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"Any on here for Kurrie-muir?"
There was no response and presently the train moved on.
Then an old Scotchwoman remarked triumphantly:
"Am for Kurrie-muir, but I wouldn't tell that inquisitive idiot so when he peered in!"—Washington Star.

A Solemn Task.
"What's the conclave at your house about?"
"We are discussing the advisability of impeaching the cook."—Kansas City Journal.

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SERIAL STORY

The Isolated Continent

A Romance of the Future

By Guido von Horvath and Dean Hoard

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For fifty years the continent of North America had been isolated from the rest of the world by the use of Z-rays, a wonderful invention of Hanzon Prudent. The invention had saved the country from foreign invasion, and the continent had been united under one government with Prudent as president. For half a century peace and prosperity reigned in this part of the world. The story opens with Prudent's death. His death is hastened by the receipt of a message from Count von Werdenstein of Germany that he has at last succeeded in penetrating the rays. This means a foreign invasion. He tells her to hurry to the island of Ciryne, but dies before he can do so. She is nominated for the presidency of the continental party. Napoleon Edison calls her. He informs her that he was a pupil of her father's, and promises to help her. He gives her a ring made of a newly discovered substance which, he says, will solve the problem of flying. Chevalier Napoleon's secret. She falls in love with him. He agrees to join him in an attempt to escape. By the use of fireworks he summons a curious flying machine which resembles a monster eagle. He escapes and sends his message to Astra. Edison calls on Astra as promised. He tells her his plans for defense have been completed, but that he will give full details at his workshop on the island of Ciryne in the Pacific. They make the trip in three hours. His plans are based on the peculiarity of the new substance, clyrnyth, which is lighter than any known metal and is practically indestructible. The Europeans succeed in passing the line of isolation, but find that the Americans have established a second one. Edison delivers a note to von Werdenstein in his flagship demanding that the fleet be withdrawn. Edison is attracted, but by the use of some mysterious power he destroys two warships and several aeroplanes. Rousing his helplessness, von Werdenstein withdraws his fleet and consents to universal disarmament. Edison's mother is ill on the island of Ciryne. Countess Rositta offers to go and comfort her. Hoping to discover Edison's secrets, she begins to weave a net around Santos Duprel, Edison's assistant. The countess gets into her clutches. She gets another letter from Werdenstein asking her to find out if Edison is interested in the Schomburg-Lithow estate. Edison applies personally to Werdenstein with an offer for the property, but gets no satisfaction. Astra and Edison set the date for their wedding. Werdenstein gets a letter from the countess, promising to reveal Edison's secrets as soon as the property is turned over to her.

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.
"Both the Count Rosiny and the countess were members of the German secret service. They needed means to keep up their title and did not hesitate to become spies. Besides, she said it was her greatest pleasure to participate in intrigue and the excitement of this profession."
"A few years later, a complete moral wreck, I broke away from her, and went to Russia. There I became a tool of that infamous, grewsome society that works in the dark against all that is good. It was my fate to be selected to do the ugliest crime of my life. I thank God I was prevented from succeeding."
"I am trying to right the wrong I intended to do you. I know my punishment can only be death. I expect it. I long for it, and these, my last words, are sacred."
"I have not seen her for years and her unexpected appearance on the scene diverted my mind—for a moment I wanted to kill her."
"This is my story, your ladyship, and since I have breathed American air, even though it came through prison windows, I begin to understand the greatness of the ideals you are serving, and I beg you not to condemn me in your thoughts. The knowledge that your noble mind pardons the unhappy tool of a wrong idea, will ease my last hour."
"AETZEL VON ROTHENBERG."
There the long letter ended, but another sheet was waiting to be read:
"Your ladyship—My former communication was written before I received the news that I am pardoned."
"Life is precious, and while I was ready to give it up, I accept your kind act that was inspired by the goodness of your heart, jubilantly. You gave me life and liberty and will you now accept my true and faithful services so long as I live?"
"If I could tell you how I feel toward your ladyship, you would not hesitate to reply upon me."
"God shall give all his blessings upon you and yours."
"I will be at the Columbian Hotel awaiting your decision."
"Your grateful servant,"
"AETZEL VON ROTHENBERG."
Napoleon placed the long massive on the desk and looked thoughtfully at

