



THE MAKER OF MOONS

By
ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Illustrations by J. J. Sheridan

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SYNOPSIS.

The story opens in New York. Roy Cardenhe, the story-teller, inspecting a queer reptile owned by George Godfrey of Tiffany's. Roy, and Barris and Pierpont, two friends, depart on a hunting trip to Cardinal Woods, a rather obscure locality. Barris revealed the fact that he had joined the secret service for the purpose of running down a gang of gold makers. Prof. LaGrange, on discovering the gang's formula, had been mysteriously killed.

CHAPTER II.

We had been at the shooting box in the Cardinal Woods five days when a telegram was brought to Barris by a mounted messenger from the nearest telegraph station, Cardinal Springs, a hamlet on the lumber railroad which joins the Quebec & Northern at Three Rivers Junction, 30 miles below.

Pierpont and I were sitting out under the trees, loading some special shells as experiment; Barris stood beside us, bronzed, erect, holding his pipe carefully so that no sparks should drift into our powder box. The beat of hoofs over the grass aroused us, and when the lank messenger drew bridle before the door Barris stepped forward and took the sealed telegram. When he had torn it open he went into the house and presently reappeared, reading something that he had written.

"This should go at once," he said, looking the messenger full in the face. "At once, Col. Barris," replied the shabby countryman.

Pierpont glanced up and I smiled at the messenger, who was gathering his bridle and settling himself in his stirrups. Barris handed him the written reply and nodded good-by; there was a thud of hoofs on the greensward, a jingle of bit and spur across the gravel and the messenger was gone. Barris' pipe went out and he stepped to windward to relight it.

"It is queer," said I, "that your messenger—a battered native—should speak like a Harvard man."

"He is a Harvard man," said Barris. "And the plot thickens," said Pierpont; "are the Cardinal woods full of your secret service men, Barris?"

"No," replied Barris, "but the telegraph stations are. How many ounces of shot are you using, Roy?"

I told him, holding up the adjustable steel-measuring cup. He nodded. After a moment or two he sat down on a campstool beside us and picked up a crimper.

"That telegram was from Drummond," he said; "the messenger was one of my men, as you two bright little boys divined. Pooh! If he had spoken the Cardinal county dialect you wouldn't have known."

"His make-up was good," said Pierpont.

Barris twirled the crimper and looked at the pile of loaded shells. Then he picked up one and crimped it.

"Let 'em alone," said Pierpont; "you crimp too tight."

"Does his little gun kick when the shells are crimped too tight?" inquired Barris tenderly; "well, he shall crimp his own shells then—where's his little man?"

"His little man" was a weird English importation, stiff, very carefully scrubbed, tangled in his aspirates, named Howlett. As valet, gilly, gun-bearer and crimper he aided Pierpont to endure the ennui of existence by doing for him everything except breathing. Lately, however, Barris' taunts had driven Pierpont to do a few things for himself. To his astonishment he found that cleaning his own gun was not a bore, so he timidly loaded a shell or two, was much pleased with himself, loaded some more, crimped them and went to breakfast with an appetite. So when Barris asked where "his little man" was, Pierpont did not reply, but dug a cupful of shot from the bag and poured it solemnly into the half-filled shell.

Old David came out with the dogs, and of course there was a pow-wow when Voyou, my Gordon, wagged his splendid tail across the loading table and sent a dozen unstopped cartridges rolling over the grass, vomiting powder and shot.

"Give the dogs a mile or two," said I; "we will shoot over the Sweet Fern Covert about four o'clock, David."

"Two guns, David," added Barris.

"Are you not going?" asked Pierpont, looking up, as David disappeared with the dogs.

"Bigger game," said Barris, shortly. He picked up a mug of ale from the tray which Howlett had just set down beside us and took a long pull. We did the same, silently. Pierpont set his mug on the turf beside him and returned to his loading.

We spoke of the murder of Prof. La Grange, of how it had been concealed by the authorities in New York at Drummond's request, of the certainty who had done it, and of the possible alertness of the gang.

"Oh, they know that Drummond will be after them sooner or later," said Barris; "but they don't know that the mills of the gods have already begun to grind. Those smart New York papers builded better than they knew when their ferret-eyed reporter poked his red nose into the house on Fifty-eighth street and sneaked off with a column on his cuffs about the 'suicide' of Prof. La Grange. Billy Pierpont, my revolver is hanging in your room; I'll take yours too—"

"Help yourself," said Pierpont. "I shall be gone over night," continued Barris; "my poncho and some bread and meat are all I shall take except the 'barkers.'"

