

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 Franks. 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 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 Cyryne, but dies before he 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 new metal he discovered and offers her the secret of making gold in return for absolute disarmament and peace. The inventor 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. Countess Rosita, a spy, becomes a prisoner in hope of securing Napoleon's secret. She falls in love with him. She 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 Cyryne in three hours. His plans are based on the peculiarity of the new substance, cyrynite, 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 Edison delivers a note to von Werdenstein in his flagship demanding that the fleet be withdrawn.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 attacked, but by the use of some mysterious power he destroys two warships and several aeroplanes. Realizing his helplessness, Werdenstein withdraws his fleet and consents to universal disarmament. Edison's mother is ill on the island of Cyryne. Countess Rosita 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 a letter from Werdenstein offering her the principality of Schomburg-Lithow for Edison's secret.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

He went up high in the air and adjusting the electro-stylograph, with which all the aerodromes were equipped, he began to send out calls for Napoleon.

In a few minutes the connection was established and Santos told Napoleon of his discovery.

"Wait for me, my dear boy, I am coming," Santos saw Napoleon adjust the mechanism to full power, then dart forward. They spoke from time to time, and Santos gave directions, until he discovered in the southwestern sky the rapidly approaching American Eagle.

They met on top of the extinct volcano that was called Suemeg, on whose slopes the richest grape vines grew.

Napoleon shook Santos' hand warmly and congratulated him on his discovery. After he had inspected the ground thoroughly he could not find words to express his joy, but as he knelt there, looking up, his whole being expressed a silent prayer of thanksgiving toward the omnipotent being who creates and governs the universe.

"We don't need to look farther, Santos; there is sufficient cyrynite under our feet to meet the demands of the coming century."

They started homeward.

Napoleon communicated, through his electro-stylograph, with his friend Kalmar, to find out who owned the property on which the peak of Suemeg stood. After a delay his questions were answered. The peak, as part of the Schomburg Lithow estates, had fallen to the crown, as the prince had recently died without heirs. That was all the information he could get, so he decided he would call on the Hungarian minister of agriculture, who would probably be in a position to tell him what he wished to ascertain.

"Fate is jesting with me. I had to find that precious metal in a foreign country, but gold will buy it," thought Napoleon, and returned that day to Washington, to tell his betrothed the good news.

Santos returned to Cyryne, where he found the countess with Mrs. Edison. He did not mention the discovery of the new cyrynite deposit, as he knew Napoleon wanted to keep it secret until negotiations for its purchase were completed.

The little island, hardly three square miles in size, was in the glory of tropical spring, and the fine weather had brought back the health of Mrs. Edison.

The sunsets were wonderful. Poetry and love were adrift in the air. Poor Duprel! It was only a question of time until he would become Rosita's slave, only a question of time when

he would betray his master for a sweet word from those treacherous lips.

Napoleon came a week later and thanked Rosita for her kindness to his mother during her indisposition. He did not talk about the discovery of the rich cyrynite deposit in her presence, but when they went out for a walk he found an opportunity to communicate the good news to his mother.

There was but one obstacle in the way of his acquiring this property. The last Prince of Schomburg Lithow had died. His possessions were now German crown lands and diplomacy must be employed, or the Count von Werdenstein would suspect the value of the property, and if he discovered the secret of the aerodrome Napoleon well knew that he would not hesitate to take to war in the air.

"It would be terrible," he sighed, "to destroy all the good we have accomplished."

Napoleon invited the countess to return to the capital with him and spend a few days with Astra. She consented, and when they were alone asked what had become of the assassin who had sought Astra's life. Napoleon could give her no information except that he was in prison.

Almost every mail brought the countess letters from Europe, among which was another from the Count von Werdenstein.

The cleverly worded contents of that message conveyed the information that Napoleon was interested in a piece of land belonging to the Schomburg Lithow principality. Rosita was requested to find the reason for his interest. As soon as she was ready to cast the bomb that would destroy peace the reward she might ask would be hers.

All this harmonized with her plans, and she looked forward to the next trip to Cyryne with Santos.

There was a reception at the Crystal Palace that evening for the diplomatic corps of the countries represented at the capital. It brought back the days before the isolation. Uniforms glittered, orders of valor and distinction were exhibited by the Europeans, who seemed to hold to their traditions; the barbaric splendor of the Orient mingled with the simple evening dress of the Americans, for simplicity characterized every American citizen.

When Astra appeared she was herself the greatest jewel.

A concert was arranged for the entertainment of the distinguished guests.

The Countess Rosiny and Mr. Hale sat near each other; he was dreamily enjoying the wonderful mellow contralto voice.

An attendant whispered: "A messenger wants to see your ladyship."

Quietly she withdrew from the hall. Ambrosio Hale looked after her. He had seen the changing expression on her face, and shook his head doubtfully as he watched her leave.

