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 150 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 150 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.

Chap. XXV.--A Last Message.

Dolly never came to work the next morning, but there arrived a little letter from her to Mr. Ripley, giving notice, that was all, with no address or clew to her whereabouts, and an intimation that it was understood she sacrificed her position—pitiful heaven, for what?

My employer tossed the note to me indifferently, asking me to see about the engagement of a fresh hand, if necessary. He little guessed what those few simple words meant to two of his staff, or foresaw the tragedy to which they were the prelude.

When the dinner hour came I followed Duke out and put the scrap of paper into his hand without a word. He was not unprepared for it, for he already knew, of course, that his worst apprehensions were realized by the nonappearance of the girl at her usual place in the office.

He read it in silence, and in silence handed it back to me. His face in twenty-four hours seemed to have grown to be the face of an old man. All its once half-sad, half-humorous thoughtfulness was set into a single hard expression of some dark resolve.

"Well?" he said, suddenly, stopping in his walk and facing me, for I still kept pace with him.

"What do you intend doing, Duke?"

"I have one mission in life, Mr. Trender. Good afternoon to you."

I fell back and watched him go from me. Maimed as I was myself, how could I in any way help him to cure of his crueler hurt?

But now began a curious sombre struggle of cross purposes, in the development of which for weeks we made show of a mutual non-recognition as we brushed one another by in the moves of the game. To each the goal was a common one; to either the motive for reaching it was different. To find out where Jason had sunk his burrow and hidden the spoils of his ugly, false sport—there we worked in harness. It was only when the quarry should be run down that we must necessarily disagree as to the terms of its disposition.

For myself: A new despairing trouble had been woven into my life by the hand that had already wrought me such evil. Its touch had, however, made wreck of an impression that had been in a certain sense an embarrassment, and my movements became in consequence less trammelled. Let me explain more definitely, if indeed I can do so and not appear heartless.

Dolly, innocent, bewitching and desirable, had so confused my moral ideas as to imbue them with a certain sweet sophistry of love that half deceived me into a belief in its fundamental soundness. The sting of disappointment had only served to inflame this, and I was conscious would have driven me to a step that later years might have found repentance of. That was done with. Dolly dethroned, earthly, enamoured of a brazen idol, could be no rival to Zyp. My heart might yearn to her with affection and pity and a deep demorse that it was I who had been the weak responsible minister of her perversion, but the old feeling was dead, never to be revived. I longed to find her; to rescue her from the black gulf into which I feared she had leaped; to face the villain who had bruised her heart and wrench atonement from him by the throat, as it were. Not less it was my duty to warn him; stand between him, worthless as he was, and the deadly pursuit alert for his destruction. He was my brother, and, for what that was worth, must profit by the fact.

For Duke: I must judge him as he revealed himself to me—by signs, not words, and baffle, if possible, the terrible spirit of what I dared not name to myself. Think only that at one wicked blow he was deprived of that whole structure of gentle romance that had saved his moral life from starvation!

Therefore it was that during the after hours of work I became for long a restless, flitting ghost, haunted by a ghost. By street and rail and river, aimless apparently, but with one object through all, we went wandering through the dark mazes of the night and of the city, always hoping to light upon that we sought and always baffled. Theatres we frequented, enlarging our views of unreality thereby, but never finding my brother's or that other face standing out from the dim perspective of tiers. Restaurants, music halls, night shows and exhibitions of every description—any place that was calculated to attract in the least a nature responsive to the foppery of glitter or an appeal of the senses—we visited and explored, without result. Gambling dens—such as we could obtain the entree to—were a persistent lodestone to our restlessness; and here, especially, was I often conscious of that shadow of a shade—that dark ghost of my own phantom footsteps—standing silent at my elbow and watching—watching for him who never came.

Sometimes in courts reeking of disease and squalor; sometimes by sludgy wharfs and feculent river banks, underneath which masses of weed, torn green from their hold sixty miles away, and decomposed in their long journey seaward, swung and dipped like decaying bodies; sometimes high up on striding bridges, where the wind piped in the gas-lamps and the heavens were blown clean of all but stars—we met and passed without a word.

