

SERIAL STORY

The Isolated Continent

A Romance of the Future

By Guido von Horvath and Dean Hoard

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SYNOPSIS.

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 Hannibal 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 critically ill. 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. Dying, he warns his daughter Astra that this means a foreign invasion. He tells her to hurry to the island of Clrynth, but dies before she can tell the location of the place. Astra is nominated for the presidency by the continental party. Napoleon Edison calls on Astra, 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 di Leon appears in Europe. He notes that preparations have been completed for an invasion of America. He calls on Prudent and offers him the secret of making gold. He demands in return absolute disarmament and peace. The chevalier is suspected of being an American. He is seized at night and carried off in an aeroplane. Astra is inaugurated as president. She receives a message from Edison, whose long silence has worried her, that he has been a prisoner for two months on the island of Helgoland and has just escaped. He announces that the confederated fleet of Europe has sailed for America. He promises to call on her the following night.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

The chevalier suggested a walk in the open air, but the captain shook his head. "I am sorry to disappoint you, my dear chevalier, but your territory ends here." He said this with such kindness that it was plain to the chevalier that he was sorry for the imprisonment.

For two long months the Captain Hans Euler kept faithful company to the chevalier.

There was no chance to escape from this prison; not even a chance to look out at the ocean. The Chevalier di Leon soon realized that he could not escape and knew that all he could do was to wait.

The personal belongings that he had left in the room at the Hotel Metropole were brought to him, and great was his satisfaction when he saw that nothing had been forgotten. Papers from Berlin and England were in the reading-room and he was informed of the doings of the world.

On the 5th of February the chevalier strode into the reading-room where the chevalier was comfortably reading a novel by the English writer, Sir Rider Haggard, that had been published about 1920.

"What a pleasant surprise, your excellency!" bowed the chevalier with a broad smile.

The chevalier was somewhat taken back; he had expected a different reception.

"You appear contented here?"

"Considering the circumstances, I am."

"I have a few words to say to you, and I will say them plainly."

"The plainer the better, your honor!"

"The fact that you are an American is proved beyond a doubt. What are you doing here and how did you come here?"

The answer came as a flash, but calm and sarcastic:

"I am listening to you, your excellency, and as to my coming, I did not come of my own accord; I was carried." A devilish little smile twinkled in the gray eyes of the chevalier.

The chevalier was offended; the young man dared to play with him, the iron handed master.

"Your jokes are out of place; you are a clever man, but I will have to ask my question again. Will you answer it?"

"I refuse!"

Their eyes clashed like the cold steel of two swords.

"Chevalier di Leon, you are not taking your situation seriously. What is your liberty worth to you?"

"It is very valuable, your excellency; however, it has no price, as I know that everything comes to him who waits."

"Then you are not willing to consider any offer I may make?"

"Your honor, as a prisoner, I am not in a position to listen to any offer; the time will come when we will stand face to face again, both free and uninfluenced by circumstances; then I will consider things seriously. By this I do not mean to say that my imprisonment influences me in any way."

The Count von Werdenstein paced the room impatiently. Suddenly he turned to the quietly sitting man.

"Chevalier, I certainly admire your courage. I must admit my defeat." He offered his hand to the chevalier and turned to leave the room saying: "Until we meet again, chevalier!"

When the chevalier returned to Berlin he called for the Countess Rosiny and asked her to attend a private audience as soon as possible. She hurried to the chancellor's private office.

"My dear countess, I requested your presence urgently, as I desire to make you a gift that I am sure you will be glad to accept."

The countess looked questioningly at her dictator.

"You have asked me several times what happened to the Chevalier di Leon, your gallant knight and dancer, and I have found him for you; more than that, I will turn him over to you for safe keeping."

The countess' beautiful face became, for a fleeting moment, sad, then her serenity returned.

"I am counting on your clever work. The chevalier is a man whose mission and means are obscure and I must know more about him. You are the only one in the service who will be able to obtain this information for me. To show you how much I trust you and your ability, I give you carte blanche—you may do as you please. If you should find it necessary, you may even elope with him. Here is a special order and passport, also an extended account upon all the state banks."

"I see; but what is it that you want to know?"

