The World.

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THE EVENING

THE HANDWRITING EXPERTS.

Re-enters now in the Molineux case the handwriting expert full of wise saws and modern instances about the significance of pen strokes. Sees in the regular irregularity of the compared chirography most certain proof that the same hand wrote it. Knows by the "b" and the "o" of Knickerbocker and the "o" and "n" of Madison and by the elevation of one letter and the depression of another that the resemblance is fatal. Hangs on the hook of a final flourish enough evidence to convict and shows the absolutely incriminating resemblance in dotted "i's" and crossed "t's."

Expert Tyrrell had the centre of the stage yesterday. His elucidation of points of resemblance in the contrasted handwriting was followed with interest by court and counsel. He is the first of a series of specialists in chirography who will testify and his importance now is due to the fact that he yesterday fired the opening gun of the battle of the experts beginning the general engagement.

And with it all Mr. Jerome asking the jury "to find their verdict not on these experts' opinions, but on the facts which these experts point out." To render a verdict in accordance with the facts in question will keep the jurymen's minds well occupied.

PRINCE AND KING.

The young Siamese Crown Prince, looking yesterday at the dingy Broad street building in which Mr. Morgan has his office, ejaculated, "How really funny." Not much of a palace as palaces go, but if the Prince could have spent a few moments in the throne room he could have regarded it as the most important episode of his trip.

He would have seen there a king in a frock coat not like papa with white elephants and harems and other companions of an indolent life about him, but a king who amuses himself with more important things. Papa is a great potentate in the land of aloes with an income of $6,000,000 to spend. It is a dull season in Mr. Morgan's realm when he does not add as much to his exchequer every month. The army which upholds papa's authority and makes him a great king feared by his neighbors numbers 2,000 men, not as many as acknowledge the sway of a division superintendent on one of Mr. Morgan's many railways. From the desk at which the Prince would have sat as he faced the financial magnate came the order last week to send a force of 140,000 men back to the mines. In the little steel pigeon holes near by was the wherewithal to buy up all Siam, including its king and its population at so much per head.

A king with an alpine hat for a crown and a stub pen for a sceptre. It is to be hoped that if Maha Vajiravudh passes that way again he will pay more respect to that dingy office which houses a more interesting personage than any encountered by the Prince on his travels.

COURTESY IN COURT.

When the dignity of a court unbends for the purpose of politeness the resulting courtesy is of a distinguished order. The scene in Special Sessions yesterday when "Jimmy" Wakeley appeared before Justice Wyatt was a case in point. "Jimmy" had been arrested the night before by District-Attorney Jerome's men on the charge of keeping a pool-room over his saloon. As he stepped across the threshold of the court-room Assistant District-Attorney Miner shook hands with him warmly and introduced him to the Justice. "How do you do, Mr. Wakeley," said the Court in amiable tones. "Fine," responded Jimmy; "pleased to meet you, Judge." Then the Assistant District-Attorney announced that Mr. Wakeley had brought no bondsman with him, but that "his neglect in that respect was immaterial." The Court obligingly agreed, the distinguished culprit was paroled in the custody of his counsel and with a bow to the Justice which evoked a kindly nod in response Mr. Wakeley walked out.

It was a charming exhibition of good manners all around and we might wish that it could serve as a precedent for general imitation in court-room procedure.

THE NOVELIST ON THE STUMP.

Booth Tarkington, making his first speech last night as a candidate for the Legislature in Indiana, became so embarrassed by stage fright that he nearly broke down. The "situation" was one he would have handled with great skill in a novel. The candidate would have acquitted himself with distinction in a grand finale of rhetorical flourish after overcoming the efforts of the enemy to heap obloquy on him. He would have triumphed as Monsieur Beaucaire triumphs on alternate pages over all obstacles and the community would have rung with the reports of his achievement.

But with Mr. Tarkington the pen is mightier than the voice. His flunk appears to have been a lamentable affair.

WOMAN'S SKIRTS.

