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**VIRGINIA
THE AIR**

By
HERBERT QUICK

CHAPTER V.

THE FALL THAT FOLLOWED. PRIDE. SUDDENLY Theodore burst from the floor of the cloud like a meteorite and saw a long procession of white and violet lights speeding past and away into the distance, the arc lights of a town set into apparent flight by the speed of his heading career before the wind. Far off in the glare of a locomotive fire-box he could see a devilish black fireman, weirdly smoking.

The town fled away. The roar of the wind rose about him. He was whipped stingingly by the branches of a tall tree; then a lower one bowed him through its dense top. He laid hold of a slim birch, and, as it bent like a fishing rod under his weight, he let go the sheets of his parachute, the wind spilled from the silken leach, and he tumbled heavily into a mattress-like bridal wreath bush, over an asphalted walk, and eased down by the shrubbery, he rose unharmed, so far as he could feel, to find himself by a rustic seat near a dry fountain. On his left he could make out a long building three or four stories high.

A high wall running back from each end of this structure seemed to him to bound the garden, for a garden he guessed it to be. Back in some crepuscular jungle he heard the thrifty bellow of a great dog. Following the wall, he found it integral with that of the house. It was blank and high and insurmountable. He reconnoitered the rear wall to a brick barn into which it was built. He returned to the long house and stole across to one side, where he found a door through the wall, tight shut and impregnable.

Calling up his scattered courage, he went with some steadiness up to a long veranda. A shrill whistle sounding from the top of the porch instantly commanded his attention. Theodore saw a man on the roof just in the act of swinging himself down over the eave.

"Get under here, old sport," said the voice, "and give a liberty loving classmate a leg down." Theodore reached up and steadied a somewhat bony leg and was about to let his burden down when the liberty loving one collapsed in all his members and came down by the run.

Carson started forward to raise the demoralized fugitive to his feet. But he was already up and seemed to be bowing and kissing his hand to an imaginary audience.

"My celebrated Averas act," said he, "Special gravitation expert to the crowned heads! But, hilt! Let me greet thee! An ye be noble, salute my cheek; an ye be slob, receive my contemptuous thanks! Hey, old sport!"

Carson stood mute, alone with a possible lunatic and a very probable dog in a walled garden into which he had dropped from the night sky.

"From your caput cometh a rattle like a muted castanet," went on the strange personage, "and anon like a battery of telegraph sounders. Stay! Is it possible that it emanates from the clattering of your teeth? Catch, you are scart—or in an ague that would reduce a foundry rattle to matchwood! Art cold, fair youth?"

"A little," replied Carson. "I am lightly dressed."

"Then come, come away, tra-la-la, with me, to a realm of balmy air and breezes of Caylon. To heel, and if thy heavy hoof but scrape the gravel to betray our flight thou diest, and all thy wad is gobbled by the privy coffer of the emporium. To heel!"

With a swift darting movement the stranger turned and, followed obediently by Carson, went across to a building which Theodore guessed to be a greenhouse. His guide opened the door and stood back with elaborate courtesy that Carson might precede him. Entering, Theodore found himself among beds of flowers which filled the house.

"It is too dark," said his guide, rejoining him, "to make the exchange of cards more than an empty and invisible formality. Yet I would fain know more of you than the bright and snappy technique of your tooth chattering."

"I don't understand," answered Carson. "I came here by accident."

"Quite so," interposed his interlocutor. "Let's sit down by the American Beauty bed—there. If we might strike a match, now. I estimate that half us lush logged derelicts go ashore here in a state, to coin a word, of ore-eyed woodiness. I may say that I came myself by accident and without meaning to do so—or otherwise. I must have a seat." Then came the scratch of the match, and Theodore scrutinized the face by the flare of the match as with nervous, unsteady movements the stranger lighted the weed.

He was a medium sized person, with deep set eyes flickering from their caverns with a blurred sharpness. His face was sallow and colorless, with hollows in the cheeks. His nose was irregularly notched in profile, like the stub of something else broken off his face.

"My name is Carson," said Theodore. "and I am from the south, from Alabama. I—"

"Craighead is mine," rejoined the other. "I am from here and elsewhere. There are twenty places where I might vote were there any question under the sun worth voting on. I think I may venture to give you, sir, as my permanent residence, until further notice only, the Rat Mort, Paris."

"I"—began Carson.

