

The ISOLATED CONTINENT

A ROMANCE OF THE FUTURE

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SYNOPSIS.

For fifty years the continent of North America has been isolated from the rest of the world by Z-rays, the invention of Hannibal Prudent, president of the united government. A message from Count von Werdenstein, chancellor of Germany, that he has succeeded in penetrating the rays hastens the death of Prudent. Dying, he warns his daughter Astra that foreign invasion is now certain. Astra succeeds her father as president. Napoleon Edison, a former pupil of Prudent's, offers to assist Astra and hints at new discoveries which will make North America impregnable. A man giving the name of Chevalier di Leon offers Werdenstein the secret of making gold in return for European disarmament. The chevalier is made a prisoner. Countess Rosina, a spy, becomes a prisoner in the hope of discovering di Leon's secret. She falls in love with him and agrees to join him in an attempt to escape. By the use of rockets he summons a curious flying machine. He escapes and sends a message to Astra which reveals the fact that he is Napoleon Edison. He warns Astra that the consolidated fleets of Europe have sailed to invade America. He calls on Astra the following night and explains his plans for defense. By the use of aeroplanes made of a new substance which is indestructible he expects to annihilate the European forces. He delivers a note to von Werdenstein on his flagship demanding immediate withdrawal. He is attacked and by destroying two warships and several aeroplanes, forces von Werdenstein to agree to universal disarmament. The countess, who has remained in America as a guest of Astra, receives an offer from von Werdenstein of the principality of Schomburg-Lithow in return for Edison's secret. Edison and his assistant, Santos, go in search of new deposits of the remarkable substance, clyrnyth. They find it on the estate of Schomburg-Lithow. The countess gets Santos into her clutches. She promises to reveal Edison's secret as soon as von Werdenstein turns over the Schomburg-Lithow estate to her. On the day of the wedding of Astra and Edison the countess and Santos flee the country.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.
"I am afraid," said the Count von Werdenstein, "that he is preparing a surprise for us. I do not like his silence."

"Or is he simply enjoying a long honeymoon?" was Rositta's sarcastic comment.

But the count shook his head doubtfully.

A year had almost passed when the first European aerodrome was finished and ready for its trial trip. It was as perfect as mechanical genius could make it.

Count von Werdenstein had invited several reigning monarchs to attend the trial flight and Suemeg rivaled the ancient Roman pageants in splendor. Only a few besides the royal spectators were allowed on the plateau near the aerodrome plant. The police compelled the uninformed thousands who lived in the neighborhood to keep a respectful distance.

Santos Duprel's heart beat high when he and Rositta stepped into the waiting machine. Rositta had decorated this first aerodrome with a gorgeous princely crown, and it glittered bravely in the morning sun.

Rositta was clever and studied the aerodrome under Santos' direction



Not More Than Two Hundred Feet Below Him Stretched a Broad, Snow-Covered Peak.

until she was expert in its control and manufacture. When they entered the aerodrome, Santos went to the wheel, moved the starting lever and the wings rose slowly, then swooped downward, causing the machine to rise swiftly and surely. Everything worked exactly as desired and the machine soon disappeared from the view of the watchers, behind a bank of clouds.

They went up and swam in the fleecy clouds that blew in the gold-

The crowned heads were happy to witness the marriage ceremony.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Garden of Eden.

Napoleon and Astra kept the flight of the Countess Rosina and the disapproving sunshine. They reached an enormous height, then Santos reversed the machine, turned off the power and they slid downward. Rositta stood by his side, embracing him with one arm. In her exuberance she reached up with her free hand and pulled the lever that emptied the brass receptacle; a blinding flash came, striking downward, zigzagging through the clouds, and mighty thunder echoed through space.

She realized her might, and in that moment of intoxicating delight she dreamed a dream—she saw herself as the ruler of the world.

"How long will it take to have twenty machines like this, Santos?" asked Rositta, eagerly.

"Five or six months, my queen!"

"Then, then we will see." Her eyes glittered strangely with a fire that was not love.

