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.

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Chap. XI.--Convict, but Not Yet Sentenced.

So the blow had fallen! Yet a single despairing effort I made to beat off or at least postpone the inevitable.

I sat up in bed and answered my brother back with, I could feel, ashen and quivering lips.

"What do you mean?" I said. "How dare you say such a thing?"

"I dare anything," he said, "where I have a particular object in view." He never took his eyes off me, and the cold devil in them froze my blood that had only now run so hotly.

"For yourself," he went on, "I don't care much whether you hang or live. You can come to terms with your own conscience I dare say, and a fat brother more or less may be a pure question of fit survival. That's as it may be—but the girl here is another matter."

"I didn't kill him," I could only say, dully.

Still keeping his eyes on me he sought for and drew from his jacket pocket a twist of dry and shrunken water weed. A horrible shudder seized me as I looked upon it.

"You didn't think to see that again?" he said: "Do you recognize it? Of course you do. It was the rope you twisted around his foot, and that I found round his foot still, after dad had carried him upstairs, bundled round with those sacks, and I was left alone in the room with him a minute."

My heart died within me. I dropped my sick, strained eyes and could only listen in agonized silence. And he went on quite pitilessly.

"You shouldn't have left such evidence, you know—least of all for me to see. I had not forgotten the—what shall I say?—murder in your eyes when I spoke to you that morning and the evening before."

He struck the weed lightly with his right hand.

"This stuff," he said, "I know it, of course—grows up straight enough of itself. It wanted something human—or inhuman—to twist it round a leg in that fashion.

"I cried out with a choking cry.

"I did it," I said—"but it wasn't murder—oh, Jason, it wasn't murder, as you mean it."

He gave a little, cold laugh.

"No doubt we have different standards of morality," he said. "We won't split hairs. Say it was murder as a judge and jury would view it."

"It wasn't! Will you believe me if I tell you the truth?"

"That depends upon the form it takes."

"I'll tell you. It is the truth—before God it is the truth. I wont favor myself. I had been mad with him, I own, but had nearly got over it. I was out all day on the hills, and thought I should like a bathe on my way home. I went through the 'run' and saw he was there. At first I thought I would leave him to himself, but just as I was going he saw me and a grin came over his face, and—Jason, you know that if I had gone away then he would have thought me afraid to meet him."

"You can leave me, Renault, out of the question, if you please."

"I mean no harm—indeed I didn't—but when I got there he taunted and mocked at me. I didn't know what I was doing, and when he jumped for the water I followed him and twisted that round. Then in a single moment I saw what I had done—and was mad to unfasten it. It would not come away at first, and when at last I got him free and to shore he was insensible. If you could only know what I suffered then, you would pity me, Jason—you would; you could not help it."

I stole a despairing look at his face and there was no atom of softness in it. A great sob rent my throat and I could not go on for a moment.

"He came to on the way home and I was wild with joy, and at night, Jason, when you were in bed and asleep, I crept into his room and begged for his forgiveness and he forgave me."

"Without any condition? That wasn't like Modred. What did he ask for in return?"

I was silent.

"Come," he persisted, "what did he want? You may as well tell me all. You don't fancy that I believe he forgave you without getting something substantial in exchange?"

"I was to give up all claim to Zyp," I said in a low, suffering voice.

Jason laughed aloud.

"Oh, Modred," he cried, "you were a pretty bantling, upon my word! Who would have thought the dear fatty had such cunning in him?"

His callous merriment struck me with a dumb horror as of sacrilege. But he subdued it directly and returned to me and my misery in the same repressed tone as before.

"Well," he said, "I have heard it all, I suppose. It makes little difference. You know, of course, you are morally responsible for his death, just the same as if you had stuck a knife into his heart."

I could only hide my face in the bedclothes, writhed all through with agony. There was a little spell of silence; then my brother bespoke my attention with a gentle push.

"Renny, do you want all this known to the others?"

A shuddering sigh was my answer.

"Speak up," he continued. "Do you want the others to know, and get done with it?"

I raised my head in a sudden gust of passion.

"Do what you like!" I cried. "I know you now, and you can't make it much worse!"

"Oh, yes," he said, coolly; "I can make it a good deal worse. Nobody but I knows at present, don't you see?"

I looked at him with a sudden gleam of hope.

"Don't you intend to tell, Jason?"

He laughed again, lightly.

