

# 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 Clynne, 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 newly discovered substance which, he says, will solve the problem of flying. Chevalier de Leon appears in Europe. He calls on von Werdenstein and offers him the secret of making gold in return for absolute disarmament and peace. The chevalier is suspected of being an American. He is seized at night and carried off in his airplane. 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 Rosina, 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 succeeds in making a hole through the mine which resembles a monster eagle. He escapes and sends his message to Astra. Edison calls on Astra and tells her the details of his workshop on the island of Clynne in the Pacific. They make the trip in three hours. His plans are based on the peculiarity of the new substance, clynynth, 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. The fleet is attacked, but by the use of some mysterious power he destroys two warships and several aeroplanes. Realizing his position, von Werdenstein withdraws his fleet and consents to universal disarmament. Edison's mother is ill on the island of Clynne. Countess Rosina offers to go and comfort her, hoping to discover Edison's secret. 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. Edison and Santos start in search of a new deposit of clynynth, their supply being almost exhausted. They find it on the estate of Schomburg-Lithow.

### CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

"Have you ever thought of the future?" asked Napoleon, after a silence.

"I have, Napoleon. I have thought, that when we have finished our task, when we have done the things my father wished done for the good of the United Republics, then we may retire to that little island where your mother lives, and rest and be happy until the end of our days. There your genius will create new, useful things that will help eradicate poverty and misery."

"Dear girl! I have a premonition that the days you dream of are still far off; that those intriguers in Europe are planning and scheming and that when we least expect it, trouble will begin. For that reason, I believe it best to plan our marriage now. Some of the jesters over the ocean have already begun to discuss our situation with heartless cynicism."

They stopped and stood silent for a moment, then Astra leaned her head on Napoleon's shoulder and tenderly and lovingly she whispered:

"Your thought is my thought; I will follow wherever you lead."

In the meantime the aerodrome was rapidly nearing Clynne.

Rositta had sat motionless for a short time, her mind revolving all the details of her plan.

Santos sat with his hands on the wheel, eyes straight forward, watching the faint yellowish glow that marked the horizon. His heart throbbed with happiness. He felt the presence of the woman who was playing with him.

"Mr. Duprel!"

The dreaming man turned toward the picture of his dreams, letting the bird fly its steady, rapid course.

"Will you answer me a question, Mr. Duprel?" she asked appealingly.

"As many, countess, as you wish to ask."

"First of all, please call me Rositta and I will call you Santos."

Santos nodded. He had no more power to analyze her motives, he wanted to believe in the things that were happening.

"Were you ever in love friend Santos?" She looked implacably into Santos' astonished eyes.

"I never was before," he stammered.

"Then you are now?"

Santos suddenly felt that weakness that enveloped him in the presence of the fair countess leave him; his deep love had made him brave.

"I am, countess! Hopelessly in love." His voice was pathetic, a mingling of longing and despair.

"Why hopelessly, my dear Santos?"

She had laid her hand on his arm, and repeated the question.

"Because I dare to love you, you; in my case not hopeless!" Poor Santos trembled under the strain of the past half hour. All at once the despair, the sufferings and his untold misery were swept away in the wave of happiness caused by Rositta's arm about his short neck. He embraced the exquisite woman so ardently that she suffered, but she only replied with a sweet, sense-ensnaring smile. Santos declared:

"You have no idea what power you possess over me. I am your slave. You can make of me what you will, a hero or a traitor. I am ready to die for you."

It was not necessary for Santos to tell this. Rositta knew her power even better than Santos.

They were nearing Clynne, and Santos tried to regain his normal composure. Rositta said gravely:

"Listen to me, my dear. We must be very careful what we do. I love you and I want our love to last as long as we live. You are all alone, but I have powerful connections and still more powerful enemies who would prevent our happiness. For that reason we must plan carefully and until that happy time comes, when we can slip away to that little home of ours, we must be discreet and cautious. Do not tell of our love. I will meet you whenever I can and we will leave when the way is clear."

"I am yours, my dear Rositta, but I know my happiness will betray my love."