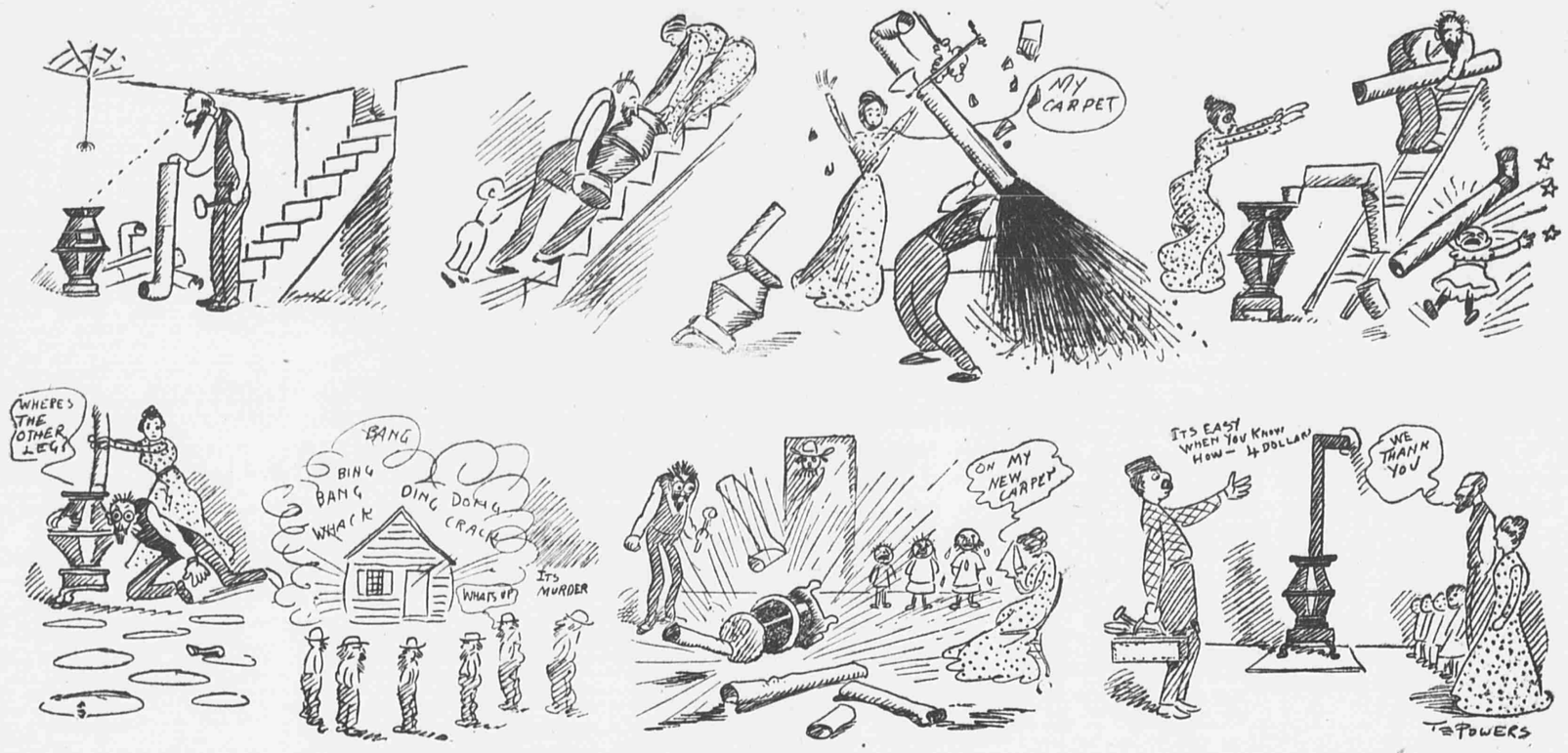
While Justice Truax has been bending his mental energies to the comprehension of musical motifs in the Herbert libel suit Magistrate Meade has been called on to settle a question of dispute which might well tax the shrewdness of a Solomon. This was whether an unfinished broadcloth skirt had been sewed in a workmanlike manner, suit having been brought by Lillian Baker, a dressmaker's assistant, against her employer, Celia Trilling. The Magistrate decided that the sewing was properly done and that payment should be made for the half day's work on the skirt.

A judge involved in the intricacies of lock stitch and automatic, flare, gore, habit back, &c., would appear to be treading on dangerous ground. Such questions require all the subtleties of the feminine mind for elucidation and masculine knowledge confesses its limitations. If the defendant desires to appeal her case to a higher court she may allege the absence of expert testimony and the Court's assumption of erudition ultra vires and demand a trial before a jury of her peers. A magistrate's law may be all right where his acquaintance with the mysteries of the feminine wardrobe is such as to excite the commiseration of the fair sex.

