WORLD'S HOME MAGAZINE.

Hall Caine's Story

A Beautiful Romance in Which Love and Sacrifice Are Tenderly Blended.

"SHE'S ALL THE WORLD TO ME."

Mona Cregeen's Long Wait for Love to Blossom Anew in Christian Mulrea's Heart.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ETERNAL CITY."

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 Kenvig'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.

She proposes to Danny a plan to save the party and baffle the police. The boy agrees, through love of her.

CHAPTER V.

In the Hour of Peril.

WHAT about Danny? Had he reached the Lockjaw?

He must have rowed like a man possessed to be there already. The Ben-my-Chree would sweep into harbor at the next tack. Could Danny get up on to the pier in time to see the lamp on the pier go down?

Bravo! Mona's heart leaps to her mouth. There is a light on the Lockjaw Head! Thank God and poor, dear Danny forever and ever!

And now, the lamp down, the gorse burning, the merchantman drawing nearer and nearer, what must Mona herself do? She had promised to give the sign to the men in the castle the instant the light on the pier was run down. Then they would know that it was not too soon to pounce down on Kisseck and his men, with part of their plot—the least dangerous part, but still a punishable part—carried into effect.

If she were to light her lantern now, she might save the merchantman; but then Christian would be pounced upon and taken. If she were hot to light her lantern soon the ship would be gored to pieces on the Castle Isle, and perhaps all hands would be lost. What was Mona to do? The tension was terrible.

She strode up and down the hillside—up and down, up and down.

Four minutes at least had gone. Mona had decided to light her lantern, come what would or could. She was in the act of doing so, when she heard footsteps on the cliff behind her. The four strangers had seen the light on the pier go down.

Mona, in a fever of excitement, affected certain knowledge that Kisseck's men must be captured. She recommended the police to go down to the shore and wait quietly for their friends. But at that moment they caught sight of Danny's fire on the Lockjaw Head. They suspected mischief, and declared their intention of going off to it.

At the same moment Mona's quicker eyes, now preternaturally quick, caught sight of a boat clearing the west coast of the Castle Rock, and sailing fast towards the Lockjaw. It was Christian's boat. Again Mona felt an impulse to scream.

And now there came loud shouts from the castle.

Mona thought she would have laughed yet louder and longer had she dared. But the police were still with her, and the desire to laugh was quickly swallowed up in fresh fear. She took the strangers to the high path that led to the Lockjaw. "Follow this," she said, "and take no other, as you value your limbs and necks." She told them to be very careful as they passed the open shaft of the old lead mine. It would lie three yards on their right. Away they went.

What had happened to the merchantman? She had seen danger, and was already beating down the bay. She and her crew were safe. Putting down the lantern on the hill side, Mona ran with all speed to Kisseck's cottage. In the darkness she almost stumbled down the little precipice on to the back of the roof. Running round the path, she pushed her way into the house. Bridget Kisseck, Bill's wife, was there. In breathless haste Mona told the woman that the police were after Kisseck and his friends; urged her to get pipes, tobacco, cards, ale, spirits and the like on the table. The men would be here in three minutes. They must make pretense that they had never been out.

What was happening to Danny at the Lockjaw Creek?

It was then, and not till then, that the thought came to him, "What am I here for?" What for? Who for? Why? It was a moment of blank bewilderment. Then in an instant, as if by a flash of lightning, everything became plain. Mona, Christian, Ruby—these three, linked together for the first time in the lad's mind, flashed the truth, the fact, the secret upon him.

Yes, Danny knew now why he was there. It was to save the life of the man who was beloved by the woman whom he loved.

The world seemed in that moment to crumble beneath his feet. He dropped his eyes in deep self-abasement, but he raised them again in self-sacrifice and unselfish love. There was no doubt as to what he should do. No, not even now, with the life of Christian in the palm of his hand. Some power above himself controlled him. "For her sake," he whispered. "Oh, for her sake, for all," he murmured, and at that moment the light on the pier went down.

He struck his matches and lit the gorse.

In five minutes the dingy of the Ben-my-Chree shot into the creek, and four men leaped ashore. One was Kisseck, another Christian, and the other two were Paul Corteen and Luke Killip. All were violently agitated.

"What for is all this, you young devil?" cried Kisseck.

And Kisseck struck the lad, and he fell. Danny got up strangely quiet, strangely calm, with great wide eyes, and a face that no man could look on without fear. Kisseck trembled before it, but—from dread alone and without waiting for a word of explanation—he raised his hand once more.

