

OLD SCHOOL DOCTORS

Ignorance of Physicians of the Eighteenth Century.

TORTURE FOR THE PATIENTS.

Every Ailment Beyond Diagnosis Was Classed as a Fever, and Pills, Plasters, Burning and Bleeding Were the Regulation Remedies.

The proverb "The remedy is worse than the disease" must have been coined in the eighteenth century, when physicians treated their patients with a violence that bordered on assault and battery. It was held that sickness was some kind of a demon that must be overcome by pills, plasters, bleeding and burning, and if the patient incidentally got the full effects of the torture and died, so much the worse for him. Air and water were considered the most dangerous of poisons and the demand for them was interpreted as a sign that he should have still less.

The deadly results of breathing "night air" were accounted for by medical writers, says S. G. Tallentyre in the Cornhill Magazine. All air was bad, but the night quality often proved fatal to "young ladies of beauty, fortune and great merit" and to "young gentlemen of parts and breeding." One bold medico recommended that a bed-chamber should be ventilated in the daytime. Another dared to suggest that consumptives might benefit from sleeping in a pure atmosphere.

The rule for abutions was "hands often, feet seldom, head never," but a physician far in advance of his time suggested that instead of bathing their feet in warm water once a week and under extraordinary circumstances take a warm bath once a month. Overeating and drinking caused many of the diseases of the upper classes. Montesquieu said that dinner killed one half of the Parisians and supper the other half. Everywhere it was the custom to pile the table with roast beef, mutton, capons, boars' heads, pasties, creams, stews and mince-meats. A fearful repast of twelve indigestible courses was brought on together, so that the diners knew what was expected of them. A large breakfast of small beer and meats preceded the gigantic midday meal, when people enjoyed a gargantuan gorge for three hours and spent two more in Falstaffian potations. After this the gentlemen joined the women for a dish of tea in the drawing room, and it was not long before the whole party of human anacandas returned to the dining room for a supper on the cold remnants of the dinner. Amid this orgy of gorging Walpole and Voltaire were distinguished for an abstinence that prolonged their lives.

Heavy drinking was universal and rarely reprimanded by medical men, as by Dr. Tronchin. One Dr. Cheyne advised women not to take a whole bottle a day. Another authority wrote a popular treatise in which the best means of attaining longevity was stated to be a bottle of wine at dinner and three glasses of wine at supper. Those who followed such advice were in danger of being dubbed temperance cranks. A story is told of the celebrated and convivial Dr. Garth, who was tipping bumpers at the Kit-Kat club when reminded that his patients needed attention. "This no matter," said Garth, already half seas over, "if I see them or not. Nine have such bad constitutions that all the doctors in the world can't save them, and the other six have such good that all the doctors in the world can't kill them."

A physician named Brown became the pet of fashionable women by always prescribing pleasant remedies, "a glass of wine in the forenoon from time to time," "several glasses of port or punch after dinner till some enlivening effect is perceived from them." Together with inordinate quantities of liquor and food, Dr. Brown recommended to his male patients the company of "delightful young women." One of the natural consequences of such an agreeable regimen was the gout, for which eighteenth century high lives took seas of liquid medicine, mountains of pills and bins of powders.

Any disease beyond diagnosis was put down as "a fever." Whether typhus or typhoid, scarlet or gastric, non-contagious or violently infectious, anything which caused a rise in temperature was sufficiently described by the term fever. Smallpox, scurvy, spotted and jail fever were maladies distinctive of the age. Disinfection and first aid to nature were never dreamed of, while the patient was dosed with horrid draughts and nauseating compounds and bled on every possible occasion. Louis XIV. was bled nine times for scarlet fever. Bleeding killed the Duchess of Tremouille and her husband. When a mob attacked the Duke of Bedford's house in 1765 the doctors remedied the outrage by bleeding the duchess next morning. A young man who fell against a marble table and cut his head open was treated by having a few pints of extra blood drawn from his veins by an expert surgeon. Blistering was esteemed next to bleeding. A fashionable remedy for consumption was a mash of raw snails, shells and all, taken from a spoon.

Many little lives have been saved by Foley's Honey and Tar, for coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough. It is the only safe remedy for infants and children as it contains no opiates in other narcotic drugs, and children like Foley's Honey and Tar. Careful mothers keep a bottle in the house. Refuse substitutes.