Whithersoever we went the spur of the moment's qualm goaded us. Any little experience, any chance allusion, was sufficient to suggest a possibility in the matter of the tendency of a lost and degenerate soul. As the spur directed, so were our moods hopeful or darkling. Now we foregathered on the skirt of some fulsome and braying street-preacher's band; now suffered in a music hall under the skittish vapidity of a "lion comique;" now, perhaps, humbled our hot and weary pride in the luminous twilight of some old walled-in church, where evening service brought a few worshippers together.

I say "we," yet in all this we acted independently. Only, whether in company or apart, the spirit of one common motive linked us together, and that so that I, at least, never felt alone.

So the weeks drew into the months and Dolly herself was a phantom to my memory. By day the mechanism of our lives moved in the accustomed grooves; by night we were wandering birds of passage flitting dismally over waste places. More than once on a Sunday had I taken train to Epping, driven by the thought that some half-forgotten sentiment might by chance move other than me to the scene of old pleasant experiences. But always I was destined to loiter by the familiar alleys unrewarded. She never came; neither to me nor Duke did she ever come again. Her "seasick weary bark" was nearing the rocks, and the breakers of eternity were already sounding in her ears.

Why postpone the inevitable or delay longer oyer description of that pointless pursuit that was to end only in catastrophe and death?

Christmas had come and gone with me—a mockery of good will and cheer—and a bitter January set in. That month the very demon of the east wind flew uncontrolled, and his steelly sting was of a length and shrewdness to pierce thickest cloth and coverlet, frame and lung and heart itself. It was not that there was much frost or any snow; it was the dreadful wind only that, always depressing in its nature, drained the very sap of life and shrivelled its least bead-bud of hope.

One evening I had swallowed my supper, gritty with frosty dust, and was preparing for my nightly prowl. Duke had remained at the office overtime, and my tramp was like to be unhaunted of its familiar. I had actually blown out the lamp when his rapid footstep—I knew it well—came up the stairs, and in a moment the door was thrown open with a crash and I heard him breathing in the room.

"He's gone!" he ejaculated, in a quick, panting voice.

"No; I'm here, Duke!"

"My God! Renny, do you hear? Come—come at once. No—light the lamp; I've something to show you."

I struck a match with shaking hand and put it to the wick. As the dull flame sputtered and rose I turned and looked at my friend. The expression of his face I shall never forget till I die. It was bloodless—spectral—inhuman; the face of one to whom a great dread had been realized—a last hope denied. And at the same time there was that in it of triumph, of dreadful exultation as over the final expulsion of a conscience not altogether dethroned hitherto.

He held out to me, with the smile of a devil, a little soiled and crumpled sheet of paper. I took it, with a spasm of the heart and breath that seemed to suffocate me. My eyes turned from and were fascinated by it at once.

"You had better read," he said. "It's the last chapter of your own pretty romance. Make haste—I want to get to business."

It was from her, as I had foreseen—a few sad words to the old good friend who had so loved and protected her:

"I must let you know before I go to die. I couldn't meet you that morning—what a time ago it seems! He wouldn't let me, though I cried and begged him to. I don't know now what made me do it all; how he upset my faith in Renny and turned my love to himself in a moment. I think he has a dreadful influence that made me follow him and obey him. It doesn't matter now. I went to him; that's enough; and he's broken my heart. Please ask Renny to forgive me. Perhaps if he had had a little more patience with me I might have acted different—but I can't be certain even of that. I am going to kill myself, Duke, dear, and before I do it I just want to say this: I know now you loved poor Dolly all the time. How I know it I don't understand, but somehow it's quite clear. Oh, what have I thrown away, when I might have been so happy! You were always good to me, and I thank you with my last breath. Don't hurt him, Duke, I don't think he understands the difference to me. But he always promised to be a faithful lover—and yesterday I found that he's married already. That's why I'm going to do it."

The paper dropped from my hand. Duke picked it up with an evil laugh and thrust it into his breast pocket.

"Married!" I muttered.

"Oh!" he cried; "it's all one for that! That's a family matter. The question here goes beyond—into the heart of this—this death warrant."

He struck savagely where the letter lay and stood staring at me with gloating eyes.

"Duke—are you going to murder him?"

"I'm going to find her. Let that do for the present—and you've got to help me."

