

PLAYING THE PENALTY



CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

When Mr. Kellogg was conducted to the cell in which Robert was confined, he found him pacing the floor in probably about as dejected a condition as a young man could well be in, though he had no the remotest idea of why he was in confinement.

He realized that he had been drunk—very drunk; and that it must be for drunkenness that he had been arrested. Not the most recent recollection had of the events of the night before, as the inspector had instructed his subordinates, in case he should inquire, to inform him that he must await the inspector's arrival.

"When Robert heard the words, 'O my son—my son!' and saw his father's sorrowful and excited face through the iron bars of his cell, the young man, with a moan of anguish, sank upon his cot.

The turnkey unlocked the cell door, and the arms of the father soon embraced the form of his eldest child.

"O father! father! I am not worthy to look you in the face!"

"My poor boy!" sobbed the banker. "How did all this happen to you?"

"Alas, father, I am unable to inform you. I only know that in rejecting our Janet's escape from death, and in drinking to the health of Dr. Strong, I lost myself. Yes, now I remember closing a door I had been forbidden to open."

"God bless you, my boy. I know it! But have you no recollection of seeing Lawrence Terry last night, late—say at midnight?"

"Lawrence Terry? No, father, not the slightest. Surely he did not see me in my disgraced condition?"

"Where were you at midnight, Robert?"

"Alas, father, I am unable to tell you."

"You must try, Robert, and recall all you can of your movements last night. A grave situation confronts us. At midnight the body of Lawrence Terry was found in the alley between Monroe and Madison streets, a dark blade buried in his bosom."

"O father, father! How horrible! Poor Lawrence! Poor Laura! What a blow to her, and to the mother and sister of Lawrence. I feel my deep disgrace, but that this sorrow should come as terrible as—"

"No, my son," said the banker, wiping the tears from his eyes. "The inspector informs me that the physicians hope to save his life."

Terry, and that accomplished to divert suspicion from the author of the crime. I trouble to think of the position my boy would have been in had the blow proved fatal."

The two men now entered the office of Inspector Hunt.

"How did you leave Terry?" was the question from the inspector's lips.

"Oh, he will pull through," said the doctor. "He will be back at his desk in thirty days at most. But you have the wrong man in confinement."

"How is that?"

"I allowed Terry to speak. He states that it was not Robert Kellogg who attempted the assassination."

"Not Robert Kellogg?" exclaimed the inspector. "Not the man found with his hand reeling clutching the hilt of the weapon?"

"Yes, and am more than ever satisfied of Robert's guilt. He was there playing faro. The dealer states that another gentleman was seated at the table beside him, and that he noticed they were frequently called for the sideboard decanter."

"I cannot be! I, at least, will not believe it. Robert Kellogg had no better friend than Lawrence. Oh, this is utter folly. The officials have surely made an unwarranted blunder."

"Hardly an unwarranted blunder, Mrs. Terry. My son was found in an inebriated condition, unconscious, lying partly on the body of your son, and with the hilt of the dirk with which he was assailed clutched in his hand."

"Why, then, I know nothing of all this. I cannot be!"

"Let us trust that your son may be able to clear up the mystery. Has he spoken?"

"The physician and Grace are with him, Mr. Kellogg. But for your daughter's photograph he would have been slain. The doctor has not yet allowed him to speak, though his mind is evidently clear, and I can see that he desires to do so."

"He may soon be able to dispel the cloud that hangs over my boy."

"If he does, I know nothing of all this. I cannot be!"

"Let us trust that your son may be able to clear up the mystery. Has he spoken?"

"The physician and Grace are with him, Mr. Kellogg. But for your daughter's photograph he would have been slain. The doctor has not yet allowed him to speak, though his mind is evidently clear, and I can see that he desires to do so."

"He may soon be able to dispel the cloud that hangs over my boy."

"If he does, I know nothing of all this. I cannot be!"

"Let us trust that your son may be able to clear up the mystery. Has he spoken?"

"The physician and Grace are with him, Mr. Kellogg. But for your daughter's photograph he would have been slain. The doctor has not yet allowed him to speak, though his mind is evidently clear, and I can see that he desires to do so."

