nothing of it.

It never got into the papers.—Waverley Magazine.

### Has Neither Brothers Nor Beaus.

Miranda, a timorous spinster, who has reached a "certain age," has neither brothers nor beaus. In lieu of more capable and competent protection, when she goes abroad in the evening, says the New York Post, it is under the convoy of a messenger boy. She has complained that by some inexplicable law of chance, whenever she has flowers or notes to be delivered, her call is invariably answered by husky youths strong enough to handle a trunk, but when she desires an escort or some one to carry a heavy bag to the railroad station a tiny scrap of an urchin presents himself at the door.

Returning from the theatre one night this week with a diminutive specimen, she was compelled to stand on a street corner waiting for a car. The hour was late and Miranda was nervous and half afraid. She said as much. Her hired companion reassured her: "It's all right, lady. Nobody ever speaks to anybody when anybody sees anybody is with a messenger boy."

### Province of the Newspaper.

It is generally conceded among men of the best thought that the newspaper best serves the people when it tells the happenings of the world as they are, not as they ought to be, says the Carthage (Mo.) Press. The preachers and the reformers are supposed to cover the field of reform, and the newspaper through its editorial columns frequently touches upon the same theme, but in the news columns, giving a true picture of events as they are, is the only policy that finds justification. This does not mean that the columns of a newspaper should be filled with improper language or that things should be told there which the young and guileless should not know. Nor does it mean that the space should be given over to sensationalism after the manner of the yellow journals. What the people want to know is what is going on in the world around them, and it is the province of the good newspaper to supply that want in a clean, legitimate manner.

### An Hour a Day Wasted.

More time is lost and more labor wasted in London every day than in any city in the world, says the London Mail.

Everything has apparently conspired to make Londoners do unnecessary things and to waste many years of their lives in doing them. We have never had sufficient energy to throw off the accumulated legacies of neglect in the past.  
Compare London with the next largest and busiest city in the world—New York, which was more seriously handicapped by physical conditions. The New Yorker saves at least an hour a day which is lost to Londoners, and he schemes to economize labor which the Londoner recklessly wastes.

### Still Dredging the Suez Canal.

The work of dredging the Suez Canal, which goes on daily, is bearing good results. Last year the maximum draught for ships in the canal was twenty-five feet seven inches, but from the beginning of this year it was raised to twenty-six feet three inches, and during the first four months of 1902 forty-four vessels have availed themselves of this improvement. Similarly also the breadth of ships is increasing, the largest beam in transit having been that of the Japanese battleship Hatsuse, seventy-six feet six inches.—London Globe.

### Huge Diamond Found.

In one of the mines near Kimberley, says London Golden Penny, a diamond of 400 carats was found a few weeks ago. It is a pale yellow color, and its form is that of an octahedron. Owing to its great size the news of its discovery has caused much excitement, and the owner did not feel quite easy until he had placed it in a safe in one of the local banks. The exact value of the diamond is not yet known, but fifty per cent. of it must be paid to the Government, and experts say that this sum alone represents a considerable fortune.



### FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

The following rations are suggested by Professor H. J. Waters of the Missouri Agricultural college: Corn and cob meal six pounds, wheat meal five pounds, gluten or cottonseed meal 2 1-2 pounds, cowpea, alfalfa or clover hay six pounds; another ration is eight to 12 pounds corn and cob meal, with all the alfalfa or cowpea hay the cows will eat; the third ration is eight pounds corn and cob meal of seven pounds corn meal, four pounds cottonseed or gluten meal. To all the above rations add as much straw, corn fodder or sorghum hay as the cows will eat.

It must be remembered that these amounts are simply suggestive. Some cows will require much larger quantities, while others will not utilize these amounts profitably. The period of location will have much to do with it. Toward the end of the milking period the flow begins to decrease and it may be advisable to reduce the allowance somewhat.

