

SERIAL STORY

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 Cardwell, the story-teller, inspecting a queer reptile owned by George Godfrey of Tiffany's, Roy and Harris and Pierpont, two friends, depart on a hunting trip to Cardinal Woods, a rather obscure locality. Harris revealed the fact that he had joined the secret service for the purpose of running down a gang of gold makers. Prof. LaTrance, on discovering the gang's formula, had been mysteriously killed. Harris 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 table. A bishmark resembling a dragon's claw, on Roy's forehead had a mysterious effect upon the girl, who said her name was Yande. Suddenly she disappeared. Pleading in terror Roy beheld a horrible Chinese visage peering at him from the woods. Harris and Pierpont returned. Harris exhibited a reptile like that owned by Godfrey. A ball of supposed gold, he held, suddenly became alive.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

"And who the devil is Yue-Lau?" I said, crossly.

"Yue-Lau—the Moon Maker, Dzil-Nbu of the Kuen-Yuin; it's Chinese mythology, but it is believed that Yue-Lau has returned to rule the Kuen-Yuin."

"The conversation," interrupted Pierpont, "smacks of peacock feathers and yellow-jackets. The chicken-pox has left its card on Roy, and Harris is gazing at you. Come on, you fellows, and make your call on the dream-lady. Harris, I hear galloping; here come your men."

Two mud-splashed riders clattered up to the porch and dismounted at a motion from Harris. I noticed that both of them carried repeating rifles and heavy Colt's revolvers.

The followed Harris, deferentially, into the dining-room, and presently we heard the tinkle of plates and bottles and the low hum of Harris' musical voice.

Half an hour later they came out again, saluted Pierpont and me, and galloped away in the direction of the Canadian frontier. Ten minutes passed, and, as Harris did not appear, we rose and went into the house, to find him. He was sitting silently before the table, watching the small golden globe, now glowing with scarlet and orange fire, brilliant as a live coal. Howlett, mouth ajar and eyes staring from the sockets, stood petrified behind him.

"Are you coming?" asked Pierpont, a little startled. Harris did not answer. The globe slowly turned to pale gold again—but the face that Harris raised to ours was white as a sheet. Then he stood up and smiled, with an effort which was painful to us all.

"Give me a pencil and a bit of paper," he said.

Howlett brought it. Harris went to the window and wrote rapidly. He folded the paper, placed it in the top drawer of his desk, locked the drawer, handed me the key, and motioned us to precede him.

When again we stood under the maples, he turned to me with an impenetrable expression. "You will know when to use the key," he said. "Come, Pierpont, we must try to find Roy's fountain."

CHAPTER VI.

At two o'clock that afternoon, at Harris' suggestion, we gave up the search for the fountain in the glade and cut across the forest to the spinney where David and Howlett were waiting with our guns and the three dogs.

Pierpont gazed me unmercifully about the "dream-lady," as he called her, and, but for the significant coincidence of Ysande's and Harris' questions concerning the white scar on my forehead, I should long ago have been perfectly persuaded that I had dreamed the whole thing. As it was, I had no explanation to offer. We had not been able to find the glade although 50 times I came to landmarks which convinced me that we were just about to enter it. Harris was quiet, scarcely uttering a word to either of us during the entire search. I had never before seen him depressed in spirits. However, when we came in sight of the spinney where a cold bit of grouse and a bottle of Burgundy awaited each, Harris seemed to recover his habitual good humor.

"Here's the dream-lady!" said Pierpont, raising his glass and standing up.

I did not like it. Even if she was only a dream, it irritated me to hear Pierpont's mocking voice. Perhaps Harris understood—I don't know, but he bade Pierpont drink his wine without further noise, and that young man obeyed with a childish confidence which almost made Harris smile.

"What about the snipe, David," I asked; "the meadows should be in good condition."

"There is not a snipe on the meadows, sir," said David, solemnly.

"Impossible," exclaimed Harris, "they can't have left."

"They have, sir," said David, in a sepulchral voice, which I hardly recognized.

We all three looked at the old man curiously, waiting for his explanation of this disappointing but sensational report.

David looked at Howlett and Howlett examined the sky.

"I was going," began the old man, with his eyes fastened on Howlett, "I was going along by the spinney with the dogs when Howlett came walkin' very fast toward me. I heard a noise in the covert and I seen—in fact," continued David, "I may say he was runnin'. Was you runnin', Howlett?"

Howlett said "Yes," with a decorous cough.

"I beg pardon," said David, "but I'd rather Howlett told the rest. He saw things which I did not."

"Go on, Howley," commanded Pierpont, much interested.

