

VIRGINIA OF THE AIR A Romance Of Flying THE AIR LANES By HERBERT QUICK

CHAPTER XIX. FINALE.

THEODORE carried Virginia to a seaside cottage just in process of being put in order for its owners.

"Tell me, dearest," he kept whispering, "that you are safe—safe!"

Virginia, wet, dragged, her strong little form resembling a rough cast statue of some quite irresistibly shapely, silently hung about his neck.

"You love me!" said he. "I'm not going to let you leave me again, darling!"

She squeezed his hand in gratitude. Carson went out radiant, meeting Craighead with the red mantilla on his arm.

"You all do know this mantle," said he, "but not the soul of patry in things great. Ethically, this is a lost damsel snatched from a watery grave as she went down in the penultimate descent. I put my confounded life in pawn—for what? For a mere trumpery kioskshaw of silk with no more woman in it than a rabbit. Rotten! Rotten! This 'ere rescue ain't up to sample!"

"Craighead," said Carson, "I want you to run an errand, and be serious. Run for a doctor, Craighead. I believe she loves me."

Pacing up and down the veranda, Carson was in a delicious disturbance of spirits. He forgot Shayne and his wife, but ran down to see the Virginia and found in charge the village constable.

"I know the rules of these cases," said he to Carson. "When you give this to the papers say something about the way the police end of it was handled."

"Thank you," said Carson, having made sure that the Virginia was intact. "I shan't see any reporters."

"Sure you will," said the thoughtful constable. "I've sent 'em."

The doctor, a nervous little man with no voice, whispered to Carson that his wife, meaning Virginia, was unharmed and urging him to go in and quiet her by his presence.

"Neurology my specialty," said he slyly in Carson's ear. "Left big practice in Philadelphia on account of nervous prostration. Acute neuropath-



"BUT ACCIDENT! NOTHING TO IT."

ic symptoms in your very beautiful young wife, sir—but accident! Nothing to it!"

Carson explained, with some neuro-pathic symptoms of his own, that the young lady was not his wife.

"Excuse me!" whispered the doctor, on tiptoe. "As to whose the mistake is, yours or mine, omission or commission, can't say, but pardon me, just the same. Must go now. Other patients, you know. My card."

And, slipping his card to Theodore with the air of a man seeking to establish a connection in the castaway trade, he whispered himself out, being replaced almost immediately by two local representatives of the metropolitan press, to whom Theodore resolutely refused to say a word beyond the statement that the Roc was wrecked and that the passengers were saved.

This, however, did not prevent them from sending in highly colored accounts of the wreck and of the sensational assistance accorded her by the Virginia aeronaut—which were expanded in the city offices into the sensation of the day. Shayne of Aerostatic Power had violated the Craighead injunction in the Roc! Craighead, Carson and the Shaynes were together in a New Jersey village! Rumors and canards on 'change and the curb! Extras and red type on yellow first pages! But the real sensation was not known until afterward.

Craighead was a long time gone, returning with a perspiring man carrying a notary's seal in one hand, a huge volume under one arm and a flat book like an exaggerated check book under the other. Following them were a tall, angular, serious looking gentleman in wading boots, his eyes covered with immense blue goggles—a French chauffeur if one might judge by certain strong points in garments and features; a life saving crew from up the coast who had just arrived after a long distance view of the wreck and

several water-side characters belonging in a New Jersey way to the Captain Harrod class. The man with the books seemed tired with his burden and was using occasional strong words.

"Set down, set down your honorable load," said Craighead, "if honor may be harried with a curse. Fellow citizens, we are delighted with what we have seen of your little city. The climate is lovely, the air fresh and the water warm. We like it. What do you call it?"

Carson drew Craighead aside and suggested dry clothes.

"Be silent, sirrah," cried Craighead, "and do as you are bid! Friends, the performance in the big tent is about to open. This, Mr. Van Brunt, is one of the principals."

"Of age, I see," said Mr. Van Brunt, looking at Carson. "I guess it's all right. An' where's the other party?"

A maid who had devoted herself to Virginia replied that Miss Suarez was quite able to see people.

"Come, Mr. Van Brunt," said Craighead, "and view the precious remains." Craighead entered at Virginia's "Come in," but Mr. Van Brunt went no farther than to insert half his body and all his head in the room and look searchingly at Miss Suarez.