Astra, then without a word, turned to the electro-stylograph.
A few minutes later he was talking to his master mechanic, old Jerome Whistler, on the island of Ciryne.
"Hello, Whistler!"
"Hello, Mr. Edison! What can I do for you?"
"How is everything at Ciryne?"
"All well."
"The aerodromes all in?"
"Yes, sir, except the Eagle, that is your private machine."
"Have you seen the Countess Rosiny today?"
"She left with Mr. Duprel, day before yesterday on the Hawk."
"But Santos brought the machine back?"
"Not he, but young Sullivan, who went with them."
"Then he does not know where Santos and the countess left the machine?"
"He says he doesn't."
"Leave the Hawk as she is; don't touch her until I come. That is all I wanted; sorry that I had to disturb you. Good night."
He disconnected the 'graph and turning to Astra said:
"Santos is another victim of the bewitching countess. I am sorry for him."
"She seems created to leave sorrow wherever she goes. Poor Santos!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Secret of the Aerodrome.
The newly made Princess of Schomburg Lithow and her fiance, Santos, reached Berlin safely. They flew in the Hawk to Irkutsk in Asiatic Russia and from there continued their journey on the quick aeroline to the German capital. They sent the aerodrome back to Ciryne.
The Rosiny mansion was ready for them. Rositta's first action was to send word to the Count von Werdenstein that she was home.
When the chancellor came, Rositta received him alone. It was necessary for her to explain the situation. The Count Rosiny was dead. He had been on board the Tear that Napoleon had sunk. This freed Rositta, but as a princess she could not marry a plain citizen, so she asked the count to make Mr. Duprel a titled nobleman. Rositta told all she thought necessary, and they talked for a long time.

Santos was told the plans without the slightest idea that it was a tremendous, far-reaching plot designed to destroy all the achievements of the peace committee. He could see nothing but Rositta, he could think of nothing but their approaching marriage.
The purpose of the chancellor and Rositta had in mind, was to manufacture and equip a number of aerodromes. If they pursued this desire, they would have, inside of a year, the power to master the situation and take the lead in political affairs.
Santos now belonged to Rositta and the clyrnyth deposit there was very rich. The Count von Werdenstein placed an unlimited account in the bank to her credit, so that she and Santos could begin work at once.

The people of Kiss-Cell were surprised at the unusual activities displayed by the strange men imported.
Santos Duprel was very busy. He had been informed that after the successful completion of the first aerodrome he would have the title of "count" conferred upon him, and that this would remove all the barriers between Rositta and him. Their marriage would take place the day of the trial flight. This fired his ambition, and he worked hard and long. He was allowed to plan as he wished, and one day laid his blue prints before the Count von Werdenstein. He showed him that a larger and more powerful aerodrome than Napoleon's would be necessary; otherwise the design and make would be unchanged. This improvement in size would give more motive power, and thus make it superior to the Eagle.



"The Power, of Course, is Electricity."
"And what is your motive power? I don't see any details in your plan that would explain the wonderful power that your devil of the air possesses."
Santos cast a questioning glance at Rositta. She nodded acquiescence, and he began:
"The power, of course, is electricity. I will try to explain things as simply as they are. The flight of the aerodrome is based on the flight of a bird—not any bird, but the king of the air, the eagle. Size of body, wings, and balance are all considered. After a long search and study, Napoleon Edison found that no muscle power could have the endurance of the eagle and a few other birds that are able to cover remarkably long distances in a very

