THE GREAT MYSTERY STORY---$3,000 IN PRIZES TO THE WOMEN WHO SOLVE IT.

THE MILL OF SILENCE.

By

BERNARD EDWARD JOSEPH CAPES.

CONDITIONS OF THE AWARD OF $3,000.

1. To the reader from whom the Journal receives by mail at its publication office, Nassau street, New York City, the most complete and correct solution in all its details of the entire mystery in "The Mill of Silence," as it shall be disclosed in the final chapter of the story in the Journal, the sum of $1,000 will be paid. The entire sum of $3,000 will be divided into 156 prizes, as follows:

FOR THE BEST SOLUTION, $1,000.
FOR THE SECOND BEST SOLUTION, $500.
FOR THE THIRD BEST SOLUTION, $300.
FOR THE FOURTH BEST SOLUTION, $100.
FOR THE FOUR NEXT BEST SOLUTIONS ($50 EACH), $200.
FOR THE EIGHT NEXT BEST SOLUTIONS ($25 EACH), $200.
FOR THE 140 NEXT BEST SOLUTIONS ($5 EACH), $700.
Making a total of 156 prizes awarded, $3,000.

In awarding the prizes there will be no change in the above table either as respects the number of prizes given or the amount of each prize.

2. The Journal is pre-eminently a family newspaper, and its daily instalment of a high-grade serial story is a feature intended specially to commend it to the home circle. To emphasize—and advertise—the fact that the Journal is a newspaper particularly suitable for woman's reading, the further condition is made that the $3,000 in prizes shall be paid only for explanations sent in by WOMEN and GIRLS. All may read, but only WOMEN and GIRLS may guess—and win the $3,000.

3. "The Mill of Silence" will continue, in daily instalments until Thursday, May 28, on which date all but the final chapter will have been published. The interval between Thursday, May 28, and Friday, June 5, inclusive, will be allowed for the forwarding of guesses. For no reason whatever will guesses be received and considered after 6 o'clock p. m., Friday, June 5. The final instalment of the story, disclosing the mystery, will be published in the Journal, Monday, June 8.

RULES OF THE COMPETITION.

1. But ONE solution may be entered by any one reader.

2. All guesses must be sent by mail and in no other way, plainly addressed to "Prize Story Editor, THE JOURNAL, Nassau street, New York City."

3. Inquiries not considered fully answered here will be answered in THE JOURNAL, if the inquiries are addressed to "The Prize Story Editor," and accompanied by a two-cent stamp or postal card.

4. The $3,000 will be awarded under the conditions and rules here set forth, and according to the best judgment of the judges appointed by THE JOURNAL, and these judges will have complete control and final decision beyond all appeal in all matters relating to this contest, and all "solutions" will be received and judged subject to this provision.

5. The guesses may be made in the reader's own words, in the English language, and without any attempt at "fine writing," and without reviewing the story at length—simply attempting to give, as many facts and details as will make up "the most complete and correct solution," as called for in Condition No. 1. Guesses must disclose the mystery and such material facts of the plot revealed in the development of the story as may be deemed necessary by the judges to a clear and full explanation of the mystery in its details.

6. Names and addresses of the winners of the $3,000 in cash prizes will be published in THE JOURNAL at the earliest possible date after the judges have determined the awards.

7. No condition of term of subscription to THE JOURNAL is imposed. Guessers must be women and girls, and necessarily they must be readers of THE JOURNAL, but they may read the story in THE JOURNAL taken by any member of the family and need not be regular subscribers themselves in order to enter the competition. While only women and girls may guess and win the prizes, they may receive help in their guessing from any or all members of the family.

A Supplement of the Journal containing the first seven chapters of "The Mill of Silence" will be mailed to any address upon receipt of a two cent stamp.

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Chap. XV--Sweet, Poor Dolly.

"Trender," said Duke unexpectedly after a silence the next morning, as we loitered after breakfast, "pay attention to one thing. I don't ask you for a fragment of your past history, and I don't want to hear anything about it. You'll say, as yet you haven't offered me your confidence, and quite right, too, on the top of our short acquaintance. But don't ever offer it to me, you understand? Our friendship starts from sunrise, morning by morning, and lasts the day. I don't mean it shall be the less true for that; I have a theory, that's all."

"What is it, Straw?"

"Sufficient for the day, it's called. Providence has elected to give us, not one existence, but so many or few, each linked to the next by an insensibility—that's only a temporary sitting, down to rest and recoup outside the bourne—and intercalated as a whole between appropriate limits."

"I don't quite understand."

"Wait a bit. Each of these existences has its birth and death, and should be judged apart from the others; each is pronounced upon in succession—like the beads in a rosary—by one's familiar spirit—heaven's representative—and its minutes pigeon-holed and docketed above there. When the chain of evidence, for or against, is complete, up these links are gathered in a heap and weighed in both sides of the balance."