"Of course," said he, "you're over eighteen?"

"Considerably," said Virginia, "but—Mr. Van Brunt had vanished. Craighead gazed solemnly at Virginia and spoke sepulchraly.

"These," said he, "are some of the local items of the litigation. Be obedient and thou shalt prosper. Don't do nothing that you ain't told to—see?"

"What does this foolery mean?" asked Carson as Craighead emerged into the parlor, where Mr. Van Brunt was engaged in filling up blanks and tearing them out of the big check book.

"Foolery?" said Craighead. "Profane don't the sacred mysteries of Elucis! Don't get cynical or funny. You are not a very important person here. Friends, fellow citizens, Jerseymen, lend me your ears. We have met for certain reasons connected with the vital statistics of our common country—to originate an epithet. Two problems look the American people in the face and gnash their problematical teeth and snort. What are they? My friend the doctor, who has returned with healing in his fins, and our reverend friend in the waders can bear witness from their reduced perquisites that I speak sooth when I say that these portentous national dangers lie in celibacy. I have made a speciality of it."

"Hoorny!" shouted the captain of the life saving crew.

"My honorable and gallant friend," said Craighead, indicating the captain, "hath a Smith college pin on his service shirt. It's not to be, O potential benedict, that I speak! We are here to call not the inoculated, but the libere immune, to repentance. Fellow reformers, at the request of my friend Mr. Carson—General Theodor Cahson, M. A.—I sent a motorcar for Mr. Van Brunt, and the county seat of this county, so far as the marriage records are concerned, is here. The Rev. Mr. Coryell has kindly agreed to perform the ceremony. I will assume the chair if there are no objections. I will entertain a motion ordering the nuptials to proceed. I assume a motion for the regular order. Reading of the minutes dispensed with. All in favor of the marriage of Theodore Carson and Virginia Suarez say 'Aye!'"

There was a swelling roar of "ayes" that startled Virginia into a belief that a political convention was in session in the parlor. Craighead called for the "nays," with no response.

"It is a vote," said he—"unanimously! I congratulate you in this harmony! It argues well for a successful campaign and a triumphant election. Will some one volunteer to play the wedding march? Thank you, sir."

This to the captain of the life savers, who seated himself on a piano stool and ran his hands over the keys.

"And now, general," said Craighead to Carson, "all is ready. The statutes in such case made and provided are all fulfilled. Bring out the bride and let the rapture culminate!"

"Craighead," said Carson, "come outside and I'll break every bone in your body!"

No one heard this but Craighead, and he received the announcement with the snarlest of bows and a withdrawal with Carson on his arm.

"Just a little delay," said he to Mr. Coryell. "You know how it is—last kisses of bridesmaids—vell askew—rubish—but we must wait."

Mr. Coryell, with Craighead's money in his pocket, sufficient in amount to pay the entire expenses of his vacation study of Atlantic gasteropods, waited smilingly, rubbing his hands. Mr. Van Brunt lighted a cigar and looked off to the side. Carson seized Craighead by the throat in the privacy of the kitchen.

"What do you mean?" he snarled. "What insane thing is this?"

"Explanations," said Craighead, extricating his throat, "are uncalled for, it seemeth to me, but if given require the use of the tracha. Ah've done did what you done tole me, boss!"

"What do you mean?" Carson stood before Craighead with clinched fists, furious at Craighead's scandalous use of Virginia's name in public.

"Strike in due time," said Craighead, "but I'd want done in your place. You said Virginia loved you!"

"I said I believed it!" answered Carson, groaning. "Oh, Craighead, Craighead, you've ruined me!"

"Ruined your granny—that is, of course, I disagree with you entirely. Faint heart never won the money. I tell you the wedding bells are now ringing. Go to, sirrah—go to her. Give her the rush. Lay it on me. Throw a fit on the rug, rip and tear, snort, weep, fight, fast, tear thyself, drink up esel, eat a crocodile, take her in your arms, and incidentally mention the fact that the thing's a matter of record and will be in all the papers. It'll work. Why, blast your picture, it's got to work. If it doesn't I'm stuck for \$75 for fees and corruption money!"

Carson walked back and forth, torn with rage, embarrassment and anxiety for the result with Virginia, thrilled with a growing realization of what it might mean to him.

"I'm going in to tell her," said he. "And if I fail I shall come out and kill you, Craighead!"