### Increasing the Beef Supply.

It is very plainly seen that in the rapid narrowing of the western cattle ranges in public land by entry and settlement, that the increase of beef must come from some other source. What is it? As plainly it is a fact that this increase must come through pure bred cattle. The country can come to this as certainly as it did to pure bred swine, which is the rule now, and not the exception, as in beef cattle. Pure blood will increase the beef supply by making 1200 to 1400 cattle in 24 months, whereas such beef now requires, as a rule, 36 months. That is, the same acres which now produce feed stuffs for 1,000 pounds of best milk, with pure cattle, produce 1500 pounds of beef, though growing no more grain or forage. But another condition toward which we are moving rapidly, and which of course must add in a marked measure to the additional increase in beef production, is that of feeding a balanced ration.—Indiana Farmer.

### Destruction of Weeds.

There are two classes of weeds—those that come from seeds and those which are propagated principally by means of their roots. Weeds which spring up from seeds can be destroyed by successively bringing the seeds in the soil to the surface, where they germinate. The seeds of some weeds have great vitality and remain in the soil for years. Some are enclosed in clods and are retained for another season, but when the clods are broken and the weed seeds exposed to warmth near the surface, they are put out of existence by the harrow as soon as they germinate, for which reason it is impossible to clear a piece of land from weeds in a season unless every clod is pulverized. The oft-repeated inquiry: "From whence come the weeds?" may be answered: "From the clods." The weeds that spring from roots are cut up, checked and prevented from growing by frequent cultivation, because they cannot exist for a great length of time unless permitted to grow. If no leaves are allowed in such plants they perish from suffocation, because they breathe through the agency of the leaves. The advantages derived by the soil in the work of weed destruction reduces the cost of warfare on the weeds for every time the harrow or cultivator is used the manure is more intimately mixed with the soil, more clods are broken, a greater proportion of plant food is offered to the roots, the loss of moisture is lessened and the capacity of the plants of the crop to secure more food is increased. The cost of the destruction of weeds should not be charged to the accounts of a single year only, as thorough work during the season may obliterate the weeds entirely, or so reduce their number as to make the cost of their destruction during succeeding years but a trifle.—Philadelphia Record.

### Destructive Grape Worms.

Several bulletins have been issued in recent years both by the state experiment station and the department of agriculture, calling particular attention to the grape root worm which has proved a most formidable foe to the grape vineyards of the great Chautauque belt in New York. The worm has also made its appearance in other grape-growing sections of the country, and the total damage amounts to many thousands of dollars every year. The worst damage done by the worms is to the roots of the grapevine. The beetles feed on the leaves of the vines, but the grubs eat at the roots of the vines until they gradually lost vitality and die. The appearance of a vine thus attacked is puzzling to the grower, for there is no apparent reason for its slow decay. The question of controlling the pest and exterminating it is not one easy to solve. The young grubs burrow into the soil, and their present there cannot easily be detected until the vine has been permanently injured. One method of limiting their work is to destroy the beetles when they make their appearance on the leaves. They can be jarred from the vine and destroyed once or twice a week, and by this method far fewer grubs will appear in the ground to injure the roots. The young grubs when attacked move rapidly and disappear in the ground, and it is almost impossible to destroy them. Experiments should be made with spraying the soil under the vines with crude petroleum oil or some insecticide. It is possible that a little precaution like this will keep the grubs away from the roots if it will not kill them. What is needed is a little individual experiment on

the part of all the grape growers where the grubs appear. It has been found that chickens greedily eat the beetles and grub, and turning loose flocks of hens in the vineyard in the summer may have a distinct effect in keeping down the pests. Experiments are now being extensively carried on, and further reports will appear later. Prof. S. N. Doty, in American Cultivator.