Aerial Navigation.—Knowledge of aerial navigation has reached the point where it is possible to issue in a large octavo volume "A Practical Hand-Book on the Construction of Dirigible Balloons, Aerostats, Aeroplanes and Aerromotors." The reader who has mastered all its contents claim to be able to fly.

Mr. Commuter Tries Putting Up a Stove in His Villa

With Disastrous Results, Pictured by Artist Powers.



The moral of this sad stove-erecting experience, which many others besides Mr. Commuter have had, is that it is a wise father of a family who knows his last winter's stove well enough to put it up this fall without bringing down a wagon-load of trouble upon his buzzing and bewildered head.

TOO MANY CHANGES.

Jinx—Have you got a good domestic up at your house now?

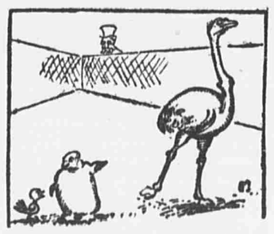
Blinx—Well, I'm not sure. You see I haven't been home for two hours.

LAST RESORT.

Mrs. Cackle—You're getting to talk in your sleep.

Mr. Cackle—Have to; it's the only chance I get.

PRIDE.



Chick—What's Old Legs putting on such airs about?

Auk—He's swallowed a piece of coal.

COMING CONTROVERSY.

Eminent Scientist (in museum)—"Now the question is, May it not be an imitation?"

HAD TO DO IT.

Algy—Spwaying youah vest with wose watah, Bertie?

Bertie—No; with gasoline, old chappie. You see, I must make folks think I own an automobile.

SHE'S ALL THE WORLD TO ME—A LOVE STORY—BY HALL CAINE.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Christian Mylrea, son of a local Manx Magistrate, returns home after a six years' stay in England. A girl named Mona Cregeen appears in the neighborhood at the same time, with her mother and little sister, Ruby. Mona is secretly loved by Danny Fayle, a simple-minded youth, nephew of Bill Kisseck, admiral of the local fishing fleet. Mona is employed in Kinvig's net factory, where Christian manages to secure an interview with her. The two are evidently old acquaintances. He begs her to leave the town. She refuses.

Christian meets a stranger who has something to reveal to the young man's father. He induces the stranger to delay his revelation for a time. Christian becomes involved in a mysterious enterprise with a gang of ruffians of whom Kisseck is chief.

This scheme is to lure a merchant vessel onto the rocks and loot it. Mona hears that Christian has refused to go on the expedition. She therefore warns the authorities. Afterward Christian, being threatened by the mysterious stranger, decides in despair to join Kisseck. The wreckers have already set out when Mona learns of this.

CHAPTER IV.

Strong Knots of Love.

AT 6 o'clock the night had closed in. It was as black as ink. In the cottage on the "brew" a bright turf fire was burning, and it filled the kitchen with a ruddy glow. Mona was standing at a table cutting slices of bread and butter.

A white face, with eyes full of fear, looked in at the dark window. It was Danny Fayle. "Come in," said Mona; but he would not come. He must speak with her outside. She went out to him. He was trembling with excitement. He told her that Kerruish Kinvig had returned and brought with him the men from Castle Rushen. There were eight of them. They had been across to the old castle and had opened a vault in St. Patrick's chapel. There they had found rolls of thread lace, casks of wines and spirits and boxes of tea. This was not important, but Danny had one fact to communicate which made Mona's excitement almost equal to his own. In a single particular the arrangement suggested by herself and agreed upon with Mylrea the magistrate had been altered. Instead of the whole eight men going over to the castle, four only, with Kinvig as guide, were to be stationed there. The other four were to be placed on the hill side above Bill Kisseck's house to watch it.

This change was an unexpected and almost fatal blow to a scheme which Mona had all day been concocting for the relief of the men on the Ben-my-Chree from the meshes in which she herself had imprisoned them.

"Did you say that Mr. Kinvig is to be with the men in the castle?"

"Yes," said Danny.

"Is Mr. Mylrea to be with the others above your uncle's house?"