"I shall make no will," said Craighead. "Why, if she were Caroline and I you?"

Carson walked into the apartment of Virginia. The serving girl withdrew and left them alone.

"Virginia," said he. "I'm going to take you with me!"

She flushed rosily, but woman-like, refused to take his meaning.

"I can't go back, unkie," said she. "You failed in your exams. You are marked away, away down as an unkie! But I've forgiven you."

"Don't let's talk of that," said he. "I shan't even apologize. I'm glad I deceived you! Glad, do you hear? And now you're going back—Psyche—as my wife. Don't struggle and try to escape. Don't you love me? Don't you love me? Don't you love me?"

She was past the struggle now, and in the new print gown of the servant maid she lay in his arms, quite surrending. The time passed much more rapidly for them than for Mr. Craighead. His voice grew hoarse, the room periods grew shorter, and at last he rapped on the door and called "Time!"

The audience had entered upon the phase of impatience characterized by stamping in unison.

"What do they want?" asked Virginia.

"Us," said Carson. "Let us go out." "Out?" queried Virginia. "Out where?"

"Virginia," said Carson, "did I not say I was taking you away with me now?"

"Oh!" gasped Virginia, shrinking back. "You don't mean for me to understand?"

"The minister is outside—to marry us—darling! Come!"

"Oh, Theodore!" she gasped. The door opened. Craighead's voice came through in inquiry.

"All ready?" he asked loudly. "Then let the cortege move! After these nuptials we shall have the full music of the grand sweet song. Like Prince Agib of Gilbertian story—

"We will diligently play On the zootopia all day long And blow the loud pantechnicon all night! Forward, march!"

The wedding march from "Lohengrin" tinkled feelingly forth from the piano. The minister stood in the narrow circle left open by the crowd. Craighead, like a new ducked usher, bowed gravely at the door to let them through. Theodore took Virginia's plump, print covered arm and whispered in her ear promises which instinct told him would break down the last resistance. The short service went on as remembered by the priest.

"Who gives this woman away?" And who but Phiney Shayne broke through the press to take her by the hand and respond heartily, "I do!"

And when the ring was called for who but the captain of the life saving crew, true to the traditions of the service, came forward and took it from his chain and saved them?

And when the minister asked, "Do you, Virginia, take this man to be your wedded husband?" and the dear old remainder of it who but Theodore Carson turned dizzy at the bride's pause before answering, and who but Virginia said sweetly and clearly, "I do?"

And as for Craighead, that worthy gentleman would have been in still higher feather had he known that within two weeks he was to succeed in persuading his adored Caroline to join him in a similar ceremony.

THE END.

CAUGHT BY COLLAPSE. Two Ladies and Contractor Painfully Hurt When Building Falls.

Fairfield, July 29.—A building which for the past nine months has been used as a temporary business office by Messrs. Cohn & Conway, contractors in charge of the erection of the new Ball block, collapsed yesterday, the heavy roof catching three persons and injuring them severely. Mrs. S. A. Burnett, of this city, and her friend, Miss Pearl Miller, of Galesburg, Ill., were passing the structure at the time and altho a warning was sounded by the workmen, they were struck and pitched to the ground. No bones were broken but their entire bodies were very painfully bruised and they are confined to their beds.

between all of the railroads entering Council Bluffs to close their ticket offices. It appears, however, that the move is limited to the three roads mentioned. The heads of the passenger departments of the Union Pacific and Burlington railroads in Omaha state that they have received no notice of any intention on the part of the railroad managements to close their offices and that if they were to be closed they would have advised to that effect.

The protest against closing of the three offices is general and many communications are being sent to the managements of the companies by business men and shippers of Council Bluffs. The general feeling is that the closing of the offices is a slap at the city and that if the companies would be so kind as to understand the sentiment of the people of the city by the withdrawal of business from them whenever possible.

The feeling seems to be stronger against the Illinois Central than the other two roads. The general feeling is that the company has obtained enough business from Council Bluffs to warrant it in at least continuing its office and in giving the ordinary conveniences to its patrons.

RAWN REFUTES CHARGES. Conversation of Railroad President Prior to Death Published.

Chicago, July 30.—The one mystery of the Ira G. Rawn tragedy that no coroner's jury ever could dispel—just what the dead railroad official would say in his own defense—was solved yesterday as definitely as the he had spoken from the grave.