Christian interposed. Danny told his story; how the police were on the cliff-head as well as the island; how they would certainly make for this spot; how Mona Cregeen would send them along the high path; and how they—Kisseck, Christian, and the others—were to take the low path, get back with all haste to the cottage and make pretense that they had never been out.

Christian started away. He had climbed the precipitous cliff-head in a minute, the others following.

"Come on," cried Christian, and he set off to run. He speedily outran the rest, and they lost sight of him.

The two paths that lead to the Lockjaw came together within a hundred yards at the end. In the darkness, in the confusion, in the turmoil of soul, Christian missed the lower path and followed the higher one. He did not realize his mistake. Running at his utmost speed, however, he heard footsteps in front of him. They were coming toward him. They were the footsteps of the police. Christian was uncertain what to do. For himself he cared little. But he thought of his father, of Mona, of little Ruby, and their life and fame were dear.

The cliff was on the right of him, as he supposed, the sea on the left. He reckoned that he must be near to Kisseck's cottage now. Perhaps he could reach it before the men came up to it. They were drawing very close. Along the higher path Christian ran at his utmost speed.

Ah! here is the cottage, nearer than he had expected. He must have run faster than he supposed. In the uncertain light Christian sees what he takes to be the old quarry. There is no time to go round by the road and in at the front. He must leap down the back of the shallow quarry, light on the thatch, and lie there for a minute until the men have passed.

He runs, he leaps, but—he has jumped down the open shaft of the old disused lead mine.

Meantime Kisseck and Danny Fayle, with Corteen and Killip, found the low path and followed it. When they got to the angle of the roads and turned down the footpath in front of the house they passed Mona. As they entered, "Who was that woman?" said Kisseck.

"Mona," answered Danny.

"Curse her. I'll lay my soul that craythur is at the bottom of it all."

Danny's dilated eyes flashed fire. But he was otherwise outwardly quiet and calm.

"Where's that other fellow—Christian?" said Kisseck. "He has led me into all this cursed mess."

"That's a lie," said Danny, with the color gone from his cheeks.

Kisseck walked across to him with uplifted arm. Never flinching, the lad waited for the blow. Kisseck dropped his hand. Curling his lip in biting mockery, he said, "What for is that devil strowing around here?"

One bright spot of blood came into the lad's face, and as he drew in his breath it went through his teeth.

"I knew it," Kisseck said. "I knew she was in it. But I'll punish her. Out of the way, you idiot waiter!"

There was a hurried step on the road outside.

Danny put his back to the door. His eyes melted, and he cried beseechingly—

"You'll not do that, Uncle Bill?"

"Out of the road, you young pauper," cried Kisseck; and he took hold of Danny and thrust him aside.

"You shall not do it," screamed the lad, running to the hearth and snatching up a poker.

All Danny's natural quiet had forsaken him.

There was a knock at the door, and an impatient footstep to and fro.

Kisseck walked into an inner room, and came back with a pistol in his hand.

Danny was standing again with his back to the door. He had a poker in his hand. Kisseck put the pistol on a table, and closed with Danny to push him aside. There was a terrible struggle. Amid curses from Kisseck and shouts from Corteen and Killip, the poker was wrenched from Danny's grasp and thrown on the floor. The lad himself was dragged away from the door, and the bolt was drawn.

Then in an instant Danny rushed to the table and picked up the pistol. There was a flash, a deafening explosion, a shriek, a heavy fall, and Kisseck rolled on the floor dead.

Danny staggered back to the door, the hot pistol still in his hand. He was petrified.

Then, once more, there came a knock at the door against which Danny leaned.

Another knock. No answer. Another—louder. Still no reply.

"Bridget," cried a voice from without. It was Mona's voice.

"Bridget, they are coming. Tell the men to go off to sea."

None spoke or moved. The latch was lifeted, but in vain.

"Bridget — Christian — Christian!" — (knocking continued).

"Kisseck—Kisseck—Bill Kisseck—Bill!"

At last one of the men found his voice:

"Bill is gone to bed," he said, hoarsely.

(To Be Continued.)

THE VAIN WARNING.