"That depends. I must borrow my cue from Modred and make conditions."

I had no need to ask what they were. In whatever direction I looked now, I saw nothing but a blank and deadly waste, like that of my delirium, and the lonely figure of one forsaken soul toiling endlessly across it.

"I want the girl—you understand? I need not go into particulars. She interests me and that's enough."

"Yes," I said, quietly.

"There must be no more of that sentimental foolery between you and her. I bore it as long as you were ill; but, now you're strong again, it must stop. If it doesn't, you know what'll happen. Get out of my way and I shan't bother about you."

With that he turned abruptly on his heel and began to undress. I listened for the deep breathing that announced him to be asleep with a strained fever of impatience. I felt that I could not think clearly nor collectedly with athat monstrous consciousnes of his awake in the room.

Perhaps, in all my wretchedness, the full discovery of his baseness of soul was as bitter a wound as any I had received. I had thought once that we were such friends—that there was a confidence between us nothing could break or mar. I had so looked up to him as a superior being, so sunned myself in the pride of relationship to him; so lovingly submitted to his boyish patronage and condescension. The grief of my discovery was very real and terrible and would in itself, I think, have gone far to blight my existence had no fearfuller blast descended to wither it.

Well, it was all one now. Whatever immunity from disaster I was to enjoy henceforth must be on sufferance only.

Had I been older and sinfuller I might have grasped in my despair at the coward's resource of self-destruction; as it was, I thought of flight. Not yet; for despite Jason's heartless allusion to my recovered strength, I was still too weak to do more than creep about with a stick to aid me. By and by, perhaps, when vigor should return to me, and with it resolution, I should be able to face firmly the problem of my future and take my own destinies in hand.

Little sleep came to me that night, and that only of a haunted kind. I felt haggard and old as I struggled into my clothes the next morning, and all unfit to cope with the gigantic possibilities of the day. Jason had gone early to the fatal pool for a bathe. No uneasy scruples were likely to dog his constitutional serenity.

At breakfast, in the beginning, Zyp's manner to me was prettily sympathetic and a little shy. It was the first of my great misery that I must repel her on the threshold of our better understanding, and see her fall away from me for lack of the least expression of that passionate devotion and gratitude that filled my heart to bursting. New to my task I stumbled and shambled in the effort, which gave to it at least the appearance of a most uncouth repulse.

I choked over my bread and bacon; I could not swallow more than a mouthful of the coffee in my cup, and Zyp sat back in her chair, never addressing me after that first rebuff, but pondering on me angrily, and also a little sorrowfully, I think, with her eyes full of a sort of wonder.

She stopped me peremptorily as, breakfast over, I was hastening out with all the speed I could muster, and asked me if I didn't want her company that morning.

"No," I answered; "I am well enough to get about by myself now."

"Very well," she said. "Then you must do without me altogether for the future."

She turned on her heel, and I could only look after her in dumb agony. Then I crept down into the yard.

Presently, raising my head, I saw her standing before me, her hands under her apron, her face grave with an expression half of conceit, half of defiance.

"Now, if you please," she said, "I want to know the meaning of this."

"Of what?" I asked, with wretched evasiveness.

"You know—your manner toward me this morning."

"I have done nothing," I muttered.

"You have insulted me, sir. Is it because I kissed you last night?"

"Oh, Zyp!" I cried aloud in great pain. "You know it isn't—you know it isn't!"

I couldn't help this one cry. It was forced from me.

"Then what's the reason?"

"I can't give it—I have none. I want to be alone, that's all."

She stood looking at me a moment in silence, and the line of her mouth hardened.

"Very well," she said at last, in a low, determined voice. "Then, understand, I've done with you. I thought at first it was a mistake or that you were ill again. I've been kind to you; you can't say I haven't given you a chance. And I pitied you because you were alone and unhappy. Jason, I will tell you, hinted an evil thing of you to me, but even if it was true, which I didn't believe, I forgave you, thinking, perhaps, it was done for my sake. Well, if it was, I tell you now it was useless, for you will be nothing to me ever again."

And with these cruel words she left me.

Once pledged with antagonism, Zyp, it will be no matter for wonder, adopted anything but half-measures. At first she contented herself with mere verbal pleasantries and disdainful snubbings. As, however, the days went on and my old strength and health obstinately returned to me, despite the irony of the shattered soul within, her animosity grew to be an active agent so persistent in its methods that I verily thought my brain would give way under the load.