Howlett coughed again behind his large red hand.

"What David says is true," he began; "I observed the dogs at a distance 'ow they was workin', sir, and David stood a lightin' of 'a pipe be'ind the spotted beech when I see a 'ead pop up in the covert 'oldin' a stick like 'e was 'aimin' at the dogs, sir—"

"A head holding a stick?" said Pierpont, severely.

"The 'ead 'nd 'ands, sir," explained Howlett, "ands that 'eld a painted stick—like that, sir. 'Owlett, thinks I to meself, this 'ere 's queer, so I jumps in an' runs, but the beggar 'e seen me an' when I comes alongside of David, 'e was gone. 'Elo, 'Owlett, sez David, 'what the 'ell, 'I beg pardon, sir—'ow did you come 'ere, 'sez 'e very loud. 'Run!' sez I, 'the Chinaman is harrin' the dawgs!' 'For Gawd's sake, wot Chinaman?' sez David, 'haimin' 'is gun at every bush. Then I thinks I see 'im an' we run an' run, the dawgs a boundin' close to heel, sir, but we don't see no Chinaman."

"I'll tell the rest," said David, as Howlett coughed and stepped in a modest corner behind the dogs.

"Go on," said Harris, in a strange voice.

"Well, sir, when Howlett and I stopped chasin', we was on the cliff overlooking the south meadow. I noticed that there was hundreds of birds there, mostly yellow-legs and plover, and Howlett seen them, too. Then before I could say a word to Howlett, something out in the lake gave a splash as if the whole cliff had fallen into the water. I was that scared that I jumped straight into the bush and Howlett he sat down quick, and all those snipe wheeled up—there was hundreds—all a squealin' with fright,

and the woodcock came howlin' over the meadows as if the old Nick was behind."

David paused and glanced meditatively at the dogs.

"Go on," said Harris in the same strained voice.

"Nothing more, sir. The snipe did not come back."

"But that splash in the lake?"

"I don't know what it was, sir."

"A salmon? A salmon couldn't have frightened the duck and the snipe that way?"

"No—oh, no, sir. If 50 salmon had jumped they couldn't have made that splash. Couldn't they, Howlett?"

"No 'ow," said Howlett.

"Roy," said Harris at length, "what David tells us settles the snipe shooting for to-day. I am going to take Pierpont up to the house. Howlett and David will follow with the dogs—I have something to say to them. If you care to come, come along; if not, go and shoot a brace of grouse for dinner and be back by eight if you want to see what Pierpont and I discovered last night."

David whistled Gamin and Mioche to heel and followed Howlett and his hamper toward the house. I called Voyou to my side, picked up my gun and turned to Harris.

"I will be back by eight," I said; "you are expecting to catch one of the goldmakers, are you not?"

"Yes," said Harris, listlessly.

Pierpont began to speak about the Chinaman, but Harris motioned him to follow, and nodding to me, took the path that Howlett and David had followed toward the house. When they disappeared I tucked my gun under my arm and turned sharply into the forest, Voyou trotting close to my heels.

In spite of myself the continued apparition of the Chinaman made me nervous. If he troubled me again I had fully decided to get the drop on

him and find out what he was doing in the Cardinal Woods. If he could give no satisfactory account of himself I would march him in to Harris as a gold-making suspect—I would march him in, anyway. I thought, and sid the forest of his ugly face. I wondered what it was that David had heard in the lake. It must have been a big fish, a salmon, I thought; probably David's and Howlett's nerves were overwrought after their Celestial chase.

A whine from the dog broke the thread of my meditation and I raised my head. Then I stopped short in my tracks.

The lost glade lay straight before me.

Already the dog had bounded into it, across the velvet turf to the carved stone where a slim figure sat. I saw my dog lay his silky head lovingly against her silken kirtle; I saw her face bend above him, and I caught my breath and slowly entered the sunlit glade.

Half timidly she held out one white hand.

"Now that you have come," she said, "I can show some more of my work. I told you that I could do other things besides those dragon-flies and moths carved here in stone. Why do you stare at me so? Are you ill?"

"Ysande," I stammered.

"Yes," she said, with a faint color under her eyes.

"I—I never expected to see you again," I blurted out, "—you—I—I—thought I had dreamed."

"Dreamed of me? Perhaps you did. Is that strange?"

"Strange? N—no—but—where did you go when—when we were leaning over the fountain together? I saw your face—your face reflected beside mine and then—then suddenly I saw the blue sky and only a star twinkling."

"It was because you fell asleep," she said, "was it not?"

"I—asleep?"

"You slept—I thought you were very tired and I went back—"

"Back?—where?"