"It sounds more plausible than it is, I think," said I, with frank discourtesy. "The acts of one day may influence those of the next—or interminably."

"There's your lookout; but they needn't necessarily. With each new birth comes a new capacity for looking at things in their right proportions."

"How far do you push your theory?"

"As far as you like. I'd have, all the world over, a daily revival of systems."

"Government—law?"

"Certainly. Of everything."

"Then justice, injustice, vindictiveness, sin—all revive, too."

"Recalled; they don't revive."

"But must a criminal, for instance, be allowed to escape because they have failed to catch him the day he did the deed?"

"That's exactly it. It makes no difference. He couldn't atone here for an act committed by him during another existence. But that particular minute goes pretty red into its pigeon-hole, you may be sure."

"Oh, it's wild nonsense," I laughed. "You can't possibly be consistent."

"Can't I? Look here. You are my friend yesterday and to-day and always, I hope. I judge you daily on your merits, yet, for all I know, you may have committed murder in one of your past existences?"

The blood went back upon my heart. Then a great longing awoke in me to tell all to this self-reliant soul and gain comfort of my sorrow. But where was the good in the broad face of his theory?

"Well," I said, with a sigh, "I've done things at least I bitterly repent of."

"That's the conventional way of looking at it. Repentence in this wont avail a former existence. Past days of mine have had their troubles, no doubt, but this day I have before me unclouded and to do what I like with."

"Well, what shall we do with it?" said I. "I hand it over to you to make it a happiness for me. I dare say we shall find plenty of sorrows between sunrise and evening to give it a melancholy charm."

"Rubbish!" cried my friend. "Cant, cant, cant, ever to suppose that sorrow is necessary to happiness! Don't believe the bilious Jacquesos of Arden, who can imagine no heaven that isn't dashed with grievances. We mortals, I tell you, have an infinite capacity for delight; given health, spiritually and bodily, we could dance in the sunbeams for eternity and never reach a surfeit of pleasure."

"Duke," said I—"may I call you Duke?"

"Of course."

"It puzzles me where you got—I don't mean offence—only I can't help wondering"——

"How I come to have original thoughts and a grammatical manner of speech? Look here"——he held up his stained fingers—"aren't these the hands of a man of letters?"

"And a man of action," I said, with a laugh. "But"——

"It's no use, Renny. I can't look further back than this morning."

"You can recall, you know. You don't deny each existence that capacity?"

"Perhaps I could; but to what advantage? To shovel up a whole graveyard of sleeping remembrances to find the seed of one dead nettle that thrusts its head through? No, thank you. Besides, if it comes to that, I might put the same question to you."

"Oh, I can easily answer it. I get all my way of speaking from my father first, and, secondly, because I love books."

He looked at me oddly.

"You're a modest chicken," he said. "But I should like to meet your father."

I could not echo his wish.

"Still," he went on, "I will tell you, there was a little inexperience of mankind in your wonder. I think—I don't refer to myself, of course—that no man in the world is more interesting to talk with than the skilled mechanic who has an individuality and a power of expressing it in words. He is necessarily a man of cultivation, and an 'h' more or less in his vocabulary is purely an accident of his surroundings."

At this moment Mr. Cringle tapped at the door and walked into the room.

"I hope I see you ro-bust, gentlemen? And how do you like this village of ours, Mr. Trender?"

"It's dirty after Winton," said I.

"Ah," he said, condescendingly; "the clash of such enormous forces must naturally rise some dust. It's a proud thing, sir, to contribute one's peck to the total. I feel it in my little corner here."

"Why," said I, "you surprise me, Mr. Cringle. I'm only an ignorant country lad, of course; but it seems to me you are quite a remarkable figure."

He gave an extra twist to his mustache and sniggered comfortably. "Well," he said, "it is not for me to contradict you—eh, Mr. Straw?"

"Certainly not," said Duke; "why, you are famous for your deeds."

"Very good, Mr. Straw, and perhaps, as you kindly mean it in the double sense. It's a fact, sir," he said, turning to me again, "that my docklments is proverbial with the profession for correctness of character. You mightn't think it, but it wants some knowledge of the law's mazes to turn a rough draft into a hold-fast agreement or indenture."

"And you can do that?"

"I flatter myself, Mr. Trender, that it'll want a microscoptic eye to find flaws in my phraseology—vide testimonials."

He thrust back his head and expanded his chest, as if he had just risen from a very deep pool of argument, and waved off the subject majestically.

"But I'm overlooking my errand," said he. "The young lady, as has called before, Mr. Straw, rung me down just now for a message to you."

"Oh, what was it?"

"She wanted to know if you was game for a walk and she'd be waiting under the market till half after 9."

"Very well," and Mr. Cringle took himself off.

"It's Dolly Mellison," said Duke to me. "We often go for a Sunday tramp together."

"Well, don't stop for me, if you want to go."

"We'll both go—why not?"