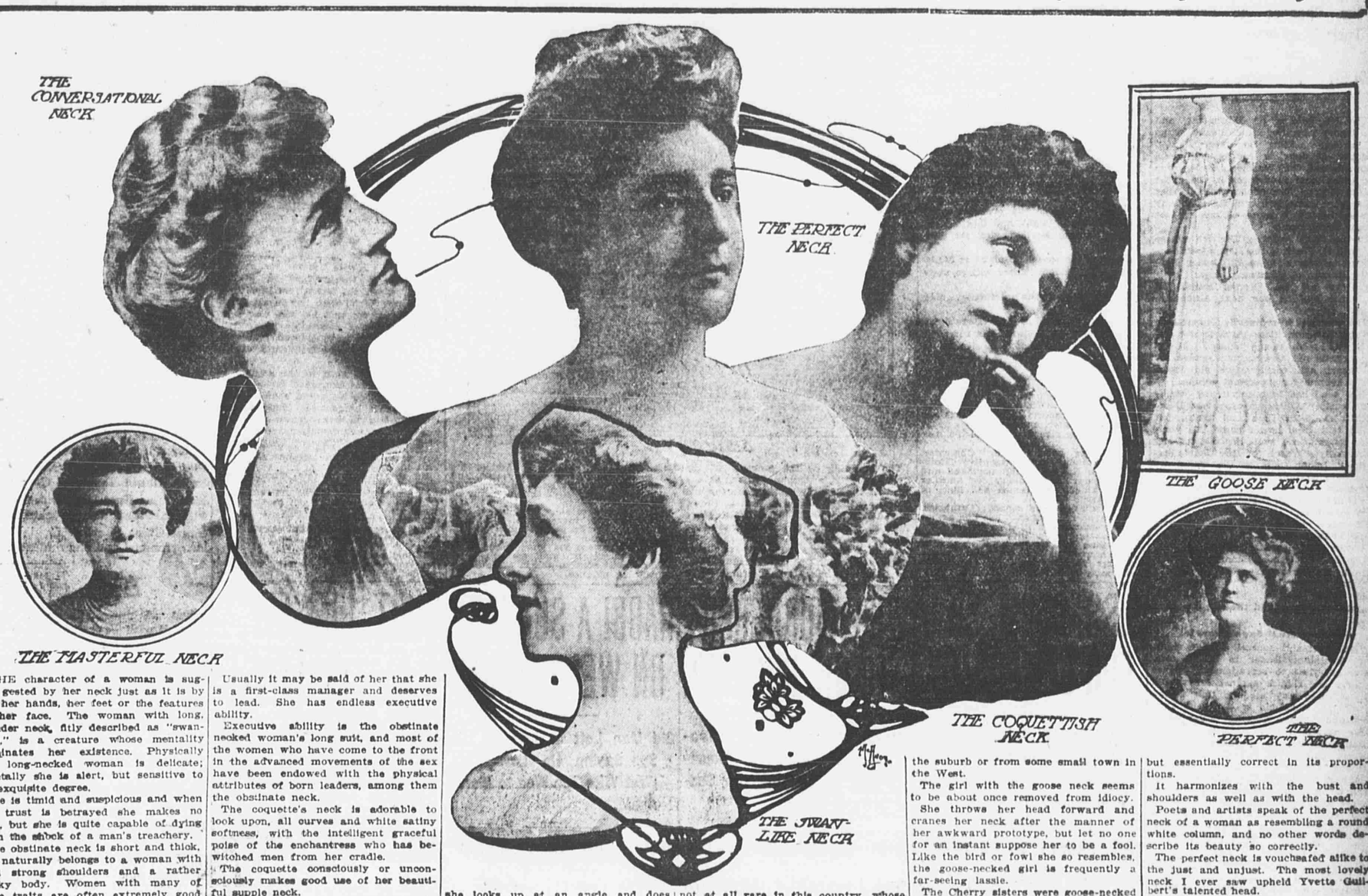
"THEY ARE COMING! TELL THE MEN TO GO OFF TO SEA!"

SEVENTH ARTICLE OF SERIES.

HOW TO READ YOUR SWEETHEART'S TRAITS.

YOUR NECK TELLS ITS OWN STORY.

BY HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.



THE character of a woman is suggested by her neck just as it is by her hands, her feet or the features of her face. The woman with long, slender neck, fitly described as "swan-like," is a creature whose mentality dominates her existence. Physically the long-necked woman is delicate; mentally she is alert, but sensitive to an exquisite degree.

She is timid and suspicious and when her trust is betrayed she makes no sign, but she is quite capable of dying from the shock of a man's treachery.