When they landed on the spot from where they ascended, the Emperor of Germany handed Santos Duprel the parchment with the great imperial seal attached, and said: "Count von Duprel, I want to be the first to congratulate you."

An hour later the newly made Count von Duprel was receiving the matrimonial blessing from the court vicar. The appearance of Santos Duprel secret. Even Mrs. Edison did not know that Rositta had left.

Astra watched Napoleon's thoughtful face with some apprehension. At times he would sit gazing into space, entirely oblivious to his surroundings. Rositta's flight had made him aware of the harm that could come to his beloved country.

Their honeymoon had been short, as neither could be absent from their posts long. The following week Astra returned to her presidential duties and Napoleon to his aerodromes.

Shortly after their return he talked long and seriously with his wife. Then the American Eagle left the roof of the Crystal Palace and flew toward the west. He stopped at Ciryne and questioned Sullivan, and found that Santos and Rositta had left the aerodrome in Russia. So he knew that they had, by this time, perfected their plans, and the fact that Rositta signed herself as the Princess of Schomburg-Lithow alone made it plain that they would try to take warfare into the air.

Jerome Whistler was at the laboratory and Napoleon gave him instructions. He inspected the stock of available clyrnyth, then spent many hours over his drawing table, but when he was through with his work began to whistle a pleasant melody. Rolling up his drawings, he said in a low, exultant voice: "This will come as a surprise."

He called Jerome Whistler and turned the drawings over to him. It was an aerodrome.

"I am glad we have enough material to do this, friend Whistler; besides, we will have enough left over for other purposes."

Napoleon returned to the capital to report and advise Astra that he would make a longer trip for reconnoitering purposes. He left that evening. He visited Suemeg, and there saw what he expected to see. People were busily at work, making the peak like an immense ant hill. He saw Santos emerge from one building and walk across the plain to another, and the knew, then, that Santos had betrayed him; that aerodromes would fight against aerodromes in God's clear, pure air.

He was sad that the man whom he had trusted so implicitly had turned traitor at the instigation of the countess.

Satisfied that his surmise was correct, he turned homeward and after a short conference with Astra left again. This time he traversed the Pacific coast of the Americas. Starting from Mexico, he went southward, watching his electro-spectroscope incessantly, while he circled over the volcanic regions of the Andes.

Day after day he continued his search, going farther and farther south, always near the ocean. His spectroscopic showed signs of clyrnyth several times, but never in large quantities.

Weeks were spent this way. From time to time he returned to Washington, and each time he returned he stopped a few hours at Ciryne to see how the work on the new machine was progressing.

He had raked through Colombia and Ecuador with minute care and now was on the border of Peru. He continued his search with unswerving faith in ultimately finding the precious metal that would enable him to build a larger fleet.

He had been circling over the Andes, peering down on steep precipices, rugged slopes and snow-covered peaks where goats and llamas were the only inhabitants, when suddenly he saw an intense greenish light glowing on his spectroscopic. He slowed down, and the instrument gave evidence of a large deposit of clyrnyth. Not more than two hundred feet below him stretched a broad snow-covered peak. A lavatic, porous, bare space was visible through the snow, on the north-eastern corner, and there he found what he sought. The precious clyrnyth lay in heavy layers, almost perfectly pure. The deposit was not as large as the one in Hungary, but more easily obtainable, and it would be unnecessary to go through a lot of preliminary steps before they could carry it away.

Satisfied with his discovery, he explored the secluded spot that never before had been touched by human foot. The geological formation was of volcanic origin. It seemed as though the mountain had been rent apart and the space left between the raw edged ridges in the course of time had developed into a paradise.

The place appealed to his sentimental instincts. He took his machine over to the meadow and ate his lunch on the green, mossy grass. He filled his cup from the crystal lake and drank deep of the cool, refreshing water.

"Beautiful spot!" he murmured, stretching out his arms slowly, as if extending his blessing. "I name you 'The Garden of Eden!' Then he entered his machine, flew over the clyrnyth deposit, filled some sacks with the irregular, hard crystals and started homeward. His mind was filled with schemes to frustrate the European plans.

