

FOODS THAT MAKE BEAUTY.

What a Woman Should Eat to be Pretty and Plump.

Washington, May 2, 1903.—Do you wish to be beautiful? Or, if you possess beauty already, are you anxious to retain it?

The chances are in either case that the answer is, yes. Well, then, it all depends to a great extent upon what you eat. Certain kinds of food encourage plumpitude, while others have an opposite tendency. It is worth while to know how to regulate your diet with a view to acquiring beauty, or, if you have it not, to retain it, if you are its fortunate possessor.

At the present time Uncle Sam is cultivating on his experimental farm near Washington a beauty-making plant. It is called the "fenugrek," and the seeds of it are eaten by the women of Algeria to make them beautiful. Their belief is that it makes them plump and improves their complexions. But the Government experts as yet have not reached a satisfactory conclusion as to whether this faith is justified or not. It may be correct, but judgment on the point is suspended.

However, there are foods which undeniably are beauty-makers. It is worth any woman's while to know what they are and to try them—unless, perchance, she is so perfect physically as not to need them—in her own case, and for her own advantage. After all, when one comes to think of it, it is doubtful whether any woman, no matter how well content with her own charms, was ever satisfied that they were not susceptible of improvement. Did Cleopatra, who in her day was voted the most beautiful person in the world, as well as the most seductive and enticing, use no cosmetics?

One thing to be set down as gospel, to begin with, is that all of the advertised beauty foods—"skin foods," "acid genus ome"—are humbugs. The best of them of them are useless and not a few are harmful. The only real foods for beauty are of the every day kind, but to be properly and judiciously selected.

"The best of all beauty-making foods are fruits and fresh vegetables," said Prof. H. W. Wiley, the famous Government chemist, who is incidentally a skilled physician yesterday. "They contain relatively little nourishment—a woman could hardly live on them exclusively for any length of time—but, for reasons which as yet are imperfectly understood, they possess extraordinary value as health-givers. If you want bright eyes and a clear complexion get plenty of them."

The fact is that most fresh vegetables and fruits are nearly all water. Spinach is 29 per cent water; cabbage is 77 per cent water; beets are 83 per cent water; carrots are 91 per cent water; cauliflower is 91 per cent water; cucumbers are 96 per cent water; eggplant is 93 per cent water; tomatoes are 90 per cent water, onions are 78 per cent water; green corn (out from the cob) is 81 per cent water, and celery is 94 per cent water. Fruits are pretty nearly all water, though the banana is relatively rich in starch.

Fruits and vegetables, then, are of no great use for supporting the human body. Their value is mainly medicinal and as beauty-makers they are chief among foods. It is almost impossible to eat too much of them in a fresh state, though, of course, the diet must include a reasonable proportion of those substances such as meat, which furnishes blood and muscle tissue. Peas and beans, fresh from the garden, are an all-purpose diet, inasmuch as they, unlike other vegetables, contain a large proportion of the stuff that makes muscle and blood, while possessing at the same time high usefulness as green "provender."

Where beauty is considered in connection with diet, the greatest puzzle from the viewpoint of most women has to do with acidopis. It is an unfortunate fact that three women out of four, by the time they have reached the age of 30, are mortally afraid of becoming too fat. The fourth is fearful of too severe attenuation, which is even less to be desired, perhaps, and she who is satisfied with her figure in prospect is an exception indeed, and much to be envied.

It is all very absurd. To regulate one's weight—save in those unusual cases where the fatty tendency is a disease, or attenuation due to constitutional defect—is perfectly easy, and may be accomplished almost to the requisite ounce. It is simply a matter of regulating one's diet—not in a painful way, be it understood, but merely by common sense.

Are you getting too fat? Then drop bread and potatoes, that is all that is necessary. Of course, you are not expected to gorge yourself with pastry and candy. Cut those out, if you can, or, if you can't, be moderate in that kind of indulgence. Eat all you want. If you like twice as much as usual, but consider potatoes and bread are not for you—just for a while, at all events. You will be surprised to find that you lose two pounds in the first thirty-six hours and a pound a day after that.

Anybody can give up potatoes. The bread is a far more serious deprivation, but, as the French say: "Il faut souffrir pour être beau." In other words, you must choose between food and your figure. The cure is un-failing if you are capable of the requisite self-denial.