"Oh, not for anything. Fancy my intruding myself on her."

"I'll answer she'll not object," said my companion, and again I was half-conscious of something unusual in his tone.

"But you might," said I.

"Not a bit of it. Why should I? We're not betrothed, you know."

He answered with a laugh, and pointed or seemed to point at his twisted lower limbs. "You wouldn't believe me, would you, if I told you she expects you?" he said.

"No, I shouldn't. Why, she can't even know we're living together."

"Don't she? Bless you, Renny, for an innocent! Do come. It'll give her pleasure."

"Oh, very well," said I, "if you put it in that way."

What a blind fool I was! And yet I had studied in the same school that my friend had.

We found Dolly standing under the piazza of Covent Garden market. She made no movement toward us until we were close upon her, and then she greeted us with a shy wriggle and a little blush, as if she were a child tendering a posy of sweetbriar flowers to each of us. She was very daintily dressed, with a fur tippet about her throat, and looked as pretty as a young Hebe—not of the meadows, but of the fragrant compound she stood near.

"Oh," she said, "I didn't suppose you would come, Mr. Trender."

"There!" I cried to Duke, with perfect good nature. "I told you I should be in the way."

"Nonsense!" he said. "Miss Mellison didn't mean it like that, did you Dolly?"

"Didn't I? You see how he [illegible] for me, Mr. Trender." [illegible] my from him, with a rosy pout.

"Come!" I cried gayly. "I'll risk it. I don't believe you've the heart to be cruel, Miss Mellison."

"Thank you for the surname, and also for telling me I'm heartless."

"You can't be that as long as mine goes a-begging," I said, impudently.

She peeped up at me roguishly from under her long lashes and shook her head.

"Come," said Duke, impatiently; "what are we going to do? Don't let's stand chattering here all day."

"I'll tell you," I cried, in a sudden reckless flush of extravagance. "Aren't there pretty places along the Thames one can get to from here?"

"Oh, plenty," said Duke, dryly, "if one goes by train."

"Then let's go and make a pleasant water party of it."

He shook his head with a set of the lips.

"Those are rare treats, he said. "Our sort can't afford such jinks except after a deal of saving."

"I don't want you to," said I. "It's my business, and you're to come as my guest."

"Oh, nonsense," he said, sharply; "we can't do that."

"Please speak for yourself, Mr. Straw," said Dolly. I had noticed her eyes shine at the mere prospect. "If Mr. Trender is so kind as to offer, and can afford it, I'm sure, I, for one, don't intend to disappoint him."

"Can afford it," said Duke, doggedly.

"I shouldn't propose it if I couldn't," said I, very much on the high horse. I was feeling the dignity of property and greatly resented this cold-watering of my enthusiasm.

"Of course you wouldn't," said Dolly. "I wonder at you, Mr. Straw, for being so insulting."

"Very well," said Duke. "I meant it for the best; but let's be off. I'm for a shallop in Arcady, with Pleasure in a pork-pie hat (it's very pretty, Dolly) at the helm."

We went down to Richmond by train, and Duke—good fellow that he was—made a merry company of us. If he felt any soreness over his rebuff he hid it out of sight most effectually.

It was early in November—a beautiful, sparkling morning; and though, of course, too late in the year for the bulk of holiday makers, the river yet bore a fairish sprinkling of pleasure craft on its silvery stretches.

We were neither of us great oarsmen and at first made but poor way, owing to a tendency Duke of the iron sinews showed to pulling me completely round. But presently we got into a more presentable swing and fore-reached even upon a skiff or two whose occupants had treated us to some good-humored chaff upon our starting.

Teddington lock and weir were a sore trial to us; but, once through one peril and by the other, we fell to leisurely work up the long green reach beyond, and lapsed into full enjoyment of our holiday.

"Woa!" cried Duke. "This pulling is harder than pulling proofs, Renny. Let's stop by the bank and rest a bit."

We ran the boat's nose aground, fastened her painter to a stump and settled down for a talk.

"Enjoying yourself, Dolly?" asked Duke, mopping his forehead.

"Yes, of course—thanks to Mr. Trender."

"This is a fine variety on our walks, isn't it?"

"Oh, they're jolly enough when you're in a good temper."

"Am I not always?"

"Oh, I don't know. Sometimes you say things I don't understand."

"See there, Renny," cried Duke. "If I express myself badly she calls me cross."

"It isn't that," said the girl. "I know I'm ignorant and you're clever, but you seem to read me and then say things out of yourself that have nothing to do with me—just as if I were a book, and you a—what do they call it?—cricket or something."

We both laughed aloud.

"Oh, Dolly," said Duke, "what pretty imp taught you satire? You can't have pricked it out of Ripley's pamphlets with you needle. Are you a book, too, Mr. Trender?"

"Oh, no! He talks what I can understand."

"Better and better! But take comfort, Renny; you're downed in sweet company."

"Hush," said Dolly; "it's Sunday."

