

TERMS:

ONE YEAR.....\$1 50 SIX MONTHS..... 75

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 24, 1894.

ARMY RECRUITS.

How a Boy Can Become a Commissioned Officer.

The army is full of change just now. Troops are being moved from western to eastern forts, the rendezvous for recruits from the New York office is about to be changed, and temporary regulations are going out from Washington in regard to enlistment.

It is an apt time, therefore, to glance at the paths by which the men who comprise this army arrived at their destination. Some went by the good old way of West Point, others by enlistment—for it is not necessary to be a West Point graduate to gain the title of a brigadier general of the United States army, although many are under that impression.

The enlisted ranks, as some suppose, are not altogether made up from the file of the idle and unwashed. Many young men who have failed at West Point, either from misbehavior or lack of study; many who are unable to take advantage of this preparatory school from financial reasons, feel within them too strongly the desire for army life to let these conditions be an obstacle, so they apply for enlistment.

This movement sounds and appears quite simple, but the way is hard, and there are few who enter. Some fail, and these form a large majority, because the deficiencies in the laws governing the physical requirements; others by their discharge after a short trial of the hard duties.

Both the West Pointer and the recruit have equally difficult tasks, but the former has to serve four years for his commission, while the latter needs only work for two. That is the advantage of enlistment. It goes without saying that it is more agreeable to serve one's privateship on the Hudson in good quarters than in the barracks of some western fort, but the latter also make good soldiers and officers.

When a West Pointer is graduated, passing both physical and mental examinations, he is assigned to his regiment as a commissioned officer—a second lieutenant. The messroom, the cooking and the cleaning are not his to contend with; he has served what goes for that period at his training school.

The enlisted man goes into his regiment as a recruit—worse than a private—serves for two years, then, if his examination goes merrily, he is made a second lieutenant.

An army officer told me of a case where a boy failed on his first examination at West Point, left school in despair and enlisted. He was made a corporal, then a sergeant, and when the two years were out, made his application for a commission. He had studied diligently while in training, passed his examination splendidly, was given his commission—a second lieutenant—and was exactly one year ahead for his class at West Point. A classmate joined the same regiment at his graduation, but the fellow who had failed at college antedated him twelve months in line for a first lieutenancy.

Even if the enlisted man gets his commission two weeks before the college man, he is higher in line for promotion.

The routine is this: A young man or boy wishing to be enlisted goes to a recruiting office, and must be five feet four inches in height, 120 pounds in weight, thirty-two inches in chest, not flat-footed, and with perfect teeth, eyes, heart and lungs. The examination is strict, and hundreds of men are found faulty who were not conscious themselves of a defect. Another minor requirement is that they must not be muscle-bound. That is, legs and arms must move freely in rotation, otherwise their drilling would be imperfect. Many boys cannot move their limbs in quick circles.

If these requirements are met he returns next day and is examined by the surgeon. Any organic trouble, of course, qualifies him and a functional one retires him until it is remedied. Then a sheet is filled out as to age, birth and character, references given, and if satisfactory the applicant is sworn in by the chief of the office.

He is then sent to the nearest rendezvous. There are four of these in the United States—at David's island, near New York; at Jefferson Barracks, Miss.; Columbia Barracks, O., and Fort Sheridan, Ill. Ten days are spent there. The time is occupied in getting a bird's eye view of what barrack life for the private is like. During this time orders are constantly coming in from various regiments for recruits. Detachments are made up and sent out to the regiments under non-commissioned officers and the army life begun in earnest. Recruits are allowed a preference in regiment, but it is rare that the request can be granted on account of lack of vacancies. Otherwise they are drafted and take whatever comes to their share.

A recruit is lower than a private, for he goes into a time of learning what the private already knows. He is taught orders and drilling. He cannot appear in dress parade, company drills or guard duty. It usually takes three months to acquire proficiency sufficient to give him the privileges of a private. Then he takes his

duties up with the rest and they are far from easy. He will get pretty sore and stiff from constant drilling; he must be a room orderly and must help to cook. He will get worn out and sleepy on guard and tired of the messroom.

