

HUMAN LIFE

Often Depends on Trifles.

St. Louis Republic.

In the absolutely healthy man or woman the great organs of the body do their work imperceptibly; in other words, a healthy human being ought not to know that it has a heart, lungs, stomach, liver, or anything of that sort; and yet their working depends on some of the merest trifles—if such a word can be used in connection with nature's workings—and the absence of any one of them would mean the stoppage of the whole vital machinery.

For instance, to begin at the top: When you swing your head from side to side, or bend it backward or forward, you have only a little cord of ligament between you and death. The head is balanced on a double joint, a pivot on which it turns from side to side, and a sort of swing-joint, not exactly a hinge, on which it swings backward and forward. It is this check-ligament, as it is called, which prevents it from going too far either way.

The reason is this: Immediately in front of the peg of the pivot-joint is the channel in the spine through which the spinal cord passes to the brain, and if it were not for this vital check-string the head, which is, bulk for bulk, the heaviest part of the body, would fall too far backward or forward and crush the spinal cord.

Here is another vital trifle which, perhaps, you have never considered. Bare your arms and press your finger hard on the upper part of one of the veins and pass it slowly down. You will see the vein swell up into little knots; take your finger away and they will vanish. The reason for this is that nearly all the veins have little cups in them. The cups open toward the heart, and thus, when the blood is flowing in the right direction they fold back and offer no resistance. But they prevent any fluid flowing in the opposite direction.

During waking life many of the long veins are more or less perpendicular, and but for these cups, or valves, the blood would naturally tend to flow down the vein. This would partially, if not entirely, arrest the circulation; the heart would be unable to pump the poisoned blood into the lungs, to be renewed by contact with the air, and suffocation would follow in a few minutes. Wherefore, without these insignificant little cups, none of which hold a quarter of a thimbleful, no human being could live.

The blood is composed of a gray fluid in which myriads of tiny little bodies, some white and some red, are floating. They are about a 3,200th part of an inch in diameter. They are inclosed in an envelope which has the peculiar property of permitting gases, but not liquids, to pass through it. It is this which enables them to take up the oxygen of the air as it goes into the lungs and to convey it to all parts of the body. Oxygen is, of course, as necessary to the body as air is to a fire.

Now, if liquids could pass through these tiny envelopes the fluid in which they float would enter them, crowd out the oxygen and put out the vital flame just as surely as a flood of water would put out a fire. In fact, if this property of admitting gases and excluding fluids were to be reversed, the human race would cease to exist inside a minute, because the time taken for the blood to traverse the whole system is about half a minute.

The same curious but beneficent property is possessed by the vast network of tiny tubes, one 3,500th part of an inch in diameter, which lie immediately under the skin all over the body; but their function is even stranger still, for they will allow nothing to pass through their walls save what is directly hurtful or superfluous. The result is perspiration, which passes from them through myriads of tiny glands to the skin. At a religious festival in France during the Middle Ages a child was gilded over to make it represent a golden image of the Saviour. It died in a few hours, poisoned by the impurities of its own blood, which were prevented from getting through the skin.

But perhaps the most striking feature connected with the working of the human body is the fact that we have two brains, a mechanical and a mental one, as they may be called. The former is situated low down at the back of the head, at the top of the spinal column. The other occupies the rest of the skull. This is the one we do our thinking and feeling and willing with. But, although it is the noblest part of the human organism, it has no control over the little brain at the back.

No one knows exactly how this little brain does its work, but it does it continuously and unconsciously. Its business is to look after the working of the lungs, heart, stomach, and so

forth, and it attends to business day and night without sleeping. It will now be easy to see that our lives depend upon these two brains working separately. For what would happen if the little brain were controlled by the big one? We should have to think separately for every heartbeat, for every breath we drew and for every flow of the gastric juice which digests our food in the stomach. This would not give us much time to attend to anything else, even during our waking life. But there is something worse than that—we could never go to sleep. The moment we did so we should stop thinking about our hearts and lungs, wherefore they would both stop work.

A Canine Kleptomaniac.