She dabbled her slender hand in the water and drew it out quickly.

"Oh," she cried, "it's cold. I hope we sha'n't be upset. Can you swim, Mr. Trender?"

"Yes, like a duck."

"That's a comfort, if I fall in. Mr. Straw, here, can't."

"I'm built top-heavy," said Duke, "but I'd try to save you, Dolly."

The girl's eyes shone with a momentary remorseful pity.

"I know you would," she said, softly; "you aren't one to think about yourself, Duke. How I wish I could swim! I don't believe there can be anything in the world like getting that medal they give you for saving people from drowning. Have you ever saved any one, Mr. Trender?"

Dolly Mellison, "Sweet, Poor Dolly."

An innocent, sweet-tempered girl, who comes into prominence with Duke. She strangely affects the cripple's life and vitally concerns more than one other character in the story.

"Oh, gentle hand to deal so cruel a stroke! For a moment my smoldering sense of guilt flamed up blood-red.

"No, no," I said, with a forced laugh. "I'm not like Duke. I do think of myself, I'm afraid."

We lapsed into silence, out of which came Dolly's voice presently, murmuring a queer little doggerel song that seemed apt to her childish nature:

"'Who owns that house on yonder hill?'
Said the false black knight to the pretty
little child on the road.
'It's my father's and mine,'
Said the pretty little child scarce seven
years old.
"'Will you let me in?'
Said the false black knight to the pretty
little child on the road.
'Oh, no; not a step,'
Said the pretty little child scarce seven
years old.
"'Then I wish you deaf and dumb,'
Said the false black knight to the pretty
little child on the road.
'And I wish you the same with a blister
on your tongue!'
Said the pretty little child scarce seven
years old."

"Where on earth did you learn that?" said Duke, with a laugh, as Dolly ceased, her eyes dreaming out upon the shining river.

"I didn't know you were listening—what wretches you are," she cried, blushing and hiding her face.

"But where did you pick it up?"

"I don't know. Mother used to sing it, I think, when I was a little girl."

"We must question her," said I.

"Mother's dead," said Dolly.

I could have bitten out my tongue. What a floundering fool I was!

Duke again exerted himself to put matters on a comfortable footing.

"Dolly and I are both orphans," said he; "babes in old Ripley's wood."

"And I am the remorseless ruffian," I broke in.

"All right. You didn't know, of course. Look at that girl on the bank, with the crinoline; she might be riding a hobby-horse."

"Aint she a beauty," said Dolly, enviously. Her own subscribing to the outrageous fashion then fortunately in its decay was limited to her slender means, and the necessities of her work.

"You don't mean to say you admire her?" said I.

"Don't I, Mr. Trender? Just as she'd admire me if I was dressed like that."

"Heaven forbid, Dolly. I wont call you Dolly if you call me Mr. Trender."

"Wont you, now? Upon my word, you've got the impudence of twenty."

"Looke here," said Duke; "I'm for paddling on. I don't know your views as to dinner, Mr. Renalt, but mine are getting vociferous."

"My idea is to pull on until we sight a likely place, Mr. Duke Straw."

We rowed up past Kingston, a cockney town we all fought shy of, and on by grassy reaches as far as Hampton Bridge, where we disembarked. Here was a pleasant waterside inn, with a lawn sloping down to the embankment, and, sitting in its long coffee room, we made a hearty dinner and a merry company. Dolly was flushed and happy as a young naiad when we returned to our boat, and she rippled with laughter and sweetness. There is no denying that even the tender Hebes of life improve upon their dainty selves after a meal taken with surety of healthy digestion.

Chap. XVI.--A Fateful Accident.

We loitered on the river till the short day was threatening dusk, and then we were still no further on our homeward way than a half mile short of Kingston. A little cold wind, moreover, was beginning to whine and scratch over the surface of the water, and Dolly pulled her tippet closer about her bosom, feeling chilled and inclined to silence.

"Come," said Duke, "we must put our shoulders to it or we sha'n't get into the lock before dark."

"Oh!" cried the girl, with a half whimper, "I had forgotten that horrible lock, with its hideous weedy doors. Must we go through it?"

"I'm afraid so," said Duke; "but," he added, cheerily, "don't you be nervous. We'll run you down and through before you have time to count a hundred—if you count slowly."

She sunk back in her seat with a frightened look and grasped the rudder lines as if by them only could she hold on to safety. The dusk dropped about us as we pulled on, strain as we might, and presently we both started upon hearing a strangled sob break from the girl.

"Oh," said Duke, pausing for a moment, "this will never do, Dolly. Why, you can't be afraid with two such knights to protect you?"

"I can't help it," said the poor child, fairly crying now. "You don't know anything about the river, either of you; and—and mayn't I get out and walk?"

"Very well. One of us will go with you, while the other pulls the boat down. Only we must get across first. Steady, now, Renny; and cheer up Doll, and put her nose to the shore opposite."

