

OF INTEREST.

Manners are the happy way of doing things.

Circumstances are never strong enough to imprison a great soul.

Anger closes the eyes of reason as soon as it opens the mouth.

The first to do, if you have not done it, is to fall in love with your work.

By using what we have we gain that which we have not.

If all men were to perish who did not succeed in obtaining what they wish, all mankind would die.

The common opportunity comes, as the divinest opportunity in the whole history of the world came, cradled in obscurity.

It only rests with ourselves to take any position in life, which circumstances render it expedient for us to occupy, desirable.

It is not easy to be in any great assembly without thinking that the chance which brings so many people together will also makes us meet our friends.

No man lives without jostling and being jostled. In all ways he has to show himself through the world, giving and taking offense. His life is a battle in so far as it is an entity at all.

Do you know what it is to be sure that a thing is wrong, and yet not be able to feel it so—to have your reason acknowledge what your conscience does not confirm?

If we desire to reduce mental activity, it stands to reason that we must attend to nothing. We must let the mind drift. We must not attempt to exercise any control whatever, but let the thoughts stray as they will and follow any line of association that is a line of least resistance.

To know what to do, and be able to do it, lies at the foundation of all successful accomplishments, but at critical junctures we need to know so very thoroughly, and to have such unimpeded power of action, that no preparation can be too ample, no self-discipline too rigorous.

All the toil and trouble of the world, and all the work which began with the life of man is directed toward one great end—the doing away with sin and suffering and the establishment of purity and peace. And this work seems almost hopeless not because the multitude does not approve of it, but because individuals are cowardly and will not do their share of it.

Mr. Herbert Spencer, in his Sociology, says, "Just as two ideas often repeated in a certain order become coherent in that order, and just as muscular motions, at first difficult to combine properly with one another and with guiding perceptions, become by practice facile and at length automatic, so the recurring production of any conduct by its prompting emotion makes that conduct relatively easy. Not by precept, though heard daily, not by example, unless it is followed, but only by action, often caused by the related feeling can a moral habit be formed."

FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER.

Salt.—A little corn starch mixed with the salt will keep it from dampening.

Whole Peppers.—Whole peppers are better for seasoning soups and sauces than ground pepper.

A Home Remedy.—One of the best remedies for indigestion is a weak solution of salt and water.

Scorched Linen.—Scorched linen may be restored to its proper color by wetting it and laying it on the grass to bleach.

Have Boxes.—Do not keep sugar, tea, coffee and other such groceries in the bags in which they come. Have wooden or tin boxes. A great deal of the strength is lost when they are left in the paper bags.

Saving Steps.—In arranging your kitchen have things arranged as conveniently as possible. Do not begin to make bread on a table in one part of the kitchen and have the lard, the salt and the water in other parts. Many steps can be saved if a little thought is given to the arrangement of the kitchen furniture.

Copper Kettles.—If you use copper teakettles, be sure that they are scrubbed every day or two. About once a week clean thoroughly with lemon and salt.

Coffee Cream.—Whip and sweeten very rich cream. Make a pot of good strong coffee. Put egg shells in the coffee to clear it. Stir enough into the cream to flavor it highly, then freeze.

Ambrosia.—Peel and slice a dish of oranges. Remove all tough skin and seeds. Cover a layer of orange with sugar and grated coconut and proceed in this way till the dish is filled.

Sweetbreads.—Trim a good sweetbread and parboil for five or six minutes, then put in cold water. When it is cold dry it thoroughly in a clean cloth, run a skewer through it, dip in egg and then in bread crumbs and roast.

Rice Snowballs.—Boil three ounces of rice in one pint of milk flavored with vanilla and sweetened to taste until it is tender. Put the rice in small tea-cups and let it stand till cold. Then turn them out into a dish without breaking and serve with egg custard.

Tea Biscuit.—Mix four ounces of butter with half pound of flour, then add about four ounces of sugar, a teaspoon of powdered ginger, a little salt and a beaten egg. Roll out, cut with biscuit cutter and bake in slow oven for seven minutes. Let them cool before storing in tin or earthen jar.