"No. They wanted him, but he was too old, he was sayin', and went off to find Christian and send him to be a guide to the strangers."

"That is very good," said Mona, "and we can manage it yet. Danny, do you go off to the castle—the tide is down you can ford it can't you?"

"If I'm quick. It's on the turn."

"Go at once. The men are not there now, are they?"

"No, they came across half an hour ago."

"Good. They'll return to the castle just before nine. Go you at this moment. Ford it, and they'll see no boat. Hide yourself among the ruins—in the guard room—in the long passage—in the cell under the cathedral—in the sally-port—among the rocks outside—anywhere—and wait until the Castle Rushen men arrive. As soon as they are landed and out of sight, get you down to where they have moored their boat, jump into it and pull away. That will cut off five of the nine, and keep them prisoners on the Castle Rock until to-morrow morning's ebb tide."

"But where am I to go in the boat?" asked Danny.

Mona came closer. "Isn't it true," she whispered, "that Kisseck and the rest of them go frequently to the creek that they call the Lockjaw?"

"How did you know it, Mona?"

"Never mind now, Danny. Do you pull down to the Lockjaw; run ashore there; climb the brow above, and wait."

"Wait?—why? until when?"

"Danny, from the head of the Lockjaw you can see the light on the end of the pier. I've been there myself and know you can. Keep your eye fixed on that light."

"Yes, yes; well, well?"

"The moment you see the light go down on the pier—no matter when—no matter what else has happened—do you that instant set fire to the gorse about you. Fire it here, there, everywhere, as if were the night of May-day."

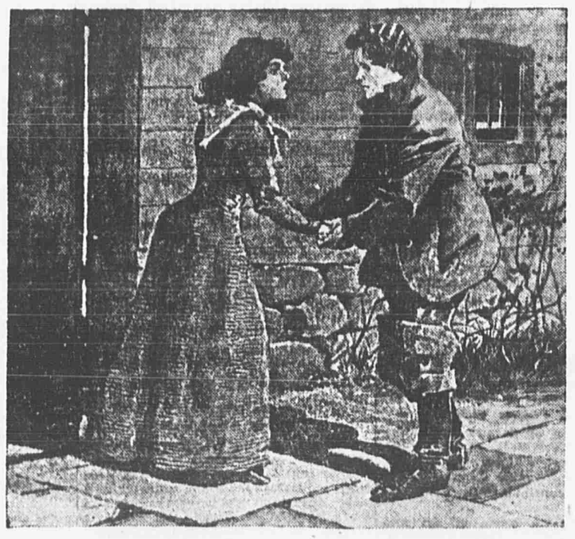
"Yes; what then?"

"Then creep down to the shore, and wait again."

"What will happen, Mona?"

"This—Kisseck and the men with him will see your light over the Lockjaw, and guess that it is a signal of danger. If they have half wit they'll know that it must be meant for them. Then they'll jump into their boats and pull down to you."

HOPELESS LOVE.



"DON'T LOOK LIKE THAT!" HE CRIED, IN A VOICE THAT WENT TO THE GIRL'S HEART LIKE AN ARROW.

"When they come, what am I to say?"

"Say that the police from Castle Rushen are after them; that four are cut off in the castle, and four more are on the Horse Hill above Contrary. Tell them to get back, every man of them, to Kisseck's house as fast as their legs will carry them."

Danny's intelligence might be sluggish at ordinary moments, but to-night it was suddenly charged with a ready man's swiftness and insight. "But the Castle Rushen men on the Horse Hill will see the burning gorse," he said.

"True—ah, yes, Danny, that's tr—. I have it! I have it!" exclaimed the girl. "There are two paths from the Lockjaw to Kisseck's house. I walked both of them with Ruby, yesterday. One goes above the open shaft of the old lead mine, the other below it. Tell the men to take the low road—the low road; be sure you say the low road—and if the police see your fire I'll send them along the high road, and so they will pass with a cliff between them. That's it, thank God. You understand me, Danny? Are you quite sure you understand everything—every little thing?"

"Yes, I do," said the lad, with the energy of a man.

He was a new being. His former self seemed in that hour to drop from him like a garment.

Mona looked at him in the dim light shot through the window from the fire and for an instant her heart smote her. What was she doing with this lad? What was he doing for her? Love was her pole-star. What was his? Only the blank self-abandonment of despair. For love of Christian she was risking all this. But the wild force that inspired the heart of this simple lad was love for her who loved another.