The next day he took six aerodromes from Ciryne to the Garden of Eden, and they made trips back and forth until the whole deposit of clyrnyth was landed on the Island of Ciryne. The spectroscopic showed that there must be more under the surface, but Napoleon knew he had sufficient for the time being, and was satisfied to leave the rest until such time as he needed it.

New hangars were built on the island. The work progressed rapidly. Aerodromes after aerodromes of the new type was stored away by the expert workmen.

Napoleon's visits to Astra were his happiest hours. He confided his hopes and expectations to her. She gave him all the sympathy and encouragement at her command. Their lives were attuned to perfect harmony.



CROPS IN JAPAN ARE SMALL.

American Farmers Could Not Live On Such Scanty Returns for His Seed and Work.

Japan is such a mountainous country that the area of arable land is quite disproportionate to the size of the whole empire. It is alleged that barely 12 per cent of the entire surface can be cultivated, and that even the cultivable part is not naturally very fertile. Still there are large tracts of wild moorland which might easily be brought under cultivation, or at least be converted into grazing lands.

Where the farmer lives and labors there are abundant evidences of his diligence and self-sacrifice. Doubtless the major part of the farming land is lean soil. Still the judicious use of fertilizers—mostly night soil applied in small quantities direct to the growing plant; the elaborate and skillful system of irrigation that gets full value from every drop of water; the laborious subsoil working—by hand in the soft ooze of the rice fields—and the incisive weeding out to produce better results in quantity than they do. When the harvest is measured by bushels of rice, or wheat, or barley or whatever else the yakusho (farmer) may raise, the thorough husbandman of Europe or America would laugh at the scanty crop. Land that ought to yield at least twenty-five to thirty bushels of rice to the acre actually gives less than ten on the average.—From "Our Neighbors: the Japanese," by Joseph King Goodrich.

Contagious.
Be good to the depths of you, and you will discover that those who surround you will be glad even to the same depths.—Masterlinck.

The work on Ciryne had progressed so well that Whistler was able to oversee it all without Napoleon's assistance and one day he took leave from Astra with the following words:

"I am going to pay a visit to our excellent friend, the Count von Werdenstein, and then, when I have ascertained his attitude toward the peace committee, I will go on a still hunt for the final preventive of war."

The Count von Werdenstein's palace was equipped with a roof hangar, as were all the large private dwellings, and the Eagle found it an easy matter to alight there without molestation. Napoleon had sent a 'graph message to the count to expect him, but did not mention the time of his arrival.

The quick descent made it impossible for the observers to discern the type of machine that alighted, and the workmen in the hangar did not pay any attention to Sullivan when Napoleon left the craft. Sullivan simply locked the door and sat reading until his return.

The count was very much surprised to receive his card, as the attendants had not announced him. Nevertheless, he received him in his usual suave manner.

Napoleon saw and felt that the count was in an extremely happy state of mind, that he was no more in despair, but hopeful.

"I am very glad to see your excellency drop into our circle once more." He grasped both hands of the president of the peace committee.

"The pleasure is mine, your honor," was Napoleon's reply. "My call is not an official one, it is a private matter. That is why I dropped into your home so unceremoniously."

"You are welcome."

"I thought you would be kind enough to listen to me. You remember my last visit here, when I wanted you to sell me, or to help me purchase the Peak Suemeg in Hungary? At that time I thought the place contained the crystals of clyrnyth, the substance from which my aerodromes are made." Napoleon paused, and the count looked at him cautiously.

"I took some samples of the crystals when I discovered it, and analyzed them. To my surprise I found that it has not the same electro magnetic qualities that the clyrnyth of Ciryne has." He paused again; still the count said nothing. "Now, I am sorry that I have troubled you in this matter, as I do not want the property, for my experiments have proved to me that the crystals are worthless for my purposes."

"But you are mistaken," blurted out the count. He realized in the same second that he had made a mistake, but, after all, what difference could it make? Napoleon smiled serenely, and gave no sign of satisfaction at having brought this information from the count.