She made a mock of my pretended misogyny, which she hinted was a veil only to cover my vulgar attachments to Joan or Jael of the milking stool, or other mythical Audreys. Sometimes at meals, catching my eyes fixed upon her in fathomless yearning, she would insist that I was sick—bilious—and would never rest till she had driven my father to dosing me, standing by while I forced down the loathsome drugs that I might dare not protest.

I cannot, indeed, recall a tithe of the Puck-like devices she resorted to for my moral undoing, and which, after all, I might have endured to the end had it not been for one threading torment that accompanied all her whimsies like a strain of diabolical music. This was an ostentatious show of affection for Jason, which, I truly believe, from being more or less put out in exaggerated style for my edification, became at length such a habit with her as may be considered, in certain dispositions, one form of love.

And the worst of it was that I knew that my punishment was not more than commensurate with my offence; that my sin had been grievous and its retribution not out of proportion. How could full atonement and Zyp have been mine together? Yet here I was actually coveting the highest reward for my deed and inclined to cry out on justice because I was denied it.

Still, capable of acknowledging the fitness of things in my sadder hours of loneliness, my nature, once restored to strength, could not but strive occasionally to throw off the incubus that it felt it could not bear much longer without breaking down for good and all. I had done wrong on the spur of a single wicked impulse, but I was no fiend to have earned such bitter reprisal. By slow degrees rebellion awoke in my heart against the persistent cruelty of my two tortures. Had I fled at this juncture, the wild scene that came about might have been averted, and the exile, which became mine nevertheless, have borne, perhaps, less evil fruit than in the result it did.

Chap. XII.--The Denunciation.

One November morning—my suffering had endured all these months—my father and Dr. Crackenthorpe stood before the sitting room fire, talking, while I sat with a book at the table, vainly trying to concentrate my attention on the printed lines.

Since my recovery I had seen the Doctor frequently, but he had taken little apparent notice of me. Now, I had racked my puzzled mind many a time for recollection of the conversation I had been witness of on the night preceding my seizure, but still the details of it had eluded me, though its gist remained in a certain impression of uneasiness that troubled me when I thought of it. Suddenly, on this morning, a few words of the Doctor's brought the whole matter vividly before me again.

"By the way, Trender," he said, drawlingly, and sat down and began to poke the fire—"by the by, have you ever found that thing you accused me of losing for you on a certain night—you know when?"

"No," said my father, curtly.

"Was it of any value, now?"

"Maybe—maybe not," said my father.

"That don't seem much of an answer. Perhaps, now, it came from the same place those others did."

"That's nothing to you, Dr. Crackenthorpe."

"Well, you say it's lost, anyhow. Supposing I found it, would you agree to my keeping it? Treasure-trove, you know"—and he looked up with a grin, balancing the poker perpendicularly in his hand. "Treasure-trove, my friend," he repeated, with emphasis, and gave the other a keen look.

Something in the tone of his speech woke like a flash. I stole an anxious glance at my father. His face was pale and set with anger, but there was an expression in his eyes that looked, I thought and was troubled, like fear.

"You don't mean to tell me you have found it?" he said in a forced voice.

"Oh, by no means," answered the Doctor. "We haven't all your good luck. Only you are so full of the unexpected in producing valuables from secret places, like a conjurer, that I thought perhaps you wouldn't mind my keeping this particular one if I should chance to pick it up."

"Keep it, certainly, if you find it," said my father. I could have thought almost with a faint groan. "You have a prying jackdaw beak that gives you a better chance of discovering lost things than I have."

"Thanks for the permission. I'll make a point of keeping my eyes open."

When did he not? They were pretty observant now on Zyp and Jason, who, as he spoke, walked into the room.

"Why don't you go out, Renny, instead of moping at home all day?" cried Jason boisterously.

His manner was aggressive, his tone calculated to exasperate.

Moved by discretion I rose from my chair and made for the door; but he barred my way.

"Can't you answer me?" he said, with an ugly scowl.

"No—I don't want to. Let me pass."

My father had turned his back upon us and was staring gloomily down at the fire.

I heard Zyp give a little scornful laugh and she breathed the word "coward" at me.

I stopped as if I had struck against a wall. All my blood surged back on my heart and seemed to leave my veins filled with a tingling lehor in its place.

