

SERIAL STORY

THE MAKER OF MOONS

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Illustrations by J. J. Shridan

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens in New York, Roy Car...

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

"Where is this city?" I asked, faintly.

"Yan? I don't know. It is sweet with perfume and the sound of silver bells all day long.

"I wondered, last night, whether you did. How beautiful your dog is; I love him.

"I thought of you. Why do you wear the dragon-claw?"

"It is the symbol of Yue-Lau, and Yue-Lau rules the Kuen-Yuin, my stepfather says.

"Who told you that?"

"Who? My stepfather; he tells me everything."

"Will you tell me his name, Ysonde?"

"I don't know it, he is my stepfather, that is all."

"And what is your name?"

"Yes, but what other name?"

"That is all, Ysonde. Have you two names? Why do you look at me so impatiently?"

"Does your stepfather make gold? Have you seen him make it?"

"Oh, yes. He made it also in Yian, and I loved to watch the sparks at night whirling like golden bees.

"The people of Yian? I could see them in swarms like ants—oh! many, many millions crossing and recrossing the thousand bridges."

"But how did they look? Did they dress as I do?"

"I don't know. They were very far away, moving specks on the thousand bridges. For 16 years I saw them every day from my garden, but I never went out of my garden into the streets of Yian, for my stepfather forbade me."

"You never saw a living creature near by in Yian?" I asked in despair.

"My birds; oh, such tall, wise-looking birds, all over gray and rose color."

"She leaned over the gleaming water and drew her polished hand across the surface."

"Why do you ask me these questions," she murmured; "are you displeased?"

"Tell me about your stepfather," I insisted. "Does he look as I do? Does he dress, does he speak as I do? Is he American?"

"American? I don't know. He does not dress as you do and he does not

look as you do. He is old, very, very old. He speaks sometimes as I speak, sometimes as they do in Yian. I speak also in both manners."

"Then speak as they do in Yian," I urged, impatiently, "speak as—why, Ysonde! why are you crying? Have I hurt you?—I did not intend—I did not dream of your caring! There, Ysonde, forgive me—see, I beg you on my knees here at your feet."

I stopped, my eyes fastened on a small golden ball which hung from her waist by a golden chain. I saw it trembling against her thigh, I saw it change color, now crimson, now purple, now flaming scarlet. It was the symbol of the Kuen-Yuin.

"She bent over me and laid her fingers gently on my arm."

"Why do you ask me such things?" she said, while the tears glistened on her lashes. "It hurts me here—" she pressed her hand to her breast—"it pains—I don't know why. Ah, now your eyes are hard and cold again; you are looking at the golden globe which hangs from my waist. Do you wish to know also what that is?"

"Yes," I muttered, my eyes fixed on the infernal color flames which subsided as I spoke, leaving the ball a pale gilt again.

"It is the symbol of the Kuen-Yuin," she said, in a trembling voice; "why do you ask?"

"Is it yours?"

"Y—yes."

"Where did you get it?" I cried, harshly.

"My—my stepfa—"

Then she pushed me away from her with all the strength of her slender wrists and covered her face.

If I slipped my arm about her and drew her to me—if I kissed away her tears that fell slowly between her fingers—if I told her how I loved her—how it cut me to the heart to see her unhappy—after all, that is my own business. When she smiled through her tears, the pure love and sweetness in her eyes lifted my soul higher than the high moon vaguely glimmering through the sunlit blue above. My happiness was so sudden, so fierce and overwhelming that I only knelt there, her fingers clasped in mine, my eyes raised to the blue vault and the glimmering moon. Then something in the long grass beside me moved close to my knees and a damp acid odor filled my nostrils.

"Ysonde!" I cried, but the touch of her hand was already gone and my



"Flung Like a Corpse on My Own Threshold."

two clenched fists were cold and damp with dew.

"Ysonde!" I called again, my tongue stiff with fright—but I called as one awakening from a dream—a horrid dream, for my nostrils quivered with the damp acid odor and I felt the crab-reptile clinging to my knee. Why had the night fallen so swiftly—and where was I—where?—stiff, chilled, torn and bleeding, lying flung like a corpse over my own threshold with Yoyon licking my face and Barris stooping above me in the light of a lamp that flared and smoked in the night breeze like a torch. Fought! the choking stench of the lamp aroused me and I cried out:

"Ysonde!"

"I don't know it, he is my stepfather, that is all."

"And what is your name?"

"Yes, but what other name?"

"That is all, Ysonde. Have you two names? Why do you look at me so impatiently?"