"Danny," she murmured, with plaintive tenderness, "it is wrong of me to ask you to do this for me—very, very wrong."

She caught both his hands with a passionate grasp. "Danny," she murmured again, "if there was another name for love that is not"——

She stopped, but her eyes were close to his.

He turned. "Don't look like that," he cried, in a voice that went to the girl's heart like an arrow.

She dropped his hands. She trembled and glowed. "Oh, my own heart will break," she said; "to love and not be loved, to be loved and not to love"——

"Danny," she murmured once more in tones of endearment, and again she grasped his hands. Their eyes met. The longing, yearning look in hers answered to the wild glare in his.

"Don't look at me like that," he repeated, with the same low moan.

Mona felt as if that were the last she was ever to see of the lad in this weary world. He loved her with all his great, broken, bleeding heart. Her lips quivered. Then the brave, fearless, stainless girl put her quivering lips to his.

To Danny that touch was as fire. With a passionate cry he flung his arms about her. For an instant her head lay on his breast. "Now go," she whispered, and broke from his embrace.

* * *

Danny tore himself away with heart and brain aflame. Were they to meet again? Yes. For one terrible and perilous moment they were yet to stand face to face.

Mona hurried on. Her immediate destination was the net factory. There she found the company of nine or ten men. She was taken into the midst of them. "This is the young woman," shouted Kerruish Kinvig; "and when some of you fellows," he added, "have been police for fifty years, and are grown gray in the service, you may do worse than come here and go to school to this girl of two-and-twenty."

There was some superior and depreciatory laughter, and then Mona was required to repeat what she knew. When she had done so she did not wait for official instructions. She quietly and resolutely announced her intention of going on to the cliff-head above Contrary with a lantern in hand. When the light on the pier was run down by the fishing-boat, she would light her lantern and turn it toward the castle as a sign to the men in hiding there. The determination and decision of this girl brooked no question. The police agreed to her scheme. And had she not been the root and origin of all their movements, and the sole cause that they were there at all?

But Mona had yet another proposal, and to herself this last was the most vital of all. The four men who were to watch Bill Kisseck's house must have a guide, or by their lumbering movements they would awaken suspicion, and the birds would be frightened, and not snared. Christian had not been found. "He's off to Ramsey, no doubt," suggested Kinvig. "I'll be guide to you myself," said Mona. "I'll take you to the Head, place you there, and then go off to my own station."

Half an hour passed, and Mona was on the cliff-head. She had so placed the four men that they could not see her own position or know whether she duly and promptly lit her lantern or not. The night was still very dark.

Mona saw the boat leave the shore that carried Kinvig and his four assistants across the strait to the castle.

Now everything depended on Danny. Had the lad wit enough to comprehend all her meaning? Even if so, was it in human nature to do so much as she expected him to do from no motive but such as sprang from hopeless love? God brighten the lad's dense intellect for this night at least! Heaven ennoble our poor, selfish, uncertain human nature for one brief hour!

Mona strained her ear for the splash of an oar. Danny ought to be stirring now. But no; Mona could hear nothing but the murmur of the waters on the pebbles and their distant boom in the bay.

Look! Coming up to the west coast of the castle were the sails of a fishing-boat silhouetted against the leaden sky. It was a lugger. Mona could see both mainmast and mizzen with mainsail and yawl. It was the Ben-my-Chree. Christian was there, and he was in deadly peril. She herself had endangered his liberty and life. The girl was almost beside herself with terror.

But look again! Though no sound of oars could reach her, she could now see the clear outline of a boat scudding through the lighter patch of water just inside the castle's shadow. It was Danny! God bless and keep him on earth and in heaven! How the lad rowed. Light as the dip of a feather, and swift as the eagle flies! Bravely, Danny, bravely!

The fishing boat had disappeared. Yes, her sails were gone. But out at sea, far out, half a league away—what black thing was there? Oh, it must be a cloud; that was all. No doubt a storm was brewing. No, no! it was looming larger and larger, and it was nearer than she had thought. It was—yes, it was a sail. There could be no doubt of it now. The merchantman was outside, and she was less than half a mile away.