Sur is a kleptomaniac, says a New York dispatch. Many animals steal food; but Sur does not belong to this class of thieves. For weeks or months at a time he may not steal at all; then one of his strange attacks comes on, and he takes whatever he can lay his hands on that comes within the class of articles he has a liking for. Curiously these are all things in common use in any household, so were one searching for motives he would say that Sur stole because he thought his family needed the things. Of course, instead of pleasing, it mortifies them and things have come to such a pass that his young master has been known to rise before daybreak and sneak things back into the neighbors' barns.

Among the articles that Sur has pilfered are a garden hose, an ax, a hammer, a small mosquito rug, old shirt-waists and aprons, six carpet brooms, several yellow bowls and countless lard pails.

He brings his booty and drops it on the front lawn, and then, wagging his tail, and barking, he scratches on the screen to let his people know he has brought them a present.

Sur is a thoroughbred white Llewelyn setter and if you knew him you would probably like him very much, for in addition to the strange traits you have been hearing about, he does many pretty tricks. He can crawl on all fours like a baby, leap high over a stick and walk on his hind legs quite steadily.

Sur lives in Los Angeles, Cal., in the land of oranges, and he is very fond of them. He likes to have them peeled and quartered for him. He also dotes on candy, raisins and chocolate cake, but his chief standby is beefsteak.

Sur is seven years old, and he will probably live as much longer, for no one takes his thefts seriously, as he is only a dog.

Old Maids in Heaven.

According to one of Miss Wilkins' characters in "The Portion of Labor," the punishment meted out to those who have been too much married is that they shall hereafter be doomed to celibacy. "I don't know what I should do," says Mrs. Norman Lloyd, "if I thought Norman would marry again if I died. I think one husband and one wife is enough for any man or woman if they believe in the resurrection. It has always seemed to me that the answer to that awful question in the New Testament, as to whose wife that woman who had so many husbands would be in the other world, meant that people who had so much marrying on earth would have to be old maids and old bachelors in Heaven."

Scrofula, Ulcers, Cancer, Skin Troubles. At Last a Cure—Trial Treatment Free.

Is your skin palid, pale or blood thin? Are you easily tired or as tired in the morning as when you went to bed? Is there loss of strength? Are you all run down? Aches and pains in bones, joints or back? Weak eyes or stye on the eyes? If so, you have the poison of scrofula in your blood, and the least sickness, scratch or blow will bring to the surface all the horrible symptoms of this terrible blood disease—ulcers, swellings, eating sores, foul breath, bumps or rising boils, abscesses, white swelling, itching skin humors, eruptions, scabs in bones, joints and muscles, cancer, catarrh, etc. If you are tired of doctoring, taking patent medicines and are not cured, then try B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm). It is made especially for obstinate, deep-seated blood troubles, and cures the worst cases after all else fails. B. B. B. makes new, rich blood and builds up the weakened body, stops all the aches and pains and heals every sore, giving the rich glow of health to the skin. Over 3,000 voluntary testimonials of cures of blood and skin diseases by using B. B. B. Thoroughly tested for 30 years. Large bottles \$1. Trial treatment free by addressing Blood Balm Company, Atlanta, Ga. Describe trouble and free confidential medical advice given. For sale by F. B. B. Co., Wilbitz & Wilbitz and Evans Pharmacy.

A Brigade of Millionaires.

It is stated on the authority of statisticians who have investigated the subject that there are no fewer than 3,601 millionaires in the United States.

There are those who can remember when a millionaire was a great curiosity in this country, and there were not half a dozen of them all told.

Now there are more than 600 in the State of New York alone.

It is said that there are more millionaires in the United States than in all Europe.

The returns under the new income tax law of Germany show how few immense fortunes there are in that country in comparison with this country.

Her Krupp, the great gun maker, is the only German citizen who ranks with the very rich men in the United States. His income is about \$5,000,000 a year, which falls far below the incomes of several of our great money kings.

But there is no other man in Germany who approximates Krupp in wealth, and there are only 65 who have fortunes of \$5,000,000 or more. The total number of those who are worth from a quarter to a half million is put down by the authorities at 2,774.

There are 50 per cent more men in the United States who have \$1,000,000 or more than there are in Germany whose fortunes are estimated at between a quarter and a half million. New York city alone has more than twice as many millionaires as all Germany.