"Will they bark to-night?" I asked. "No, I trust not for several weeks yet. I shall nose about a bit. Roy, did it ever strike you how queer it is that this wonderfully beautiful country should contain no inhabitants?"

"It's like those splendid stretches of pools and rapids which one finds on every trout river and in which one never finds a fish," suggested Pierpont.

"Exactly—and heaven alone knows why," said Barris; "I suppose this country is shunned by human beings for the same mysterious reasons."

"The shooting is the better for it," I observed.

"The shooting is good," said Barris; "have you noticed the snipe on the meadow by the lake? Why, it's brown with them! That's a wonderful meadow."

"It's a natural one," said Pierpont; "no human being ever cleared that land."

"Then it's supernatural," said Barris; "Pierpont, do you want to come with me?"

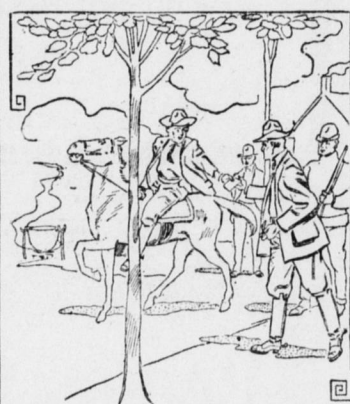
Pierpont's handsome face flushed as he answered slowly: "It's awfully good of you—if I may."

"Bosh," said I piqued because he had asked Pierpont; "what use is little Willy without his man?"

"True," said Barris, gravely; "you can't take Howlett, you know."

Pierpont muttered something which ended in "d—n."

"Then," said I, "there will be but one gun on the Sweet Fern Covert this afternoon. Very well, I wish you joy of your cold supper and colder ten."



"A Telegram Was Brought to Barris by a Mounted Messenger."

bed. Take your night-gown, Willy, and don't sleep on the damp ground."

"Let Pierpont alone," restored Barris; "you shall go next time, Roy."

"Oh, all right—you mean when there's shooting going on?"

"And I?" demanded Pierpont, grievous.

"You too, my son; stop quarreling! Will you ask Howlett to pack our kits—lightly, mind you—no bottles—they clink."

"My flask doesn't," said Pierpont, and went off to get ready for a night's staking of dangerous men.

"It is strange," said I, "that nobody ever settles in this region. How many people live in Cardinal Springs, Barris?"

"Twenty, counting the telegraph operator and not counting the lumbermen; they are always changing and shifting. I have six men among them."

"Where have you no men? In the Four Hundred?"

"I have men there also—chums of Billy's, only he doesn't know it. David tells me that there was a strong flight of woodcocks last night. You ought to pick up some this afternoon."

Then we chatted about alder-cover and swamp until Pierpont came out of the house and it was time to part.

"Au revoir," said Barris, buckling on his kit; "come along, Pierpont, and don't walk in the damp grass."

"If you are not back by to-morrow noon," said I, "I will take Howlett and David and hunt you up. You say your course is due north?"

"Due north," replied Barris, consulting his compass.

"There is a trail for two miles and a spotted lead for two more," said Pierpont.

"Which we won't use for various reasons," added Barris pleasantly; "don't worry, Roy, and keep your confounded expedition out of the way; there's no danger."

He knew, of course, what he was talking about, and I held my peace.

When the tip end of Pierpont's shooting coat had disappeared in the Long Covert I found myself standing alone with Howlett. He bore my gaze for a moment and then politely lowered his eyes.

"Howlett," said I, "take these shells and implements to the gun room, and drop nothing. Did Voyou come to any harm in the briars this morning?"

"No 'arm, Mr. Cardenhe, sir," said Howlett.

"Then be careful not to drop anything else," said I, and walked away leaving him decorously puzzled. For he had dropped no cartridges. Poor Howlett!

CHAPTER III.

About four o'clock that afternoon I met David and the dogs at the spinney which leads into the Sweet Fern Covert. The three setters, Voyou, Gamin and Mioche were in fine feather—David had killed a woodcock and a brace of grouse over them that morning—and they were thrashing about the spinney at short range when I came up, gun under arm and pipe lighted.

"What's the prospect, David," I asked, trying to keep my feet in the tangle of wagging, whining dogs; "hello, what's amiss with Mioche?"

