

OLD-TIME REMEDIES.

Renewed Demand for Medicines of the Old Days.

Diet, pure food, pure air and less worry constitute the favorite prescriptions of doctors in this progressive day, says Leslie's. And we are having a revival of the old-fashioned remedies of our mothers and grandmothers, who depended upon nature's herbs for most of their medicines. Never before has there been such a demand for pennyroyal, peppermint, wintergreen, gold-thread and other simple remedies of the old days, and all of these enter into numerous popular medicaments. Now comes the discovery that by a careful refining of crude oil, a tasteless, colorless product can be evolved that will act as an internal lubricant for the human system. This was a Russian medical discovery and the oil received the name of "Russian oil." It was obtaining world-wide fame when the war broke out and interfered with our foreign trade. American ingenuity met the demands of the emergency and replaced Russian oil with a product from the laboratories of our own chemists. So with nature's herbs and the products of nature's distillation, providence administers its healing remedies to suffering mankind and leaves less for the doctors to do.

FOR SERVICE ON JURY.

Right Kind of Man Needs to Possess Character and Information.

The proposed ten-to-two verdict for juries in civil cases is a step in the right direction, writes a correspondent. I have served on juries for over ten years, working in the supreme courts, the city courts and the criminal courts, and my experience has shown me that on almost every jury is found one or more of the following:

The man who has not enough education and experience to weigh evidence.

The man of anarchistic or socialistic tendencies who refuses to accept the judge's interpretation of the law.

The man who habitually votes for the poor or unfortunate in a suit against a corporation or a well-to-do individual.

The deaf man who does not hear the evidence.

The man who is unable to comprehend legal language, as, for instance, the one who consider the weight of evidence dependent upon quantity rather than quality.

The self-sufficient man who won't argue.

The abusive man who insults his fellow-jurors and insists that one who changes his vote has been corrupted.

Many who have done jury duty will recognize the above types and will recall the time when one of them has caused 11 tired men to be needlessly locked up in a stuffy room for hours. In a case of statutory assault the man next to me, in advance of the introduction of any evidence, whispered to me: "The legislature had its turn; the district attorney is now to have his; we'll have our turn later. We should interpret this law in a 'common sense' way." It is needless to say the case resulted in a disagreement the second time. Two men on the jury openly declared they would not vote for a conviction in this particular case, no matter what the evidence or the law in the case might be.

The solution of the civil jury question is a majority verdict and a determination of the intelligent business man not to "duck" this most important civic duty. If the men who should serve on juries would serve, the general grade of juries would be raised and attorneys would have a better opportunity to select juries which could and would render verdicts according to the evidence and the law.—New York Times.

HIS CHOICE OF WORDS.

Goethals Shows Subordinate That Order is Not Epistle.

One morning a rather fidgety subordinate came into Col. Goethals' office in the canal zone.

"I got your letter, colonel," he began, "and I came to—"

He got no further, for the colonel, with uplifted eyebrows, cut in:

"Letter? Letter? There must be some mistake. I have written you no letter!"

"Oh, yes, colonel," repeated the man. "I've got it here. It's about the work down at Miraflores. Now, you see—"

Again the colonel cut in:

"Oh, I see! But you misled me. You spoke of my letter. You meant, of course, my orders!"

The colonel's blue eyes stared coldly at the argumentative man, who, suddenly feeling that the conversation was at an end, "faded away."—Answers.

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DR. WYLEY'S EXPERIMENT.

Former Chief Chemist is Raising Son After His Own Notion.

There is a little boy in Washington, the son of one of the most well known men in the United States who has never tasted candy, ice cream or cake. When he goes to parties like all other little boys and girls, he takes several graham crackers. And this little boy goes to scores and scores of parties. He has never been ill and is strong and healthy with "hard muscles," according to his father.

This little fellow with this unique record is the two and a half year old son of Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, former chief chemist of the United States department of agriculture.

And besides, Master Wiley doesn't want any of those delicacies. "Last May the Northern Pacific railway sent him an eight-pound fruit cake with two gold-plated candles on it," said Dr. Wiley. "I cut a small piece and asked him if he wanted some."

"No, daddy," he said. "Cake not good for your boy."

Dr. Wiley said he was strongly opposed to feeding children sweets, such as candy, ice cream and cake.

"It makes children fat and it's a sin to begin fat in babyhood. We get that way soon enough," added this big, stout man.

When the boy attended his first party, Dr. Wiley said he went along and when the other children had lunch he told his boy that sweets were not good for him and that he should not eat them. The lad agreed, said Dr. Wiley, and ate graham crackers instead.

"He eats his mush without sugar and cream every morning," said Dr. Wiley, "and you couldn't make him eat it any other way. He has never been taught to eat candy and sweets and he doesn't want them. Every Sunday evening he gets some blackberry preserves, which he enjoys, but they have acids and other foods in them and are nourishing."

The youngster didn't eat a bite of candy, or cake on Christmas, the feast day of most other boys and girls. Dr. Wiley said he bought no candy for his children. Instead they had fresh fruits and nuts.

Dr. Wiley said children should not have candy because it interferes with their digestion, decays their teeth and makes them crave an unusual amount. No one under 18 years of age should eat candy, said Dr. Wiley. And he recommended it for men and women who "work hard physically." He said it was especially good for football players and that he recommended to the Harvard coach that each player eat sugar during the game. "Sugar burns up quickly in the blood," he added.

A Sharp Distinction.

A merited retort is not always a retort courteous, says the Youth's Companion. The rebuke that was administered to a party of intruding tourists by the old watchman who was set to guard the walls of college hall at Wellesley not long after the great fire, conveyed a keen but subtle reproach.

"Ye've got to keep out!" he ordered gruffly, when he caught them trying to slip under the ropes that surrounded the crumbling walls.