"Everything, my dear countess; but especially the situation across the Atlantic."

"I think I know what my duties are, and will start for Helgoland tomorrow. When shall I report progress?"

"When your mission is at an end."

The Countess Rosiny picked up the documents, looked them over and placed them in her handbag.

The punctilious chancellor escorted her to his office door and bade her goodbye, wishing her good fortune. When the door closed behind the departing countess the chancellor rubbed his hands with satisfaction. "I am glad she took the commission so calmly. Now, my dear chevalier, if you can withstand those violet eyes you are not an ordinary mortal but a saint."

The countess' beautiful face was set and determined; she had not spoken, but storm was raging in her heart.

Three days later the captain told his prisoner that a new guest was expected; that she was a lady of the court, charged with conspiracy against the government.

The chevalier laughed. "I should not be surprised to find an old acquaintance in the fair conspirator."

The captain's eyes grew round and his honest face expressed surprise.

The following morning Countess Rosiny arrived. The apartment adjoining that of the chevalier was given her and the prisoners met in the presence of Captain Euler at the breakfast table.

The greeting that Chevalier di Leon gave was quite a surprise to the countess; he acted courteously, but gave not the least sign that he had ever met her before. When the breakfast was over he retired to the reading-room, where the countess followed him, without the captain.

"You don't seem to recognize me, chevalier!"

He glanced around cautiously, and when he saw they were alone he whispered: "I thought it might be disagreeable for you, countess, but now that we are alone, I greet you with all my heart."

"What brought you here, chevalier?"

Chevalier di Leon laughed and shrugged his shoulders. "I think it is a caprice of the Count von Werdenstein; he wants to extend all the hospitality he possibly can. Look at those masterfully constructed windows that give you air and light, without permitting you to see even the sky. Is that not the limit of forethought?"

The countess recognized bitter feeling in the chevalier's heart, and casting down her beautiful eyes, she sighed: "From now on you will have

CHAPTER VIII.

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The Fireworks.

Every evening after that, except when it stormed, the prisoners went up on the roof. These evenings were the pleasantest part of the days.

During the day the chevalier read the daily papers and magazines with great interest. He found plenty of engrossing news there, especially the preparations of the confederated navy and army. One article, very well written by one of the chief engineers, particularly attracted his attention. That article described the Z ray and its destroyer. The supply station of destruction was Madeira, from which place heavy cables were laid to reach the 30th longitudinal meridian, along which the Z ray ran. The heaviest current of electricity was conducted by this tremendous cable to three specially built boats. The Sampsonian vibrating rays were generated on these boats. Each ray made 3,000,000 vibrations a second and all were directed in a harmonious line toward the Z ray belt. In time the wall of isolation would fall down under the immense force playing against it, and the invasion of America would follow.

After a long study the chevalier placed the magazine on the table and muttered: "The time for action is near."

One evening at the dinner table the chevalier asked Captain Euler if he could have some material for pyrotechnical displays in order to lessen the monotony of their existence.

The kind captain furnished everything he asked for. The countess offered her services and they worked almost all afternoon the next day getting the fireworks ready. Di Leon seemed to be an expert; he soon had a large Japanese wheel, several turning stars and also a number of long sky rockets ready.

When evening came they excitedly prepared for the grand fireworks. The sky was clear and the moon had not yet risen. Chevalier di Leon arranged the different pieces, and when the captain came up he fired the first air runner. The long rocket went high up in the air, whirring and whistling, and then, with a puff, broke into thousands of red sparks. Another puff brought white and the third brought blue.

The next was the Japanese sun; this was fastened to the center of the roof. It circled and sparkled for a long time.

The chevalier was deeply interested in his projectiles and, as the countess assisted him, Captain Euler had to play the part of audience. There was a larger audience outside their inclosure, but that was another world.

When all the set pieces were used the chevalier looked up in the sky, seemingly searching for something; at last his hand went into his pocket and, bringing out an object not unlike a Browning pistol, he said: "And now, ladies and gentlemen, I will show you something new in the pyrotechnical art."

TO BE CONTINUED.

