

# THE GREAT PRIZE MYSTERY STORY SOLVED.

## Read This Last Chapter and You Will Know Whether or Not You Have Won Any of the 156 Cash Prizes Offered by THE JOURNAL.

At 8 o'clock this morning a staff of readers will begin the work of finding out who the prize winners are. The judging will be done by an ingenious system, which makes dishonesty or favoritism impossible. As soon as the letters arrived in the Journal office they were numbered by machine and tied in packages of one hundred each. These packages were then placed in a great fire-proof vault, to which only one person has access. The first letter will be opened this morning. It will be many days before the last will be opened, although nearly twenty people will devote their time entirely to opening and reading them. The Journal hopes to be able to announce the names and addresses of the prize winners in about two weeks, but it does not promise to do so. Every effort will be made to decide on the lucky ones as quickly as possible. Following is a list of the prizes:

- 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.

## "THE MILL OF SILENCE" ---Last Chapter.

By Bernard Edward Joseph Gapes.

Chap. LX.--Who Killed Modred?  
In the instant of realization--as I stood near, death-stricken where I had stopped--I felt the whole room shake and tremble as the torrent leaped upon the wheel with a flinging shock, heard a clanking screech rise from the monster as it turned, slowly at first, but quickly gathering speed under the awful pressure; heard one last bubbling scum waver up from the depths and die within the narrow vault--then all sense was whelmed and numbed in the single booming crash of water.

I listened to it as to music--music that in its passionate utterance had over-scored all smaller agonies of sound. I could die with that load of impotent anguish gone from my heart--could face the end that drew upon me, with a manliness that horrible, pitiful voice had coaxed. For no doubt was in my heart that my time had come. No simplest soul could listen to the noise of that hideous crush, baffled at the outset of its release by the damming wheel, without knowing that wall and beam and foundation must give before it in another moment. Already, indeed, the choked water, hurried high by the paddles, was gushing through the opening in cascades upon the floor.

I had no thought or desire to escape. What has taken me long to describe, all passed in a few seconds. But Providence, that here included so many actors in the

tragedy in one common ruin, had not willed my sentence, and my young, suffering soul it spared to this dark world of memories.

Insatiable yet, however, it claimed a last victim.

He came running back now, breathing hateful triumph in the lust of his wickedness--came to gloat over the work of his evil hands.

I heard him splash into the water that poured from the wheel--dance in it--laugh and scream out:

"Fit for fat, and the devil pipes! Caught in his own net! You, there, in the dark! Do you hear! Where are you? Where? My arms hunger for you!"

The paralysis of my senses left me.

"Man or fiend!" I shrieked above the thunder of the water. "Down on your knees! It is the end for both of us! Down, and weep and pray--for I believe, before God, you have just murdered your son!"

There was a brief, fearful pause; he seemed to be listening--then, without preface or warning, there came a sudden surging crash, deafening and appalling, and I thought "It is upon us!"

Still I stood unscathed, though a crackling volley of sounds, rending and shattering, succeeded the crash--and one wild, dreadful cry, that pierced through all. Then silence fell, broken only by the smooth, washing sweep of a great body of

water through the channel below.

Silence fell, and lapped me in a merciful unconsciousness; for, with the relaxing of the mental pressure, I went plump down upon the floor where I stood and lay in a long faint.

When I came to myself, a dim wash of daylight soaking through the blurred window had found my face as I lay prone on the boards, and was crawling up to my eyes, like a child, to open them. An ineffable soft sense of peace kept still my exhausted limbs in the first waking moments; and only by degrees occurred to me the horror and tragedy of the previous night.

Still I made no attempt to rise, hoping only in forlorn, self-pity that death would come to me gently as I lay and take me by the hand, saying: "With the vexing problems of life you need nevermore trouble yourself."

All around, save for the deep murmur of water, was deathly quiet; and I prayed that it might remain so--that nothing might ever recall me to weariful action again.

Then a faint groan came to my ears, and the gracious spell was broken.

Slowly and feebly I gathered myself together to rise. I felt like a stricken soldier, lying on the reaped field of battle, dreads to lift his swimming head, in

the crushed and twisted bodies of the last two victims of his insensate fury.

But one further sign was there of its mighty passing--a ragged rent, a foot square, driven through the very wall of the house within the vault.

And here a thin shaft of light came in, and fell, like the focus of an awful eye, full upon the miniature, where it lay mangled, face upward, upon the axle--fell, also, upon that empty niche in the brick-work where once had stood the treasure for which Jason had given his life.

