

COST OF A USELESS HABIT.

Smoking Causes Countless Fortunes to Vanish Quickly.

There must be a great army of men who smoke an ounce of tobacco a day. Smokers are men of a philosophic and reflecting disposition, although they do not always care to favor the world with the results of the high meditations due to the influence of the soothing weed.

It will be new even to many of these, to know that it would take no less than ninety-eight years to dispose of a ton of tobacco at this rate of consumption, and it will be still more surprising to consider the magnitude of this amount under various aspects.

The smoker of an ounce a day is almost invariably a faithful disciple of the pipe. He may submit to a cigar or a cigarette to please the ladies, but the pipe remains his true love. Hence we will first suppose that our ton of tobacco is to be sacrificed to My Lady Nicotine in the homely pipe.

If the ordinary ounce packets in which the tobacco is probably bought were piled in a single column they would tower to a height of 2,700 feet and if piled edge on edge to twice the height of Snowdon. Arranged in a solid block they would form a cube of packed "shag" measuring thirteen feet in every direction, or more than twice the height of a man.

We might conceive a pipe especially built to consume this mass. Such a pipe, if built on the plan of the familiar brier, would be 100 feet long and the bowl would be twenty feet in diameter. This bowl could accommodate 700 men.

Such impracticable calculations serve to illustrate the magnitude of our ton of tobacco, but it is no less interesting to consider it under ordinary conditions.

On a low average two matches are used to each pipe of tobacco. After his 750,000 pipes the smoker would have used as many matches as would stretch from London to Coventry or Bath or Gloucester if placed end to end. The timber would be barely contained in a grove of twenty stewart trees each forty feet high. The heat energy represented and which is largely waste would serve to run a locomotive a considerable distance.

If the smoker were economical and expended only an average of five cents per ounce on his tobacco he would disburse no less a sum than \$3,000. In the first ten years after marriage, when his supply is probably ruthlessly cut down to half, he will have on this head alone, \$175.

We must not forget that there are many who prefer the mild cigarette. Let us consider our ton of tobacco in this form.

There will be a considerable difference in the actual number of cigarettes consumed if the smoker makes his own in preference to buying them ready made. In the former he will turn no fewer than 1,000,000 in fragrant smoke, a quantity which if placed in order would make a thin white line from London to Brighton, and in the latter case they would stretch for thirty-seven miles. Placed side by

PROVERBS

"When the butter won't come put a penny in the churn," is an old time dairy proverb. It often seems to work though no one has ever told why.

When mothers are worried because the children do not gain strength and flesh we say give them Scott's Emulsion.

It is like the penny in the milk because it works and because there is something astonishing about it.

Scott's Emulsion is simply a milk of pure cod liver oil with some hypophosphites especially prepared for delicate stomachs.

Children take to it naturally because they like the taste and the remedy takes just as naturally to the children because it is so perfectly adapted to their wants.

For all weak and pale and thin children Scott's Emulsion is the most satisfactory treatment.

We will send you the penny, i. e., a sample free.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 402 Pearl St., N. Y.

side they would pave a small pathway five miles long.

Could we make these cigarettes into one huge whole we would obtain a cigarette 10 feet in diameter and nearly 100 feet long. A man built in proportion to enjoy this little smoke would be a mere 2,200 feet high, or as tall as fifteen Nelson columns, placed one over the other. He would possess a dainty foot as long as two of these columns placed horizontally and would turn the scale at over 500 tons. It would require the imagination of a Dean Swift to conceive a smoker of such Brobdingnagian proportions.

The paper used in these cigarettes, if they are manufactured, would be of the same area as the paper contained in 1,000 complete copies of a metropolitan newspaper. If they were made by the smoker himself the papers being then of larger area, a mere 400 more copies would be demanded to equal the vast expanse of paper used. The cost of these "smokes" would be from \$4,000 to \$6,000. Again, since one-fifth of the cigarette is waste, at least \$800 is literally thrown away.

The consumer of this tobacco may, like Svengali, be a lover of the big cigar of the Havana. If so he must be prepared to spend at least \$15,000 of which \$2,500 will be wasted in fag ends.

