

VIRGINIA OF THE AIR

By HERBERT QUICK

A Romance OF FLYING LANES

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"See how it works, Virginia," he exclaimed. "It knows the levers to be moved. Why, if a puff starts to overturn her she'll strike with the lowered wings alone like a bird. And see the intelligence of those rudders! And Wisner said she'd turn turtle!"

"And Mr. Craighead doesn't get any report of all this! What must he think?"

"I told him about it," said Theodore proudly. "And it was no time to telegraph apologies. It was a time to work."

Virginia opened another of Craighead's telegrams. It was addressed to Palmetto Beach, for somewhere it is hoped, and seemed to be regarded by Craighead as very important. "My luck hath turned! It is Craighead Felix now," said he. "Have found a gang of grafters organized to get us grants in no time; will clinch New York by Friday; Chicago already hemmed in. New thought—fee of roads in grants everywhere. Will secure title except for road purposes. Shayne, thy sun sets apace! Whoop! Whoop! Whoop! We've got 'em, we've got 'em! Caroline's dad ready to bust all eight banks to back scheme. You must make good, Theodore. Answer for the sake of divine joy just one little leetle penny peep! Napoleon Bonaparte Hannibal Miltades Craighead."

"What does he mean?" asked Virginia, "by all this about grants, highways and fee simple? It's awfully queer."

"I don't know," replied Carson. "Some visionary thing."

"And who is Caroline?" asked Virginia.

"Mrs. Graybill, Mr. Waddy's daughter. Now, listen, Virginia, and watch. She's ready to try."

He threw in the clutch, and the wings began whirring like great buzzes. Faster and faster the wing sections whirled until the aeroplane strained upward on her lashings like a restive horse. Theodore tipped a lever, and she leaped forward, stretching the ropes at an angle of forty-five degrees. He reversed it, and she slacked backward, as might an eagle repulsed by a foe. Virginia swung her hat and shouted.

"Pull the line on the end of that wing," said he, "and see if you can tip her. Pull!"

Virginia walked gingerly forward, her dress flying, her hat whisked to the top of the room. Grasping the flying rope end, she pulled downward. The wings settled slightly, and then as the gyroscopic brain felt the depression the lowered wings lifted as if consciously rising to a load. It was marvelous.

"Can't you pull harder?" cried Theodore, baredheaded, his hair flying.

"Aye, aye, sir," cried Virginia cheerily. "Try it."

Reaching up, she pulled herself clear of the floor, her strong little form swaying like a most charming pendulum. The enormous dragon fly, throwing its power into the depressing wing, rode level, with nine stone weight of solid American girl dangling from the tip of one wing—a mechanical paradox. The boat stood in air as level as a ship in a calm.

"Hurrah!" shouted Theodore, swinging his arms. "Never anything like it in the world. Carried you on one wing! I kept level. Hurrah for the Virginia!"

He ceased her down and stepped to the Virginia waited, hands outstretched, red from the rough rope, brown above, and eyes going to name her.

"Oh, how perfectly of you!"

Theodore held the chafed hands, tried in his face. He opened the little palms and kissed them over and over again. Mrs. Stott came in and him doing it.

"Hurt my hands," said Virginia, "and uncle is kissing well."

"Very kind and self-sacrificing, I'm replied Mrs. Stott.

CHAPTER XII. MR. CRAIGHEAD IN CUSTODY.

HE WENT ABOUT WITH MARVELOUS RAPIDITY. reposing an Indian maiden in a stampede of buffaloes. The model had been posing for something—an Indian maiden perhaps—and had feathers in her hair.

Craighead broke through by impersonating an officer, shouting "Make way for the police!" and uprooting the crowd with his elbows.

"Hello, De Land!" said he, nodding to the sculptor. "Most beautiful princess of the Apaches, how?"

"That you, Craig?" called down the sculptor. "What, not sober? Go after the police. Turn these people out, please, Craig!"