"All I can tell you is," continued he, "that the chemical quality is not the same, and I cannot make use of the deposit, and for this reason I do not wish to interest myself further in the property."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



STUDENT HAS ODD DISEASE

Chronic Case of "Caroanserinusabmetu" Prevented Him From Winning Diploma.

Before a student can be graduated from Columbia college he must be able to swim at least one hundred feet. Felix Metzger Rosenstock of the senior class cannot swim at all.

When Rosenstock found that he was in danger of missing his degree, he called on Dr. George L. Meylan, director of the gymnasium, and explained that he had a serious skin disease, which would be aggravated by contact with water in the university swimming pool.

"Bring a note from your doctor to that effect, and I'll O. K. it," said Doctor Meylan.

Rosenstock brought this note, signed by a physician: "This is to certify that Felix Metzger Rosenstock is suffering from an exceedingly bad case of Caroanserinusabmetu, and his condition will be aggravated if he goes near the water."

The name was new to Doctor Meylan, but he translated it with the help of a Latin dictionary—caro, flesh; anserinus, of the goose; ab metu, from fear—gooseflesh from fear.

Rosenstock was not excused from his swimming examination. He and four others failed to get their degree.

Stimulates Summer Travel.
Summer travel is stimulated in Wales. During the summer months one can obtain on the Cambrian railways a ticket which carries one anywhere he likes as many times as he likes within a prescribed area of about 70 miles, and, for a fortnight, third class, the cost is less than a sovereign (\$4.87).

TAKES OFF DANDRUFF, HAIR STOPS FALLING

Save your Hair!—Get a 25-cent bottle of Danderine right now—Also stops itching scalp.

Thin, brittle, colorless and scraggy hair is mute evidence of a neglected scalp; of dandruff—that awful scurf.

There is nothing so destructive to the hair as dandruff. It robs the hair of its lustre, its strength and its very life; eventually producing a feverishness and itching of the scalp, which if not remedied causes the hair roots to shrink, loosen and die—then the hair falls out fast. A little Danderine tonight—now—any time—will surely save your hair.

Get a 25-cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store. You surely can have beautiful hair and lots of it if you will just try a little Danderine. Save your hair! Try it!

In British Arabia, a native laborer earns from 12 to 16 cents a day, on which he supports himself and his family.

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CRAMPS, HEADACHE, BACKACHE,

Yield to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa.—"I was always tired and weak and my housework was a drag. I was irregular, had cramps so bad that I would have to lie down, also a distressed feeling in lower part of back, and headache. My abdomen was sore and I know I had organic inflammation."



"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier have helped me wonderfully. I don't have those pains any more and I am all right now. There are a great many women here who take your remedies and I have told others what they have done for me."—Mrs. CHAS. MCKINNON, 1013 N. 5th St. W., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

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.

There are probably hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions of women in the United States who have been benefited by this famous old remedy, which was produced from roots and herbs over 80 years ago by a woman to relieve woman's suffering. If you are sick and need such a medicine, why don't you try it?

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

The Temperate Zone.

"In what zone do we live?" asked the teacher.

"The 'tempr'ut zone," chanted the well-drilled class.

"Right. And what do we mean by temperate? Willie, you may answer."

"Tempr'ut is where it's freezin' cold half the time and roastin' hot the other half the time."

If Willie wasn't sent to the head for that it wasn't because he didn't deserve the honor.—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

Acid Stomach, heartburn and nausea quickly disappear with the use of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills. Send for trial box to 372 Pearl St., New York. Adv.

J. W. Baldwin, of Petersham, Mass., owns a serviceable carriage made 250 years ago entirely of wood and entirely by hand labor.

Miss Edna Carr, an American girl, is living the life of a hermit in a small log cabin near London.

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Thirty-one women are employed as railway brakemen and 10 as baggage-men in the United States.

Worms expelled promptly from the human system with Dr. Peery's Vermifuge "Dead Shot." Adv.

A model house, with balcony, parlor, dining-room, bedroom, kitchen, bath and toilet-room was erected by the ninth grade pupils of the Juncos (Puerto Rico) schools on the grounds of the third insular fair of Puerto Rico.

The people of the United States read and support as many newspapers, as England, France and Germany combined.

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