WITH POPULAR GAUZE BUTTERFLY



NOW that it is a little too late to want a straw hat, and considerably too early to buy a velvet or winter felt, a between-seasons idea has been launched in that dear Paris. It is the black or white satin hat and it is trimmed with a gauze butterfly. The "gauze" is fine maline, of course, but "gauze" goes better with "butterfly."

The satin hat and the gauze butterfly have made an instantaneous success. Already the manufacturers are getting daily telegrams from all points of the compass, and are laying wagers with each other as to which particular satin hat with a butterfly is ordered in said telegram.

These hats usually have soft crowns and somewhat flexible brims. They fit close to the head and are worn without a hat pin.

The liking for black is a reaction after the riotous vogue of riotous colors which is passing with the summer.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

PRETTY IDEA FOR MILLINERY

Hand-Painted Effects Are Among the Season's Novelties and Have Been Received With Favor.

The application of aniline dyes in hand-painted effects to millinery of the season is an entirely new device, and the result is unique. White ostrich feathers, long and thick, are decorated in flower designs in natural colors. The design runs upward with the quill and spreads out on the flues.

Another fancy is to paint the straw hat directly, just in the design the flowers would make, or fruit, were it placed upon it. On the brim or on the crown, or partly under the brim, or on its upturned edge. Here the pattern is traced in brilliant tones. White straw and "natural" straw are the only shades so decorated. Garden hats are really pretty done in this way. A design of cherries in red with green leaves and gray twigs of stems is, for instance, especially odd.

WHY SERVE CAKE WITH TEA?

Writer Criticizes Hostesses for Their Punctiliousness for Serving Inappropriate Combinations.

Anyone who serves wafers with tea is lacking in gastronomic imagination. Drinking tea and eating a wafer is like having a picnic in the woods, or wearing an Easter hat with goshes, declares a writer in the Atlantic Monthly.

It is a hueless compromise where there might be a vivid delight. Many otherwise excellent hostesses fall to perceive the relation between afternoon tea and its edible accompaniments. They will serve you a hard, obstinate biscuit that you break, red-faced, on the rim of your saucer, sending, as likely as not, your cup bouncing over the other edge, and your tea splashing into your neighbor's lap; or they generously provide you with a huge, gelatinous cube of cake that adheres to your saucer, and renders you temporarily web-fingered, the while you attempt to formulate an epigram on Henry James, or discourse glibly as to why women like men.

There is yet another type of hostess who passes with your tea a dribbling sandwich, oozing salad dressing at every pore and containing, half concealed, a malicious, indivisible lettuce leaf. People who thus fall of maintaining the fitness of things at the tea hour have no genuine appreciation of the drink which they dispense.

Upward Strokes of Beauty.

When my little girl was born the old colored nurse I got for her told me that if I brushed her hair the wrong way it would make it curly, writes a correspondent of the Pittsburgh Dispatch. Whether that was what did it or not I do not know, but her hair, while it never really curled, has always stood away from her head in a soft, pretty way. Mammy's instructions set me to thinking. I realized that all faces fall as they grow old, and I wondered why it wouldn't be wise to wash and dry the face up instead of down. I not only taught my little daughter to do this—she always wipes upward—but I began on myself. Today, at forty-seven, not a muscle in my face has fallen; there are no droopy lines in it, and no sagging shows at my chin. My eyelashes are always noticed because they curl upward so prettily (they didn't before I began the upward treatment), and my daughter's are just like them.

Best Use of Scent.

The best way to use scent, if you care to use it at all, is to put a delicate extract in an atomizer and spray yourself with it. Strong scents are offensive and the most subtle and elusive odor is that obtained from a generous use of sachet bags laid among one's lingerie, in the drawers with one's handkerchiefs, gloves and veils, and possibly fastened in the front of one's stays or in some inner fold of the bodice. One can buy many different kinds of powder for sachets, but whatever you choose, heliotrope, violet, rose or carnation, remember that the addition of a little orris powder will add to its strength and make it more lasting.

Touch of Black.

