

Virginia of the Air Lanes

A ROMANCE OF FLYING

By Herbert Quick

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Theodore Carson, inventor of an airship, rescues from a fugitive flying machine called a helicopter, a beautiful young girl.

CHAPTER II.

A HOSPITABLE BANDIT.

THEODORE CARSON stared for a moment in amazement at the creature that took her tenderly in his arms, carrying her toward the hidden cabin. At the steepest spot Captain Harrod overtook him. But the young man paid no heed to offers of aid, wading steadily on to the door, which the captain unlocked and opened, standing aside for Carson and his interesting burden. Theodore took her into the large single room and laid her softly on a clean looking bed.

"She is dead!" said Theodore in a hushed voice.

"Is her heart beatin'?" the captain inquired.

"I don't know!" cried Carson.

Carson laid his ear lightly to the white blouse. Some fluttering he seemed to feel, but he could not be certain. Harrod brought water in a watering pot, which he seemed to have planned to use as upon a lily or rose.

"Do it beat?" he asked.

"I can't tell," said Carson, "nor whether it's my pulse or hers that beats. Oh, I wish—what do they generally do, captain?"

"They's some part o' they frock that always has to be unrove, ain't they?" inquired the captain anxiously.

"Captain," said Carson, the perspiration standing on his brow, "I'm going out on the gallery for air. You do what has to be done, captain—or she may die!"

"Put some watab on huh face, sub," said the captain, in judicious avoidance of extreme measures. "Ah don't reckon this hyah's a case fo' v'lent o' concense'vative remedies. I'll oncork that ha'tsho'n bottle!"

Carson pressed a wet towel to the girl's face. The captain held a bottle labeled "ammonia" to her nostrils. She gasped, drew a quivering sigh and opened her eyes. The older man was looking at her in a fatherly way, and the young one was sponging her forehead, his face near hers. She sat up suddenly.

"You have had a fall, madam," said Carson, "and are shaken up a little. But you are safe and among friends."

"Oh, thank you," she said, in a tone of the most correct formality. "It's ever so kind of you, sir. I—I—I—Oh, I thought I was lost! I thought I—Oh! Oh! Oh! O-o-o-h!"

Suddenly, from the polite commonplace of speech, she broke into hysterical screaming. Captain Harrod poured a stiff glass of red liquid from a bottle, diluted it and took it to the shuddering girl, who looked pathetically up into his face for a moment, swallowed it obediently and coughed as if strangled by it.

"And now," said Mr. Carson, "we will leave you, if you will excuse us. Please feel at ease. You are quite safe, and the cabin is yours. We are in all ways at yo' service. The captain here is my friend, and we belong to a race that sees a sister in every helpless lady. I think you will desire to sleep, and I hope you may awake refreshed, after which we shall place ourselves mo' definitely under your command."

She looked at him questioningly. The softness of his voice, his little inconsistent lapses into dialect as he uttered the old fashioned chivalric sentiments, won her trust.

"Ah'd lie down, ma'am," suggested the captain, "until that medicine gits a chance to wuk. Goodby, ma'am."

Virginia lay back and closed her eyes, but the potion brought no drowsiness. Her face grew hot, and she knew her eyes would shine if she opened them with a brilliancy quite fascinating to the young man with the little black mustache. The fact that she thought of this startled her. Was she growing flighty with fever? Why this abnormal hilarity of spirits, in the exaltation of which all anxiety departed?

She rose and walked out unsteadily upon the veranda and saw Mr. Carson and the captain sitting idly just beyond earshot of the cabin. They came to her respectfully.

"I came out to thank you, sir," said Virginia flightily, "for your heroic behavior—heroic, romantic, mediaeval behavior!"

"I beg of you not to mention it, madam," urged Mr. Carson, with infinite solicitude. "But may I not insist upon your allowing me to escort you back to your room?"

The girl assented, and she was soon asleep.

Theodore made broth of one quail, peeped in to see if his guest were awake, served the broth to the captain and made more. The sun wore to the west, the last quail was cooked, the captain was providently gorged with alternate courses of bird and broth, when Virginia, very stately and very

reserved, opened the door and walked out upon the gallery. Carson shrank back into the kitchen and shoved the captain into the breach.

"How do you do, ma'am?" he inquired solicitously. "Ah sho' hope yo' bette' aftah yo' sleep."

"Much better, thank you," she replied.

"We have some partridge broth, ma'am," he went on, "with rice, and a baked yam, and a planked green trout from the lake back hyah, and some coffee. Sit down, ma'am, and Ah'll subve it."