"Does your stepfather make gold? Have you seen him make it?"

"Oh, yes. He made it also in Yian, and I loved to watch the sparks at night whirling like golden bees. Yian is lovely—if it is all like our garden and the gardens around. I can see the thousand bridges from my garden and the white mountain beyond—"

"And the people—tell me of the people, Ysonde!" I urged, gently.

"The people of Yian? I could see them in swarms like ants—oh! many, many millions crossing and recrossing the thousand bridges."

"But how did they look? Did they dress as I do?"

"I don't know. They were very far away, moving specks on the thousand bridges. For 16 years I saw them every day from my garden, but I never went out of my garden into the streets of Yian, for my stepfather forbade me."

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"Why do you ask me these questions," she murmured; "are you displeased?"

"Tell me about your stepfather," I insisted. "Does he look as I do? Does he dress, does he speak as I do? Is he American?"

"American? I don't know. He does not dress as you do and he does not

keep still and listen to what I have to say. Is that door shut tight?"

Barris locked it and sat down. "Thanks," said I; "Barris, where is the city of Yian?"

An expression akin to terror flashed into Barris' eyes and I saw him stop breathing for a moment.

"There is no such city," he said at length, "have I been talking in my sleep?"

"It is a city," I continued, calmly, "where the river winds under the thousand bridges, where the gardens are sweet scented and the air is filled with the music of silver bells—"

"Stop!" gasped Barris, and rose trembling from his chair. He had grown ten years older.

"Roy," interposed Pierpont, coolly, "what the deuce are you harrying Barris for?"

I looked at Barris and he looked at me. After a second or two he sat down again.

"Go on, Roy," he said.

"I must," I answered, "for now I am certain that I have not dreamed."

I told them everything; but, even as I told it, the whole thing seemed so vague, so unreal, that at times I stopped with the hot blood tingling in ears, for it seemed impossible that sensible men, in the year of our Lord 1896, could seriously discuss such matters.

I feared Pierpont, but he did not even smile. As for Barris, he sat with his handsome head sunk on his breast, his unlighted pipe clasped tight in both hands.

When I had finished, Pierpont turned slowly and looked at Barris. Twice he moved his lips as if to ask something and then remained mute.

"Yian is a city," said Barris, speaking dreamily; "was that what you wished to know, Pierpont?"

He nodded silently.

"Yian is a city," repeated Barris, "where the great river winds under the thousand bridges—where the gardens are sweet scented, and the air is filled with the music of silver bells."

My lips formed the question: "Where is this city?"

"It lies," said Barris, almost querulously, "across the seven oceans and the river which is longer than from the earth to the moon."

"What do you mean?" said Pierpont.

"Ah," said Barris, rousing himself with an effort and raising his sunken eyes, "I am using the allegories of another land; let it pass. Have I not told you of the Kuen-Yuin? Yian is the center of the Kuen-Yuin. It lies hidden in that gigantic shadow called China, vague and vast as the midnight heavens—a continent unknown, impenetrable."

"Impenetrable," repeated Pierpont, below his breath.

"I have seen it," said Barris, dreamily. "I have seen the dead plains of Black Cathay and I have crossed the mountains of Death, whose summits are above the atmosphere. I have seen the shadow of Xangi cast across Abaddon. Better to die a million miles from Yezd and Ater Quedah than to have seen the white water-lotus close in the shadow of Xangi! I have slept among the ruins of Xaindu, where the winds never cease and the Wulwulleh is wailed by the dead."

"And Yian," I urged, gently.

There was an unearthly look on his face as he turned slowly toward me. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

CANNIBALISM IS STILL ALIVE.

Evidently Work Remains for Missionaries in Africa.

"You may be interested to know," says J. J. Reynard of the Cape-to-Cairo telegraph construction staff, "that cannibalism still survives and is, to my knowledge, practiced by the Chikanda dwelling along the Zambezi and Shire rivers. A case came to my notice last year. The body of a celebrated hunter, who had succumbed to fever, was exhumed and devoured. At one important center of the Shire the cemetery has to be guarded to prevent the natives devouring the newly buried bodies."

"As far as I know, cannibalism is not practiced openly by tribes in the country with which I am acquainted. The natives who devour our dead believe that if they eat the body of a European they will acquire his intelligence, just as they eat the heart of a lion because they believe they will gain the courage of the lion."

"The Mambwe, of the Tanganyika, regard the lion as sacred, and believing implicitly in the transmigration of the soul, hold that the spirit of a dead chief enters into the body of a lion or python. Those animals are therefore taboo, unless they kill man, when the taboo is withdrawn."