The obstinate neck is short and thick, and naturally belongs to a woman with good strong shoulders and a rather stocky body. Women with many of those traits are often extremely good natured, but it will be observed that usually they carry a point.

A woman with the obstinate neck has a round head and good health; ninety-nine times she is the master spirit of the home she abides in.

Usually it may be said of her that she is a first-class manager and deserves to lead. She has endless executive ability.

Executive ability is the obstinate necked woman's long suit, and most of the women who have come to the front in the advanced movements of the sex have been endowed with the physical attributes of born leaders, among them the obstinate neck.

The coquette's neck is adorable to look upon, all curves and white satiny softness, with the intelligent graceful poise of the enchantress who has bewitched men from her cradle.

The coquette consciously or unconsciously makes good use of her beautiful supple neck.

She tosses her head frequently from side to side, and rarely when talking to men does she hold her flower-like head erect.

While she talks she holds her head sidewise, and when she does not speak she looks up at an angle and does slaughter with her matchless eyes.

The neck of the conversationalist, the woman of wit and also of amiability, may be short or rather long, but is almost always in harmony with the shoulders and head. Such necks are not at all rare in this country, whose women are perhaps better talkers than their sisters of other lands.

The goose neck, confounded frequently by amateurs with the swan neck or throat, is the property of an idiotic appearing maid who hails frequently from the suburb or from some small town in the West.

The girl with the goose neck seems to be about once removed from idiocy.

She throws her head forward and cranes her neck after the manner of her awkward prototype, but let no one for an instant suppose her to be a fool. Like the bird or fowl she so resembles, the goose-necked girl is frequently a far-seeing lassie.

The Cherry sisters were goose-necked sisters par excellence. They knew they looked like fools and they traded on their very appearance of utter senselessness.

The perfect neck is rarely seen.

It is rather long, certainly not short, but essentially correct in its proportions.

It harmonizes with the bust and shoulders as well as with the head.

Poets and artists speak of the perfect neck of a woman as resembling a round white column, and no other words describe its beauty so correctly.

The perfect neck is vouchsafed alike to the just and unjust. The most lovely neck I ever saw upheld Yvette Guilbert's talented head.

WE UNDERSTAND.

We understand a man never gets so bald that he doesn't care to be asked if he won't have a nice shampoo to-day.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Letters, Questions and Answers.

It Cannot Be Done.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

A man has twenty horses and five stalls, and he wants to put an odd number of horses in each stall. How can he do it? DAILY READER.

Children as Caddies.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In answer to The Evening World editorial of October 20th, if the golf players wish to fracture each other's heads let them do it. But the law should be enforced prohibiting golf clubs from employing small children as caddies on the golf links. My boy, ten years of age, was struck in the eye with a golf ball driven by a minister and had his eye destroyed as well as being disfigured for life. Another minister qualified as a golf expert and testified in court that there was not a safe place on the golf field, and when a child assumed the role of caddie he assumed all the risks and responsibilities that went with the game.

A verdict of no cause for action was the result. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children should look after children caddies.

ROBERT O. HAGAN,
Upper Nyack, N. Y.

Hallowe'en and Its Games.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

On what date does Hallowe'en fall?

HOWARD FICKEN.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Kindly let me know how to make a Hallowe'en party enjoyable. What are some good games or tricks?

A. B., Jersey City, N. J.

Hallowe'en falls on Oct. 31. The most interesting games connected with the festival are given below:

To find out if your sweetheart is faithful put three nuts upon the bars of the grate, naming them after three lovers. If a nut crack or jump the lover will prove fickle; if it blaze he has a regard for the person making the trial. If two nuts named after a girl and her lover burn together they will be married.

Throwing the paring of an apple backward over the shoulder reveals the name of one's future husband in the initial formed by the paring.

Another custom of this kind is that of eating an apple before a looking-glass to discover one's fate staring over the shoulder into the mirror.

Ducking for apples afloat in a bowl of water is a popular Hallowe'en custom, but has no superstitious significance attached to it.

Plucking the kale or cabbage stalk is a Hallowe'en rite with which most people are familiar. The assembled company goes blindfolded to the cabbage patch, where each plucks a stalk. According as the stalk is big or little, straight or crooked, so shall be the future husband or wife.

The ceremony of the three dishes is also well known. Two of these receptacles are filled respectively with foul and clean water. The third is left empty. They are arranged on the hearth, and, blindfold, each guest advances and dips his fingers into one. The selection of the clean water signifies a maiden or bachelor, the foul water a widow or widower, and the empty dish celibacy.