Little Bobby was saying his prayers at his mother's knee, but so rapidly that she asked him why he did not speak more slowly. "Because, you know," he replied, "it would keep all the other children waiting."—Lippincott's.

Lady (at railway station, to porter)—Now, porter, are you sure I have all my luggage in the train? Porter—Yes, ma'am. Lady—Nothing left behind? Porter—Notin' ma'am—not even a copper, ma'am!—London Scraps.

It is the mind that maketh good or ill, that maketh wretchedness or happiness, rich or poor.

FREAK PAINTINGS.

A Tiny Work of Art and Rosa's Transformed Harpsichord.

Specialty prepared canvases and gilded frames are not essential to the making of great paintings. This has been demonstrated by the artists who have painted masterpieces on scraps of board, shells, grains of corn and the walls of rooms and prison cells. Some of the most valued art objects belong to the freak class.

The smallest painting in the world of distinctive merit was executed on the smooth side of a grain of corn by a Flemish artist. On this limited surface the artist painted in perfect detail a mill, a miller with a sack of grain on his back, a horse and cart and a group of several peasants standing in a road.

The largest picture ever painted is said to be a panorama of the Mississippi river, executed by John Banvard, an artist who died in Watertown, S. D., in 1891. The gigantic canvas was twenty-two feet high and nearly two miles long. It gave a detailed representation of 2,000 miles of the Father of Waters.

The largest of the old masters' canvases is Murillo's "Appearance of the Christ Child to St. Anthony of Padua." The picture is ten feet wide and eighteen feet high.

It is related that a friend called on Salvador Rosa in Florence once and found him playing on an old harpsichord. The caller asked the artist why he kept such a worthless instrument.

"Why, it is not worth a scudo!" the friend said.

"I will wager," replied Rosa, "that it shall be worth a thousand before you see it again."

A bet was made. Rosa immediately painted a landscape on the lid that not only sold for 1,000 scudi, but was accounted a work of great merit.

The celebrated St. John's Wood clique of artists in London executed a series of large frescoes in oil on the walls of the studio of J. E. Hodgson, one of the members. The paintings were begun in the winter of 1854-5. Shakespearian subjects were chosen, and the figures were a little under life size.

When Hodgson moved from his studio an unappreciative tenant covered the walls of the room with brown wall paper, completely hiding the paintings. The frescoes were rediscovered by accident forty years afterward and restored.—Kansas City Star.

A CHARITY PATIENT.

The Price He Had to Pay For Expert Surgical Treatment.

The famous surgeon Velpeau was visited one day at his house during the consultation hour by a marquis renowned for his closeness. Velpeau informed the marquis that an operation was urgent and that the fee would amount to 4,000 francs. At this the marquis made a wry face and left. A fortnight later Dr. Velpeau, while making his rounds in the Hospital de la Charite, had his attention attracted by a face that seemed familiar to him. In answer to his inquiry it was stated that the patient was a footman of a nobleman in the Faubourg St. Germain. The surgeon found that his case resembled in every particular the somewhat unusual one for which the marquis had consulted him a fortnight previously. He refrained, however, from making any comments. Three weeks after the operation, when the patient was about to be discharged, Dr. Velpeau called him aside and exclaimed: "Monsieur, I am extremely flattered and pleased to have been able to cure you. There is, however, a small formality with which you will have to comply before I can sign your exit—that is, you will have to sign a check for 10,000 francs in behalf of the public charity bureau of your metropolitan district." The patient's face became livid. "You can do what you like about it," continued the doctor, "but if you refuse all Paris will know tomorrow that the Marquis de D. adopted the disguise of a footman in order to secure free treatment at this hospital and to usurp the place which belongs by right to a pauper." Of course the marquis paid.—Argonaut.

The Storm Noss at Sea. The picturesque name of storm nose (Gewitternase) is given in Germany to the wave of high barometric pressure which often precedes a storm or a heavy squall. The barometer rises suddenly and then falls more gradually. It is believed that this phenomenon is responsible for sudden changes in the level of the sea. Observations on the seas surrounding Denmark have led to the conclusion that the change of level thus produced sometimes amounts to no less than three feet.—Youth's Companion.