Asparagus.—If the asparagus is fresh, boil in salt water until tender; if it is canned, heat through in the water it comes in. Drain the water off and cut all away but the very tender parts of the asparagus. Put in a bowl with three tablespoonsful of melted butter and a little black pepper. Mix well with the asparagus and serve on crisp hot buttered toast.

THE LAND OF COOPER

Still clear and fair Otsego Lake. The Glimmerglass of old. Which rippled once with birch boat's wake.

Reflects the mountains bold.

Still o'er its outlet away the trees That hid the Hunters' ark. Its surface yet each summer breeze Plays o'er from dawn till dark.

The sleeping lion's couchant form Which looms up blue and dim. Still waits a signal of alarm To end his slumbers grim.

Point Judith, Hutter's Point, Rat's Cove And wave-washed Council Rock. About which Cooper wrote His yarns of Chingachgook.

Each calls to mind some thrilling part Of Leatherstocking tales; Old tales that still will touch the heart. When to-day's story falls. —Frank Farrington in N. Y. Sun.

THE HINDOO DAGGER.

I happened to be stopping over night at a little hotel in the Berkshires when there happened a tragedy which I cannot forget.

I may say here that I am a detective in the regular employ of one of the largest detective agencies in the world. And that the errand upon which I was bound was a private one.

An unforeseen railway occurrence left me stranded over night in the village of X, and having engaged a room at the only hotel in the place, I retired early and enjoyed a good night's sleep.

Next morning I arose and dressed myself, and no sooner had completed my toilet than I was aroused by a loud outcry in the next room. Opening my door I followed the direction of the cry and was joined by others from the floor below. The cry was continued, and on opening the door we saw an awful sight.

There upon the bed lay a girl of unusual beauty, stone dead. Her eyes were wide open and staring, her fingers were extended clawlike, and her head was twisted as though she had died in agony.

Bending over her was a dark-haired woman who was crying out "Oh Evelyn! Evelyn, my daughter! Evelyn, wake up! Speak to me!"

Then turning toward us the woman said wildly: "I left her last night at her own request. She said she wished to sleep alone. And this morning I find her dead, murdered. Oh, Evelyn, my daughter, speak!"

And so the unhappy mother continued to rave, while we took the girl from her arms and examined her to see if a spark of life remained. No, she had been dead many hours and we all saw at once that the hand of the murderer must have been laid upon her soon after she had retired the night before.

When the physicians were called they gave the surprising information that the girl had died of heart disease. No trace of a wound of any kind could be found upon her. She had quietly passed away of heart failure, they said. One eye was terribly bloodshot, showing the rupture of a blood vessel in the brain.

At this information the mother became quieter and by afternoon she had made preparations to return to the city with her daughter. I learned from the hotel keeper that they were summer guests and had been stopping there for several weeks.

"Speak no ill of the dead is a good rule," said the proprietor, "but for tempests that dead girl had the worst one. I wonder how her mother ever put up with it, poor lady."

After the first the mother bore the bereavement remarkably well; and when it came time for them to go she had even a little color in her face, though her eyes were haggard.

Traveling alone and in the same direction I found that I could be of service to the afflicted woman and so upon offer she readily accepted my services. Accordingly I assisted in arranging her baggage and, with her, took a last leave of the room.

As we were stepping out into the hall, the coffin with the dead girl having just been borne out, the mother, either from grief, or through accident, tripped and I caught her. As I did so I uttered a cry of pain.

Looking down I saw that a tiny ornament which she wore upon her chasteleine had become imbedded in my flesh. I pulled it slowly out while a drop of blood followed and settled on the skin.

"Oh, my Hindoo dagger," said she, hastily, "how careless of me. I should have folded it up."

And then to my astonishment she pulled out of the shiny silver case which was only three inches long, a slender needle of steel, fully a foot long, fastened together by curious links, which snapped together as she pulled the dagger out of the case.

It was a marvel of Oriental workmanship.

Then, while I looked on, she retold the dagger, snapped it together, link after link, as one closes a pocket knife. I never saw such curious workmanship except upon a slender steel ruler which had been given me in India.

She seemed much confused at the accident and blamed herself for my hurt.