"He may soon be able to dispel the cloud that hangs over my boy."

"If he does, I know nothing of all this. I cannot be!"

"Let us trust that your son may be able to clear up the mystery. Has he spoken?"

"The physician and Grace are with him, Mr. Kellogg. But for your daughter's photograph he would have been slain. The doctor has not yet allowed him to speak, though his mind is evidently clear, and I can see that he desires to do so."

"He may soon be able to dispel the cloud that hangs over my boy."

"If he does, I know nothing of all this. I cannot be!"

"Let us trust that your son may be able to clear up the mystery. Has he spoken?"

"The physician and Grace are with him, Mr. Kellogg. But for your daughter's photograph he would have been slain. The doctor has not yet allowed him to speak, though his mind is evidently clear, and I can see that he desires to do so."

"He may soon be able to dispel the cloud that hangs over my boy."

"If he does, I know nothing of all this. I cannot be!"

"Let us trust that your son may be able to clear up the mystery. Has he spoken?"

WOMAN'S WORLD.

THE VALUE OF ATHLETICS.

Girl Who Was a Physical Wreck Restored to Health.

As a "strong woman," the seven-year-old daughter of a West End millionaire of Kansas City is the latest marvel. It was last June that the young lady in question was graduated from college a physical wreck. It was thought that she was going into a decline, and many specialists were consulted, but there seemed no organic disease, simply a strong tendency toward nervous prostration.

Drugs were ineffective, walking was exhausting. Ordinary gymnastics, such as are usually practiced in schools for girls, did not seem to do any good.

More in a joke than anything else the young lady called at the studio of a professional athlete and informed him that she wanted to be a "strong woman."

It did not look very promising, as she weighed less than ninety pounds, and her teacher looked at her with a look of astonishment. The young lady has a most wonderful back, and the muscular development of the entire body comes to its support.

One of her tricks is the lifting of a big bar bell from the floor with one hand, turning it and holding it high above the head without a tremor.

This same bar bell she can lift with both hands, and she can hold it down flat on her back, with the bell at her head, and raises it with both hands until it is straight over her head, then holding it with one hand only, rises to a sitting and then a standing position, with the bell high above her head still. This bar bell weighs 100 pounds.

Another feat the muscular young lady does with the same bell in connection with the "Roman chair." This chair has a strap across the seat, into which she slips her feet, then she leans over the back until her head rests on the floor, reaches over her head for the bar, and rises with it to a standing position on the seat of the chair, with the bell high over her head, then descends in the same manner and lays it on the floor above her head again.

These feats require enormous strength, as any one can easily ascertain by trying them. Some of her friends belonging to a yacht club have been inveigled by her brother to come home with him and visit the gymnasium on the top floor and try some of these feats.

But with all of their boasted athletic achievements she easily outdistances them all.

Long Lace Mittens.

Women with thin or red arms will welcome the news that the long lace mitten is the grand thing for fall dresses, and the elbow mitten—also of lace—the newest thing for afternoon gowns made with elbow sleeves.

These mittens, when worn with a ceremonious evening gown, are longer than the longest gloves, running quite to the under arm seam and joined to the shoulder with short jeweled chains. There is a hole for the thumb, which serves to hold them in place about the wrist and hand.

They are shaped like the silk mitts worn eight and ten years, but fit more perfectly, as they are made to order. They afford a most delightful chance to show off one's handsome rings.

Gleanings From the Shops.

seline de soie, and all the other thin materials in dead black. These should be made without any white trimming whatever, and, if possible, should be trimmed only with the same material.

After six months a nun's veiling trimmed with rows of dead-black ribbon or a lustreless crepe de Chine may be used. This, however, would not do for a widow; though after six months it might be worn by a woman who had lost some near relative.

These crepe de Chine gowns trimmed with rubings of the same, and with some black mousseline de soie around the waist, make very beautiful gowns—gowns, too, that are usually most becoming. The princess style is very good in this material, and the mourning effect may be heightened by trimmings of crepe. The crepe and crepe de Chine, caddy enough, are very effective together; it might be supposed that the two materials have so much in common that they would not look well together, but such is not the case.