I turned to the shattered man; leaned over him; touched him. He gave a gasp of agony and opened his eyes. The white stare of horror was in them and the blood ran faster from his mouth.

"Water!" he cried, with a dry, clacking sound in his throat.

I hurried from the room, although he called after me feebly not to leave him; drew a jugful from the tap in the kitchen and returned. I heard no sound in the house. A glimmer of flood came in through the gaping door to the yard. No immediate help was possible in the rising of that direful morning after the storm. I was alone with my many dead.

I put the jug to his lips, and he sucked down a long, gluttonous draught. Then he looked up at me, with eager inquiry breaking through his mortal torment.

"My chest is all broken in," he said, "straining out his voice in bitter anguish. "When I move, the end will come. Quick! You said something--at the last moment--what was it?"

"That I believed it was your son you sent to his death down there."

"I have no son. Once--yes--but he died--was poisoned--or drowned."

"Oh! God forgive this man!" I cried, lifting my face in terror; and in that sick moment of inspiration, I think, was given me.

"He never died. He was saved, to grow up a hopeless cripple, and that was he you murdered last night."

He closed his eyes again, and I saw his ashen lips moving.

"Oh, man!" I cried. "Are you praying? Take grace of repentance and humble your wicked soul at the last. I can't believe you innocent of a share in the wretchedness of this wretched house. I am the only one left of it--broken and lost to hope; but I forgive you--do you understand--I forgive you."

"I never killed the boy," he muttered in a low, suffering tone, and with his eyes still closed.

"Will you tell me all you know about it? If you are guiltless, be merciful as you

hope for mercy."

"Modred found the cameo--picked it up--he told me himself--in this very room--where your father must have dropped it."

I cried, "Yes!" passionately, and implored him to go on.

"He--the old man--that night--accused me of stealing it. It was the first--I heard of it. Presently--he fell asleep--in his chair. I thought I would--seize the opportunity to look for it over the house--quietly. Finding myself--outside--the boy's room--I went in to see--how--he--was getting on. He was awake--and--there--was the very thing--in his hand. I asked him how--he--had come by it. He told me. I demanded it--of him--said--your father had--promised it me. Nothing--availed--availed."

He was gasping and panting to such a degree that I thought even now he would die, leaving the words I maddened for unspoken. Brutally, in my torment, I urged him on--whipped his lagging speech cruelly to a last stumbling spurt.

"He--wouldn't give it up. I rushed at him--he put it in his mouth--and--as I seized him, tried to swallow it--and choked. It had stuck at--the entrance to his gullet. In a few moments--in his state he was too--weak to expel it--he was dead. Perhaps--I might have saved him--but the trick--the beautiful trick!"

"My heart seemed scarcely to beat as I listened. At last I knew the truth--that it wicked and inhuman; yet--thank God!--less atrocious than I had dreamed."

"But afterward?" I whispered--"Afterward?"

"There was a plan"--he moaned, and his speech came with difficulty--"inspired me. I dissuaded--your father--from encouraging--any inquiry. A post mortem, I knew--would lay open the secret--and lose me--the cameo. He was buried--on my certificate. I got--the man--George White--and my thumb--fed him on the--lent him money--made him--my tool. One dark stormy--night--we opened the grave--the coffin. The devil--lent a hand. A new grave--had to be dug--a foot away. It was only--necessary--to--make a horizontal opening--in the intervening soil. I had--my tools--and sliced open the dead boy's throat--and found what I wanted. Only the sexton knew. Nothing--afterward--would persuade--the mad fool--that the boy--hadn't been buried alive--and--that--I--hadn't murdered him. Only his fear--of me--kept his mouth--shut. This is--the truth."

He lay quite still, exhausted with his long, cruel effort. I touched him gently with my hand.

"As I hope for rest myself," I said, "I forgive you, now that you have spoken, for all this long hideous misery. The treasure you staked against your soul is passed in fire and water and lost forever. Nothing remains to you here; and, for the future--oh, pray, man, pray, while there is time!"

My voice broke in a sob. He strove to lift himself, leaning upon his hand, and immediately his mouth was choked with blood. I thought I could hear his splintered ribs scuttling as he moved.

"Where's he?" he cried, in a stifled voice--"down here?"

"That was he went. The waters have him now--him, and my brother Jason, who was on the wheel also when you raised the hatch. God knows, their bodies may be miles away by this time."

