

GINIA OF THE AIR LANF COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY THE BORBS-MERRILL COMPANY

CHAPTER I.

MAIDENS FELL FROM THE SKY. OR twenty shimmering miles the gulf beach lay in the sun, a white straight edge against blue. Mistily through the surf glimmered the tower of Sand island light save when obscured by the to plume of a fruiter standing in past Fort Morgan for Mobile. It was arly forencon. The yellow globe of mooring balloon at the fort shone in the sun like a dome of some auda ous new architecture flung high into the pulsating air. Two men far down the coast toward Pensacola caught the faroff splendor and noted in the very act of easting off from it a long, cigar shaped aeronat—an immense, elongated bubble of quicksilver. It floated award, rounded to, stood a moment nd on, librating like a balancing top.

She's boun' fo' N'Yawlins, Ab reck The speaker was a typical gulf fisherman, long bearded, soft of speech,

courteous as a diplomat, barefooted. weathered in garments and skin. Over his cheeks and nose were scattered ad brown blotches which had it ot been for their size might have n called freckles. He rolled a cigarette, lighted it, turned his eyes on his more youthful companion, repeating, "She's sho' boun' fo' N'Yawlins." In the mien of the younger man there

was something of kinship to the elder, as there might be in a New England mist or engineer something that is e his forty-second cousin fishing on Newfoundland banks. The softs of speech was modified to a subtle firmness and a subdued decision. The slight, tall frame was arrowy and erect, as if the youth had imbibed from some winier air a latent self em expressed in the hint of ineness in speech. The boy also had be areas of mottled freckling, overlayag a pink glow. He wore a blue flanshirt with a bright silk cravat His shoes were scoured gray by the beach sand, and his well shaped hat was powdered with it. His trousers e of cadet gray and were striped own the side; seemingly they were a part of some obsolete uniform. He sat a great square timber half buried n the sand and had been studying a blue green Portuguese man-of-war cast shore and rolled up before the breeze, dragging its yard long tentacles. On the beam lay a steel square, a brace and bit, a roll of blueprints, some steel drills and a book of logarithms. The peech of the old fisherman made m look up. He picked up a pair of oculars from a cast-up crate and studied the distant airship.

"Mo' likely bound for Pensacola, captain," he said. "She's coming this way-a Condor with bow rudder."

The aeronat, drawing nearer, swelled like a great silver moon. The men dmired her as they walked inshore through soft, trodden sand down to a lower level of yellowed palmettoes and scaled a steep dune slope thicketed with curious scrub oaks. Here was hidden a cabin of rough boards with a wide veranda or gallery, on the colmns of which were to be seen bleached barnacles, telling of the storm tossed voyage which had brought them hither. Abutting on the cabin by one end was a spacious shed without visible door or window. So thoroughly was the edifice concealed by the oak scrub and the low growing tunted spruce that one might have used a dozen times within a stone's throw of it without seeing it, and even from the airships its drab roof powdered with blown sand was well nigh invisible. Under the gallery was perfect safety from observation from

As seen through the glass, the airship was swelled to impressive bulk Her rudder stood aslant, a etripe of brown against the silver foil of her blige. On the seaward side ran the darker line of a toy aeroplane-a matter of appearance more than useand slung beneath by a gossamer nadle, steady as the deck of a liner. hung ber roomy car, the engine room astern, the three great screws half invisible, like the vibrant wings of bees. She veered to the north and stood inland as if to cross the Little lagoon. that beautiful salt lake which for ten miles lies within sound of the gulf ourf, but separated from it by a little wilderness of dunes, then by a majestic swooping movement she threw her whole vast sweep of broadside open to their gaze. The captain's dimmer eye now made out the woman and the two men on her deck, while Theodore Carson's, keen for such a sight and armed with the glass, observed that the woman wore a broad hat of vivid red, a scarf of the same color and—a woman would have told him-a pique gown.

"They bette' moor," said the fisher-"They's a norther comin' out. What they doin' now, Miste' Theodo'?" "Why," said Carson, studying the ast with the glass and clipping of his sentences as the astounding evolution of the incident far up there in the blue rendered every utterance lete before it was finished, "why. hey have thrown off a package oft's mechanism-of some sort-in op a, and- They're making a tow . They're reversing and rounding the helicopter. to. See them drift off! They're ex-

Heavens! See that thing shoot up! It's some sort of helicopter, I believeand the girl's alone in it, captain! Alone, I say! Why did they- She's lost control-she's lost! It's shooting over this way and coming down! It

will-it will- My God! My God!" The thing parted from the great aeronat was a little speck topped with a broader, mushroom shaped shimmer which Carson knew for the revolving blades of a helicopter, that insidious toy that promised so much for the conquest of the air. Then, as though released from the pull of gravity, it shot skyward, leaving the silver airship far below, as a fly might speed from a floating bubble. The two spectators drew their breaths sharply in, their hearts frozen in fascinated apprehen-

They saw it rise skyward like a boy's dart until they shuddered at the abyss that yawned between it and the earth; saw it struck by the far advanced loftier vanguard of the north wind predicted by the fisher captain; saw it I should fly!" hurled southward before the blast like a feather.

