

RATHER PAY THAN SERVE.

Citizen Soldier's Unique Idea of the Duties of a Sentry.

Australians still tell stories of the C. L. V.'s, although the war is a far memory. One, a member of the Stock Exchange, was left one wet and miserable night to guard a wagonload of goods.

He shivered in the unsheltered place for some hours pondering many things, and then a bright thought struck him just as the colonel came around on his tour of inspection.

"Colonel," he asked, "how much is this wagon worth?" "I don't know," was the answer. "Much or little, we can't afford to lose it."

"Well, but colonel," persisted the amateur soldier, "you might give me a rough idea of the value."

"About \$200," said the Colonel testily.

"Very well," was the answer. "I will come down to the camp and give you a check for the amount. Then I'll turn in. I wouldn't catch my death of cold for twice that much."

What the colonel said is not recorded.—Melbourne Times.

BABY HORRIBLY BURNED

By Boiling Grease—Skin All Came Off One Side of Face and Head—Thought Her Disfigured for Life.

Used Cuticura: No Scar Left.

"My baby was sitting beside the fender and we were preparing the breakfast when the frying-pan full of boiling grease was upset and it went all over one side of her face and head. Some one wiped the scald with a towel, pulling the entire skin off. We took her to a doctor. He tended her a week and gave me some stuff to put on. But it all festered and I thought the baby was disfigured for life. I used about three boxes of Cuticura Ointment and it was wonderful how it healed. In about five weeks it was better and there wasn't a mark to tell where the scald had been. Her skin is just like velvet. Mrs. Hare, 1, Henry St., South Shields, Durham, England, March 22, 1908.

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

DURING THE SHOPPING.



Maude—Men are getting so deceitful, you can't trust your best friend. Percy—And what's worse, you can't get your best friend to trust you.

No Temperament.

"One of your daughters married an artist, did she not?" "Yes, and he beats her dreadfully." "The artistic temperament. Who did her sister marry?" "A coal heaver, and he loves her devotedly and never gives her a cross word."

"How uneventful life must seem with an unthinking clod like that!"—Houston Post.

ONLY ONE "BROMO QUININE." That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

An unbridled tongue is the worst of diseases.—Euripides.

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna. Cleanses the System Effectually. Dispels colds and Headaches due to Constipation; Acts naturally, acts truly as a Laxative. Best for Men, Women and Children—Young and Old. To get its beneficial effects, always buy the Genuine, manufactured by the CALIFORNIA SYRUP CO. BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS. Only regular price 50¢ per bottle.

"A Little Cold is a Dangerous Thing" and often leads to hasty disease and death when neglected. There are many ways to treat a cold, but there is only one right way—use the right remedy. DR. D. JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT is the surest and safest remedy known for Coughs, Croup, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Pleurisy. It cures when other remedies fail. Know something for your cold in time, or know what delay means, you know the remedy, too—Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant. Bottles in three sizes, \$1, 50c, 25c

SERIAL STORY

THE MAKER OF MOONS

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Illustrations by J. J. Sheridan

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens in New York. Roy Cardenue, 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. Barris received a telegram of instructions. He and Pierpont set out to locate the gold making gang. A valet reported seeing a queer Chinaman in the supposedly unattended woods. Roy went hunting. He fell asleep in a dell. On awakening he beheld a beautiful girl at a small lake. A birthmark, resembling a dragon's claw, on Roy's forehead had a mysterious effect upon the girl, who said her name was Ysonde. Suddenly she disappeared. Fleeing in terror Roy beheld a horrible Chinese figure peering at him from the woods. Barris and Pierpont returned. Barris exhibited a reptile like that owned by Godfrey. A ball of supposed gold, he held, suddenly became alive. He told of the Kuen-Yuin, a Chinese nation of sorcerers, numbering 100,000, and explained that the Moon Maker, their ruler, whose crescent symbol was a dragon claw, was supposed to have recently returned to earth. Barris Pierpont and Roy failed to find Ysonde's del. Later, Roy, hunting, came to the beautiful spot, where he found Ysonde. She told him how her stepfather, evidently a Chinaman, made gold and of his mysterious actions. Suddenly all turned black and Roy awoke to find himself stunned and bleeding on his own doorstep. Roy recovered quickly. Barris, under a mysterious spell, told of his stay among the Chinese sorcerers, his love there and its false ending. Several of the gold makers, those who were not sorcerers, were either caught or killed. Roy wandered into the woods and found Ysonde.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

No animal swimming out in the darkness along the shore, no heavy salmon surging, could have set the whole shore afloat as though the wash from a great boat were rolling in. Could it have been the overflow, through the Weir Brook, of some cloudburst far back in the forest? This was the only way I could account for it, and yet when I had crossed the Weir Brook I had not noticed that it was swollen.

