

## The Housewife's Corner

Homes become a palace when the daughters are maids of honor and the sons are noble in spirit, then the father is a king and the mother a queen, and royal residences are more than outdone. A city built up of such dwellings is a city of palaces and a state composed of such cities is a Republic of Princes.—Spurgeon.

The housewife is coming into the knowledge that she is not living and toiling in vain, that her work is the foundation of all good works and great deeds and that it is a necessary work. The thought is borne to her in many ways. She sees it discussed in the newspaper and hears it at public gatherings, and it has gradually dawned upon her that she holds a responsible position with almost unlimited power, and the knowledge has created within her a desire to have her work well done.

Spurgeon knew the necessity for restful homes, where the members of the family are thoughtful of each other's comfort and deference is shown for the other's opinions. Children can no more be forced into unwilling paths and whipped into submission as they were a generation ago. We have learned that much better results are obtained by surrounding them with a healthy moral atmosphere and allowing their minds to expand naturally, prohibiting only what is wrong and commending what is right.

The value of the work of the housewife is being recognized and she is responding nobly to the added status which it gives her. There never was a time when there were so many ideal homes, where the bond of unity in families shone with brighter luster, and the outlook is fair that at no distant day our beautiful homeland will be the "Republic of Princes" of the great preacher's thoughts.

It is not yet too late to exchange ideas and recipes for serving cherries; for a

### Dog in The Blanket, Rolypoly

Roll biscuit dough quite thin. Pile the cherries, pitted, in the center. Sweeten as desired and fold the dough over them. Turn the ends together and stick with egg and water. Boil or steam the pudding and serve with Hard Sauce.

### CHERRY PIE

We have found the late cherries very sour. By draining off the juice after pitting them and substituting water, we thought them much improved.

Mix one cup sugar and one scant tablespoon flour. Spread half of the mixture on the bottom crust. Put in a medium layer of cherries over which spread the rest of the sugar and flour. Cover with top crust and bake.

### CREAMED TOAST WITH CHEESE

Place two tablespoons butter in a frying pan and when melted stir in two tablespoons flour and continue stirring until both are well mixed, then stir in gradually one pint of sweet milk and continue to stir and cook until it is creamy but not thick. If it gets too thick add more milk until of the right consistency. Season with salt and pepper to suit. Have slices of bread cut an inch thick, nicely toasted, and lay on a hot platter. Pour the cream over the toast and sprinkle generously with grated cheese.

### TOMATO BUTTER

Peel ten pounds of ripe tomatoes, add four pounds of apples, peeled, cored and quartered and put in a preserving kettle over a moderate fire. Let boil about one hour, stirring constantly to prevent burning. Then add eight pounds sugar, the juice of four lemons and one tablespoon of powdered ginger. Cook slowly and stir till about the consistency of marmalade.

Cherries make excellent shortcake. The fruit should be pitted and stewed before using.

### SALTED CHERRIES

Leave the stems on the cherries clipping them about half an inch from the fruit. Fill the jars and to each quart add one tablespoon salt. Fill the jar with cold vinegar and seal. If the vinegar is very strong mix with a little water.

### HARD SAUCE

Beat to a cream one cup sugar and one-half cup butter, then add the whites of two eggs and a little nutmeg. Keep on ice until used.

Stewed cherries are delicious in ice cream; the cream should be prepared without eggs.

"Just stepped out" was the reply. The man being chilled by the wintry winds, stood for a few minutes by a fire to warm.

The negro, getting a square look at the man and becoming very much alarmed, exclaimed:

"Mistah. Mistah. Look how yoh legs is a warpin'."

### THE PELICAN

A funny old bird is the Pelican. His bill will hold more than his belican.

It can hold enough in its beak. To last him a week, But I don't see how in helican.

"Well, he said, 'Brown, there isn't anything in this business that I am ashamed of, and if any snooping, little, yee-hawing, four-by-six, gimlet-eyed lawyer with a half a pound of brains, and 16 ounces of jaw, ever wants to know what I've been talking about, just tell him."

"I am surprised," said the parson to a youngster indulging in Sunday morning fishing, "to find you fishing here, my boy."

"Why?" said the boy "D'ye know any place where they bite, better, Mister?"

It was the opening day of the term in a Minneapolis school. Miss Bruce was filling out her record book and all went smoothly until she asked little Annis S— for her father's occupation. The child hung her head and made no reply.

"Come, Annie, tell me," said the teacher pleasantly, "what does your father do to make money for you and your mamma?"

"I can't tell."

"Why can't you tell. Don't you know?"

"Yes I know but pa said—not to tell."

"Well, Annie, when you go home this noon you may tell your father that I must know his occupation as I have to write it in this book."

In the afternoon Annie was called on and replied, "Pa says I may tell if I can whisper it."

"Very well, come to the desk and whisper it then."

Annie approached and, standing on tiptoe, whispered in her teacher's ear:

"He's the fat woman in the Dime Museum."

