

WOMEN AT HOME

Only Woman Bank Cashier.
MRS. SARAH FRANCES DICK, cashier of the First National Bank of Huntington, Ind., is the daughter of the President of the bank. She was educated in the common schools of Huntington and is a graduate of the Miami College of Dayton, Ohio. She was appointed assistant cashier in 1873, and at the reorganization of the bank in January, 1881, succeeded her father as cashier and was also elected a director, having served as cashier and director continuously since her first appointment. She has the distinction of being the only woman who is cashier of a national bank in the United States.

She was married to Mr. Julius Dick, a prominent merchant, in 1878, though that event did not interfere with her duties in the bank. Mrs. Dick writes a heavy bold hand, is quick and accurate in transactions, and an expert in handling currency and coins.

The position of cashier in a country bank often includes the transactions with its customers directly, requiring a quick, clear head and quick action to keep the bank clear of a crowd during a rush of business. A newspaper man some years ago noticed the rapidity with which those doing business at the



MRS. SARAH FRANCES DICK.

counter was dispatched quick tab on the transactions during a very busy day. Mrs. Dick had no assistance whatever, every single item passed through her hands only, and involved the discounting of the dealers' papers, filling out blank notes, drafts, certificates of deposits, the computation of interest, entries of collections made, the payment of checks, making change, etc. All this required the handling of over \$50,000 cash, making up a total of over 600 separate transactions. It occupied just 300 minutes' time, or an average of thirty-five seconds for each transaction. At the close of business cash balanced to a cent.

Mrs. Dick is not concerned about politics, further than to favor a sound money policy, with gold as a basis.

Mrs. Dick enjoys the confidence of the public and is held in high esteem by all who know her. She is sociable and affable and makes friends of all who transact business at the First National. In personal appearance she is tall and graceful, very fair of complexion, with light blue eyes, and light hair silvered with gray.

Miniature Craze Is Everywhere.
 The miniature craze is making havoc in the land. Miniatures are everywhere. The newest hair brushes show gold backs with tiny miniatures somewhere upon them. Just where the miniature is placed is apparently of no consequence as long as it is in evidence. Puff balls have their handles capped with a miniature. Odd-shaped miniatures in rims of gold form fashionable cuff buttons, and miniatures adorn the newest inlaid tables.

Cycling Chaperonage Is the Latest.
 A new occupation is looming up on the impetuous woman's horizon. It is a significant fact that in England mothers who advertise for governesses require a knowledge, upon the instructor's part, of cycling, in order that she may accompany her young charges when they go a-wheeling. It seems likely that a new employment may open up for women in the form of cycling chaperonage.

"She Is a Woman."
 The approaching marriage of ex-President Benjamin Harrison to Mrs. Mary Lord Dimmick, of New York, recalls to the mind of the public the extreme deference with which the general has always regarded the gentler sex. No more striking illustration of this characteristic, writes a Lebanon, Ind., correspondent, could be desired than the manner in which he conducted himself toward the defendant in the case of Nancy E. Clem, charged with murder, in which Harrison was one of the attorneys for the prosecution.

The Clem case was without doubt the most bitterly contested criminal case of the age and the time intervening between her arrest and final discharge was eight years. She was charged with having murdered Jacob Young and wife at Indianapolis, September 12, 1868, and was tried four times. Twice the jury disagreed and twice she was sentenced to imprisonment, but each time the Supreme Court came to her rescue and reversed the

decision. After the second trial the case was taken to Marion County, and that county spent thousands of dollars in the prosecution, but refused to contribute further after the verdict in the fourth trial had been reversed and the case was dismissed.

Gen. Harrison made the closing argument for the State, and continually referred to Mrs. Clem as "the unfortunate defendant." After he had closed Senator Voorhees, who was associated with the defense, asked him why he had been so easy in his remarks against the defendant. "Dan," he replied, "no matter what she may have done, she is still a woman, and I will not abuse her." When the jury had retired, he went over to Mrs. Clem, who was crying, and asked her forgiveness for anything he had said which might have injured her feelings. As he turned away he said to Judge Palmer, who was trying the case, "Judge, I'll never prosecute another woman." He has kept his word.

