

# The Bank Cashier

## A STORY OF A COUNTRY TOWN.

"I demand the payment of the \$10,000 in gold," said Miss Magruder, a little restily and quite determinedly. "I owe this to my niece, who is about to be married. As you know, I am her guardian, and I do not wish to diminish her legacy by any oversight on my part just now, when no one knows just what effect a possible silver victory may have upon the financial condition of the country. Once married, her husband may do as he likes."

"Very well, Miss Magruder," said Cashier Holt. "Your request will be honored if for no other reason than to show you that this bank is amply able to meet all demands."

The lady whom he addressed as Miss Magruder was a spinster of uncertain age, regular features and a determined and business like manner.

Cashier Holt, a middle-aged man with Vandyke beard and curly flax-colored hair, had tried vainly to demonstrate to his shrewd client that her money would be safer in the vaults of the bank than in her house.

Now he gave a whispered order to the only clerk the bank afforded. The latter turned an inquisitive face upon the spinster and her companion, a pretty country girl of 20 summers. When he returned from the vault he carried in his hand a leather satchel, which he placed on the counter before the cashier.

"Here are your ten thousand," said Mr. Holt, whimsically. "Remember my warning! Take good care of the money!"

Miss Magruder was not so easily satisfied. She opened the satchel, took from it a buckskin bag and counted the money, which was in \$50 coins. Then she pushed it all back, locked the bag and left the bank, accompanied by the clerk, who carried the satchel and deposited it under the buggy seat. As the ladies entered their conveyance they were accosted by a tramp. The fellow looked anything but prepossessing, and Miss Magruder curtly denied him aid.

During the drive from New Brunswick to the little hamlet which was their home, Miss Magruder gave vent to her annoyance over the cashier's hesitancy to pay her niece's legacy in gold. His warning against robbers was especially distasteful to the spinster, who had never been afflicted with fear of anything. Nora Wilson listened to her aunt in silence. She was not at all inclined to share her guardian's confidence that their house was as safe as the bank vault; but out of deference to the older woman she refrained from expressing her opinion. Even when the money was safely stowed away under Miss Magruder's bed, Nora felt uneasy. When bedtime came she herself examined every window and door, to see that it had been securely fastened by the servant. Anxious dreams disturbed her slumber, which she wooed in vain for a long time. In the middle of the night the girl awoke with a start. She was not certain at first whether her imagination had played her a trick, or whether she had really heard a stifled noise in the next room. She hearkened with bated breath, and was soon convinced that what disturbed her were stealthy footsteps.

Without a moment's hesitation the girl jumped from her bed. A door led from her room to her aunt's chamber, but this she would not open. After all, it might only have been the vivid play of her imagination, and she dreaded Miss Magruder's ridicule. So she unlatched the door that opened out into the corridor and groped her way to her aunt's room. It was ajar.

Nora Wilson scarcely breathed as she listened. She could distinctly hear the respiration of two persons. One breathed regularly and quietly, the other's breath came in short, stifled gasps. A sweet, penetrating odor came from the room. Then all her doubts were dispelled.

There was a robber in the room. He was searching for the hidden gold. Nora was a courageous girl. She pressed her lips firmly together, advancing carefully with outstretched arms. Almost instantly she came in contact with a human body. The man—for it was a burglar—clutched her around the waist and held a sponge saturated with chloroform to her nose. Nora tried not to breathe to keep from inhaling the noxious vapor. The girl's fierce struggle made the burglar resort to other means to overcome her. He dropped the sponge and plunged his hand into his breast pocket.

"He has a pistol and he is going to kill me!" thought Nora. Quick as a flash she seized his hand the moment he withdrew it. Her fingers closed over the handle of a large bowie knife, not the butt end of a revolver.

The burglar dragged Nora from the room, down the stairs and into the lower corridor. There he bisped into her ear that he would kill her if she made an outcry and did not release the knife. Gathering all his strength

he thrust her into the pantry, the door of which stood wide open.

Miss Wilson made no reply, but with an almost superhuman effort attempted to wrench the weapon from him. She succeeded in clutching a few inches more of the long handle of the knife, and the man uttered a terrible oath. The blade had sunk into his hand. Snatching his left arm from her waist, he struck her a fearful blow with his fist.

Realizing that she could no longer cope with the robber, Nora turned quickly and dashed past him toward the door that led out into the yard. It was open, but on the threshold the girl stumbled and fell prone to the floor. When she awoke a few moments afterwards from the stupor caused by the fall, two men were bending over her. They were grappling, and by their voices Miss Wilson recognized in one of them her aunt's gardener. The girl, brave as ever, came to his assistance.

Their combined cries for help brought one of their neighbors to the scene of the struggle. The marauder was soon overcome, and when the servant maid appeared with a lamp, Nora and the gardener recognized in him the tramp who had accosted them in the afternoon in front of the bank.

"Take him to prison," commanded Miss Wilson. "My aunt and I will lodge complaint against him in the morning."