"Perhaps I have been," I said, in a low voice, "but here's an end of it."

Jason tittered.

"We're mighty stilltish this morning," he said, with a sneer. "What a pity it's November, so that we can't have a plunge for the sake of coolness—except that they say the pool's haunted now."

I looked at him with blazing eyes, then made another effort to get past him, but he repelled me violently.

"You don't know your place," he said, and gave an insolent laugh. "Stand back till I choose to let you go."

I heard the doctor snigger and Zyp gave a second little cluck. My father was still absorbed—lost in his own dark reflections.

The loaded reel of endurance was spinning to its end.

"You might have given all your morning to one of your Susans yonder," said my brother, mockingly. "Now she's gone, I expect, with her apron to her eyes. She'll enjoy her pease pudding none the less, I dare say, and perhaps look out for a more accommodating clown. It wont be the first time you've had to take second place."

I struck him full between the eyes and he went down like a polled ox. All the pent-up agony of months was in my blow. As I stepped back in the recoil, madly straining even then to beat under the more furious devil that yelled in me for release, I was conscious of a hurried breath at my ear—a swift whisper: "Kill him! Stamp on his mouth! Don't let him get up again!" and knew that it was Zyp who spoke.

I put her back fiercely. Jason had sprung to his feet—half blinded, half stunned. His face was inhuman with passion and was working like a madman's. But before he could gather himself for a rush, my father had him in his powerful arms. It all happened in a moment.

"What's all this?" roared my father. "Knock under, you whelp, or I'll strangle you in your collar!"

"Let me go!" cried my brother. "Look at him—look what he did!"

He was choking and struggling to that degree that he could hardly articulate. I think foam was on his lips, and in his eyes the ravenous thirst for blood.

"He struck me!" he panted—"do you hear? Let me go—let me kill him as he killed Modred!"

There was a moment's silence. Dr. Crackenthorpe, who had sat passively back in his chair during the fray, with his lips set in an acrid smile, made as if to rise, leaning forward with quick attention. Then my father shook Jason till he reeled and clutched at him.

"Have a mind what you say, you madcur!" he cried in a terrible voice.

"It's true! Let me go! He confessed it all to me—to me, I say!"

I stood up among them alone, stricken, and I was not afraid. I was a better man than my accuser; a better brother, despite my sin. And his dagger, plunged in to destroy, had only released the long-accumulating agony of my poor, inflamed and swollen heart.

"Father," I said, "let him alone. It is true, what he says."

He flung Jason from him with violence.

"Move a step," he thundered, daring him, "and I'll send you after Modred!"

He came to me and took me gently by the shoulder.

"Renait, my lad," he said, "I am waiting to hear."

I did not falter or condone my offence, or make any appeal to them whatsoever. The kind touch on my arm moved me so that I could have broken into tears. But my task was before me, and I could afford no atom of self-indulgence did I wish to get through it bravely.

As I had told my story to Jason, I told it now; and when I had finished I awaited in a dead silence the verdict. I could hear my brother breathing thickly—expectantly. His fury had passed.

Suddenly my father put the hand he had held on my shoulder before his face and a great sob coming from him broke down the stone walls of my pride.

"Dad! dad!" I cried in agony.

He recovered himself in a moment and moved away; then faced around and addressed me, but his eyes looked down and would not meet mine.

"Before God," he said, "I think you are forgiven for a single impulse we all might suffer and not all of us recoil from the instant after, but I think that this can be no place for you any longer."

Then he turned upon Dr. Crackenthorpe.

"You!" he cried, "you, man, who have heard it all, thanks to that dirty reptile yonder! Do you intend to peach?"

The Doctor pinched his wiry chin between finger and thumb, with his cheeks lifted in a contemplative fashion.

"The boy," he said, "is safe from any one's malice. No jury would convict on such evidence. Still, I agree with you, it's best for him to go."

"You hear, Renait?" said my father. "I'll not drive you in any way, nor deny you harbor here if you think you can face it out. You shall judge for yourself."

"I have judged," I answered, "I will go."

I walked past them all, with head erect and up to my room, where I sat down for a brief space to collect my thoughts and face the future. Hardly had I got hold of the first end of the tangle when there came a knock at the door. I opened it and Zyp was outside.