We had drifted some little distance since we first easy'd and a dull booming, that was in our ears at the time, had increased to a considerable roar.

"Give way!" cried Duke; turn her, Dolly!"

The girl tugged at the right line, gave a gasp, dropped everything, scrambled to her feet, and screamed in a frenzied voice, "We are going over the weir!"

"Sit down!" shouted Duke. "Pull, Renny, like a madman!"

He shipped his oar, forced the girl into a sitting posture and clutched the inner line all in a moment. His promptitude saved us. I fought at the water with my teeth set; the boat's nose plunged into the bank with a shock that sent us two sprawling and the boat's stern swung round dizzily. But before she could cast adrift again I was on my knees and seized at a projecting root with a grasp like Quasimodo's.

"Hold on!" cried Duke, "till I come to you. It's all right, Dolly; you're quite safe now."

He crawled to me and grasped the root in his more powerful hands.

"Now," he said, "you take the painter and get out and drag us higher, out of the pull of the water. I'll help you the best I can."

I complied, and presently the boat was drawn to a point so far above as to leave a wide margin for safety.

We took our seats to pull across, with a look at one another of conscious guilt. Dolly sat quite silent and pale, though she shivered a little.

"We didn't know the river, and that's a fact," whispered Duke to me. "Of course we ought to have remembered the lock's the other side."

We pulled straight across; then Duke said: "Here's the shore, Dolly. Now, you and Trender get out, and I'll take the boat on."

"By yourself? No, I wont. I feel safe with you."

I felt the prick of a small dagger of—jealousy, I was going to say, but that seems ridiculous.

"Very well," he answered gently. "We'll all go on together. There's really no danger now we know what we're about; but never stand up in a boat, Dolly, however frightened you may be."

She said, "No, Duke," in a poor, little quaking voice.

His tone of confidence was premature, as events showed, though I was the gainer, in one way, by Dolly's first rejection of my escort.

We pulled into the lock cutting without further mishap, though the girl shrunk and blenched as we slid past, at a safe distance, the oblique comb of the weir. In the deep dusk it seemed lashing itself into a roar of baffled fury over our escape.

It was some minutes before the lock-keeper answered to our ringing calls, and then the sluices had to be raised and the lock filled from our side. The clash and thunder of the hidden water as it fell into the pit below sounded dismal enough in the darkness, and must, I knew, be dinning fresh terror into the heart of our already stricken naiad. But the hollow noise died off in due course, the creaking gate lumbered open and we floated with a sigh of relief into the weltering pool beyond.

The sluices rattled down behind us, the keeper walked round to the further gate, and his figure appeared standing out against the sky, toiling with bent back at the levers. Suddenly I, who had been pulling bow, felt myself tilting over in a curious manner.

"Hullo!" I cried. "What's up with the boat?"

In one moment I heard a loud shout come from the man at the gates, and saw Dolly, despite her warning, stand hurriedly up and Duke made a wild clutch at her; the next, the skiff reeled under me and I was spun, kicking and struggling, into the water.

An accident, common enough and bad enough to those who know little of Thames craft, had befallen us. We had got the boat's stern jammed upon a side beam of the lock, so that her nose dropped with the sinking water.

I rose at once in a black swirl. The skiff, jerked by our unceremonious exit, floated unharmed in the lock, but she floated empty. Risen to the surface, however, almost with me, Duke's dark head emerged close by her, so that with one frantic leap upward he was able to reach her thwarts, to which he clung.

"Dolly!" he gasped—"Dolly!"

I had seen her before he could cry out again, had seized and was struggling with her.

"Don't hold me!" I cried; "let me go, Dolly, and I'll save you."

She was quite beyond reason, deaf to anything but the despairing call of life. In another instant, I knew, we should both go under and be dragged into the rush of the sluices. My lungs pumped like pistons, as, seeing the uselessness of trying to unclasp her hands, I fought to throw myself and her toward the side of the lock nearest. It was touch and go at the best. The water was bubbling in my mouth, when I felt a great iron hook whipped into the collar of my coat and we were both hauled to the side.

"Hold on there, mate," cried the lock-keeper, "while I get your boat under."

I had caught at a dangling loop of chain; but even so the weight of my almost senseless burden threatened to drag me down.

"Be quick!" I gasped. "I'm pretty near spent."

With the same grapnel he caught and towed the boat, Duke still hanging to it, to where I clung, and leaped down himself into it.

"Now," he said, "get a leg over and you're right."

It was a struggle even then, for Dolly would not let me out of her agonized clutch— not till we could lay her, white as a storm-beaten lily, on the bottom boards. Then we turned and seized Duke over the thwarts and he tumbled in and lay in a heap, quite exhausted.

His mind relieved, our preserver took off his cap, scratched his forehead and spat into the water.

"I've known a many wanting your luck," he said, gruffly. "What made you do it, now?"

