

THE GREAT SILENT STORY--\$3, THE MILL OF SILENCE.

By BERNARD EDWARD JOSEPH CAFES.

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...

RULES OF THE COMPETITION.

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

ALL SOLUTIONS MUST BE ADDRESSED AS FOLLOWS:

P. O. BOX 240,

The Journal Prize Story Editor,

NEW YORK CITY.

Chap. 57.--A Promise.

Clasping this nervous fingers, Zyp looked in my face fearfully. "What do you see, Jason?" "No, Has he come, too?" "He's gone on before to the mill to seek for..."

"Zyp, listen to me. My father died last night." "The old man! Oh, Renny, Renny!" "He had been long ailing. I had been wandering all day to try to restore my shattered nerves. That is why I have not met Jason."

set the law on him for a wandering lunatic. "That I believe he is--oh!" she closed her eyes as if in an ineffable dream of peace and security.

"That's soon settled. We took train here from Mitchellville, only a few miles away. We'll go back there and hire a single room in the village--say one to let that would suit us--and wait till you send for us."

"I must make certain arrangements with him. Yes, I think that will be best." I spoke cheerfully and bravely, anxious to quicken and sustain her new-born hope.

"No, Renny, I have a little left." "Don't worry me, chattering." "The name is in the flowers." She rose to her feet. "Have you forgotten my asking you never to pick one?"

"Not once in my life since, Zyp. My coat and dress were soiled with mud and I was soiled with mud and I was soiled with mud."

"My blood leaped. For a moment I was ready to rush at her and strike her." "Good-by," she cried, waving back. "Good-by, little Zyp."

"She moved from me a few paces. Out her right hand she reached for the flowers and she turned and came back to me."

"I looked at her a long moment, with a pining gaze, as she turned and came back to me. Her eyes were so full of tears."

"I felt a breath at my ear and turned quickly round--and there was the white face of Duke almost looking over my shoulder."

"Chap LVIII.--The 'Spectre Hound.'" That night when the flood waters rose to their usual height, the mill was a ghostly in the extreme for all lost souls who were left behind.

whose black destinies guided their footsteps to the mill. Perhaps a terror of being trapped--to plunge into the waste uproar of the night, impulsive into the darkness of the building, sent my brother leaping by a mad impulse into the waste uproar of the night.

"As he sprang by, the cripple made a frantic clutch at him, nipped the flying skirt of his coat, staggered and rolled over, actually with a fragment of torn cloth in his hand. He was up on his feet directly, however, and off in pursuit, though I in my turn, grasped at him as he fled by."

"Then reason returned to me and I followed. It happened in a moment, and there were we three hotly engaged in such a tragic game of follow-my-leader as surely had never before been played in the old mill--and there was no fear of comment or interference. We had the streets, the wind and rain, the night to ourselves, and, as we sped, we were as if we were in a world of our own."

"Racing in the tracks of the cripple, as he followed, I managed to keep him in my own blood and attested by infernal witnesses. I felt it safer to keep my brother for the present under friendly lock and key rather than risk a further exposure of him to the malignant observation of his enemies."

"Zyp, take this money. I wish it were more, but I will keep you going for the present." "No, Renny, I have a little left." "Don't worry me, chattering."

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notice the drag set upon him, but stole into a patch of deep shadow, without the dim wedge of light cast through the window, and I had to go, too, if I would keep my hold on him.

"Crouching there, with what secret terror one side and marvel on the other it is impossible to describe, we saw the dark street and the driving rain traversed by a shaft of light as the hall door was pulled open, and became blackness again with its closing. Then, descending the shallow flight of steps, his head bent to the storm and one hand raised to his hat, the doctor came into view and the whole body of the cripple seemed to shoot rigid with sudden tension."

"This fourth actor on the scene, turning away from us, walked, unconscious of Jason hidden in the shadow as he passed him by the street, his hand still to his head, his long skirts driven in front of him by the wind and rain, the night to ourselves, and, as we sped, we were as if we were in a world of our own."

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had pushed open the door and was in the hall. I hurried to where Jason yet stood motionless, his face white as a patch of plaster set against the darkness of the wall.

"Keep off," he cried in a wavering voice. "You fool! It's I! Didn't you see him go into that house? Some insane fancy has drawn him off the scent. Run back to the mill--do you hear? I won't leave him--he shan't follow--he's in a trap and can't escape me now."