A man awaited the countess in a small reception room; he wore the black cassock of a Trappist monk, an ancient order that still existed in a few of the European countries.

His face resembled that of the Countess Rosiny to an extraordinary degree.

When she saw him she uttered one word: "Robert." He motioned for her to step nearer, and she obeyed.

The pale padre brought from under his robe a small parcel and unfolded it. It contained a small locket with a fine chain of gold. Fine miniatures were on either side, and pressed between was a curl of black, glossy hair, bound with a narrow black ribbon. One portrait was Rosita's. The other was a little girl's.

In pantomime the monk told Rosita that he had brought this to her at the request of the little girl. She watched him stupidly, seeming unable to grasp

his meaning. At last it came over her with a rush and she grasped the monk's arm convulsively.

"Brother, what has happened to her, to my—my daughter?"

The monk slowly raised his right hand heavenward.

Rosita gave one shriek and fell fainting.

The monk picked his sister up and placed her tenderly on the sofa, then he wrapped the locket and chain in his silk covering and placed it carefully in the bosom of her dress.

His large eyes rested somberly on Rosita, and a sigh escaped his lips. He crossed himself and, with a last glance at the silent woman, departed.

CHAPTER XV.

Love.

When Rosita regained consciousness she looked around for the Trappist monk whom she had called

Robert. At first, when she saw no one, she felt as though she had had a dream, but she felt the package in her bosom and she knew that it was no dream.

She did not weep. Her eyes were dry and hard. She slowly unwrapped that medallion and looked at that lock of glossy hair. The portrait of her own child and a lock from her head! She repressed her feelings resolutely and left the room with a firm step. She passed through several rooms, nodding now and then to the people she met, until at last she arrived at her own door.

She entered and locked the door, and sank into a chair; not to give way to her sorrow and sob, not to pray for consolation, but to curse the cruel fate that had robbed her of her only child, the only pure, clean, innocent thing in her life.

She looked at the clear, smiling eyes gazing at her from the exquisite little portrait. Still she did not weep; her mouth was tightly closed, and the corners slightly drooped.

"You have taken her from me!" she hissed to the invisible foe. "You wanted to crush me!" She shook her clenched hand toward that phantom pictured in her brain. "But you cannot. I am stronger. Until today there was one pure spot in my soul; I had one being whom I loved unselfishly, whom I wanted with me always, yet I would not let her live in my atmosphere, because I wanted her to be all that I was not. And now she is gone!" She groaned in anguish.

"God! Are you the God of Love that Christ told of, or are you the vengeful, terrible God who vents his wrath 'till the seventh generation?" You have taken my love; now my heart is black and empty of all save hatred."

She became calm; her pale face was expressionless, her movements measured.

"Nobody shall know that I have suffered." She stepped before the mirror and looked at herself. "But millions shall suffer. I will—make the whole world suffer for my loss."

"No more love, no other tender feeling shall creep in my heart." Her eyes glowed fiercely.

"I swear, by all the devils of the underworld, that I will plunge the world into mourning, that rivers of tears shall flow to repay me for my heart's blood."

After a few minutes' work before her mirror, she emerged from her room as rosy-cheeked as ever and smiling. At first her steps were slow, but they soon quickened, and by the time she arrived at the concert hall nobody could have told that she had gone through a terrible ordeal.

The last entertainer was leaving the stage when she entered the room. No one, save Mr. Hale, knew of her long absence from the hall. When she met Astra she congratulated her on the success of the concert.

When the guests had left, Astra and the countess retired into the little room that was reserved for family occasions.

"You will soon be the happiest woman on earth, my dear," remarked Rosita, casually.

"I am happy now, my dear girl," smiled Astra.

"The gods have given you a wonderful temperament, my dear Astra. You, with your calm, serene nature, were created to be happy. You simply shed the difficulties of life."

"Why, dear, are you unhappy?"

"Unhappy?" A sigh escaped the countess' lips, a spark of fire gleamed in her eyes, then a smile parted her coral lips. "A person with a temperament like mine never could be happy. My selfish mind craves just the thing some one else has, and if I should rob that person I would get tired of the object and cast it away." She looked at Astra, but Astra only smiled serenely, not taking Rosita's remarks seriously.

"Such is my fate, my dear. Tell me, am I responsible for being such an unhappy combination? Am I to be judged by the same measure as you, who cannot help but be good?"

"We all have passions. Mine are for liberty, peace," repeated Rosita, then relapsed into thought. Had Astra been able to read those thoughts, she would have had cause for alarm. Her brain was filled with war, destruction and mourning all over the world.

The next evening Rosita returned to Cyryne, with Santos at the wheel of the aerodrome.