"That afternoon I rode beside her in the train and talked with her upon various topics. Yes, the dead girl had been her only companion. It was very sad. She had wired ahead for relatives to meet her in Boston.

Suddenly and without preliminary I picked up the little charm which hung at her belt and said: "Is this the instrument you killed your daughter with? Show me how you jabbed it into her eye."

She looked at me horrified.

"I know all about it," I said, "You might as well confess."

The wretched woman gasped. "You were in the next room; did you see?" I felt sure of my ground so I nodded "Yes."

"I couldn't help it," she murmured; "couldn't help it. She was so fiendish and I depended upon her."

"I will tell you the story. Evelyn was my step-daughter. Did you not know it? Her father married me when she was a baby and I brought her up. She was always a disagreeable child, but I loved her."

"When her father died he left all his fortune to her as my request, and I was to live with her as long as I lived."

"I urged him to make this will, sure that Evelyn would respect his wishes. Yet no sooner was he dead than she turned upon me and told me to leave the house. In vain I pleaded with her. She was a fiend. She called me names and told me that I was no better than a pauper. God knows how she abused me."

"Last summer she was ill and I offered to nurse her. She brought me up here with her for her father's money was left her for her own disposal without clause, and I took care of her while she rode and drove and got strong."

"Last week she was pronounced out of the physician's care and next week we were to have gone home. Or at least she was to have gone home, but I had no place to go. That day she had told me that she would have no more use for me after next week."

"I pleaded with her for the money was as much mine by right as hers, but she laughed at me. Her mother was a heartless woman, so her father once told me, and Evelyn could not be expected to be any better."

"Last night I asked her for money to travel out to the home of a sister who would care for me, and she refused. She told me that I could earn the money or go without."

"She sat up in bed railing at me and calling me names. Then she got out of bed to get something off the bureau. I caught hold of her and begged her to reconsider. She raised her hand to strike me, I think, but she slipped, and fell forward! My dagger was open. It is broken and falls open sometimes, and as she fell she struck her face against it. She cried out with pain. 'It is my eye,' she said; 'oh Mother, calling me by the name she uses when she is in trouble. But I, maddened by the sound which smote my ear like a mockery, repulsed her. Then the Devil entered my soul. With my hand upon her to push her off, I seized her by the hair and held her fast while with the other hand I drove the dagger straight through her eye and into her brain."

"It was all over in a minute. She gave a cry which I smothered with my hand. Then she straightened out convulsively and I held her fast. As she withered I pushed the needle further in my frenzy."

"With her eyes still staring at me she stiffened out and after she had ceased to struggle, I drew out the dagger and lifted her on the bed and covered her up."

"Then I went to my own room."

"All night I lay awake waiting for morning."

"This morning I entered the room, lifted the sheet and made a great outcry. The rest you know."

The story of the awful murder of Evelyn White is still fresh in the annals of certain States. But the next I played in the matter was kept quiet. Through my influence the wretched woman was persuaded to confess to the police and give herself up to justice.

In the days awaiting her execution she had every luxury; for by her husband's will all the property was to come to her, on the death of her step-daughter.

THE KAFFIR'S WIVES.

The aborigines of this vast country where black men—the Kaffirs—are but of dominion of the country and have but servile to the burghers or citizens. The Kaffir is a day laborer and reckons his wealth in the number of heads of cattle he may be able to acquire. He works for a couple of years until he can get eleven oxen or cows, then he hires himself to the Zulu land on the east or to other countries controlled by black men, and there buys himself a wife. The eleventh is killed for the wedding feast. The Kaffir remains a few months with his wife, then off to the mines he goes to earn the price of another. When he possesses half a dozen wives the Kaffir's mental toll is over and he becomes a gentleman. His wives plant the maize (corn) and look after what cattle their lord and master owns. With a kraal full of daughters the Kaffir must become a rich person. The daughter of a chief costs twenty-five cows and the daughter of a king sixty, no matter how old or ugly. The chiefs are severely strict in their watchfulness over the morals of the Kaffirs. If one is found guilty of dishonesty he is fined many oxen. The Kaffir is said to be better in his original state than when contaminated with what they call civilization.

Bees Sting a Horse to Death.