And as I lay there thinking, a faint breeze sprang up and I saw the surface of the lake whitened with lifted lily pods. All around me the alders were sighing; I heard the forest behind me stir; the crossed branches rubbing softly, bark against bark. Something—it may have been an owl—sailed out of the night, dipped, soared, and was again engulfed, and far across the water I heard its faint cry, Ysonde.

Then first, for my heart was full, I cast myself down upon my face, calling on her name. My eyes were wet when I raised my head—for the spray from the shore was drifting in again—and my heart beat heavily: "No more, no more." But my heart lied, for even as I raised my face to the calm stars, I saw her standing still, close beside me; and very gently I spoke her name, Ysonde. She held out both hands.

"I was lonely," she said, "and I went to the glade, but the forest is full of frightened creatures and they frightened me. Has anything happened in the woods? The deer are running toward the heights." Her hand still lay in mine as we moved along the shore, and the lapping of the water on rock and shallow was no lower than our voices.

"Why did you leave me without a word, there at the fountain in the glade?" she said. "I leave you!" "Indeed you did, running swiftly with your dog, plunging through thickets and brush—oh—you frightened me." "Did I leave you so?" "Yes—after—"

"After?" "You had kissed me—"

Then we leaned down together and looked into the black water set with stars, just as we had bent together over the fountain in the glade. "Do you remember?" "Yes. See, the water is inlaid with silver stars—everywhere white lilies floating and the stars below, deep, deep down." "What is the flower you hold in your hand?" "White water-lotus." "Tell me about Yue-Laou, Dzil Nbu of the Kuen-Yuin." I whispered, lifting her head so I could see her eyes. "Would it please you to hear?" "Yes, Ysonde." "All that I know is yours, now, as I am yours, all that I am. Bend closer. Is it of Yue-Laou you would know? Yue-Laou is Dzil-Nbu of the Kuen-Yuin. He lived in the Moon. He is old—very, very old, and once, before he came to rule the Kuen-Yuin, he was the old man who unites with a silken cord all predestined couples, after which nothing can prevent their union. But all that is changed since he came to rule the Kuen-Yuin. Now he has perverted the Xin—the good

genil of China—and has fashioned from their warped bodies a monster which he calls the Xin. This monster is horrible, for it not only lives in its own body, but it has thousands of loathsome satellites—living creatures without mouths, blind, that move when the Xin moves, like a mandarin and his escort. They are part of the Xin although they are not attached. Yet if one of these satellites is injured the Xin writhes in agony. It is fearful—this huge living bulk and these creatures spread out like severed fingers that wriggle around a hideous hand."

"Who told you this?" "My stepfather." "Do you believe it?" "Yes. I have seen one of the Xin's creatures." "Where, Ysonde?" "Here in the woods." "Then you believe there is a Xin here?" "There must be—perhaps in the lake—"

"Oh, Xins inhabit lakes?" "Yes, and the seven seas. I am not afraid here." "Why?" "Because I wear the symbol of the Kuen-Yuin." "Then I am not safe," I smiled. "Yes, you are, for I hold you in my arms. Shall I tell you more about the Xin? When the Xin is about to do to death a man, the Yeth-hounds gallop through the night—"

"What are the Yeth-hounds, Ysonde?" "The Yeth-hounds are dogs without heads. They are spirits of murdered children, which pass through the woods at night, making a wailing noise." "Do you believe this?" "Yes, for I have worn the yellow lotus—"

"The yellow lotus—" "Yellow is the symbol of faith—" "Where?" "In Yian," she said, faintly. After a while I said: "Ysonde, you know there is a God?" "God and Xangi are one." "Have you ever heard of Christ?" "No," she answered, softly. The wind began again among the tree tops. I felt her hands closing in mine.

"Ysonde," I asked again, "do you believe in sorcerers?" "Yes, the Kuen-Yuin are sorcerers; Yue-Laou is a sorcerer." "Have you seen sorcery?" "Yes, the reptile satellite of the Xin—" "Anything else?" "My charm—the golden ball, the symbol of the Kuen-Yuin. Have you seen it change—have you seen the reptiles writhe—?"