The little table was spread on the gallery, its top made of the head of a derelict cask, its legs of barnacled sections of a boom. Virginia's head ached in dreadful similitude to the traditional feeling of the morning after, but the coffee fragrance was pleasant.

"You are too good," said she, accepting the chair. "I shall be glad to eat a little. Where is your—your friend?"

"He's som'eres about," replied the captain. "Ah really don't know, ma'am. Won't you please take yo' coffee?"

The coffee was black and strong. The broth was a temptation, and she sipped with increasing appetite. But-tered yam and planked trout brought the meal to a triumphant end. Yet where was she, and how should she depart? Where was the Roc? Who were these men? The guns, the brass instruments that looked as if they pertained to navigation, the big windowless shed, all suggested things nautical, bold and nefarious. The kindness and courtesy of the rough looking fellows reassured her as to her personal safety.

Yet if they were smugglers or freebooters how could they safely return her to the civilization of coast guards and constables? It was deliciously romantic—but how creepy!

She turned to Captain Harrod with an expression so agitated that he was somewhat startled.

"I wish you would say to the Lieutenant," said she, "that I must see him at once if possible."

The fisherman analyzed this speech for perhaps a minute in absolute silence, then he said, "Yes, ma'am," and instantly produced Carson, who, so far as Virginia could judge, had been within the captain's sight when she had been assured that his whereabouts were unknown.

"You are," said the young man, avoiding any reference to her recovery, "doubtless wondering where your companions may be and thinking it strange that they have not returned."

"It is strange," said she. "Something must have happened to the engines."

"No," said Theodore, "not that. They all but blew out to sea. They simply had to fight their way off toward Pensacola, where they must have made harbor. It was almost half a gale."

"And so—they went—and left me?"

"They really couldn't help it," urged the young man.

"It shows the sort of man Silberberg is," she cried hotly. "And now perhaps you will be so good as to help me to some conveyance to Mobile?"

"I have a boat on the lake," said Carson, "half a mile inland. There is a channel to Palmetto Beach. The boat and crew are at your service."

"I should prefer to walk, if you please," said she.

"Unless you have a day or two to

spend in the journey I should not recommend the attempt."

"I know some people," said she, "at the Yupon Hedge inn at Palmetto Beach. Can you?"

"If we go at once," he replied, "you may be there for dinner."

"I am ready," said she, rising. "I—"

(To Be Continued.)

County Convention Notice.

The Socialist party of the county of Jackson is called to meet in county convention at Smith's hall, Medford, Or., on the 31st day of July and the first day of August, 1910, for the purpose of nominating a county ticket and electing delegates to the state convention to be held in Portland, Or., on the 7th and 8th day of August, 1910.

C. W. SHERMAN,
County Committeeman.

The most meager, undersized advertisement you ever print will impress some people, will remain in some minds, as the measure of your store—as representing your store.

She rose and walked out unsteadily upon the veranda.

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AMENT DAM NOW NO FISH BARRIER

Ralph Woodford Returns From Grants Pass and States Sentiment There Is in Favor of Closing Rogue River to Commercial Fishing.

Ralph Woodford has returned from a brief visit to the Ament dam and Grants Pass and reports the fish-way over the structure fulfilling its purpose in every way.

"For several hours I watched the fishway," states Mr. Woodford, "and I saw a number of large fish make their way over easily. There are practically no fish lying beneath the dam."

"I was greatly surprised at the sentiment I encountered in Grants Pass regarding the proposed law to stop all commercial fishing in the Rogue. The residents there, for the most part, favor the move, as they state the business brings little revenue to their city. They also realize that the Rogue river as a trout stream would attract many tourists annually."

EASY TO CURE.

Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat and Catarrh.

Breathe Hyomei. It will cure catarrh or any nose or throat trouble if you follow directions. Don't lay it aside when the snuffing, hawking and spitting have ceased. Stick to it daily until you are sure that the catarrh germ is dead, and that your air passages are free from their poisonous influence.

Hyomei (pronounced High-o-me) is the only treatment for nose, throat and lung troubles that has ever been sold with the understanding that if it did not cure it was to cost absolutely nothing.

Hyomei can be obtained at druggists everywhere and at Charles Strang's, who guarantees it to cure catarrh, croup, sore throat, coughs and colds. A complete outfit, \$1, which is mighty cheap for a remedy that has cured more cases of catarrh than all the catarrh specialists on earth.

An outfit consists of an inhaler, a bottle of Hyomei, a supply of anti-septic gauze, a medicine dropper and full instructions for use. The inhaler is made pocket size, of hard rubber, and will last a lifetime. And bear in mind that extra bottles of Hyomei, if needed, cost only 50 cents.