Judging our ignorance to be by no means common property, I said: "Ah, what?" in the tone that suggests acquiescence, or wonder, or even a secret reason for the catastrophe, just as one's hearers may agree to accept it, and asked him if he had a fire handy.

"There's a bright one burning inside," he said. "You're welcome to it."

He punted the boat to a shallow flight of steps, oozy with slime, that led to the bank above, where his cottage was.

"We'll carry the gal to it," said he. "See if she can move herself."

I bent down over the prostrate figure. It looked curiously youthful and slender in its soaked and clinging garments.

"Dolly," I whispered, "there's a fire above. Will you let me carry you to it?"

I thought my voice might not penetrate to her dulled senses, but to my wonder she put her arms round my neck immediately.

"Yes," she moaned, "I'm so cold. Take me to the warmth or I shall die."

We lifted her out between us and carried her into the house kitchen. There a goodly blaze went colling up the chimney and the sight was reviving in itself.

"Shall we leave you here alone a bit?" said I, "to rest and recover? There's to be no more of the river for us. We'll walk the distance that remains."

She gave me a quick glance, full of a pathetic gratitude, and whispered: "Yes; I'd better be alone."

"And if you take my advice," said our host, "you'll strip off them drownded petticuts and wrap yourself in a blanket I'll bring you while they're a-drying; wait, while I fetch it."

As he went out Dolly beckoned me quickly to her.

"I heard you tell me to leave go," she said, hurriedly, in a low voice, "but I couldn't—Renny, I couldn't; and you saved my life."

Her lips were trembling and her eyes full of tears. She clasped her hands and held them entreatingly toward me.

A gust of some strange feeling—some yearning sense of protection toward this pretty, lovable child—flooded my heart.

"You poor little thing!" I whispered, in a pitying voice, and, taking her two hands in one of mine, I passed my other arm round her.

Then she lifted her face eagerly, and I bent and softly dropped a kiss on her warm, wet lips.

The moment I had done it I felt the shame of my action.

"There, dear, forgive me," I said. "Like you, Dolly, I couldn't let go at once," and our friend returning just then with the blanket, we left the girl to herself and stepped outside.

A queer exultant feeling was on me—a sense as of the lightening of some overburdening oppression. "A life for a life." Why should the words ring triumphantly in my brain? I might earn for my breast a cuirass of medals such as Dolly had desired, and what would their weight be as set in the scale against the one existence I had terminated?

Perhaps it was not that. Perhaps it was that I felt myself for the first time in close touch with a yearning human sympathy; that its tender neighborhood taught me at a breath to respect and stand by what was noble in myself, and not to let a single morbid impulse forever color and debase my free personality. The shadow that must of course remain with me always, I would not have away, but would only that it ceased to dominate my soul's birthright of independence.

There was in my heart no love for Dolly—no passion of that affinity that draws atom to atom in the destiny that is human. There was only the plying protective sense that came to man through the angels, and, in its sensual surrender, marked their fall from divinity. It was new to me—this tingling sense of giving, where before I had solicited in dumb humility. Now, but empty of all the other's torturing rapture. To the end, without one thought of wavering, Zip must shine the mirage of my barren waste of love.

Suddenly I remembered, with a remorseful pang, that all this time I had forgotten Duke. I hurried down to the steps, calling him. He was sitting in the boat, his elbows on his knees, his face buried in his hands.

"Duke!" I cried, "come out and let's see what we can do for a dry. You'll get the frost in your lungs sitting there."

He rose at once, staggering a little. I had to run down the steps to help him ashore, where he stood shaken all through with violent shiverings.

"Whiskey," said our host laconically, watchful of the poor fellow, "and enough of it to make your hair curl."

Between us we got him into the house, where he was made to swallow at a gulp three finger-breadths in a tumbler of the raw spirit. Then, after a time, the color came back to his cheeks, the restored nerves to his limbs.

At that our kindly host made us strip, and, providing us with what coverings he could produce, set our and our soaked belongings before a second fire in his little parlor, and only left us when summoned outside to his business. As the door closed behind him Duke turned to me. A sort of patient sorrow was on his face—an expression as of renunciation of some favored child of his fancy—I cannot express it better.

"You carried her in?" he said quietly.

"Dolly? Yes."

"Where is she?"

"Baking before the kitchen fire. She'll be ready before we are."

"Well—I had no right. What a chapter of mishaps!" Then he turned upon me with a sudden clap of fierceness. "Why did you ever propose this trip? I tried to dissuade you, and you might have known I was an idiot on the water."

"My good Duke," I answered, with a coolness that covered a fine glow of heat, "that don't sound very gracious. I meant it for a pleasure party, of course. Accidents aren't matters under human control, you know."

He struck his knee savagely.

"No," he muttered, "or I shouldn't have these."

