

HE ALMOST REMEMBERED IT.

Boy at Least Had Combination Somewhere Near Right.

Donald had returned from a visit to the country, and was full of reminiscences of persons and things that had interested him.

"But, Donald," said his mother, "there is no such name as Father William or William Father in the Old Testament."

CHILD HAD SIXTY BOILS, And Suffered Annually with a Red Scald-Like Humor on Her Head.

Troubles Cured by Cuticura.

"When my little Vivian was about six months old her head broke out in boils. She had about sixty in all and I used Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment which cured her entirely."

ALL OF ONE KIND.



"Have your poems been read by many people?" "Certainly—about twenty publishers that I know of."

Prof. Munyon has generously placed his Cold Cure with druggists throughout the United States and has authorized them to sell it for the small sum of 25 cts. a bottle.

Not Included. After the dry goods salesman had completed his business with Cyrus Craig, Centerville's storkeeper, he asked what was going on in the town.

"No," said Mr. Craig, "not one. Salome Howe's pupils have given two concerts, piano and organ, and the principal of the academy has lectured twice, once on 'Our National Forests' and once on 'Stones As I Know Them'."

A Slow One. "Am I the first man who ever asked you for a kiss?" "Yes. The others showed more nerve. They took it."—Exchange.

Try Murine Eye Remedy. Far Red, Weak, Watery, Watery Eyes, Compounded by Experienced Physicians.

Even a wise man occasionally has time for the silly chatter of a pretty girl.

For Coughs, Asthma and Lung Troubles, use "Brown's Bronchial Trochoc." 25 cents a box. Samples sent free by John I. Brown & Son, Boston, Mass.

You can not learn to be a dramatic critic by reading the Acts.

FILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS. PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Tormenting Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

Even a girl has no use for the other side of a mirror.

PISO'S Coughing Spells. 25 CENTS. CURE. Are promptly relieved by a single dose of PISO'S Cure. The regular use of this famous remedy will relieve the worst form of coughs, colds, hoarseness, bronchitis, asthma and diseases of the throat and lungs.

SERIAL STORY

THE MAKER OF MOONS

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Illustrations by J. J. Sheridan (Copyright, G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens in New York, Roy Carlenhuc, 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.

CHAPTER V.

I sent him off to bed, saying I should keep the dogs with me all night; and when he was gone, I took a good long draught of ale, "just to shame the devil," as Pierpont said, and lighted a cigar.

"I'll tell Barris and Pierpont the whole story and take them to see the carved stone and the fountain," I thought to myself; what a marvelous dream it was—Ysonde—if it was a dream.

Then I went to the mirror and examined the faint white mark above my eyebrow.

About eight o'clock next morning, as I sat listlessly eyeing my coffee cup which Howlett was filling, Gamin and Micoche set up a howl, and in a moment more I heard Barris step on the porch.

"Hello, Roy," said Pierpont, stamping into the dining-room. "I want my breakfast, by jingo! Where's Howlett—none of your cafe au lait for me—I want a chop and some eggs. Look at that dog, he'll wag the hinge off his tail in a moment—"

"Pierpont," said I, "this loquacity is astonishing but welcome. Where's Barris? You are soaked from neck to ankle."

"Barris is telephoning to Cardinal Springs—I believe he wants some of his men—down! Gamin, you idiot! Howlett, three eggs poached and more toast—what was I saying? Oh, about Barris; he's struck something or other which he hopes will locate these gold-making fellows. I had a jolly time—he'll tell you about it."

"It's probably this," said Barris, tossing something onto the hearth, where it shuddered for a moment and then began to writhe; "I found it in the woods by the lake. Do you know what it can be, Roy?"

To my disgust I saw it was another of those spidery, wormy, crablike creatures that Godfrey had in Tiffany's.

"I thought I recognized that acrid odor," I said; "for the love of the saints, take it away from the breakfast," I replied, firmly. "Howlett, get a broom and sweep that thing into the road. What are you laughing at, Pierpont?"

Howlett swept the repulsive creature out and Barris and Pierpont went to change their dew-soaked clothes for dryer raiment. David came to take the dogs for an airing and in a few minutes Barris reappeared and sat down in his place at the head of the table.

"Well," said I, "is there a story to tell?" "Yes, not much. They are near the lake on the other side of the woods—I mean these gold-makers. I shall collar one of them this evening. I haven't located the main gang with any certainty—shove the toast rack this way, will you, Roy—no, I am not at all certain, but I've nalled one, anyway. Pierpont was a great help, really, and, what do you think, Roy? He wants to join the secret service!"

