

NEW STRENGTH FOR WOMEN'S BACKS.

How to Make a Bad Back Better.

Women who suffer with backache, bearing down pain, dizzy spells, and that constant feeling of dullness and tired legs, will find hope in the advice of Mrs. Mary Hinson of 21 Strother St., Mt. Sterling, Ky. "Had I not used Doan's Kidney Pills I believe I would not be living to-day," says Mrs. Hinson. "My eyesight was poor, I suffered with nervous, splitting headaches, spots would dance before my eyes, and at times I would be so dizzy I would have to grasp something for support. My back was so weak and painful I could hardly bend over to button my shoes and could not get around without suffering severely. Doan's Kidney Pills helped me from the first, and I continued until practically well again."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Distinction Without Difference.

While holding a term of court at Augusta once, Judge Walton sentenced a man to seven years in prison for a grave crime. The respondent's counsel asked for a mitigation of the sentence on the ground that the prisoner's health was very poor. "Your honor," said he, "I am satisfied that my client cannot live out half that term, and I beg of you to change the sentence." "Well, under those circumstances," said the judge, "I will change the sentence. I will make it for life instead of seven years."

Laundry work at home would be much more satisfactory if the right Starch were used. In order to get the desired stiffness, it is usually necessary to use so much starch that the beauty and fineness of the fabric is hidden behind a paste of varying thickness, which not only destroys the appearance, but also affects the wearing quality of the goods. This trouble can be entirely overcome by using Defiance Starch, as it can be applied much more thinly because of its greater strength than other makes.

Poor Pat.

The surgeon of a large hospital was paying a visit to the patients when he came to a cot whereon lay an Irishman who was not bearing his pain very bravely, for he was groaning loudly.

"Oh, come, my poor fellow," remonstrated the surgeon, "try and bear your pain like a man. It's no use kicking against Fate."

"Shure, you're right, sorr," groaned the Irishman, who had been severely kicked by a mule, "specially when they're the fate of a mule!"—Exchange.

Starch, like everything else, is being constantly improved, the patent Starches put on the market 25 years ago are very different and inferior to those of the present day. In the latest discovery—Defiance Starch—all injurious chemicals are omitted, while the addition of another ingredient, invented by us, gives to the Starch a strength and smoothness never approached by other brands.

A Republican Reliance.

Three-year-old Norris is fond of the Twenty-third Psalm, sometimes repeating it instead of his regular evening prayer. Last autumn the name of the successful presidential candidate was often heard at the dinner table, and Norris unconsciously fell into the habit of rendering one passage of the Psalm in this reassuring fashion: "Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."—Lippincott's.

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. F. J. CHEMEL & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, price 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Thoughtful Child.

They are considerate youngsters in England, as most people know. A little boy whose grandmother had just died wrote the following letter, which he duly posted: "Dear Angels: We have sent you grandma. Please give her a harp to play, as she is short-winded and can't blow a trumpet."—London Tit-Bits.

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 *Wm. C. Little* In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

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.

Asthmatics, Read This.

If you are afflicted with Asthma write me at once and learn of something for which you will be grateful the rest of your life. J. G. McBride, St. Nebr.

Happy Beast!

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

Even when the gates of prayer are shut the gates of tears are open.—Hebrew proverb.

SERIAL STORY

THE MAKER OF MOONS

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Illustrations by J. J. Sheridan

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens in New York. Roy Carden, 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. LaGrange, 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 vial 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 Ysande. Suddenly she disappeared. Flung in terror Roy beheld a horrible Chinese village peering at him from the woods. Harris and Pierpont returned. Harris exhibited a reptile, like that owned by Godfrey. A ball of supposed gold, in fact, suddenly became alive. He told of the Kuen-Yuin, a Chinese nation of sorcerers, numbering 10,000,000, and explained that the Moon Maker, their ruler, whose crescent symbol was a dragon claw, was supposed to have recently returned to earth. Harris, Pierpont and Roy failed to find Ysande's dell. Later, Roy, hunting, came to the beautiful spot, where he found Ysande. She told him how her stepfather, evidently a Chinaman, made gold and of his mysterious actions.

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. Yesterday I carried a blossom of dried lotus buds from Yan, in my breast, and all the woods were fragrant. Did you smell it?"

"Yes."

"I wondered, last night, whether you did. How beautiful your dog is. I love him. Yesterday I thought most about your dog, but last night—"

"Last night," I repeated, below my breath.

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

"I raised my hand impulsively to my forehead, covering the scar. "What do you know of the dragon-claw?" I muttered.

"It is the symbol of Yue-Lao, and Yue-Lao rules the Kuen-Yuin, my stepfather says. My stepfather tells me everything that I know. We lived in Yan until I was 16 years old. I am 18 now; that is two years we have lived in the forest. Look!—see those scarlet birds! What are they? There are birds of the same color in Yan."