A fine young driving mare of Dr. J. F. Twilley was stung to death by honey bees in Kent county recently.

The animal was turned into a lot to graze in which was a bench of eight hives of bees. One of the hives was knocked over, and in an instant the mare was covered by bees. She became entangled in a quantity of vines in such a way that she could not extricate herself, and began to roll to free herself of the bees, which swarmed on her body. This only made matters worse, and resulted in overturning the entire bench of eight hives, the bees from which completely covered the helpless animal. She lived about eight hours and died in great agony. Handfuls of bee-stings were combed from her hair and pulled from about her nose, mouth and eyes—in short, there was scarcely a square inch of the animal's body which had escaped a wound from the bees.

Reduced circumstances are the kind that alter cases.

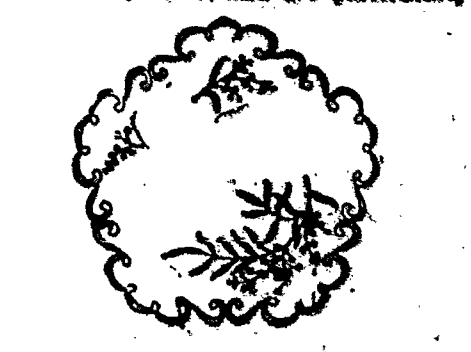
MAKE THE TABLE BEAUTIFUL.

By Using Choice Bits of Embroidery, Used as Centrepieces and Dollies.

There is nothing that will give a greater air of refinement to a table than hand-made table linen, and when this is supplemented with choice bits of embroidery, used as centrepieces and dollies, it is an appropriate foundation for rich china and cut glass.



With any pronounced color in the china set, great care should be taken that the coloring in the embroidery harmonizes with the china, else an incongruous effect will result. The soft, delicate tints, in many of the French Haviland sets, will combine well with almost any color, and are particularly



desirable for this reason. All white embroidery is used much more than formerly, perhaps for reason that it may be put with any kind of china, even of the most pronounced style.

The blue corn flower is a simple blossom easily worked, and a great favorite with needle workers because of its beautiful coloring.



The strawberry is a great favorite with needle workers, and this graceful design will be found very pleasing. The scallops should be worked in white.

This is a graceful design of the California red pepper berry; it is very effective when worked, and makes a handsome table set.

WOMANLY WORK.

Suggestions and Facts for the Ladies—Plants for the Family Table.

Every housewife should at least grow one plant through the winter to be used for table decoration, even if nothing else in the way of a window garden is attempted.

There is nothing more beautiful than ferns for this purpose, and the florist will fill for you a six-inch fern pot for about fifty cents, with the hardy varieties that with care will last you all through the winter.

These fern pots are only the common, shallow earthen pots that florists make a specialty of for ferns, and which they provide with the ferns.

Many people send to them a china or silver pot belonging to the jardiniere to be filled, but the ferns will not thrive as well in them as in the porous pot, which may be put into the jardiniere in place of the one with which it is provided.

Do not have even a root of the maiden-hair fern among the others; it is tempting because of its delicate beauty, but it will seldom thrive in the atmosphere of the living room, and the leaves will soon curl up and wither, and the plant must be removed, or there will be an unsightly patch among the green of the other ferns.

Some varieties of the coleus will give a thrifty looking, inexpensive table plant, as this plant is a free grower, and may be trained into a graceful shape.

If ferns are selected, they will need somewhat more care than some of the other plants, as the moist atmosphere essential to their growth. One who has had great success with her ferns says that she takes them to the bathroom every night, puts them into the bathtub, showers them generously with tepid water and lets them remain in the tub until morning, when they will come out looking fresh and green.

If she forgets them for a single night the ferns show evidence of it the next day. It is quite a care to do this every night, but they will amply repay one in looks for the attention.

The Cooking of Hominy.

To cook large hominy, wash and add twice its depth of cold water; cover and let it cook very slowly for seven or eight hours; as the water boils away, add from the tea-kettle, when tender, add salt to taste, and when the water is absorbed, serve. Small hominy requires from one to two hours. To prepare the cold large hominy for breakfast: Drop a bit of butter in a small, deep, frying-pan when hot fill it evenly with hominy; let it heat and brown; serve upon a platter. The small hominy may be alsoed and browned.