"You fool!" she whispered; "you should have done as I told you. It's to late now. Here, take this. Dad told me to give it you"—and she thrust a canvas bag of money into my hand, looking up at me with her unfathomable eyes.

As I took it, suddenly she flung her arms about my neck and kissed me passionately once, twice, thrice, on the lips, and so pushed me from her and was gone.

Taking nothing with me but cap, stick and the simple suit of clothes I had on, I descended the stairs with a firm tread and passed the open door of the sitting room. There was silence there, and in silence I walked by it without a glance in its direction. It held but bitter memories for me now and was scarce less haunted in its way than the other. And so to me would it always be—haunted by the beautiful wild memory of a changeling, whose coming had wrought the great evil of my life, to whom I, going, attributed no blame, but loved her then as I loved her from the first.

The booming of the wheel shook, like a voice of mockery, at me as I passed the room of silence. Its paddles, I thought, seemed reeling with wicked merriment, and its creaking thunder to spin monotonously the burden of one chant.

"I let you go, but not to escape—I let you go, but not to escape." The fancy haunted my mind for weeks to come.

In the darkness of the passage a hand seized mine and wrung it fiercely.

"You don't mean to let the grass grow on your resolve, then, Renait?" said my father's voice, rough and subdued.

"No, dad; I can do no good by delaying."

"I'm sore to let you go, my boy. But it's for the best—it's for the best. Don't think hardly of me; and be a fine lad and strike out a path for yourself."

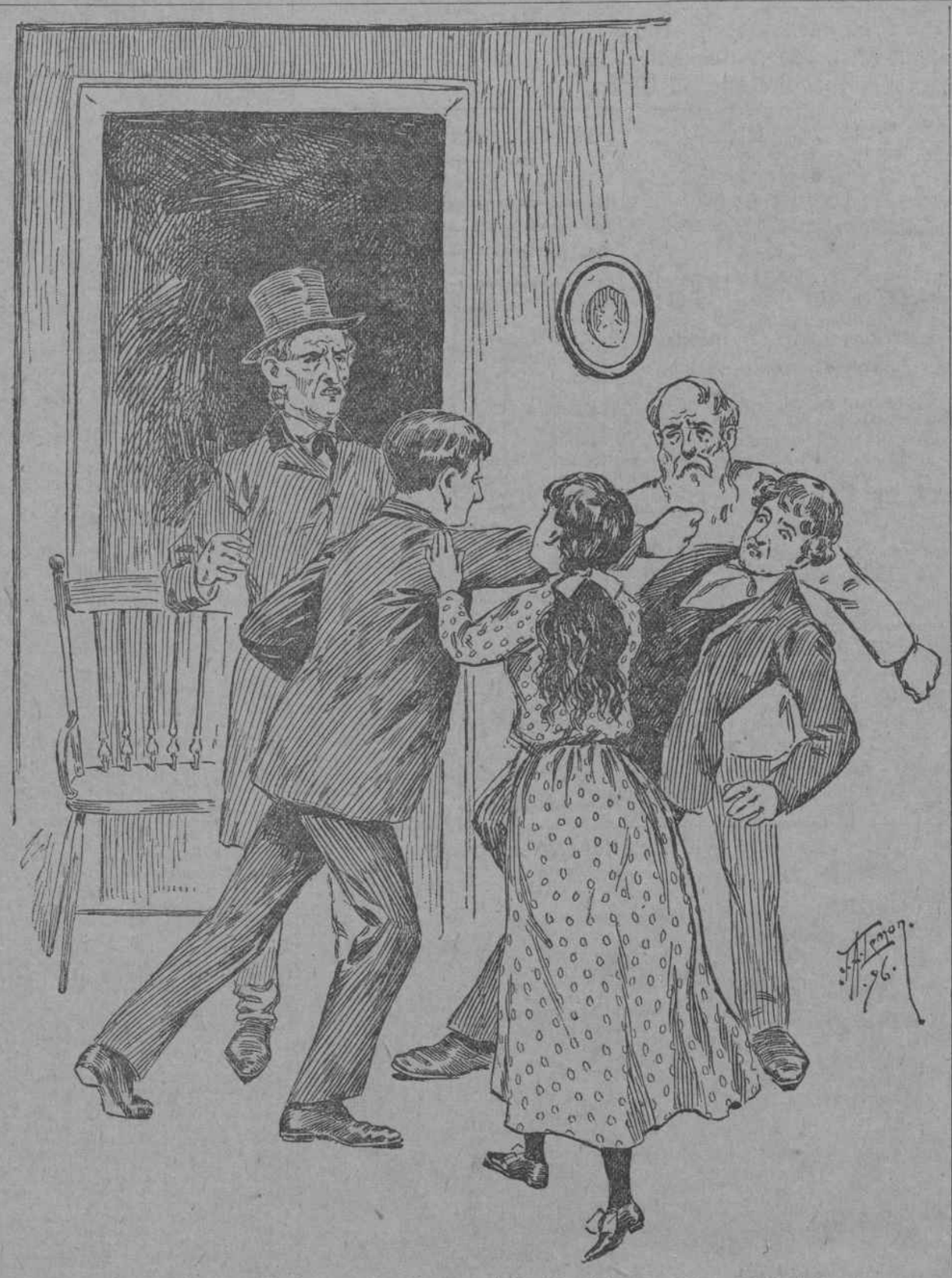
"God bless you, dad," I said, and so left him.