He looked up at me with an awful expression; then, without another word, dragged himself, inch by inch, along the door to the pit mouth, and, reaching it, looked down--and immediately a great spluttering cry burst from him:

"Who put that there--that! the miniature? I gave it to--who did it, I say? It's a trick! My soul burns--it burns already! Tear it off! My own portrait--Mina!"

Thus and in such manner I heard my mother's name spoken for the first time; felt the awful fondering truth burst upon my heart and ride it down in one fell gallop. Uttering it, the soul of this fearful man tore free with a last dying scream of agony, and he dropped upon his face over the threshold of the running vault.

One moment, fate stricken, I heard in the silence the heavy drip of something going pattering down into the pit--the next, darkness overwhelmed, and the world ceased for me.

Did I ever see Zyp again? I know that some one came to me, lying entranced in a long sick dream, who bore her resemblance, at least, and who spoke gentle words to me and put cold, sweet drink to my lips. But when I woke at last, she was not there--only a kind, soft woman, a ministering nurse, who moved without noise, and foresaw all my fretful wants.

If she came, she went and left no trace; and I know in my heart I am never to see her more.

And here, month by month, I sit alone in the old haunted, crazy place--alone with my memories and my ghosts and my ancient fruitless regrets.

Dolly and my father--the doctor, and those other two, found, far away, wedded in a dead embrace, and crushed and dined one into the other--the fair and the ugly--all--gone, and I am alone.

I am not thirty, yet my hair is white, and it is time I was gone.

And to hear death knock at my door this very night would be a blessing.

THE END.

### WESTERN WOMEN TO THE FORE.

The women of St. Louis are setting a noble example. They have organized a relief committee, which is doing efficient work in alleviating the terrible suffering in that city. The Woman's Relief Corps has at its head Miss Louise Gross. Miss Gross's father is a wealthy real estate agent. Miss

for the stricken inhabitants by personal solicitation. They encounter many obstacles and are insulted by the ruder class of men, but they work on unmindful of this and are doing a wonderful amount of good.



Miss Grace Merrill, of Wisconsin University, is the heroine of the moment in that institution of learning. She has succeeded in organizing a woman's boat crew. It is the first woman's crew started among the Western colleges. The women have practiced systematic rowing for nearly three weeks. Two eight-oared gigs and four row-bots have been secured for practice until the crews can be chosen. The girls will wear blue gymnasium suits, with short skirts over the bloomers.

### Sumptuous Ballrooms of the Metropolis.

Few of the large Continental cities can boast more princely ballrooms than those in which some of New York's more favored debutantes have stepped out into the social world and the international matrimonial market.

American women are noted for their lavish hospitality as well as beauty, and what more appropriate than that their splendid fetes should be given in spacious apartments, replete of the artistic expenditure of countless American dollars.

One of the most magnificent ballrooms in New York is in the Fifth avenue palace of Cornelius Vanderbilt. This apartment runs the entire length of the Fifth avenue side. The ceiling is twenty-two feet high and is finished with an immense skylight of jeweled glass in an exquisite intermingling of amber and gold. The wall drapery of gold and white is partly hidden by an arrangement of fine paintings and plate-glass mirrors in heavy gold frames. The frieze above this is a beautiful bit of mural decoration by a famous French artist and consists of a procession of dancing Cupids tossing floral wreaths.

This royal apartment was not opened formally until the debut of Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt this past winter.

The ballroom in which Mrs. Almeric Hugh Paget, nee Pauline Whitney, made her debut is considered one of the most beautiful in the world.

The Whitney residence is just across from the Cornelius Vanderbilt house and rivals it in both beauty and costliness. The ballroom, which takes up the southwest corner of the house and is 25x100 feet, is also in white and gold, but relieved

by a splendid touch of Oriental color in the decorative scheme. The walls are tinted yellow and varnished by occasional panels of pink Italian marble, a foot in width and reaching to the ceiling. Imported, it is said, at an expense of some \$5,000 per panel.

The raised stage at one end of the room, which serves as a stage for theatricals, or stand for musicians, is also placed against a background of Italian marble, and in each corner of the room are marble lamps, twelve feet high, supporting six gold arms, each finished with an electric light in a rose-colored shade.

Mrs. Elsie Clews, the daughter of the banker, is another fortunate New York girl who can receive her dancing friends in a room large enough to hold the present Presidential aspirants, and beautiful enough for a coronation ceremony. The Clews ballroom is oval in shape and decorated in Renaissance style.