"Where are we to look? Did the letter give an address?"

"No. She kept her secret to the last. It was a noble one, I swear. There's a postmark, though, and that's my clew. Hurry, will you?"

I seized my hat and stick.

"Duke—for the love of heaven, why must it be too late even now?"

"Because I know it is. Doesn't that satisfy you? I loved her—do you understand it now for the first time? You're a little obtuse perhaps—a little too wrapped up in yourself to appreciate the fact that sympathy and premonition may run together. The fiend tread on your heels! Aren't you ever coming?"

I hurried after him into the street. A clap of wind struck and staggered us as if it had been water. Beating through the night, its icy fury clutched at us, stinging and buffeting our faces, until it seemed as though we were fighting through an endless thicket of brambles. The lamp flames fluttered in their glassy prisons; the dusty scurf of the streets was spun about us and whirled aloft, to fall in the momentary pauses a pestilent rain; the light and shadow of the city were as clearly defined, one from the other, as the slashes in a doublet, yellow on black.

Struggling and panting onward—silent with the silence of the lost—fiercely bent to one purpose, and intent on that alone—we made our way by slow degrees to the low ground about Chelsea, and presently came out into a freer air and the black vision of the river sliding before us from night into night.

"Duke," I whispered, awfully—"is this what you fear?"

"Follow!" he cried. "I fear nothing! It's past that!"

By lowering factory and grimy wall; by squalid streets peeled of uncleanliness in the teeth of the bitter blast; by low-browed taverns, that gushed red on us a moment and were gone, he sped with crooked paces, and I followed.

Then he stopped so suddenly that I almost stumbled against him, and we were standing at the mouth of a shallow court, and overhead a hiccoughing gas jet made a gibbering terror of his white face.

"Where are we?" I said, and he answered:

"Where we naturally take up the clew—outside a police station."

Chap. 26.--From the Depths.

Into a dull, gusty room, barren of every thing but the necessities of its office, we walked and stopped.

Distempered walls; a high desk, a railed dock, where creatures were put to the first question like an experimental torture; black windows high in the wall and barred with network of wire, as if to break into fragments the sunshine of hope; a double gas bracket on an arm hanging from the ceiling, grimly suggestive of a gallows; a fireplace whose warmth was as ruthlessly boxed in as that of some ardent spirit captured in the act of "painting the town red," and forthwith committed to a cell—such was the place where we found ourselves in. Its ministers figured in the persons of a half-dozn constables sitting officially yawning on benches against the walls, and looking perplexingly human shorn of their helmets; and in the presence of a high priest, or inspector, and his clerk, who sat respectively at the desk and a table placed alongside of it.

The latter rose upon our entrance and asked our business.

"It's plain enough," said Duke. "I have received, by post, an hour ago, a letter from a young woman threatening suicide. I don't know her address, but the postmark is this district."

The officer motioned us to the higher authority at the desk.

"May I see it?" said the latter.

My companion produced the letter and handed it over. Throughout his bearing and behavior were completely collected and formal—passionless altogether in their studied unemotionalism.

The inspector went through the poor little scrawl attentively from first word to last. No doubt he was a kindly family man in private. Officially these pitiful warrants of heartbreaks were mere items in his day's business.

When he had finished he raised his eyes, but not his head.

"Sweetheart?" he said.

"No," answered Duke, "but an old friend."

"Renny?" asked the inspector, pointing a pen at me.

"Yes"

"She ran away?"

"Yes"

"Who with?"

"This man's brother."

"How long ago?"

"Three months about."

"And you have never seen her since?"

"No."

"Nor him?"

"No."

"And don't know where they lived?"

"No—or I shouldn't be here."

The inspector caressed his short red beard, looked thoughtfully again at the letter a moment or two, placed it gently on the desk and leaned forward.

"You'd better take a man and hunt up the waterside. She hasn't come ashore here."

"You think she means it?"

"I think—yes; you'd better go and look."

"By water, I mean?"

"Yes—by water. That's my opinion."

He called to one of the seated men and gave him certain directions. A minute later we were all three in the street outside.