The quantity of nicotine in tobacco varies greatly, but it has been authoritatively stated that the average cigar contains enough nicotine to kill two men. Needless to say, this is volatilized or otherwise harmlessly removed, and so does not affect the smoker. Here, however, is a hint for the political economist. The quantity contained in our ton of cigars if judiciously administered in the crude state, would be calculated to solve the pressing problem of the surplus population by relieving 400,000 superfluous healthy adults of the burden of existence.

As we are not anxious to alarm the wife or curtail the privileges of her husband, we will refrain from stating the amount in value of clothes, the cost of removing ash and debris or the many other incidental branches of this interesting theme.

These formidable amounts should not discourage the wavering smoker. My Lady Nicotine may be an exacting mistress, but the hours of real enjoyment, the solace in sorrow and pain, the companionship in solitude which she gives her worshippers in return compensate for all and amply justify us in acknowledging ourselves humble votaries at her fragrant shrine.—St. Louis Republic.

A Strange Wooling.

The conductor of a train on a North Dakota railroad had just sat down to make up a fourth hand in a game of cards, when a widow who was complacently smoking her clay pipe moved down upon the quartet and said:

"Conductor, I don't want to disturb you, but I'm livin' just beyond Skinnersville."

"I'll see that you get off all right," he replied.

"But I ain't worryin' about that. I've got 160 acres of land and a good cabin up there."

"I see."

"My ole man got drowned in B'ar river last y'ar, and I'm all alone."

"Yes'm."

"I'm powerfully busy when I'm home, but as it'll be three hours before I get thar' you might just do me a favor."

"I will, ma'am. I understand what you want. I think the right sort of a man is up at the front end of the car. I'll speak to him."

Five minutes later he came back, followed by a man about 40 years old, who looked like a farmer, and pausing beside the woman, the conductor said:

"This is the man I was speaking about."

"Stranger, what might be your name?" asked the woman as she moved along to make room.

"Judson, ma'am," he replied.

"And mine is Wolcott. Hev you ever been jined?"

"Yes, but I lost her two y'ars ago. She was bit by a snake."

"And my ole man was drowned. Would you jine agin?"

"Mebbe. Would you?"

"I kinder think I would. What's agin'?"

"Forty-two. What's your's?"

"Jis 41 yesterday. 'Ar you a hard-workin', good-tempered man?"

"That's what they calls me. Guess you can run a house?"

"Fur shore. Ain't that ole reptile up thar' a preacher?"

"Looks to be. Shall we be jined?"

"If you say so."

The "old reptile" turned out to be a preacher, and with the train running at 30 miles an hour and the passengers standing up in their seats to witness the ceremony the twain were duly and lawfully made one, and every man kissed the happy bride—Detroit Free Press.

"Well, young man, to be successful in business you will need considerable means. Have you any financial prospects?" "Yes, sir, I'm engaged to your daughter!"

Cotton Crop Surprises.

Although we have many farmers who have thought that they knew all about cotton, as a matter of fact there are really few who understand the plant and its habits. It is doubtful if there is a single one among us all who is able to make an accurate prediction in advance as to what a cotton crop will do. We all know that the crop surprises us frequently, and that is pretty near the limit of our knowledge. Last fall, it will be remembered, the crop was so late that many farmers were almost hopeless about the probability of getting a reasonably fair yield. Up to the first killing frost, hardly more than 50 per cent. of the crop had opened. When the frost came, it looked as if the cotton crop was done for. On some plantations, however, nearly one-third of the cotton yield was after frost. There were cases last year of tenants leaving their farms in January to go elsewhere and returning in February to complete the gathering of their cotton. It is not that way this year, except in a few instances. As a general thing most of the cotton that was made in this county was picked out by November 1, and that was the last of it. There were no unopened bolls left from which to expect anything further. But there are some remarkable exceptions this year. The reporter heard the other day of the case of a young farmer who lives six or seven miles northeast of Yorkville, who was late about getting his cotton planted and worked. When other people were "laying-by" during the latter part of June, he was badly in the grass, and had but poor prospect of making a crop. The neighbors were satisfied that he would make a complete failure. He pitched in, however, and worked like a good fellow until along about the 20th of July. He only operated one plow, and so far he has gathered between ten and eleven bales of cotton. A case somewhat similar, was that of a Yorkville farmer who put in two acres of cotton along about June 1st. Except himself, nobody thought he could make anything. Off those two acres, however, he has picked nearly three bales, and there is more there still to be picked. What all this means is for men who know to say. It hardly means that it is always best to plant late. An early frost would have cut off both of the crops referred to with almost nothing. But from the general failure of early plantings, it is evident that later plantings must have struck the season this year to rather better advantage.—Yorkville Enquirer