The Devil's Knell. Among the famous bells of Dewsbury, Yorkshire, England, is one known as "Black Tom of Southill," which was presented to the church in expiation of a murder. "Black Tom" is always rung on Christmas eve. Its solemn tolling as it strikes the first tap at exactly midnight is known as "the devil's knell," it being the notion that when Christ was born the devil died.—London Standard.

Shut Him Up. Baldheaded Gentleman (having his boots polished in a hotel)—Confound it, you take an abominably long time about it. Shoeback—Yes, sir. It ain't done so quick as when you 'as your 'air cut!—London Tit-Bits.

Do you wish to find out the really sublime? Repeat the Lord's Prayer.—Napoleon.

You would not delay taking Foley's Kidney Remedy at the first sign of kidney or bladder trouble if you realized that neglect might result in Bright's disease or diabetes. Foley's Kidney Remedy corrects irregularities and cures all kidney and bladder disorders. W. E. Brown & Co.

There was not even standing room in the 6 o'clock crowded car, but one more passenger, a young woman, wedged her way along just inside the doorway. Each time the car took a sudden lurch forward she fell helplessly back, and three times she landed in the arms of a large, comfortable man on the back platform. The third time it happened he said quietly, "Hadn't you better stay here?"—New York World.

Their Standard. "Say," asked the first messenger boy, "got any novels to swap?" "I got 'Big Foot Bill's Revenge,'" replied the other.

"Is it a long story?" "Naw! Ye kin finish it easy in two messages."—Philadelphia Press.

DIKES IN GERMANY.

They Are Built With Great Care and Exactness.

When a dike is to be built—and they are still in places where dikes—it is first mapped out by the neatly sharpened stakes, a long straight causeway leading out from shore and widening into a rounded head which abuts on the red line of the channel. Then a ground sill or foundation mattress of willows is woven and sunk at this head and pinned down and held in place by the sharpened pegs. Then wattles are woven and sand filled in, and in places rock, and then, rounding up neatly out of the water and forming a tight covering to the whole, the hand squared blocks of stone are laid, as closely as a city pavement, all over the head and back along the neck to the old shore. It is as permanent and stable as the Harvard stadium, the dike so built, and the river, abandoned to the space back of the tip to slack water or to be filled in with sand, flows on with entire grace in the restricted channel beyond the tip.

The care and exactness with which these dikes are made would be laughable if it were not so successful. In a land where hand labor is very cheap days are devoted to doing what in America would be roughly cast by machinery in a couple of hours. But the result is so admirable that one remembers the horribly ugly pile dikes, the horrid fringes of the improved "off channel" banks of the Mississippi.

Where the dikes have accomplished their purpose and generally on the banks opposite to them the river is reverted above middle water. This, too, is done with the hand squared stones, and as a result the Elbe where completely finished resembles a broad canal between stone lined banks, the stone rising a few feet above the water, and above it the green slope of the fields or a fringe of willows. It is all peaceful, complete and generally beautiful, with at least the beauty of utility where it lacks that of ruggedness and wildness.—Boston Transcript.

GILA MONSTER'S BITE.

The Reptile Turns Over to Get Venom Into Its Victim.

It was his turning over habit that led me to the discovery as to the bite of the Gila monster. This creature, more like a short, stocky snake with legs than anything else, has no poison fangs, like the rattlesnake, yet his bite may be just as dangerous. His poison teeth are in his lower jaw, and the poison comes from a gland under the tongue. If he bites without turning over the wound is not serious, but if he turns over there is great danger. Dr. Snow of the University of Kansas wrote me some time ago of an experience he had with the bite of a Gila monster.

The reptile was caught and put in a bucket, the top of which was covered with paper. The bucket was then put in the wagon in which the doctor was driving. As the road was somewhat rough, the bucket was bounced up and down, and in order to steady it Dr. Snow put his hand behind him and took hold of the bucket, thrusting his fingers through the newspaper cover on its top so that he could hold it secure. Suddenly he felt the monster's grip on his fingers. Startled and somewhat alarmed, he carefully pried the jaws of the reptile open and released himself. The wounds were such as any ordinary bite would have made, and he suffered no more inconvenience than might have been expected.

