

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL.

This Recipe Cannot be at "the Nearest Drug Store."

St. Louis Republic.

"Six ounces of oil, three ounces of rose water, a teaspoonful of borax," and so on and so on and so on, read the girl with her brows puckered up in a frown.

Now, I do believe in rubbing wrinkles out whenever one can, for there are a lot of little lines that taking care will keep away from the corners of one's eyes, but "an ounce of prevention" has always been and always will be "worth a pound of cure."

But beauty does not depend alone upon the absence of wrinkles. It depends upon the pleasant voice, the attentive ear, the sympathetic and understanding glance of the eye.

Beauty of face and form is indeed a blessing to either man or woman, but Dame Nature is rather economical in her bestowal of such delightful gifts, and it is left to the most of us poor mortals to do our best to make up to the world in general for her neglect of us by turning "beauty culturists," not so much in the art of skillfully applying cosmetics, but in the wider sense—the sense that embraces thoughtfulness, and honesty of purpose, and good health and contentment.

I am always sorry for the "ugly duckling" of a family—for a time only, however. I have so often seen the little "ugly duckling" blossom out into such a charming woman that the next "ugly duckling" I chance upon I shall regard her as a very promising person, and if she comes to me and sighs—as sometimes "ugly ducklings" will—because her sisters are so much more beautiful than she is, I shall just comfort her by relating the happy stories of other "ugly ducklings" that I have known.

"Be good, and you will be beautiful" is, rather a tiresome bit of philosophy, I know, and I will admit that in many cases, though faithfully tried, its outcome is not altogether satisfactory. I would rather say to the "ugly duckling": "Be good, live up to the very best that is in you and you will be loved." And can beauty win anything better than love?

Health and beauty are very close companions, the first part of my recipe would run like this: "Try very, very hard to be healthy." Fresh air, sufficient sleep, wholesome food and enough of it, pure water and a contented disposition will do more for the person of naturally delicate constitution than mixtures of drugs that even the wisest doctor could think of. I have the word of your family physician for the truth of this, that I have written.

When womenfolk are left alone at home there is a vacation in the kitchen. The cook may go out and spend the day if she wishes. "Toast and tea and an egg" may be the bill of fare for dinner. If the one who has dined thus awakens next morning with a headache she wonders why, and as it is a "perfect boiler to eat breakfast, anyway," breakfast is left uneaten. As the day wears on there is a "tired look" about her eyes and she resorts to massage because she must "look fresh" for the musical in the evening. But massage fails to do the work in this case.

The busy woman snatches a hasty luncheon or goes all day without any if her work is in a tangled condition. In a little time she comes to wonder why she cannot devote as many hours to her duties as she used to without feeling unutterably weary. Her good looks are vanishing and her eyes, that used to be spoken of as bright, look dull enough when she contemplates her reflection in her mirror.

The busy woman makes too many sacrifices. You—the busy woman—rarely do not know her. At home, her comfort is seldom considered like that of the busy man. No one thinks of doing her mending—because she is a woman. In the office she can snatch any time that she can to eat a bit of a sandwich—because she is a woman. Because she is a woman her salary—but I shall not discuss that question.

There are too many clever men arrayed against me, and you, who rather resent the "because she is a woman" argument in business when it comes to the scale of wages. I haven't to do with the adjustment of those things—why, bless you! I am only giving a little "beauty talk."

Of course, the most of us are willing to forgive beauty many things. For a time, at least, we do not mind if the truly beautiful woman is a bit selfish and self-willed. It is born in the heart of man and woman to pay tribute to beauty. But only for a time, I say, are we willing to sacrifice for beauty's sake alone. Yes, I have quite come to the conclusion beauty needs something more than a smooth brow, bright eyes, a perfect little mouth and nose to sustain it and make it "a joy forever."

George Sand has put into words this, which many of us have also come to know is true: "The beauty that addresses itself to the eyes is only the spell of the moment; the eye of the body is not always that of the soul." Here is an ancient prayer that the beauty-seeker may pray: "O beloved Pan, and all ye other gods of this place, grant me to become beautiful in the inner man."