Making Old Dresses Over.
 Whether they will succeed or not it is hard to say, but the customers will make strenuous efforts to introduce trimming on the new skirts. A few Parisian skirts have gone panels with trimming running up and down beside them. This is an advantage in remodeling an old dress. Two skirts that harmonize may be put together by this means. There is no end to the variety of passementerie and jeweled trimming that can be had to give the refurbished gown an appearance of newness. Speaking of trimming, one can buy set pieces of it for yokes to old waists for about \$3, which give a very dressy effect. Go to the trimming sales and see what you can get in the way of festoons of jet or jewels and applique pieces when you are wondering what to do with a dress that is scuffed, but not nearly worn out.

A remnant which one buys for \$3 or \$4 may be made up very cheaply with the trimmings, and in this way one gets a pretty spring dress at very little cost—especially since haircloth is no longer essential. The new lining that is stiff but very light is made better than haircloth and much cheaper, too. A skirt nowadays need not be more than four or five yards wide. It is lined with cheverette, bound with velveteen, and finished with a ribbon ruffle around the inside. Some of the evening skirts have velvet trimming. A Dresden silk gown with a train had an immense amorphous blue velvet bow just below the right knee. There were three or four ostrich tips standing out and up against the skirt. The bodice had large blue velvet sleeve puffs, with ostrich feathers and blue velvet bows on the shoulders and at the waist.

Hostess of Russian Legation.
 Mme. de Meck, wife of the secretary of the Russian minister, is one of the most popular of the foreign ladies in Washington. As the wife of the new Russian minister is abroad Mme. de Meck will continue to officiate as the official hostess of the Russian legation. She and the secretary occupy a pretty home in Connecticut avenue, hard by the great Leiter mansion, and its mistress, who is very young, very beautiful and altogether lovely, is tall and stately and has a superb physique. Her hair is deep black and is curled high in Russian fashion, with always a handsome circle of diamonds banding



MME. DE MECK.

it when indoors. She has yet to master our language, although she understands the more common words and phrases, but French, Spanish and her own native tongue are alike familiar. In reply to the question how she likes America she will say: "Ver much. I no go out yet so much as the papers have me there. I was not at ze White House at diplomatique reception, and yet za have me in one ver pretty gown." Her home breathes an air of Orientalism. The drawing-room is hung with embroidered bands and banners and other hangings of delicate and ingenious design—all the work of her own hands. Like all Russian ladies music has great charms for her, and her grand piano in the corner is a source of great comfort to her in her new surroundings.

How to Mend Your Gloves.
 Mend your gloves with fine cotton thread instead of silk. The silk is apt to cut the kid. In mending gloves turn them inside out and sew them over and over. If there is a tear in the glove set a piece of kid under it and secure it with a few stitches.

AS WE USED TO LONG AGO.

Play that you are mother, dear,
 And play that pass is your bean;
 Play that we sit in the corner here,
 Just as we used to long ago;
 Play so, we lovers two,
 Are just as happy as can be,
 And I'll say, "I love you!" to you,
 And you say, "I love you!" to me!
 "I love you!" we both shall say,
 All in earnest and all in play.

2c. play that you are the other one
 That sometimes came and went away,
 And play that the light of years ago
 Stole into my heart again today!
 Plying that you are the one I knew
 In the days that never again may be,
 I'll say, "I love you!" to you,
 And you say, "I love you!" to me!
 "I love you!" my heart will say
 To the ghost of the past come back today.

Or, play that you sought this nesting place
 For your own sweet self, with that dual
 guise
 Of your pretty mother in your face
 And the look of that other in your eyes!
 So the dear old love shall live anew,
 As I hold my darling on my knee,
 And I'll say, "I love you!" to you,
 And you'll say, "I love you!" to me!
 Oh, many a strange, true thing we say
 And do when we pretend to play!
 —Eugene Field in Chicago Record.

THE LIAR.

I never loved but one woman, I passed five years with her in perfect happiness. I can truly say that to her I owe my success, because of my freedom from care and because she imbued me with some of her great ambition. From the first moment we met it seemed to me that I had always loved her. Her beauty and character answered all my dreams. That woman never left me. She died in my house, in my arms and still loving me. But when I think of her it drives me mad. If I attempt to describe her as she was during the five years, in all the glory of her love, with her tall, svelte figure, her clear cut features, like an oriental Jew's, her luminous, pale face, her cheerful talk, her voice soft and sweet as her glance; if I try to bring again to my mind that vision of delight, it is only to say—I hate her!

