

The Lost Continent

By CUTCLIFFE HYNE.

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CHAPTER X.—Continued.
"This good port captain tells me that you made a most valiant attempt to return, Nais, and for an excuse you told that it was your love for some man in the city here which drew you. Come now, we are willing to overlook much of your faults if you will give us a reasonable chance. Point me out your man, and if he is a proper fellow I will see that he weds you honestly. Yes, I will do more for you, Nais, since this day brings me to a husband. Seeing that all your estate is confiscated as a penalty for your late rebellion, I will charge myself with your dowry and give it back to you. So come, name me the man."

"The girl looked at her with a sullen brow. "I spoke a lie," she said; "there is no man."
I tried myself to give her advocacy. "The lady doubtless spoke what came to her lips. When a woman is in the grip of a rude soldiery, any excuse which can save her for the moment must serve. For myself, I should think it like enough that she would confess to having come back to her old allegiance, if she were asked."
"Sir," said the empress, "keep your peace. Any interest in this matter will go far to offend me. You have spoken of Nais in your narrative before; and although your tongue was shrewd and you did not say much, I am a woman and I could read between the lines. Now regard, my rebel, I have no wish to be unduly hard upon you, though once you were my fan-girl, and so your running away to these ill-kempt malcontents, who beat their heads against my city walls, is all the more naughty. But you must meet me half-way. You must give an excuse for a leniency. Point me out the man you would wed, and he shall be your husband to-morrow."
"There is no man."
"Then name me one at random. Why, my pretty Nais, not ten months ago there were a score who would have leaped at the chance of having you for a wife. Drop your coyness, girl, and name me one of those. I warrant you that I will be your ambassador and will put the matter to him with such delicacy that he will not make you blush by refusal."

"The pretty Nais looked up at me. "I am a maiden, and I have a maiden's modesty. I will die as you choose, but I will not do this indecency."
"Well, I am a maiden, too, and though because I am an empress also, questions of state have to stand before questions of my private modesty, and I can have a sympathy for yours—although in truth I did not obtrude unduly when you were my fan-girl. Nais, no, come to think of it, you liked a tender glance and a pretty phrase as well as any when you were fan-girl. You have grown wild and shy among these savage rebels, but I will not punish you for that."
"Let me call your favorites to memory now. There was Tarca, of course; but Tarca had a difference with that ill-dressed father of yours, and wears a leprosy on half his face instead of that beard he used to trim so finely. And then there is Tatho; but Tatho is away over seas. Bron, too, you liked once; but he lost an arm in fighting 't'other day, and I would not marry you to less than a whole man. Ah, by my face! I have it, the delicate, exquisite, Rotal! He is the husband! How well I remember the way he used to dress in a change of garb each day to catch your proud fancy, girl. Well, you shall have Rota. He shall lead you to wife before this hour to-morrow."

Again the prisoner moistened her lips. "I will not have Rota, and spare me the others. I know why you mock me, Phoenice."
"Then there are three of us here who share one knowledge." She turned her eyes upon me. Gods! who ever saw the like of Phoenice's eyes, and who ever saw them lit with such a fire as burned within them then? "My lord, you are marrying me for policy; I am marrying you for policy, and for another reason which has grown stronger of late, and which you may guess at. Do you wish still to carry out the match?"
I looked once at Nais, and then I looked steadily back at Phoenice. The command given by the mouth of Zaemon from the high council of the Sacred Mountain had to outweigh all else, and I answered that such was my desire.

"Then," said she, glowering at me with her eyes, "you shall bid me up with the pretty body of Nais beneath the throne of granite as a wedding gift. And you shall do it too with your own proper hands, my Deucalion, while I watch your devotion."
And to Nais she turned with a cruel smile. "You lied to me, my girl, and you spoke truth to the soldiers in the harbor forts. There is a man here in the city you came after, and he is the one man you may not have. Because you know me well, and my methods very thoroughly, your love for him must be very deep or you would not have come. And so, being here, you shall be put beyond mischief's reach. I am not one of those who see luxury in fostering rivals."
"You came for attention at the hands of Deucalion." By my face! you shall have it. I will watch myself while he builds you up living."
So this mighty empress chose to be jealous of a mere woman prisoner!

