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A COOL SCOUNDREL. The Peculiar Manner in which a Burglar Cracked a Bank

My profession is not a popular one. There is considerable prejudice against it. I don't think myself it is much worse than a good many others. However, that's nothing to do with my story. Some years ago me and the gentleman connected with me in business—he's met reversion since then, and at present isn't able to go out—was looking around for a job, being at time rather hard up, as you may say. We struck a small country town. The president 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 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 that 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 had a three-wheeled combination lock; the inner wasn't no door at all; you could kick it open. It didn't pretend to be nothing but fire-proof, 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 of 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 great deal of leisure on their hands, do considerable reading, and are peculiar 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 anyone 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 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 steel jimmy, a bunch of skeleton keys and a green baize bag, to stow away the swag. I fixed my light and rigged my breast-drill, and got to work on the door just over the lock.

Probably a great many of your readers are not so well posted as me about bank locks, and I may say for them that a three-wheeled 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, at 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 put a small 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 these wheels by running a wire through those holes, why, you can open the door. I hope I make myself clear. I was boring the 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 on the 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 dumbfounded 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 thought 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 blessed 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 trying all the time to collect myself.
"I'm the president of the bank!" says he, kinder short; "something's the matter with the lock?"

By George. The idea came to me then.
"Yes, sir," says I, touching my cap; "Mr. Jennings, he telegraphed to me this morning as the lock was out of order and he couldn't get in, and so I 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 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 of the bank was 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 in any one."

"No, sir," says I, kinder modest like.
"What do you suppose is the matter of the lock?" says he.
"I don't right know, yet," says I; but I rather think it's a little worn on account of not being oiled enough. These 'ere locks ought to be oiled about once a year."

"Well," he says, "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 that I know?"

"That's a very proper inquiry, my man," says he, "and shows a most remarkable degree of discretion. I confess I should not have thought of the position in which I was placing you. However I can easily convince you that it is all right. Do you know what the president's name is?"

"No, I don't," says I, sorter surly.
"Well, you'll find it out 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 I ought to have gone right on, then, but I was beginning to feel interested in making him

prove who he was, and 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," 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 your 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 my lantern to hold, so I could see the door. I heard Jim, as I call him, out side once or twice, and I like to have burst out laughing, thinking he must be wondering what was going on inside. I worked away and kept explaining what I was trying to do. He was very much interested in mechanics, he said, and he knew as I was a man as was up to my business, by the way I went to work. He asked me about what wages I got, and how I liked my business, and I saw he took quite a fancy to me. I turned round once in a while and look at him a sitting 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 my wire in and opened it. Then he took hold of the door and opened the vault.
"I'll put my bonds in," said 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 any 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 on 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 did not 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 a quarter-past twelve.

There was an express went through at half-past twelve. I tucked my tools in the bag on 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 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 half-past twelve express, and the best part of that job was, we have never heard nothing of it to this day.
It never got into the papers.

MOTHERS READ.

GENES.—About nine years ago I had a child two years old and almost dead. The doctor I had attending her could not tell what ailed her. I asked him if he did not think it was worms. He said no. However, this did not satisfy me, as I felt convinced in my own mind that she had. I obtained a bottle of **DR. C. McLEAN'S VERMIFUGE** (genuine), I gave her a teaspoonful in the morning and another at night, after which she passed seventy-two worms and was a well child. Since then I have never been without it in my family. The health of my children remained so good that I had no need of watching their actions until about three weeks ago, when two of them presented the same sickly appearance that I had seen in my child. So I thought it must be worms, and went to work at once with a bottle of **DR. C. McLEAN'S VERMIFUGE** between four of my children, their ages being as follows: Alice, 8 years; Charles, 7 years; Emma, 6 years; John, 5 years. Now comes the result: Alice and Emma came out all right, but Charles passed forty-five and Johnny about sixty worms. The result was so gratifying that I spent two days in showing the wonderful effect of your Vermifuge around Union, and now have a reputation in my store.
Yours truly, JOHN PIPER.

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Assessment Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AN assessment of fifty per cent on the capital stock of the Odd Fellows Land and Building Association of Astoria, Oregon, has this day been levied, payable within thirty days from date at the office of the Secretary, or otherwise as declared delinquent. By order of the Board of Directors.
A. J. MORGAN, Secretary.
Astoria, August 7, 1882.

THE DELINQUENT TAX ROLL FOR the year 1881, together with a warrant from the County Court for the collection of the same, is in my hands. Delinquent taxpayers will please settle at once and save costs.
A. M. TWOMBLY,
m3 Sheriff.