"He came from his corner and clutched me with shaking hands. 'Where's there money? It's all useless without that, I tell you. Give it to me or I'll kill you. I've as much right to it as you have. Why didn't you tell me the old man was dead? It was devilish to let me go on in him like that. Tell me where to find money and I'll take it and be off.'"

"Listen to me. If he comes out again while you talk I want answer for the result. We'll discuss money matters by and by. Go now--back to the mill, do you understand? And wait till I come!"

"He was about to retreat, but some sound, near or far, arrested the words in his throat. He leaped from me--glanced fully at the light streaming from the open door--and saw the doctor's body bent double and keeping his posture unaltered with a rapid shuffling motion back in the direction of the mill."

"Standing with one foot on the lowest step leading up to the mill, I watched till he was out of sight, then turned and looked at the dimly lighted hall. 'What should I do? How act with the surest and the most promptitude in so immediate a crisis? I could not guess what unspeakable attraction and so strange a draw had upon me from his trembling quarry at the supreme moment; only I saw that he had vanished and that the door was empty of him.'"

"A quick, odd sound coming from the interior of the house decided me. I sprang up the steps and entered the doorway in the door leading to the doctor's private room, where the murderous busts grined down, stood open, and from here issued the sound of a heavy door being opened, and a grovel of some tigerish thing moaning and mangled its prey."

"Conscious of a certain nausea of the soul, I stepped hastily over the threshold and stopped with a jerk of terror. 'Something was there, in the dully lighted room--down on the rug before the fire, a dark, hunched figure, bent low, and on the material beneath it--an animal's skin, judged by the creases of ragged hair that stuck in the wrinkles of his jaws and between his teeth that were clenched in something--Duke, who foamed and raged as he lay sprawled on his hands and knees and snarled like a wild beast in his frenzy of insanity.'"

"The dog!" he screamed; "the dog--here, at last!" and fell upon the skin again and rent it tooth and nail. 'Then suddenly, while I was striving, amid the wild heat of my brain, to identify something--some hooded memory that I had seen in the past--the door opened and words just cried, the maniac sprang to his feet, gripped me by the wrist and pointed down at the huddled heap beneath him. 'Look at the material beneath it--an animal's skin, judged by the creases of ragged hair that stuck in the wrinkles of his jaws and between his teeth that were clenched in something--Duke, who foamed and raged as he lay sprawled on his hands and knees and snarled like a wild beast in his frenzy of insanity.'"

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Do not send in your solution before May 28. Be careful to see that your solution reaches this office before 6 P.M. Friday, June 5. No solution coming later will be considered. This rule will not be violated.

THE PARIS HAT FOR JUNE.



THESE ARE MODERN GRACE DARLINGS.

In the good time coming Grace Darling will be merely one of many ship-saving heroines. The day seems to have arrived when every town along the coast has at least one young woman with a boat and a few lives to her credit. Two of the most recent recruits to the saving list are Western women--Miss Laura Bradshaw, of Oakland, and Mrs. Jim Robinson, of San Francisco. The former secured a foundering yacht, and Mrs. Robinson guided a vessel through stormy seas from Honolulu.

FOR PLAIN WOMEN ONLY.

Call Artifice to the Rescue, What Nature Has Left Undone Science Will Complete.

Every time I hear of a woman who some other woman describes as "hopelessly plain," I long to get at her, if not in the flesh, with my pencil and scratch pad. I am possessed with the spirit of the sportsman or the missionary, or of the age, if you like. I scent victory and am vigorously keen for the battle, for it is a fight sometimes, but a conflict in which I inherited or even acquired ill looks are bound to yield to common sense, a regard for the eternal fitness of things, a careful accounting of personalities, the subtlest uses of the cosmetic art, and a dignified observance of the fashion of the day. No woman is ugly enough to withstand the united forces thus enumerated. I find my gauntlet unhesitatingly in the face of the hopelessly plain woman and defy her to avoid good looks if she will but make up her mind, and set to work armed only with patience for her sword and faith as her buckler.