What happened or whither we went during that long night remains only in my memory the ghastly shadow of a dream. I can recall the plodding tramp and the bitter wind: the stars blazing on the swept hearth of the sky and their reflection in the water like molten drops fallen from them and sinking waveringly. Later I can recall the white plate of the moon and still the icy wind and the spectral march onward. This seemed the fitting outcome of our monotonous weeks of wandering—this aimless corpse-search on the part of two passionate fools who had failed in their pursuit of the living woman. And why did we walk and where the clew? To my sick fancy it seemed the monstrous parody of chase—an objectless struggle toward a goal that shifted with our every step toward any determined point.

Still we never stopped, but flitted hopelessly from station to station, only to find ourselves baffled and urged forward afresh. I became familiar with rooms such as that we had left—rooms varying slightly in detail, but all furnished to the same pattern. Grewsomer places knew us, too—hideous cellars for the dead, where cloths were lifted from stiff yellow faces and from limbs stuck out in distorted burlesque of the rest that is called everlasting.

Once, I remember, it came upon us with a quivering shock that our mission was fulfilled; a body had been brought in—I forget where—the body of a young woman. But when we came to view it it was not that that we sought.

Pitiful heaven, was our tragedy, then, but a common fashion of the dreadful waterway we groped our passage along? Its wide surface swam before my eyes, thick with blots sodden and dehumanized. How was it possible in all that harvest of death to find the one awn for our particular gleaning?

But here—though I was little conscious of it at the time—an impression took life in me that was to bear strange fruit by and by.

Dawn was in the air, menacing, most chill and gloomy, when we came out once more upon the riverside at a point where an old rotting bridge of timber sprawled across the stream like a wrecked dam. All its neighborhood seemed waste ground or lonely, deserted tenements standing black and crookedly against a wan sweep of sky; and the shoreward barges, swinging shudderingly at their moorings, looked like huge fragments wrenched from the mass and stranded in their first plunge for freedom.

In the moment of our issuing, as if it were a smaller splinter detached from the wreck, a little boat glided out from under the bridge and made for a flight of dank and spongy steps that led up from the water not ten yards from where we stood.

Something in the action of the dim figure that pulled, or the other that hung over the stern sheets of the phantom craft, moved our unwearying guide to motion us with his arm to watchfulness and an immediate pause. In the same instant he hollowed his hand to his mouth and hailed.

The man who was rowing slowed down at once and paddled gingerly to within a few yards of the steps.

"Who be you?" he growled like a dog.

Our friend gave his authority.

"Oh," said the fellow. "Yes, we've found one."

"What sex, my man?"

"Gurl!"

I could have cried out. Something found my heart and seized it in a suffocating grip.

"Where was it?"

"Caught yonder in the timbers."

I reeled and clutched at Duke, but he shook me off sternly. I knew as surely as that the night was done that here our search ended.

That I stood quaking and shivering as nerveless as a haunted drunkard; that I dared not follow them when they moved to the steps; that Duke's face was set like a dying man's as he walked stiffly from me and stood looking down upon the boat with a dreadful smile—all this comes to me from the grim shadows of the past. Then I only knew a huddled group—a weighted chamber of shapes with something heavy and sodden swung among them—a pause of hours—of years—of a lifetime—and suddenly a hideous scream that cleft like madman's into the waste silence of the dawn.

He was down upon his knees by it—grovelling, moaning—tearing tufts of dead wintry grass with his hands in his ecstacy of pain—tossing his wild arms to the sky in impotent agony of search for some least gleam of hope or comfort.

I hurried to him; I called upon his name and hers. I saw the sweet white face lying like a stone among the grass.

But he beat me from him with snarls and threats. His eyes were human no more. If he was capable of thought, it was such only as inspired beasts and maniacs to the rage of a revenge that is soulless.

Wiser than I, the accustomed ministers of scenes such as this stood watchful by and waited for the fit to pass. When its fury was spent they quietly took up their burden and once more moved away.

I had no need then to bid my comrade command himself. He rose on the instant from the ground, where he had lain writhing and, fiercely rejecting all offer of assistance on my part, followed in the wake of the ghastly procession.

They bore it to the nearest station and there claimed their reward. Think of it! We who would have given our all to save the living woman were outbidden by these carrion crows who staked upon the dead.