Even if Theodore should be only four clubs and a spade, we still hold the ace, my dear Mr. Waddy. Do not grind your teeth thus so long as the American Nitrates and Air Products company remains as the Archimedes lever with which to pry up and dump the world. We are ahead whatever happens to the aeroplane and of the deal."

"Well, the aeroplane end," said Mr. Waddy, "had better come to the center or I'll see what law there is for getting money by false pretenses."

The two men were the best of traveling companions. Mr. Waddy insisted on going in the smoker. Mr. Craighead took the stateroom while his money lasted and then borrowed of Mr. Waddy.

Mr. Craighead had advertised for people to organize a rapid business campaign covering the civilized world to meet him in West Twenty-third street at the studio of an acquaintance to whom he had neglected to impart any knowledge of the trust with the specialists. Waddy and Craighead arrived somewhat late on account of the time consumed in adjusting Mr. Craighead's aura and found a crush of people entirely alien to the fine arts, filling the studio and the hall outside. Craighead's sculptor friend, with a lady model, escaped the angry mob into the scaffolding of an equestrian group reposing.



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"Friends of mine," said Craighead. "I advertised for 'em. Hope you haven't been incommoded, old man."

"Not at all!" replied the sculptor sarcastically. "But get them out so Miss Brown and I can descend."

Craighead's manner of disposing of the crowd commanded Mr. Waddy's sincere respect. He went about with marvelous rapidity, sending away those whose nonutility was unquestionable and making engagements with others at "our Wall street office," the name of which made everybody more respectful.

The dinner to which Mr. Craighead took Mr. De Land, Miss Brown and Mr. Waddy was the first of a series which reduced Mr. Waddy to torpor. The old gentleman, in his long frock coat which buttoned to a surtout, his frowny face and his evident attachment to Mr. Craighead, was remembered in certain ultra-bohemian circles for his surreptitious slinking into the dimmest corners of cafes and roof gardens. He had a dark secret, Mr. Craighead said, which he did not explain, originated in Mr. Waddy's agreement with the lady in gaggles that the whole situation was improper. He felt obliged to keep with Craighead because of a suspicion that the aeroplane was a fragment of two Slattery Institute imaginations, and he did not purpose to let any guilty man escape. So he providently engaged a detective to shadow both himself and Mr. Craighead, the unremitting presence of whom in very plain clothes made Mr. Waddy feel and look guilty and fugitive.

His second reason for becoming Mr. Craighead's double was his sense of duty of preventing that pupil of Dr. Witherspoon from breaking the vow of abstinence. So he drank most of the intoxicants served to Craighead, somewhat to the injury of his health, but much to the betterment of his reputation as a roaster. Altogether it was a relief to get Craighead back home, where he installed him as a ledger and boarder, charging him well for his accommodation and leading him the money on his note to pay for it. On arrival he went to bed and turned Craighead over to Mrs. Graybill with strict instructions to tele-

phone the sheriff's office if he was unaccounted for more than an hour. It was a situation with some unique aspects. Mr. Craighead began whirling away time with a work on the "Morphology of the Crawfish" and dips into De Quincey's "Spanish Nun." Looking from the library window, he saw Mrs. Graybill enter a summer house, leaving a red hat on the railing outside.

"The 'Morphology' grew uninteresting. Craighead stepped from the window, went into the summer house and started at finding Mrs. Graybill there, her hair tousled about her head, her little nose elevated in that comical resemblance to her father's. "Mr. Waddy informs me that the late Mr. Graybill was a minister of the gospel," he ventured.

"Yes," she replied, "he was."

"And that he has been called," Craighead went on, "to a better life a year or more?"

"Fourteen months," answered Mrs. Graybill.

"I have been reading," said Craighead, "a work on the 'Morphology of the Crawfish.' It holds me enthralled. The person who fails to glean wisdom from the crawfish has never tested his intelligence with a bare toe or studied his morphology."