### Keeping Milk.

Although milk can turn rosy under a temperature falling close to frost line, yet warm weather favors its frequency. It is useless to blame it upon the cow as so many do. The ropiness of milk is caused by a specific bacillus in the milk or cream, which bacillus is brought out of streams and reaches the milk first by either washing the milk vessels in the water, or the mud adhering to the cow, and the milkman letting it get into the milk. The bacillus once started strongly, will cling to the milk vessels, the cream pitcher or bottle indefinitely, unless they are thoroughly cleaned each time after using. And the only right way to do this when the milk gets rosy is to submerge them all each time for not less than five minutes in boiling water. Look especially to the strainer; half the time it is responsible for the rosy condition of the milk. Do not blame the milkman and ruin his trade with your complaints until first you are sure the lack of cleanliness, in this respect, does not lie with your own neglect in not scalding out as it should be, the receptacle you keep the milk in after he brings it to you. Milk never ropes until it has stood for several hours, long enough to give the bacilli time to get in their work.

Unless we know exactly what and where the milk comes from, as to the health of the cows, and carefulness of the dairyman, it is just as well to pasteurize the milk ourselves. This is done by putting the vessel containing it into one containing water brought to and kept at a temperature of 155 degrees, for from 10 to 20 minutes, stirring the milk often to distribute the heat evenly through it. This temperature kills practically about all the dangerous substances in it, and when cooled still leaves it with the fresh milk flavor. Running the heat higher will give it the cooked flavor, and injures its digestibility. To keep milk fresh for days, put it into bottles, the bottles into a saucpan of cold water, gradually bring to a boil, instantly cork, put back into the water and bring to a boil again, allowing it to boil for a minute or two, let gradually cool in the same water, fasten the corks in so that no air possibly can touch the milk.—Agricultural Optimist.

### Autumn Tree Planting.

The season for tree planting again approaches, and we feel called upon to again urge the importance of doing this in the fall of the year. The advantages of planting at this season are so many and so important that we again enumerate them:

First—Better trees can be obtained at the nurseries now than in the spring. Often all the best trees are sold in the fall, and only second and third grade stock left for those who leave their orders until spring.

Second—The danger of substitution of varieties at the nursery is less in the autumn than in the spring. Very frequently all the varieties are sold at the nurseries for fall delivery.

Third—The nurserymen have more time to dig and pack their stock at this season than in the spring. Mistakes, hence, are now less liable to occur, trees are dug with better and larger roots, they are better packed, and the weather is also generally more favorable for the handling of the young stock after it is dug.

All these are advantages at the nurseries. At the farm there are also advantages.

There is more time to plant the trees leisurely and with care. Fall planted trees will generally all grow, while it is nearly certain that some planted in the spring will die. The tree planted in the fall at once begins to prepare for growth the next season. Even if new roots are not formed, the cut roots form callouses which throw out rootlets on the earliest warm days in spring. Then the earth settles itself about the rootlets, and dry weather in the spring will have no effect on the newly planted stock.

To illustrate this point: The present season we placed an order for a number of fruit and ornamental trees. Although the order was placed early, the trees reached us very late, with the result that more than half of them failed to grow. Generally a better growth will be obtained the first year from fall planted trees.

It is well again to call attention to the importance of purchasing trees of reliable dealers. If an agent is dealt with he should be required to show that he really has authority to sell for the nursery he claims to represent. It is not generally safe to purchase of dealers who have no nurseries, for the danger of substitution is in such cases greater than when the order is placed direct with the nursery firm. It is well, also, to remember that many varieties of fruits have strictly local values. The best persons to make up a list of fruit trees for one are those in the neighborhood who are successful growers of fruit.

A final caution to the buyer: Make a map of the orchard, marking on it not only the name of each tree, but also the firm of whom purchased. This will enable one to locate the dealers who make substitutions in orders, for while one cannot but be disappointed to find in his orchard trees he did not order, still, it is a satisfaction to be able to place one's hands upon the firm which made the substitution.—Dr. George G. Groff, in New York Tribune Farmer.

### HOUSEHOLD HINTS



### Don't Spoil the Effect.

Ultra-artistic decorators are much opposed to the hanging of modern pictures in Colonial houses. They claim that, after much trouble on their part to secure consistent effects in the Colonial house, the fashionable fad just now, many people almost entirely spoil the result with modern pictures.

