

SERIAL STORY

THE MAKER OF MOONS

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CHAPTER I.

Concerning Yue-Laou and the Xin I know nothing more than you shall know. I am miserably anxious to clear the matter up. Perhaps what I write may save the United States government money and lives, perhaps it may arouse the scientific world to action; at any rate it will put an end to the terrible suspense of two people. Certainty is better than suspense.

If the government dares to disregard the warning and refuses to send a thoroughly equipped expedition at once, the people of the state may take swift vengeance on the whole region and leave a blackened, devastated waste where to-day forest and flowering meadow land border the lake in the Cardinal Woods.

You already know part of the story; the New York papers have been full of alleged details. This much is true: Barris caught the "Shiner," red-handed, or rather yellow handed, for his pockets and boots and dirty fists were stuffed with lumps of gold. I say gold advisedly. You may call it what you please. You also know how Barris was—but unless I begin at the beginning of my own experiences you will be none the wiser after all.

On the 3d of August of this present year I was standing in Tiffany's chatting with George Godfrey of the designing department. On the glass counter between us lay a coiled serpent, an exquisite specimen of chiseled gold.

"No," replied Godfrey to my question, "it isn't my work; I wish it was. Why, man, it's a masterpiece!"

"Whose?" I asked.

"Now, I should be very glad to know also," said Godfrey. "We bought it from an old jay who says he lives in the country somewhere about the Cardinal Woods. That's near Starlit lake, I believe—"

"Lake of the Stars?" I suggested.

"Some call it Starlit lake—it's all the same. Well, my rustic Reuben says that he represents the sculptor of this snake for all practical and business purposes. He got his price, too. We hope he'll bring us something more. We have sold this already to the Metropolitan museum."

I was leaning idly on the glass case, watching the keen eyes of the artist in precious metals as he stooped over the gold serpent. "A masterpiece!" he muttered to himself, fondling the glittering coil; "look at the texture! whew!" But I was not looking at the serpent. Something was moving—crawling out of Godfrey's coat pocket—the pocket nearest me—something soft and yellow with crab-like legs all covered with coarse yellow hair.

"What in heaven's name," said I, "have you got in your pocket? It's crawling out—it's trying to creep up your coat, Godfrey!"

He turned quickly and dragged the creature out with his left hand.

I shrank back as he held the repulsive object dangling before me, and he laughed and placed it on the counter.

"Did you ever see anything like that?" he demanded.

"No," said I, truthfully, "and I hope I never shall again. What is it?"

"I don't know. Ask them at the Natural History museum—they can't tell you. The Smithsonian is all at sea, too. It is, I believe, the connecting link between a sea-urchin, a spider and the devil. It looks venomous, but I can't find either fangs or mouth. Is it blind? These things may be eyes, but they look as if they were painted. A Japanese sculptor might have produced such an impossible beast, but it is hard to believe that God did. It looks unfinished, too. I have a mad idea that this creature is only one of the parts of some larger and more grotesque organism—it looks so lonely, so hopelessly dependent, so cursedly unfinished. I'm going to use it as a model. If I don't out-Japanese the Japs my name isn't Godfrey."

The creature was moving slowly across the glass case towards me. I drew back.

"Godfrey," I said, "I would execute a man who executed any such work as you propose. What do you want to perpetuate such a reptile for? I can stand the Japanese grotesque, but I can't stand that—spider—"

"It's a crab."

"Grab or spider or blind-worm—ugh! What do you want to do it for? It's a nightmare—it's unclean!"

I hated the thing. It was the first living creature that I had ever hated. For some time I had noticed a damp, acrid odor in the air, and Godfrey said it came from the reptile.

"Then kill it and bury it," I said; "and, by the way, where did it come from?"

"I don't know that, either," laughed Godfrey; "I found it clinging to the box that this gold serpent was brought in. I suppose my old Reuben is responsible."

"If the Cardinal Woods are the lurking places for things like this," said I, "I am sorry that I am going to the Cardinal Woods."

"Are you?" asked Godfrey; "for the shooting?"

"Yes, with Barris and Pierpont. Why don't you kill that creature?"

"Go off on your shooting trip and let me alone," laughed Godfrey.

I shuddered at the "crab" and bade Godfrey good-by until December.

That night Pierpont, Barris and I sat chatting in the smoking car of the Quebec express when the long train pulled out of the Grand Central depot. Old David had gone forward with the dogs; poor things, they hated to ride in the baggage car, but the Quebec & Northern road provides no sportsmen's cars, and David and the three Gordon setters were in for an uncomfortable night.

Except for Pierpont, Barris and myself the car was empty. Barris, trim, stout, ruddy and bronzed, sat drumming on the window-ledge, puffing a short fragrant pipe. His gun-case lay beside him on the floor.