While the two men carried off their prisoner, Nora hurried to her aunt's room. By this time the effect of the chloroform had disappeared, and Miss Magruder was acquainted with the events of the night. The little satchel with its precious contents was moved a considerable distance from where it had originally been placed, and the spinster admitted that the cashier was right after all in admonishing her as he did. To relieve herself from further responsibility she sent for her niece's betrothed early in the morning.

In the meantime the prisoner had a preliminary hearing before the judge. Miss Wilson deposed that she had met the man in the afternoon; that he had seen the satchel which they carried from the bank, stowed away under the buggy seat. She then narrated her struggle with the intruder and his final arrest by a neighbor and her aunt's gardener. The latter corroborated her statement. The prisoner firmly declared his innocence, even in the face of these grave charges. He denied having struggled with the young lady in her aunt's room, and said that he had sought shelter in Miss Magruder's woodshed for the night. When he heard Miss Wilson's cries for help, he thought a fire had broken out, and rushed from the shed to aid in suppressing it.

Without a word Nora Wilson pointed to the prisoner's right hand, which was bandaged with a dirty rag. The judge understood her meaning and asked the tramp how he had injured his hand.

His answer was that he had cut himself with an ax, as he cleared the

was noticeable. It came from the clothes of the cashier.

"Oh, James!" cried the girl, still pale and nervous from her terrible experience of the night.

"My name is Cliff," said James. "I am Miss Wilson's fiancé. Permit me to lead her to yonder couch. She is not well. A little rest will soon restore her."

Holt was not inclined to grant the request to admit the two young people to the back room without opposition.

"It's against the rules of the bank," he remarked stubbornly.

James Cliff paid no attention to him, but pushed the door open and led the young girl to the leather sofa in the



QUICK AS A FLASH SHE SEIZED HIS HAND.

bank room. Nora was far from fainting. Her mind had never worked more quickly and to the point. A sudden suspicion that not the tramp, but another tried to rob them of her fortune flashed through her brain. There was the odor of the chloroform, and besides the cashier held his hand concealed in his coat pocket.

"What is the matter with your hand, Mr. Holt?" she asked.

"My hand? I sprained it last night while trying to move a heavy piece of furniture. I have been bathing it with arnica and must keep it bandaged."

"Won't you let me see it?" The cashier hesitated, but when he pulled the hand from the pocket at last, the bandage showed other stains than those of arnica.

With a bound the girl stood before him.

"This is blood, James," she cried. "A sprain could not have caused them. The smell of the chloroform, his voice, his look; and the hairs wrapped around the button of his coat! Do you recognize them?"

"They are yours, Nora," said James Cliff, carefully loosening them from the button that held them confined. "I would recognize them anywhere!"

"This is the man who broke into our house, with whom I struggled, and in the struggle he cut his hand," said Nora, firmly and menacingly.

"I wish I had killed you," muttered Holt, now blind with rage over the girl's discovery.

They called the clerk and sent for the sheriff, but James Cliff was compelled to keep the desperate bank cashier at bay with the point of a revolver.

At his home were found a bottle half filled with chloroform, a blood-stained cuff, a bowie knife, a bunch of skeleton keys and other paraphernalia belonging to the light-fingered gentry.

Years afterwards, when Nora Wilson and James Cliff celebrated their marriage anniversary they learned the cause for the crime of the bank cashier. He had been in love with the pretty country lassie, and as James Cliff was then an impecunious attorney he thought if he robbed her of her fortune the young man would not marry her.

"But you know better, dear wife," whispered James into the pretty matron's ear. She nodded her head in silence, and wound her arms around his neck.

The 10,000 in gold were deposited in a larger bank, and the interest has been piling up from year to year, making a nest-egg for the three little children of the Cliffs.—St. Louis Republic.

### The Conductor's Keen Senses.

"Railroad conductors train themselves up to a fine point," said a traveling man. "The other night I was on Conductor Stovall's train, on the Southern, going up to Washington. We were somewhere in the neighborhood of Charlotte, N. C., I knew, but to be exact I asked Capt. Stovall, who was sitting just behind me, where we were. He halted about half a minute and replied: 'We are about nineteen miles from Charlotte.'"

"How can you tell?" I asked him. "Easy enough," he replied. "Just feel the motion of the train, and I can tell. I can tell every curve on the road nearly and I never have to look out to find where we are."

"Just at that moment there was a blast from the locomotive. 'That's Stanley's crossing,' said the conductor. And that was from a man who has a run of about 300 miles."—Atlanta Constitution.

### A SHORTHAND TYPE WRITER.

Machine Which Writes Entire Words at One Stroke of the Fingers.

Business men and stenographers will hail with delight the invention of a typewriting machine which can be so manipulated as to print words entire with one stroke of the fingers instead of the old method of spelling each word out. The machine is intended to take the place of ordinary shorthand writing, and at the same time to make a record which can be read by anyone.

In the ordinary typewriting machine speed is limited by the fact that but one key can be operated at a time and only one character printed.

The inventor saw that if several fingers could be used at the same time, as on the piano, to select the letters for a word, and the word printed at a single stroke, sufficient speed could be gotten to take speeches from dictation direct on machines instead of using shorthand. He then constructed a machine after this idea. It is a very small affair, weighing only two and one-half pounds, occupying a space only six inches square, and can be placed in a case two inches deep.