"A brier in his foot, sir; I drew it and stopped the wound, but I guess the gravel's got in. If you have no objection, sir, I might take him back with me."

"It's safer," I said; "take Gamin, too; I only want one dog this afternoon. What is the situation?"

"Fair, sir; the grouse lie within a quarter of a mile of the oak second-growth. The woodcock are mostly on the meadows. There's something else in the lake—I can't just tell what, but the wood-duck set up a clatter when I was in the thicket and they come dashing through the wood as if a dozen foxes was snappin' at their tail feathers."

"Probably a fox," I said; "leash those dogs—they must learn to stand it. I'll be back by dinner time."

"There is one more thing, sir," said David, lingering with his gun under his arm.

"Well," said I. "I saw a man in the woods by the Oak Covert—at least I think I did."

"A lumberman?"

"I think not, sir—at least—do they have Chinamen among them?"

"Chinese? No. You didn't see a Chinaman in the woods here?"

"I—I think I did, sir—I can't say positively. He was gone when I ran into the covert."

"Did the dogs notice it?"

"I can't say—exactly. They acted queer like. Gamin here lay down and whined—it may have been colic—and Mioche whimpered—perhaps it was the brier."

"And Voyou?"

"Voyou, he was most remarkable, sir, and the hair on his back stood up. I did see a groundhog makin' for a tree near by."

"Then no wonder Voyou bristled. David, your Chinaman was a stump or tussock. Take the dogs now."

"I guess it was, sir; good afternoon, sir," said David, and walked away with the Gordons leaving me alone with Voyou in the spinney.

I looked at the dog and he looked at me.

"Voyou!"

The dog sat down and danced with his fore feet, his beautiful brown eyes sparkling.

"You're a fraud," I said; "which shall it be, the alders or the upland? Upland? Good!—now for the grouse—heel, my friend, and show your miraculous self-restraint."

Voyou wheeled into my tracks and followed close, nobly refusing to notice the impudent chipmunks and the thousand and one alluring and important smells which an ordinary dog would have lost no time in investigating.

The brown and yellow autumn woods were crisp with drifting heaps of leaves and twigs that crackled under foot as we turned from the spinney into the forest. Every silent little stream, hurrying toward the lake was gay with painted leaves afloat, scarlet maple or yellow oak. Spots of sunlight fell upon the pools, searching the gravel bottom where shoals of minnows swam to and fro, and to and fro again, busy with the purpose of their little lives. The crickets were chirping in the long brittle grass on the edge of the woods, but we left them far behind in the silence of the deeper forest.

"Now!" said I to Voyou.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

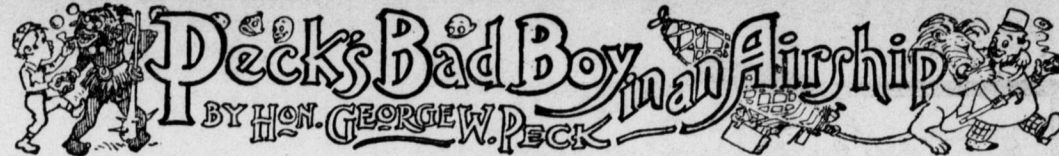
NOTE HAD PERSONAL FLAVOR.

Directions Considerably Astonished Good Man in Pulpit.

The minister had just finished a little opening talk to the children, preparatory to the morning service, when Mrs. Berkeley suddenly realized, with all the agony of a careful housewife, that she had forgotten to turn the gas off from the oven in which she had left a nicely-cooked roast, all ready for the final reheating. Visions of a ruined dinner and a smoky kitchen roused her to immediate effort, and, borrowing a pencil from the young man in front, she scribbled a note. Just then her husband, an usher in the church, passed her pew. With a murmured "Hurry!" she thrust the note into his hand, and he, with an understanding nod, turned, passed up the aisle, and handed the note to the minister. Mrs. Berkeley saw the act in speechless horror, and shuddered as she saw the minister smilingly open the note and begin to read. But her expression of dismay was fully equalled by the look of amazement and wrath on the good man's face as he read the words: "Go home and turn off the gas!"—Lippincott's.

Up to Date in Agriculture.

However conservative the farmer is about his politics and his religion and his views on morality, he has rid himself of most of his old-time fixed ideas about agriculture and is leading the professional state experimentalists in the search for new methods.—Toledo Blade.



HE DESCRIBES AN ELEPHANT HUNT

We thought when we came to Africa we would be near to nature, where the natives were simple and honest, but Pa has found that the white men narked negroes can give the white men cards and spades and little casino and then beat them at the game.