The countess gazed straight ahead, her hand still nestled in Santos'. She continued:

"I have been all alone. The President, Mr. Edison and his dear mother have been very good to me, but I have longed for someone to be my very own. I have found you and now I am happy, indeed."

Could Santos have seen behind that artful schemer's veil, he would have recoiled, horror-stricken. But he could only see the tender light in her eyes, and hear the loving words from her lips.

### CHAPTER XVI.

#### A New Princess.

Napoleon found obstacles in the way of obtaining the property where he had discovered the desired clynynth. The German crown declared it was not for sale. He asked for a long lease, and the right to mine the Peak Suemeg, but that would conflict with the laws of Hungarian lease and rental rights.

Realizing that he never would arrive at the actual working of the mine, unless he took a decided step, he paid a visit to the Count von Werdenstein personally.

This time he crossed the ocean in one of the newest English liners that made the trip between New York and Liverpool in three days.

Upon his arrival in Berlin he visited his friend, Herr Kalmar, before he even sought a hotel. The German was very happy to see the man with whom he had so many pleasant dealings, and readily explained the political situation in Europe. He frankly said that there was possibility of an international disturbance; the people were happy, but the nobility, and, more particularly, the idle army and navy officers, were agitating the question of restoring the standing armies and aerial and naval defenses.

Napoleon listened gravely to the opinions of this brave and broad-minded man who was doing all he could to enlighten the people. He knew Herr Kalmar was a perfectly trustworthy man, so he told him about his difficulties in obtaining Peak Suemeg.

Herr Kalmar said: "I believe that the chancellor, notwithstanding his



"They Are Right, Count; I Want Those Crystals."

defeat in American waters, has retained the kaiser's good will, and has, no doubt, delayed matters because he wanted to find out why you want the Peak Suemeg so badly. His spies are probably at work trying to ascertain the value of the Peak, so that he can utilize it for his own purposes."

Napoleon acknowledged this fact.

"Then you think the powers would not hesitate to undo all I have done, that they would gladly take up arms again, and wage battle in God's beautiful, clear air?"

"I certainly do!" was Herr Kalmar's emphatic answer.

"That makes it all the more imperative that I carry out the pactum to the letter. I never could answer to history, if I were to break my oath."

He sighed. "If war is carried into the air, if anyone should discover the secret of clynynth and the aerodrome,

I will find the means to confound them." His face expressed grim determination and Herr Kalmar respected him as a man more than a king, a man of his word.

The chancellor received Napoleon very cordially.

Napoleon stated his errand, briefly. He told the count that he was anxious to gain control of the property in Hungary that had belonged to the Schomburg Lithow estates.

The count was somewhat taken aback by this direct statement. He said, in his suave manner:

"May I ask what causes your anxiety in regard to that property? To be perfectly frank, I sent my best analysts there to assay that peak, hoping to find the name of the mineral that interests you, but they do not find anything extraordinary. One of them mentions a peculiar quartz formation there that somewhat resembles the mineral used in manufacturing glass, but that is all they could find."

"They are right, count. I want those crystals."

"I shall do my best for you, but you know how imperfect our laws are in regard to estates that fall to the crown."

"Can you not make an exception in this case?"

The count shook his head doubtfully.

"His majesty is the only one who could, and I am sorry to say that your honor does not happen to have his sympathy."

"Of course not; he thinks I have clipped his wings!" This remark slipped out unexpectedly.

He took leave of the count and looked up Herr Kalmar once more and told him many things that showed the big German he was in Napoleon's confidence.

Shortly after this he left for England, and from there for New York.

Count von Werdenstein did not know the true value of these crystals, but he was shrewd enough to surmise that they were connected with Napoleon's aerodromes, those wonderful birds that vomited lightning. Would they ever be his? "Everything comes to the man who waits," he thought, and made ready to report the result of his work to his majesty.

As he was leaving the room, an attendant ushered in a bright-eyed little man, without announcement. The officer explained that he came from the Countess Rosina and the chancellor's brow cleared.