The inquisitive visitors paused and eyed first the ruins and then their determined guardian.

"See here," a callow youth accosted him, "we're willing to risk it, and we'll take all the responsibility. What do you care if we lose our lives?"

"Ye've got to keep out. I ain't thinkin' of your lives; I'm thinkin' of me job."

CUT OUT VICTIM'S EYES.

No Weapon Found Near Mutilated Body; Thought Suicide.

What appeared to be a case of suicide has assumed the proportions of a murder mystery, and Coroner L. L. Liken and the members of the jury inquiring into the death of David Shearer, who was discovered dead in his home, his body in a badly decomposed state, adjourned pending an autopsy.

Shearer, who is believed to have been dead for several days, was found by a friend who had called at the house. He was alone, his son and a woman who lived with him, as his housekeeper having been absent for several days, visiting at Emporium.

By his side was found a quantity of gin and a package of cyanide of potassium. The dead man's eyes, however, had been cut from his head and taken away and the body otherwise mutilated. No knife or other instrument was found.

Shearer is not known to have had any enemies, and Sylvester Smith and wife, who occupy one-half of the double tenement house, state that he had no visitors, nor did they hear any unusual noise on the other side of the thin board partition.

GEN. SHERMAN SAID SO.

Many Times Expressed the Opinion That "War is Hell."

I note in your issue of today your editorial, "War is Hell." It was hardly to be expected that Gen. Sherman in an official communication to the chief magistrate at Atlanta or any important city would use language stronger than "War is cruelty and you cannot refine it," but isn't cruelty hellish?

Moreover, many years ago I sat as one of a good many guests at the same table with Gen. Sherman at a semi-public dinner, men only being present, and heard his reply to a somewhat inquisitive participant—it was after the table had been cleared and punch and cigars added to the wine—who had asked him, I was told (my attention was otherwise engaged at the beginning of the colloquy) whether he had really used the expression "War is hell." Gen. Sherman's reply was substantially that, ever since the Mexican war of 1847, he had many times expressed the opinion among men friends, especially during and since the conflict of 1861-65, that war is hell.—Letter of A. J. B. to New York Times.

"Good Morning."

A CHANGED PARIS.

The City Has Little Appetite for Gaiety Now.

"Paris is safe now, and, life an invalid just out of danger, is able to sit up and see a few friends," writes Estelle Loomis, in the July Century. The Follies Bergeres! How like old times! Surely you won't be able to help laughing there! In that slim and preoccupied audience there is a dry laugh or two occasionally, but mostly they dream at the ceiling. Comedy scenes go for pathos, and pathos—men yawn, and walk out. Is this a dress rehearsal, college boys' theatricals, or what? The house drifts further and further away until suddenly—"La Marseillaise!" and the crowd is on its feet, electrified, joining in the chorus, shouting "Vive la France!" With the waving tri-color for a spur the show picks up for a while until a shudder runs through the spectators—oh, that fancy bayonet drill by the chorus! And now the women leave; their faces are a little white. No, the city has little appetite for gaiety; it is gripping realities. A myriad poignant needs keep Paris busy. And as the trained nurse in the operating room does not laugh or ask questions, but silently passes the instruments, so anxious, obedient Paris is straining every nerve to assist the surgeon, and has no thought for anything but war. And, stimulated by its great peril, that thought has been so concentrated by suffering, by sacrifice, and service, that Paris has been lifted into a new order of being. It has gone on, it has gone up."

MASS OF MUD A MARQUIS.

Nurses Surprised When Wounded Soldier Was Revealed.

The women of France in general have been splendid in doing their bit during the war. Numbers of society women have devoted themselves to nursing the sick and wounded and have done it very well. There are some of them however, of whom the French medical corps have complained bitterly; those who joined the Red Cross "pour passer le temps," or to wear the becoming white uniform of the "Garde malade," or even to flirt.

At a large hospital near Paris a wounded soldier was brought straight from the trenches. He was a mass of dry mud and an overpowering stench came from his clothing. The doctor ordered that he should be undressed and washed so that he could examine the wounds. The amateur women nurses in their Red Cross costumes tried to do so, but though the spirit was willing the flesh was weak and one after the other had to give up attempting the job.

An orderly had to be called in to do it, and did it so well that the mass of mud was transformed into a fine, well-built young fellow with fair hair and mustache. The women nurses ran to attend to him, but he declined their aid. By the rules he was obliged to take his food from them. When they drew up to the bed cart with the dietary they were further surprised to learn that he was the young Marquis de X, one of the wealthiest unmarried men in France, and widely known in American saloons in Paris. The ladies who refused to touch the dirty soldier when he was brought to the hospital are now "so sorry."

It is announced in London that nearly \$2,500,000 capital has been promised for the proposed British national dye-stuff industry, by means of which it is planned to supply the place of former importations from Germany.

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All goods shall be furnished in compliance with and subject to the terms and conditions of the Dispensary law of 1907, and bidders must observe the following rules:

1. All bids must be sealed and there shall be no signature or mark upon the envelope indicating the name of the bidder.

2. All bids must be sent by express or registered letter to Geo. A. Jennings, Treasurer, Bamberg, S. C., on or before Monday, July 5, 1915.

3. The contract will be awarded to the lowest responsible bidder, the board reserving the right to reject any or all bids, or parts of bids.

The Board requires that on all bids submitted the age and proof of all goods shall be stated, and bids shall be in gallons, 1-2 gallons, quarts, pints and 1-2 pints.

Bids will be opened at the office of the County Board, Bamberg, S. C., on July 5, 1915.

J. M. Grimes, Chairman.
J. B. Kearse,
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Board of Control County Dispensaries, Bamberg County, South Carolina.

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