The Condor had a name. She was the Roc, owned by Mr. Finley Shayne, and her home port was Shayne's Hold, in the Catskills. Those who are familiar with the scope, power and spec-tacular success of Mr. Shayne's operations in aerostatic power stocks in the latter part of the first quarter of the present century will surmise that the Roc was the finest product of the art of aviational construction up to that

This fateful morning she had moor ed in the aerial harbor at Mobile, in her berth hard by the lift near the Bienville statue. Mrs. Shayne, a native Mobilian, pleaded indisposition, but went out to see some old house dear to her youth. Mr. Shayne and their guest, Mr. Max Silberberg, had insisted upon the presence of Virginia Suarez, Mrs. Shayne's niece, on a trip down the bay in the Roc to witness the demonstration of a new flying machine, and she had yielded. The inventor, Wizner, a suspicious, foxy. middle aged man, proved objectionable to Miss Suarez because his thumbs turned back so far that the sight of them made her feel creepy, and as he gesticulated freely while denouncing all devices for aerial navigation except his his thumbs were much in evidence

Virginia wished Wizner at her side, crooked thumbs and all, for no thumbs or voice could be so offensive as the unrelieved presence of Mr. Silberberg. the head of the Federated Metals concern, controlling the copper, gold and silver output of a continent. She felt herself thrown at his head

by her aunt. "So you think, Aunt Marie," she had

aid, "that Mr. Silberbe great ones of the earth?" "Most certainly," rejoined Mrs.

Shayne. "He is retaining and increasing the enormous wealth and power he inherited. To do what he is doing takes a great man. Your uncle will tell you so."

Silberberg made the hay of court ship in the sun of opportunity. Virginia pondered on her aunt's standard of greatness.

"Where's Uncle Finley?" she asked. "We are getting a long way south."

"Giving the helicopter a private examination," replied Silberberg. "It is a happiness to me that he is. But the inventor would go wild if he knew the sort of expert his precious machine is alone with."

"Wild!" repeated Virginia. "Listen

Above the purr of the screws came the angry voice of the inventor in the engine room abusing the Roc's second ingineer for some remark derogatory o helicopters. Already he was quite wild enough. Virginia thought.

"Why don't we try his machine?" she asked. "Must we go out over the gulf? Isn't the bay big enough?"

"Mr. Shayne wants to pick up a specialist at the fort," replied Silberberg. "the man who wrote up the Chinese war aerostats. He's here on some aeronautical business for the army."

The Roc circled to the west to avoid the inhibited passage over the batteries and stood east along the beach. Wizner abandoned his quarrel and came forward to make the test. He set the helicopter on the deck, where it stood unsteadly on its slender bamboo legs, its painter hanging over the rail, its top crowned by the screw wings, slanted a little outboard for the

"How will you get her off, Wizner?" asked Mr. Shayne. "Easy enough," answered Wisner tartly

"Maybe we'd better make a descent for you," suggested Silberberg. "It may be one of these terrestrial heli-

"I'll ask when I want you to go down," replied Wizner, glaring. "You will see whether it's a ground machine or not. May I take down a section of that rail?"

"Certainly," answered Mr. Shayne. "But don't let the helicopter topple off. It might fall on a fisherman. What

are you doing, Virginia?" The girl had stepped forward as if to take a sent in the little cane car of

"Let me sit in it," said she, "I want

cited and all aback about something. to imagine how you feel when you get out into space.'

"I wish you would," said Wizner. "It will hold her still. It's perfectly Virginia, laughing at playing paper-

weight, entered the car. "Which is the clutch lever?" she

"This," said the inventor, pointing. "I'm going to the engine room. When I come back I'll show you how it

works. Mr. Shavne went aft with Wigner in animated conversation, leaving Virginia in the throbbing car. The rail had been removed, and a little push would have been quite sufficient to shove the girl and the machine overboard into the empty air. The thrill of the vibration, the sense of risk or the intense gaze of Silberberg made her face flush. He had never seen her so charming. She laid her hand on the clutch lever. "I could move this lever a little,"

said she, "and fly away. I feel as if "I shall not let you," said he. "I

shall hold you!"

"Mr. Silberberg!" The rebuke was evoked by his putting his arm about her. One white, jeweled hand was slipped behind her, the other laid on her arm, the olly perfumed curis stooping until the red lips approached hers. Perfectly aware of what she was doing, but quite reckless of consequences. Virginia pushed the lever, threw in the clutch-and the wings started. The pull of the vivified mechanism drawing him out to death made Silberberg's very fingers tingle with terror, and he let go girl and car and leaped backward. Under the lift of the wings the car dragged to the edge, slipped off with a grating sound



THERE PELL OUT OF THE CAR A MASS OF

and swung there in midair, the painter dangling almost within reach 300 fath- 160 acres, close to R. R.; snap. oms in the air, supported only by the spinning belices driven by an engine that one man only knew how to manage, and he as far removed from it potentially as if he had been in Mars!