Pa has been blackmailed and scared out of his boots and a lot of money, by an injured husband, as natural as he could have been flim-flammed in New York.

We noticed that Pa was quite interested in a likely negro woman, one of 20 wives of a heathen, to the extent of having her wash his shirts, and he would linger at the tent of the husband and teach the woman some words of English, such as, "you bet your life," and "not on your life," and a few cuss words which she seemed to enjoy repeating.

She was a real nice looking nigger, and smiled on Pa to beat the band, but that was all. Of course she enjoyed having Pa call on her, and evidently showed her interest in him, but that seemed only natural as Pa is a nice, clean white man with clothes on and she looked upon him as a sort of king, until the other wives became jealous, and they filled the husband with stories about Pa and the young negroes, but Pa was as innocent as could be. Where Pa made the mistake was in taking hold of her hand and looking at the lines in her palm, to read her future by the lines in her hand, and as Pa is some near sighted he had to bend over her hand and then she stroked Pa's bald head with the other hand, and the other

after with his fatal beauty and winning ways, or we shall have more negro women to bring back than animals in cages.

Talk about your innocent negroes, they will cheat you out of your boots.

Pa went off in the jungle to buy animals of a negro king or some kind of a nine spot, and he found the king had in a corral half a dozen green zebras, the usual yellow stripes being the most beautiful green you ever saw. The king told Pa it was a rare species only procured in a mountain fastness hundreds of miles away, and Pa bought the whole bunch at a fabulous price, and brought them to camp. Mr. Hagenbach was tickled to death at the rare animals, and praised Pa, and said there was a fortune in the green and black striped zebras. I thought there was something wrong when I heard one of those zebras bray like a mule when he was eating hay, but it wasn't my put in, and I didn't say anything.

That night there was the greatest rain we have had since we came here, and in the morning the green and black striped zebras hadn't a stripe on them, and they proved to be nothing but wild asses and asses, white and dirty, and all around the corral the water standing on the ground was colored green and black.

Mr. Hagenbach took Pa out to the corral and pointed to the wild white mules and said, "What do you think of your green zebras now?" Pa looked them over and said: "Say, that negro king is nothing but a Pullman porter, and he painted those mules and sawed

on the game, and all of a sudden she came to a point and held up one foot, and her eyes stuck out, and Pa said the game was near, and he told her to "charge down," and we went on to surround the elephant. Pa was ahead and he saw a baby elephant not bigger than a Shetland pony, looking scared, and Pa made a lunge and fell on top of the little elephant which began to make a noise like a baby that



After an Hour Pa Compromised by Giving Him Sixteen Dollars, His Coat, Shirt and Pants.

wants a bottle of milk, and we captured the little thing and started for camp with it, but before we got in sight of camp all the elephants in Africa were after us crashing through the timber and trumpeting like a menagerie.

Pa and a cowboy and some negroes lifted the little elephant up into a tree, and the whole herd surrounded us, and were going to tear down the tree, when the camp was alarmed and Hagenbach came out with all the men and negroes on horseback, and they drove the herd into a canyon, and built a fence across the entrance, and there we had about fifty elephants in the strongest kind of a corral, and we climbed down from the tree with the baby elephant and took it to camp, and put it in a big bag that Pa's airship was shipped in, and we are feeding the little animal on condensed milk and dried apples.

We have got a tame elephant that was bought to use on the wild elephants, to teach them to be good, and the next day Pa was ordered to ride the tame elephant into the corral to get the wild animals used to society.

Pa didn't want to go but he had bragged so much about the way he handled elephants with the circus in the States that he couldn't back out, and so they opened the bars and let Pa and his tame elephant in, and closed the bars.

I think the manager thought that would be the end of Pa, and the men all went back to camp figuring on whether there would be enough left of Pa to bury or send home by express, or whether the elephants would walk on Pa until he was a part of the soil. In about an hour we saw a white spot on a rock above the canyon, waving a piece of shirt, and we watched it with glasses, and soon we saw a fat man climbing down on the outside, and after awhile Pa came sauntering into camp, across the veldt, with his coat on his arm, and his sleeves rolled up like a canvasser in a show, singing, "A Charge to Keep I Have." Pa came up to the mess tent and asked if lunch was not ready, and he was surrounded by the men and asked how he got out alive. Pa said: "Well, there is not much to tell, only when I got into the corral the whole bunch made a rush for me and my tame elephant. I stood on my elephant and told them to lie down, and they got on their knees, and then I made them walk turkey for a while, and march around, and then they struck on doing tricks and began to shove my elephant and get saucy, so I stood up on my elephant's head and looked the wild elephants in the eyes, and made them form a pyramid until I could reach a tree that grew over the bank of the canyon, and I climbed out and slid down as you saw me. There was nothing to it but nerve," and Pa began to eat corned zebra and bread as though he was at a restaurant.