Physical beauty is greatly dependent upon common sense. Common sense will not change a feature, to be sure, or make one's stature taller or shorter, but it will, if applied to exercise and daily habits; bring about round and pink cheeks, an easy and graceful carriage and a general improvement in one's appearance. Common sense brought to bear will make one's troubles less burdensome, if it does not drive them away entirely. Somebody has said that "life is never as good as we hope, but never as bad as we fear." Recall this when you are greatly worried, and if the thought does not afford a certain amount of comfort, then you need a grain of philosophy in your make-up, which is a sorry thing for you and your friends.

Worry is a great foe to beauty. Not the sensible and reasonable reckoning of things and careful planning about ways and means, but the grieving over what cannot be helped and the foolish fearing of what may happen. If you think the "don't worry" advice is foolish, put it to the test. I am quite certain you will be surprised when you find how well it works in many cases.

If you would be beautiful—this is the second ingredient of my recipe—do not be envious or spiteful. All the wealth and talent in the world will fail to gain you that place in the hearts of your friends or secure for you the share of admiration that might be yours if your wealth and talents were only coupled with kindly traits. In a woman a gentle disposition counts for so very, very much. It really helps to beautify.

Clothes, as a matter of fact, cannot be overlooked, or should not be overlooked, by the seeker after beauty. It is well for a woman to wear a gown out in a becoming fashion and of a becoming color. It is well to be "well groomed."

The third part of my beauty recipe, therefore, calls for a good amount of "grooming." The prettiest woman imaginable cannot be attractive with a dowdy bodice, hair that is not brushed and a complexion that shows neglect only too plainly.

Then, to be beautiful I would suggest the cultivation of a kindly disposition, a determination not to worry over anything that cannot be cured by worry, and a liberal application of soap and water and frequent doses of fresh air and exercise. Cosmetics—oh, yes, cosmetics are good in their place, but their place comes after and not before my recipe.

MARGARET HANNIS.

Blood Poison Cured by B.B.B.—Bottle Free to Sufferers. Deep-seated, obstinate cases, the kind that have resisted doctors, hot springs and patent medicine treatment, quickly yield to B.B.B. (Botanical Blood Balm), thoroughly tested for 30 years. Have you mucous patches in the mouth, sore throat, eruptions, eating sores, bone pains, itching skin, swollen glands, stiff joints, copper-colored spots, chancres, ulcers, eruptions on the body, hair and eyebrows fall out? Is the skin a mass of boils, pimples, eruptions? Then this wonderful B.B.B. specific will completely change the whole body into a clean, perfect condition, free from eruptions, and skin smooth with the glow of perfect health. B.B.B. drains the poison out of the system so the symptoms cannot return. At same time B.B.B. builds up the broken down constitution and improves the digestion. So sufferers may test B.B.B. a trial bottle will be given away free of charge. B.B.B. for sale by druggists and Hill-Or-Drug Co. and Wilbur & Wilbur, at \$1 per large bottle, or 6 large bottles (full treatment) \$5. Complete directions with each bottle. For trial bottle address Blood Balm Co., 380 Mitchell St., Atlanta, Ga. Describe trouble and free medical advice given.

W. G. T. U. DEPARTMENT.

Conducted by the ladies of the W. C. T. U. of Anderson, S. C.

The Bravest Battle.

The bravest battle that ever was fought: Shall I tell you where and when? On the maps of the world you will find it not;

'Twas fought by the mothers of men. Nay, not a cannon nor battle shot, With sword or nobler pen; Nay, not with eloquent words or thought, From mouths of wonderful men.

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart— Of women that would not yield, But bravely, silently, bore her part— Lo! there is that battlefield.

No marching troops, no livvauic song, No banner to gleam and wave; But oh! these battles, they last so long, From babyhood to the grave.

Yet faithful still as a bridge of stars, She fights in her walled-up town— Fights on and on in the endless wars, Then silent, unseen—goes down.

O, ye with banners and battle shot, And soldiers to shout and praise, I tell you the kindest victories fought Were fought in these silent ways.

O, spotless woman in a world of shame! With a splendid and silent scorn, Go back to God as white as you came, The kindest warrior born!

—Joaquin Miller.

The Emotions are Sculptors.