"Yes," said I, shortly, and then remained silent, for a sudden shiver of apprehension had seized me. Barris also had spoken gravely, ominously of the sorcerers, the Kuen-Yuin, and I had seen with my own eyes the graven reptiles turning and twisting on the glowing globe. "Still," said I, aloud, "God lives and sorcery is but a name." "Ah," murmured Ysonde, drawing closer to me, "they say, in Yian, the Kuen-Yuin live; God is but a name." "They lie," I whispered, fiercely.

"Be careful," she pleaded; "they may hear you. Remember that you have the mark of the dragon's claw on your brow." "What of it?" I asked, thinking also of the white mark on Barris' arm. "Ah, don't you know that those who are marked with the dragon's claw are followed by Yue-Laou, for good or for evil—and the evil means death if you offend him?" "Do you believe that?" I asked, impatiently.

"I know it," she sighed. "Who told you all this? Your stepfather? What in heaven's name is he, then—a Chinaman?" "I don't know; he is not like you." "Have—have you told him anything about me?" "He knows about you—no, I have told him nothing—ah, what is this—see—it is a cord, a cord of silk about your neck—and about mine!" "Where did that come from?" I asked, astonished.

"It must be—it must be Yue-Laou who binds me to you—it is as my stepfather said—he said Yue-Laou would bind us—" "Nonsense," I said, almost roughly, and seized the silken cord, but to my amazement it melted in my hands like smoke. "What is all this damnable jugglery!" I whispered, angrily, but my anger vanished as the words were spoken, and a convulsive shudder shook me to the feet. Standing on the shore of the lake, a stone's throw away, was a figure, twisted and bent—a little old man, blowing sparks from a live coal which he held in his naked hand. The coal glowed with increasing radiance, lighting up the skull-like face above it, and threw a red glow over the sands at his feet. But the face!—the ghastly Chinese face on which the light flickered—and the snaky slitted eyes, sparkling as the coal glowed hotter. Coal! It was not a coal but a golden globe staining the night with crimson flames—it was the symbol of the Kuen-Yuin.

"See! See!" gasped Ysonde, trembling violently, "see the moon rising from between his fingers! Oh, I thought it was my stepfather and it is Yue-Yaou, the Maker of Moons—no! no! it is my stepfather—ah, God! they are the same!" Frozen with terror I stumbled to my knees, groping for my revolver, which bulged in my coat pocket; but something held me—a something which bound me like a web in a thousand strong silky meshes. I struggled and turned, but the web grew tighter; it was over us—all around us, drawing, pressing us into each other's arms until we lay side by side, bound hand

and body and foot, palpitating, panting like a pair of netted pigeons. And the creature on the shore below! What was my horror to see a moon, huge, silvery, rise like a bubble from between his fingers, mount higher, higher into the still air and hang aloft in the midnight sky, while another moon rose from his fingers, and another and yet another until the vast span of Heaven was set with moons and the earth sparkled like a diamond in the white glare.

A great wind began to blow from the east and it bore to our ears a long mournful howl—a cry so unearthly that for a moment our hearts stopped. "The Yeth-hounds!" sobbed Ysonde; "do you hear!—they are passing through the forest! The Xin is near!"

Then all around us in the dry sedge grasses came a rustle as if some small animal were creeping, and a damp acid odor filled the air. I knew the smell, I saw the spidery, crab-like creatures swarm out around me and drag their soft yellow hairy bodies across the shrinking grasses. They passed, hundreds of them, poisoning the air, tumbling, writhing, crawling with their blind, mouthless heads raised. Birds, half asleep and confused by the darkness, fluttered away before them in helpless flight; rabbits sprang from their forms, weasels glided away like flying shadows. What remained of the forest creatures rose and fled from the loathsome invasion. I heard the squeak of a terrified hare, the short stampeding of a deer and the lumbering gallop of a bear; and all the time I was choking, half suffocated by the poisoned air.

Then, as I struggled to free myself from the silken snare about me, I cast a glance of deadly fear at the sorcerer below, and at the same moment I saw him turn in his tracks. "Halt!" cried a voice from the bushes. "Barris!" I shouted, half leaping up in my agony.

I saw the sorcerer spring forward, I heard the bang! bang! bang! of a revolver, and as the sorcerer fell on the water's edge, I saw Barris jump out into the white glare and fire again, once, twice, three times, into the writhing figure at his feet. Then an awful thing occurred. Up out of the black lake reared a shadow, a nameless, shapeless mass, headless, sightless, gigantic, gaping from end to end.