The black lorgnette ribbon is a feature of this season's dress. The narrow black ribbon of moire silk has tiny gold or jeweled slides, and from it may depend, in lieu of a lorgnette or monocle, a locket, watch or any other trinket. The narrow line of black against a white bodice is particularly smart and effective. These ribbons are seen in navy blue, crimson, even in green and pink; but black is the correct monocle hue, and a sautoir ribbon of any other color is not correct form.

NEW STREET GOWN



Model of Rose-Colored Charmeuse, Showing a New Arrangement of Pleats—Trimmings of White Tulle.

Suede Belts.

Wide suede belts of soft color to match the predominant shade in the printed design are worn with children's frocks of figured muslin. A usual trimming for such frocks takes the form of frills of white lawn scalloped in the color of the belt with mercerized cotton. These frills sometimes extend from neck to hem on each side of a tucked panel of white muslin. The belt buckles over the frills and the panel, and is held in place by narrow straps of the printed muslin.

Gloves Held Up.

I was considerably annoyed by my long gloves slipping down my arm after they had been washed once, writes a contributor to Good Housekeeping. But I have relieved the trouble by ripping a short piece in the hems and running in narrow elastic and hemming down again.

CRESCENT BAKING POWDER
ONE POUND
ABSOLUTELY PURE
RAISES THE DOUGH BETTER
ALL GROCERS

A New Yorker has invented a motor-truck with four rear wheels instead of two, so mounted on short axles that the load is equally distributed among all of them regardless of the roughness of the road.

Equality of strength in both arms occurs almost twice as frequently with women as with men, more men than women being stronger in the right arm than in the left.

HOLMES

BUSINESS COLLEGE
WASHINGTON & TENTH STS
PORTLAND, ORE.

In—How Long?

A number of men gathered in the smoking car of a train from Little Rock to another point in Arkansas were talking of the food best calculated to sustain health, says the House-keeper.

One Arkansas, a stout, florid man with short gray hair and a self-satisfied air, was holding forth in great style.

"Look at me!" he exclaimed. "Never had a day's sickness in my life. All due to simple food. Why, gents, from the time I was 20 to when I reached 40 I lived a regular life. None of these effeminate delicacies for me. No late hours. Every day, summer and winter, I went to bed at 9; got up at 5. Lived principally on corned beef and cornbread. Worked hard, gents—worked hard from 8 to 1. Then dinner; plain dinner; then an hour's exercise, and then—"

"Excuse me," interrupted the stranger, who had remained silent, "but what were you in for?"

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take. Do not gripe.

Owing to expansion of industries and to general prosperity throughout Norway, the circulation of bank notes in 1912 was several millions greater than in 1911, and exceeds 100,000,000 crowns (\$26,800,000) for the first time.

PORTLAND, OREGON

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\$500,000 EQUIPMENT. 50 MEN TEACHERS. 75 COURSES.

GYMNASIUMS. SWIMMING. LIBRARIES.

Courses— Day school \$5.00
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Pharmacy..... 20.00
Mechanical Engineering..... 25.00
Other courses..... \$2.00 to 150.00

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CENTRAL Y. M. C. A., PORTLAND, OR.

To Grow Hair on A Bald Head

BY A SPECIALIST.

Thousands of people suffer from baldness and falling hair who, having tried nearly every advertised hair tonic and hair-grower without results, have resigned themselves to baldness and its attendant discomfort. Yet their case is not hopeless; the following simple home prescription has made hair grow after years of baldness, and is also unequalled for restoring gray hair to its original color, stopping hair from falling out and destroying the dandruff germ. It will not make the hair greasy, and can be put up by any druggist; Bay Rum, 6 ounces; Lavona de Compose, 2 ounces; Menthol Crystals, one-half drachm. If you wish it perfumed, add half to one teaspoonful of To-Kalon Perfume, which unites perfectly with the other ingredients. This preparation is highly recommended by physicians and specialists, and is absolutely harmless, as it contains none of the poisonous wood alcohol so frequently found in hair tonics.

Carelessness.

Old Lady (who has been lurching with her son)—"Here, William, you left this quarter on the table by mistake, it's lucky I saw it, because the waiter had his eye on it."—Life.

According to an English parliamentary committee the production of all of London's electric power in a few large stations would save 6,000,000 tons of coal a year and greatly lessen the smoke nuisance.