"Now," says Pa, as he picked his teeth with a thorn off a tree, "to-morrow we got to capture a mess of wild African lions, right in their dens, cause the gasoline has come by freight, and the airship is mended, and you can look out for a strenuous session, for I found a canyon where the lions are thicker than prairie dogs in Arizona," and Pa laid down for a little sleeping sickness, so I guess we will have the time of our lives to-morrow and Pa has promised me a baby lion for a pet.

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Pa Made a Lunge and Fell on Top of the Little Elephant, Which Began to Make a Noise Like a Baby.

wives went off and left Pa and the young wife alone, and they called the husband to put a stop to it.

Well, I never saw a giant negro so mad as that husband was when he came into the tent and saw Pa, and Pa was scared and turned pale, and the woman had a fit when she saw her husband with a baseball club with spikes on it. He took his wife by the neck and threw her out of the tent, and then closed the tent and he and Pa were alone, and for an hour no one knew what happened, but when Pa came back to our camp, wobbly in the legs, and with not much clothes on, we knew the worst had happened.

Pa told Mr. Hagenbach that the negro acted like a human being. He cried and told Pa he had broken into his family circle and picked the fairest flower, broken his heart and left him an irresponsible and broken man, the laughing stock of his friends, and nothing but Pa's life or his money could settle it.

Pa offered to give up his life, but the injured husband had rather have the money, and after an hour Pa compromised by giving him \$16 and his coat, pants and shirt, and Pa is to have the wife in the bargain. Pa didn't want to take the wife, but the husband insisted on it, and Mr. Hagenbach says we can take her to America and put her into the show as an untamed Zulu, or a missing link, but he insists that Pa shall be careful here.

Manias Are Epidemics.

Manias and delusions are mental phenomena, but they are social. They are diseases of the mind, but they are epidemic. They are contagious, not as cholera is contagious, but contact to others is essential to them. They are mass phenomena.—Prof. W. G. Sumner, in "Folkways."

Feinting.

Statistics—Of the 1,001 young women who fainted last year 987 fell into the arms of men, two fell on the floor and one into a water butt.—Life.

them onto me," so we had to kill Pa's green zebras and feed them to the negroes and the animals. Mr. Hagenbach told Pa plainly that he couldn't stand for such conduct. He said he was willing to give Pa carte blanche, whatever that is, in his love affairs in South Africa, but he drew the line at being buncoed on painted animals. He believed in encouraging art, and all that, but animals that wouldn't wash were not up to the Hagenbach standard.

Pa went off and sulked all day, but he made good the next day.

Our intention was to let elephants alone until we were about to return home, as they are so plenty we can find them any day, and after you have once captured your elephants you have got to cut hay to feed them, but Pa gets some particular animal bug in his head, and the management has to let him have his way, so the other day was his elephant day, and he started off through the jungle with only a few men, and the negro wife that he horn swoggled the husband out of. Pa said he was going to use her for a pointer to point elephants, the same as they use dogs to point chickens, and when we got about a mile into the jungle he told her to "hie on" and find an elephant. Well, sir, she has got the best elephant nose I ever saw on a woman. She ranged ahead and beat the ground thoroughly, and pretty soon she began to sniff and sneak up

English Regimental Customs.

A peculiar custom obtains in the Twelfth Lancers—the playing of the Vesper Hymn, the Spanish Chant, and the Russian National Hymn every night of the year after the "Last Post" has sounded. It is said that the playing of the Vesper Hymn originated in one of the officers' wives presenting the regiment with a new set of instruments on condition that the hymn was played every night after the "Last Post." The playing of the

Spanish Chant is declared to be a

penance for the sacking of a convent during the Peninsular war. No reason is assigned for the playing of the Russian National Anthem.

Not Worried.

"Doesn't it make you nervous to have your son play football?"

"Oh, no, I don't mind it a bit. He is only my stepson, you know."—Chicago Record-Herald.