The ballroom in the Tiffany house on Madison avenue is most original in decoration. The color scheme is green, gold and white, and the effect artistic to a degree. The walls are hung with green. Tall palms and decoreas are the finishing touch in every available place. The balcony is upheld by slender green pillars. The mantle is of rare green marble, touched with gold, and the curious chandeliers are of brass, inlaid with green enamel. A room suggesting cool forests, wild flowers and gurgling brooks.

Mrs. William Astor has adopted the English custom of converting her ballroom into a picture gallery. The prevailing tone of the walls is rose color, but so thickly are they covered by pictures, bas-reliefs and mosaics that the background is almost completely hidden. Magnificent vases adorn the sides of the room, and the mantle is of ebony, richly carved. The room is lighted by electricity, diffused through rose and yellow shades.

For ordinary occasions the second floor of Mrs. Ogden Mills's princely abode is separated by Oriental draperies into four

large drawing rooms, but when a ball is in progress all is changed--the hangings are removed and the result is a ballroom of wonderful proportions and beauty. The walls, floors and ceilings of this marvellous room are all of snowy white marble, as is the beautiful broad stairway which winds up from the entrance on the first floor.

And when, on the occasion of some large reception, this vast sweep of white splendor is illumined with glittering lights and a suggestion of color is given by the masses of palms and flowers the commonplace mortal thinks of fairyland or paradise, and when the music begins and a "banquet for the gods" is served the every-day world quite ceases to exist.

### MIDSUMMER FASHION NOTES.

According to the latest news from Paris only one style of dress is considered correct. The plain skirt and bodice covered with embroideries or linen have taken the fashionable world by storm.

Economy was never more difficult of accomplishment than at the present time. Embroideries are so elaborate and are so completely regarded as indispensable that there is little hope for the owner of a meagre purse.

Crab canvas, that is, in reality, sackcloth, embroidered with white floss silk and white leather flowers, having diamond centres, is an entire novelty. The canvas makes a perfect background and the effect is delightful as well as unique.

Roses made of kid are said to be the most realistic that are to be found. A recent French creation is described as having a garland of Nid roses, so perfect as to suggest perfume, with masses of pink beauties under the brim at the back.

Sequins, by the way, appear to gain favor week by week. The latest evening wrap is of lace traced with rainbow sequins interspersed with pink and white beads. It is lined with pink gace silk and shows a full under the scalloped border which is formed of the sequins set closely together.

Muslin dotted with silk spots in the same shade as itself and worn over taffetas of the palest coloring is a novelty that is promised great vogue. For garden parties and all daytime fetes it is charming in the extreme. Elaborate gowns of the sort show the bodice with back and front both of handsome embroidery or lace applications in plain muslin.

Applique of cream lace made of braids on white lisse is, however, still popular, and can be made at home if one is at all dextrous. As though it has been introduced, but sequins, which add the touch of brilliancy so much desired. A simple design and one easily copied forms a sort of trefail with three sections of the braid, and shows a sequin at the point of meeting. A stem made by outlining with floss silk forms the connecting links.

### Cream Nut Salad and Sandwiches.

An entirely new food product has just been introduced in the New York markets. It is a large nut, something of the Brazil type, but much sweeter and very creamy in its composition.

The Journal publishes to-day the first recipes ever given in this country for two ways of preparing this delicious nut for the table. One is for a salad, the other for sandwiches.

These recipes come from a family in Cape Town, South Africa, of which place the cream nut is a native. To make the salad remove the creamy kernel from the outside, and inside shell and husk, being very careful that none of the husk adheres to the meat of the nut. With a sharp silver knife cut the kernel in thin slices lengthwise, and lay them carefully in the bottom of a salad bowl; surround with a fringe of crisp Romaine salad leaves. Then pour over the sliced nuts a dressing made as follows: First rub a boxwood fork with a crushed clove of garlic, then put a saltspoonful of salt in the bottom of a soup plate. Add half the quantity of paprika, stir well together with the boxwood fork, then pour in a tablespoonful of tangerine vinegar, stir till the salt and paprika are dissolved; then add a tablespoonful of salad oil of the sweetest and best quality. Stir till well blended with the other ingredients and pour it over the salad. Stand a small, crisp Romaine leaf in the centre of the salad, ornament with little splashes of paprika and serve. Be sure the dish is ice cold in which the salad is made.

After the kernels are removed from the inner husk put them in a wooden mortar and crush them to the consistency of a paste; add a little rich sweet cream, season with salt and a dash of paprika. Cut homemade bread into slices as thin as wafers, spread lightly with sweet butter, then spread on a thick layer of the nut paste. Lay two slices together and serve the sandwiches with a glass of champagne.