"The Rat Mort," interposed Craighead. "One deep midnight in the dead, dread past beyond recall I was ejected from the Rat Mort because my conduct

**OF A Romance
Of Flying
LANES**

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was not up to the theretofore undi-



"I AM FROM HERE AND ELSEWHERE."

closed standards of the place—from the Rat Mort—actually true out, to coin an expression! Doth it not open glimpses of a depravity hitherto fabulous? And when I have been graduated from this semposium, I shall return, aside in my port—meaning nothing vicious—defiance in mine eyes, and I shall sit down in the Rat Mort and be have myself for long, long periods of time, for ages.

Carson grew somnolent. Mr. Craighead sat upright, making occasional elocutionary gestures with his cigar hand.

Morning came. Two or three men came past the greenhouse, went round it and walked away again, as if making some sort of search. They came back after a time and entered. One was a tall, athletic, ruddy complexioned, youngish man, who seemed to be the leader of the trio. They gazed at the sleeping Carson and Craighead as if taking stock dispassionately of returned strays in the form of dogs or horses.

"Well, Mr. Craighead," said the tall one in accents distinctly British, "I'm no end sorry to find you out of bounds again, sir!"

Instantly wide awake, Craighead assumed an attitude of jocular familiarity.

"It agonizes me to have given you a moment's pain, Dennis," said he, "but believe me I should have been howling like a banshee had I stayed longer in the storm center of Mr. Waddy's pneumatic slumbering."

From his evident irritation at the mention of his "pneumatic slumbering" Carson guessed that the shorter of Dennis' companions was Mr. Waddy. He was blocky and strong in build and bearded with gray excrescences that grew forward and upward from all points, as if eyebrows, whiskers and moustache had been trained through a knothole for a long time and then suddenly cropped off and left standing.

He was puffing audibly. This labored breathing coupled with his appearance of having dressed hurriedly gave him the general effect of one who has leaped suddenly from bed and chased something at high speed. He had on a topcoat over shirt and trousers. On one foot was an arctic overshoe, on the other a Wellington boot.

"Mr. Craighead," said he, as if carefully choosing terms of scathing rebuke, "I've seen all kinds, and you do beat—the Dutch!"

"Thank you," said Mr. Craighead, bowing. "Pardon me, Dennis, have you not met my friend, Mr. Carson, from Alabama? A new arrival. A peedical, I believe. Mr. Carson, Mr. Dennis O'Grady. Mr. O'Grady is the official dispenser of dope!"

"Tonic, Mr. Craighead, if I may correct you, sir," said Mr. O'Grady.

"Of course, Dennis," protested Craighead, "I meant tonic! And is this Mr. Carson's jag boss? I hope his slumbers are less sonorous than Mr. Waddy's, Mr. Carson. I—"

Attendant," suggested Mr. O'Grady softly. "Mr. Evans is the attendant of Mr. Wylie. No doubt an error on Mr. Craighead's part, Mr. Wylie, but we understand perfectly that you are the Mr. Wylie who arrived very ill last night, sir, and who departed before we could give him the examination and the formal admission. Mr. Evans will attend upon you, Mr. Wylie, and we hope, sir, to have you feeling much better in a few days, sir!"

"You are greatly mistaken!" exclaimed Theodore. "I don't belong here at all!"

"Quite right, sir!" responded Mr. O'Grady heartily. "Quite right! I am glad that you are already able to see, sir, that you belong with Mr. Evans in room 34, sir."

"But I am not Mr. Wylie," interposed Carson.

"Pardon me," softly suggested Mr. O'Grady, "but I find you here, Mr. Wylie, where none but inmates can come."

"I dropped into this garden from an aerostat," reiterated Theodore. "And swallowed your parachute?" interpolated O'Grady.

"No!" cried Carson, producing it from under the bench. "Here it is."

"I have no knowledge of machinery," said O'Grady. "But the existence here of so common a contrivance does

not at all prove the absence of Mr. Wylie, and Mr. Wylie is accounted for by no personality except your own, sir. The Slatery institute loses no patients. You are Mr. Wylie or Mr. Wylie is lost; hence, sir, you are Mr. Wylie."

Mr. Evans ushered young Mr. Carson into room 34 as if conferring a great favor in thus naming him Wylie and arresting him instantly under the new cognomen.

"I am not Mr. Wylie," reiterated Carson. "I am Theodore Carson, as I said, and I—"

"This matter of names is so complicated," quavered Mr. Evans, pushing up his cuffs as if about to attempt some feat of physical prowess, "no man drawn in my pay can be expected to work it out. I get awful small wages. Mr. Wylie. My duties is simple. You get your tonic and treatments regular an' keep hours. A whole lot of gentlemen comes here under special names."