GREAT FORTUNES IN TOYS.

The inventor of the roller skate made \$1,000,000.

The "Gauding-Jin Crow" produces \$75,000 per year.

The "wheel of life" is worth fully \$500,000.

The ginnel pointed screw has been responsible for more wealth than most silver mines.

Given a little thing like the common needle-threader is worth \$10,000 a year to its owner.

Five hundred thousand dollars in first-class securities would not represent the fortune made by the man who first thought of copper tips to children's shoes.

The "return ball," a wooden ball fastened one piece of elastic yields \$50,000 per annum; this is only one of the many profitable toys.

The "chameleon top" is a profitable invention and has probably exceeded any one discovery in modern times; however valuable and important this may have been.

The man who discovered that a candle, if tapered at its end, would stick firmly into its socket, patented the idea and afterward founded the largest candle factory in the world.

An umbrella years ago used to be made of whalebone and gingham. All-pine was substituted for gingham, then silk for alpaca. Each change meant a fortune for the inventor who brought it about. For a long time the ribs were solid; then Samuel Fox took the umbrella and cut grooves along its ribs. He designed a "patent paragon frame," and lived to see his invention used universally. At the death of Samuel Fox his heir bequeathed to the extent of \$125,000—the residue of a total profit of at least half a million.

As far as profits are concerned, the invention of toys pays better than anything else. Money has been, and always can be, made more easily out of simple patented inventions than out of any investment or occupation. Great discoveries take so many years of work, and cost so much to perfect that the fortunes made from them are small compared with those we have advanced.

GENERAL NEWS.

Whistling is said to be regarded as a violation of the divine law by Israelites.

The first book ever printed in Canada was set up by Quebec printers 150 years ago.

The empire of Morocco is the most important state that is absolutely without a newspaper.

No receptacle has ever been made with sufficient strength to resist the bursting power of frozen water.

The strongest sentiment of the Turk is his reverence for his mother. He always stands in her presence until invited to sit down, a compliment he pays to no one else.

Elephants have only eight teeth—two below and two above on each side. All baby elephants' teeth fall out when the animal is about fourteen years old and a new set grows.

In Iceland men and women are in every respect political equals. The nation, which numbers about 70,000 people, is governed by representatives elected by men and women together.

An enormous quantity of old iron in the shape of old anchors, chains, etc., is annually rescued from the sea. During one period of twelve months as much as 150 tons weight was dredged up on the east coast of England alone.

George A. Allen, of Auburn, Me., has a piece of money which has been handed down from the days of Julius Caesar. His investigation relative to the facts have included a trip to Bowdoin College and he finds that without doubt the coin is at least 1,500 years old.

NOTED SAYINGS.

Living to seek is a death in life; dying to self is life in death.

We do not read of "The resolutions of the apostles" but "The Acts of the Apostles."

Desires are the pulse of the soul, by which you may judge of the state of its health.

It is a perilous thing to do as you would be done by, much less parchment would be used.

It is a perilous thing to separate feeling from action; to have learned to feel rightly without acting rightly. Feeling is given to lead to action; feeling is suffered to awake without passing into duty the character becomes untrue.

The grand difficulty is to find the reality of both worlds, so as to give each its due place in our thoughts and feeling; to keep our mind's eye and our heart's eye fixed on the same promise, without looking away from the road we are to travel toward it.

It may be that God used to give you plentiful chance to work for him. Your days went singing by each with some enthusiastic duty for the Master, whom you loved.

Can be tedious him, if he will, with the same for which, which you once labored for him. The sick you once labored for him. The sick you once labored for him. The sick you once labored for him.

We are all the time in life waiting to do some good and wondering how to do it. We fail because we are not afraid of the world or of our own weakness to do or give. We undertake to do what we have nothing to do from. We are dry springs, empty reservoirs. We have no fountain-head. We have never established a source of strength.

Before we can be the best and do the best it is all important that we be ourselves alone, with "a new and light"—have the heart of a child.

—J. F. W. Wood.

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