## THE DUELISTS

### How They Were Punished For Fighting

By F. A. MITCHEL

Cardinal Richelieu was sitting at his desk in his palace in Paris attending to official business when an attendant entered and said:

"Please, your eminence, a woman has been arrested for masquerading in man's apparel. She desires to be brought before your eminence."

"Why should I be troubled by a matter that pertains to the watch?" asked the cardinal, looking up from his papers.

"The young lady says, your eminence, that she has information to give which of you would value."

"Of what nature?"

"Dueling. She will give you the names of two officers of the army who are to fight today."

The cardinal's manner changed at once. "Another of these affairs, eh, despite my orders but just published! If I don't put a stop to this practice I shall in time lose every officer in the service. I will stop it if I have to hang the whole army. Admit the girl."

She came in, blushing for her apparel, tall for a woman and well formed. She stood before the cardinal with bent head.

"Why are you so attired?" he asked.

"Because I intended to take the place of a man in a duel today."

"You fight a duel?" snarled his eminence. "Shall I have to bring the women of the kingdom to the block as well as the men?"

"Hear me, your eminence. One of the best swordsmen in France is to meet on the field of honor one of the worst. I learned of the meeting in time, sent for the latter and succeeded in locking him in a room from which he cannot escape. I intended to fight in his stead."

"Their names?"

"I will die, your eminence, rather than reveal them without your promise that their lives shall be spared."

The cardinal hesitated for a moment, then gave the required promise.

"Captain de la Tour, the famous swordsman, and Lieutenant Durant," said the girl.

On the cold visage of the cardinal appeared a trace of admiration for this woman who was going to meet death in place of another.

"You are Mlle. Remercier, I believe, one of the queen's maids of honor. This nefarious dueling pest that is killing off every year hundreds of the king's best officers seems to be more in vogue among persons of quality than the lower orders. I wish you were a man. I would behold De la Tour and give you his commission. Why were you about to give your life for that of Lieutenant Durant?"

"Because I would rather die than lose him."

The cardinal paused a moment in thought, "Singular," he said, half to himself and half to the girl, "this thing called love! I can conceive of all other passions, but not this one, and a love that will sacrifice a life for the object loved is to me as great a mystery as life itself." Then, looking up, he asked, "Where is this duel to take place?"

"In a wood on the outskirts of the city, on the bank of the Seine."

"When?"

"At noon."

"It is now near noon."

"Yes, your eminence. I was going to the ground when a gendarme of keener eye than others suspected my sex and arrested me."

"I presume Captain de la Tour is now waiting for his victim."

"Doubtless he is, and wondering why he does not appear."

Something was running with electric rapidity through the cardinal's brain. Whatever it was, it came to a head at once. Summoning an attendant, he directed him to proceed to the dueling ground and bring Captain de la Tour to the palace. Then, turning to Mlle. Remercier, he asked if she had the key to the room where her lover was confined. She gave it to him, and he sent another attendant for Durant. Then he sent the girl to another apartment to await the coming of the would-be duellists.

The messenger who went for De la Tour found him pacing back and forth impatiently waiting for his enemy, his seconds standing together chatting to pass the time. When the captain saw a man coming wearing the cardinal's livery he turned pale.

"Mon Dieu!" he exclaimed. "The cardinal has got wind of the affair. I am lost!"

"His eminence desires your presence at the palace," said the messenger.

De la Tour bade his comrades goodbye, and they believing that they would never meet again. Only a few days before two men had been beheaded for a like affair, and with every case the cardinal had grown more determined. Having pressed the hand of each of them, he set out for the Palais Richelieu, afterward called the Palais Royale and today occupied by shops.

Meanwhile Lieutenant Durant was a prisoner, bewailing his fate. Proud and sensitive, his mind dwelt on the contempt with which his brother officers would receive him when he met them again for not keeping an engagement to fight. He heard the clocks without strike 11. For an hour he

chafed, and when they clanged the hour of noon he groaned. He knew his betrothed had locked him in, but did not know that she had intended to fight in his place. Had he even supposed this he would have well nigh gone mad.

Presently, hearing a step in the hall, he listened intently, hoping for a release and that he would not be too late to keep his appointment. The door was unlocked, and he was about to push out into the corridor when he was stopped by a man, who said:

"The cardinal desires your presence at the palace."

Durant quailed. He could face death like a gentleman and a soldier, but to be executed in cold blood was not to his liking, and he did not doubt that he would suffer the execution of a felon. As he accompanied the messenger to the palace he wondered if the girl he loved could have given away the secret of the meeting. No; she had locked him up to prevent his being killed by De la Tour. She surely would not turn him over to another fate far more terrible. He was wondering how the secret could have got out and whether there was any hope for him when he and the messenger entered the palace. He was taken to a chamber, where he was placed in charge of a guard and notice of his arrival sent to the cardinal.