Never in the history of the world has money been accumulated so fast as in the United States during the last 30 years.

The day is not far distant when New York will be recognized as the money capital of the world. It is actually so already.

An eccentric Ohio man made his own coffin five years ago, and when he died the other day it took considerable muscular persuasion to get his increased girth into the box. It was done, however, and two men sat on the coffin lid on the way to the grave, at the expressed wish of the dead man.

Still Stealing.

Franklin J. Moses, ex-governor of South Carolina, was before Judge Brown in the second session of the municipal criminal court yesterday, says a Boston dispatch of January 10, charged with giving a check for \$50 in payment for an overcoat, said check having been drawn on a South Carolina bank, in which it was learned the ex-governor had no funds. Then again it was further learned that after Moses got the coat he pawned it. His honor, the ex-governor, met both these claims.

Concerning the money transaction, he said that at the time he gave the check he honestly believed that there was money in the bank to meet the face value. A few days after he got the coat he learned by letter that there was no money there and at once telephoned to Mr. James A. Hawkes, the tailor, that he expected a party from the South with money for him with which he expected to pay his obligations.

Ex-Governor Moses thereupon gave vent to a burst of oratory as follows: "In 1872, when I occupied the position of chief magistrate of one of the prominent states in the Union I was driven by social ostracism, despite my position and the counsel of men high in public life, to seek relief in that alone which seemed to be able to give rest to a mind ill at rest; namely, to the use of morphine. From morphine I took next to using opium. In fact, in 1876, the time when the Republican party surrounded the state to the opposition, I had become so addicted to its influence that I could not live without it."

Judge Brown then sentenced him to Deer Island for four months.

Constipation leads to liver trouble, and torpid liver to Bright's Disease. Prickly Ash Bitters is a certain cure at any stage of the disorder. Evans Pharmacy.

Miss Touriste—"You have some strong and rugged types of manhood out in this Western country, don't you?" Stage Driver—"Yaas, miss, we hev men out here thet don't think it's nuthin' t' hold up a railroad train."

Shared one House, but did not Speak.

SPRING VALLEY, N. Y., Jan 4.—Death has ended the long life partnership of Henry Eska and his wife, Mary, but it has not added a jot to the silence between them.

For thirty years, living in the same house, they spoke no word to each other. When Mrs. Eska, who was 79 years old, drew near to death, she did not ask to see her husband and he did not go to see her. To the surprise of the townspeople, however, he did attend the funeral yesterday.

Mystery surrounds the origin of the quarrel that divided the little home in Manuet, where Eska, his wife and their four children lived. Gossips say a mother-in-law was the firebrand, but it is thirty years gone now, and none really know but Eska.

The Eskas had married after a romantic courtship, and were a happy and loving couple. When the village first heard that they had each sworn never to speak a word to the other, they said it would not last.

But it did. Dividing their little frame house on the outskirts of the village, each lived in his or her part and never encroached on the other's. Mrs. Eska cut her own firewood, carried water and tended her half of the garden. Eska sowed on his own but-tons, darned his socks and baked his pancakes. He could stay out with impunity every night in the year. There was no neighborly borrowing between the two households in one.

When the house burned a year ago each received one-half of the insurance money. Each went to live with one of the children, but their silence still was unbroken.

A muscular pastor of a Connecticut church, who once played on the Yale eleven, is reported to have lifted the mortgage of his church. Score one more in favor of college athletics!

Red-haired Indians are very rare. One of them, belonging to the Passamaquoddy tribe's reservation at Pleasant Point, near Eastport, Me., recently died there, aged sixty-nine. His name was Sopi-el Haney, and all through his life he was shunned by the other members of his tribe because of his bright red hair.

Be sure you have the proper bait when you fish for compliments.

D. S. VANDIVER.

E. P. VANDIVER

VANDIVER BROS., MERCHANTS,

ANDERSON, S. C., JANUARY 8, 1902.

TO THOSE INDEBTED TO US:

WE are compelled to collect what is owing to us in order to pay our debts, and if you owe us, either Note or Account, we must have the money or some satisfactory arrangement in the next few days, or such claim will be placed in the hands of our Attorney for collection.