### To Prevent Silk Turning Yellow.

Silk should never be folded away for any length of time in white paper, since the chloride of lime used in bleaching the paper produces a chemical change in the silk and impairs the color. A way to prevent silk and woolen turning yellow is to place pieces of beeswax in with the fabrics when putting them away.

### Avoid Damp Beds.

It would seem almost unnecessary to enlarge upon the necessity for dry beds, and yet how often are they damp, and cases of rheumatic fever and severe colds are traced to them! If bedding has not been used for some time, it should be placed in front of a fire or in the sun before it is slept in, and a very good way to test whether sheets are dry or not is to place a tumbler between them for a while. If the sheets are damp, moisture will appear inside the glass.

### A Charming Room.

A charming room has just been furnished in an addition recently made to an out-of-town house without buying any extra furniture. All the extra and old pieces of furniture in the house were gathered together and arranged in this room as a family sitting-room. One of the features of the new parlor is a horizontal window about four feet by two placed high up in the wall. This is of yellowish frosted glass with a simple design in deeper color wrought out in it. Buff silk drawn curtains, parted in the middle to show quite a bit of the glass, are used. The remaining windows of the room consist of a square "bay" in a recess and two ordinary windows.

The mantle is colonial in style, white fluted pillars, showing each side of the fireplace, and small ones each side of the long mirror above, a handsome old clock with white marble pillars is one of the possession of the family, and this adorns the mantelshelf, flanked by antique silver candlesticks, an old mahogany center-table occupies the middle of the room, holding a few choice books, also an iron lamp with globe shaped buff shade. A set of quaint old French carved chairs constitutes the other pieces of furniture, with two sofas upholstered in dark rich stuff. Two or three small antique tables occupy corners, and hold bits of quaint bric-a-brac, and vases with flowers from the old-fashioned garden surrounding the house. The large rug in the middle of the floor shows rich chocolate and a few buff tones mainly. An upright piano stands under the horizontal window, and the piano top holds a bust of a composer. A portrait of the grand father of the family sitting at his library table is one of the pictures of the room, also a large study in oil of a garden full of light and color, several fine etchings and another outdoor study in oils.—Brooklyn Eagle.



### HOUSEHOLD RECIPES

Corn Waffles—Scald one pint of milk and pour it over one and a half cupsful of corn meal; let cool; then add two eggs well beaten, one teaspoon of salt, one tablespoon of butter melted; mix two tablespoonfuls of baking powder with one tablespoon of flour; add this to the corn meal; beat well; bake on hot, greased waffle iron.

Almond Fingers—Cut stale bread into pieces four inches long, one inch wide and half an inch thick; dip them in orange juice, then into minced almonds, then in beaten egg, then in bread crumbs; put a few of these in the frying basket and fry in deep fat; when a golden brown drain on paper; arrange on a folded napkin; sift over them powdered sugar and serve hot.

Eggs Baked on Toast—Break as many eggs as will be required, leaving each yolk in its own shell; put the whites in a bowl, prepare a slice of nicely browned and buttered toast for each egg; dip each slice quickly in hot milk and place on baking sheet. Whip the whites stiff and pile on each slice of toast, making a depression in top of each; in this drop the yolk, season highly and cook in the oven three minutes. Garnish with cress, and serve a bit of the cress with the eggs.

Chestnut Cake—Boil a pound of chestnuts for about 15 minutes; remove husks and skins and rub the nuts through a wire sieve with a wooden spoon. Weigh half a pound of this pulp and mix with it a half pound of sifted flour with a teaspoonful and a half of baking powder; in another bowl, cream six ounces of butter and add six ounces of granulated sugar; mix well and add three unbeaten eggs, one at a time; beat up well, flavor with a teaspoonful of vanilla and add half the chestnut flour as prepared above; add one gill of milk, stir well and add the remainder of the chestnut flour. Bake in a moderate oven for two hours.