short time. He closely examined living birds, and took the homing pigeon, for example, after a long flight, and proved that they had collected in their feathers a surprisingly large quantity of atmospheric electricity. The feathers on the wings especially, serve as collectors, and every little hairlike feather adds to the supply.
"When the bird begins to fly a regular magneto is created, that has its two poles at the two ends of the wings. One side is the negative and the other the positive. From the moment this electric-magnetic state is reached, all the work the muscles are expected to do is to direct the flight, as the wings are moved by the force of the electricity; that is, they come together until the force of the opposite magnetic power forces them apart, and the repetition of this operation is called flight."
"That certainly sounds simple," murmured the chancellor.
"Now take the aerodrome," continued Santos. "Through mechanical inventions, and clyrnyth, we have improved the bird's method of flight. The improvement is in the storing away of unused magnetism. The more quickly we fly, the more magnetism is gathered by the machine." Santos pointed to the front part of the machine on the blueprint, calling the chancellor's attention to the contrivance that gave the machine the appearance of an eagle. It was a large brass ball, covered with a clyrnyth cap. Then he pointed to a broad brass bar that extended over the entire top of the machine; that bar was like a round brush, and its duty was to gather in every little spark of electricity, and store it in the brass collector. When the insulation was broken, a lightning flash was sent out, directed at the will of the air man. So long as the machine was in motion there was always plenty of electricity in the collector, ready to be sent out to cause destruction to anything.
"Wonderful!" sighed the count. "I know what those sparks mean, I have seen them in action."
"The simple machinery that is built into every aerodrome is to control the flight and to start the wing. On account of the extreme simplicity of the mechanism and the tremendous strength of clyrnyth, the aerodromes are, practically speaking, indestructible."
"But how can one machine capture the other, or even fight the other, under these conditions?" asked the count anxiously.
"There are two ways in which a machine may gain victory over the other. One is to disable the brain of the machine, that is, the man behind the wheel."
"How can that be done?" asked the count eagerly.
"Clyrnyth, as you know, is harder than anything except the diamond, so I believe if hard steel bullets were made with diamond points they would penetrate the comparatively thin shell of clyrnyth that defends the airman. However, this is only a theory. Experimenters must show the advisability of their manufacture."
"What is the other way?"
"That is a certain method, and is based on the laws of electricity that seem to govern aerial navigation."
"What is it?" asked the count, impatiently, as Santos hesitated and looked at Rositta.
"It is the same as when a boy takes a piece of amber or any other substance that can be magnetized and lifts up a paper scrap. The quicker airman has to maneuver so as to alight on top of the hostile machine. The lower machine then sticks to the upper, like the paper to the amber, only with such great force that it cannot be released until the current is stopped and the necessary insulation between the opposing forces is obtained."
"But the wings of the lower machine might strike the upper," remarked the count.
"It looks that way," answered Santos wearily. It brought back the happy days in the service of Napoleon, and his heart was heavy. "But, as I have mentioned, different laws prevail in the air, totally different from the laws that govern the land or water. The atmospheric electricity has qualities that cannot be judged by our present knowledge. It has to be experimented with. Our trials on the island of Ciryne showed us that the aerodromes do not injure each other; they might stick together, or be hurled apart, but they are never damaged."
"Then you think, Mr. Duprel, that you will be able to capture Edison's force?"
The little man cast an appealing glance toward Rositta; she looked him straight in the eyes and encouraged him. He said bravely:
"Mr. Edison is a very formidable enemy, but our improved machines will give us the advantage, and besides, we will have a larger fleet."
The count was satisfied and the work under Santos' direction went on. It took months before the factory was in perfect shape, and the various parts were manufactured for the aerodromes.
They often wondered that Napoleon had not appeared to interfere with their work.

Ahead of His Time.
"You are going to fiddle while Rome burns?"
"Yes," replied Nero.
"But you can't play the fiddle."
"That's all right. That fact won't be noticed in the moving pictures."

A Poor Crop.
"How's your garden coming along this year?"
"My cutworms and caterpillars are doing fairly well, but my potato bugs are not flourishing."—Kansas City Journal.

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Double Trespassing.
Henry James, the American novelist, lives at Rye, one of the Cinque ports, but recently he left Rye and took a house in the country near the estate of a millionaire jam manufacturer, retired. This man, having married an earl's daughter, was ashamed of the trade whereby he had piled up his fortune.
The jam manufacturer one day wrote Mr. James an impudent letter, vowing that it was outrageous the way the James servants were trespassing on his grounds. Mr. James wrote back:
"Dear Sir—I am very sorry to hear that my servants have been poaching on your preserves."
"P. S.—You'll excuse my mentioning your preserves, won't you?"—New York Globe.

An Eye to Effect.
"Is it true you eat with your knife?"
"Not always; only in public, where my constituents can see me."

Only 73 in 1000 letters delivered in the United Kingdom come from abroad.
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