Napoleon and Astra watched the great bird disappear in the western sky, and then they walked silently to a seat that overlooked the city. Napoleon talked for the first time about his love for her. Astra was calm, but she rose quietly and stood looking at the pulsating city below them. Their love had been understood between them, although they had never spoken of it. Yet it made her heart throb with happiness to hear his tender words. He rose and gently taking her arm, they walked among the plants that grew on the roof. A faint sound of music came to their ears.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Greek Rulers.

Greece has not treated her rulers well since she threw off the yoke of the sultan ninety years ago. At the outset she tried a president, Capodistria, who was soon assassinated; then Otho of Bavaria was chosen king, but after a stormy time was forced to abdicate. After that the crown went begging for a while. The duke of Edinburgh and the earl of Derby both refused it, and it was common talk that "Mr. Gladstone could have had it by the lifting of an eyelid."

Held in the Hospital.

"I don't see you running your car as much as I used to."

"No. It takes me longer to get over an accident now than it used to."

Baseball's Speed.

Tom Hughes, a veteran pitcher on the staff of the Senators, recently threw some interesting sidelights on the work and ability of Walter Johnson, the mighty twirler who received a loving cup containing several hundred dollars in nice, new \$10 bills not long ago as a token of appreciation from the Washington fans, writes Ed. A. Goewey, in Leslie's. "Johnson has so much speed," said Tom, "that he actually wears out three catchers' mitts in the course of a season. Study this statement over carefully and you'll see the big point. Don't worry about the gloves, for new ones can always be obtained, but think of Catcher Almsmith, the man who usually catches Walter and is compelled to stand up to the plate and stop these miniature cannon balls. How his hands must sting each spring until he gets them broken in and toughened to the work." According to Hughes there is a man in Hartford, Conn., who is employed by the ordnance department of the government and is an expert in computing the speed of projectiles. This man has estimated that Johnson's fast ball travels at the rate of 126 feet a second. Believe me, that is some tall traveling."

Then the Ghost Left.

The rector of Astorbury says he has "laid" a troublesome ghost by the pomp and ceremony of solemn exorcism. Archbishop Thompson once accomplished the same feat in a much simpler manner.

Staying at a country house with traditions of a family ghost, he was put up for the night in the "haunted chamber." In the morning his hosts were anxious to know if he had seen anything.

"Oh, yes," he replied, "about twelve o'clock I heard a knock at the door. I said, 'Come in, come in.'"

"And did he come?"

"Yes, an old fellow looking man."

"Yes, that is our ghost! What did you do?"

"I got out of bed and asked if he belonged to the house. He nodded assent. I asked if he were a parishioner. He nodded again. Then I said, 'I am anxious to build some new schools; will you give me a subscription?' He disappeared and I saw no more of him!"—London Chronicle.

Correction.

The essential difference between baseball and cricket, as explained in the Topeka Capital, is in the gloves the catchers wear. The cricket catcher wears long gauntlet gloves, for wrist protection, while the baseball catcher wears a glove to protect his fingers. The American catcher wishes to preserve his forefinger so he can guide a billiard cue, while the English catcher fears he will be incapacitated for drinking tea if his wrist is bruised.

Probably the truth, except that the American catcher saves his finger, we believe, not to play billiards, but pea pool.

Before the Party.

"Better shave, old man."

"Why?"

"I expect they will play kissing games, and if so, you may find yourself disqualified for roughness."

OF THE EARTH'S BEST

CLERGYMAN DEFINES THE MAN WHO IS A GENTLEMAN.

May "Go Wrong" for a Time, but to the End He is "On the Square," and Friendship With Him is a Privilege.

When asked, not long ago, to give his idea of "a gentleman," a noted clergyman said:

Of one thing I am assured, namely, that he will never be ashamed of his origin and that he will studiously refuse to pretend he is anything except what he is. He will be conspicuous for pity, always doff his hat to a ruin, be chivalrous to a woman, whether young or old, beautiful or plain, noble or ignoble, just because she is a woman. Also I am convinced that while the perfect gentleman will be deferential to his mental superiors, recognizing talent, wherever it may be found, he will pay respect to social differences with absolute ease, as supremely unimportant, preserving the while his entire independence, of which no one on God's earth can ever rob him. The gentleman is accustomed to accommodate his pace to the weakest, to arrange his conversation according to the capacity and interest of his audience, to give without conferring the wound of an obligation, to use hospitality without grudging, to be careless of a visiting list, and ever to keep his door on the latch, so that it may easily be pushed open by the stranger or even by the criminal, who finds a city of refuge at his hearth and in his heart.

The true gentleman belongs to the world and is never insular, which is only another form of self-consciousness, but whatever his nation, he is morally a polyglot and talks the language of humanity. You will find him without exception on the side of the weak, and ready to shiver a lance for the oppressed and the degraded, or those who have been ostracized by the world.