Such being the case, the cure for excessive thinness is obvious. Eat freely of the fat making foods—bread, potatoes, pastry, candy, and, in the way of fruits, bananas and apples. With moderate exercise (which is an essential) you will take on flesh. But remember that whether you are plump or lean, the diet that will tend to make you prettiest must include plenty of fruits and green vegetables, fresh from the garden.

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Folk-lore notions handed down from generation to generation by the unlettered are, while always quaint and interesting, often founded upon fact. For example, there is a widespread and ancient popular belief to the effect that a diet of spinach makes a clear complexion, and of carrots a rosy skin. Less easily accounted for is the notion that fish-eaters are apt to be dark-skinned. The same thing is said of chocolate-eaters—for look if you please at the people who dwell where the plant grows. But after all it is by no means certain that food does not have an effect upon complexion by influencing the production of pigment by the liver. Physiologists of note have spoken in the affirmative on that question, and there may be more in the theory than is commonly supposed.

René Bache.

The Deacon Entirely Forgot. A few Sundays ago a good old Carthage deacon, over-tempered by the sunshine, hitched his team to his surry and drove with his grand children to Centro Creek. While he was not looking the young people blipped some jointed fishing rods and tackle under the seat. Arriving at the creek they pulled them out much to the old deacon's surprise and indignation. He was still remonstrating against such ungodly usages on Sunday, when one of the girls hooked a catfish more than a foot long. Now, the deacon is an old-time sport at fishing and the sight of this fish set him wild. The girl couldn't land her prize and the deacon pulled it out for her. Then, baiting the hook, he began angling on his own account and soon landed a four-pound bass. Forgetting the Sabbath and all else save the glorious sport he was having, the deacon kept on fishing, bringing out several beauties, until the children reminded him that they would have to hurry home to get supper so as to attend church.

"My gracious, yes," he said, "I forgot this was Sunday. This is awful, just awful."

With one longing, lingering look at the river the deacon drove away.—Carthage, Mo., Press.

Fear End of the World is Near. Winsted, Conn., April 30.—Information just received from Warren, an isolated village in the southwestern part of the county, says the villagers are fearful that the end of the world is imminent. In the middle of Tamarack Swamp, near Warren, there is a pond. A few days ago the people of the village were alarmed by a loud rumble, and then the pond rose from its bed 100 feet in the air and dropped back into its original place with a terrific crash. J. H. Angevine, who was near the pond when it shot into the air, was covered with water. Some families in Warren are planning to move out of the village.—Chicago Herald.

After a fellow has walked about fourteen miles every night for two weeks with the baby it pains him to be told by the doctor: "You look all run down. You should take more exercise."

Mindano's Death Valley.

A. G. Carpenter, of Chicago, who recently returned from the Philippine Islands, is in Denver. For three years he has been roaming around in unexplored and uncivilized parts of the island examining into the natural possibilities of the country. During his visit to the islands he represented a Chicago company, to which he has but recently made a report of his observations in the newly acquired territory. Of all of the unparalleled things which he saw, Mr. Carpenter says that the much-talked of Valley of Death in the Island of Mindano is the most wonderful and mysterious.

"The famous valley," he says, "is far inland in this large island. The interior of the island is covered with mountains, and there are many indications of volcanic eruptions. After one range of mountains is crossed there is a deep descent. This is the edge of the valley. It looks like the rim of a great crater, but it is too large for that. It is surrounded by high mountains and covers many square miles.

"When crossing the mountains the traveler sees a heavy mist similar to a fog hanging over the land beneath him. The mist is heavier and darker than the most dense fog, and it has never been known to clear away. As my party of five went down the mountain side we felt that we were approaching that mist.

"The air we breathed was heavy and foul. We knew that there were poisonous gases in the atmosphere from the very effect which the air above had upon us. As I was not upon an expedition to find out how much suffering we could endure I called a halt long before we were in the thick of the mist. We decided at once to return to the mountain tops and survey the valley at a distance. I was anxious to make some report of the valley, for natives had brought nuggets of gold from the neighboring islands which were larger than any I had ever before heard of. They said that they had found these at the edge of the Valley of Death.

"No one has ever been known to cross this strange valley, and several parties which have made the attempt have failed and have been forced to return to the mountains exhausted and sick. Many people have been overcome by the poisonous gases and have only been rescued by their friends whose lungs were not so quickly affected.