The attendant was dismissed and the count motioned to a chair and asked the messenger to sit down. Instead of complying, the young man took a package from his inside vest pocket and handed it to the count. He saw the handwriting of the countess. He carefully opened the sealed envelope and sitting down before his desk he began to read:

"Sir: The plans you outlined for my conduct before I went to Helgoland have begun to develop. I will, shortly, know a few very important things in regard to the 'aerodromes', with one of which you, yourself, have had some experience.

"What do you think of them? What would you think of being able to manufacture them, to fly on them the red, white and black flag, instead of the stars and stripes?

"You may fill out the papers that make the Countess Rosina the Princess of Schomburg Lithow, and I wish you would have the estates in Germany and other countries transferred to me at once, as I want to take possession, particularly of the estate in Hungary, in the near future.

"Plans should be made to defend my undertaking, plans that will include the manufacture of a flotilla of aerodromes. I hardly think the president of the international peace committee will interrupt us, but our greatest strength will lie in being ready for any emergency.

"The time of action is almost here, but it is impossible for me to state the exact date just now. Under no circumstances can I tell the outcome until the papers of possession are in the hands of my legal advisers, Herren Konrad and Hans Schwab of Berlin. Upon their assurance that the title and deeds are in perfect condition, your excellency will hear from me further. With the best personal regards, I am, as ever,

"Your obedient servant,  
"Countess Rositta Rosiny."

The chancellor's feelings, after he had carefully read this letter were a mingling of satisfaction and distrust. He realized that the countess had cleverly taken command, and, notwithstanding her seeming servility, she was the one to dictate and the chancellor the one to obey. He glanced up at the little man who had brought the letter. He was standing stolidly waiting.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### CITY PEOPLE BUYING FARMS

One Man Spared No Expense in Stocking Place With Animals and Machinery, but Made Failure.

City people with money are pretty keen after good farms these days, and some large sums of money are being invested in land with a view of having a pleasant country home that will pay for its keep. But too many city men go into this line of business without looking far enough ahead.

I know a man with plenty of money who thought he would like to be a farmer so he looked over all of the likely land near his city, finally selecting one that just suited him. But he had to pay a pretty stiff price. Then he ordered the best equipment put up. He did not care for the cost as long as the barn and the other buildings were of the most approved pattern. Advertisements of machinery caught his eye and regardless as to whether it was suited to his locality he bought heavily.

No expense was spared in stocking the place with the best animals. Price was no consideration, quality was everything.

Finally he organized a splendid farm. Then he looked around for a man who would take charge and in a few years make enough money to repay his investment. But that man was not to be found. The best manager he had could not make a fair profit on the money sunk in that farm. The man was not living who could make money on the enormous overcapitalization. Many farmers make the same mistake on a smaller scale. They will pay too much for their house or will put fancy fixtures on their barns and in other ways invest more money in their business than its limit of expansion would reasonably allow. And then they wonder why each succeeding year sees them no further advanced.

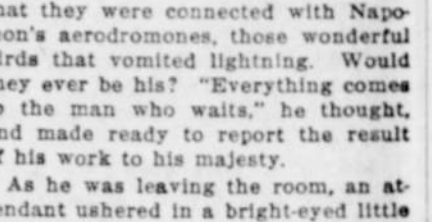
—C. M. S.

### SHEEP ARE MUCH NEGLECTED

No Animal More Capable of Responding to Different Methods of Treatment—All Make Money.

Too many farmers are overlooking a good opportunity by neglecting to have sheep on the farm. Men who do not like sheep must either learn to like them or keep out of the business. Men who do like them will take care of them, and when they are taken care of they are no more liable to disease than any other farm animal.

The sheep is the most modern animal in creation. By that I mean that he has left no fossil remains in his own kind of ancestry. He is a



Prize Lambs.

development of the last days of creation and of about the same genealogical age as mankind.

There is no animal on the farm that is more capable of responding to different methods of treatment and adapting himself to different environments than is the sheep. He can be bred into almost anything of the sheep kind. Long, coarse wool, or short, fine wool, horns or no horns, black or white, a big carcass for mutton or other modifications have been produced, and all are money-makers when properly handled by the right man.

