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 o' my profession who chances to read this 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 glim 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 neatest 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 dumfoundered 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 knowed 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-writing 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 ever 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 biled 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. "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.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Grammar as Rhyme.

Three little words you often see,
The articles A, An and The.

A noun, the name of anything,
As School or Garden, Hoop or Ring.

An adjective describes the noun,
As Great, Small, Pretty, White or Brown.

In places of nouns, the pronoun stands,
As He or She, Your arm, My hand.

Verbs tell of something to be done,
To Read, Count, Laugh, Sing, Jump or Run.

How things are done the adverbs tell,
As Slowly, Quickly, Ill or Well.

Conjunctions join the words together,
As men And women, wind Or weather.

A preposition stands before
A noun, as In or Through the door.

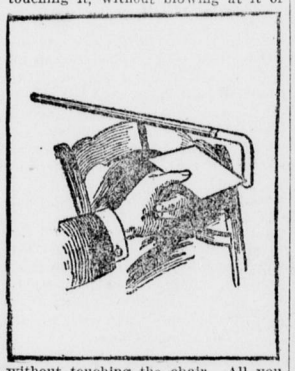
The interjection shows surprise,
As, "Oh, How pretty," "Ah! how wise."

The whole are called nine parts of speech,
Which reading, writing, spelling teach.

An Experiment With Electricity.

A thin sheet of paper, if rubbed with a brush or the palm of the hand, in dry weather, will become charged with electricity in a short while, and will adhere to the hand or to the clothing. A thick piece of paper, such as a postal card, if electrified in the manner described, will attract light things, such as small pieces of cork, etc.

Balance a walking cane on the back of a chair and offer to bet that you will cause the cane to fall without touching it, without blowing at it or



without touching the chair. All you have to do is to dry a postal card over a light, and to rub it well on your sleeve. As soon as you get the card near the end of the cane it will follow the card, as a needle follows the magnet, until the balance is lost, so that the cane will fall to the floor.—New York Tribune.

How to Make a Camp Hammock.

There are times again and again in camp and out of doors dens that boys can cut in two without touching it, a thread hanging from the cork inside a sealed up bottle, you would be likely to think that he was guying you. But it may be easily done, and in such a way as to completely mystify the spectators.

Get a clear glass bottle—a pickle bottle will do—and to the under part of the cork attach a bent pin. To the pin

tie a piece of thread long enough to reach three-fourths of the way down the inside of the bottle, and to the lower end of the thread fasten any small object, say a shoe button, to make the thread hang taut.

Insert the cork and seal it with wax, and say to the company that you are going to cut the thread in two without opening the bottle,—in fact, without touching the thread.

To accomplish this, you need a reading glass, or sun glass, an access to the window where the sun is shining clear and bright. The feat is more mystifying if you perform this part of it in private; so you go to the window, hold up your sun glass so that you can focus the rays from the glass directly on the thread through the side of the bottle, and in a short time the heat from the focused rays will burn the thread in two pieces, the end from the button attached falling to the bottom of the bottle. Then go back to the company with the bottle, and they will see that the cork has not been moved, and yet the thread is cut.

The Camel.

(A Small Boy's Composition.)

He is called the ship of the desart because he runs over the sand like a ship and dont sink in. He runs different to the horse because he lifts up two legs on one side of his body and then two on the other. He has about a hundred stumics and each holds about a quart so when his master kills him he can have a good drink. His hump is made of fat and he eats this when he cant get grass or hay. Some camels are not camels because he has two humps and his hair dont grow all over him and were it dont is called calluses [callosities] because it kneels down and wears away. The Arab loves his steed better than his wife and in our books theres a piece about him caled the Arab and his steed. His master was a prisoner and his faithful camel took him round the waist and bore him swiftly to his morning friends.—Spectator.

"Tommy Atkins" Saved the Kitten.

How many folks would risk their lives to save a kitten? Yet this danger was willingly faced by a young recruit during a fire which broke out at the barracks in Southampton on the 19th of December, 1901, and which consumed a great deal of regimental goods. The men all worked with a will to save the clothing, rifles and other arms from the flames. It then became known that in one of the rooms in the burning building a wee tortoiseshell kitten had found a home. The quarters were now shrouded in thick clouds of smoke, and the flames were playing about venomously. In spite of the peril a "eruity" declared he meant rescuing the little pussy cat. Dashing through smoke and flames he made his way to the room, snatched up the terrified kitten, and by-and-by emerged from the fiery furnace. Amid the cheers of the onlookers he took kitty to a place of safety and rejoined his mates in their efforts to secure the property of the regiment. Well done, Private Tommy Atkins!