Now my mind has been trained to work with a soldierly quickness in these moments of stress, and I decided upon my proper course on the instant the words had left her lips. I was sacrificing myself for Atlantis by order of the high council of the priests, and, if needful, Nais must be sacrificed also, although in the same flash a scheme came to me for saving her.
I would avail myself of the drugs, or whatever they might be called, that lay within the image of our Lady the Moon that my priestly knowledge had taught me would so act upon my love that though she be buried beneath the great rocks, yet she could not die, but sleep only, and that my power

would again awaken her when opportunity offered.
So I bowed gravely before the empress, and said: "In this, as in all other things where a mere human hand is potent, I will carry out your wishes, Phoenice." And she on her part patted my arm, and fresh waves of feeling welled up from the depths of her wondrous eyes. Surely the gods won for her half her schemes and half her battles when they gave Phoenice her shape, and her voice, and the matters which lay within the outlines of her face.

CHAPTER XI.
THE BURYING ALIVE OF NAIS.
There is no denying that the wishes of Phoenice were carried into quick effect in the city of Atlantis. Her modern theory was that the country and all therein existed only for the good of the empress, and when she had a desire, no cost could possibly be too great in its carrying out.
She had given forth her edict concerning the burying alive of Nais, and though the words were that I was to build the throne of stone, it was an understood thing that the manual labor was to be done for me by others. Heralds made the proclamation in every ward of the city, and masons, laborers, stonemasons, sculptors, engineers and architects took hands from whatever was occupying them for the moment, and hastened to the rendezvous. The architects chose a chief who gave directions, and the lesser architects and the engineers saw these carried into effect. Any material within the walls of the city on which they set their seal was taken at once without payment or compensation; and as the blocks of stone they chose were the most monstrous that could be got, they were forced to demolish no few buildings to give them passage.
I have before spoken of the modern rage for erecting new palaces and pyramids, and even though at the moment an army of rebels was battering with war engines at the city walls, the building guilds were steadily at work, and their skill (with Phoenice's marvelous invention to aid them) was constantly on the increase. True, they could not move such massive blocks of stone as those which the early gods placed for the sacred circle of our Lord the Sun, but they had got rams and trucks and cranes which could handle amazing bulks.

The throne was to be erected in the open square before the royal pyramid. Seven tiers of stone were there for a groundwork, each a knee-height deep, and each cut in the front with three steps. In the uppermost layer was a cavity made to hold the body of Nais, and above this was poised the vast block which formed the seat of the throne itself.
Throughout the night, to the light of torches, relay after relay of the stone-cutters and the masons and the sweating laborers had toiled over bringing up the stone and dressing it into fit shape, and laying it in due position; and the engineers had built machines for lifting, and the architects had proved that each stone lay in its

place. Whips cracked, and men fainting with the labor, but so soon as one was incapable another pressed forward into his place. No delay was brooked when Phoenice had said her wish.
And finally as the square began to fill with people come to gaze at the pillage of to-day, the chippings and the scaffolding were cleared away, and with it the bodies of some half-score of workmen who had died from accidents or their exertions during the building, and there stood the throne, splendid in its carvings, and all ready for completion. The lower part stood more than two man-heights above the ground, and no stone of its courses weighed less than 20 men; the upper part was double the weight of any of these, and was carved so that the royal snake encircled the chair and the great hooded head overshadowed it. But at present the upper part was not on its bed, being held up high by lifting-rams, for what purpose all men knew.

"I will not wed," said the prisoner, quietly.
"Think for the last time, Nais, of what is the other choice. You will be taken, warm and quick and beautiful as you stand at this minute, and lain in the hollow place that is beneath the throne-stone. Deucalion, that is to be my husband, will lay you in that awful bed, as a symbol that you shall perish all Phoenice's enemies; and then he will release the rams and lower the upper stone into place, and the world shall see your face no more. Look at the bright sky, Nais, fill your chest with the sweet, warm air, and then think of what this death will mean. Believe me, girl, I do not want to make you an example unless you force me."
"I will not wed," said the prisoner, quietly.
The empress loosed her fingers from my arm and lay back against the cushions. "If the girl presumes on our old familiarity, or thinks that I jest, show her now, Deucalion, that I do not."
"The empress is far from jesting," I said. "I will do this thing because it is the wish of the empress that it should be done, and because it is the command of the empress that a symbol of it shall remain forever as an example for others. Lead your prisoner to the place."
The soldiers wheeled, and the two guards with the chains of the collar which was on the neck of Nais prepared to put out force to drag her up the steps. But she walked with them willingly, and with a color unchanged, and I rose from my seat and made obeisance to the empress and followed them.

