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"WASTE NERVE"

One of the most helpful books on nerve weakness ever issued is that entitled "Nerve Waste," by Dr. Sawyer of San Francisco, now in its fifth thousand. This work of an experienced and responsible physician is in agreeable contrast to the customary of false teaching which prevails on this important subject. It abounds in carefully considered and practical advice, and has the two great merits of wisdom and sincerity.

It is endorsed by both the religious and secular press. The Chicago Advance says: "A portion of the book and the application of its principles will give health, hope and heart to thousands of lives that are now suffering through nervous depletion."

The book is \$1.00, by mail, postpaid. One of the most interesting chapters—chapters on Nervous and Nerve Tonics—has been printed separately as a sample chapter, and will be sent to any address for stamp by the publisher, The Pacific Pub. Co., Box 2658, San Francisco.

Coast Mail.

MARSHFIELD, OREGON

A COUNTRY ROAD.

A dusty, stony way, whose bordering soil is thick with blackberries and goldenrod; abrupt, bare hills on one side looking down, and from the other you can see the town. Follow the river's course through meadows green, or watch thick woods and marble ledges lean.

A little farther, where the road descends, a brook's soft tinkle with some bird song blends. (Gone from its edge the dear old dame's wall is now half hidden by quaint flowers); lush bergamot makes sweet its banks, its despite the boys still swim or watch the sailboats from some willow thicket.

Upon its bridge low, often I have stood, watching the west, whose glory seemed to flood with tenderest light the poorhouse and the grave. Beside it—turn to gold the brooklet's waves—Till from the hill, my dearest sight of all, I saw my father, and I heard him call!

He came with sturdy stride and swinging gait—My hand in his—told my day's whole tale of joys, that "neath his bright smile seemed to glow.

While legend was my every childish word, As his sweet words fell on my soul like balm. While we walked homeward through the fragrant calm.

—Mary M. McCarthy in Boston Transcript.

SALTED BUTTER.

Why It Keeps Better Than Butter That Is Fresh.

Why does salt butter keep better than fresh butter? We must first realize that the bacterial population of a moderate sized pat of butter may be reckoned by millions; that a tiny lump only large enough to go into a thimble has been known to be tenanted by nearly 48,000,000, that, in fact, in consuming a slice of bread and butter you may unconsciously be assimilating individual lives exceeding in number those of the whole of Europe. Thus the urgency for keeping these hordes in check and hence the efforts which are made, first, to set up effectual barriers to their ingress by taking proper precautions in the production of milk and, second, in the conduct of the processes involved in the manufacture and distribution of the finished article.

Included in these processes is the addition of salt in such quantities as to justify the butter being known as salt—the object of extending the keeping powers of the butter or, in other words, to suppress to a large extent the activities of the butter bacteria. That salt does act in this manner is shown by the fact that in butter thus treated a very large reduction in the number of micro-organisms present is effected. There can be little doubt, therefore, that the common butter microbes do not by any means regard salt as their elixir of life.

In England boracic acid is said to be extensively used in butter as a preservative or antiseptic agent, while in the United States a recent public health document states that none was reported to have been found in the samples of butter examined. This is probably due to the fact that in America there exists a strong prejudice in favor of salt butter, whereas in England the use of salt butter is the exception and not the rule. Hence in America salt can be used as a preservative instead of the boracic acid employed for that purpose in England.

The densely populated condition of butter above referred to is not to be wondered at if we realize that the raw material in the shape of milk may contain from 600,000 to as many as 100,000,000 of bacteria in a few drops.—Longman's Magazine.

Where Yankees Beat 'Em.

He is from England, and not long from there. He was visiting his friends in Hyde Park and, of course, he was boasting.

"Oh, yes, me boy, the United States does very well for a new nation," he said kindly. "You are great in some respects, but look at us. We have our navy, that beats the world; our army, never licked; our great steamship lines, our bank, Lombard street, the financial center of the world; our loyal colonies, and all the rest. What can equal them?"

"And we have age too. Look at our abbeyes and our ancient towns and our papers of state. Why, man, in what can you boast of beating us?"

His Hyde Park friend studied a moment. Then he replied:

"Down in Texas there is an old chap

who was talked to just this way once by a man from your country who went there for his health. And after all the Englishman's boasting was done the man of the cattle country winked at me, rolled his tobacco over in his mouth and spit 14 feet into the eye of a pig standing about far away.

"Kin any bloody Englishman on earth do that?" says he. And I ask you, can he?"

The Englishman suggested brandy and soda in disgust.—Kansas City Journal.

Advice From the Box.

On one occasion in the fifties an amateur dramatic performance was given in San Francisco for the benefit of some deserving charity. Among the performers was the late Hugh Farrar McDermott, the poet, and in a box was Mr. Mills. The play was some classic piece, and the acting was so bad that what should have been a tragedy became a farce. In the last act McDermott dropped his sword and, stooping awkwardly, picked it up. There was a titter in the audience, which increased as the luckless performer asked, "What shall I do with this envenomed blade?"

From the banker's box came in a queer stage whisper, "Stab yourself, Hugh, and be done with it!"—Frank Leslie's Monthly.

Malevolence is misery. It is the mind of Satan, the great enemy, an outcast from all joy and the opponent of all goodness and happiness.—J. Hamilton.

It don't matter if the world is round or flat, you'll roll off it if you don't keep your balance.—Atlanta Constitution.

THE BRITISH TOURIST.

He Was Pleasantly Surprised by the Train Boy's Attentions.

The British tourist sat in the car and gazed idly across the bleak prairies. He felt a slight touch and, looking around, found that a uniformed youth had deposited several roddy oranges on the seat.

"He didn't wait for the money," remarked the tourist, gazing from the fruit to the rapidly retreating train boy.

"He never does," said the fellow passenger, with a knowing smile.

"Oh, I see! It is one of the advantages of your great railroad system. Free fruit for its patrons."

The British tourist was just peeling the second orange when a dainty package of chocolate confectionery was deposited on his knee.

"By Jove," he exclaimed enthusiastically, "this is delightful! When I return home, I shall write a paper on the excellence of American travel."

In less than ten minutes he was the recipient of another package. It was a little box containing a black cigar and two matches.

"No wonder you Americans like to travel," he said, biting the bitter end of the cigar. Then he found that a comic publication had found its way to his seat.

"This is great!" he grinned. "I am going to tip the boy. Wait a moment." The train boy halted, and the tourist held out a dime.

"What is that for?" asked the boy.

"For yourself."

"You owe me a half, mister."

"Owe? I thought you were giving these things away?"

"Not today. The half, please."

"But why don't you take the money when you leave the stuff?"

"Because we'd never sell it."

The tourist reluctantly handed over the coin.

"Going to write about the excellence of American travel?" asked the fellow passenger.

"Not I," responded the British tourist. "I am going home and tell the nation about the train robberies over here!"—Exchange.

Spreading Gospel Through the Press.

Many clergymen are in remaining asleep to the opportunities offered them for spreading the principles of righteousness through the public press. We are to publish the glad tidings, and if we can only reach hundreds by the voice we may reach hundreds of thousands by the journals. We cannot go out to the highways and hedges, but the newspapers can, and they will take our messages for us if these are worthy.—Rev. W. A. Crawford-Frost, Episcopalian, Baltimore.

Eagle Bakery.

Having recently purchased Mr. Canning's interest in this Bakery, it has been thoroughly renovated and rebuilt, and I am prepared to furnish first-class fresh Bread, Pies, Cakes, Etc. Free delivery to any part of the city by leaving orders at the Bakery on A street. 24 tickets for \$1.00.

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