As I stepped into the frosty air the cathedral bells rung out like iron on an anvil. The city roofs and towers sparkled with white; the sun looked through a shining mist, giving earnest of gracious hours to come.

It was a happy omen.

I turned my back on the old decaying past and set my face toward London.

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



"I Struck Him Full Between the Eyes and He Went Down Like a Polled Ox."

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.

THESE FOR YACHTSWOMEN.

Gowns Designed for Nautically Inclined Devotees of Fashion.

Pearl-White Broadcloth for Wear on Daintily Kept Boats and Blue Serge for Ordinary Ones.

Who own a yacht, or have you even the remotest chance of being invited to be one of a party on board a mere acquaintance's boat? Or will your aquatic experiences be limited to trips to the neighboring beaches? In any case you will be interested in the proper garments sailing. It is even probable that you will be more fastidious in regard to your attire in the last case than in either of the former.

If you belong to the clas which sails on vessels kept in a state of spotless neatness by uniformed minions, there are frocks designed for you differing in a marked degree from those you should wear if your brother manns a catboat and expects you to be mate, coxswain and a few other things. For instance, a delicate cadet blue is perfectly proper for the former position in the yachting world and entirely incorrect for the latter.

A gown meant to be worn on one of the glittering, dainty steam affairs that glide smoothly over the Summer seas is of pearl white broadcloth. The full skirt is made short enough just to clear the vessel's floor. It is trimmed around the bottom with three milliner's folds of black satin. The jacket has a rounded, turned-down collar of black satin and revers of the same material. At the corners of the collar heavy gold anchors are embroidered. A cape is provided with this frock for unusually chilly days. It reaches a little below the waist line and has a turned-down collar and a hood of the satin.

A gown which might be worn on a less splendid vessel is made of blue serge and canvas. The skirt has short Vs of the canvas inserted at the foot on each side. These are elaborately embroidered with gold and silver threads in a remarkable design, of which the most prominent feature is a pilot's wheel. The bodice is of white canvas, tucked. It has a very deep sailor collar and revers, which fall over the short, open blazer jacket of blue serge. The sleeves of the coat are curiously constructed. At the top they are tucked to the depth of four inches. Then they spread into a puff, which reaches the elbow, where they finally resolve themselves into a tucked cuff.

Ordinary yachting suits, which some women would not scruple to wear on land, are of blue serge, made with a blazer jacket. They are silk lined and have revers broad at the shoulders and tapering to a point at the waist. The collar and revers are of grass cloth, and the only distinctively sailor-like feature of the frock is the nautical embroidery on the grass linen.

A relief from the almost inevitable blazer is afforded by a gown whose jacket is a modified Norfolk. Instead of being laid at plaits the fulness is gathered at the shoulders, and is confined at the waist by a series of narrow, vertical tucks. The coat does not fasten straight from the collar to the waist, but opens in V-shape over the blouse bodice. The sleeves are rather narrow puffs, ending in a deep cuff that comes to the elbow.

The hats the yachting woman wears are of two sorts only—the ordinary yachting cap and the sailor. The cap may match her costume in color and design. In shape it does not vary. It has rather a wide space in front between the crown and the visor. This is ornamented with whatever insignia the wearer chooses. On sailor hats, also, the bands are adorned with yachting designs.