Missing Sweethearts' Puzzle.

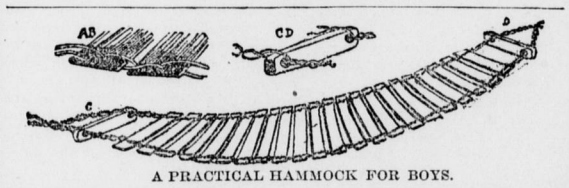
Find the sweethearts of whom these girls are talking.

without touching the chair. All you have to do is to dry a postal card over a light, and to rub it well on your sleeve. As soon as you get the card near the end of the cane it will follow the card, as a needle follows the magnet, until the balance is lost, so that the cane will fall to the floor.—New York Tribune.

How to Make a Camp Hammock.

There are times again and again in camp and out of doors dens that boys love to have, when a place to "roost" while reading or a place to "snooze" through a day of drizzling rain is in great demand. Generally when one most wants it the forest branches and twigs are too wet to use for a bed, and, besides, it is too much trouble.

Now here is a way to make a really practical hammock that will "just fill the bill." Get several barrels, break them up and remove all the nails from the staves. Bore a three-quarter inch hole in each end of each stave with a heated poker. Then lace thin rope (clothesline is good) through the holes. This can be accomplished easily by noting the method of lacing in Fig. AB. The stay blocks, C and D, should be twelve inches long. The hammock can be made entirely comfortable by placing upon it several couch pillows and covering them with a shawl.



A PRACTICAL HAMMOCK FOR BOYS.

The Magic Thread.

If anybody should tell you that you

The Funny Side of Life.

He Got Bebtor.

A very recalcitrant debtor
Received a calorified lebtor,
'Twas from his physician,
Who said: "I am wician
You'd pay me for curing your tebtor."
—Baltimore American.

Tact.

"What do you suppose is the secret of Miss Bland's social success?"

"She always remembers exactly what to forget."—Indianapolis News.

Not the Only One.

Wife—"Really, she's the worst gossip in the neighborhood. Why, I heard this morning that she——"

Husband—"Come, now, don't try to beat her at her own game!"—Catholic Standard and Times.

His Idea.

"I want you to understand, sir, that my pride forbids me to accept anything from you after I marry your daughter."

"How are you going to live?"

"Well, I thought you might make some kind of a settlement beforehand."—Life.

Fully Prepared.

"Now, if me pole don't bust I orter land a few beauties in dis pool."—New York Journal.

The Game of Love.

Ted—"Is that girl who married the old fellow satisfied with the match she made?"

Ned—"Yes. He wasn't worth as much as he claimed, but as he turned out to be ten years older than he owned up to, she considered it about a stand-off."—New York Sun.

A Wasted Life.

"Think of the opportunities that girl has had: Presentation at court, European travel, a long residence in London, and a wide acquaintance with the nobility."

"And all for nothing."

"Yes. Poor thing! She is to marry an American, after all."—Life.

Down on the Farm.

First Hen—"You remember Alice Cluckatuck? Well, she is on the stage in the barnyard scene of an agricultural play."

Second Hen—"I am not surprised. You know, she was hatched by an incubator, and never knew what it was to have a mother."—Puck.

Delicate, Yet Emphatic.

"What I object to," said the young woman who wants to vote, "is taxation without representation."

"If it is all the same to you," said the young man who was too bashful to propose directly, "I should be only too happy to represent your sentiments at the polls at every election."—Washington Star.

Disproving an Adage.

"I can never marry you," said the beautiful blonde.

"But," pleaded the wealthy man, "won't you make my life happy for the short years I will be here? I am troubled with a weak and faint heart."

"In that case I accept you."

And yet they say faint heart never won fair lady.—Chicago News.

Waiting to Be Asked.

Bobby (visiting his aunt)—"Auntie, won't you please ask me to have another piece of cake? Mamma said I could have a second piece if you asked me to."—New York Journal.

Sequel.

And they lived happily ever after.

Naturally this preyed on the mind of the princess.

"It's a sign we're not in the best society!" she exclaimed, terrifiedly.

The prince strove to comfort her, arguing that marital bliss was not of necessity bourgeois; but at this her highness burst into tears, remarking with no small acerbity that men lack discernment, anyway.—Puck.