If he is fortunate enough to gain the approval of the commander, he will be made a corporal; then he is in for a commission and more privileges will probably be granted him, not to interfere with his strict duties, but he can study and read. At leisure moments he will go through a course of military tactics and take advantage, maybe, of the post school. He will rise on good behavior and patience and intelligence, to first sergeant, the highest rank of a non-commissioned officer. When his two years are up his commander informs the colonel of the regiment of his application for a commission and he goes up for examination. Only one man is allowed from each company, and the best man gets the commission. If he is so fortunate he is made a second lieutenant. If not successful, he can study for another year and apply. And this can keep on until he is twenty-seven years old. With the commission he is entered into aristocracy. His pay is \$1,400 a year in the infantry, unmounted, or \$1,500 a year in the cavalry. He is given a house, but he pays all other expenses. He then stands just where he would had he graduated from West Point, and his promotion will be in routine, either from the usual upward move or deaths or retirements.

The examination for a commission from the ranks is very strict. His past life, mental, moral and physical deficiencies are sounded and criticised until one wonders how a man ever passes.

Said an army officer to me once: "Why, they will find out if you shook your finger at your mother in your cradle, and if you shook it very hard it indicates a vicious temperament and you are disqualified."

I knew a young fellow who was dismissed for unfair work on a race track years before. The fellow had done nothing wrong and had studied hard and was very much of a soldier. But he was sent back to the ranks and was never able to rise. Once wrong, always wrong, to an army board.

Each promotion that offers itself has to be entered by examination. A boy who is ambitious to be very wealthy must not enter the army for that purpose, although there are some rich officers who knew how to invest their money. Living in very reasonable and clothes are not expensive.

A second lieutenant gets \$1,400, a first lieutenant \$1,500; an adjutant, \$1,800; major, \$2,500; lieutenant colonel, \$3,000; colonel, \$3,500; brigadier general, \$5,500, and a major general, \$7,500.

Sam Jones on President Cleveland.

Rev. Sam Jones, fresh from Texas, came to town last night to talk about "Manhood and Money," and the usual very large and very enthusiastic audience crowded into the Marietta street opera house to hear what so entertaining a talker had to say on so interesting a subject.

The lecture throughout was in Mr. Jones' characteristic style—replete with vigorous and humorous expression and the audience showed every sign of delight. Particularly did the storm of applause swell into an uproar when he held up as the highest type of manhood the president of the United States.

"Independence and courage of conviction are the two essential elements of true manhood," said the great evangelist with force, "and no character in American history embodies these essentials more than does Grover Cleveland." (Loud and prolonged applause.)

"Mr. Cleveland has stood most of the criticisms and slings of the little pot politicians and little pot editors of this country, and stood squarely, unmoved, unpurchasable and unimpeachable. When these little editors and pot politicians would jump on him, it reminded me of the story of the goat that lit on a steer's horn and began to paw up sand and beg to be allowed to stay where he was. The steer looked up at him and said, 'If you'd kept quiet I never would've known you were up there.' (Laughter and applause.)

"And so Mr. Cleveland seems to have said to the little fellows who oppose him: 'But for your noise and odor I never would have known that you were in the country.' True to his convictions, independent in spirit, he stands the finest illustration of the two essentials of manhood— independence and courage—of any citizen within the borders of the United States today." (Enthusiastic applause.)—Atlanta Journal.

—Let us have P's. Persons who patronize papers should pay, for the pecuniary prospects of the press have peculiar power in pushing forward public prosperity. If the printer is paid promptly and his pocket book kept plenteous by promptly paying patrons, he puts his pen to paper in peace, he paints his picture of passing events in more pleasing colors, and a perusal of his paper is a pleasure to the people. Paste this piece of proverbial philosophy in pumpkin pie order in some place where all persons may see it plain.

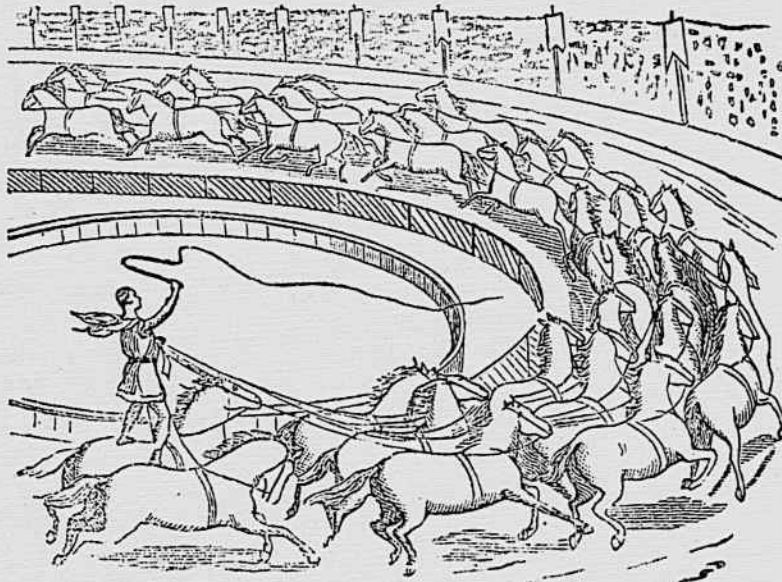
—Tom listened with great interest while his father read from a newspaper an account of life among the Mormons. Seeing the boy's attention, his father said, "Would you like to live among the Mormons, Tom?" "What!" cried Tom, "and have to ask a dozen mothers every time I wanted to go in swimming? No thanks."