A great wave struck Barris and he fell, another whirled him up on the pebbles, another whirled him back into the water and then—and then the thing fell over him—and I fainted.

This, then, is all that I know concerning Yue-Laou and the Xin. I do not fear the ridicules of scientists or of the press for I have told the truth. Barris is gone and the thing that killed him is alive to-day, in the Lake of the Stars, while the spider-like satellites roam through the Cardinal Woods. The game has fled, the forests around the lake are empty of any living creatures save the reptiles that creep when the Xin moves in the depths of the lake.

Gen. Drummond knows what he has lost in Barris, and we, Pierpont and I, know what we have lost also. His will we found in the drawer, the key of which he had handed me. It was wrapped in a bit of paper on which was written: Yue-Laou, the sorcerer, is here in the Cardinal Woods. I must kill him or he will kill me. He made and gave to me the woman I loved—he made her—I saw him—he made her out of a white water-lotus bud. When our child was born, he came again before me and demanded from me the woman I loved. Then, when I refused, he went away, and that night my wife and child vanished from my side, and I found upon my pillow a white lotus bud. Roy, the woman of your dream, Ysonde, may be my child. God help you if you love her, for Yue-Laou will give—and take away, as though he were Xangi, which is God. I will kill Yue-Laou before I leave this forest—or he will kill me.

Now, the world knows what Barris thought of the Kuen-Yuin and of Yue-Laou. I see that the newspapers are just becoming excited over the glimpses that Li-Hung Chang has afforded them of Black Cathay and the demons of the Kuen-Yuin. The Kuen-Yuin are on the move.

Pierpont and I have dismantled the shooting box in the Cardinal Woods. We hold ourselves ready at a moment's notice to join and lead the first government party to drag the Lake of the Stars and cleanse the forest of the crab reptiles. But it will be necessary that a large force assemble, and a well-armed force, for we never have found the body of Yue-Laou, and, living or dead, I fear him. Is he living?

Pierpont, who found Ysonde and myself unconscious on the lake shore, the morning after, saw no trace of corpse or blood on the sands. He may have fallen into the lake, but I fear, and Ysonde fears, that he is alive. We never were able to find either her dwelling place or the glade and the fountain again. The only thing that remains to her of her former life is the golden serpent in the Metropolitan Museum and her golden globe, the symbol of the Kuen-Yuin; but the latter no longer changes color.

David and the dogs are waiting for me in the courtyard as I write. Pierpont is in the gunroom loading shells, and Howlett brings him mug after mug of my ale from the well. Ysonde bends over my desk—I feel her hand on my arm, and she is saying: "Don't you think you have done enough to-day, dear? How can you write such silly nonsense without a shadow of truth or foundation?"

THE END. Ireland's Mineral Wealth. Gold, silver and lead mines are, it is said, to be worked extensively in the bleak district of Innishowen, County of Donegal, Ireland, overlooking the Atlantic.

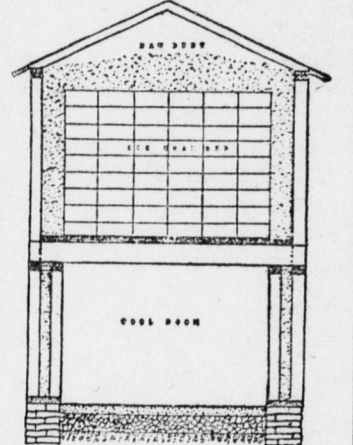


FARM AND GARDEN

COLD STORAGE ROOM.

Will Keep Temperature Between 40 and 50 Degrees.

The design of an icehouse and cool room shown herewith has in view a minimum consumption of ice with a cool room maintained in the neighborhood of 40 to 50 degrees Fahrenheit. If a lower temperature than this is desired a somewhat different construction than this must be adopted and a larger volume of ice stored, with which to maintain the lower temperature. In the icehouse whose construction is illustrated, the ice chamber is entirely shut off from the cool room,



Combined Icehouse and Cool Room.

and the cooling effect is secured through the metal combined ceiling and floor upon which the ice rests and melts, and against which the air of the cool room comes and is cooled. As represented in the illustration, the ice is stacked at a distance from the walls; the space between is filled with sawdust, and the top of the ice mass covered with it. This arrangement allows the ice to melt away at the bottom, giving its cooling effect to the room below, the sawdust settling as the ice melts, but keeping it continuously covered and excluded from the surrounding walls so that neither air currents nor direct radiation can be effective in melting the ice.