Mr. Craighead rapped and entered. "I quite agree with the remarks of my querulous friend, Mr. Evans," said Mr. Craighead. "Your position, Mr. Carson, is an equivocal one. The question is, what's your field?"

"It is aeronautics," replied Theodore. "I have devised the first effective aeroplane."

"Very interesting," returned Craighead. "I have made that a specialty I know the defects of the present day aeroplanes, and I understand the failure of the gas supported aerostats, except as toys for our parasitic capitalists. But to the point in controversy. Are you the Fulton of the empyrean or the Edison of the hot air? Mr. Evans' porcine tonality has expressed the only conclusion open to him—to accept the Wylie theory as a working hypothesis and to work it at the regular period. Dost follow me?"

"I suppose that this Wylie must turn up sooner or later," mused Theodore. "But why should I take treatment? What do they do to you?" persisted Theodore.

"They give you dope; they feed you for a few days on bran mash; they shoot you twice a day; they give you a little bottle to assuage what they call your thirst the first night or so, though why they call that a thirst which is only a cerebrospinal tendency entirely unconnected with irrigation de pometh salin not. Let's to breakfast."

Breakfast! Here was something to be "understanded of the people." Carson was famishing. And before he returned to his room he learned that he was an inmate of the Slatery Institute For Drunkards.

(To be continued.)

OFFICIAL APPEALS HIS SENTENCE

Oregon Attorney Would Set Aside Verdict Against Him.

Washington, Aug. 10.—Sentenced to pay a fine of \$1,000 and to spend 60 days in jail, John H. Hall, former United States district attorney in Oregon, filed in the supreme court of the United States an appeal from the verdict of being guilty of conspiracy in connection with the Oregon land frauds. The record in the case comprises 1,500 pages.

O, Beatrice!
Beatrice—George tried to kiss me last night.
Muriel—Why, what did you do?
Beatrice—I sat right down on him!—MURIEL HA HA.

Notice of Time Given.

To Whom It May Concern:
I have this day given my minor son, Frank Thielen, age 20, his time and will hereafter be responsible for no debts or contracts he may make and will collect none of his wages.

Geo. THELEN.
Dated, Cresco, Ia., July 29, 1910.

"Doan's Ointment cured me of eczema that had annoyed me a long time. The cure was permanent."—Hon. S. W. Matthews, Commissioner Labor Statistics, Augusta, Me.

**Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA**



**Iowa State Fair
AND EXPOSITION
DES MOINES
Aug. 25th-Sept. 2d**

**"BACK TO
THE FARM"**

VIII.—The Country Girl's Career.

By C. V. GREGORY.

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OUR most appreciated blessings are seldom the ones that are closest at hand. Just as the country bred boy sometimes gets an idea that he has a genius too broad to be confined between the boundaries of his father's farm, so the girl who has grown up in the country sometimes gets a longing for a glimpse of the unknown world within the city's walls. The imaginative girl often feels that her talents will be more appreciated in the city than in the little



THE COUNTRY GIRL FINDS A LARGE SHARE OF HER CAREER IN HER OWN HOME.

home town. She imagines herself burning with a genius for acting, perhaps, and longs for the glare of the footlights and the plaudits of the crowd, or perhaps it is art in one of its many disguises that is calling her to the artificial life of paved streets and brick walls.

Occasionally it is the lights, the music and the pleasures of a swiftly flowing city life that attract the girl from the country, but not often. The girl who is a true daughter of the country is seldom deceived by the glare of a light whose shadow covers tears and sorrow or the pleasure that is but a mask for pain. We are told that the "glamour" of the city life is the force that draws the country girls to town.

Nothing of the sort. There is little glamour about the city of the healthy girl. The first thought of the country girl when she finds herself in the city is "how dirty" or "how awfully crowded." But notwithstanding the dirt and the crowds she often remains. She stays because she is ambitious to have a "career." There is a true hearted farmer boy back home probably who would be glad to take her into partnership. But in the past the girl has seldom been taught to look forward with pride to becoming a farmer's wife or to regard a life on the farm as being a career worthy of her ambition.

This is the natural outcome of the conditions for the quarter of a century when farmers were selling their produce below cost. The lot of the farmer's wife was one of almost unrelenting toil, as was that of the farmer himself. There was little to lighten the monotony of the ceaseless grind of housework. Her horizon was limited by the kitchen walls, and her highest ambition was to keep the boys out of the "best room." It is little wonder that she hoped for something better for her daughters. She saw unfolding in them her own girlhood, and she dreaded to see them spend their lives in the hopeless task of keeping body and soul together as she had done.

