

THE MAN EATER

"The man eater is mad!" I looked at the tall Texan apprehensively. "Are you certain?" I asked. "I know it. I had my suspicions yesterday, and now there is no doubt of it."

When I again looked back, the dog was not more than 300 yards away, and the base of the hill was still a mile off. A spasm of terror seized me, but to my surprise the great brute suddenly sat down on his haunches and howled plaintively.

PHILOSOPHY OF LAUGHING.

Optimism a Supreme Sedative—Worry is Bad For the Health. Again a word about the philosophy of laughter. When the system is nervous and is making conscious or unconscious effort, the nerves that tighten the walls of the blood vessels are hard at work, and pressure in the arteries is great; but a hearty laugh, as Brucke's interesting experiments show, tends to bring the blood over into the veins where there is no pressure, relieves the arteries and brings the exquisite sensations of relaxation of rest. This is favored even by the attitude of a hearty laugh.

MAXIMS OF A WITTY ABBE.

A Notable Eighteenth Century Figure in French Society. Some of the maxims and anecdotes of Nicholas de Chamfort, the witty abbe, who during the latter half of the eighteenth century was such a notable figure in French society, have been translated by Mr. W. G. Hutchison and published by a London firm. Here are some samples of the abbe's wit as rendered by the translator:

FATIGUE SENSE.

The Feeling That Notices Man When It is Time to Rest. "I hardly know who are most to be pitied, the rich or idle and lazy who underwork or the very poor who must overwork to live," says a writer in Ainslee's. "The former grow flabby or tense, according to their heredity, in both muscle and mind, become fastidious, finicky and sentimental, are especially prone to yield to temptations of drink and excesses, must aimlessly change their interests, location and pursuits from sheer ennui, are easily bored and finally lose the power of being strenuous about anything."

WAYS OF THE SHAD.

Their Migrations and How They Live at Spawning Time. Shad fishing is hard and precarious work. The fisherman must count on having his clothes always soaked with icy April water. Often, too, the nets come in empty, and then there is nothing to do but to make another cast and hope for better luck.

Is Yellow Poison

In your blood? Physicians call it malarial germ. It can beset changing red blood yellow under a microscope. It works day and night. First, it turns your complexion yellow. Chills, aching sensations creep down your back bone. You feel weak and worthless.

Roberts' Chill Tonic

Eaters the blood, drives out the yellow poison and stops the trouble at once. It not only prevents but completely cures chills, fevers, night sweats and malaria. The manufacturers know all about this yellow poison, and have perfected Roberts' Tonic to drive it out, nourish your system, restore appetite, purify the blood. It has cured thousands of cases of chills, fevers and malaria. It will cure you or your money back. This is fair. Try it. Price, 25c.

ORR, GRAY & CO. EVANS PHARMACY. DENDY DRUG CO.

Foley's Honey and Tar for children, safe, sure. No opiates.

Peoples' Bank of Anderson, ANDERSON, S. C.

We respectfully solicit a share of your business.

From this date until further notice we will close our doors at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Will thank our customers and friends to attend to their business before that hour. Foley's Kidney Cure makes kidneys and bladder right.

SPECIAL NOTICE!

Parties owing me either by Note or Account will call in and settle same without sending to see you or writing you again, as I must have same settled at once. I can't do business on as long time as you are taking; so avail yourself and come in at once and save expense. Respectfully,

JOHN T. BURRIS.

KIDNEY DISEASES

are the most fatal of all diseases. FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE is a Guaranteed Remedy or money refunded. Contains remedies recognized by eminent physicians as the best for Kidney and Bladder troubles. PRICE 50c. and \$1.00. SOLD BY EVANS' PHARMACY.

Foley's Honey and Tar cures colds, prevents pneumonia. S. G. BRUCE, DENTIST.

OVER D. C. Brown & Bro's. Store, on South Main Street. I have 25 years experience in my profession, and will be pleased to work for any who want Plaque made, Filling done, and I make a speciality of Extracting Teeth without pain and with no after pain. Jan 23, 1901

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE PATENTS TRADE MARKS DESIGNS COPYRIGHTS &c. Scientific American. A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers. MUNN & Co., 351 Broadway, New York Branch Office, 65 E. 1st St., Washington, D. C.



The Thief... ..of Beauty Is Captured by Bradfield's Regulator. Thousands of young women are awaking to the fact that inherited comeliness has been stolen away and instead of glowing cheeks, bright eyes and raven hair, the tell-tale wrinkles of pain have taken the place of these former charms. These are the warning feelings: Weak, tired and exhausted in the morning, no life, no ambition to enter upon their former pleasures, irritable, cross, discouraged, dull headaches, general dispirited feeling, sleepless nights, cold feet, poor circulation, "beating down" pains. All these symptoms indicate deranged and weakened organs. Shattered nerves and exhausted energies follow the weakened condition of the female organs as surely as night follows day. Save yourself from more terrible results, reclaim your youth by taking Bradfield's Female Regulator. The best strengthening, invigorating, menstrual regulator in the world. It relieves neuralgia, indigestion, profuse menstruation, obstructed menstruation, inflammation of the vagina, displacement, membranous catarrh, nervousness, headaches, of cerebral origin, and all the ailments of the female system. Beauty of face and symmetry of form are the result of the use of this health-giving medicine. Of druggists \$1.00. Our book, 'Perfect Health for Women,' mailed free. THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO. ATLANTA, GA.

What Causes Fogs.