"Back to my home where I carve my beautiful images; see, here is one I brought to show you to-day."

I took the sculptured creature that she held toward me, a massive lizard with frail claw-spread wings of gold so thin that the sunlight burned through and fell on the ground in flaming gilded patches.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, "this is astounding! Where did you learn to do such work? Ysande, such a thing is beyond price!"

"Oh, I hope so," she said, earnestly. "I can't bear to sell my work, but my stepfather takes it and sends it away. This is the second thing I have done, and yesterday he said I must give it to him. I suppose he is poor."

"I don't see how he can be poor if he gives you gold to model in," I said, astonished.

"Gold!" she exclaimed, "gold! He has a room full of gold! He makes it." I sat down on the turf at her feet completely unnerved.

"Why do you look at me so?" she asked, a little troubled.

"Where does your stepfather live?" I said at last.

"Here!"

"Here!"

"In the woods near the lake. You could never find our house."

"A house!"

"Of course. Did you think I lived in a tree? How silly. I live with my stepfather in a beautiful house—a small house, but very beautiful. He makes his gold there, but the men who carry it away never come to the house, for they don't know where it is, and if they did they could not get in. My stepfather carries the gold in lumps to a canvas satchel. When the satchel is full he takes it out into the woods where the men live, and I don't know what they do with it. I wish he could sell the gold and become rich, for then I could go back to Yian where all the gardens are sweet and the river flows under the thousand bridges."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LEAD IN WATER TURBINE WORK.

Swiss the First to Develop Long Distance Electrical Power.

Switzerland produces no coal and no iron. In the manufacture of machinery the raw material is nearly all brought from Germany, which also supplies the greater part of the coal. The tools used in the machine shops, however, are for the most part, made in America.

The country has an enormous amount of water power, however, and in its development the Swiss have gained a prominence in the water turbine work throughout the world, one firm being called upon to design the original water turbine which was installed at Niagara falls. Hand-in-hand with this turbine development, practically the superlatives in electrical engineering has been attained, and today Swiss machinery is being sent to all parts of the world.

The Swiss are able to maintain their position only through their superior technical knowledge, for which they are indebted to their engineering institutions. In their vast experience they lay claim to being the first to develop the transmission of electrical power over long distances, and it is believed that before long all the Swiss state railways will be working under electrical power.

When He Begins. As soon as a man gets \$10,000 he begins to fear that somebody is trying to stir up class hatred.

Ship Has Short Life. The average life of a ship is about 25 years.

MONEY MADE IN LIVE STOCK IN CENTRAL CANADA.

W. J. Henderson, visiting Seattle writes the Canadian Government Agent at Spokane, Wash., and says:

"I have neighbors in Central Canada raising wheat, barley and oats for the past 20 years, and are now getting from the same land 20 to 30 bushels of wheat per acre, 40 to 60 bushels of oats.

"It was the first week of May when I got my tent pitched, but the farmers all around had finished putting in their crops, so I only got fifteen acres broke and seeded. They advised me as it was late not to put in much wheat, so I put in five acres of wheat and ten acres oats, one-half acre potatoes and vegetables. All kinds of vegetables grow well up there, sweet corn, tomatoes, onions, carrots, peas, beans, cabbage. My wheat yielded about 20 bushels per acre, for which I got 76 cents, others got 80 cents; oats threshed 35 bushels per acre, for which I got 35 cents per bushel. You see I was three weeks late in getting them in, still I was satisfied.

"From my observation, there is more money made in stock, such as cattle, horses and sheep, as prices are high for such, and it costs nothing to raise them, as horses live the year around out on the grass. In fact, farmers turn their work horses out for the winter, and they come in fresh and fat in the spring. Cattle live out seven or eight months. They mow the prairie grass and stack it for winter and give out straw. My neighbors sold steers at \$40 each, and any kind of a horse that can plow, from \$150.00 up. I raised 60 chickens and 5 pigs, as pork, chickens, butter and eggs pay well and always a good market for anything a man raises, so I have every reason to be thankful, besides, at the end of three years I get my patent for home-stead. I heard of no home-stead selling for less than \$2,000, so where under the sun could an old man or young man do better?"

The Prince of Grumblers. When Mr. Beeton asked if he did not find many unreasonable people among his summer boarders, Farmer Joy quickly assented.

"Lots an' lots are never satisfied anyway," he said. "No matter what's done for 'em, there'll always be something wrong somewhere.

"Now last summer," he went on, with a gleaming eye, "we had a man here that was so fond of grumblin' that one day he actually called for a toothpick after he'd had a glass of milk."—Youth's Companion.

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