Again at this point a lapse comes into my memory, and a gray mist swirls in it, in which the deadliness of waiting—waiting wrapped in the folds of a cloud of insensibility to all the sounds of unfamiliar life awakening benumbs the faculty for quicker impressions.

Out of it grows a figure, that of Duke, that stands before me and speaks with the horrible smile again on its lips.

"You had better go home," it says.

"Duke—why? What comes next? What are you going to do?"

"What does it matter? You had better go home."

"I must know. Was there anything upon the—upon the body? Duke, was there?"

"There was a letter."

"Who from?"

"Go home, I tell you!"

"I can't—I wont—I must save you from yourself! I—Duke"—

He strikes at me—hits me so that I stagger back—and with an oath he speeds from me and is gone.

I recover myself and am on the point of giving mad chase, when a thought strikes me, and I rush into the building I have been all this time standing outside the door of.

"He Was Down on His Knees By It."

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

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COOKING BY ELECTRICITY.

Here Is the Solution of the Vexing Servant Girl Problem.

It Eliminates All the Disagreeable Features of Culinary Labors.

If electricity is to solve the rapid transit problem for men, it is going to render an equally important service for women. It is the agent which will deliver the housekeeper from the condition of slave to badly trained or entirely untrained servants, and it will raise domestic labor to the level of the sciences, if not of the high arts, by eliminating the element of drudgery from kitchen work. If any one doubts that the culinary millennium is at hand, let her visit the electrical exhibition and see housework made easy at the electrical kitchen.

These are some of the disagreeable features of kitchen work which electricity will destroy: Wood boxes, coal scuttles, chopping of kindling, carrying of coals, sifting of ashes, smoking of chimneys, "waiting for the coal to catch," uncertainly heated ovens, roaring fires in July, "waiting for the kettle to boil," and manifold similar tribulations which have whitened the hair and furrowed the foreheads of many generations of housewives.

When every well-regulated home is provided with an electrically equipped kitchen the housekeeper's day will begin with the turning on of an electric current into an electric kettle. In eight or nine minutes a quart of water will be boiling, ready to make coffee, ready to boil eggs, and ready to mix with the "three-minute" varieties of cereals. What does it matter whether or not the cook "gave warning" and left the night before? A breakfast of sliced oranges, wheatena and cream, scrambled eggs, French bread and coffee is not to be despised, and the electrical kitchen makes its preparation the easiest possible matter.

Dinner is scarcely more difficult to prepare. The electrical kitchen has an oven, with one, two or three compartments. Each compartment may be heated to the temperature required for a certain dish. Meat may be roasting in the lowest, bread baking in the second and some light variety of pudding cooking in the third, each one having just that degree of heat requisite for bringing it to the highest state of perfection.

The electrical cooking appliances take up very little room. A long, broad "table" of slate, provided with a narrow shelf, will hold the oven and any number of round iron stands which support the pots and kettles for boiling, an electric broiler and a chafing dish. Each utensil has, as it were, its own stove. It is not necessary to turn on all the electricity in the establishment to broil a chop. The broiler has its own connection with the source of heat; so has each of the other utensils.

The electric iron will commend itself to the laundress. Like everything else in the establishment, it is connected directly with the electric supply. Consequently it remains hot until the current is turned off. There is no running back and forth to the stove for fresh irons. Every iron is its own stove, and one will press all the clothes of an entire family. Small dressmaker's irons of the same sort are also shown.

The first cost of all these appliances is not small. In addition to the cost of the connections with the electric supply the utensils themselves are expensive. To fit out a very modest kitchen for a small family $100 or $125 must be spent. But the apartment house builder who first introduces electric batteries and slate tables into his kitchens will have no cause to regard his expenditure as an extravagance, for he will have to "turn away" would-be, high-paying tenants by the score.

When the drudgery of building fires and cleaning stoves is taken away from housework and the discomfort of working in an overheated room is removed, the average woman does not feel herself totally at the mercy of her cook. She will not object to doing her own cooking in an emergency. As for the cook, she ceases to be a drudge, and becomes a skilled laborer, the professor of an exact science, an electrician! And who shall say when these two miracles are brought about that the servant girl problem is still unsolved?

A BACHELOR'S IDEA OF A BONNET.