"Serves you right if I had it brought in on toast," I returned. Pierpont came in radiant, fresh from the bath. "Go on with your story, Roy," he said; and I told them about Godfrey and his reptile pet.

"Now, what in the name of common sense can Godfrey find interesting in that creature?" I ended, tossing my cigarette into the fireplace. "It's Japanese, don't you think?" said Pierpont.

"No," said Barris, "it is not artistically grotesque; it's vulgar and horrible—it looks cheap and unfinished—" "Unfinished, exactly," said I, "like an American humorist—" "Yes," said Pierpont, "cheap. What about that gold serpent?" "Oh, the Metropolitan Museum bought it; you must see it, it's marvelous."

Barris and Pierpont had lighted their cigarettes and, after a moment, we all rose and strolled out to the lawn, where chairs and hammocks were placed under the maple trees. David passed, gun under arm, dogs heeling. "Three guns on the meadows at four this afternoon," said Pierpont. "Roy," said Barris as David bowed and started on, "what did you do yesterday?"

This was the question that I had been expecting. All night long I had dreamed of Ysonde and the glade in the woods, where, at the bottom of the crystal fountain, I saw the reflection of her eyes. All the morning while bathing and dressing I had been persuading myself that the dream was not worth recounting and that a search for the glade and the imaginary stone carving would be ridiculous. But now, as Barris asked the question, I suddenly decided to tell him the whole story.

"See here, you fellows," I said abruptly, "I am going to tell you something queer. You can laugh as much as you please, too, but first I want to ask Barris a question or two. You have been in China, Barris?"

"Yes," said Barris, looking straight into my eyes. "Would a Chinaman be likely to turn lumberman?"

"Have you seen a Chinaman?" he asked in a quiet voice. "I don't know; David and I both imagined we did."

Barris and Pierpont exchanged glances. "Have you seen one, also?" I demanded, turning to include Pierpont. "No," said Barris, slowly; "but I



"I Sat Listlessly Eyeing My Coffee."

know that there is, or has been, a Chinaman in these woods."

"The devil!" said I. "Yes," said Barris, gravely; "the devil, if you like—a devil—a member of the Kuen-Yuin."

I drew my chair close to the hammock where Pierpont lay at full length, holding out to me a ball of pure gold.

"Well?" said I, examining the engraving on the surface, which represented a mass of twisted creatures—dragons, I supposed.

"Well," repeated Barris, extending his hand to take the golden ball, "this globe of gold engraved with reptiles and Chinese hieroglyphics is the symbol of the Kuen-Yuin."

"Where did you get it?" I asked, feeling that something startling was impending.

"Pierpont found it by the lake at sunrise this morning. It is the symbol of the Kuen-Yuin," he repeated; "the terrible Kuen-Yuin, the sorcerers of China, and the most murderously diabolical sect on earth."

We puffed our cigarettes in silence until Barris rose, and began to pace backward and forward among the trees, twisting his gray mustache.

"The Kuen-Yuin are sorcerers," he said, pausing before the hammock where Pierpont lay watching him; "I mean exactly what I say—sorcerers. I've seen them—I've seen them in their devilish business, and I repeat to you solemnly, that as there are angels above, there is a race of devils on earth, and they are sorcerers. Bah!" he cried, "talk to me of Indian magic and Yogis and all that claptrap! Why, Roy, I tell you that the Kuen-Yuin have absolute control of 100,000,000 people, mind and body, body and soul. Do you know what goes on in the interior of China? Does Europe know—could any human being conceive of the condition of that gigantic hell-pit? You read the papers, you hear diplomatic twaddle about Li Hung Chang and the emperor, you see accounts of battles on sea and land, and you know that Japan has raised a toy tempest along the jagged edge of the great unknown. But you never before heard of the Kuen-Yuin; no, nor has any European except a stray missionary or two, and yet I tell you that when the fires from this pit of hell have eaten through the continent to the coast, the explosion will inundate half a world—and God help the other half."

Pierpont's cigarette went out; he lighted another, and looked hard at Barris. "But," resumed Barris, quietly, "sufficient unto the day, you know—I didn't intend to say as much as I did—it would do no good—even you and Pierpont will forget it—it seems so impossible and so far away—like the burning out of the sun. What I want to discuss is the possibility or probability of a Chinaman—a member of the Kuen-Yuin, being here, at this moment, in the forest."