"When I have white hair and years of discretion," said Pierpont, languidly, "I'll not flirt with pretty serving-maids; will you, Roy?"

"No," said I, looking at Barris.

"You mean the maid with the cap in the Pullman car?" said Pierpont.

"Yes," said Pierpont.

I smiled, for I had seen it also.

Barris twisted his crisp gray mustache and yawned.

"You children had better be toddling off to bed," he said. "That lady's maid is a member of the secret service."

"Oh," said Pierpont, "one o' your colleagues?"

"You might present us, you know," I said; "the journey is monotonous."

"Wrong! Billy Pierpont," said Barris, coolly.

"Gold was an element when I went to school," said I.

"It has not been an element for two weeks," said Barris; "and, except Gen. Drummond, Prof. La Grange and myself, you two youngsters are the only people except one in the world who know it—or have known it."

"Do you mean to say that gold is a composite metal?" said Pierpont, slowly.

"I do. La Grange has made it. He produced a scale of pure gold day before yesterday. That nugget was manufactured gold."

Could Barris be joking? Was this a colossal hoax? I looked at Pierpont. He muttered something about that setting the silver question, and turned his head to Barris, but there was that in Barris' face which forbade jesting, and Pierpont and I sat silently pondering.

"Don't ask me how it's made," said Barris, quietly; "I don't know. But I do know that somewhere in the region of the Cardinal Woods there is a gang of people who do know how gold is made, and who make it. You understand the danger this is to every civilized nation. It's got to be stopped, of course. Drummond and I have decided that I am the man to stop it. Wherever and whoever these people are—these gold-makers—they must be caught, every one of them—caught or shot."

"Or shot," repeated Pierpont, who was owner of the Cross-Cut gold mine and found his income too small; "Prof. La Grange will of course be prudent—science need not know things that would upset the world!"

"Little Willy," said Barris, laughing, "your income is safe."

"I suppose," said I, "some flaw in the nugget gave Prof. La Grange the tip."

"Exactly. He cut the flaw out before sending the nugget to be tested."



"Except for Pierpont, Barris and Myself, the Car Was Empty."

Barris had drawn a telegram from his pocket, and as he sat turning it over and over between his fingers he smiled. After a moment or two he handed it to Pierpont, who read it with slightly raised eyebrows.

"It's rot—I suppose it's cipher," he said; "I see it's signed by Gen. Drummond—"

"Drummond, chief of the government secret service," said Barris.

"Something interesting?" I inquired, lighting a cigarette.

"Something so interesting," replied Barris, "that I'm going to look into it myself—"

"And break up our shooting trio—"

"No. Do you want to hear about it? Do you, Billy Pierpont?"

"Yes," replied that immaculate young man.

Barris rubbed the amber mouth-piece of his pipe on his handkerchief, cleared the stem with a bit of wire, puffed once or twice, and leaned back in his chair.

"Pierpont," he said, "do you remember that evening at the United States club when Gen. Miles, Gen. Drummond and I were examining that gold nugget that Capt. Mahad had? You examined it also, I believe."

"I did," said Pierpont.

"Was it gold?" asked Barris, drumming on the window.

"It was," replied Pierpont.

"I saw it, too," said I; "of course it was gold."

"Prof. La Grange saw it also," said Barris; "he said it was gold."

After a silence Pierpont asked what tests had been made.

"The usual tests," replied Barris. "The United States mint is satisfied that it is gold, so is every jeweler who has seen it. But it is not gold—and yet it is gold."

Pierpont and I exchanged glances.

"Now," said I, "for Barris' usual coup de theatre; what was the nugget?"

He worked on the flaw and separated gold into its three elements.

"He is a great man," said Pierpont, "but he will be the greatest man in the world if he can keep his discovery to himself."

"Who?" said Barris.

"Prof. La Grange."

"Prof. La Grange was shot through the heart two hours ago," replied Barris, slowly.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WORKER MUST LOVE VOCATION.

First Requisite for the Attainment of Success in Any Line.

A prime qualification for success in any art, trade or profession is the love of it, though love alone will by no means bring success in it. The love must be reciprocal; that is, the vocation must desire its follower, for reasons which must remain as much a mystery to him as to any of his witnesses. "She was love-worthy," says Heine, in treating of a more passionate case, "and he loved her; but he was not love-worthy, and she loved him not." The fond youth, university-bred or self-made, may have ever so great a desire for journalism, but journalism will have no desire for him, unless he has the peculiar charm for it which commands affection in all cases. He can only prove the fact by trying and by longing to try with a longing that excludes the hope of every other reward beside the favor of the art he wishes to espouse. Riches, fame, power may be in the event, but they are not to be in the quest. The wish to succeed in it for its own sake must be his first motive, and the sense of success in it must be left to add themselves, without his striving for them. So far as he strives for them, they will alloy and dilute his journalistic success.—W. D. Howells, in Harper's Magazine.