There are many stories current in Arizona and Sonora as to deaths that have occurred from Gila monster's bites, but it is hard to get at the facts. Careful experiments made with animals show that when the reptile bites and turns over, so that the poison flows down the tooth grooves into the wound, the bitten creatures die in a short time.—Suburban Life.

A Dead Bird. Samuel Butler, the witty but eccentric author of "Erewhon," which means "Nowhere," and of many other remarkable and suggestive books, is now more read than during his lifetime. He died in 1902. In one of his notebooks he tells this incident, which must have amused the great Charles Darwin:

"Frank Darwin told me his father was once standing near the hippopotamus cage when a little boy and girl, aged four and five, came up. The hippopotamus shut his eyes for a minute. "That bird's dead," said the little girl. "Come along!"

Her Lucky Number. The byways as well as the highways of church life furnish much in the way of wit and humor. What, for instance, could be more mirth provoking than the naive confession of the cook of a London vicar who, being allowed to choose a hymn for the family prayers, was complimented on her choice by the vicar's wife?

"What a nice hymn you chose!" said the latter to the cook. "Yes, mum; it's the number of my policeman."

Taking an Advantage. "Your family seem to enjoy going to Europe." "Yes," answered Mr. Camrox. "Mother and the girls have observed that I am weak on getting the value of foreign money. Things are ordered and paid for before I have time to make any intelligent inquiries as to the expense."—Washington Star.

Truthful. "I hadn't been talking with him three minutes before he called me an ass. What sort of a person is he?" "Well, I never knew him to tell a lie."

Disease Counts. "Every disease almost has its peculiar odor," said a doctor. "This odor helps us greatly in diagnosis. "Gout imparts to the skin a smell precisely like whoop. Diabetes causes a sweet, honey-like smell. Jaundice occasions a smell of stables. Smallpox has a very strong and hideous smell. It is like burning bones. Measles has a smell as of fresh plucked feathers. "The fevers have the most distinctive odors. The odor of typhus is ammoniacal; that of intermittents is like fresh brown bread hot from the oven; that of typhus is musty, recalling to the mind old, damp cellars; that of yellow fever is like the washings of a dirty gun barrel. "So, you see, to speak of a doctor scenting out disease is not to use a mere figure of speech."

A little in time that will save nine is Rinco's Liver Pill. For biliousness, sick headache, constipation, they do not price. Price 25c. The Manning Pharmacy.

Private Theatricals. In some private theatricals a fugitive from justice was supposed to escape from his pursuers by concealing himself under a table. The table was small, and the terrified fugitive was somewhat lengthy. The commander of the pursuing party rushed on the stage and fell over the legs of the man he was searching for. Picking himself up and ludicrously rubbing his shins, he convulsed the audience by exclaiming in true dramatic style: "Ha, ha! The dastardly villain has eluded us again!"—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Don't Get a Divorce. A western judge granted a divorce on account of ill-temper and bad breath. Dr. King's New Life Pills would have prevented it. They cure Constipation, causing bad breath and Liver Trouble, the ill-temper, dispel colds, banish headaches, conquer chills. 25c at Dr. W. E. Brown & Co., and J. E. Arant.

EATING TOO MUCH.

Overnutrition Is Just as Harmful as Malnutrition.

It is an acknowledged fact that almost every soul of us eats too much. The digestive organs are constantly overtrained and finally weakened. When wisely followed, the practice of fasting can be most beneficial. An expert on the food question has said that one should rise from the table with the feeling of hunger, which is an experience known to very few of us. On the contrary, the majority of people leave the board with a sense of burden which only an hour's siesta can alleviate. This is not so much owing to the fact that the food is unhealthful, for the rule of the fast is simple life obtains now in the fashionable cuisine, but it is the quantity taken. There is a large community at the present moment which fasts from breakfast time till dinner at night. It is a question if it is wise to leave the stomach entirely without food during all those hours, but there is no question that the lighter the lunch taken the better will be the health of the individual. By a "light lunch" in this instance is meant what most people would not call a lunch at all—that is to say, a few crackers with cheese (a much maligned article of diet), a few nuts and a bit of fruit or a cup of cocoa with dry toast. Such a "feast" prevents the craving for food and in no way taxes the digestive organs. Overnutrition is just as harmful as malnutrition and is far more frequently the cause of maladies. With judicious fasting the system recovers its lost tone, and mental workers would find that the brain worked with surprising lightness, for the brain is one of the chief sufferers from over-eating.—New York American.