"If he is," said Pierpont, "possibly the gold-makers owe their discovery to him."

"I do not doubt it for a second," said Barris, earnestly. I took the little golden globe in my hand, and examined the characters engraved upon it.

"Harris," said Pierpont, "I can't believe in sorcery while I am wearing one of Sanford's shooting suits, in the pocket of which rests an uncut volume of the 'Duchess.'"

"Neither can I," I said, "for I read the Evening Post, and I know Mr. Godkin would not allow it. Hello! What's the matter with this gold ball?"

"What is the matter?" said Barris, grimly. "Why—why—it's changing color—purple, no, crimson—no, it's green I mean—good heavens! these dragons are twisting under my fingers—"

"Impossible!" muttered Pierpont, leaning over me; "those are not dragons—"

"No!" I cried, excitedly; "they are pictures of that reptile that Barris brought back—see—see how they crawl and turn—"

"Drop it!" commanded Barris; and I threw the ball on the turf. In an instant we had all knelt down on the grass beside it, but the globe was again golden, grotesquely wrought with dragons and strange signs.

Pierpont, a little red in the face, picked it up, and handed it to Barris. He placed it on a chair, and sat down beside me.

"Whew!" said I, wiping the perspiration from my face; "how did you play us that trick, Barris?" "Trick?" said Barris, contemptuously.

I looked at Pierpont, and my heart sank. If this was not trick, what was it? Pierpont returned my glance and colored, but all he said was: "It's devilish queer," and Barris answered: "Yes, devilish." Then Barris asked me again to tell my story, and I did, beginning from the time I met David in the spinney to the moment when I sprang into the darkening thicket where that yellow mask had grinned like a phantom skull.

"Shall we try to find the fountain?" I asked after a pause. "Yes—and—er—the lady," suggested Pierpont, vaguely.

"Don't be an ass," I said, a little impatiently, "you need not come, you know."

"Oh, I'll come," said Pierpont, "unless you think I am indiscreet—"

"Shut up, Pierpont," said Barris, "this thing is serious; I never heard of such a glade or such a fountain, but it's true that nobody knows this forest thoroughly. It's worth whole trying for; Roy, can you find your way back to it?"

"Easily," I answered; "when shall we go?" "It will knock our snipe shooting on the head," said Pierpont, "but when one has the opportunity of finding a live dream-lady—"

I rose, deeply offended, but Pierpont was not very penitent and his laughter was irresistible.

"The lady's yours by right of discovery," he said; "I'll promise not to infringe on your dreams—I'll dream about other ladies—"

"Come, come," said I, "I'll have Howlett put you to bed in a minute. Barris, if you are ready—we can get back to dinner—"

Barris had risen and was gazing at me earnestly. "What's the matter?" I asked nervously, for I saw that his eyes were fixed on my forehead, and I thought of Ysonde and the white crescent scar.

"Is that a birthmark?" said Barris. "Yes—why, Barris?" "Nothing—an interesting coincidence—"

"What!—for heaven's sake!" "The scar—or rather the birthmark. It is the print of the dragon's claw—the crescent symbol of Yue-Laou—"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

STOLEN MONEY WELL INVESTED. Thief Returns Amount Taken with More Than Compound Interest.

The happiest man in New York is Adam Brede, chef in a luncheon. Over 20 years ago Brede deposited \$50 in the Seaman's Bank for Savings.

THE TARIFF PROBLEM

MR. CARNEGIE SAYS IT SHOULD BE SOLVED BY EXPERTS.

He Declares Congress Is Incapable of Fixing Equitable Schedules—Predicts Great Changes.

New York City.—Andrew Carnegie yesterday declared that congress is incapable of fixing a just tariff schedule, and that a permanent bipartisan commission of experts is the only solution of the ever troublesome tariff problem.

Mr. Carnegie's views were made known to a representative of "American Industries," the official publication of the National Association of Manufacturers. He said:

"The difficulty with tariff commissions or regulators composed of members of congress is that these gentlemen are necessarily uninformed upon the true conditions of the varied industries. Evidence given by interested parties cannot be depended upon as disinterested. Interested people form distorted views, colored as these are by their own interests. This is inevitable. Such is human nature. They may not wish to deceive. They are themselves deceived."