[To Be Continued.]
The "Brain Fever Bird," familiar to most residents in India is a kind of cuckoo known as the "brain fever bird," of which an example has just arrived at the zoo. It has received this lengthy name on account of the fact that its cry, unlike the monotonous voice of its English relative, suggests the words: "Ain't it (an adjective which we must not print) hot? I feel it, I feel it." The cry culminates in a shriek. The bird looks like a hawk, and Aristotle, who thought that our common cuckoo was in the habit of times of changing into a hawk, had known the Indian Hero-coccyx, he would have been confirmed in his error.—London News.

pression of my face. We were here on ceremonial to-day—a ghastly enough affair throughout all its acts, if you choose, but still ceremonial; and I was minded to show Phoenice a grand manner that would leave her nothing gone through and endured. I did not intend a great scheme to be shattered by letting my agony and pain show themselves in either a shaking hand or a twitching cheek. When it came to the point, I told myself, I would lay the living body of my love in the hollow beneath the stone as calmly and with as little outward emotion as though I had been a mere priest carrying out the burial of some dead stranger. And she, on her part, would not, I knew, betray our secret. With her, too, it was truly: "Before all, Atlantis!"
I think it spared a pang to find that there was to be no mockery or flippancy in what went forward. All was solemn and impressive; and, though a certain grandeur and solemnity which bit deep into my breast was lost to the vulgar crowd, I fancy that the outward shape of the double sacrifice they witnessed that day would not be forgotten by any of them, although the inner meaning of it all was completely hidden from their minds. When it suited her fancy, none could be more strict on the ritual of a ceremony than this many-mooded empress, and it appeared that on this occasion she had given command that all things were to be carried out with the rigid exactness and pomp of the older manner.

So she was borne up by her Europeans on the scarlet awning, and I handed her to the ground. She seated herself on the cushions and beckoned me to her side, entwining her fingers with mine, as has always been the custom with rulers of Atlantis and their consorts. And there before us as we sat a body of soldiery marched up, and opening out, showed Nais in their midst. She had a collar of metal round her neck, with chains depending from it firmly held by a brace of guards, so that she could not run in upon the spears of the escort, and thus get a quick and easy death, which is often the custom of those condemned to the more lingering punishments.
But it was pleasant to see that she still wore her clothing. Raiment, whether of fabric or skin, has its value, and custom has always given the garments of the condemned to the soldiers guarding them. So, as Nais was not stripped, I could not but see that some one had given money to the guards as a recompense, and in this I thought I saw the hand of Ylga, and felt a gratitude towards her.
The soldiers brought her forward to the edge of the pavilion's shade, and she was bidden prostrate herself before the empress, and to kneel and bid, and so avoided rough handling and force. Her face was pale, but showed neither fear nor defiance, and her eyes were calm and natural. She was remembering what was due to Atlantis, and I was thrilled with love and pride as I watched her.
But outwardly, I, too, was impassive as a man of stone; and though I knew that Phoenice's eyes was on my face, there was never anything on it from first to last that I would not have had her see.