Tree Death Trap for Birds.

Queensland, Australia, has a curious tree which ensnares and kills insect life and sometimes birds also. A traveler says of it: "The seed vessels of the Queensland upas tree, 'Ahmoor' of the blacks (Pisonia Brunoniiana), which are produced on spreading leafless panicles, exude a remarkably viscid substance approaching birdlime in consistency and evil effect. Sad is the fate of any bird which, blundering in its flight happens to strike against any of the many traps which the tree in unconscious malignity hangs out on every side. In such event the seed clings to the feathers, the wings become fixed to the sides, the hapless bird falls to the ground and as it struggles heedlessly gathers more of the seeds, to which leaves and twigs adhere, until by aggregation it is inclosed in a mass of vegetable debris as firmly as a mummy in its clothes."

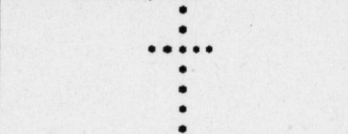
Our Pleasant Vices.

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices make instruments to plague us.—Shakespeare.

HERE'S A NEAT LITTLE PUZZLE.

Seems Simple, But Will Occupy You for a Few Minutes.

The Paris Temps publishes this story: "While in the Orient a Frenchman bought a diamond studded cross, which he sent to his wife in Paris. To guard against possible theft he notified her that counting from the bottom to the top there were seven diamonds, and counting from the bottom to the end of each branch there were also seven diamonds, thus:



"When he returned home he found that two diamonds had been stolen from the cross, but that from top to bottom the number was still seven, and that counting from the bottom up to either branch there were still seven diamonds, as designated by him in his letter of warning. Figure it out, it's a nice little puzzle."

THE BUGVILLE BASEBALL GAME.



Jim Ant—Run, fellows run! Bill Beetle—What's up? Jim Ant—Why, here comes the fly cop!

Professor Munyon has just issued a most beautiful, useful and complete Almanac; it contains not only all the scientific information concerning the moon's phases, in all the latitudes, but has illustrated articles on how to read character by phrenology, palmistry and birth month. It also tells all about card reading, birth stones and their meaning, and gives the interpretation of dreams. It teaches beauty culture, manicuring, gives weights and measures, and antidotes for poison. In fact, it is a Magazine Almanac, that not only gives valuable information, but will afford much amusement for every member of the family, especially for parties and evening entertainments. Farmers and people in the rural districts will find this Almanac almost invaluable.

It will be sent to anyone absolutely free on application to the MUNYON REMEDY COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA.

Her Logic.

Anna Margaret had a great many toys, and her mother thought she ought to give some of them away before Christmas to less fortunate children. Anna Margaret was willing to part with the broken trunk and the cracked set of dishes and the one-legged Teddy bear, and a few other toys that were in the same dilapidated condition. But when it came to her pet baby doll, the one that went to sleep with her every night, she rebelled. Mother assured her that Santa Claus would undoubtedly bring her another doll, even better; but she refused to be comforted.

"Mother," she wailed, "if God sent Aunt Jessie another baby, would she give Baby Jean away?" She kept her doll.—Harper's Bazar.

This Will Interest Mothers.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, cure Constipation, Feverishness, Teething Disorders, Stomach Troubles and Destroy Worms; 20,000 testimonials of cures. All druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Invention of Porcelain.

At a display of porcelain in China an exhibitor said that Chinese literature ascribes the invention of porcelain to a period some 25 centuries before Christ. Foreign experts are by no means certain that the art existed before the seventh century of this era.

Red, Weak, Watery Eyes Relieved by Murine Eye Remedy.

Relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. Compounded by Experienced Physicians. Conforms to Pure Food and Drug Laws. Murine Doesn't Smart; Soothes Eye Pain. Try Murine in Your Eyes. At Druggists.

If a woman had any other excuse than "because" for falling in love with a man she probably wouldn't do it.

Stiff neck! Doesn't amount to much, but mighty disagreeable. You've no idea how quickly a little Hamlin's Wizard Oil will lubricate the cords and make you comfortable again.

When a man's heart is broken by a woman he employs some other woman to mend it.

No harmful drugs in Garfield Tea. Nature's laxative—it is composed wholly of clean, sweet, health-giving Herbs! For constipation, liver and kidney troubles.

Why doesn't some enterprising attorney write a book of unwritten laws?

A Cough, if neglected, often affects the Lungs. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" give relief. 25 cents a box. Samples sent free by John I. Brown & Son, Boston, Mass.

