

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.

Captain Harrod led the way easterly alongshore to a spot where the shrub grew well down toward the beaten beach. They walked back between clumps of dark green rosemary, over a low place in the dunes, down to the dry, hard bottom of a former pool. They emerged upon a little irregular hillock and looked forth upon a strange tarn of inky water, its black waves crested with foam, like white plumes on funeral crape. The shores of this sinister lake were densely wooded by sullen ranks of pines and cypresses. Virginia gasped at sight of the spherule mere. It seemed such an eerie spot in which to be cast away with these strange men who lived behind closed doors and walked the sands as to leave no footprints!

"Haul out the launch, captain." Why was the trim, speedy looking launch so completely hidden in the tall cane? The pulchroon puddling in the reeds made sounds like prowling accomplices.

Miss Suarez swept haughtily to her place in the boat. Carson, with his eye steadfastly fixed on his engine, quickly shoved off.

"Evenin' to yeh," said the captain, still with one foot in the water, like a heron.

"Good evening," responded the young man.

Virginia said nothing. Carson, stealing a look at her, saw the flush dying out upon her face and a smile taking its place—a dimpling, spasmodic smile, accompanied by little quick dilatations of the nostrils, as if Miss Suarez was desirous of indulging in a laugh, but saw no citable reason for so doing. She waved her handkerchief at the captain.

"Do you see," said Carson, pointing to the receding shore, "that the little hill at the landing is just a mass of shells?"

"Why, so it is, I believe," she exclaimed. "How came so many there?"

"It's a prehistoric kitchen midden," said this most extraordinary young pirate. "So many people lived there that they literally made a hill of the shells of the mollusks they ate."

"Indeed!" ejaculated Virginia, and after a long pause she added, "How odd!"

Mentally her speech was, "How odd that this young outcast should know about archaeology, or is it paleontology?"

scene, and Carson felt the pull of it as they stepped ashore.

"Can I do anything mo' for you?" he asked.

"No, no; you must go now! But thank you a thousand times," said she.

"Psyche," said he fervently, "I shall never escape from the toils you have lured me into. Never!"

He carried her hands to his lips, kissed them passionately and leaped into the boat. Virginia watched him amazedly as he darted away like a frightened tarpon, not toward his cabin in the dunes, but out through the entrance of the bayou and off across the bay toward Point Clear. One more mystery to ponder over.

CHAPTER III. CARSON'S LANDING.

IT has always been a point of genealogical dispute as to whether or not Theodore Carson's father was of kin to the founder of the old Carson place up Fish river.

General Carson in his lean years used to sell turpentine to his namesake at the dingy ship chandler on the wharf near the Esplanade street oyster dock. On these commercial occasions the general, when mellowed by juleps, with his foot on the brass rail and his elbows on the bar, used to call the ship chandler "cousin." At other times, however, he made no bones of his opinion that the Mobile Carsons were dashed common people and branded as impudent any fool claim of kinship between the humble tradesman and the Carsons of Marengo county. Theodore was a little bitter sometimes as he recalled the phantoms, the pursuit of which had ruined two successive owners of the estate—the general's breeding maggot and his father's curious pride in a mere name—whereupon he gave chase to a phantom of his own, with what success we shall see, and followed what his friends called a rainbow with such true Carson enthusiasm that when he left Virginia Suarez on the dock at Strong's bayou, on that sandy, deliciously dreamy, southern shore of Mobile bay, he steered through the night for a house very nearly dismantled, on an estate growing up to persimmon thickets, dewberry beds and palmetto slashes, the very title to which was about to pass to his creditors. His ignis fatuus was in the cabin among the gulf beach dunes, but neither that nor the precarious state of his fortunes could account for his alternate joy and gloom as he fared north in the night. The sky maiden was the thing that really mattered.

He wondered whether her people knew of the chance by which he and Captain Harrod had rescued the fair castaway. Probably they believed her lost. The helicopter had scarcely paused when she struck the dune, but had shot out over the gulf like a flying gull. They must mourn the girl as lost, and he had the girl's name to discover.