There are some dead-black mourning silks that are very good, light in texture, and of so dead a black that they look well with the crepe veil.—Harper's Bazar.

The Feminine Conscience.

There has been no time since the invention of letters when man has not made it his duty to expose and deplore the lack of conscience in woman.

It is a familiar topic in all literature, in all ages and in all nations, and special attention has been directed to the proofs of woman's lower moral tone as evidenced by her untruthfulness in statement and her dishonesty in money matters.

And yet how hard it is at times to reconcile our most firmly established theories with actual facts! What becomes of them under notice when confronted with the fact reported from Chicago last week that two women in that city, Mrs. Cyrus McCormick and her daughter, Mrs. Emmons Blaine (let their names be held in honor), believing that they had each more than a million dollars' worth of taxable personal property, voluntarily reported the circumstance to the assessors and had their names placed on the tax-books as liable for their proper taxation.

To call such an illustration of honesty unusual or unprecedented does not do it justice. Is it not absolutely unique and wholly beyond the range and scope of the masculine conscience?

Would it not be well to revise our estimate of woman in respect of her conscience until we are able to quote an instance of the censorious sex emulating the example of these two good American women in Chicago?—Editorial in New York World.

Laurels For a Woman Telegrapher.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cugley, probably the oldest woman telegrapher in the world in the point of service, has abandoned the law and will hereafter superintend the force of several operators at Union Station, Harrisburg, in which office she has received messages for forty-five years. Her health has been somewhat impaired of late, and in recognition of long and faithful service the promotion was made.

Miss Cugley began her career as a telegraph operator in Lewiston, her home, forty-five years ago, and she received the message calling out the Logan Guards at the place in response to President Lincoln's first call for volunteers at the outbreak of the Civil War.—Philadelphia Press.

Women with thin or red arms will welcome the news that the long lace mitten is the grand thing for fall dresses, and the elbow mitten—also of lace—the newest thing for afternoon gowns made with elbow sleeves.

These mittens, when worn with a ceremonious evening gown, are longer than the longest gloves, running quite to the under arm seam and joined to the shoulder with short jeweled chains. There is a hole for the thumb, which serves to hold them in place about the wrist and hand.

They are shaped like the silk mitts worn eight and ten years, but fit more perfectly, as they are made to order. They afford a most delightful chance to show off one's handsome rings.

Gleanings From the Shops.

MAXIMS MADE MILLIONS.

AMERICAN MAGNATES TELL HOW THEY HAVE WON FORTUNES.

Russell Sage, C. F. Huntington, Mrs. Hetty Green and John D. Rockefeller Reveal the Rules of Conduct on Which Their Lives Are Based.

The Saturday Evening Post, the unique and popular paper which Mr. Curtis, of the Ladies' Home Journal, is now conducting, publishes the following remarkable article made up of contributions from the leading financiers in the United States:

Formulas Worth Twenty Millions Each.

Russell Sage, the dean of American financiers, set out in pursuit of his present \$100,000,000 as an errand boy in a country grocery store. His maxims are these:

1. Be temperate and you will be happy.

2. Plain food, an easy mind and sound sleep make a man young at eighty-three.

3. Opportunities are disgusted with men who don't recognize them.

4. Despair is the forerunner of failure. Next to a fat purse is a "stiff upper lip."

5. When a man "loses his head" he mustn't complain about the other fellow taking an advantage. Keep cool and freeze out the enemy.

A Millionaire Who Never Borrows.

Mr. Charles Broadway Ross, who is worth \$6,000,000, and who began his business career as a clerk in a small store, suggests the following seven maxims embracing the essentials of a successful business career.

1. The dignity of labor is the greatest of all dignities; the genius of work is the greatest of all geniuses.

2. Industry, integrity, economy and promptness are the requisites to certain and honorable success.

3. Merit is the trade mark of success; quality the true test of value.

4. Success is not in time, place or circumstance, but in the man.

5. Credit and partnerships are the scourge of commercial history and the bane of commercial experience.

6. Beware of the gifts of the Greeks; they allure that they may destroy; credit is tempting, but ruin surely follows in its path.

what your next move will be; time enough to talk after you have acted.