The gentleman is a person whom you never notice when he is in a room, and never forget when he is gone, and no one is so much missed, though no one desires to be so less. He understands like no other being on earth, says the right thing, though oftener still preserves silence, as the case may require, and always carries about with him a sense of comfort and livable witness which is unique.

Strange as it may seem to the thick skinned and insensitive, the gentleman may be as wild as a hawk and may get into messes of various sorts but, unlike many who claim to tread the path of virtue, his soul is never blackened by underhandedness or scheming. He would not marry a woman for her money, make a display of what he may happen to possess, tell a lie except to shield a woman's honor, slander his neighbors, engage in conversation which is even questionable, cheat, whether on a large or small scale; in fact, indulge in falsity of any kind. He is infinitely gentle and retiring, utterly masculine, in the best sense of that word, and always courteous. He may "go wrong"—gentlemen have been known to—but to the end he is "on the square," inwardly "banking after God."

Open-Air Sleeping.

There is a fad just now among English society persons for sleeping in the open air. A devotee of this new "cure" Lady Byron, who sleeps in a corner of her picturesque garden, which slopes up to Hampstead Heath.

The pioneer of the movement, which has spread all over the British Isles, from shooting boxes in Scotland to lighthouse towers in Ireland, is a well known Scottish hostess, who one day, as an experiment, had twelve beds placed for guests to occupy, if they liked, in different parts of her spacious garden. Endless amusement was caused by one elderly guest, who insisted on making an extensive tour in the vicinity of her bed to see that no spiders—of which he had a great dread—were lurking in the neighborhood.

Followed Suit.

It was at a birthday banquet given the other evening by a prominent Paris millionaire banker. The fun was at its height when a lady cried out: "My pearl necklace has disappeared!"

Upon followed, while every one suggested plans for its recovery.

Then the banker had a brilliant idea. "We will place a salver in the middle of the room," he said, "lights will be extinguished, and the perpetrator of this silly joke will have an opportunity of restoring the missing necklace."

This was done.

Then the lights were turned on again and there was more consternation. The salver had disappeared.

Too Precipitate.

"Mr. Smith, could you lend me—"

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A lot of dead ones in every town are holding out on the undertaker.

SKILLFUL WITH THE ARROW

Amazon Indians, Using Poisoned Weapons, Are by No Means a Foe to Be Despised.

The uncanny skill of the Amazon Indians with poisoned arrows won the awe and admiration of Mr. Algot Lange, who was cured of jungle-fever by Mangoromas after his comrades had succumbed to beriberi and poisonous swamp snakes. In his book, "In the Amazon Jungle," Mr. Lange describes a hunting trip that he made with two members of the tribe:

"We had scarcely gone a mile, when we discovered on the opposite bank of the creek, about one hundred and fifty yards away, a wild hog rooting for food. We were under cover of the brush, but the hog was in full view. Almost simultaneously my companions and I aimed arrows to their bowstrings. Instead of shooting pointblank and manipulating the bows with their hands and arms, they placed their great toes on the lower end of the bowstrings, and with their left arms gave the proper tension and inclination to the bows, which were eight feet long. With a whirr the poisoned arrows shot forth, sailed gracefully through the air, described a hyperbola, and plunged into the animal's neck, a little back from the base of the brain.

"The hog dropped in his tracks, and I doubt if he could have lived even if the arrows had not been poisoned. We slung the body over a heavy pole and carried it to the maloca.

"All the way the hunters disputed over the ownership of the hog, and from time to time they put the carcass on the ground to gesticulate and argue. When they appealed to me, I declared that the arrows had sped so rapidly that I could not tell which had found its mark first.

"As we neared the house, the chief sent out a messenger to learn the cause of the altercation. The emissary returned to the chief and the disputants became quiet. The messenger soon came back, and said that the great chief would judge the case, and ordered the men to enter the maloca. The chief motioned me to a seat on the ground beside his hammock. The men told their story, now and then looking to me for an affirmative nod of the head. The chief listened to the argument for some time without uttering a syllable, and regarded the crowd with a steady, unblinking expression. Then he said: 'The hog is mine. Go!'

"Strange as it may seem, there was no grumbling at this extraordinary decision."—Youth's Companion.

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"Well," replied the man who is gloomily jocosely, "some of it is civilization; and some of it is frivolousness."

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"Well, don't. I wanted the loan of your fountain pen to make out a check for what I owe you. But if you are in no hurry, I'm not."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take as candy.

A lake in Tasmania at an altitude of 8400 feet is to be harnessed and the electricity produced used to supply light and power for the entire island.

A lot of dead ones in every town are holding out on the undertaker.



"I—Will—Make the Whole World Suffer for My Loss."