"Don't pose!" said she. "Don't think that I want a beautiful lesson in everything. If I have been a minister's wife. Tell me of Mr. De Land and—Sally Brown and the chop suey—and—that life. Tell me, Mr. Craighead!"

The point here is that there was no danger of Craighead's running off while she listened with such breathless interest to his adventures. He explained his natural transition from the study of artistic anatomy to surgery and then through medical jurisprudence to law, and over all gloomed the shadow of his wonderful, his poetic, his epic dissipation. Mrs. Graybill was shocked, but she asked for all the horrible tale that he might so relieve it that nothing would ever, ever induce him to drink again.

"Only one thing would ever do that," said he, "or maybe two. The pangs of despised love."

"Which you have never experienced?" she asked.

"Never," said he, "as I am now likely to!"

"And the other shock that might overturn your self-control?"

"The failure of Carson," replied Craighead. "That would put me down and out—down and out!"

The relations of Craighead to Mr. Waddy became more and more strained, for the former could no longer explain satisfactorily the failure of Carson to appear with his airship. Finally as a last resort Mr. Waddy resolved to take Craighead and Mrs. Graybill and go to the south to settle the whole problem. Thus it was that the three were at Palmetto Beach when Captain Harrod with the launch passed through Strong's bayou with Virginia and Mrs. Stott on the way to the cabin where the first Carson aeroplane was preparing for its delayed flight north. Tickets had been bought to Palmetto Beach on Craighead's statement that Carson was here.

"Ah!" said Craighead. "How natural it all looks! I seem never to have left these balmies, if somewhat sandy shades. Dear old Yupon Hedge isn't?"

Mr. Craighead was hailed by a livered attendant.

"Beg pardon, sir," said he. "This is a private clubhouse. The inn's over there!"

"Oh, certainly," replied Craighead. "All cement walks look alike to me."

"The one over at the inn looks like brick," said Mr. Waddy grimly.

Craighead searched in vain after their arrival at the inn for Carson.

If Craighead's easy flow of speech was somewhat impeded by his sense of the uncertainties, not to say dangers, of his position, it was worse when he and Mr. Waddy and the handsome, sympathetic Mrs. Graybill returned from the plantation, having elicited from the reluctant Chloe the information that Mr. Theodore, his machine, his niece and his niece's companion were at Harrod's camp on the beach, which was "off that way."

They just went down the river, through a canal, across some land, and then they were there. She didn't know about an aeroplane, but Mr. Theodore was a pro-flickin' around with some flyin' machine. She reckoned the canal at Palmetto Beach was the one, but she didn't know. This information, Mr. Craighead declared, made everything clear, but on returning to the inn Mr. Waddy hired a local officer to guard Mr. Craighead's room and began talking thoughtfully of having a warrant issued against him for something—Mr. Waddy was not quite clear for what.

Craighead was trapped, lost, betrayed. He sat in his room chewing a cigar and calculating the distance to get down a pillar of the veranda and into the woods. Carson was an impostor, they were guilty of fraud, there was no aeroplane, and the Air Products company would collapse at Mr. Waddy's defection.

Ting-a-ling-ting-ting-a-g-g!

His telephone rang. Was his good angel Mrs. Graybill on the wire? She was.

"You know who this is?"

"Know these tones?" he gushed. "Why, were I in deepest hades through geological depths of burning marl and lignite and other carboniferous deposits I'd know them! What is it, fair one?"

"Oh, nothing! Only I have just learned at the postoffice that Mr. Carson is back a few miles, through a lagoon, and the man will get us a guide with a boat to take us through those narrows in the morning. Is that all right?"

"You are—My God, Caroline, you have saved me from you know not what! I shall love you, love you, love you!"

And the telephone was hung up.

They went through the canal in great style. They skimmed the black waters of Freshwater lake and landed at the shelly hummock. While the boatman searched for the path to the gulf beach they sat on the shell mound, fascinated by the strange lead-

scape. The expanses of black pools and reedy marshes between them and the line of surf, which they could hear roaring beyond the dunes, was dotted with clumps of tall pines and spotted with scrub oak thickets.

