Lines to a Calendar.

(Written Dec. 31, 1884.)

Old friend, you've done well. Full many a day
You have hung calm and stately while time glided by,
And as slowly but surely I tore you away,
'T was ever responsive you seemed to my eye.

Thro' summer's glad smiles, thro' days full of sorrow,
To, stranger and friend have you proved good and true;
Yet in spite of it all, you will see by to-morrow
You're no longer of use, — we prefer something new.

H. C. S.

The Key of my Friend's Cabinet.

I WAS feeling rather tired that afternoon, in
fact quite worn out; but not with work so
much as from want of sleep; for I had run
up to a German given by a friend of mine in
a neighboring town the night before, and
besides dancing well into the small hours I had
been up bright and early to take the first ex-
press back to Boston, so as to be at the "Tech"
in time for my nine-o'clock recitation. All this,
combined with a day spent in hard work, had
made me, as I remarked before, rather tired, so
it was with no light step that I climbed the
flights of stairs which led to the chemical labo-
ratory. But before I go on with my story I
must give a few details, although I know they
are always dull to the reader. However, in
order to make my story plain it will be neces-
sary to give them, so if any one thinks he will
be bored by reading them, he had best drop this
story right here.

The friend at whose house I had spent the
night before is something of a bric-a-brac col-
lector, and after dinner, before we started for
the German, he had shown me his collection of
rare coins and precious stones, which he keeps,
with a number of other valuable things,
in a large safe or cabinet, fastened by means of
a curious contrivance of his own invention,
which is unlocked as follows: First, a small and
oddly shaped key is inserted, then a knob is
turned a certain number of times in different
directions, and at the end of five minutes the
mechanism of the lock turns the key and the
door swings open. So you see that in order to
open the cabinet it is not only necessary to
have the key, but also to know the combina-
tion of the knob, and the trick of the key turn-
ing by itself; for if one tried to turn the key,
even if he had performed all the rest of the
action rightly, the mechanism is so arranged
that the door will not open.

I had often seen my friend's collection of jewels
before, but he had lately picked up a very large
and curiously colored ruby which he now wished
to show me. While I was looking at this stone
a servant entered, and said that some one wished
to see Mr. Brown, so my friend left me and went
to see what was wanted, remarking that he would
return in a moment. I finished my inspection
of his collection, and then turned to the window
to examine the ruby in a better light. I have
forgotten to mention that a small brother of my
friend, about five years of age, was in the room
at the time. I finished examining the ruby, and
turned back to the safe, noticing at the same time
that the child had disappeared; however, I
thought nothing of it at the time, believing he had
left the room while my back was turned. I re-
placed the ruby in its drawer and went upstairs,
expecting that my friend would return and lock
the cabinet. On arriving at my room I found
Charlie at the glass engaged in the delightful
occupation of shaving, we occupying the same
room, as the house was very full of company
that night. He asked me if I had locked the
cabinet, and I replied that I had not, as I did
not know exactly how to do so, and thought he
would return and lock it. Charlie replied that
all I had to do was to shut the door and take
out the key, and as he was partly undressed I
offered to go down and lock it for him. This I
did, and then returned to the room and dressed
for the German.

The next morning I left the house at five
o'clock, and of course no one was up at that
day early hour, but the servants. I caught the train
all right, and had not more than got well settled
in my seat and the train well in motion, than I
put my hand in my vest pocket to get a match