### TO SELECT SEED POTATOES

Don't Wait Until Digging Time, or Even Until Vines Are Dead—Mark the Vigorous Hills.

(By M. A. COVERDELL.)

Don't wait until potato-digging time to select your seed potatoes—don't wait even until the vines are dead, if you do you are as liable to pick out large potatoes from a small, undeveloped hill as you are from a thrifty one.

While the vines are in full bloom and show which are vigorous and productive is the time for marking the hills you will dig later for seed. Small sticks driven beside the choice hills serve this purpose very well.

This insures seed that will propagate sturdy plants next season. And remember, both large and small potatoes from a strong hill may be planted; but any size, either small or large, from a puny hill—never!

Use the same care and judgment in your selection of seed potatoes that you do in selecting other seeds, and you will find it a little time very profitably spent.

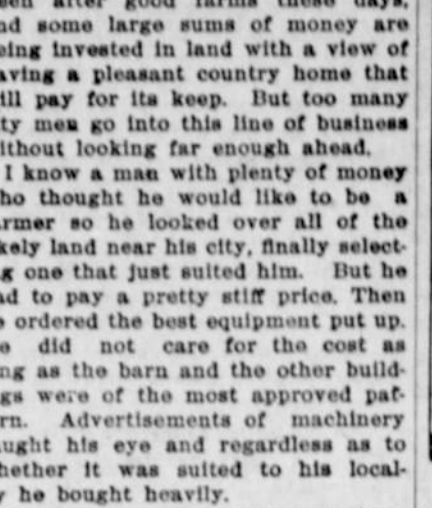
### Favorite Cholera Cure.

A favorite cholera cure in the west is made as follows: Red pepper 2 ounces, powdered asafoetida 2 ounces, carbonate of iron 4 ounces, powdered rhubarb 1 ounce, Spanish brown 6 ounces, sulphur 2 ounces. The mixture is made into pellets with flour and water and given three times a day. The mixed powder is added to the soft food as a preventive, giving a tablespoonful twice a week to every two dozen fowls.

### Filling the Silo.

Corn for silage should be cut when the kernel is glazed, but can still be broken with the thumb nail. The two or three bottom leaves will be yellowing at this stage, as will also the tip of the shock. If the corn seems too dry it is cut, water should be added. There is more danger of putting silage up too dry than too wet.

### Most Expensive Street in World



FAMOUS BOARDWALK

THE boardwalk at Atlantic City is one of the most famous streets in the world. It is likewise one of the most important, reckoned by the number of people whose footsteps traverse it. And it is undeniably one of the most interesting, having no counterpart as a thoroughfare anywhere on the earth.

It is the most expensive street, bar none. Every three or four years it has to be repaved with planks at a cost of about \$140,000—though the work is done gradually, and not all at once. The annual bill for keeping it clean and in repair is \$35,000. As it stands today the boardwalk represents an expenditure of nearly \$45,000 for construction.

In reference to the cleaning item it should be said that no broom or mop is ever applied to the surface of the boardwalk. It keeps itself clean. "Swept by ocean breezes" (to quote a phrase most dear to proprietors of seaside hotels), it is ever free from dust, while the rain and the sea-borne mist continually wash it. However, four men, at \$2.10 a day, are constantly busy at the rather curious task of keeping the cracks clear between the boards—the object being to drain off the wet.

Always Clean and Dry.

Other streets may be wet, other streets may be dirty; other streets may be obstructed—but the boardwalk never. When snow falls in winter it is cleared away with a celerity almost incredible. The thoroughfares of Philadelphia and New York may be well-nigh impassable, but the ocean pathway at Atlantic City, 60 feet wide, is bound to be open for traffic, and dry at that. Presently the sun appears, and out come the invalids in chairs on wheels.