Presently an attendant came for him and led him to another apartment, and as he entered by one door he saw De la Tour ushered in by another. The cardinal sat in an armchair at one side, and near him stood Mlle. Remercier in man's apparel. The two duellists advanced and bowed to the cardinal. But what was most astonishing were a headsman's block and ax at one end of the room. There was no executioner present, but the culprits expected to see him enter at any moment.

"Gentlemen," said the minister, "you are doubtless aware of the recent edict against dueling, and, having conspired to disobey it, your lives are forfeited."

Both men bowed low.

"I have decided, however, to permit this meeting and to witness it myself. There is an unfairness about these duels which in this one I hope to counteract. You, Captain de la Tour, are accounted the best swordsman in France. You, Lieutenant Durant, I learn, are one of the poorest. To enable you to fight equitably I have decided that you shall continue the contest till one kills the other. He who remains alive will be dispatched by the headsman."

"But, your eminence," interposed the informant, deathly pale, "you promised me that their lives should be spared."

"And my promise is not broken by this disposition. But for you both of them would be ordered to execution at once. I cannot conceive a more noble part than that you have acted. Since in this realm a practice exists by which an expert swordsman may kill one who is practically defenseless you were about to suffer death to save the unskilled combatant. Failing in this, knowing that I alone had power to prevent this injustice, you informed me of it, but not till you had received my promise that the combatants should not be punished by death. It is not my intention to punish either of them for disobeying the edict, but to render the affair between them perfectly equitable. Gentlemen, there is ample room for you on the floor of this apartment. Take your positions and an attendant will hand you your weapons."

As the cardinal spoke the last words the men were given rapiers, and at the same time a door opened, and a masked man in tight fitting garments entered, went to the block, took up the ax and stood ready for duty. The duellists, who understood that this was a mere subterfuge of the crafty cardinal to keep his promise to Mlle. Remercier in the letter and break it in the spirit and that one was to execute the other and the headsman the victor, stood facing each other, awaiting a signal to begin the combat. They had been friends, and their quarrel had been in their cups. Neither had the faintest remembrance of its cause. Realizing that they were about to die, they stepped forward and embraced each other.

Meanwhile Mlle. Remercier had thrown herself at the feet of the cardinal to beg for their lives. Her back being turned to the combatants and her head bowed, she did not see the embrace. The cardinal raised her and turned her toward them.

"Look!" he said. "The affair is ended the way I would have all such affairs ended—in a reconciliation. Gentlemen, put away your swords. If you supposed Richelieu to be so crafty as thus to break his word to one whose life is demanded by the king's welfare perhaps you are right, but you wrong him if you think he could act such a part toward this noble girl. You, Captain de la Tour, go to your quarters and be assured that if you offend again that masked person yonder will see that you do not offend a third time. Lieutenant Durant, I give you to Mlle. Remercier."

The lady seized the minister's hand and kissed it rapturously, while the two men, kneeling before him, begged that he would add his blessing to their pardon. He gave it, and De la Tour departed alone. Durant and Mlle. Remercier were driven away in the cardinal's carriage.

The practice that Richelieu strove so hard to eradicate still exists in France to a greater extent than in any other country. While the Anglo-Saxon has abandoned it, the Latin and Teutonic races still retain it. But nowhere is it so deadly as it was in France when Cardinal Richelieu tried to break it up. Today there are several hundred duels fought annually in France, but rarely does one result fatally, the object of each of the combatants being to "pink" the other, and at the letting of a few drops of blood the affair is usually called off.

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**Jest and Jollity**

The Stranger—Ars you quite sure that was a marriage license you gave me last month?

The Official—Of course. What's the matter.

The Stranger—Well, I've lived a dog's life ever since.

"Gentlemen" said the lawyer for the defence in closing his eloquent and impassioned speech, "all I demand for my client at your hands of justice—justice with a big 'G.'"

The principa of the district school was on the jury, and the verdict was guilty—with a large 'G.'

"An aged negro down in our state had stolen a hog," said Congressman J. T. Robinson of Arkansas. The facts were all against him. He had no counsel and when the judge asked him if he wanted a lawyer he declared that he did not.

"You are entitled to a lawyer," the judge explained, and you might as well have the benefit of his services."

"I know it" the old darkey replied, "but yuh would jess give me some cheap white trash lawyer, and he wouldn't do me no good. So if it's jess the same to youah honor, I'd ruteh depen' on the ign'rance ob de court."

Ikey had a cow that was practically worthless. It was going blind and hadn't given a drop of milk in years. So Ikey decided to take it to the auction and get rid of it at any price.

"How much am I bid for this thoroughbred prize Jersey Cow? thundered the auctioneer. "She is solid and hearty, gives two quarts of fine rich, creamy milk a day, has a calf every year, she's gentle—"

"Wait, wait," interrupted Ikey. "I didn't know vat a fine cow dot was. I've changed my mind. I vout sell her now."

One cold day in winter a man whose legs were bowed stepped into a village inn and inquired of a negro servant as to the whereabouts of the landlord.