Wise women on shipboard pay a particular attention to the way in which their feet are shod. Their shoes are carefully chosen, and fit well. Sometimes they select those with corrugated soles, as an aid to upright walking on slippery decks.

A TRIO OF BEWITCHING COSTUMES.

BICYCLES AND DRINKS.

Miss Frances Willard's Views About Their Connection.

Miss Frances Willard, an enthusiastic temperance advocate and bicyclist, does not agree with those captious critics who declare that the easiest vehicle to take to destruction by way of the rum shop is the wheel. Miss Willard's opinion is diametrically opposed to this. She says:

"The bicycle is spoiling the business of the drinking shops and low variety theatres. It is Heaven's way of helping people to have a good time without using stimulants. It is a splendid thing to abolish drink by indirection."

In regard to the proper bicycle costume, Miss Willard is very broad-minded. She does not herself wear a masculine garb, but she does not disapprove of it. After three years of unremitting persuasion, she has induced her colleague, Lary Henry Somerset, to begin bicycle riding.

HERE AND THERE.

"Calendars, five cents! Here are your calendars for five cents! Reduced from seventy-five! Calendars, five cents!"

So shouted the push-cart vendor of slightly aged date-cards. They weer not unattractive, and any one whose friends and tradesmen had failed at Christmas to provide her with a memorandum of them's flight, might be pardoned for purchasing one. But when a small, fluffy woman rushed to the sidewalk merchant and selected a dozen, there were inquiries concerning her sanity. That is, there were until she turned to a dazed looking companion and remarked:

"Why don't you buy a lot, too, Harriet? You can put them away, as I mean to, and give them away next Christmas. Calendars are always acceptable gifts, you know."

The young woman who is engaged in elevating the masses by means of bi-monthly visits to a tenement, near the East River, had a trying experience the other day, which has almost decided her to give up philanthrophy. Shortly after she had begun her call and while she was still inquiring patronizingly about the family's health and finances, an officer who was bent on statistical information arrived and began making inquiries about the inmates of the tenement. When the "lady of the house" had accounted for her flock, he turned to the young visitor and remarked:

"And who is this?"

The hostess made prompt reply.

"Oh, she's not a member of the family at all," she announced, with scorn tempered by pity. "She's only a caller."

There is a comfortable, green-embowered house standing on one of the streets in the annexed district, where the cable cars whizz by, that bears upon one of its piazza pillars the sign "Music Institute," and upon another the sign "Fresh eggs daily." Two women were riding out the other day and discussing the inhabitants of the house.

"Yes," said one meditatively, "they keep up the music classes because teaching music is considered real genteel out here, and it sort of gives them position. But they sell eggs to make their living."

Lady Randolph Churchill has ten thousand a year for pin money. The money, by the way, is the rental received for the University Club, Fifth avenue.

SOME CHOICE RECIPES.

This is an excellent breakfast dish: Wash and cut into halves six nice, smooth tomatoes. Place in a granite baking pan, with the skin side down. Cut a quarter pound of butter in small pieces and place over the tomatoes, dust with salt and pepper, and stand over a moderate fire to fry slowly. When the tomatoes are tender take them up carefully with a cake-turner and slide them on a heated dish; draw the baking pan over a quick fire, stir until the butter is a nice brown; then add two tablespoonfuls of flour; mix until smooth, add a pint of milk or cream; stir continually until it boils; season with salt and pepper to taste, pour over the tomatoes and serve.

The brown bread made in New England is quite a different article from the brown bread made in New York. This is chiefly due to the rye meal which in the East is noted for its sweetness. To make it in perfection mix a pint and a half of corn meal with the same quantity of rye meal, not flour. Add one cup of molasses and half a teaspoonful of salt. Stir in enough sour milk to make a soft dough. Dissolve a heaping teaspoonful of baking soda in a half a cupful of warm water. Add this to the mixture. Steam in a buttered mould, with tight cover, for four hours.

It is the colored cook of the South who knows how to make corn bread in perfection. The superiority of the Southern meal is its great advantage. Nevertheless this recipe gives full satisfaction:

To one cup of sour milk or buttermilk add half a teaspoonful of soda. When dissolved stir in two tablespoonfuls of melted butter and one pint of corn meal to which has been added a pinch of salt. Beat vigorously and pour into a square biscuit pan which is hot and well greased. Bake twenty minutes and serve immediately.