As it stands today, the boardwalk cost slightly more than \$100,000 a mile to build—the length of it being four and a third miles. Originally it was composed of planks laid upon the sand of the beach, but these were repeatedly washed away by the cruel, crawling waves, and the loss and discomfort occasioned eventually brought about the erection of the permanent structure of today, upheld by pillars and girders which defy the tooth of time and energy of the elements.

Hyperbole aside, however, it may be confessed that this element-defying condition is only now beginning to be reached through the substitution of re-enforced concrete for steel piles, which, as sad experience has proved, are hardly more enduring than wood, owing to the destructive action of salt water and mist-laden sea air. Indeed, one may, in spots, poke one's finger an inch deep into the metal supports. But concrete appears to satisfy all requirements admirably, and before very long it will have entirely replaced steel in the construction of the wood-paved roadway.

The boardwalk, one should realize, is no mere local affair. It is in a sense a national thoroughfare—the great summer street of the United States, and the common meeting ground of the people from all parts of the country. No other place in the Union is so cosmopolitan. The Californian is as much at home there as the man from Philadelphia or the citizen of Texas. It is the great health and amusement resort of the common people, having the notable advantage of cheapness for those who can not afford to spend much money, while for the rich there are accommodations in luxurious and proportionately expensive hotels.

The unthoughtful many who visit Atlantic City, however, have little notion of the more intimate peculiarities of the boardwalk and the beach along which it runs. Its landward edge is fringed by a row of shops of every imaginable kind, which offer for sale all sorts of merchandise, from candy to dry goods. There are also clairvoyants, and palmists and various other dealers in the mysterious, but these are merely incidental, for there is no proper likeness between this roadway and the streets of Coney Island. Rents are enormously high. A season's occupancy of a mere window space six feet square costs \$1,000. The purchase price of real estate along the most desirable blocks, from Maryland avenue to Michigan avenue, is \$4,000 a front foot.

Sunday on the Boardwalk.

Sunday is the big day of the week on the boardwalk. On that day the shopkeepers and amusement proprietors expect to do nearly as much business as in the other six put together. But there is one block that is always closed on the Lord's day; it is owned by Philadelphia Quakers, who value their religion more than

### REAL CAUSE OF HER WOE

Not Lovers' Quarrel, but Something of Moment Occasioned the Sleepless Night.

They had quarreled at the ball the night before over some trivial matter, as lovers will, and had parted in anger.

At the earliest possible hour the following morning he hastened to seek her and beg her forgiveness.

She was already in the drawing room when he arrived, sitting silent among a group of sympathizing friends. His heart smote him when he saw her heavy eyes and noted that she was still wearing her gauzy ball gown.

"You are ill," he gasped.

She shook her head.

"Only a woman can appreciate what she has endured," ventured one of her companions.

The girl smiled wanly. "Leave me alone with him," she murmured. "Perhaps I can make him understand."

"My love, my love," he moaned, "have my unthinking words wrought this havoc? Was it for my sake that those eyes kept vigil through the long night? Did my cruel words so crush you that you had no heart even to remove your dainty gown?"

"We were both to blame," she said gently; "but if you knew what I have suffered you would forgive the unjust reproaches I have heaped upon you. Listen! When I entered the house last night all was dark and still; every one was asleep, and I—I—my voice trembled; 'I had to sit up through the long hours because—'

"Because of my unthinking words, darling," he broke in deeply.

"No," with a fresh burst of weeping; "because my dress is fastened in the back."—Life.

### Fish Travel Far.

The distance fish travel is described in the Scottish Fishery Board blue book, issued recently. A female plaice traveled 215 miles in three months, and another 150 miles in two months. The first fish moved from the Firth of Forth to a point forty-seven miles east of the Spurn Lightship. The fish were, with numbers of others, marked and liberated in order to obtain data regarding their migration. An interesting fact discovered at experimental stations in the Firth of Forth and Moray Firth is that, among the plaice the females predominate more and more according to the size of the fish, until at sizes over twenty inches, males are scarcely to be found. It is calculated from inquiries of fishing catches since 1905 that, except in the cases of codling, small lemon soles, and small plaice, there are unmistakable signs of a decrease in the numbers of trawl-fish.