"There should be a permanent staff of able, disinterested men, charged with studying conditions in all manufacturing countries. The industrial world is about to undergo the most momentous change known in its history, even more far reaching than was the change from the individual domestic manufacturer, manufacturing at home, to the factory system and the huge establishments of to-day. We are rapidly losing competition in articles of general consumption upon which nations have hitherto depended to insure reasonable prices for the consumer. Some of our most important industries to-day are only nominally competitive and in reality are monopolies, so far as an understanding exists as to prices that will prevail."

"These virtual monopolies must be controlled in some way or other. A supreme industrial court will have to be created, and eventually will have to pass upon prices—disguise this as we may. This is even a larger question than the tariff, but our trouble with revisions of the tariff will be greatly overcome by a body of experts, keeping themselves fully informed of all matters pertaining to the question. The new industrial court may make steps, as our interstate commerce commission may, but both will gradually create traditions and make decisions which will be guides for the future. It would be well for our captains of industry generally to attend the forthcoming convention and get a true understanding of the problems involved, that they may be prepared to pass upon the suggested remedies."

HONORED LINCOLN'S MEMORY

Famous Men Celebrate at Springfield, Ill., the Centenary of His Birth.

Springfield, Ill.—Amid a scene of unrivalled brilliancy at the state armory last night, where thousands of electric lights shed their dazzling illumination upon a most artistic array of national colors and portraits of Lincoln, three nations paid their tribute to the emancipator and to each other.

This was a fitting climax for the remarkable all-day celebration which took the distinguished guests mentioned above, and two score others, through the old Lincoln home; past the old court house where Lincoln practiced law; by the building where his office was situated, to the old church where Lincoln worshipped and where his name yet appears upon the pew he occupied, and to his burial place.

An impressive feature of the celebration was the scene at the Lincoln tomb when Robert T. Lincoln, son of the martyred president, stood beside the sarcophagus in which the body of his father rests, and bowed his head with tear-dimmed eyes in silent meditation with Ambassadors Jusserand and Bryce, and many other distinguished guests. At the base of the monument, old soldiers who had responded to Lincoln's call to arms, stood guard with fixed bayonets.

At the armory at night 700 men sat at tables facing an elevated speakers' stand upon which was spread the table for the honored guests.

Steamer and Seven Lives Lost. Brest, France.—A British steamship, the name of which is unknown, during a fog yesterday ran on a rock off Quessant and then slid off and sank in deep water. Seven persons were drowned.

Pardonable Crime. "If I were to kiss you now, would you have me arrested?" "What would be the use? Any jury would acquit you."

SAVED FROM AN OPERATION

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Louisville, Ky.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has certainly done me a world of good and I cannot praise it enough. I suffered from irregularities, dizziness, nervousness, and a severe female trouble. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has restored me to perfect health and kept me from the operating table. I will never be without this medicine in the house."—Mrs. SAM'L LEE, 3523 Fourth St., Louisville, Ky.

Another Operation Avoided. Adrian, Ga.—"I suffered untold misery from female troubles, and my doctor said an operation was my only chance, and I dreaded it almost as much as death. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound completely cured me without an operation."—LENA V. HENRY, R. F. D. 3.

Thirty years of unparalleled success confirms the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to cure female troubles. The great volume of unsolicited testimony constantly pouring in proves conclusively that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a remarkable remedy for those distressing feminine ills from which so many women suffer.

Headache, Backache, Sideache, A Worn-out Feeling. These are especially women's afflictions. They are caused by irregular working of some of the functions of the body.

It is of the utmost importance to every woman to know that there is no medicine so valuable for her, so helpful, so strengthening, as Lane's Family Medicine.

Lane's Family Medicine (called also Lane's Tea) This tonic-laxative is a great blood medicine and is the favorite regulating medicine of old and young. All druggists sell it in 50c. and 25c. packages.

You Are In Danger if you let that cold run on. Neglected colds cause incurable diseases. Don't risk your health. Keep a bottle of

DR. D. JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT

in your home. It's the safest, surest and quickest remedy for colds ever compounded. For Coughs, Bronchitis, Pleurisy, Inflammation of the Lungs, in fact, all diseases caused by neglected colds. It has no equal. Recommended and sold by druggists everywhere.

Three size bottles, \$1.00, 50c, 25c

SICK HEADACHE. Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

Murder! One gets it by highway men—Tens of thousands by Bad Bowels—No difference. Constipation and dead liver make the whole system sick—Everybody knows it—CASCARETS regulate—Cure Bowel and Liver troubles by simply doing nature's work until you get well—Millions use CASCARETS, Life Saver!