Yours truly,
VANDIVER BROTHERS, and
VANDIVER BROTHERS & MAJOR.

NEARLY EVERY

Piano We Sell

SELLS US ANOTHER.

WHEN you look over the list of famous builders we represent, and the long list of actual and delighted buyers—men and women famous throughout the South for their acknowledged artistic culture and social and political standing—you will know the reason.

If you need a—
Sewing Machine,
See our large stock. We represent as good as the world has produced.
GRAPHOPHONES and Supplies also.

THE C. A. REED MUSIC HOUSE.

EVANS'

Liver and Kidney Pills.

DIRECTIONS—One every night.

25c.

By mail.

EVANS PHARMACY.

Attention, Farmers!

We have just received one Car Load of

Fancy Winter Grazing Oats.

Come quick and secure some of them before they are all sold.

O. D. ANDERSON & BRO.

Slightly Disfigured but Still in the Ring!

YES, we have disfigured the Hayes Stock considerably the past six weeks, but still have some Bargains left in—

Shoes, Hats, Pants and Notions of all Kinds.

I am adding on a Stock of—

Groceries, Sugar, Coffee and Flour.

Try a Barrel of Bransford, Clifton or Spotless, and I am sure you will be pleased. White Wine Vinegar 25c. per gallon.

C. M. BUCHANAN, Masonic Temple.

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Fresh Onion Sets,

FOR FALL PLANTING,

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Orr-Gray & Co.

CHINA.
\$9.00 WHOLE BOX A
FINE
FRENCH
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TEA-SET!
BEAUTIFULLY
DECORATED.
A VARIETY OF
ODD PIECES
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Acme Paint and Cement Cure.

Specially used on Tin Roofs and Iron Work of any kind.

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KIDNEY PAINS

Are located in the small of the back and may appear on one or both sides. These are dangerous symptoms because they indicate the early appearance of Bright's Disease.

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

Is an effective kidney medicine. It conveys a healing and strengthening influence to the suffering kidneys, stops the wasting of the kidney tissue, stimulates digestion, cleanses the liver and bowels and puts the entire system in order.

Sold at Drug Stores.

Price, \$1.00 Per Bottle.

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ERNEST F. COCHRAN.

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Jan 8, 1902

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ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
ANDERSON, S. C.
Have moved their office rear Peoples Bank. Entrance through Bank and side of building.
Jan 8, 1902

Foley's Kidney Cure
makes kidneys and bladder right.

WHITE STAR COFFEE

Is Pure,
Delicious,
Economical,
Healthy.
From 15c. to 40c. a pound.

If you like good Coffee this will please you

Fresh lot of—

CELERY,

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C. FRANK BOLT.

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A Well Furnished Home

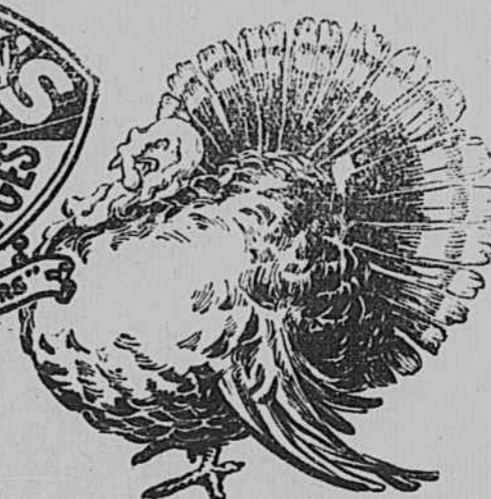
Is not necessarily an expensively furnished one, as at TOLLY'S handsome, even sumptuous, FURNITURE is procurable without great outlay. Not that we deal in knocked-together made-to-sell sort, but because we are content with a reasonable profit on really good articles of Furniture. Our best witness is the Goods themselves.

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Let Him Strut!



HIS DAYS ARE NUMBERED.

He is big, but none too big to fill the roomy, white enamel oven of a Buck's Stove.

Do You Owe Me?

If so come in at once and settle, as I must make collections at once, and save expense of coming to see you.

Respectfully,

JOHN T. BURRIS.