Every emotion tends to sculpture the body into beauty or into ugliness. Worrying, fretting, unbridled passions, petulance, discontent, every dishonest act, every falsehood, every feeling of envy, jealousy, fear—each has its effect on the system, and acts deleteriously like a poison or a deformer of the body. Professor James, of Harvard, an expert in the mental sciences, says: "Every small stroke of virtue or vice leaves its ever so little scar. Nothing we ever do in, in strict literalness, wiped out." We look with pity and distrust upon the man who vitiates his vitality, pollutes and ruins his body by alcohol, while we ourselves may be changing our bodies into hideous forms by what seem to be innocent sins. A fit of anger may work a greater damage to the body and character than a drunken bout. Hatred may leave worse scars upon a clean life than the bottle. Jealousy, envy, uncontrolled grief may do more to wreck the physical life than years of smoking. Anxiety, fretting, and scolding, may instill a more subtle poison into the system than the cigarette.

The Mother of Scientific Temperance Education.

At the present time every State in the American Union, excepting two, has adopted laws requiring the study of scientific temperance in the public schools. This is the result of a long sustained agitation inaugurated by a woman, Mary H. Hunt, of Massachusetts.

It was an early conviction with Mrs. Hunt that the success of the temperance reform depended upon the education of successive generations as to the real nature and physiological effects of alcoholic beverages. To this task she consecrated her life. A sympathetic chairman of the Board of Education told her that he could only enforce the teaching of what the law required. The plucky woman with ready wit acted on the hint. In the absence of a suitable text-book, she engaged Miss Coleman to prepare for her the work on alcohol and hygiene now used in intermediate schools, and then, with the backing of the local branches of the Union, began urging on Governors and State Legislators the enactment of a law requiring the new study, with the result above stated.

I consider it not only a pleasure but a duty I owe to my neighbors to tell about the wonderful cure effected in my case by the timely use of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. I was taken very badly with flux and procured a bottle of this remedy. A few doses of it effected a permanent cure. I take pleasure in recommending it to others suffering from that dreadful disease.—J. W. Lynch, Dor, W. Va. This remedy is sold by Hill-Or-Drug Co.

"How did this happen?" asked the surgeon, as he dressed the wound in the cheek and applied a soothing palliative to the damaged eye. "Got hit with a stone," replied the patient. "Who threw it?" "My wife," was the reluctant answer. "It's the first time I ever knew a woman to hit anything she aimed at," muttered the surgeon. "She was throwing at the neighbor's hens," explained the sufferer. "I was behind her."

The ancients believed that rheumatism was the work of a demon within a man. Any one who has had an attack of sciatic or inflammatory rheumatism will agree that the infliction is demonic enough to warrant the belief. It has never been claimed that Chamberlain's Pain Balm would cast out demons, but it will cure rheumatism, and hundreds bear testimony to the truth of this statement. One application relieves the pain, and this quick relief which it affords is alone worth many times its cost. For sale by Hill-Or-Drug Co.

Charlotte Corday.

There is, in my opinion, no woman in history who deserves more honor and reverence than Charlotte Corday. The very name is suggestive of nobility and patriotism, the ideal of which was reached in this martyred heroine of France. She was born at Sees, in Normandy, in the year 1768, but very little is known of her life until she reached the age of about twenty-five.

The condition of France at that time was terrible. Louis XV had died, and his kingdom was left to his grandson, Louis XVI, who was married to the beautiful Antoinette. But they were entirely too young and inexperienced to manage a kingdom in such a turmoil as was France at that time.

The country was at war with England; the finances had run very low; and besides all this, France was on the very verge of the most terrible war known in history. The king did not know what to do, and to make affairs still worse, the commons formed themselves into the "National Assembly." This assembly wished to meet in the regular hall used for such purposes, but this being refused they went to the "tennis court" of the royal palace, where they swore a solemn oath not to dissolve until they had formed a constitution for France and had "crowned" the king.

At the head of this assembly were three of the most despicable characters in history—Robespierre, Danton and Marat. These three led the common people on to the most horrible crimes on record. After executing their sovereign and his queen, they began with still more zeal the terrible work of massacring all who opposed them.

No man's life was safe for a day, but at last when the lover of Charlotte Corday was foully murdered by an accomplice of Marat, Charlotte determined to be revenged upon the three villains, Robespierre, Danton and Marat, but she could not decide whether it would be better for her country to be freed of Marat or Robespierre.

Finally, after Marat had ordered the execution of thousands of innocent men and women, her high sense of justice could contain itself no longer; so she at once made her way to Paris on May 3, 1793, with the express purpose of assassinating the cruel oppressor of her people.