Her name was Clotilde. In the house in which I first met her she was known as Mme. Deloche, the widow of a captain long since dead. She appeared to have traveled extensively. In her conversation she would sometimes say, "When I was at Tampico," or, perhaps, "Once during a raid in Valparaiso." Aside from these remarks nothing in her manner, in her language, suggested a nomadic life—nothing of that disorder and hurry incident to quick departures or untimely arrivals. She was a Parisian, dressed always with exquisite taste, without a burlesque or those eccentric serapes by which one recognizes the wives of officers and marines who are perpetually on the move.

When I found that I loved her, my only idea was to ask her hand in marriage. A friend spoke to her for me. She replied simply that she should never marry. Thereafter I avoided places where I would see her, and as I was too unhappy to work I resolved to go away. I was making preparations for departure, when, one morning, in the midst of the confusion of packing, Mme. Deloche entered my apartment.

"Why do you go away?" she asked. "Because you love me? I also love you, only"—here her voice trembled a little—"only I am married." And she told me her history.

It was a story of love and desertion. Her husband was dissipated. He had beaten her. They separated at the end of three years. Her family, of whom she seemed very proud, occupied high positions in Paris, but since her marriage they had disowned her. She was a niece of the grand rabbi. Her sister, widow of an officer of high rank, had married for a second husband the general of the guard at St. Germain. As for herself, financially ruined by her husband, she had fortunately been highly educated and possessed several accomplishments, of which she now made use. She gave lessons in music in the wealthy families of the Chaussee d'Antia and the Faubourg St. Germain.

Her story was touching, but quite long, full of the pretty repetitions and interminable incidents which crowd the talk of women. I hired a pretty little house in the Avenue de l'Imperatrice. I passed the first year listening to her, looking at her, without thinking of work. It was she who first urged me to enter my studio and fired me with ambition to become a great artist. I could not induce her to give up her pupils. This independence touched me deeply. I admired the proud soul which made me feel a little humiliated before the expressed wish to owe nothing except to her own exertions. We were thus separated every day.

With what happiness I returned home, so impatient when she was late, so happy when I found her there before me! From her pupils in Paris she brought me rare flowers. I often forced her to accept some present, but she laughingly said that she was richer than I, and the lessons must have been very profitable, for she always dressed with great elegance and always in black, which she wore through coquetry on account of her complexion.

Her beauty was enhanced by heavy velvets, shining jets, lustrous satins and masses of silky lace. All her pupils, daughters of bankers and financiers, adored and respected her, and more than once she showed me a bracelet, a bangle or a piece of lace which one of them had given her.

Except when at work, we were never separated. Only on Sunday she went to St. Germain to see her sister, the wife of the general, with whom, long ago, she had made her peace. I accompanied her to the station. She returned the same evening, and often, when the days were long, we would make a rendezvous and go to row on the water or for a walk in the woods. She would tell me about her visit, how pretty the children were and how happy they all were together. It seemed to make her so unhappy that I redoubled my tenderness in order to make her forget her sorrow.

What happy times of work and confidence we had! I suspected nothing. Everything she said appeared so true, so natural. I could reproach her with only one thing—sometimes, in telling me about the families to which her pupils belonged, she gave a quantity of intimate details and told of imaginary intrigues. She saw always the romance around her and seemed to live in dramatic combinations. These dreams troubled my happiness. I, who wished to fly far from the rest of the world to live alone with her, often found her occupied with indifferent things. But I could pardon these dreams in a woman young and unhappy, whose life had been a sad romance, without hope of a happy denouement.

Once only I became suspicious, or, rather, uneasy. One Sunday evening she did not return. It was in despair. What should I do? Go to St. Germain? I could not do that without compromising her. However, after a fearful night, I had just decided to go there when she arrived, pale and troubled. Her sister was ill; she had remained to care for her. I believed what she told me, not suspecting the flow of words which met the least questioning. Two or three times, in the same week, she returned to spend the night; finally, the sister having recovered, she again took up her regular and tranquil life.