Bill Kisseck and the three men who were to go ashore on the west of the Castle Isle must now have landed. Christian was one of them. Within fifty yards five men lay in wait to capture them. See, the Ben-my-Chree was fetching away to leeward. She was doubling the island rock and coming into harbor. How awkwardly the man at the tiller was tacking. That was a ruse, lest he was watched. To Mona the suspense of the moment was terrible. The very silence was awful. She felt an impulse to scream.

(To Be Continued.)

A FEW REMARKS

Perhaps it's only natural an anthracite strike should die hard.

Aldermen, public, press, &c., may make it impossible for Sturgis to "avoid the Rush."

"I've caught this car company in an awful fib. They claim to carry 60,000,000 passengers a year."

"Well, where's the falsehood in that?"

"Why, there's only about 3,000,000 people in the city."

An owner took his racehorse in a van
To move her from one race track to another.
In the fond hope (considerate young man!)
The strain upon her equine nerves to smother.
Most horses in this sanitary age
When to the wagon-riding game they pass
Have generally gotten to the stage
When nerves are counted in the "Has Been" class.

The new Ethiopean opera whose librettist, composer and performers all are negroes cannot be said to lack local color.

The wretched weather fails to make a hit.
Folks mention it in terms well-nigh profane.
In fact the hard things that are said of it
Are not the sort to make the weather-vane.

Mary MacLane, ere she re-trekked to Butte, made the valedictory remark that the East is "surprisingly slow to recognize genius." Now, as the East recognized Mary on sight, you can draw any old conclusion you choose.

"Now, children, can any of you tell me why the lions didn't injure Daniel?"

"Because they didn't have press agents in those days."

Mrs. Blowit—This paper says Europe's yearly military expenditures are $1,050,000.

Mr. Blowit—They'll equal your millinery expenditures if they aren't careful.

The King of Siam wants to come here. America is becoming for royalty what Paris used to be to "good Americans."

If only we lived in the good old ante-bellum days, what a pretty little exhibition of hectic gunplay we might expect when Hill and Odell chance to meet!

"Love is blind, papa."

"I suppose that's why you and Cholly don't take the trouble to turn up the gas in the drawing-room."

"I confess you have good, patrician blood, but it isn't good enough to counterbalance all my millions."

"Oh, you think yourself too rich for my blood, eh?"

A rabbit's foot, they say, brings luck,
And gambler's oft adore it.
But somehow the charm failed to work
For the rabbit that once wore it.

With Prince Chowfa Maha Vajivudh here and King Chulalongkorn imminent, the man named Smith will soon be looked on as a monument of Jeffersonian simplicity.

"His voice was worn to a shred."

"Was he a political howler or a barber?"

The coal consumers would probably strike, too, if they had the ghost of a show of winning.

The man who casts free, independent votes,
Scrawled on his cuff these few emphatic notes:
"My life is one delightsome dream,
A dream of popularity.
In fact, just now, I really seem
To be the 'favorite charity.'
Men who last spring would pass me by
Or nod at me elusively,
Now view me with a tender eye
And grip my hand effusively.
My daily drinks (that I of yore
Had far less treats than days for)
Are given me in numbers more
Than I've interior space for.
They cheer my witticisms lonely;
I put on so much spaniel
That I 'most think I am the only
Lion after Daniel.
In fact my hard lines all are past,
Folks vow I am perfection.
And this fine state of things will last
(Till day after election.")

SOMEBODIES.

COLEMAN, BISHOP—of Delaware, yearly puts on old clothes and takes a tramp some 200 miles in duration, travelling incognito and mingling with the country people as a wanderer.

HIRTH, PROF.—who teaches Chinese at Columbia, says the language is easy to learn, but that pupils need not hope to talk freely with laundrymen at the end of a few weeks.

GIBBS, PROF. J. W.,—of Yale, has been honored with the degree of Mathematical Doctor by Christiania University, Norway.

LOCKHARD, C. A.—and J. O. Nye, two Syracuse (N. Y.) youths, have been adopted as regular members of the Seneca Indian tribe.

MILES, GEN.—while stopping at a Hawaiian hotel, on his way to the Philippines, was robbed of a bag containing valuable documents, jewelry and cash.

MME. JUDICE.

Mme. Judice's department, in which she gives advice to home dressmakers, will be found on another page of to-day's Evening World.