Two scraps of foundation, some fragments of lace,
A shower of French rosebuds to droop o'er the face;
Fine ribbons and feathers, with crape and illusion,
Then mix and derange them in graceful confusion;
Inveigle some fairy out roaming for pleasure
And beg the slight favor of taking her measure;
The length and breadth of her dear little pate
And hasten a miniature frame to create;
Then pour as above the bright mixture upon it
And lo, you possess "such a love of a bonnet!"

Friendship ends where love begins.

To admire, to love, to regret, is to live.

Paradise is to believe in it.

LACE-TRIMMED GOWNS.

Broad Bands of Insertions Are a Feature of Paris Gowns.

Broad insertions of lace are a feature of the Summer gowns which are being sent from Paris. The insertions are of mammoth proportions. A four or five inch strip of heavy lace is set about a hem as wide. About five inches above a similar band is sewed. The bodice is bisected by the lace and so are the puffed sleeves.

These lace bands are worn on silk, dimity and organdie frocks. Sometimes they have girdles and collars of gathered lace. Of course, the liberal use of lace necessitates the wearing of requisitely dainty skirts and underwaists.

HERE AND THERE.

She was tall and of that unprepossessing sort of slenderness which is called scrawny. Her skirt sagged painfully and flapped about her ankles, and there was a distinct straining of the relations between it and her shirt waist. She had a clear, country-made complexion, and her eyes were as bright as the blossoms on her rural bonnet. She eyed the passers-by with more or less eagerness, and finally she saw a face with an expression sufficiently benignant to permit her to ask a few questions.

"Please," said she, timidly, "can you tell me where there is one of those places they give you a beautiful complexion?"

The wearer of the benignant expression seemed startled.

"Oh, I don't mean paint!" the country girl hastily reassured her. "I mean steaming. You see," confidentially, "I've made a little this year on Early Rose potatoes—Pa calls that patch mine—and so I thought I'd like to try a beautifying place."

And the kind looking woman was too good natured to bid her seek first a dressmaker who understood the art of attaching belts or a store where ready-made skirts were sold.

The young man, who, being very young, prides himself on his cynicism, travelled up to Boston on an afternoon train the other day. Across the aisle from him sat a girl with a chatelaine belt from which depended numerous silver attachments.

"Semi-barbarians still, women are, aren't they?" commented the very young man. "See that collection of useless, jingling, savage toys on that girl."

By and by a woman grew faint from the heat. The "semi-barbarian's" little silver vinaigrette was at her service in an instant. The tiny silver pocket knife that hung on one chain cut a collar button-hole wider so as to relieve the pressure on the swooner's neck. A pencil attached to the same belt inscribed a message to be telegraphed the invalid's family from the next station. And when the little flurry of excitement was over, all that the very young man said was:

"How women do love to pose as ministering angels!"

The absent-minded woman afforded amusement to a cable-car full of passengers the other morning besides materially increasing the revenue of the conductor. She boarded the vehicle wearing the look of dreaminess which indicates a love-lorn condition. She took a quarter from her purse and offered it to the first man who appeared on the dashboard in the neighborhood of her seat. He happened to be a prosperous looking elderly gentleman, and brushed by her without accepting her proffered coin, whereat she blushed deeply, and for three seconds kept herself aroused. She delivered her fare to the collector of fares, and receiving from him four nickels in change, clasped them loosely in her hand and relapsed into a state of dreaminess. Each time the conductor reappeared in her vicinity she believed that he had come for her fare, and confidingly handed him another nickel. This occurred until all four coins had changed hands. Then an acquaintance of the absent-minded woman happened to board the car, and they entered into conversation. And in the course of a few minutes the other passengers heard the squanderer of wealth remark:

"Oh, expense accounts are so tiresome! But it is hard to tell how one's money goes."

A WYOMING WOMAN.

She Fills the Chair of English in the University of That State.

Is a Student, Still, Now an A. M., and Aspires to Be a Ph. D.

In the State of Wyoming women have voted on equal terms with men since 1870, and a number of women occupy important official positions.

But this lady, Miss Cora M. McDonald, fills a somewhat unique office for a woman, occupying the chair of English in the State university of Wyoming. She was born in Talmadge, Ohio, and attended school at Salem, Columbia County, Ohio, graduating from the high school there with honor. She afterward attended Oberlin College and the University of Wooster, receiving from the last named institution the degree of A. M.