Unhappily, some time afterward, it was her turn to fall ill. One day she came home from giving lessons, trembling, weak, feverish. Inflammation of the lungs declared itself, became more serious, and soon—the doctor told me—irremediable. I was crazed with grief. Then I thought that I would make her last hours happy. Her family, which she loved so much, of which she was so proud, I would bring to her bedside. Without saying anything to her, I wrote first to her sister at St. Germain and went myself to the grand rabbi, her uncle. When I arrived at his house, I was ushered into an antechamber, and soon the grand rabbi came to receive me.

"There are moments, sir," I began, "when hatred ought to be forgotten." "He looked at me in astonishment. I went on:

"Your niece is dying!"
 "My niece! I have no niece! You are mistaken."
 "I beg of you, sir, to forget that foolish quarrel. I speak of Mme. Deloche, the wife of Captain—"
 "I do not know Mme. Deloche. You are mistaken, my child, I assure you." And kindly he pushed me toward the door, taking me for a lunatic or a fool.

I may have looked so, indeed. What I had heard was so terrible, so unexpected. She had lied, then. But why? Suddenly an idea struck me. I would go to the address of one of her pupils, of whom she was always talking, the daughter of a well known banker.

"Mme. Deloche," I began to the servant.
 "She does not live here."
 "Yes; I know that. She is the lady who gives piano lessons to the young ladies."

"There are no young ladies in the house—not even a piano. I do not know what you mean," and she closed the door in my face.

I went no farther. I was sure of receiving the same answer everywhere. Returning to our poor little home, a letter was handed me, postmarked St. Germain. I opened it, knowing already what its contents were. The general did not know Mme. Deloche. He had, moreover, neither wife nor child.

This was the last blow. So for five years every word she had uttered had been a lie. A thousand jealous thoughts seized me, and foolishly, not knowing what I did, I ran to the room where she lay dying. All the questions which tormented me poured from my lips in a torrent of words. "What did you go to St. Germain every Sunday for? At whose house have you passed your days? Where did you stay that night? Come, answer me!" And I caught hold of her, searching through her eyes into the depths of her soul. But she remained mute—passive.

I was trembling with rage. "You never gave lessons! I have been everywhere. No one knows you. Come, where did you get the money, those laces, those jewels?"
 She gave me one long, sad look, and that was all. I should have spared her. I should have allowed her to die in peace. But I loved her too much. Jealously was stronger than pity.

"You have deceived me for five years," I went on. "You have lied to me every day, every hour. You know all my life, and I know absolutely nothing of yours. Nothing—not even your name! Because it is not yours, this name that you bear. Oh, liar, liar!"

She was dying, and I not to know what name to call her! "Come, now, who are you? Where did you come from? Why did you come into my life? Speak! Tell me something!"

Instead of replying she turned her face to the wall, as if she feared that her last look would give up her secret.

And thus she died—died without divulging her secret, a liar to the end!
 —Translated For Argonaut From the French of Alphonse Daudet.

THE MINUET DANCER.

So, my enchantress in the flowered brocade,
 You call an older fashion to your aid;
 Step forth from Gainsborough's canvas and
 advance.
 A powdered Galatea, to the dance.

About you clings a faded, old world air,
 As though the link boys crowded round your
 chair,
 As though the Macarons thronged the Mall,
 And the French horns were sounding at Vaux-
 hall.

They tread the stately measure to its close,
 The silver buckles and the silken hose,
 Ladies and exquisites, that bend and sway,
 Brilliant as poppies on an August day.

You dance the minuet, and we admire,
 We dullards in our black and white attire,
 Whose russet idyl seems a mere burlesque,
 Set in a frame so far less picturesque.

Yet I take heart; for Love, the countless rogue,
 Can scarcely heed what raiment he is in vogue,
 Since in good sooth his negligence is known
 As something scandalous acent his own.

Long ere he whispers, Eyes were bright and
 brown
 And ere the powder tax demayed the town,
 And faithful shepherds still shall baffle on,
 Although the rapiers and the frills be gone.
 —Alfred Cochrane in Spectator.

ODD FACTS ABOUT MADAGASCAR.

The Policemen Sleep on Their Beds—The Curfew Is of Ancient Use.