Then in a moment the sweetness came back to his face, and he cried with a smile, half humorous and all pathetic:

"Here's the value of my philosophy. I'm no more consistent than a Ripley pamphlet and not a quarter so amusing. But—oh, if I had only learned to swim!"

To be continued to-morrow. This story began in the Journal April 27.

A Supplement of the Journal containing the first seven chapters of "The Mill of Silence" will be mailed to any address upon receipt of a two cent stamp.

"BOWS TO THE FRONT" THE EDICT.

The bow which erstwhile spread its loops across the back of milady's collar has changed its position. Nowadays it occupies all the available space below her chin. It is planted firmly in front and extends far out on to the shoulders. In the back the collars are unadorned.

The collars are of various materials. They have one feature in common; namely, that they are not like the gown they accompany. On frocks of cloth they are of satin ribbon, and they look like magnified double "bow" cravats. They do not have ends, but are of two loops on each side of a knot, which is fastened down with a buckle.

On frocks of silk, chiffon and mousseline de sole are used. The loops in these are very large, indeed. A couple of yards of the filmy stuff are tied into a great butterfly bow beneath the chin. The buckles worn with these are dainty jewelled affairs, while those which accompany the satin collars are severe ones of silver or gold.

Another novelty in collars is the lace Medici or Elizabethan ruff, which in the back rises up to meet the hair, while it dwindles to a tiny lace frill in front. Rather heavy varieties of lace are used for these ruffs, in order to give them the necessary stiffness. Even then they need wire to hold them in position in the back.

HER MATRIMONIAL VIEW.

She is a little maiden of four years with an unbounded admiration for her big boy cousin. She had evidently heard and pondered upon certain conversations of her elders, with a result for which they were wholly unprepared. There were guests at dinner and there came a sudden lull in the give-and-take of friendly badinage, when quickly the childish voice piped up: "Mamma, I really think I had better marry Jack. You see, I know him, and it will be safer."

BLISSFULLY UNCONSCIOUS.

A well-known New York lawyer tells that on one occasion he had taken his seat in the elevator of a large building down town when a lady stepped in. Owing to the electric light apparatus being out of order the elevator was quite dark, and the new comer, supposing that she was the sole occupant, calmly sat down—on the lawyer's lap. Of course he expected her to get up immediately and murmur a confused apology, but nothing of the sort occurred. He was wearing a heavy Winter ulster, which made a comfortable, soft seat, and the lady rode up several stories and finally got out without ever discovering her mistake.

THE WOMEN OF THE WORLD.

They Shine as Embezzlers and Inventors, and Are Prominent in Other Lines.

They Have also Invented a New Method of Entertainment, and Have Found New Stars.

In these days of embezzling postmistresses the story of Mrs. Annie Morton, of West Newfield, Me., is an interesting one. Mrs. Morton was the assistant of the postmaster in the town, and as the duties of the position were few that gentleman left all his duties, except the signing of important documents and the drawing of his salary, to her. Mrs. Morton is pretty and she has a pretty woman's fondness for finery. Therein preachers may find the cause of her downfall. She resorted to many devices to add to the income allowed her by the Government. She set fire to some of the contents of the post office in order to recover damages for personal property which she had carefully removed beforehand. Of course, she did not allow much money to leave the office through the mails. She started animated correspondences with various persons whom she regarded as charitably disposed and likely to be lenders. With the proceeds she attained that degree of elegance in dressing which made her the pride of West Newfield. And now she is being tried before officers of the United States, and all for her laudable effort to keep abreast of the style.

To the women of the Menoken Club of Chicago the gratitude of the community is due for a new method of amusing the feminine world. They call it a "celebrity party," and it consists of gazing searchingly upon the photographs of prominent men. This is the way the Menoken Club women managed their entertainment: After the usual interchange of compliments on Spring millinery the women were arranged in circles of ten. Each circle was provided with a photograph marked No. 1, the name of the picture being marked on the score card. So the game progressed to No. 20. The competitors marked what they conceived to be the names of the pictured gentlemen on their score cards and the woman who made the lagest number of correct guesses won the prize.

Mrs. John Miller's name should be blessed by every one who expects ever to be in a fire. Mrs. Miller has invented a cap which enables its wearer to walk through fire and smoke without much inconvenience. The "fireman's cap," as it is called, though any one can use it, is made of fine strips of asbestos conformed to the shape of the head. It is held fast in place by a rubber band, making it absolutely air tight. Its weight is only sixteen ounces, and it is so constructed as to enable a person to carry it on the arm without inconvenience. There is a strip of mica before the eyes so no inconvenience is suffered in this respect. A silk sponge, through which no smoke can possibly enter, but which permits the ingress of air in plentiful quantities, fills an aperture for the mouth, and when properly adjusted the cap is so simple that its efficacy is apparent at a glance.