The answer was in words from Mr. Rawn's lips. The sentiment was the same he doubtless would have uttered had he lived to go on the witness stand for the Chicago grand jury session. Moreover, it was received yesterday as more timely, being voiced within a few hours after the announcement of the open verdict of the coroner's jury, than when the words first were uttered.

"For a thousand million years am I in it. And I never was. My hands are clean and have been clean always."

That is the gist of Mr. Rawn's answer. It was made in a conversation with J. H. Maddy, special representative of the Erie Railroad Company, three months ago. The striking conversation took place in Chicago yesterday from the Erie official, who was in New York.

Tells of the interview. "When I was in Chicago in April I talked for two hours with Ira G. Rawn, whom I had known intimately for sixteen years," said Mr. Maddy. "It was either April 19 or 20 that I went up to see him and found him worrying over the Illinois Central scandal. He spoke of it almost immediately after I sat down and I plumped the question straight to him."

"Are you in it? There is much talk about high officials being involved and I am wondering what is meant?"

"Jim Maddy, and he looked me straight in the eye. 'Some of you can ask me that question, and not get hit, are one, and I am mighty glad you asked it. Not for a thousand million years am I in it and I never was. My hands are clean and have been clean always, and I want to tell you, with all the impressiveness and truthfulness of one friend and intimate associate to another, that I never had one penny's interest in anything along of in the Illinois Central railroad during the entire time I was connected with it."

"I have made mistakes in my time, but no sane man, such as I believe I am, would imperil his standing in the community and his official position and forfeit the respect of such a family as you know I have, for such sums of money as could be gained by petty grafting, and it was petty grafting compared with what a man in my position could have gotten if he had dishonest inclinations."

IT WAS NO JOKE. Smart Youth Smears Sleeping Travelers With Itching Powder.

Cedar Rapids, July 30.—The people waiting for trains at the Union station were surprised to see a young fellow of midnight. A young fellow who was bound on an errand of mischief stole into the depot and carefully making his way up to several of the half sleeping passengers, he rubbed an itching powder on their faces and then escaped.

The first victim was an immigrant from Sweden. He was sitting half asleep in the smoking room, and the miscreant had a good opportunity to rub the powder on his forehead before the immigrant realized that the affair was not a joke. The next victim was a man who evidently had consumed some liquor and failed to wake from his dreams until the powder began acting.

The miscreant had his errand of mischief well planned. He entered the station when the officer and station master were out on the platform keeping the traveling public off the tracks during the time of incoming trains, and ran away before the real excitement began.

The excitement was quite noticeable. The unfortunate immigrant jumped and danced while he kept rubbing his forehead, and tried to explain in his own language what had taken place. The other man who, after all, was not very drunk, sobered up completely and was intent upon revenge. The itching sensation, however, kept him rubbing his forehead, and as the powder had been administered very near to the eyes, he could not see much and was forced to confine his dancing to a small place.

CITY OFFICIALS TO MEET. Plans Under Way For Municipal Convention at Waterloo.

Waterloo, July 30.—A meeting of the mayor, city council and representatives of the three commercial organizations of the city was held last evening for the purpose of conferring with Frank G. Pierce, of Marshalltown, secretary of the Iowa League of Municipalities, regarding plans for the state convention which is to be held in Waterloo Sept. 20, 21 and 22.

The general plan of the last state program will be followed and a local committee will be appointed soon to attend to the visitors.

The first day will be given to the various departments and the second day will be similarly occupied until 3 o'clock when the commercial bodies will entertain the visitors with an automobile ride about the city followed by a smorgasbord in the evening at the public place.

Prominent speakers from different parts of the state will take part in the three days' program and Waterloo will also be well represented with local speakers.

The Bliss hotel will be headquarters for the convention. It is expected that nearly 300 mayors, city officials and others interested in city affairs, will attend the annual convention.

Why Frisco Didn't Slide. Dubuque, July 30.—The big boat Frisco that struck on the bank during the attempted launching Thursday has been examined and found to have suffered no injury as a result. It was feared for a time that it might be strained or wrenched in some way but a thorough examination showed nothing wrong and all that remains to be done is to have another launching.