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PLUMBING

STEAM AND HOT WATER HEATING

All Work Guaranteed

Prices Reasonable

COFFEEN & PRICE

11 North D St., Medford, Ore.

Phone 303

- - For Sale - -

428 ACRES—Rogue River bottom land, suitable for fruit and general farming purposes.

300 ACRES—Alfalfa land, covered with irrigation ditch and perpetual water right. Has coal outcropping. At a bargain on long time, easy payments.

Gold Ray Realty Comp'y.

209 WEST MAIN ST.

J. E. ENYART, President

J. A. PERRY, Vice-President.

JOHN S. ORTH, Cashier.

W. B. JACKSON, Ass't Cashier.

The Medford National Bank

Capital, \$50,000
Surplus, \$10,000

SAFETY BOXES FOR RENT. A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED. WE SOLICIT YOUR PATRONAGE.

Medford Iron Works

E. G. Trowbridge, Prop.

FOUNDRY AND MACHINIST

All kinds of Engines, Spraying Outfits, Pumps, Boilers and Machinery. Agents in So. Oregon for

FAIRBANKS, MORSE & CO.

Chickens

Wanted—To buy, full blooded White Leghorn and Barred Rock laying hens, 10 to 12 months old, in small or large lots

R. H. Wilson

CENTRAL POINT,
OREGON
Care W. G. Goffe.

Men Wanted

100 men to cut wood; wanted at once; good wages; new camp. Apply Edgar Hafer, Medford, Or.

Fine Printing

We make a specialty of fine printing, carry the necessary stock to enable us to fill all orders promptly, and guarantee satisfaction.

Best equipped job office in Oregon south of Portland; most expert printers.

Before sending your orders out of town, call and figure with us—if we can serve you for the same price as an out-of-town concern you will wish to patronize home industry.

Medford
Printing Co.

W. T. YORK & CO.

If you are interested in Medford property, talk with our city man, Mr W. V. Moore.

Crater Lake Route

1910

LOCOMOBILES

1910

The cars of the Crater Lake Company will leave Hotel Nash on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 8 a. m.

Round Trip \$25.00

Children under 12 years, half fare.

Secure your tickets at the hotel.

R. M. CUTHBERT
MANAGER

A Wonderful Discovery for Medford.

"Cleanliness is next to Godliness." Mr. Allen's Portable Bath Apparatus is a marvel. It combines in one simple, inexpensive apparatus all the advantages known to modern bathing. Heats sufficient water within six minutes at the cost of only 1 cent. A bath can be taken in any room without the possibility of soiling carpets or rugs. Only one can understand the real merits of this bathing apparatus by having it demonstrated to you. Mr. H. Fox, who has the exclusive agency for Jackson county, will visit the homes of Medford and vicinity and demonstrate it. When he comes to your home, invite him in, and he will show you the merits of this 20th century invention. It is on exhibition at Stang's drug store. GO AND SEE IT.

SPEND THE SUMMER

—AT—

Newport, Yaquina Bay

The Only Beach in the Pacific Northwest

Where the pretty Water Agates, Moss Agates, Moonstones, Corneliens and Rock Oysters can be found.

Outdoors Sport of all Kinds

Including Hunting, Fishing, digging Rock Oysters, Boating, Surf Bathing, Riding, Autoing, Canoeing and Dancing. Pure mountain water and the best of food at low prices. Fresh Crabs, Clams, Oysters, Fish and Vegetables of all kinds daily. IDEAL CAMPING GROUNDS, with strict sanitary regulations, at nominal cost.

Low Round-Trip Season

Three Day—Saturday to Monday Rate

Tickets

from all points in Oregon, Washington and Idaho on sale daily.

A Sunday Excursion Rate of \$1.50

from Albany, Corvallis and Philomath, with corresponding low rates from points west, in effect all summer. Call on any S. P. or C. & E. Agent for full particulars as to rates, train schedules, etc.; also for copy of our beautiful illustrated booklet, "Outings in Oregon," or write to

WM. McMURRAY,
General Passenger Agent,
Portland, Oregon.

J. E. ENYART, President. J. A. PERRY, Vice-President.

JOHN S. ORTH, Cashier. W. B. JACKSON, Ass't Cashier.

THE MEDFORD NATIONAL BANK

CAPITAL \$100,000.00
SURPLUS 20,000.00
UNDIVIDED PROFITS 15,000.00

SAFETY BOXES FOR RENT. A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED. WE SOLICIT YOUR PATRONAGE.

GOLD RAY GRANITE CO.

Office: 209 West Main St., Medford, Ore.

Operating Quarry at Gold Ray, Oregon

— DEALERS IN —

BUILDING, MONUMENTAL AND
CRUSHED GRANITE