"Those pines," said Mrs. Graybill, "are like palms. Why, what's that?" exclaimed Mrs. Graybill.

Rising from beyond the dunes, as if from the sea, there soared a great something which moved like a bird. It swelled like a magic ship as it neared them, sailing low and dominating the sky like a cloud. It came with the most amazing speed, like an eagle in mid-noon, so swift, so light, so facile that all impressions of weight were abolished, and the huge thing filled the mind with the notion of levity—like a hummingbird bird.

"Oh, of course," said Craighead, his hands trembling, his face white, "this man Carson is a fraud! Oh, yes, we know it all the time! But you see that his aeroplane has gone through the empty form of eventuating, all the same. Flying like a frigate bird! Shayne, charge! Roll over, Silberberg, and don't dare move till I say so! Oh, this is rotten—rotten! I've got to kiss someone! Hurry!"

Mrs. Graybill was running along the path after the guide, Mr. Waddy puffing along behind, hopelessly unplaced.

"Did you see Carson?" said Craighead. "And there was a girl with him?"

Emerging from the dunes, they saw the ship-like form along the line of beach. Down the beach stood Mrs. Stott and Captain Harrod, looking after the airship in amazement and delight. Then, turning like a frightened heron, she swept seaward and came down the wind like an arrow, Virginia waving an American flag over her rail and Theodore swinging his hat.

Suddenly as she passed them with a maneuver so astounding for aerial craft that they could scarcely believe their eyes she stopped. The sharp whir of the beating wing sections told of the sudden reversal of their stroke and of the unprecedented phenomenon of the almost instant arrest of such a machine in mid-air. It was an unnecessary strain, thought the captain.

He saw the reason, however, a moment later. A black silken nose—the nose of the Stickleback—poked itself above water right ahead of the Virginia. A boat that looked stove and sinking drew away from her, with a struggling, gesticulating figure in it waving a signal of distress. The slimy nose sank, and the apparent castaway was left as if to perish unless rescued by the Virginia.

Accepting the humane task, lower, lower, sank the aeroplane, until its car appeared almost to touch the waves. The man in distress seemed to throw something like a lasso over the nacelle of the airship, and the great bird rose slightly, as if to be safe from the billows. The Stickleback again peeped above the waves, her machine opened, and the castaway of the stove boat went down into the submarine.

It was absolutely beyond the power of any one looking on to guess what was taking place. Why had the man made the signal for help if the submarine was standing by? If the coming of the submarine to his rescue was unexpected, why had he not cast off the line from the aeroplane? Why—And suddenly they felt that something sinister, something devilish, was taking place. They heard a shout from Theodore, a scream from Virginia. The submarine had come ashore again, and from her open nacelle came the crack of a pistol—a pistol aimed at the airship. Then she sank again, and the airship was drawn downward by the line. Struggling toward land, hanging by the fatal thread, like a trapped bird, she strained at her tether, while the grim submarine, like a devilish fiend had thrown a tentacle about a waterfowl, made seaward, out into the gulf, out into deep water, with a purpose as manifest as it was deadly.

(To Be Continued.)

The world's most successful medicine for bowel complaints is Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It has relieved more pain and suffering, and saved more lives than any other medicine in use. Invaluable for children and adults. Sold by all dealers.

Money and Happiness. It is not the mere accumulation of money that hurts men. It is the sacrifices they are willing to make for money. It is the desire to abandon themselves to unwholesome self-gratification; to become walking appetites; to lose all obligation for self-restraint, all obligation for laborious days and temperate nights—this is what persuades philosophers that the root of evil is money. For without labor and self-mortification, and the acquirement of that strength, both moral and physical, which comes to him who has learned to say "No" to his own appetites and his own desires, there is no truer greatness, no advance to those higher levels of character and spiritual discernment which marks men off from one another as they mark men off from the beasts of the field.—Pittsburg Press.