Probably the sleepest policemen in the world are those of Madagascar. At Antananarivo, the capital, there is little evidence of the force by day, for its members are all peacefully wrapped in slumbers. At night, too, the guardian of property is seldom to be seen, and that he is actually guarding is only to be told by the half hourly cry that is sent up to police post No. 1 alongside the royal palace.

"Watchman, what of the night?"
 "We are wide awake, keeping a sharp lookout, and all's well."

Antananarivo has no lamps and no streets. It is simply a great collection of houses tumbled together. There is a big force of night police, known as the "watch." The men gather themselves together into groups, and choosing snug corners, wrapping themselves in straw mats, they drop into long and profound slumber. One member of each group remains awake to respond to the half hourly call from the palace. As he calls back, the others, half awake, mechanically shout back the response. It makes little difference, however, that the police continually sleep, for robbery is rare.

Curfew, though popularly supposed to be purely an early English and Norman-French custom, has been established in Madagascar for centuries. In every town and village between 9 and 10 the watchmen go around shouting out "watch." The Malagasy dialect, "Lights out!" and they see that all is in darkness in every house. After these hours no one is allowed to travel around without a special pass.

There is no criminal code of any account, and when a man is caught in the act of stealing the populace is apt to ignore the police and surround him and stone him to death. The Madagascans have no "swear words" in their language, and when their feelings are overwrought against a man the only thing they can do is to execute summary vengeance on him.—New York World.

How Fast the Earth Moves.

Everybody knows that the earth makes one complete revolution on its axis once in each 24 hours. But few, however, have any idea of the high rate of speed at which such an immense ball must turn in order to accomplish the feat of making one revolution in a day and a night. A graphic idea of the terrific pace which the old earth keeps up year after year may be had by comparing its speed to that of a cannon ball fired from a modern high pressure gun. The highest velocity ever attained by such a missile has been estimated at 1,626 feet per second, which is equal to a mile in 3 2-10 seconds. The earth, in making one complete revolution in the short space of 24 hours, must turn with a velocity almost exactly equal to that of the cannon ball. In short, its rate of speed at the equator is exactly 1,507 feet per second. This is equal to a mile every 3 6-10 seconds, 17 miles a minute.—St. Louis Republic.

Why Everybody Smiled.

An amusing scene was witnessed by many pedestrians one day at the corner of Thirty-seventh street and Broadway. A fence, about 30 feet high, covered with theatrical lithographs, inclosed a lot on that corner, where the foundations of a new building are being laid. It was the noon hour, and six brawny sons of Erin were seated on a slightly raised platform, resting against the fence. They were eating their luncheon and were joking and laughing to their hearts' content. Those who stopped to look at the group could not withhold a smile, for directly above this jolly group of Irishmen, in bold, lurid letters, were the words "The Gay Parisians." Here indeed was a pleasant satire, the result of accident. No wonder the workmen wondered why people smiled at them so much.—New York Herald.

The Inquisitive Small Boy.

"Father," said the little boy, looking up from his picture book, "if I ask you a question, will you answer it?"
 "Certainly," was the affable reply.
 "And not get angry?"
 "Of course not."
 "Nor say it's time I was in bed?"
 "I won't do any of those things."
 "Well, what I want to know is where does a snake begin when it wags its tail?"—Washington Star.

A Famous Cook.

The fattening of poultry has been made the subject of special attention by M. Joseph, the great chef who has started a restaurant in Paris. The poultry that he uses is fed according to his own directions. It is first allowed a run of 200 yards. A few days after this is curtailed to 175 yards, and then reduced daily until the poultry is confined in boxes. Beautifully plump and fat it then is and ready for the crowned heads who honor his establishment.

To see Joseph curve one of these birds is a revelation. He holds it in midair on a fork. With his knife he then dexterously skims round the wings and legs, and before it is possible to say "Jack Robinson" every portion of the bird is carved and ready to be served.—Boston Traveller.

A Bright Girl in Maine Recently began a composition thus:

"The Puritans found a lunatic asylum in the wilds of America." She had read in a book that the Puritans found an asylum in this country, and to make the statement more vivid she added the word "lunatic."