Two old bears had feasted and wallowed in the fermented pomace until both were so drunk that they acted like two tipsy woodmen. One of the bears had laid full length in the succulent "mash."

The second bear was engaged in an effort to arouse her lazy mate, but without avail, for the old fellow seemed determined to enjoy his cheap drunk to the fullest extent. Once the female bear, herself as unsteady as a sailor half-seas over, struck the old man a cuff on the head that made him shriek with pain. It was she the bear's constant squealing that Hoover heard.

Hoover, thinking that his family would enjoy the picturesque sight of two drunken bears, crept stealthily back to the house. They had retired, however, and before they could don their clothes and reach the cider press the farm dog had gotten to windward of the bears and they scrambled off into the woods.

Hoover could easily have shot both bears, but he declared that he could not have taken advantage of even bears when they were drunk.—Philadelphia Record.

Mr. Marrat—"I see old Roxley has left an estate worth \$2,000,000 at least. Wouldn't you like to be his widow?" Mrs. Marrat (ambiguously)—"No, dear, I'd rather be yours."

The more women understand a man the less he understands them.

Take all That Was Coming.

A group of men stood in the Baltimore and Potomac station one day this week discussing dining table incidents they had witnessed in crowded restaurants. Several interesting stories had been told when Mr. Cobough joined the party. He recalled an incident that occurred at a town on the line of one of the big railroads where he was when running a hotel. There were a number of tables in the dining room, and one in the extreme rear end was reserved for the family.

It happened that a couple on their wedding trip stopped at the hotel one night, and in the morning when they went to the dining room the only vacant table in the room was the one set apart for the family.

"Mrs. Cobough had not been feeling the best in the world and the doctor had ordered a tonic for her," related Mr. Cobough. "The tonic was kept on the table all the time, in order that the patient would not forget her dose. It was labelled, 'one table spoon after each meal.'"

"The couple had evidently never stopped at a hotel before," continued the restaurant man, "and for the first time they did remarkably well. They ordered everything on the menu card, and when the meal was finished the husband picked up the bottle, read the directions and gave his better half a dose as directed. Then he took a dose himself, said he felt much better and walked out with a self-satisfied look about him."—Washington Evening Star.

How Water Freezes.

It used to puzzle all thinking people why ponds and rivers do not freeze beyond a certain depth. This depends on a most curious fact—namely, that water is at its heaviest when it reaches 40 degrees F. That is, 8 degrees above freezing point. On a frosty night as each top layer of water falls to 40 degrees it sinks to the bottom; therefore the whole pond has to drop to 40 degrees before any of them can freeze. At last it is all cooled to this point, and the ice begins to form. But is a very bad conductor of heat; therefore it shuts off the freezing air from the big body of comparatively warm water underneath. The thicker it gets the more perfectly does it act as a great coat, and that is why even the Arctic ocean never freezes beyond a few feet in thickness.—Marine Journal.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

Bears Tipsy on Cider.

Jonas Hoover, who lives on Bear Creek, had a rather exciting experience the other night in which two black bears played a prominent part. Hoover has a small cider press located about half a mile from the house at the edge of a woods and directly along the road.

This press has been very busy ever since apple-picking time, and as a result a great pile of pomace, or apple pulp, has accumulated at the press. This pile of pomace has been soaked by an all-night rain of a week or more ago and then fermented by the rays of the sun day after day until it became as rank a mess of "sour-mash" or third-class applejack as ever twisted the legs or reeled the head of a country swain.

About 10 o'clock the other evening Hoover had occasion to go to the press for a demijohn of cider which he intended taking to market the following morning. It was bright moonlight, and when a hundred yards down the road he could see to the edge of the wood where the press stood.