"So far as I can understand, I believe that there must be some volcanic fissure somewhere in the valley and from this is constantly pouring forth the poisonous vapor which ever hangs over the valley. From descriptions of other volcanic gases I believe that this is the explanation of the mist which hangs over the Valley of Death."

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Sheriff Paid His Fine.

Augusta, Ga., May 9.—George Moore plead guilty today in Richmond Superior Court to burglary. He pleaded that he was a Union soldier, and begged for mercy. The jury, made up of Confederate soldiers, recommended him to mercy.

The judge, Wm. T. Gary, ex-Confederate Major, fined the man \$1.

The sheriff, Major John Clark, ex-Confederate Captain, paid the fine.

The solicitor, son of an ex-Confederate officer, ordered the dollar given to the Union soldier.

As the soldier left the dock crying, the spectators arose and remained standing in silence until he departed from the courtroom.

Tonight ex-Confederates made up a purse and sent the man to his home in Kentucky. He is 70, and in dire necessity burglarized a store here.

A Confederate Monument.

Baltimore, May 2.—A monument to the Confederate army and navy, erected by the Maryland Daughters of the Confederacy, was unveiled in this city today, in the presence of a large concourse of people. There was a parade of Confederate Veterans. The monument, which is fourteen feet high, consisting of a bronze group, representing Glory and Valor, resting on a pedestal of granite, was formally presented to the city by the captain, Geo. W. Booth, on behalf of the Maryland Confederate Society, and accepted by Mayor Hayes.

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 is on each box. Price 25c.

13?—Pooh!

"Seems to me," said State Historian Hugh Hastings at the Fifth Avenue Hotel the other day, "that I would be eligible to membership in the Thirteenth Club without being put on the waiting list.

"On Friday—Friday, mind you—March 13, I left Albany to come to New York. The train was reported 13 minutes late. It got away at 13 minutes past the starting time.

"I noticed as I was boarding the train that the number of the car was 313. My ticket, of course, was dated the 13th, and when the conductor came around to get my eye caught the number of the ticket and I saw that the two terminal figures were 13.

"The frequent occurrence of the alleged hoodoo numeral by this time struck me as being a little odd, and the coincidence impressed me still more when I found I was sitting in the 13th seat from the front end of the car.

"Well, thought I, 'if there is anything in this superstition about the unluckiness of 13, something ought to happen to this train that would knock me into 1,313 pieces by the time it has gone 13 miles.'

"But I didn't worry, any, and to give the lie to the superstition, the train rolled safely into the Grand Central Station with every one of the 13 minutes made up. I had to smile, though, and wonder a little, too, as I walked past the locomotive that hauled us in, to see that its number was 1,013."

A messenger at this moment delivered a telegram to Mr. Hastings. It told him of his reappointment and confirmation for another term as State historian.

"Look at the number on the envelope, Hugh?" said a bystander. The number was 413. And the day was Friday.—New York Sun.

Lettuce Stops Smallpox.

Lettuce is an absolute preventive of smallpox. No one is in the least particle of danger of catching smallpox who eats a little lettuce every day. Smallpox belongs to the scorbutic class of diseases. Sailors at sea deprived of fresh vegetables get scurvy. Scurvy is a typical scorbutic disease. Smallpox is another. Smallpox always rages during the winter season when the poor people are deprived of fresh vegetable foods. Celery and onions are good for this purpose, but there is such a long interval between their being gathered and being eaten that they lose most of their anti-scorbutic properties.

Lettuce is served shortly after it is picked and hence contains the valuable properties which will prevent smallpox. We say without the least hesitation or reserve that lettuce will prevent smallpox. It is a thousand times better than vaccination, to produce other diseases. Any one who eats lettuce daily will not catch smallpox, whether he is vaccinated or not.

"He said he could not live without me." "Then you will marry him, dear?" "No; I am going to give pay a chance to make some money." "How?" "Why, paw's an undertaker."

— Debt is a deep hole, easy to crawl in and hard to crawl out.

Gave Himself Away.

When Thomas drove up to deliver the usual quart of white mixture, the gentleman of the house, blandly inquired:

"Thomas, how many quarts of milk do you deliver daily to your customers?"

"Ninety-one, sir."

"And how many cows have you?"

"Nine, sir."