I look upon the simple and childish virtues of veracity and honesty as the root of all that is sublime in character.—Caryle.

Peck's Bad Boy and Airship

ASSISTS AT A BUFFALO HUNT

When Pa told us that he had located a place where we could get all the wild African buffalo that we wanted, I thought of the pictures I had seen of the killing of buffalos in America, where all the buffalo hunter had to do was to ride a horse after a herd of the animals, that couldn't run faster than a yoke of oxen, pick out a big bull and ride long side of him and fire bullets into his vital parts at about ten feet range, until his liver was filled full of holes, and he had the nose bleed, and when he fell down from loss of blood, dismount and skin him for a lap robe. The American buffalo would always run away and the hunter could kill him if he had cartridges enough, and never be in any more danger than a farmer milking a cow.

I thought we would have about the same kind of experience with African buffalo, only we intended to lasso them, and bring them to camp alive for the show business, but instead of the African buffalo running away from you, he runs at you on sight, and tries to gouge out your inside works with his horns, and paws you with his hoofs, and when he gets you down he kneels down on you, and runs horns all through your system, and rolls over on your body like a setter dog rolling on an old dead fish.

The African buffalo has a grouch, as though he had indigestion, from eating cactus thorns, and when he sees a man his eyes blaze with fire, and he gets as crazy as an anarchist, and seems to combine in his makeup the habits of the hyena, the tiger, the man-eating shark and the Texas rattlesnake.

I wouldn't want such an animal for

notify Pa that he was ready to have him scare the buffalos out of the marsh and down the fence into the corral.

Pa had the gas bag all full, a mile across the marsh, tied to a tree with a slip noose, so when we all got set he could pull a string and untie the slip noose.

Well, everything worked bully, and when Pa tied her loose we went up into the air about 50 feet, and Pa steered the thing up and down the marsh like a pointer dog ranging a field for chickens.

It was the greatest sight I ever witnessed, seeing more than 200 buffalo heads raise up out of the tall grass and watch the airship, looking as savage as lions eating raw meat.

First they never moved at all, but we began to blow the honk horns, and then we yelled through the megaphones to "get out of there, you sawed-off short horns," and then they began to move away from the airship across the marsh, and we followed until they began to get into a herd, nearly on the other side of the marsh, but they only walked fast, splashing through the mud.

When we got almost across the marsh Pa said now was the time to fire the Roman candles, so we each lit our candle, and the fire and smoke and the fire balls fairly scorched the hair of the buffalos in the rear of the herd, and in a jiffy the whole herd stampeded out of the marsh right toward the fence, bellowing in African language, scared half to death, the first instance on record that an African buffalo was afraid of anything on earth.

We followed them until they got to

of the buffalos, and we let the gas out of the airship, and went into camp, right there, and Pa bossed things for about two days, until the buffalos got good and hungry, and then we backed the cages up to an opening in the fence and put hay in the far end of the cages, and the herd began to take notice.

We wanted the big bulls and some cows, and nature helped us on the bulls, 'cause they fought the weaker ones away from the cages, and walked right up the incline into the cages, and Pa went in and locked the doors, and

when we got the cages full of bulls and started to haul the cages to camp by the aid of some of the negroes who had returned alive, by Jingo, the cows followed the cages with the bulls in, and you couldn't drive them away.



Some of Those Negroes Are Running Yet, and Will No Doubt Come Out at Cairo, Egypt.

when we got the cages full of bulls and started to haul the cages to camp by the aid of some of the negroes who had returned alive, by Jingo, the cows followed the cages with the bulls in, and you couldn't drive them away.

We loaded the gas bag on to a sort of stone boat, and Pa rigged up a couple of ox yokes and in some way hypnotized a few cow buffalos, so he could drive them, and they hauled the stone boat with the airship to camp and we got there almost as soon as the cages did, and Pa was smoking as contented as though he was walking on Broadway, and with an ox gad he would larrup the oxen and say: "Haw, Buck," like a farmer driving oxen to plow a field.