He discerned great, bulky forms hurrying to and fro about the press and he concluded that thieves were there helping themselves to his cider. Procuring his gun he took a round about way and came out suddenly at the edge of the timber within two yards of the building in which the press stood.

Here his ears were greeted by a series of the queerest sounds that he had ever heard. They were not human—he could tell that. He could see nothing, for the shed was between him and the location of the sounds. Making a detour of the woods he came out on the upper side of the press, where the moon glinted full on the scene, and he beheld a picture that was at once exciting and ludicrous.

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Negroes and Razors.

"It is a queer thing and has been frequently remarked that the carrying of razors is peculiar to the negroes," said a Northerner who is visiting in Spartanburg to a reporter for the Journal. "In my travels, which have taken me to every city of any importance in the United States, Canada and Mexico, as well as abroad, I have always noted the same thing. No other race seems to depend upon the razor as a weapon in anticipation of a street brawl or other scrap. As a general rule revolvers are most popular. For my part, I would be afraid to carry a razor for fear I might cut myself. It is a dangerous thing to have one of these instruments in the pocket."

"What I wish to remark is that the same conditions obtain North as in the South. The negro will not part with the razor as a concealed weapon and is practically the only race that uses it. Upon slightest provocation you will find that a bad negro will draw a razor and without delay will set in to carve somebody's countenance. I have never yet seen it fail. Get in a row for any reason whatsoever with a negro you will have to shield yourself from the razor, which has been sharpened to the keenest edge. I noticed that as late as the other day you had one of these affairs occur. The inevitable happened, in that the man drew a razor and badly cut his antagonist."

"It has always been a source of much wonder to me why it is that the carrying of razors as a weapon is confined entirely to the negro."—Spartanburg Journal.

Teacher—"What is the force that moves men along the street?" Tommie—"The police force."

Let the GOLD DUST twins do your work.



As a cleaner soap doesn't begin to compare with GOLD DUST. GOLD DUST does more work, better work and does it cheaper. It saves backs as well as pockets. Made only by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Chicago, New York, Boston, St. Louis. Makers of OVAL FAIRY SOAP.



The watchword should be "Exact." A Time-piece that loses or gains is not reliable. A moderate amount of money will put your Watch in good health. REPAIRING work done here is not expensive, but it is thoroughly good work. JOHN S. CAMPBELL.

Rheumacide advertisement. Thoroughly eradicates the excess of Uric and Lactic Acids from the system, starts the kidneys into healthy action, cures constipation and indigestion. THIS DONE, YOU ARE WELL OF RHEUMATISM, AND ANY OTHER DISEASE CAUSED BY IMPURE BLOOD. Do not be discouraged if other remedies have failed. RHEUMACIDE has made its reputation by curing alleged incurable cases. Does not injure the organs of digestion. GILLESPIE, N. C., Aug. 25, 1902. Gentlemen—Some six years ago I began to have sores, and also a chronic case of muscular rheumatism. At times I could not work at all (my business being baggage master on Southern R. R.). For days and weeks at a time I could not work. My suffering was intense. Physicians treated me, without permanent relief, however. Tried a number of advertised remedies without permanent benefit. Finally I tried "RHEUMACIDE." It did the work, and I have had excellent health for three years. I can cheerfully say that all rheumatics should use "RHEUMACIDE," for it is by far the best remedy. R. A. LOMAX. Price \$1.00 prepaid express, or from your Druggist. Bobbitt Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

FOR SALE BY EVANS PHARMACY.

HARD TIMES! WE have prepared for Hard Times by buying the LARGEST stock of FURNITURE Ever in Anderson, and have bought at Hard Times Prices. There will be no Hard Times for you when you buy from us, for we have the prices lower than you have ever heard of them before, and you can now buy two dollars worth of Furniture for one. Come to see us and we will convince you of the fact that you can SAVE money by buying any price of Furniture from us. LARGEST STOCK, LOWEST PRICES, BEST GOODS. G. F. TOLLY & SON, Depot Street. UNDERTAKING and EMBALMING.