The reason that the boat failed to take the plunge is easily shown by looking at the slide. Two ropes at the bow end were not cut and did not give way until it was too late and the hull was exerted on the rope is shown by the fact that they cut their way into oak planks twelve inches square. In one place it completely split the heavy timber. It was this slowly giving way, however, that saved the boat from

injury, as it settled down easily and without putting a strain on any part. Just why the ropes were not cut when they should have been has not been explained, but it was supposed there was some mistake in the signals.

Divorced Two Months, Remarried. Muscatine, July 30.—The broken strands of a romance were knitted here and the tangled skein in a love affair straightened out when Allan A. Clark divorced wife to Muscatine, and after effecting a reconciliation, remarried her. Two months ago the couple separated and the wife, Mrs. Idella T. Clark, secured a divorce. She came to Muscatine and since that time has been visiting with relatives here. Her ex-husband, evidently tiring of boarding house life, followed her to Muscatine and yesterday called on her. They agreed to patch the matter up and get married again.

Foley's Kidney Remedy will cure any case of kidney and bladder trouble

not beyond the reach of medicine. No medicine can do more. McBride & Will Drug Company.

St. Paul, July 29.—Former Governor Lind will not under any consideration accept the democratic nomination for governor, according to his son, Norman, of Everett, Wash., where Lind is now visiting.

A special dispatch from that place says that Lind refuses to comment on the action of the convention.

"I have nothing to say," he is quoted as saying.

His son, however, made the definite statement that not only was his father greatly annoyed by the action of the convention, but that he would not under any circumstances accept the nomination.

The special further says that Lind will leave in a few days for Alaska and that his itinerary will probably include a trip abroad and that he will not return to Minnesota until Sept. 1.

Classified Advertisements

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

WANTED. Wanted—Two second-hand tents. Address N-30, care T-R.

Wanted—To buy a vacant lot or a lot with an old house for a storage yard. Must be cheap for cash. C. F. Helmer.

Wanted—To rent a good stock farm, well improved and close to town. Address Lock Box 306, Eldora, Iowa.

Wanted—September first, modern six room house, three bed rooms, well located. No children. Address "H. E. C." care Times-Republican.

Wanted—Do you want a lady to do washing, ironing or day's work? Call Carl's employment agency.

Wanted—Attractions for field day, Aug. 17, 1910. Expect 5,000 to 7,000 people. What have you? Address Dr. M. J. O'Connor, chairman, Williams, Iowa.

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 950.

HELP WANTED—MALE. Wanted—Fireman for stationary work. Married man preferred. Carl's Employment Agency.

Wanted—Men to learn barber trade. Few weeks complete. Time saved by steady practice. Careful instructors, tools given, diplomas granted. Wages Saturdays. All positions waiting. Splendid demand for graduates. Write today. Moler Barber College, Chicago, Ill.

Postoffice Clerks and Carriers Wanted. examinations will be held in Marshalltown and many other cities in November. Uncle Sam is best employer; pay is high and sure; hours short; places permanent; promotions regular; vacations with pay; thousands of vacancies every month; all kinds of pleasant work everywhere; no lay-off; no pull needed; common education sufficient. Ask for free booklet GS 484, giving full particulars and explaining my offer of position or money back. Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE. Wanted—Housekeeper for widower on farm. Middle aged woman preferred. F. M. Farber, St. Anthony.

Wanted—Dining room girl. Let's Eat restaurant.

Wanted—Woman to do ironing in private family. Address D-23, care T-R.

Wanted—Dishwasher, at Robertson & Strub's.

Wanted—A few girls on power sewing machines in glove factory. Steady work. Morrison-Ricker Mfg. Company, Grinnell, Iowa.

AGENTS WANTED. Wanted—Agents for "Solvine," the world's best boiler compound, used by Uncle Sam. Positive success, splendid commission. The Beltine Chemical & Manufacturing Company, Chicago.

BUSINESS CHANCES. Salesmen Making Small Towns, can earn a nice income carrying our pocket size line. Write for order book today. Twentieth Century Mfg. Company, 1308 Wells street, Chicago.

Wanted—Honest lady or gentleman, steady employment, paying business. Rare opportunity to invest \$3,000 to \$5,000. Good security, 10 per cent interest on investment, and \$125 per month salary. Experience not necessary. Inquiries to Mrs. Address Pacer Co., 97 Washington street, Chicago, Ill.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS. For Sale—Buggy and two harnesses. Must sell at once. 10 North Sixth street.

For Sale—New Ranger bicycle. Must sell at once. Carl's employment agency.

