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

The book is \$1.00 by mail post-paid.

One of the most interesting chapters—chapter xx, on Nervous and Nerve Tonics—has been printed separately as a sample chapter, and will be sent to any address for a stamp by the publishers, The Pacific Pub. Co., Box 2653,

Coast Mail.

MARSHFIELD, OREGON

For Those Who Smoke.

The great point in pipe smoking is to learn to smoke slowly. When this habit is acquired, the full flavor of the tobacco will always be enjoyed, every smoke will be a cool one, and tongue burning will be unknown. It is, however, very hard for nervous people to smoke slowly. We know of cases where smokers have tried for a score of years to check their smoking speed without success. They probably did not begin to make the effort early enough in their smoking careers. With good tobacco and a root pipe the slow smoker attains a degree of pleasurable enjoyment in smoking of which the rapid smoker has not an inkling.

Perhaps all smokers do not know that it makes no difference in the flavor of pipe tobacco how many times a pipe goes out. A cigar which is allowed to go out once has its flavor ruined and is most appreciably termed a butt. A pipe, however, tastes, if anything, better for going out.

Enthusiastic smokers always have at least two pipes at hand and never fill one until it has entirely cooled off. This is a help toward cool smoking and reasonable life in a pipe. A good test by which to tell if you are smoking too fast is to hold the bowl in your hand. If it is too hot to do so, then you may know your speed is too great.—Exchange.

The Slav and Woman.

Abhorrent even to the strongest "Slavophile" is the position occupied by woman in the family and in social life. To escape the charge of prejudice I shall quote a few proverbs current among the southern Slavs—a few out of many hundreds:

The man is the head; the woman is grass.

One man is worth more than ten women.

A man of straw is worth more than a woman of gold.

Let the dog bark, but let the woman keep silent.

He who does not beat his wife is no man.

"What shall I get when I marry?" asks a boy of his father. "For your wife a stick; for your children a switch."

Twice in his life is a man happy—once when he marries and once when he buries his wife.

And the woman sings, in the Russian folksong which I have freely translated.

Love me true and love me quick.

Pull my hair and use the stick.

Although there are love songs of another kind, in which woman is praised for her charms, she becomes virtually a slave as soon as she marries, and the little poetry of the folksong does not accompany her even to the marriage altar. She is valued only for the work she can do in a household and for the children she can bear, and should this latter blessing be denied her her lot becomes doubly pitiable, and she often seeks release by suicide.—Outlook.

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Agoraphobia.

Builders, with their stone and mortar, brick and lime, water and sand, have left little puddles on a stretch of upper Broadway. An irregular string of pedestrians hung itself past the place, ignoring for the most part the slight inconvenience of stepping over the miniature lakes. But one man, when he was confronted with the situation, started back with an exclamation of vexation and passed around the pools.

"That chap has agoraphobia," said one of two men who had noted the movement.

"Has what?" asked the other.

"Agoraphobia. It means simply an abhorrence of open spaces, and it has a great many victims. Specialists in this sort of pervousness say it takes various forms, some of its subjects having an insurmountable dread of crossing from one side of the street to the other, while others have a disinclination to go more than a few blocks from their home.

"Some dread to step across a puddle of water, like the man we just saw. Others dread descending into a well beyond a certain depth, and still others have a fear of getting too high in a building or an elevator. As a rule, these persons are acutely intellectual, so it is no mental disgrace to be a victim of agoraphobia, simply a misfortune that is commoner than most persons suppose."—New York Telegram.

A Celebrated Roman Enter.

Touching the matter of eating, the stories told by the old chroniclers and historians of the abnormal appetites of certain Roman and oriental men of note fairly stagger belief. Gibbon tells of Soliman, a caliph in the eighth century, who died of indigestion in his camp near Chaleis, in Syria. Just as he was about to lead an army of Arabs against Constantinople. He had emptied two baskets of eggs and figs, which he swallowed alternately, and the repast was finished with marrow and sugar. In a pilgrimage to Mecca the same caliph had eaten with impunity at a single meal 70 pomegranates, a kid, 6 fowls and a huge quantity of the grapes of Tayef.

Such a statement would defy belief were not others of a similar character well vouched. Louis XIV could hardly boast of an appetite as ravenous as Soliman's, but he would eat at a sitting four platefuls of different soups, a whole pheasant, a partridge, a plateful of salad, mutton hashed with garlic, two good sized slices of ham, a dish of pastry and finish with fruit and sweets.

A TIGRESS WITH A GRUDGE.

She Gets Furious at Sight of a Keeper Who Once Beat Her.

There is a lean tigress in the Central park menagerie who spends a part of the day beating her head against the iron bars of her cage in a vain attempt to spring upon one of the keepers. Ordinarily the animal is quiet enough. It is only when this keeper passes that she ceases to be a purring cat and becomes a fiend incarnate. The other morning the tigress was in an extremely bad temper. When her fancied enemy stuck a mop in through the bars to clean her cage, she sprang at him, growling in thunderous bass. Nearly everybody in the crowd stepped back involuntarily. The keeper placed an iron bar in the cage at the great cat's feet and went on with his work, while the animal snarled in impotent rage and drew back her upper lip over two gleaming white fangs.

"She doesn't seem to be fond of you," ventured a bystander.

"No, there isn't much love lost between us," replied the keeper. "Her tantrums show that animals treasure grudges just like people. That tigress came here eight years ago. A day or two after she arrived I had to punish her, and she has never got over it. She watches me all day out of the corner of her eye, and every time I go by the cage she makes a jump. I suppose she thinks she'll get me some time. If she does, I might as well say goodby."

While the man talked the tigress looked at him with hate plainly stamped on her face. When he went away, she watched him until he was lost to view. Then she resumed her nervous tramp, tramp.—New York Mail and Express.

H. Sengstacken.

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