6. Have a definite aim, and keep your eye on the objective point.

7. Be bold with caution, prudent with boldness.

Mrs. Hetty Green's Recipe For a Fortune.

Mrs. Hetty Green is the wealthiest woman in the world. Without capital, friends or influence she has built up a fortune estimated at \$60,000,000. The maxims governing her business life she has formulated as follows:

1. Invest in real estate; buy a house for \$5000 that can be soon sold for \$6000.

2. Be satisfied with a profit the proportion of which corresponds with the size of the investment.

3. Women are seldom successful in commercial undertakings because they do not appreciate the importance of minding their own business.

4. Imitation may be the sincerest flattery, but the good of it all lies with the things imitated. Success is a stranger to imitation. People with money to invest should pay no attention to the doings of others, but look on things from their own point of view.

5. The goal of success is not always reached by the roughest road; the path is as easy one to find. That is why so many people miss it.

Wherein Millionaires Differ From Poets.

George G. Williams, President of the Chemical National Bank of New York, who is worth \$5,000,000, has worked his way from a clerkship to the head of one of the soundest financial institutions in the country by conduct founded upon the principles in his five favorite dictums:

1. There is no royal road to success. Work is the keynote.

2. Learn to do one thing well and do it thoroughly.

3. Ambition and common sense will win success for any one along legitimate lines.

4. The really successful man is made, not born.

5. Determination is the lever of the great machine of life.

Practice Economy; Avoid Extravagance.

Mr. D. K. Parsons, millionaire, philanthropist and patron of colleges, says that the rules of life can be summed up as follows:

1. Practice steady economy. Do not spend until you have it to spend. Be strictly honest and never take advantage of men. Avoid show and extravagance. Use your money to educate the poor.

2. Be your own executive. Trust no man to administer upon your estate. You cannot carry out of this world any amount with your dead hands. There is no use for money beyond the grave.

Entrapping Opportunity With Capital.

Jacob Franks, who is reputed to be worth \$2,000,000, went into business in Chicago, when nineteen years of age, with the determination to follow the rule—save money. His formula to-day is:

1. Good fortune cannot come unless you are provided with capital with which to seize opportunity when it appears.

2. Save money and be ready to invest.

3. Never borrow capital, and never owe a dollar that you cannot pay on demand.

Four Laws For a Lawyer.

A. S. Trade, one of the wealthiest attorneys in the West, has long followed these rules:

1. Get the confidence of clients and keep it. Such confidence is accumulated capital.

2. Form a morganatic alliance with clients.

3. Buy during panics when others are frightened and expecting the bottom to drop out of securities. When the storm is raging and forked lightning appears in the financial sky, invest in property that others fear will be injured.

Mr. Rockefeller Dreads Debt.

John D. Rockefeller, the "Oil King," whose wealth touches the \$125,000,000 mark, won his first start in a business way by working on a New York farm twelve hours out of the twenty-four for twenty-five cents a day. He has earned his position as a multi-millionaire by adhering to the principles of the following maxims:

1. It should be every man's duty to get all the money he can, keep all he can and give away all he can.

2. Buy only what can be paid for, and look upon debt as an ogre that first paralyzes and then kills.

3. Live within your means, and don't think too much of your neighbor's good fortune.

4. Keep a record of all expenditures and receipts so that at the end of each year you can tell whether you are saving enough money to provide against the inevitable rainy day. Any one can make money; few can save it.

5. Live as though every act of your life was under the scrutiny of your bitterest enemy.

A Very Busy Preacher.

The Rev. Dr. Frank Gunsalus, pastor of the Central Church, Chicago, is not altogether unoccupied. In addition to his ministerial duties, Dr. Gunsalus finds time to act as President of the Armour Institute of Technology and to lecture, write novels, biographies and poems. In the course of a single day he will prepare a sermon, oversee the institution work, write a chapter in a new book, and in the evening deliver a lecture. He works with refreshing ease, and is always ready for a joke or story in a spare moment.

A hymn-book once used by General Gordon has been sold for \$150 for the benefit of General Kitchener's college fund.