CORA M. M'DONALD.

She was principal of the high school at Defiance for eight years, resigning to assume the principalship of the Boone (Iowa) high school. At the end of three years she became principal of the Cheyenne (Wyoming) high school, holding that position for a like term of years. She was then called to the State university, first to the principalship of the academic department and the work of instructor in history. Two years ago she was appointed to fill the chair of English.

Miss McDonald was chosen to represent Wyoming at the World's Fair, delivering an address in the Woman's Building on "Literature for the Young."

She has all that enthusiasm which comes to the born educator in the giving and acquiring of knowledge, and for the past two Summer terms has attended the University of Chicago, working for the degree of Ph. D.

A SIMPLE MENU.

The following dainty menu for a home luncheon is given by Superintendent Godchaud, of the Hotel Brunswick, with the recipe from Chef Charles Stark, of the same hotel, for cream chicken hash on toast:

MENU.
Consomme.
Radishes. Olives.
Cream Chicken Hash on Toast.
Baked Potatoes. Banana Fritters.
Cold Tongue.
Cold Asparagus, French Dressing.
Wine Cake.
Tea. Chocolate.
Fruit.

To make cream chicken hash take the white meat from a cold roast fowl and cut it into bits.

Put a heaping tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan and stand it on the stove. As soon as it is melted and begins to bubble stir in slowly two well-rounded tablespoonfuls of flour that has been sifted. When this is well blended gradually pour in one pint of cream, stirring gently with a flat fork, and when it has boiled just two minutes set it where it will keep hot.

Take another saucepan, put a little butter in the bottom, stand it on the stove, and when it melts drop in the hashed chicken. Season with salt and a dash of red pepper; pour over it a little cream, and when it begins to simmer stir in as much of the cream sauce from the other stewpan as will mix with it well, using it all if required. Let it all cook two minutes, then put on a platter a slice of well-burned, crisp, buttered toast to each person, and put the hash on the toast in little mounds. Sprinkle some finely chopped parsley on top of each; garnish the platter with little bits of lemon cut in quarters, a few sprigs of parsley and serve very hot.

AN ORIENTAL DEVICE.

Eastern splendor has taken a novel and interesting form. The heir of a native Indian prince has been supplied with a perambulator the like of which has not been seen. In form it resembles that of the young grandson of the Prince of Wales, but both the wheels and springs are gold plated, and the lining is of gorgeous stuff. The peculiarity, however, lies in neither finish nor lining, but in the musical attachment, by means of which the wheels, as they revolve, bring forth a succession of tunes. Lullabies are provided for His Highness's sleeping hours, and martial strains for his waking moments. As yet there is no hint of the fashion spreading to American soil, but so evident an economy of force is not likely to remain long unappreciated.

POT-POURRI.

At the time of the flood everybody was in the swim.

To be in the world, but not of it; to use it without abusing it, is the duty which we find it so hard to follow.

Life is said to be a long shipwreck of which the debris are friendship, glory and love; the shores of existence are strewn with them.

Equal parts of benzoin and rose water make an excellent cosmetic, making the skin fine, clear and firm. Apply at night and wash off in the morning.

A woman with energy and practical sense, hedged by her own consciousness of refinement, good breeding and high purpose cannot only support herself, but pass through the temptations and corruptness of a great city as safely and triumphantly as the children of Israel crossed the Red Sea.

SOME REMARKABLE MILLINERY.

New Hats Show Strange Designs in Trimmings.

Each day shows a more alarming and remarkable novelty in the line of millinery. The flower garden and the collection of birds' nests are reproduced daily on so-called "dress" hats and quills, rosettes and bows innumerable decorate the plainer sorts.

The latest millinery monstrosity is of rough green straw in a modified sailor shape. It has a broad brim which supports a remarkable lot of trimmings. Short blue quills alternate all the way around the front and sides, with rosettes of green tulle. In the back a broad fan of quills

and tulle rises up abruptly from the brim.

Another remarkable hat is a brown straw, trimmed with single, long-stemmed roses placed upright around the crown.