"Where is Yan, Ysande?" I asked, with deadly calmness.

"Yan? I don't know."

"But you have lived there?"

"Yes, a very long time."

"Is it across the ocean, Ysande?"

"It is across seven oceans and the great river which is longer than from the earth to the moon."

"Who told you that?"

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

"Will you tell me his name, Ysande?"

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

"And what is your name?"

"You know it, Ysande."

"Yes, but what other name?"

"That is all, Ysande. 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 Yan, and I loved to watch the sparks at night whirling like golden bees. Yan 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, Ysande!" I urged, gently.

"The people of Yan? 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 Yan, for my stepfather forbade me."

"You never saw a living creature near by in Yan?" 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 you do, sometimes as they do in Yan. I speak also in both manners."

"Then speak as they do in Yan," I urged, impatiently, "speak as—why, Ysande! why are you crying? Have I hurt you?—I did not intend—I did not dream of your crying! There, Ysande, 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 the 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.

"Ysande!" 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.

"Ysande!" 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 Ysande leaping my face and Harris 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:

"Ysande!"

CHAPTER VII.

"What the devil's the matter with him?" muttered Pierpont, lifting me in his arms like a child; "has he been stabbed, Harris?"

In a few minutes I was able to stand and walk stiffly into my bedroom where Howlett had a hot bath ready and a hotter tumbler of Scotch. Pierpont sponged the blood from my throat where it had coagulated. The cut was slight, almost invisible, a mere puncture from a thorn. A shampoo cleared my mind, and a cold plunge and alcohol friction did the rest.

"Now," said Pierpont, "swallow your hot Scotch and lie down. Do you want a broiled woodcock? Good, I fancy you are coming about."

Harris and Pierpont watched me as I sat on the edge of the bed, solemnly chewing on the woodcock's wishbone and sipping my Bordeaux, very much at my ease.

Pierpont sighed his relief.

"So," he said, pleasantly, "it was a mere case of ten dollars or ten days. I thought you had been stabbed—"

"I was not intoxicated," I replied, serenely picking up a bit of celery.

"Only jangled?" inquired Pierpont, full of sympathy.

"Nonsense," said Harris, "let him alone. Want some more celery, Roy? It will make you sleep."

"I don't want to sleep," I answered; "when are you and Pierpont going to catch your gold-maker?"

Harris looked at his watch and closed it with a snap.

"In an hour, you don't propose to go with us?"

"But I do—toss me a cup of coffee, Pierpont, will you—that's just what I propose to do. Howlett, bring the new box of Pantella's—the mild imported; and leave the decanter. Now, Harris, I'll be dressing, and you and Pierpont

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

Harris locked it and sat down.

"Thanks," said I; "Harris, where is the city of Yan?"

An expression akin to terror flashed into Harris' 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 Harris, and rose trembling from his chair. He had grown ten years older.

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

I looked at Harris 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 thrilling in my 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 Harris, 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 Harris. Twice he moved his lips as if to ask something and then remained mute.

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

He nodded silently.

"Yan is a city," repeated Harris, "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 Harris, 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 Harris, 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? Yan 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 Harris, 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 Xanet cast across Abaddon. Better to die a million miles from Yozd and Ater Quodah 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 Wulwalleh is wailed by the dead."

"And Yan," 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. These 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, 'Ahmoo' of the blacks (Pisonia Brunoniana), 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.

Tracts 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.

Advertisement for Spohn's Distemper Cure, Pink Eye, Eptzotic Shipping Fever & Catarrhal Fever. Includes a small portrait of a man.

Advertisement for Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, Are You Protected against pneumonia, which so often comes with a sudden chill, or congestion of the lungs—the results of neglected colds? If not you should have a safe and sure remedy at hand all the time.

Advertisement for Lane's Family Medicine, Tired Women can get back the strength they used to have if they will take a treatment of the famous tonic-laxative herb tea.

Advertisement for Cuticura Comfort, FOR LITTLE FAT FOLKS. Most grateful and comforting is a warm bath with Cuticura Soap and gentle anointings with Cuticura. This pure, sweet, economical treatment brings immediate relief and refreshing sleep to skin-tortured and disfigured little ones and rest to tired, fretted mothers.

Advertisement for Texas State Land, TEXAS STATE LAND. Millions of acres of school land to be sold by the State, \$1.00 to \$20.00 per acre, only one-fourth cash and 30 days time on balance; three per cent interest on the balance; good agricultural land; good opportunities for stock raisers and New State Law grants for back of land; rich soil; good water; J. J. Spryler, School Land Location, 126 3/4 St. Austin, Tex. Reference, Austin National Bank.

Advertisement for Live Stock and Electrotypes, DEFIANE STARCH. Includes a small illustration of a person.