LOOK OUT FOR CATARRH

When the cold wave flag is up, freezing weather is on the way. Winter is here in earnest, and with it all the miserable symptoms of Catarrh return—blinding headaches and neuralgia, thick mucous discharges from the nose and throat, a hacking cough and pain in the chest, bad taste in the mouth, fetid breath, nausea and all that makes Catarrh the most sickening and disgusting of all complaints. It causes a feeling of personal dejection and mortification that keeps one nervous and anxious while in the company of others.

In spite of all efforts to prevent it, the filthy secretions and mucous matter find their way into the Stomach and are distributed by the blood to every nook and corner of the system; the Stomach and Kidneys, in fact every organ and part of the body, become infected with the catarrhal poison. This disease is rarely, if ever, even in its earliest stages, a purely local disease or simple inflammation of the nose and throat, and this is why sprays, washes, powders and the various inhalant mixtures fail to cure. Heredity is sometimes back of it—parents have it and so do their children.

In the treatment of Catarrh, anti-septic and soothing washes are good for cleansing purposes or clearing the head and throat, but this is the extent of their usefulness. To cure Catarrh permanently, the blood must be purified and the system relieved of its load of foul secretions, and the remedy to accomplish this is S. S. S. which is no equal as a blood purifier. It restores the blood to a natural, healthy state and the catarrhal poison and effete matter are carried out of the system through the proper channels. S. S. S. restores to the blood all its good qualities, and when rich, pure blood reaches the inflamed membrane and is carried through the circulation to all the Catarrh infected portions of the body, they soon heal, the mucous discharges cease and the patient is relieved of the most offensive and humiliating of all complaints.

S. S. S. is a vegetable remedy and contains nothing that could injure the most delicate constitution. It cures Catarrh in its most aggravated forms, and cases apparently incurable and hopeless. Write us if you have Catarrh, and our physicians will advise you without charge.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

And now it's... PIANOS As well as... Organs and Sewing Machines

We want to tell you about, but you will have to come to the Store. This paper is not big enough to tell you about all the good things we have for you and leave any space for other news. Prices have surely taken a tumble. Good Sewing Machines (new) for \$15.50 just to reduce stock.

THE C. A. REED MUSIC HOUSE.

A. C. STRICKLAND, DENTIST. OFFICE—Front Rooms over Farmers and Merchants Bank. The opposite end illustrates Continuous Gum Teeth. The Ideal Plate—more evenly than the natural teeth. No bad taste or odor from Plugs of this kind.

BANK OF ANDERSON.

J. A. BROOK, President. JOS. N. BROWN, Vice President. B. F. MAULDIN, Cashier. THE largest, strongest Bank in the County. Interest Paid on Deposits By special agreement.

With unsurpassed facilities and resources we are at all times prepared to accommodate our customers. Jan 10, 1902

NOTICE.

MR. A. T. SKELTON has been engaged by the Anderson Mutual Fire Insurance Co. to inspect the buildings insured in this Company, and will commence work on the first of July. Policy-holders are requested to have their Policies at hand, so there will be no unnecessary delay in the inspection. ANDERSON MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE CO. People's Friend! Who?—The Dollar!

DON'T fail to see the grand Axel Machine that W. M. WALLACE has purchased to save people money on their Buggies, Carriages, &c. This is the greatest Machine that has ever been invented in this country. It saves you outting on new Axel Points. This only costs you \$2.00 to make your old Buggie run like new ones. Don't fail to come to see us. Also, will shrink your tires for \$7.50 each, and guarantee satisfaction. Horse Shoeing a specialty. You will find us below Jail, on the corner. W. M. WALLACE. NOTICE. I hereby notify all parties who owe the firm of Blockley & Fry, by note or otherwise, and all parties who are owing me for mules, Buggies, &c., that all amount due must be paid up promptly by 7 o'clock next, as I must have the money. JO. J. FRETWELL. Sept 17, 1902

BANJER SALVE

the most healing salve in the world.

Dr. Woolley's PAINLESS OPIUM Whisky Cure. E. G. McADAMS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, ANDERSON, S. C. Office in Judge of Probate's office, in the Court House. Feb 9, 1902