The Glad Hand removes liver inflammation and bowel stoppage with Dr. King's New Life Pills, the painless regulators. 25c. McBride & Will Drug Co.

A Feather in His Cap. The expression "a feather in his cap" is very generally used as denoting some achievement of a not overly serious nature, but in its original application the term was about equivalent to remarking that such and such an affair was a nice scalp for Mr. Smith's belt.

In the famous Landsdowne manuscript in the British museum there is an interesting description of Hungary in 1509. In speaking of the inhabitants, the writer says: "It hath been an ancient custom among them that one should wear a feather but he who had killed a Turk, to whom onlie it was lawful to shew the number of his slain enemies by the number of feathers in his cap."

BUSINESS MEN "ANTIS"

Waterloo Merchants and Manufacturers Organize to Fight Saloons in Sane Manner—Incorporate Their Organization.

Waterloo, July 20.—One thing stands out more prominently than all others as the result of the war now being waged between the saloon and anti-saloon forces—the permanent organization of the business men's committee for the purpose of preventing in every way the sale of intoxicating liquors in Waterloo.

At the conclusion of the meeting resolutions were adopted by the business men's committee setting out plainly their position on the saloon problem and what they propose to do in regard to perfecting a permanent organization to be known as the "Business Men's Sane Temperance Organization."

Upon the one word "sane" will devolve the greatest responsibility for future success of this organization. As explained by some of those fostering the movement, it will mean the continuous prosecution of the fight against saloons and sale of liquor in Waterloo, as against a spasmodic prosecution. This, however, they say, does not mean that the "old" will be placed on all kinds of amusement, baseball, electric park, etc., but that the prohibition of the sale of intoxicants will be the vortex against which they will charge.

Among the resolutions adopted were the following: "Resolved, That we, the representatives of the business interests of Waterloo, here assembled, shall incorporate ourselves into a body to be known as the 'Business Men's Sane Temperance Organization.' Said corporation to secure a charter and become a legal institution under the laws of Iowa with its principal place of business in Waterloo and with such by-laws as shall insure its efficient perpetual operation, not only along legal but morally legitimate lines, in controlling, and so far as possible, absolutely prohibiting, the sale of intoxicating liquors in saloons and any and all other places within the jurisdiction of our municipality, and be it further

"Resolved, That this corporation when organized, shall confine its work to stopping the sale of intoxicating liquors in the city, and that it shall limit its efforts entirely to this work and handle it from a business standpoint, and along business lines and in a business way, for the benefit of the general financial welfare of a much greater and more influential Waterloo.

Importance of Deep Breathing. Nervousness can be cured by forming the habit of breathing deep and long, and one medical authority prescribes it in his schedules for nervous women. All singers are invariably high-cheeked and free from colds or chronic coughing spells. It is because they have learned to breathe from the waist instead of the top of the lungs, as the majority of people do. To breathe deeply is to stimulate the heart and circulation. It means a full high chest and broad shoulders. It means practical immunity from the dangers incurred by exposure. It means a good carriage and well-poised head. And best of all, it means permanent physical health.

Fearful Slaughter of deadly microbes occurs when throat and lung diseases are treated with Dr. King's New Discovery. 50c and \$1.00. McBride & Will Drug Company.

Improved Cutting Blowpipe. The cutting blowpipe, of which so many surprising things have been reported, has recently been improved in France in a way to render it more generally useful. Two inflammable gases must be employed. One is required to keep the metal at a high temperature. The other is oxygen to concentrate action by oxidation along the line of the cut. For heating, either coal gas, acetylene or hydrogen is employed, but as there is sometimes difficulty in procuring a supply of those gases, the new blowpipe is arranged to use instead of the ordinary gasoline employed by motorists.

Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets gently stimulate the liver and bowels to expel poisonous matter, cleanse the system, cure constipation and sick headache. Sold by all dealers.