Where a lower temperature is desired in the cool room the walls of the icehouse may be given the same type of construction as is illustrated for the cool room referred to above. With this construction the sawdust used between the ice and the walls would be placed permanently within the walls, and a tight ceiling would be provided to be covered with sawdust or some other equally good non-conductor of sufficient depth to protect the ice against the radiation of heat through the roof. With this construction the icehouse would be filled as full as practicable with the ice and the floor-celling constructed in a manner which would permit of a free circulation of air between the cool room and the ice chamber. Such a circulation can readily be secured by leaving a long narrow opening, two or three inches wide, along two opposite sides, thus connecting the cool room with the ice chamber above. With such a provision the air it warms in the cool room would become lighter, and rise into the ice chamber, to be cooled and have its moisture condense upon the ice to be carried away in the drainage with the melting ice. Such a construction as this would provide a more rapid movement of air, bringing it in contact with a larger surface of ice, and thus maintain the temperature of the cool room at a lower degree than would be possible with the construction represented in the illustration. But to maintain this lower temperature the ice chamber, as already stated, would be required to contain a larger mass of ice. It would be necessary also to construct both ice chamber and cool room with walls thoroughly air-tight and of the best insulating materials.

DO NOT USE RAW MUCK.

Apt to Cause the Land to Grow Coarse Grass and Weeds.

As bearing upon the question of the use of muck, I would like to quote the saying of a man to me, many years ago, who knew what he was talking about. It was this: "No one ever realizes his expectation in the use of muck." It is an easy "fever" to get, and I had it at the time, writes a correspondent of Rural New Yorker.

The point I wish to call attention to is concerning the applying of fresh-dug muck direct to the land. It seems to me that it should never be done, but thrown out for the action of frost or to be well treated with lime. It came under my observation many years ago, where great quantities of muck were applied to land. The farm adjoined that of the man from whom I quoted, and, if I remember rightly, his was in the same condition, viz., that it brought in a great variety of coarse grasses and weeds, so that the land was spoken of as being ruined. I saw the wild grasses growing, and it was an object lesson I was not likely to forget. It seems to me that it is well for us sometimes to profit by others' experience.

The white field bean evidently grows well on an acid soil. Lime does not help it as it does some other crops.

MADE HIM SIT UP.



Wife—I'll make you sorry you ever quarreled with me! Hubby—What will you do? Go home to your mother, I suppose? Wife—No; I'll bring mother here!

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Frocks and Personality.

The Englishwoman does not diffuse enough personality into her clothes. If she is tall and gaunt she chooses severe tailor-made costumes and looks like a clothes press. If she is small she tilts on her enormous curled coil-fure, a monster hat and sews a gigantic Elizabethan frill into the neck of her blouse.—London Bystander.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Address the Garfield Tea Co. as above when writing for free samples of Garfield Tea, the true remedy for constipation.

A man would rather lose \$25 at the racetrack than give it to his wife to buy a bonnet.

HER PHYSICIAN ADVISED

Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Columbus, Ohio.—"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound during change of life. My doctor told me it was good, and since taking it I feel so much better that I can do all my work again. I think Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fine remedy for all woman's troubles, and I never forget to tell my friends what it has done for me."—Mrs. E. HANSON, 304 East Long St., Columbus, Ohio.

Another Woman Helped.

Graniteville, Vt.—"I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from nervousness and other annoying symptoms. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored my health and strength, and proved worth mountains of gold to me. For the sake of other suffering women I am willing you should publish my letter."—Mrs. CHARLES BARCLAY, R.F.D., Graniteville, Vt.

Women who are passing through this critical period or who are suffering from any of those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of the fact that for thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills. In almost every community you will find women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Bad Breath.

A well-known physician, who undoubtedly knows, declares that bad breath has broken off more matches than bad temper.

There are ardent lovers who must sometimes wish their sweethearts presented sweeter mouths to be kissed. Good teeth cannot prevent bad breath when the stomach is disordered.

Lane's Family Medicine

(called also Lane's Tea) the tonic laxative. This is a herb medicine, sold in 25c. and 50c. packages by druggists. It saves doctor bills. It cures headache, backache, indigestion, constipation and skin diseases. 25c. at druggists.

PISO'S Stop Coughing! Nothing breaks down the health so quickly and positively as a persistent cough. If you have a cough give it attention now. You can relieve it quickly with PISO'S CURE. Famous for half a century as the reliable remedy for coughs, colds, hoarseness, bronchitis, asthma and kindred ailments. At all druggists', 25c.