BRITISH PRINCES.

Very Different From the King In Exemption From Laws.

So privileged is the king of England in his exemption from any and every law that one would naturally expect his children might do pretty much as they like. But Englishmen have always been very jealous of royal prerogatives, and the fact is that princes enjoy very few privileges indeed. A prince of the royal blood may be fined, like any ordinary mortal, if his motor car exceeds the legal limit of speed. The Prince of Wales cannot be sued personally for debt. If the debt is not paid the creditor may take out a summons, but he must summon the treasurer, not the prince. If the case goes against the treasurer the money is paid out of the prince's assets.

No child of the king who is under twenty-five can marry without the king's consent. Supposing, however, a prince over twenty-five desired to marry and the king refused his consent, then the prince could give notice of his intention to the privy council. After that he would have to restrain his patience for a whole year. If during that time either the house of lords or the house of commons disapproved of the marriage it could not take place. But if both houses of parliament were satisfied the prince could marry the woman of his choice.

A prince has not even the right to educate his own children, for it was long ago laid down that the king has the care and education of his grandchildren while they are minors.—London Telegraph.

The New York Idea.

"Little boy?" "Eh?" "Do you know where Broadway is?" "Say, wot youse take me fer?" "Well, where is it?" "Aw, don't youse believe I know?" "Yes, of course, but I don't know. Tell me how to get there from here." "Aw, youse know how." "I do not. I am a stranger. I haven't the least idea where it is." "Quit yer kiddin'!" "Where—is Broadway?" "G'wan!" "This way or that way?" "Yer stringin' me."

"Will you tell me where Broadway is?" "Hey, Jimmy, here's a guy wot see he don't know where Broadway is!"—New York Times.

The Brakeman's Advice.

Down in Maine is a town called Burnham, situated on a small branch railroad that joins the main line at Burnham Junction. One day as the train approached the latter place the brakeman entered the car and in his usual stentorian tones went through his regular rigmarole when a station and junction are reached. "Burnham Junction!" he shouted. "Burnham Junction! Change cars for Burnham! Leave no articles in the car! Burn'am, Burn'am!"—Lippincott's.

The Other Course.

Solicitor—And I am sure you will find, madam, that this is the best course to adopt in the event of your friendly letter falling to produce the effect we desire. Client—Yes, I see, Mr. Jones. If I cannot get what I want by fair means, I must put the matter unreservedly into your hands.—Punch.

The Magnet.

"Yes, she advertised for a husband and got 2,700 replies." "Gracious! She must have advertised herself as very beautiful." "No, she didn't. She just said she had \$700 in the bank."—Kansas City Independent.

There's no substitute for thoroughgoing earnest and sincere earnestness.

—Dickens.

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You can always tell where FARMERS' BONE has been used. The plant looks strong, vigorous & well-fruited. It's because the fish acts as a tonic. EACH BAG OF THE GENUINE FARMERS' BONE BEARS OUR TRADE MARK—F.S.A. DON'T TAKE SUBSTITUTES. F.S. ROYSTER GUANO CO. NORFOLK, VA. & COLUMBIA, S.C. MAON, GA. WHEN YOU COME TO TOWN CALL AT WELLS' SHAVING SALOON. Which is fitted up with an eye to the comfort of his customers. HAIR CUTTING IN ALL STYLES, SHAVING AND SHAMPOOING Done with neatness and dispatch. A cordial invitation is extended. J. L. WELLS. Manning Times Block. Geo. S. Hacker & Son MANUFACTURERS OF THE LARGEST AND MOST COMPLETE ESTABLISHMENT SOUTH. Doors, Sash, Blinds, Moulding and Building Material, CHARLESTON, S. C. Sash Weights and Cords. Window and Fancy Glass a Specialty. W. O. W. Woodmen of the World. Meets on fourth Monday nights at 8:30. Visiting Sovereigns invited. FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR for children; safe, sure. No opiates.