Peculiar Electric Locomotive.

A recent number of the Electric Railway Journal describes a peculiar electric locomotive used for canal haulage near Bremen, Germany. The locomotive runs on a quay, which has to be kept clear for the passage of drays. In order to secure the requisite weight for adhesion, the locomotive is built in the form of two inverted U's connected at the top with a girder. The width of each base is only 28 inches, and so the driving motor had to be placed in the upper part of the superstructure. The locomotive thus straddles the traffic, and can travel up and down the quay without disturbing the trucks, which pass between the U's and under the connecting girder.

80 Acre Farm For Sale In Lewis County, Missouri

60 ACRES in cultivation; all fenced; small cottage, barns, cribs, etc., good water. This farm has a large branch 4 or 5 miles long running across one corner of it. The soil is a rich black loam; 102 1/2 bushels of measured corn in 1909. 10 miles of place. It was measured by a committee in competing for a prize. This is one of the richest little farms in all north-east Missouri. Lays well; not a foot of poor soil on farm; in a good neighborhood; R. F. D. near; within 3 miles of two good inland towns; 10 miles of LaBelle. This farm is located in the finest section of Lewis county; 20 acres fine timber. With a fair season, rent will equal 30 per cent on price of land. I want \$47.50 per acre; \$500 down, long time, easy payments. Come quick if you want it. Title perfect. Will give agents \$1 an acre to send me a purchaser. E. A. DOWELL, LaBelle, Missouri.

\$2.00 Per Acre, Arkansas Fruit Farm

Balance monthly at \$2 per acre. Two miles from Sulphur Springs, Ark. Going down Sunday, July 25. EIGHT more contracts will make a good size body of orchards; for Marshalltown investors. An intensified fruit, dairy and poultry farming proposition never excelled and no equal for \$15. Thirty acres in 4 years will make you an independent income for life. The strawberries raised in the meantime will support the family and pay for all land and improvements.

P. L. HAYZLETT, 25 West Main St.

Classified Advertisements

One cent a word each insertion—No ad received for less than 15 cents.

WANTED. Wanted—Lady's bicycle. Joe Pinkerton, Culler's grocery.

Wanted—Attraction for a Labor Day and home coming day on Sept. 5 at Fraser, Iowa. On Ford Dodge and DeSoto. Meines interurban. Expect 2,000 to 3,000 visitors. No admission low ground rent. Will expect small per cent of receipts. What have you to offer? C. H. Henle, Fraser, Iowa.

Wanted—Competent stenographer for month's substitute work. Address postoffice, box 407.

Wanted—Modern house of six or seven rooms, Aug. 1 or at once. Address G-19, care of T-R.

Wanted—Furnished rooms for light housekeeping. Address D. E. Brown, care of Y. M. C. A.

Wanted—Fifty young chickens averaging one pound or even less in weight. D. W. Norris, Jr., 411 Jerome street.

Wanted—Furnished rooms for light housekeeping; man and wife. H. C. Stevens, cashier, C. G. W. R. R.

Wanted—Donations for Salvation Army building fund, \$1,000 needed yet before Sept. 1. Stewart A. Moyer, Ensign.

Pearls Wanted—Send by registered mail. If my offer is not satisfactory, will return. Lathrop Produce Company, Belmont, Iowa.

Wanted—Leave your wants at the Marshalltown Employment Agency, Phone 783.

Wanted—Let your wants be known. Carl's Employment Agency, Phone 880.

HELP WANTED—MALE. Wanted—Boy over 16 years of age to run elevator nights. Pilgrim Hotel, West Main street. Good wages for right man.

Wanted—Farm hands. Good wages for good men. Western Grocery Company Mills.

Wanted—A first-class barber immediately at Pilgrim Hotel barber shop. Good wages.