### FROU-FROU.

All Mrs. Orme Wilson's entertainments are modelled on the English plan, and are elegant and chic to a degree.

Some Sevres cups and saucers once belonging to the Empress Eugenie are now the property of Mrs. Hicks-Lord.

An ivory miniature of the owner inserted somewhere, somehow upon a fan is the latest fad in the realm of fashion.

The table strewn with loose violets was a charming feature of the luncheon lately given by a member of the smart set.

One of the largest and most valuable diamonds in the world belongs to Mrs. White-ley Field; it was purchased by her husband about a year ago.

A brooch formed of two hearts surmounted by a crown, all glittering with diamonds is one of the pretty ornaments in Mrs. Eugene Kelly's jewel casket.

As usual, Miss Helen Gould will spend a few weeks this summer at her father's old home Roxbury, where she has erected such a costly church in his memory.

All society women of "affairs," that is, widows and unmarried women with large incomes, have "offices" in their houses, which are furnished in a most businesslike style.

Among golf enthusiasts is Mrs. Jack Astor, who has one of the best private links in America at her country home, Ferncliffe. She will be one of the notable players at the swell Newport Club this summer.

### APROPOS OF BEAUTY.

It was Brantome, in his gallery of illustrious people, who exacted that a beautiful woman should possess three white things, the teeth, the chin and the hands; three black, the eyes, the eyebrows and the eyelashes; three red, the lips, the cheeks and the nails; three short, the teeth, the ears and the feet; three broad, the chest, the forehead and the space between the eyebrows; three fine, the fingers, the hair and the lips; three small, the ankles, the nose and the head.

Apropos of this frequently quoted table of perfection, the notorious Baudelaire is known to have said to a friend--let us hope in the lobby of a theatre:

"I have just seen an adorable woman. She has the most beautiful eyebrows in the world--which she draws with the point of a burnt match; the most fascinating eyes--produced by cosmetic-laden lashes; a voluptuous mouth--fashioned out of crumie, and, in addition, not a hair that she can call her own."

"Heavens! She is a monster!" exclaimed his friend.

"She is a great artist," answered Baudelaire.

### RUSSIAN GEMS, DOG COLLARS AND ODD JEWELS FOR SUMMER GOWNS.

Superb collarettes have been revived. For some years only slight necklaces, if any, have been worn. This season the dog-collars is to be seen in a variety of gems, notably diamonds and pearls. The latter are exquisitely delicate and consist of row on row joined at intervals by upright bands. The former are gorgeous, those showing greatest brilliancy being platinum

nature's blending of two stones, is a feature of the Summer styles. Not the necklace alone, but belt clasps and bracelets bear evidence to the fact, the latter being remarkable for beauty as well as variation from familiar styles.

Notwithstanding the lavishness shown in these special directions, however, gorgeous jewels and elaborate pins are, for the most part, laid aside during the Summer months

for Summer gowns. Quaint forms, such as tiny frogs, yacots, and the like are made into stick pins to hold the rebellious bit of lace in place.

The unusual popularity of the amethyst is attested in many ways. Big stones, deep in color and set about with pearls, make the clasps for narrow belts. Smaller ones are set at intervals in a tiny band of flexible openwork gold. Still finer ones are

combined with diamonds and made into pins just big enough to clasp a collar.

But the really new stone--the one that has the merit, if merit it be, of having only recently been added to the list of gems--is the olive, a Russian jewel that resembles the emerald, but differs from it in tone. In place of the vivid color of the older stone, this one takes just the yellow-

or kept for state occasions.

Messrs. Tiffany & Co. are authority for the statement that amethysts and pearls are the favorite jewels of the moment. They seem to have attained special vogue, although there are certain other stand-bys that are always in popular demand.

Open hearts, wreaths, the fleur de lis and floral designs are the brooches most used

latter are one of a frog of diamonds and olive, the other a miniature yacht with hull of the bright green stones and sails of shining diamonds--a combination that is at once realistic and strikingly successful in color.

The engagement bracelet, that is a chain of fine gold clasped with a miniature heart of pearls or diamonds, is, however, the

tempting and exquisite as to suggest only such bonds as affection loves to wear.

In vinaigrettes the one great novelty expounds the garden idea. We have had the hat bedecked with homely flowers and fruits, and the parasol dedicated to the farmer's wife. Now is added the cut glass bottle of salts with a stopper showing similar decoration in realistic color.