What constitutes beauty really? Where are the beautiful women that were born beauties? Take the two remarkable types of acknowledged feminine loveliness--Lillian Russell for America, Lily Langtry for England. Neither of these women was beautiful as a girl; they wooed the goddess of beauty with unaided order, and won her. Early admirers of Mrs. Langtry did not foretell the exquisite charms that were to be hers in a few years. I remember Lillian Russell at school, when she was Nellie Leonard, the sweetest tempered little thing in the world; always fagging for the older girls, but far from pretty. She was thin and lanky, freckled and nondescript, and to-day she is a radiant example of splendidly beautiful womanhood in its golden prime.

WOMEN IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

They Are Achieving Success or Renown in Various Walks of Life.

Philadelphia, already having gained a reputation for brotherly love, is now about to acquire fresh laurels for its treatment of dogs. Mrs. Covert, who devotes her entire time and attention to caring for stray canines, is the person who will give the city its new fame. She has spent many years in the work of caring for sick and wounded dogs, whether they have been run over in the crowded streets, beaten nearly to death at the hands of a careless master, or sick and suffering from any cause whatsoever. She has never been bitten by a dog during all her ministrations. Mrs. Cora A. Keener, of Somerville, Mass., has won renown as a woman who has achieved success in business after having been trained along purely social and domestic lines. Up to three years ago she had never done anything but those things which the average person and popular young woman does. She had been a belle and then a contented wife. Three years ago her husband was stricken with blindness. She thereupon embarked upon a career for herself and became the traveling representative of a large firm of furniture makers. She has been remarkably successful and has won additional credit and income by superintending the exhibits of the store in different cities.

There is more than one ladies' orchestra in existence. But there is probably only one which makes its particular boast that "new woman" ideas have gained foothold among its members. That is the "Ladies' Metropolitan Orchestra." It is composed of young women who were successful as soloists before they united, and they all, from the one who pounds the big bass drum to the one who draws her bow most thrillingly across the violin, declaim violently against being considered new women. They claim--and it is their proudest distinction--that they compose the only ladies' orchestra which is not modelled upon masculine organizations. The members of this exceedingly unassuming society, are: Miss Mignon Courser, first violin; Mrs. Myrtle Lewis, first violin; Miss Zeta McDonough, first violin; Miss Bertha Conkrite, second violin; Miss Daisy Rowland, viola; Miss Jessie Lewis, flute; Miss Anna Stone, clarinet; Miss Lizzie Banks, first cornet; Miss Bonnie Greene, second cornet; Miss Helen Gerrans, second cornet; Miss Oda Rudolph, trombone; Miss Lucy Snow, double bass; Miss Cora Belle Lewis, drums, etc.

ADIEU TO TRIMMINGS.

The Woman's Congress Decides to Adopt Masculine Hats.

A new horror has been added to life, and a new terror to reform by the action of the Political Equality Club, recently assembled at Alameda, Cal., in regard to hats. 'The women, moved by an entirely justifiable desire to do away with the high theatre hat nuisance, passed numerous resolutions declaring it to be an abominable thing. They declared themselves individually and collectively against it. All of them were quite as it should be. But here is the horror of the thing--swayed along by the enthusiasm of the moment, they proclaimed themselves in favor of men's hats for feminine wear. Men's hats are, therefore, the only ones to be worn by women who mean to doff them in public assemblies. Out with the toques and the capote! Bring in the derby and the crash hat! 'It needs no ghost come from the grave' to see what the hideous end of this reform will be. Soft felt hats of sombre hues and hard felt hats of even more sombre hues will be adopted by these advanced ladies for wear on those occasions when hats are to be taken off. In less time than the uninitiated would believe, the rose-bedecked and lace-trimmed confections of the milliner will be retired feebly from a roomward, and the reign of the ugly will be begun.

"GROWING VASES."

'Growing vases' are among the novelties shown at an uptown florist's. The floral urns and jugs are closely covered on the outside with fresh green blades, which conform to the outlines of the vessels. The curious effect is produced by filling very porous Italian vases with water and covering the outside thickly with bemp or fax seed, sewing it in paste. The moisture from the interior helps the sprouting of the seeds readily, and in a week or so the jar is green and beautiful in a quaint way.

FEMINE LOGIC.

Along Sixth avenue run two lines of horse cars, one bound downtown and one ending at Carmine street. The other morning a young woman, with eyes and mouth open in constant interrogation, stood at the corner of Fourteenth street waiting. She saw a policeman on the opposite sidewalk and hurried over. 'Does that car coming go downtown?' 'No'm.' To Carmine street only. 'Oh!' said