The Walter L. Main Shows.

GRANDEST AND BEST ON EARTH!

America's Largest, Best and Leading Exhibitions, Presenting Big 3-Ring Circus, The Matchless Menagerie, Wild Trained Animal Show, Magnificent Hippodrome, The Autocrat of American Enterprises, Endorsed by the Clergy, applauded by the Critics, — IS COMING TO —

ANDERSON, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1st.



Three Great Circus Companies, Big Rings and Complete Circuses.

Giant Male Gorilla, Only Living American-born Monkeys, Gaza, The Electrical Wonder, Highly Educated Elephants, only Living Rooster Orchestra, Den of Baby Lions, born July 4, 1894, at Glen Falls, N. Y.

THE HORSEBACK RIDING LION.

The only Riding Lion in the world to-day.

FUNNY CLOWNS.

REPRODUCTION OF PARIS HIPPODROME—Roman Chariot Races, Two and Four, Tandem, Standing and Hurdle Races, Elephant and Camel Races, Pony and Monkey Races.

5-CONTINENT MENAGERIE.

The most complete Zoological gathering ever attempted. Absolute Waterproof Pavilions. Seating capacity 12,000. Three times larger than ever.

The grandest, richest, handsomest, triumphant Street Parade at 10 o'clock a. m., presenting a myriad of great features, Elaborate Golden Chariots, Gorgeous Floats, Open Depts of Performing Animals, Bands of Music of Different Nationalities, a Cow Boy Band, an Indian Band, Hungarian Band, Fife and Drum Corps.

ADMISSION 50c. Children under 12 years half price.

Doors open at 1 and 6.30 p. m. Performance commences one hour later. Avoid the crowds at the Ticket Wagon by purchasing your Tickets in advance at STOKES BROS. Grocery Store.

Immediately after the Parade don't fail to see the Free Exhibition on the lot before the opening of the big doors. Remember day and date. Excursion Trains on all Railroads at reduced fare on day of performance.

The Tortures of Thirst.

"No one can conceive the tortures of a man who suffers from real thirst," said S. R. Jacoby, of Ouray, Col. "I underwent the awful experience once, but can hardly convey a hint of what I suffered, although it is vividly impressed on my mind. There are no words in English or Spanish to tell the story, and I know no other languages. It was in Wyoming in 1883. With two companions, I was doing a little prospecting, and we had bad luck. One morning I made up my mind to try a range of hills about thirty miles away, across what seemed to be a well-wooded valley, and my chums refusing to go further on what had proven to be a wild goose chase, said good-bye and started back for Cheyenne. I started off and hadn't gone more than five miles when I came to desert land. There was not a stalk of vegetation in sight. The ground was covered with lava and scoria that had rotted under the suns of a thousand centuries. I never imagined that the desert was more than a few miles across, and as there was a haze hanging over it I went straight ahead. I had only a small canteen, which held brandy instead of water. It was before noon when I began my journey over that waste. Before night my horse had fallen, and I was suffering pangs of agony. I had no brandy left and everywhere was desolation as dry as chalk. I killed my horse and drank some of his blood. Then I threw myself down and slept. No opium cater craving for his drug ever had such horrible dreams. They awoke me and I got up and staggered on in the darkness. All the demons of pain in the universe seemed to have settled themselves right between my shoulder blades, and were holding a carnival. Ten thousand million red-hot needles, with rusted sides, were playing in and out through my tongue, and the top of my head felt as if some giant had hold of it and was trying to pull it off. I couldn't cry out, because my tongue was numb and useless from the pain. When morning came I just beheld the outlines of a wagon in the distance. With a superhuman effort I gave a shriek and then I knew no more. When I regained consciousness I was in a bunch of hay near a fire and two or three men were looking at me. I learned later on that my scream had been heard by a party of prospectors, who were skirting the desert in order to make a short cut to the Montana cattle trail, and that at first they thought it was some wild animal, but one of the party insisted on a search, as he had heard a man make just such a noise before he died of thirst in the Mojave desert. I was months before I recovered completely, and I haven't been more than a mile away from water, and plenty of it, since."—Washington Star.