The Apache, Navajo and Ute war begun in 1849 and ended in 1855. The total number of regular troops employed during this war was 1,500, while the volunteers and militia numbered 1,061, the grand total being 2,561.



Oh, let us join and thankful be!
 The man who can control
 The blizzard signal is not he
 Who runs the price of coal.
 —Washington Star.

"You told me you and Harry loved at sight." "Yes, but we quarreled on acquaintance."—Truth.

He (gallantly)—I couldn't kiss any one but you, dear! She—If that's the case, you can't kiss me.—San Francisco Wave.

"Baroness, have you heard—" "Is it a secret, your Excellency?" "Yes." "Then I have heard of it."—Flegende Blaetter.

Jones—Smith is in business for himself, isn't he? Brown—For himself? Well, I should say he is in business for the benefit of an extravagant family.—Brooklyn Life.

Minnie—I never noticed before that this mirror had a wrinkle in it. Mamie—I thought you were able to see wrinkles in any mirror you looked into.—Indianapolis Journal.

"If I only knew whether the policeman is standing there because nothing is happening, or whether nothing is happening because he is standing there!"—Flegende Blaetter.

"All the good things have been said—"
 Stately murmured with a sigh;
 Mabel yawned and shook her head—
 "Well, suppose you try 'good-by.'"
 —Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Mamma, I really cannot see why you call my Reginald 'the lodge'; indeed, I cannot." "I call him that because he is such a poor excuse for a man."—Indianapolis Journal.

Gadzooks—We don't seem to hear anything nowadays about the coming woman. Zounds—No, because she has already come, and is now off on her wheel.—New York Tribune.

Watts—There seems to be some truth in the saying that heaven helps those who help themselves. Potts—Of course there is. They are the only kind worth helping.—Indianapolis Journal.

"How is your daughter getting on with the piano, Nunson?" "First-rate. She can play with both hands now. She says she will be able to play with her ear in six months."—Household Words.

Uncle Hays—Member the Hawkins boys who ran away to join a theater company? Aunt Martha—Why, yes! What about 'em? Uncle Hays (quietly)—They've walked back.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Teacher—George, what excuse have you for being late? George—Only a far-fetched one. Teacher—What do you mean? George—The conductor of the car carried me several blocks past the school.—Harper's Round Table.

The leap year valentine, they say (But who shall trust in ramors?) Will bring up Cupid, bright and gay. Upon a bike, in bloomers.
 —Washington Star.

Biggs—I am so stout that I know exercise would do me lots of good. Tams—Then why don't you get out and shove that snow off the walk? Biggs—That's not exercise, that's work.—Truth.

"I say, Bellevue, lend me \$10, will you?" "You have struck me at the most unfortunate time of the year, Manchester." "How so?" "February is the shortest month."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

It's all right, we suppose, to say that a man is homely enough to stop a train, but he'll find he's not homely enough to stop it if he has arrived at the station a minute after it has started.—Yonkers Statesman.

"My lips are sore, but camphor ice I will not have," said May.
 "Of course 't would cure them, you see,"
 "I would keep the chaps away."
 —Harper's Bazar.

Patient—That sign of yours is not very encouraging. Dentist—Why so? I guarantee to extract teeth without pain. Patient—Yes; but I want the pain extracted. I'd rather keep the tooth.—Philadelphia Record.

"I wonder how warm the room is," said Bloomer. "Benny, go and look at the thermometer." The little boy's consultation must have been very unsatisfactory, for he said, presently, "the thermometer isn't going."—Truth.

First new woman (at the club)—What makes you so blue? Second ditto—My father-in-law has come to stay with us, and John and he sit at their knitting all day, and cry about my treatment of John.—Philadelphia Record.

The brakeman's "all aboard!" ere long Will be of little worth, When from the airship rings the song, "Come, all get off the earth!"—Truth.

He—Why do you like the Wagnerian operas so much better than those of the Italian school? She—Oh, Wagner operas make so much noise that you can talk all you like through the performance, and nobody can hear you.—Somerville Journal.

"I must get a book of etiquette," said Maud. "What for?" inquired Mamie. "I want to find out what Senatorial courtesy is." "Oh, I heard my father talking about that. I know what that is. It's a rule by which every Senator is forbidden to interfere when they get to disgracing one another."—Washington Star.