For Sale—Cafe and bakery with soda fountain, ice cream outfit, with electric motor, best location in county seat town of 3,000. Address, Lock Box 351, Nevada, Iowa.

For Sale—High grade piano at a bargain. Easy terms. William H. Calhoun, over 120 West Main street.

For Sale—Cocker spaniel puppy. 9 South Second street.

LIVESTOCK, HORSES, ETC. For Sale—A good horse, cheap. C. E. Yokum, 156 West Main.

For Sale—One gray mare, 5 years old, well broke and sound; one 5-year-old bay, getting sound; total 1250 each. Will sell team or separate. 915 Anson.

FOR SALE—CITY PROPERTY. For Sale—Good 5-room house near Iowa Soldiers' Home, \$1,050. B-28, care T-R.

For Sale—6 1/2 acres in Iowa Falls, Iowa, the best of land. House, barn, chicken house and small orchard. The improvements are small and good. Price \$2,050 for quick sale. M. H. Green.

For Sale—House and lot that rents for \$3 per month. I can sell for \$300, must sell. J. C. Hollingsworth, 198 East Main street.

IOWA LANDS. For Sale—Two cottages on easy payments. William H. Calhoun, over 120 West Main.

For Sale—35 acres, good improvements, orchard, small fruit. On main road 6 miles north of Grinnell, 3 1/2 east of Newburg. One mile from church and high school. For particulars address J. W. Fisher, Grinnell, Iowa, R. R. 2.

For Sale—280 acre improved farm, 3 1/2 miles east of Marshalltown and south of Green Mountain, if sold soon. Write or see J. M. Hughes, 2139 West Grand avenue, Des Moines, Iowa.

The best land propositions in Iowa are found in the improved and unimproved farms located in the fertile Shell Rock valley. Prices range from \$55 to \$100 per acre. Many of our farms can be purchased on small cash payments, balance long time loans this year. Write us. Mitchell & Greene, Greene, Iowa.

For Sale—If you want 160 acres of the best land in the best county and in the best neighborhood in Iowa, see me. J. C. Hollingsworth, over 108 East Main street.

For Sale—Iowa lands in Howard county, \$50 to \$80 per acre. Large list on request. Address Spaulding & O'Donnell, Elma, Iowa.

IOWA FARM SNAP. Fine quarter section, 1 1/2 miles from Germania, good grove, six room house, good cellar, good size barn, hog house 16x30, good well and windmill, chicken house, 40 acres in pasture; 110 acres in cultivation, no ditch tax, \$67.50 per acre. D. W. Pulte, Swea City, Iowa.

FOR SALE. 800 acres improved, adjoins Dodge County, Minn. Will sell 450, 320, 270, 160 level black land, not one acre waste.

640 acres improved, Redwood county, Minn.

320 acres improved, two miles of Rochester, Minn.

230 acres improved, three miles of Dover, Minn.

Terms up to 20 years. Not an agent, but owner. Write E. M. Weston, Winona, Minn.

WISCONSIN LANDS. Rich Wisconsin Land opened to settlement. The American Immigration Company has secured 500,000 acres of Round Lake Wisconsin farm lands, which is being offered and sold to settlers and investors at bargain-counter prices. Over 100,000 acres in the Round Lake country, Sawyer county, the choicest of all, offered in farms to suit at \$5.50 to \$20 per acre, on 10 years' time. In the heart of richest dairy section. Abundant rainfall. Purest of water. Country filling up rapidly. Investigate! Address J. B. Bates, Woodbury Building, Marshalltown, Iowa.

OKLAHOMA LANDS. 50,000 Acres of eastern Oklahoma corn land open for sale, from \$25 to \$50 per acre; can not buy less than 40 acre tract up to 320 acres. Call on or write Henry Hummel, 1421 No. 26th St., Lincoln, Neb.

MINNESOTA LAND. Bumper crops in Lyon, Redwood and Murray counties. Come and let us show you the best crops of corn, wheat, oats, barley, rye and flax of any section of the west. We have a large list of fine improved farms that we are offering at from \$40 to \$60 per acre, any one of which will make the buyer a profit of at least \$10 per acre before winter. If you can't come now, write us stating what size farm you want and kind, and we will send you the descriptions of some choice bargains. Bon-nalle & Bartlett, Tracy, Minn.

For Sale—160