"Nais," said the empress, "you have eaten from my platter when you were fan-girl, and drank from my cup, and what was yours I gave you. You should have had more gratitude, you should have had knowledge also that the arm of the empress was long and her hand consummately heavy. But it seems that you have neither of these things. And, moreover, you have tried to take a certain matter that the empress has set apart for herself. You were offered pardon on terms, and you rejected it. You were foolish. But it is a day now when I am inclined to clemency. Presently, seated on that carved throne of granite which he has built me yonder, I shall take my Lord Deucalion to husband. Give me a plain word that you are sorry, girl, and name a man whom you would choose, and I will remember the brightness of the occasion; you shall be pardoned and wed before we rise from these cushions."
"I will not wed," she said, quietly.
"Think for the last time, Nais, of what is the other choice. You will be taken, warm and quick and beautiful as you stand at this minute, and lain in the hollow place that is beneath the throne-stone. Deucalion, that is to be my husband, will lay you in that awful bed, as a symbol that you shall perish all Phoenice's enemies; and then he will release the rams and lower the upper stone into place, and the world shall see your face no more. Look at the bright sky, Nais, fill your chest with the sweet, warm air, and then think of what this death will mean. Believe me, girl, I do not want to make you an example unless you force me."
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PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

A Bride's Expectations.—Millicent—"Are you going to be married quietly, or have a wedding?" Maude—"Oh, a wedding, by all means! Think of the presents I'll get!"—Ohio State Journal.

Mr. Manley—"Well, my dear, I've had my life insured for \$5,000." Mrs. M.—"How very sensible of you! Now I shan't have to keep telling you to be so careful every place you go."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Ticked the Taxidermist.—Seizing some old comic papers, the skilled taxidermist proceeded to fill the defunct animal with them. Smiling merrily as he worked, he remarked: "This is a case of stuff and nonsense."—Baltimore American.

Mrs. Drowsie—"Your clothes are getting quite shabby, my dear." Rev. Dr. Drowsie—"Yes, but (loftily) when I ascend the pulpit and begin to talk they don't notice my clothes." Mrs. Drowsie—"No, they all have their eyes closed then."—Town and Country.

"Johnnie," said his mother, threateningly, to the incorrigible, "I am going to have your father whip you when he comes home to-night." "Please don't, mamma," replied Johnnie, penitently, "paw is allus so tired when he comes home."—Boston Post.

The Toper's Excuse.—"How did you come to get drunk?" Defendant—"Faith, yer honor, O'm not to blame. O' didn't know what O' was doin'." "O' didn't? How was that?" "Well, ye see, sor, O' was under th' influence of liquor when O' shtarted."—Philadelphia Record.

"O! My!" exclaimed the young wife, reading over the insurance policy on her husband's life in her favor, "this insurance company is just hateful." "Why, what's the matter?" asked her husband. "Why, if you commit suicide they won't pay any money at all!"—Philadelphia Press.

MILLIONS OF WOMEN WANTED

Some Countries, including America, Have a Great Many Men Who Must Be Bachelors.

The government of one of the Prussian states has just passed a law warning all bachelors to marry under a heavy penalty.
Some of the men have gone over to the majority and become husbands rather than pay the fine imposed by the new act; but, generally speaking, the new move has proved a failure, says Pearson's Weekly.

Instead of it having the desired effect of reducing the number of spinsters and increasing that of the bachelors to any great extent, it has taken a contrary course. There has been a sort of general exodus of the young men from the country, who have gone to live in the neighboring German states, where they may remain bachelors.

It is quite a common thing to hear people in Britain describe a bachelor as a selfish person, and as an object lesson for the world to shake its head at. They have a belief, held in reverence by thousands, that every bachelor cheats seven women out of a chance of marrying.

As a matter of fact, there are in the world 15,000,000 fewer women than men, so, therefore, supposing that every eligible man wanted to marry—happily all men don't—there would not be a sufficient number of women for distribution as wives; indeed, there would have to remain 15,000,000 bachelors.

Taking America and Australia there are 1,500,000 more men than women, so that bachelorhood in those countries is an enforced necessity.
In Britain there are more women than men, it is true, and if our unmarried girls—the surplus who are not engaged—have any matrimonial ambitions they have only to proceed either to Australia or the United States in order to realize their highest aspirations.

Now, lumping the countries of Europe together, we arrive at a great total of 334,000,000 of human beings, with nearly 4,000,000 more women than men. Population statistics show that it is not every country in Europe which has a population comprising more women than men. The greater powers are placed in that position, but in Italy, for example, and also in Serbia, Bulgaria and in the states adjoining Turkey in Europe, there are more men than women.