In this invention the operator can bring into play any or all of twenty keys without changing the position of the hands for any combinations.

There are sixteen keys which lie next to one another, within the four outer keys. On these are printed all the letters and characters that are to be printed. If any of these keys are struck without touching another of the outer ones, it will print



THE SHORTHAND TYPEWRITER.

the letter or character which is marked on the end nearest the operator. When it is desired to print any of the letters on the second line, it can be done by pressing at the same time one of the outer keys, which are marked "con's line 2" or "vow's line 2." This brings forward either the consonants or vowels. The same is true of line three. The figures are printed by using the fingers of the right hand, while pressing a lever at the left of the head of the machine. The sixteen keys are so arranged that they can be operated in pairs, so that one finger can press down either one or both keys of each pair.

The machine cannot do accurate spelling, nor will the writing do for correspondence, but phonetic spelling can be done and it is possible at each stroke to print the greater part of a word if not the whole of it. The inventor has made several of these machines and placed them for use in business offices. Those operating them are able to write 100 words a minute.

The principal advantage this machine has is its speed, and if not accurate the words are more easily read than if written in shorthand. It can be used to advantage in taking speeches for the press and other matter that is turned into an office just before the paper goes to press. In this case a good compositor could get up the matter from its record. The record is printed on a narrow slip, as shown by the accompanying cut. The letters read across the slip from left to right. Many of the words are spelled phonetically, but their meanings are obvious. The letter in the illustration translated in long hand runs as follows: "If you could make it convenient to call at the Sun office to-morrow night, Thursday, I shall be glad to see you."

### A LAMB IN ICE.

Exported from New Zealand to Test a Refrigerating Process.

This is a picture of the smallest lamb exported from New Zealand. It was



frozen into the block of ice as represented to demonstrate the capabilities of a refrigerating process.

Some men want to show how smart they are every minute, and become Alecks.



**Changes.**  
"The world goes well, and life is all gone. There is no to-morrow, just to-day!" Smiling I said it, and turned to go— Thinking blindly 'twould ever be so.

A friend said softly, "Life is all woe; Joy is a thing I never shall know." Smiling she said it, calmly resigned, Nor dreamed the cloud was all silver woe.

Later, when life had brought sore grief, And robbed me of all that first belief, I met this friend. Ah! joy had been there, Lifted her burdens, and eased her care. —Boston Transcript.

**Love's Tribute.**  
'Tis but a feeble strain I sing to thee; Though when I sing to others, burning thought From brightest fancies of the brain is wrought. Where is my manhood, love, that I should be

So weak, my own, where I would win thy praise? My fairest laurels to adorn thy brow I fain would offer thee in rapture now; Yet, if rejected, scorned! through passing days

My heart shall see a vision ever fair, Immortal, through my love, whose touch divine Hath power thus to claim thee ever mine. From cherished hopes to lift the veil despair. —Boston Transcript.

**Spring.**  
"Winter, unloose thy shackles!" cries the spring, "And bare the breasts of fountains to the sun!" The mandate given, straightway it is done.

Again the earth grows green, the sweet birds sing And build their nests where buds are opening. And all the streams in tuneful gladness run; And so all loving hearts should, one by one, Burst from their bonds and have awakening; Awakening from sloth and blissful ease, From sadness, gloom, and cares that chafe and fret. From acts and thoughts that rob the soul of peace. And cause the heart its Maker to forget! Awake to life and bloom, like to the year, Blushing with flowers as the months appear! —Boston Transcript.

**A Favorite Poem.**  
I wandered lonely as a cloud That floats on high o'er vales and hills, When all at once I saw a crowd, A host of golden daffodils, Beside the lake, beneath the trees Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine And twinkle on the milky way, They stretched in never-ending line Along the margin of a bay. Ten thousand saw I at a glance, Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they Outdid the sparkling waves in glee; A poet could not but be gay, In such a jocund company. I gazed and gazed, but little thought What wealth that show to me had brought.

For often when on my couch I lie, In vacant or in pensive mood, They flash upon that inward eye Which is the bliss of solitude, And then my heart with pleasure fills, And dances with the daffodils. —Wordsworth.

**Night.**  
The golden rays are fleeting and night draws on apace, Diana casts her dusky robe o'er heaven's beauteous face, Earth's deepest vales are sleeping, in mist lies jocund Day; Wrapped in slumber so divine, as though she knelt to pray.

The pearly gates are opening, the lustrous stars burst through, While shaken from a cherub's hands fall drops of crystal dew. Hark! angels bright are singing; their voices, clear and sweet, Tell o'er and o'er the story of old, of Christ the mercy-seat.

The flowers, their heads uplifting and incense, pure and rare, To mingle with the clouds above, and sweet fragrance there; While gentle zephyrs, singing through every leafy tree, Cool many a hot and fevered brow before they turn to flee.

So, thus with voice ascending in praise to God above, Who clothes the lily of the field, who teaches truth and love, We welcome in the morning Aurora, clear and bright, And bid Diana fond farewell—farewell to beauteous Night.