A man is never so utterly unoriginal as when he is lovmaking or praying.

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

Some men have no excuse for being sober when the lid is off.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Call a spade a spade, and you may get it in the neck.

IS BALDNESS DOOMED?

Baltimore Specialist Says It is Unnecessary, and Proves It.

Baltimore, Feb. 21.—The intense interest in the wonderful work that is being accomplished in Baltimore and other cities by Wm. Chas. Keene, president of the Lorrimer Institute, continues unabated. Many cases of baldness and faded hair of years' standing have been remedied by the remarkable preparation being distributed from Mr. Keene's laboratory, and its fame is spreading far and wide and thousands of persons are using this remarkable hair food with gratifying results.

What makes this treatment more popular is the fact that free trial outfits are sent by mail prepaid. Those who wish to try it are strongly advised to write to Mr. Keene at the Lorrimer Institute, Branch 208, Baltimore, Md. They will receive the full trial outfit free of charge and much useful information about the hair which will put them on the road to a rapid and certain improvement.

Margaret Was Logical.

One afternoon I overheard my two children talking about the Sunday school lesson.

Dick, who was much smaller than Margaret, believed all she said about it. So he asked her what God looked like, and she quickly answered: "God looks like a stalk of corn, because mamma said he had ears on all sides, and a stalk of corn is the only thing I know that has ears on all sides."—Delineator.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free. Sold by Druggists, price 75c. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

His First Practice.

The old farmer stood in front of the "Human Frog" in the museum. "How did you ever find out you were a contortionist?" he drawled, curiously. "Sh!" whispered the contortionist. "It's a secret, but I once tried to dress in the upper berth of a Pullman sleeper."

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA a safe and sure remedy for INFANTS and children, and see that it Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson. In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

O Happy Beast!

Johnny—the camel can go eight days without water. Freddy—So could I if ma would let me.—Harper's Bazar.

Facts For Sick Women

We know of no other medicine which has been so successful in relieving the suffering of women, or secured so many genuine testimonials, as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

In almost every community you will find women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Almost every woman you meet has either been benefited by it, or knows some one who has.

In the Pinkham Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., are files containing over one million one hundred thousand letters from women seeking health, in which many openly state over their own signatures that they have regained their health by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has saved many women from surgical operations.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is made exclusively from roots and herbs, and is perfectly harmless.

The reason why it is so successful is because it contains ingredients which act directly upon the female organism, restoring it to healthy and normal activity.

Thousands of unsolicited and genuine testimonials such as the following prove the efficiency of this simple remedy.

Minneapolis, Minn.:—"I was a great sufferer from female troubles which caused a weakness and broken down condition of the system. I read so much of what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for other suffering women, I felt sure it would help me, and I must say it did help me wonderfully. Within three months I was a perfectly well woman."

"I want this letter made public to show the benefits to be derived from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. John G. Moldan, 2115 Second St. North, Minneapolis, Minn.

Women who are suffering from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of these facts or doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.

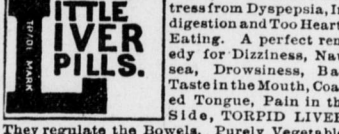
PISO'S CURE CURES WHERE ELSE FAILS Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

Hands Up! Winks—Were you ever in a railroad holdup? Blinks (seasoned traveler)—Yes; I always go standard Pullman.



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. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.



Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

45 to 50 Bu. of Wheat Per Acre have been grown on farm lands in

WESTERN CANADA

Much less would be satisfactory. The general average is above twenty bushels.

"All are loud in their praises of the great crops and that wonderful country."—(Excerpt from correspondence National Editorial Association of August, 1908.)

It is now possible to secure a homestead of 160 acres free and another 160 acres at \$3.00 per acre. Hundreds have paid the cost of their farms (if purchased) and then had a balance from \$10.00 to \$12.00 per acre from one crop. Wheat, barley, oats, flax—all do well. Mixed farming is a great success and dairying is highly profitable. Excellent climate, splendid schools and churches, railways bring most every district within easy reach of market. Railway and land companies have lands for sale at low prices and on easy terms.

"Last Best West" pamphlets and maps sent free. For these and information as to how to secure lowest railway rates, apply to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or the authorized Canadian Government Agent:

H. M. WILLIAMS, Toledo, Ohio, Law Building.

DEFIANCE Cold Water Starch makes laundry work a pleasure. 16 oz. pkg. 10c. PATENTS HOWE & CO., 407 1/2, 500 6th St. Washington, D.C. Blue Book and Patent Guide FREE. Write us.