

"I will," said he, and we both went to the front-door.

"There comes the watchman up the street," said he. "Watchman, this man has been fixing the bank lock, and I want you to keep a sharp look-out to-night. He will stay here until Mr. Jennings returns."

"Good-night again," said he, and he went up the street.

I saw Jim—so called—in the shadow on the other side of the street, as I stood on the step with the watchman.

"Well," said 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 the bonds into the bag. There were some boxes lying around, and a safe I should have liked to have tackled, but it seemed like tempting Providence after the luck we had had.

I looked at my watch, and saw it was just a quarter past twelve. I put 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 think I'll wait for Mr. Jennings," I said. "I suppose it will be all right if I give you his key."

"That's all right," said the watchman.

"I wouldn't go away very far from the bank," I said.

"No, I will not," he said. "I'll stay about here all night."

"Good-night," I said, as I shook hands with him, and Jim and I—Jim was not his right name, you understand—took the half-past twelve express, and the best part of that job was, we we never heard heard any more about it.

It never got into the papers.

A GREEN-COATED SOLDIER.

Many a long year ago, three or four regiments of Russian soldiers were encamped on a flat, sandy plain upon the shore of the gulf of Finland, not far from a new town which had just been built at the mouth of the river Neva, and called St. Petersburg. The sun was beginning to set; and the men, having finished their marching and exercising, were having a rest after the day's work, or beginning to get their supper ready.

Most of them were strong and sturdy fellows, who looked as if they could

stand a good deal of hard work, and hard fighting, too, before giving in. But they certainly did not wear a very soldierlike appearance, for all that. They moved heavily and clumsily, and handled their muskets as if they had been more used to plows and spades than weapons of war.

Awkward though they seemed, however, these very men were to be able, only a few years later, to give King Charles, of Sweden, (who was then thought to be the best soldier alive) such a beating that neither he nor his army ever meddled with Russia again. But, as they were now, they made a poor figure enough; and so, no doubt, thought a big, red-haired man in Russian uniform, who, with his arms folded on his broad chest and a scornful smile on his face, was watching half a dozen of them light a fire.

"Pretty fellows you are to call yourselves soldiers!" cried he, in broken Russian, "when you can hardly tell the butt of a gun from its muzzle, and don't even know how to kindle a fire yet. We manage things better in Silesia, where I was born and bred!"

"Well, if your country is so much better than ours, why didn't you stay there?" asked one of the Russian recruits, sulkily.

"Because I was wanted here to make you Russian lubbers into soldiers," answered the Silesian, fiercely; "and a mighty hard job it is."

The recruit muttered something between his teeth, but did not venture to make any direct reply; for this Silesian, Michael Kratsch, was a noted bully, and the strongest man in the regiment, and any one who tried to argue with him generally ended by getting a broken head for his pains.

While Kratsch was still fuming at finding no one to vent his anger upon, a little drummer-boy, coming past with a pan of water much too heavy for his thin arms, stumbled against him by accident. Like lightning, Big Michael faced round and dealt the poor little fellow a kick which sent him to the ground, screaming with pain, and causing him to spill every drop of the precious water that had cost so much trouble to bring.

An angry murmur ran through the group of Russians, and the Silesian turned savagely upon them.

"What are you growling at, dogs? If you have anything to say to me, say it out. You ought to know by this