Mrs. Felton, of Georgia, is a woman who considers that the whole duty of the politician's wife is not comprised in the giving of afternoon teas. Her husband, who is seventy years old, is contesting the seat of Judge Maddox, in the House of Representatives. She is forty, and bright, adroit and forceful. So far she has done all the work in preparing her husband's side of the case in the contest, and those who have examined the papers and the evidence declare that they have been more ably prepared than those in any other contest during the session. A woman who can do political work so well is able to represent a district.

Mrs. Fleming, of Harvard Observatory, has been star-gazing to excellent purpose. She has discovered four of the fourteen new stars discovered in the last three hundred years. Her contributions to astronomical knowledge consists in locating stars in the constellations of Perseus, Norma, Carina and Centaurus.

Of great riches there is no real use, except it be in the distribution; the rest is but conceit.

FOR HOUSEWIVES.

Keep your temper. It is worth more to you than to any one else.

Door plates can be cleaned by rubbing with a cloth wet with ammonia and water.

Don't upset the whole house at once. It would make it inconvenient for your funeral.

Don't go looking like a witch. With facilities for divorce on every side, it isn't safe.

Don't neglect the meals. You can't work well on an empty stomach, nor drive an engine without fuel.

Before papering a wall that has been whitewashed, wash the walls off with a cloth wet in vinegar or strong saleratus water.

Don't worry. "Care killed the cat." Plan the work in advance. A campaign well laid out is half the battle. Use method; your head is a very good thing to save your heels.

In cleaning cellar and garret remember that old woollens invite the presence of moths, who will not hesitate to attack your best clothes en route. Make a grand holacaust of useless treasures, that the evilly disposed microbe may find no place for the sole of his foot.

To make whitewash for cellar put two quarts unslaked lime in a pail, and pour over it two or three quarts of boiling water. Cover. When cold add enough cold water to make it about the consistency of cream., half-cup of salt and a little bluing. Apply with a whitewash brush or old broom. Lime is a great purifier.

Before the campaign opens lay in a stock of tacks, stove polish, furniture polish, carpet thread, brushes large and small, cotton and flannel cleaning cloths galore, rattans for beating dust from furniture, lime for whitewash, household ammonia, sapollo, soap, chamois skin, sweet oil and rottenstone, whiting, and above all patience ad infinitum.

Linseed oil and turpentine in equal parts well mixed and applied in small quantities with a soft piece of cotton will restore defaced varnish. Repeat several times if necessary, then wipe the mixture entirely off.

STUDYING AT THIRTY-SIX YEARS.

Lydia Blackburn, of Chicago, was first seized with the desire for learning when she was thirty-five years old and the mother of a boy of eighteen. She is a colored woman, and now at the age of thirty-six she enjoys the distinction of being the oldest pupil in the public day schools of the Windy City. She was born in Kentucky, and lived there until 1879, when she moved to Indianapolis. She had already married, and the thought of going

to school did not occur to her. But when she came to Chicago the intellectual influence of the city began to stir in her, and a year ago she entered the night school.

When the night school session ended Mrs. Blackburn could not bear to give up study, however, and applied for permission to attend the day school. This was granted her, and she is now in the fourth grade. Besides attending school, Mrs. Blackburn keeps house cosily, and in the evening she and her son study together.

Shoe cabinets of fine wood and glass are constantly gaining favor. The increasing demand for shoes of many sorts makes some such device essential, and dealers have had the wisdom to convert the necessity into a decorative object.

CHIFFON.

A new and popular style of evening sleeve is made of tulle, in a succession of flounces made bouffant by a lining of silk.

Embroidered front breadths are seen upon some recent Paris gowns. It is predicted that they are the forerunners of trimmed skirts.

Black satin and gauze sparkling with diamond spangles and further adorned with a garniture of roses partly rested in a mass of the gauze, makes a fetching costume recently brought from the other side.

Some few Summer gowns show small flounces at the hem, which are made to take scalloped lines and are trimmed with narrow black band of velvet ribbon.

A novelty recently seen is a tracing of steel or jet beads down each seam of a white satin skirt.

Red has almost entirely disappeared from gowns for evening wear, but is in high favor for costumes designed for the street, most of which show a hint of crimson somewhere in the make-up.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.

For this cake are required two cups of loaf sugar rolled fine, three-quarters of a pound of butter, one cup of milk, five eggs, one-quarter of a pound of sweet chocolate, three cups of flour and one and a half teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

Mix in the usual order. Only grate the chocolate and beat it into the batter before adding the flour. Bake in layers.

For the filling mix one pound of sugar with one gill of water, and add to the whites of three eggs beaten stiff. Grate one-quarter of a pound of sweet chocolate and stir in well, then boil until the mixture thickens, stirring all the time. After removing the pan from the fire, beat in one grated cocoanut, and add vanilla to taste.

BIBLICAL LORE

She and he were witnessing a thrilling melodrama, the third act of which the programme called "Jacob and Esau."

"What does that mean, anyhow?" he asked.

"Why, you know," she said, vaguely "that in the Bible about the mess of pot ash."