Her idea of city life was vague. Most of the city women she saw were well dressed, unwrinkled and seemingly happy. They were living the kind of life she would choose for her daughter. The toil of the wives of the poorer laborers she did not see. One of the main reasons that all through this period the country looked up to the city and the city looked down on the country was that country people saw only the best side of the city and the city people saw only the worst side of the country.

The change that has come about in country life in the past decade and a half is so great as to be almost unbelievable. Many of the country people themselves refuse to believe it. They read the reports of high prices skeptically, and not until the produce is sold and the money in their hands will they really believe their good fortune. Even then they will shake their heads and say that prices will surely go down before they have another crop ready for market. They have so long been content with a small return for their labor and no allowance at all for interest on their money or for the fertility which they are selling away from their land that they can hardly believe that the time has come when the farmer is getting enough for his produce to enable him to put farming on a business basis.

Probably this change has affected no one on the farm more than the women. The country girl has a different idea of a career now. She lives in a modern farm home, or if she doesn't she knows that such homes exist and are well within the range of possibility for her. She has had her longing to see the world satisfied by visits to city

friends and relatives. She has seen that all the conveniences of city homes are duplicated in the country. She has admired the spacious lawns and beautiful grounds of some of the best of the city homes, but she has been observant enough to note that such houses belong only to the few. She has gone to the theater with her friends and enjoyed it, but no more than she enjoys the homemade theatricals in her home town or the plays and lectures she has attended in the larger country towns by trolley. She has been surprised to find that her friends in the city do not know their next door neighbor. The excuse that "they are not in our set" has puzzled her democratic little soul. It is different in the country, where every one sympathizes with every one else's sorrows and laughs with all in their joys.

The girl comes back from a trip to the city better satisfied than ever with her country home. Her father may not be worth more than \$5,000 or \$10,000 or \$15,000 measured in money, but his house and grounds are equal in all essential respects to many of the millionaires' residences she saw in the city. Her girl friends in the city were coaxing their father to buy them an automobile so that they could "go somewhere." The country girl and her mother have a horse and buggy that are sacred to their use. The horse is so gentle that he will not even bat his eyelid at an automobile and the buggy so shiny that they are proud to be seen anywhere in it. They can hitch up and go where and when they please. The laundry in the basement has taken away the terrors of wash day. The conveniences in the kitchen have greatly lessened the work of feeding the hungry men folk.

The farm reading table is strewn with the latest magazines, and the girl has a piano or at least an organ. A piano dealer in one of the middle western states recently told me that he sold fifteen pianos to the farmers in one township last year. If the farmer's daughter wants a piano he is going to get it for her. He may have to raise a few more hogs next year to pay for it, but that is easily done.

Taking everything together, any comparisons that the country girl may be able to draw are favorable to the farm. She has been raised in the open air. The pigs and the calves and the chickens are her playmates. The colts will come when she whistles, for who ever heard of a country girl who couldn't whistle? She can name all the trees in the wood lot, and she knows the note of every bird that sings in their branches. Every day is full of sunshine, and she sings for the very joy of living where air is free and room is not bought and sold.

She still longs for a career, but it is a career of a different sort. She wants to live the rest of her life on the farm, and she looks forward to the day when she will go into partnership with some ambitious, resourceful young farmer. To be a successful wife, to help make the most out of the old farm and to do her part to make her community the most progressive in the country—the modern country girl. Schools have been provided to teach her the things she needs to know about her coming business. If she is in one of the most up to date communities, she begins to learn sewing and cooking in the rural school. If not given there, it comes in the high school or the preparatory school or the small college. All of



THE COUNTRY GIRL OUTDOORS AT HER HOME.

these institutions are providing courses in domestic science. They do not dispute the fact that love is the basis of a successful marriage, but they realize that a good digestion is the basis of a loving disposition.

In awakening the community to the realization of its own duties and its possibilities the influence of the farmer's wife is even greater than that of the farmer himself. It is the women on whom the social life of the country communities must largely depend. The problem of rural life is largely a social one now that conditions have solved the financial problem.

Saved from Awful Peril.
"I never felt so near my grave," writes Lewis Chamblin, of Manchester, Ohio, R. R. No. 3, "as when a frightful cough and lung trouble pulled me down to 115 pounds in spite of many remedies and the best of doctors, and that I am alive today is due solely to Dr. King's New Discovery, which completely cured me. Now I weigh 160 pounds and can work hard. It also cured my four children of croup." In-fallible for Coughs and Colds, it is the most certain remedy for LaGrippe, Asthma, desperate lung trouble and all bronchial affections, 50c and \$1.00. A trial bottle free. Guaranteed by P. A. Clemmer.

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