MAY MANTON
DAILY DRESS HINT.

HANDSOME DINNER GOWN.

The handsome dinner or reception gown illustrated shows Louisine silk, in gobelin blue, with bands of blue satin-faced cloth, yoke of panne and trimming of lace in the tawny shade known as Arab.

Material required for the medium size is: For waist 3¼ yards 21 inches wide, 3¼ yards 27 inches wide, or 1⅞ yards 44 inches wide, with ⅝ yard of panne for yoke and cuffs and 1¼ yards of all-over lace to trim as illustrated; for skirt, 11 yards 21 inches wide, 9¼ yards 27 inches wide or 5 yards 44 inches wide.

Waist pattern 4263 in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust will be mailed for 10 cents.

Skirt pattern 4247 in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist will be mailed for 10 cents.

Send money to "Cashier, The World, Pulitzer Building, New York City."

THIS WILL INTEREST MOTHERS.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, successfully used by Mother Gray, for years a nurse in the Children's Home in New York, Cure Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and destroy Worms. They are so pleasant to the taste and harmless as milk. Children like them. Over 10,000 testimonials of cures. *They never fail.* Sold by all druggists, 25c. *Ask to-day.* Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

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For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

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"THE NINETY AND NINE."
Prices: 25.50.75.$1. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2; Eve. 8.

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TO-NIGHT AT 8.15
ANNUAL ENGAGEMENT OF
MR. CHAUNCEY OLCOTT
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Old Limerick Town.
By Augustus Pitou, manager.
HEAR OLCOTT'S NEW SONGS.

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METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE.
ONE PERFORMANCE ONLY.
SATURDAY EVE., NOV. 1,
at 9 P. M., VAUDEVILLE MONSTER and at 11 P. M., CAKE WALK.
Under Auspices of the THEATRICAL BUSINESS MEN'S CLUB.
Weber & Fields, Fay Templeton, Peter F. Dailey, James T. Powers, Alice Fischer, Pat Rooney, John T. Kelly, Jack Slavin, Katie Barry, W. G. Kelly, Amy Ames, Neva Aymar, Etta Butler, Louis Harrison, William Norris, Harry Le Van, William Gould, Edwin Arden, Arthur Dunn, John Henshaw, Rachel Booth, Dan Daly, Helen Marvin, Clara Palmer, Emma Francis, William West, W. H. Lawton, Three Osnatos, Snits Edwards, Alice Shaw and Her Twin Daughters. Hassan Ben Ali Troupe of Arabs. Orchestra under direction of Gustave Kerker. William Harris, Master of Ceremonies. Seats and Boxes on Sale at Box Office, Metropolitan Opera-House, To-Morrow, Oct. 28, 9 A. M. Prices of seats, $3, $2 and $1, according to location.
The Rogers Bros., Sam Barnard, Edna Wallace Hopper, Thomas Evans, Charles Bigelow, Bessie Clayton, Thos. Q. Seabrooke, Geo. Fuller Golden, Hattie Williams, Maude Raymond, Amelia Bingham, Henry Dixey, Katherine Grey, William Collier, Grace Freeman, Adele Ritchie, Lee Harrison, Louise Allen, Melville Stewart, Marie Cahill, Edith St. Clair, Hallen Mostyn, Emily Morton, Jennie Yeamans, Marshall P. Wilder, Conroy & McDonald, Grovine & Murray, Moung Toon Trio, George Honey.

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BELASCO THEATRE B'way, 42d. Ev. 8. Mat. Saty. EXTRA MATINEE ELECTION DAY. David Belasco presents for a limited season Mrs. LESLIE CARTER in his play, DU BARRY.

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NEW WEST END THEATRE, Mon., Nov. 3 125TH ST., ONE BLOCK WEST OF 8TH AVE. Mats. Election Day, Wed. & Sat. Seats now ready ALICE FISCHER in MRS. JACK. Prices 25, 50, 75, 1.00. Family Mats. Wed., 25 & 50c.

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HARLEM OPERA HOUSE. Evg. 8.15 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2.15. AMELIA BINGHAM "A Modern Magician." Pop. Prices. Wed. Mat. Every Sunday Night—Vaudeville Concert.

New York, B'way, 45 st. Ev. 8.15. Mat. Wed. & Sat. Prices, 25c., 50c., $1.00. Wed. Mats., 25c. & 50c. CARL HAGENBECK'S TRAINED ANIMALS.

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