The Roc came coasting back in the same tardy dawn that lamped that young somnambulist to his home. Mr. Silberberg lighted and smoked countless cigarettes. Mr. Shayne nervously walked the deck and debated the question of letting Mrs. Shayne know of her niece's tragic death at once or of waiting for a personal interview. For the Roc had had no word of either the helicopter or the girl, and they saw no gleam of hope for her. She was a dependent and something of a problem for Mrs. Shayne. Any ordinary circumstance that would have separated the aunt and niece would not have been mourned inconceivably by either of them. In fact, Mrs. Shayne had expressed to her husband some wonder as to what Silberberg saw in the girl. But to lose her like this, with all the unpleasant publicity of the terrible affair!

(To Be Continued.)

THERMOMETER AT 90 MAN FREEZES TO DEATH

FLORENCE, N. J., July 20.—Although he was overcome by the intense heat, a young man known as Palo, was frozen to death while the thermometer registered 90 degrees, according to the statement of a physician who examined his body.

When Palo was overcome by the heat and a doctor was called the doctor ordered ice held against his head.

Palo's friends were too enthusiastic and packed huge pieces of ice about his head and limbs. They finally became alarmed at his condition and again called the doctor, who declared the man actually had been frozen to death. A certificate of death from accident was signed.

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.

SUMMONS SERVED ON PETITION SIGNERS

As announced a week ago, says the Tidings, the mayor and five councilmen, through Attorney A. E. Reames, have caused a restraining order to be issued and served on the city recorder, in which 150 referendum petitioners are made defendants, from taking any action in regard to the referendum petition. This restraining order, being in the nature of an injunction, was issued by County Judge Neil, in the absence of Judge Calkins at Grants Pass, the signers of the referendum petition having been given ten days in which to reply.

To further fortify their petition, the mayor and council—always excepting Councilman Cunningham, who is not a party to the proceedings—have caused summons to be served on each individual signer of the referendum petition. This service was begun last week by Deputy Sheriff Thornton and is being finished up today. The result of this general restraining order and specific summons service is that the status of the remonstrants is somewhat changed, they being defendants when the matter is brought up for argument before the circuit court later on. The summons cites each individual to answer within ten days and the result of the citation will probably be that the petitioners will employ counsel to argue the case in their behalf when the question comes up for decision before the circuit court, which tribunal has jurisdiction.

Attorney R. G. Smith of Grants Pass was in town last week conferring with signers of the referendum, and the conclusion is reached that he will appear in their behalf, in which event a legal battle royal is looked for over the issues of the question involved.

IDENTITY OF CHICAGO WOMAN SHOT ADMITTED

CHICAGO, Ill., July 20.—The police today gave out a statement saying that Mrs. Emma Deufex, a widow, who was shot Friday by Charles Rigdon, a well-to-do broker, who then committed suicide, has admitted that she is Mrs. Coretta Young of Evanston. The woman, who is in a critical condition, the police say, declares the shooting resulted from Rigdon's jealousy.

Mrs. Young, according to the police, says she believes Rigdon also intended to kill John Feber, the attorney in whose office the shooting occurred, but for some reason was not able to carry out his plan.

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JEALOUS FRIEND SHOOTS AND KILLS MAN

SACRAMENTO, Cal., July 20.—While washing his face at the kitchen sink preparatory to going to work early this morning and within a few seconds after he had passed a friendly good morning to his professed friend, Manuel Francis, Joe Duarte was shot by the former and almost instantly killed.

Francis gave himself up to the police and confessed the shooting, the police say.

Francis' motive, according to his

confession, was jealousy. "Duarte has been knocking me to my friends," said the prisoner, and has been trying to break my home. That's why I shot him."

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\$15,000—Seventy-five acres, same neighborhood; good new five-room house, large barn and other outbuildings; spring water piped to the buildings. There are on this place 11 acres of 3-year-old Newtowns and Spitzenbergs with peach fillers, about an acre of bearing family orchard, 10 acres of alfalfa, about an acre of bearing grapes—about 45 acres all told under cultivation, balance in timber which could be cheaply cleared. At \$200 an acre this place is a snap. It would take half cash to handle, balance easy.


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\$20,000—Less than \$425 an acre for 47½ acres, one mile from Central Point, all good land, good buildings, about 40 acres planted to standard varieties of apples and pears from 1 to 4 years of age, balance in alfalfa. This place will subdivide nicely. It is easily worth \$100 an acre more than is asked.

W. T. YORK & CO.

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