The gentleman made some remarks about an early spring, and the state of the roads and then asked: "Thomas, how much milk per day do your cows average?"

"Seven quarts, sir."

"Ah—um!" said the gentleman as he moved off.

Thomas looked after him, scratched his head and all at once grew pale as he pulled out a short pencil and began to figure on the wagon cover: "Nine cows is nine, and I set down seven quarts under the cow and multiply. That's sixty-three quarts of milk. I told him I sold ninety-one quarts per day. Sixty-three from ninety-one leave twenty-eight and none to carry. Now, where do I get the rest of the milk? I'll be hanged if I haven't given myself away to one of my best customers by leaving a big cavity in the figures to be filled with water!"

Five Cents For The Prayer.

An amusing story is told of the Rev. H. S. Thrall, one of the pioneers of Methodism in Texas. In company with a number of itinerants who were on their way to conference, Dr. Thrall stopped to spend the night with an old farmer. It was the custom then to settle the bill at night so that they might rise about 3 o'clock in the morning and ride a good way before breakfast and lie by in the heat of the day. Dr. Thrall acting as spokesman of the party, said to the old farmer after supper: "We are a company of Methodist preachers going to conference. If you will get the family to gether we will have prayers with you."

After prayers one by one settled his bill. Dr. Thrall's turn came, and he asked for his bill. The old farmer replied: "Well, pa'son, I charged the rest 25 cents; but bein' as you prayed for us so good, I won't charge you but 20 cents." The brethren had the laugh on Dr. Thrall.

A New Jersey widow married the nephew of her first husband, whose son is a first cousin of her second husband, and now becomes his stepson as well as his cousin. The groom is her husband, her nephew and the stepfather of her son, while she is his wife, his aunt and the mother of his first cousin. Now, where are you?

"Love laughs at locksmiths," said the Boorish Bachelor, "but he seems to have the greatest respect for goldsmiths, jewellers and diamond dealers!"

"People are fond of telling what they would do if they had \$1,000,000. It's safe to bet that nine men out of ten if they had \$1,000,000 would do nothing."

Jags—My wife had a good cry last night. Wags—What about Jags—When I reached home at midnight she asked me where I had been, and I told her.

We'd give a bit to know what a six-month's old baby thinks about.

Chronic Sores Eating Ulcers, A Constant Drain Upon the System.

Nothing is a source of so much trouble as an old sore or ulcer, particularly when located upon the lower extremities where the circulation is weak and sluggish. A gangrenous eating ulcer upon the leg is a frightful sight, and as the poison burrows deeper and deeper into the tissue beneath and the sore continues to spread, one can almost see the flesh melting away and feel the strength going out with the sickening discharges. Great running sores and deep offensive ulcers often develop from a simple boil, swollen gland, bruise or pimple, and are a threatening danger always, because, while all such sores are not cancerous, a great many are, and this should make you suspicious of all chronic, slow-healing ulcers and sores, particularly if cancer runs in your family. Face sores are common and cause the greatest annoyance because they are so persistent and unsightly and detract so much from one's personal appearance.

Middle aged and old people and those whose blood is contaminated and tainted with the germs and poison of malaria or some previous sickness, are the chief sufferers from chronic sores and ulcers. While the blood remains in an unhealthy, polluted condition healing is impossible, and the sore will continue to grow and spread in spite of washes and salves or any superficial or surface treatment, for the sore is but the outward sign of some constitutional disorder, a bad condition of the blood and system which local remedies cannot cure. A blood purifier and tonic is what you need. Something to cleanse the blood, restore its lost properties, quicken the circulation and invigorate the constitution, and S. S. S. is just such a remedy.

S. S. S. reaches these old chronic sores through the blood. It goes to the very root of the trouble and counteracts and removes from the blood all the impurities and poisons, and gradually builds up the entire system and strengthens the sluggish circulation, and when the blood has been purified and the system purged of all morbid, unhealthy matter the healing process begins, and the ulcer or sore is soon entirely gone.

S. S. S. contains no mineral or poisonous drugs of any description, but is guaranteed a purely vegetable remedy, a blood purifier and tonic combined and a safe and permanent cure for chronic sores and ulcers. If you have a slow-healing sore of any kind, external or internal, write us about it, and our physicians will advise you without charge. Book on "The Blood and Its Diseases" free.

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