Wanted—Men to learn barber trade. Apprenticeship saved by free work and careful instructions. These advantages given only by us. Few weeks completes. Tools given, board secured. Catalog mailed free. Moler Barber College, Chicago, Ill.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE. Wanted—Girls at Palace Laundry.

Wanted—Dining room girl at Sundell's restaurant.

Wanted—A good girl for general housework. Steady place. Good wages. Small family. Call on or address Mrs. C. E. Greer, Eldora, Iowa.

AGENTS WANTED. Wanted—Agents to sell the best all round pipe and nut wrench ever made. Latest patent; 100 per cent profit; sells at sight. Country right for sale. Call on or write, J. M. Mason, Toledo, Iowa.

BUSINESS CHANCES. Wanted—Five good men to install "Crown" oil burners for cook stoves. Operates in an hour with kerosene. Exclusive territory given for towns and counties. No bonus charged for patients. The invention of the century; \$7 per day easily. Burns 50 per cent air. Installed in 20 minutes. 17 North Center street.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS. For Sale—One Standard mower. Sarah Ford, R. No. 6.

For Sale—Gasoline well drilling outfit.

cheap. Phone 326 green or address Lock Box 404.

For Sale—Lady's ticket, first class passage to Pacific coast. Inquire of J. L. Williams, at First Trust & Savings Bank.

For Sale—Or trade for gas engine, practically new engine tender. R. N. Lawrence, Union.

For Sale—Four-cylinder Ford runabout, in good running order, good top with curtains and front, gas and oil lamps. Automobile road, black and gold stripping. O. K. Donaldson, 293 1/2 South Fourth street.

For Sale—Two buggies and one chicken house, cheap. Inquire 111 North Second street.

For Sale—An A No. 1 rubber tire surrey, 106 West Church street.

For Sale—Good paying lunch room and restaurant with good soda fountain, doing nice business. Good reason for selling. J. H. McKinney, Tama, Iowa.

For Sale—At half price, small refrigerator, good as new. Telephone 107.

For Sale—Go-cart good as new for half price. 107 South First avenue.

For Sale—On easy payments, bar fixtures, new and second hand billiard and pool tables, billiard and bowling supplies. We lead in cheap prices. The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company, Marshalltown, Iowa.

LIVESTOCK, HORSES, ETC. For Sale—A fresh cow, two high grade heifers, will be fresh soon. These heifers are high graders and bred to a thoroughbred bull. Three thoroughbred Shorthorn bulls, 10 months old, Scotch Tops, all reds. J. C. Baily, Marshalltown, Iowa.

For Sale—Fine 4-year-old black driving horse, city broke. Inquire at T-R.

FOR SALE—CITY PROPERTY. For Sale—7-room house with bath toilet. Lot 50x150. 30 South Center street. Call after 7 p. m.

For Sale—Good six-room house. Lot 60x150, east front, on paved street. First ward. Price \$1,500. See John Jacobson, 410 North First avenue.

Any One Wanting a good home, don't fail to look at a bargain. I have a nine-room modern house. J. C. Hollingsworth, 198 East Main street.

For Sale—Good five room house and store building, good well, cement cave, cement cellar, good barn, small fruit and nut trees, two full lots, grocery stock and fixtures, doing good cash business, all clear. Price \$2,000. Located at 809 Jackson street, Marshalltown, Iowa.

IOWA LANDS. For Sale—100 acres finely improved farm one mile south of Iowa, Iowa. Can give possession and move in any time. For particulars, write J. M. Hughes, 2139 West Grand avenue, Des Moines, Iowa.

For Sale—Iowa lands in Howard county, \$50 to \$90 per acre. Large list on request. Address Spaulding & O'Donnell, Elma, Iowa.

For Sale—Choice improved farms in Kossuth county, Iowa and Fairbault county, Minn. Send for our list. Petterson Investment Company, Elmore, Minn.

MINNESOTA LAND. For Sale—160 acres in the famous corn belt of southern Minnesota, rich black loam with clay subsoil; price \$47.50 per acre. Write for other descriptions.