The girl's hand trembled so that she could not hold to anything, no matter how she tried. At last-it was over in a moment-more by accident than design, she moved something. With appalling velocity the thing shot upward; the aeronat fell away toward the earth; the fisherman's house far beneath was whisked down to the littleness of a toy. The air struck her face, blowing downward more and more chill. Overhead the screws hummed implacably, the only sound she heard.

She studied the machinery, trying to apply her picked up knowledge of engines. Here was the thing with which to stop it, she felt sure of that, but to stop it suddenly was mere suicide, a swift fall to death.

She was growing calmer now. It would surely slow down of itself, she reasoned, and if it did not-well, she had escaped from Silberberg anyhow. And then the north wind struck. The puff smote ber cheek. The helicopter yielded to it and swept southward like a feather before a fan. She was blowing out to sea. She reached 2 lots for 2 or 3 acres. out to stop the engine, but the vision passed through her mind of fallingfalling like the stick of a rocket, being dashed to pieces on the earth.

Then a voice seemed to speak in her ear from the chill solitude, senseless words, as of one stammering, like the phantasms of voices heard in the detirium of fever, finally growing distinct and repeating over and over a command. "Retard the spark!" it said.

"Retard the spark!" The Roc was far below and to the north now. The gulf breakers foamed nearer and nearer and still rang in her ears the ghostly command, "Retard the spark!" She tried to remember about engines, but this one was so different! Aimlessly she put her hand out, touched a little sliding thing and paused She moved the sliding thing and

thought the burn of the helices less strenuous. The roar of the breakers swelled in her ears like the crescendo of some tremendous, uprushing music. and she realized that she was falling in a great parabola that might carry her into the sea or might dash her upon the driftwood and wreckage of the beach

Suddenly the machine careened, and ed broken on the ground, lost. She had not seen Theodore Carson on that highest dune, but he had grasped the painter as it dragged over him, and it was be who had thrown the flying ma chine from its level swoop, even as i jerked him down the dune, with Captain Harrod clinging to his legs, dragging them almost to the water's edge. The car swung horribly, and finally spilled from it by its careening, there fell out of it a mass of red hat, crimson scarf, pique and silken fallals The helicopter tore loose and fled out to sea before the gale.

(To Be Continued.)

Both Girls Alike to Him.

make any difference to Albert Denier which of the Gottlieber girls he married. He was engaged to Edith. Her father and mother objected, chiefly because Denier was 50 years old. Edith is a chorus girl, but she is not as old as that. Edith was willing, but counselled postponement. Denier was persistent, however, and asked Edith to elope. She refused and advised waiting until her parents should relent. Denier waited and waited and finally decided that he would settle the matter, so he went to the Gottlieber home at 1743 Hammond street.

Edith was not at home; neither were Mamma and Papa ottlieber. But Lillian, a 17-year-old sister of Edith was. Just what Denier said or what Lillian said doesn't matter. A few hours later the family telephone rang. Papa Gottlieber answered. "This is Denier," said a voice.

have married your daughter." "What?" exclaimed Gottlieber.

You are crazy. Edith is here in the room with me."

"That's all right," came the reply. "I didn't marry Edith, but Lillian. We will be home from Crown Point

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2 lots, close West Main, \$550 each. 300 acres, Eagle Point, subdivide finely, \$125 per acre. Close-in fruit land, under ditch, \$200

per acre. 17 Acres, 14 acres heavy bearing, 21/2 miles out; snap at \$7000.

80 Acres, 12 acres fruit, teams and farming tools, \$6,500. Acre near South Oakdale on new

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Famous Painter Is III. PROVIDENCE, R. I., July 18.became known today that John La she thought she had struck, to be dish. Farge, the famous painter, is a patient at the Butler hospital in this city, a private institution for the treatment of nervous and mental troubles.

La Farge was brought here from his summer cottage at Newport. It is reported that the officials at the hospital have little hope for his complete recovery. *

Raleigh of the St. Louis Nationals will join the Vernon Coast league club next week. Manager Hogan announced today that he has completed negotiations for the purchase of CHICAGO, Ill., July -18.-It didn't the young twirler, whom he sold to St. Louis two years ago. Raleigh did fair work for the St. Louis club.

Catcher Hasty, whom Hogan turned over to the San Jose state team, has been returned to Vernon. He will be given another tryout,

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Nancy A. Herrick, being duly sworn, deposes and says: When I was a girl, I had a head of heavy, long, dark brown hair which was the envy of my schoolmates, and which attracted the attention and remarks of strangers. As I grew older, my hair commenced to come out, just a little at first, but gradually more and more, and then began to turn gray. I was induced by the many good reports I had heard of Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy to try a bottle. My hair was quite thin and gray when I began using Sage and Sulphur, and you can imagine my satisfaction when I found that it was fast coming back to its natural condition, being thicker, darker and more glossy than it had been for a long time. I continued to use Sage and Sulphur, and my hair is now as heavy, dark and smooth as when I was a girl of sixteen. It is now four years since I commenced using Sage and Sulphur, and my hair is still in splendid condition.



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