And even where the women outnumber the men the difference between the two sexes is really not very alarming. Six nations of Europe, including Great Britain, have only, on the total population, 70 women in excess of men per 1,000, whilst in Germany, France, Belgium, Austria and Russia the surplus female population represents only about 50 per 1,000.

It is a popular statistical fact, that where the population is thickest there you are sure to find the number of men in the minority.
Asia has a population of 815,000,000, with a male surplus of not less than 16,000,000; Africa has 1,000,000 more men than women.
In China the question of the sexes is a moot one. The summary disposal of the new-born female infants by those of the Chinese who do not want girl babies accounts for the dearth of women in the celestial empire.
In Hong-Kong the sexes are very uneven, there being fewer than 500 women to every 1,000 men, a condition of things which is practically the same in Hawaii.

In those countries where progress is marked by the pursuit of an illimitable number of industries, such as is followed by the majority of the nations constituting the hemisphere we live in, women, from a point of number, are in the ascendancy.
And by the same rule, where the people follow a pastoral life, as, for instance, the Boers, who will find that their community is made up of more men than women. Climate, too, exerts a considerable influence in determining the multiplicity of either sex—we mean the climate peculiar to the zone you live in. There are more men than women in tropical zones, but there are more women than men in temperate zones.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN WHO ENDORSE PERUNA.



Miss Lenore Allen, 407 Dowell Street, San Francisco, Cal., writes: "I consider Peruna an infallible remedy for catarrhal diseases. For several years I have been troubled with influenza, especially during our rainy season. I used to catch cold so easily that I was afraid to be out when the weather was the least bit inclement, or in the evening air. But since I have used Peruna I have nothing whatever the matter with me."
"I am in perfect health, and find that Peruna acts as a tonic, and seems to throw all sickness and disease out of the body. I go anywhere now and in all kinds of weather, seem to have an iron constitution and enjoy life as I enjoy perfect health."

Miss Mattie Douglass, 138 Thomas ave., Memphis, Tenn., writes: "From my early womanhood I have been troubled with occasional headaches. I took different powders and drugs, at times getting temporary relief. One of my friends advised me to try Peruna, which I did. I soon found that my general health improved, and my entire system was toned up."
"I felt a buoyancy of body and lightness of mind I had not known before and my headaches have completely disappeared, and I have enjoyed perfect health for over a year. I gladly endorse Peruna."
MATTIE DOUGLASS.
Women from all parts of the United States and Canada are testifying daily to the virtue of Peruna. Only a few of these letters can ever be published.

REFLECTIONS OF A SICK MAN.

When the doctor comes, he always laughs at you.
The neighbors never worry about your illness as much as you thought they would.
People come around the house you never saw before; the milk man, the ice man, the wash woman.
When you are hungry you are ashamed to acknowledge it, and, if your nurse is very particular, you are liable to suffer from hunger.
When there is a knock on the door, you think it is an inquiring friend, and try to look as pale and wan as possible, and then discover that it is a little girl who wants to borrow butter.

A STRONG STATEMENT.

Star, Wis., Feb. 10th.—Mr Samuel S. Hook, one of the most highly respected residents of this neighborhood, has given a very hearty recommendation to Dodd's Kidney Pills, a remedy recently introduced here. He says: "I have been a sufferer from Kidney Disease for some time and found nothing to help me till I began to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. They gave me almost immediate relief, and I am now well. I have recommended them to many friends and in every case with splendid results."
"They are the very best pills for all kinds of ailments, but especially for Kidney Complaints."
This is a very strong statement, and coming from a gentleman of Mr. Hook's standing and reputation, it has had a tremendous influence in Vernon county.

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

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The only spring wheat on earth that will yield a paying crop, east, south, and west, and in every state in the Union. We also have the estimated Marshall wheat, yielding on our farms, 80 bushels per acre.

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Our great catalogue contains full descriptions of our Best Quality Marley, yielding 100 bushels, our Triple Income Corn, 200 bushels, our Golden Wonder, yielding 400 bushels per acre; our grass and clover mixture, producing 8 tons of magnificent hay; our Peas and Beans, yielding 8 tons of hay, and Trifolium with 80 tons of hay, 100 bushels per acre. Salzer's great catalogue, worth \$10 to any who send for it, will be sent to you for 10c. Write for it to-day.

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