Twice she was refused admittance to the house of Marat, but finally she wrote to him as follows: "Citizen: I have just come from Caen. Grant me an interview for a moment; I have important discoveries to make to you."

She was then given admission, and she went with a dagger in her bosom. As she entered the house she met him coming from the bath, and seizing this as the best opportunity she plunged the dagger in his breast, and he died immediately.

Some may call the letter written by Charlotte to Marat a deception, but it was not. She did have "important discoveries to make" to him, but he did not find them out until, by the thrust of her dagger, she hurried him before the awful judgment throne of his Maker, there to discover that before that high tribunal his deeds were considered vile and unworthy of a man to whom God had given a soul. She did lead him to discover that he who had so ruthlessly sent so many innocent victims to eternity, would in the final judgment receive his "just recompense of reward!" Her motives were of the grandest, and her execution of those motives the most complete.

Scarcely had the blood tried upon the dagger before the young maiden was captured and carried to Abbaye, where she was tried and condemned. The day before her trial she said: "To-morrow my trial begins, and I hope the same day to meet with Brutus and other patriots in Elysium." She was calm and dignified. She admitted the crime and wished no defendant.

On July 17, 1793, she was led to the scaffold, and with a smile on her beautiful face died—died for her country as nobly as ever soldier died on the field of battle, and as grandly as Polycarp died at the stake.

Heroism does not belong to man alone, and valor is not his characteristic alone; nor patriotism his attribute alone, for no man has ever died or will ever die more nobly than did Charlotte Corday!—Carrie Weaver Smith, in Atlanta Journal.

It is better to suffer wrong from everyone than to do wrong to a single one.

H. Clark, Chauncy, Ga., says DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cured him of piles that had afflicted him for twenty years. It is a speedy cure for all skin diseases. Beware of counterfeits. Evans Pharmacy.

A Massachusetts man who eloped the other day cleverly prevented his wife from pursuing him. He took her false teeth along with him, and she couldn't leave the house without them.

Star Distances.

Probably you know that the stars are suns, and that they look like mere shining points of light because they are so far away. The nearest is so far that a cannon shot fired in Adam's time from the Garden of Eden, and flying continually with undiminished speed, would even now hardly have started on its journey. It would be as if a train bound for another town had just pulled well out of the station.

On a similar evening you may see Arcturus high up in the south or southwest in June or July, and farther down in the west in August or September. You will know it by its red color. That star has been flying straight ahead ever since astronomers began to observe it, at such a speed that it would run from New York to Chicago in a small fraction of a minute. You would have to be spry to rise from your chair, put on your hat and overcoat and gloves and go out on the street while it was crossing the Atlantic ocean from New York to Liverpool. And yet if you should watch that star all your life, and live as long as Methuselah, you would not be able to see that it moved at all. The journey it would make in a thousand years would be as nothing alongside its distance.

Many, perhaps most, of the stars are really much larger and brighter than the sun. Canopus, as it appears to us, is the second, brightest star in the heavens. It never rises in our northern latitudes; to see it well you would have to go at least as far south as the gulf States. Although it shines to us only as a very bright star, it is really thousands of times as bright as the sun, and yet so far away that we do not see them as very bright stars.

There are now about sixty stars of whose distance astronomers have been able to get some idea. The distances of a few of the nearest of these have been measured with some approach to exactness, but the farther a star is, the harder it becomes to secure exactness in such measurements. But astronomers are always trying to improve their instruments, and every year they are finding out more and more about the arrangement of the stars.

Perhaps before the twentieth century shall be half gone they will know how far off the Milky Way is—something they have as yet no certain way of learning.—Professor Simon Newcomb in The Youth's Companion.

"No family can afford to be without One Minute Cough Cure. It will stop a cough and cure a cold quicker than any other medicine," says C. W. Williams, Sterling Run, Pa. Evans Pharmacy.

A preacher in Boston, in a lecture on marriage, advises every woman never to marry a man with small ears, small nose, small eyes, small hands or small feet, as he is certain to be small potatoes.

Cleanse the liver, purify the blood, invigorate the body by using DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills. Evans Pharmacy.

She—Really, I don't believe she has a single idea. He—I guess she has. Every woman who isn't married has a single idea, and that embodies a hope that she'll not be single long.

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