Fogs are, generally speaking, caused by the precipitation of the moisture of the atmosphere. They are formed when a warm stratum of atmosphere comes in contact with a cold stratum or with a portion of the earth's surface, as a hill, by which it is cooled so that it can no longer hold as much moisture in solution as before. This causes the frequent fogs in mountain regions. When a cold stratum of air comes over a moist, warm part of the earth's surface, a fog is also formed. This is the cause of the mists that appear over lakes, rivers and marshes in the evening, since the water is then warmer than the atmosphere above it. The blackness and density of London fogs are caused by the simple fact that the mist formed in the upper air mingles with the ascending clouds of smoke from hundreds of thousands of chimneys and, descending, brings the smoke with it and settles like a pall above the buildings and in the streets of the city.

A Boy Who Did His Duty.

A gentleman went into a fancy shop one day to buy something. It was early, and the shopkeeper's little boy and he were alone in the house. The shopkeeper had to go upstairs to get his cash box in order to procure some change, but before doing so he went into the little room next to the shop and whispered to the boy: "Watch the gentleman that he doesn't steal anything," and, bringing him out, sat him on the counter. As soon as the shopkeeper returned the child sang out: "Pa, he didn't steal anything. I watched him."—London Tit-Bits.

A Simple Change.

The little daughter of the house watched the minister who was making a visit very closely and finally sat down beside him and began to draw on her slate. "What are you doing?" asked the clergyman. "I'm making your picture," said the child. The minister sat very still, and the child worked away earnestly. Then she stopped and compared her work with the original and shook her head. "I don't like it much," she said. "I ain't a great deal like you. I think I'll put a tail to it and call it a dog."

A Somewhat Clever Rat.

The Pioneer tells a story of a rat which on one occasion was caught alive on a ship and thrown overboard. A sea gull was floating by the side of the ship. Immediately there ensued a battle royal, and the rat strangled the sea gull to death. He then sat upon the carcass of the sea gull, unfurled its left wing to catch the wind and, working the right wing as an oar, set sail for the shore! —Time works wondrous changes. Diogenes hunted for an honest man years ago, but now detectives are hunting for dishonest men. —If a girl has two proposals, one from a man she understands and the other from a man she doesn't, it's ten to one the mysterious man will win out. —The poor girl thinks it's positively wicked for a man to marry for money.

Too Much Fault Finding.

Henry Crabb Robinson, the kindly and philosophic barrister, once gave an effectual rebuke to the habit of fault finding. It was, as we read in his diary, during a visit to Paris.

He had spent the day in sightseeing with a London acquaintance, who said to him at parting, "I will call for you tomorrow."

"I will thank you not to call," replied Robinson. "I would rather not see anything else with you, and I will tell you frankly why. I came to Paris to enjoy myself, and that enjoyment needs the accompaniment of sympathy with others. Now, you dislike everything and find fault with everything. You see nothing which you do not find inferior to what you have seen before. This may be all very true, but it makes me uncomfortable. So I shall be glad to see you in London, but no more in Paris."

A Judge of Sermons.

A clergyman in Scotland invited Bishop Selwyn to preach in his church. As usual his lordship gave an impressive and beautiful sermon, which at the same time was perfectly plain and simple. The rector was delighted and said as much on meeting one of the most regular members of his congregation. "Well, sir, I don't think so much of it," rejoined the man. "It was so simple any child could have understood it. For my part, I like a sermon which confuses your head for a week. I don't know any which beats yours for that, sir."—London Tit-Bits.

A Safe Refuge.

A certain wild beast tamer had been on bad terms for some time with one of his neighbors, and the other day, as the result of a violent quarrel, the latter, with a friend, attacked the former just before he was timed to give his performance.

Appropriate Texts.

One of the restaurant men of New York who have popular eating houses all over the city likes to interpolate little literary morsels on his advertisement cards. Here are three appropriate ones which he printed recently: "Coffee, which makes the politician wise," Pope. "Dispatch is the soul of business," Chesterfield. "Let good digestion wait on appetite," Shakespeare.—New York Tribune.

Keep your vital organs in good condition if you would have health during the malarial season.

Prickly Ash Bitters cleanses and strengthens the stomach, liver and bowels and helps the system to resist disease germs. Evans Pharmacy.

Some men are so lucky that when they get up in the night and go down to the dining room to get a drink of water they will walk on the fly paper with their bare feet if it is stuck to the ceiling.

It is but natural that the boarding school girl would rather board than keep house after she is married.

The man who says he never makes a mistake probably doesn't know one when he sees it.

If you start out in the morning with a smile on your face you will be surprised at the number of pleasant people you meet.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature on every box. 25c.

According to the small boy's version a thin slice of cake is better than no bread.

Many a man makes a fool of himself because he hasn't the moral courage to do otherwise.

He Meant the Bird.

Some time ago a man got a curious present from a sea captain. It was a fine specimen of the bird which the sailors call the "laughing jackass," and he was not a little proud of it. As he was carrying it home he met a brawny Irish navy, who stopped him and asked: "Phwat kind of burrd is that, sorr?"

That's a laughing jackass," explained the owner genially.

The Irishman, thinking he was being made fun of, was equal to the occasion and responded with a twinkle of the eye: "It's not yerself; it's the burrd Oi mane, sorr!"—London Tit-Bits.

A Patron of the Realistic School.

"Do you prefer realism or the ideal in art?" asked Mrs. Oldcastle as they sat down in a corner of the magnificent library of the new neighbors. "Oh," said her hostess, "I would not have anything but realism as long as we can afford it. Of course if people ain't got much money I s'pose that them chromos are better than nothing for the poor things, but I just told Josiah when we commenced building this place that there wouldn't be anything except real paintings in it if I could have my way, and every picture here is realism."—Chicago Record-Herald.