Pa got his wild oxen so tame before we got to camp that they would eat hay out of his hand, and when we rounded up in our permanent camp, and looked over our stock, and killed some of the buffalos that had followed the cages, for meat for the negroes, and lit some sky rockets and fired them at the balance of the herd to drive them away from camp, the negroes, who had always had a horror of meeting wild buffalos, thought Pa was a superior being, to be able to tame a whole herd of the most savage animals, and they got down on their knees and placed their faces in the dust in front of Pa and worshiped him, and they wouldn't get up off the ground until Pa had gone around and put his feet on the necks of all the negroes in token that he acknowledged himself to be their king and protector, and the wives of the negroes all threw their arms around Pa and hugged him until he got tired, and he said he had rather fight buffalos than be hugged by half-naked negro women that hadn't had a bath since Stanley discovered them, but Pa appreciated the honor, and Mr. Hagenbach said Pa was the greatest man in the world.

The next day we shipped the buffalos to the coast, and had them sent to Berlin, and when we got the mail from headquarters there was an order for a lot more tigers, so I suppose we will be tigering as soon as the open season is on.

The idea is that we must get it all the animals we can this year, for it is rumored that Roosevelt is coming to Africa next year to shoot big game, and all of us feel that wild animals will be scarce after he has devastated Africa.

We got short of salt pork and some time ago Pa salted down some sides of rhinoceros, and yesterday was the day to open the barrel. Pa showed the cooks how to fry rhinoceros pork, and I tell you it made me hungry to smell rhinoceros frying, and with boiled potatoes and ostrich eggs, and milk gravy, made from elephant's milk, we lived high, but the next day an epidemic broke out, and they laid it to Pa's rhinoceros pork dinner, but Pa says any man who eats eight or nine fried ostrich eggs is liable to indigestion.

Gea, but this is a great country to enjoy an outing in!

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But Not Many.

Some men are so attentive to their wives that you might think they were not married.—Exchange.



Pa Had to Put His Foot on Their Necks and Acknowledge Himself Their King and Protector.

a pet, but Pa said the way to get buffalo was to go after them, and never let up until you had them under your control. So we started out under Pa's lead to capture African buffalo, and while the returns are not all in of the dead and wounded, we know that our expedition is pretty near used up.

The African buffalos live in a marsh, where the grass and cane grow high above them, and the only way you can tell where they are is to watch the birds flying around and alighting on the backs of the animals to eat wood ticks and gnats. The marsh is so thick with weeds that a man cannot go into it, so we planned to start the airship on the windward side of the marsh, after lining up the whole force of helpers, negroes and white men, and building a corral of timber on the lee side of the marsh. Pa and the cowboy and I went in the airship, with these honk-honk horns they have on automobiles, and these megaphones that are used at football games, and Pa had a bunch of Roman candles to scare the buffalos.

When the fence was done, which 50 men had worked on for a week, it run in the shape of a triangle, or a fish net, with a big corral at the middle. Mr. Hagenbach sent up a rocket to

the fence, but only about 100 got into the corral, the others going around the fence and chasing the keepers into the jungle and hooking the negroes in the pants, and some of the negroes are running yet, and will no doubt come out at Cairo, Egypt.

Mr. Hagenbach and the white men got up in trees, and watched Pa and the airship, and when we got where the fence narrowed up at the corral Pa let the airship come down to the ground, and anchored it to a stump and yelled for the boss of the expedition and the men to come down out of the trees and help capture some of the best specimens, so they came down and tore out the wings of the fence and placed them across so we had the buffalos in a pen, and then Mr. Hagenbach, who had been getting a little jealous of Pa, came up to him and shook his hand and told him he was a wonder in the capturing of wild animals, and Pa said don't mention it, and Pa took the makings and made himself a cigarette and smoked up, and Mr. Hagenbach asked Pa how we were going to get the buffalos out of the corral, 'cause they were fighting each other in the far end of the pen, and Pa said you just wait, and he sent for the cages, enough to hold about ten

COULDN'T FOOL HIM

Once a dozen of the up-state regions, where whiskers grow in plenty and umbrellas bulge at will, decided to visit New York. But he decided to visit the bewildering metropolis quite as a man of the world—not to be taken in by the wicked men, who, as he understood, made a business of deceiving the gullest up-stater. Hence he arrived at the Grand Central looking very, very wise, and

proceeded, first of all, to visit the collection of wax figures at the Eden museum. He was engaged in looking critically at one of the most life-like groups on exhibition there, when a policeman suddenly plucked him by the sleeve. The up-stater turned. "You mustn't smoke in here," said the policeman, severely. A look of wisdom beyond the power of words to describe came over that up-stater's face. Con-

tinuing brazenly to smoke, he remarked: "Tut, tut. Go away. Don't you think I know that you're made of wax?"

Good Record of Punch.

Many world-famous poems, some light, bright and witty, such as W. S. Gilbert's "Bab Ballads," others serious, dignified and sad, such as Tom Taylor's magnificent tribute to the memory of Abraham Lincoln and Hood's "Song of the Shirlt," first saw the light in Punch, or The London Character.