When to Avoid Candy.

Sugar is one of the best of the fat-producing foods, and for that reason is bad for a person, young or old, in whom there is a tendency to accumulate too much fat. The converse of this is true—it is a valuable food for those, young or old, who are too thin. It is also valuable, because it is easily digested, to those who are weak, who suffer from a lack of animal heat, and who need building up. Not too much of it, though, because there are elements needed in the body which sugar will not supply. Sugar is exceedingly satisfying to the appetite. I know a man who was an officer of cavalry during the civil war, and on one occasion during a raid he found an opportunity to fill his haversack and both saddlebags with brown sugar. The men of his command did the same. It was four days before they were able to get a supply of rations, and during that time they lived on the sugar and were perfectly contented with the diet. This story points to one rule which may be safely laid down for all: Candy should not be eaten immediately before meals by either child or adults, because it will destroy the appetite for other food, and that other should be taken first, because of the food element found in it and which is not found in candy. In other words, the supply of sugar should be adjusted to that of other foods in a natural and common-sense way proportion.—Dr. Cyrus Edison, in Ladies' Home Journal.

—We should like to know the name of the author of the following puzzle and anagram: A — old woman with — intent Put on her — and to market went: " —," said she, "give me, I pray, The wherewithal to — this day." Each of the blanks is to be filled with a word of four letters and the same letters occur in each of the five different words. These words are consecutively, "vile," "evil," "veil," "Levi" and "live." We repeat that we are curious to learn the name of the author of this ingenious anagram puzzle.—Chicago Record.

—During the Revolutionary war there were rarely more than 30,000 men in the field at one time.

—A creek of considerable size which rises in the mountains seven miles from Tucson, Ariz., is said to have waters which possess the properties of converting all soft substances to solid stone.

—The largest salmon trout ever caught in Adirondack waters weighed 25½ pounds.

—An aerolite which fell at Carson, Nev., weighed 10 tons and yielded gold, silver, copper and lead.

—A New York watchmaker recently drilled a hole through the entire length of a common pin, from head to point, the opening being just large enough to admit of the passage of a fine hair.

Her Name.

The gentlemen of the house of the new neighbor was a charming person, in the opinion of pretty Miss Katherine Medley, who lived next door and saw him going out in the morning and coming home in the evening.

He was elderly—that is, his hair and whiskers were white and he was such a fatherly old gentleman that she couldn't help but love him, even if he had lived next door for only two months of that lovely June, when Harold Ashbrooke had become so much to her.

Possibly she loved the old gentleman because as he passed the house and saw Harold and her talking on the piazza he always smiled a cute little smile to himself, as if he knew the whole story and understood every word of it.

But, of course, he did not, for she didn't even know him, and he had never presumed on his proximity as a neighbor to speak to her.

One morning as she stood on the piazza steps humming a merry tune, for Harold had told her many things the evening before, as they sat in the shadows of the vines and she was very glad, the old gentleman came out of his house.

He was very radiant over something, too, and there was that in his face which almost tempted her to speak to him, and tell him her joy.

She thought she heard him whistle as he stepped on to the street, and she grew bold enough to come down to her own gate to get a good look at him.

She stood there unconscious, as people always are who want to see people without having people think they are being gazed at, and she watched him furtively, though she was looking straight across the street.

When he reached her he stopped. Then she looked around really startled, for this seemed almost a flirtation, and only last night Harold had told her so much.

He took off his hat, bowing gracefully, and spoke with a smile that made her smile in spite of herself.

"I beg your pardon," he said; "is this Miss Dear?"

"No," she said, "I am —"

"Miss Darling?" he interrupted politely.

"No; I —" and her face looked like a puzzle.

"Miss Love?" he interrupted again.

Now she began to grow angry, and her face reddened. Yet she could not comprehend his actions.

"I am Miss Medley," she said, haughtily.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," he exclaimed, with that same funny little smile she had often noted; "but I thought differently. As I came home last night I heard the young man talking to you on the porch, and he called you Katie Dear, and Katie Darling, and Katie Love to such an extent that I really wanted to know your name, and —"

But he did not finish the sentence. She had fled into the house, and it was a week or more before she recovered.

The Value of Minutes.

A party of ladies and gentlemen were lately visiting a large carpet manufactory, and the manager took them over the different floors of the establishment. On ascending one of the stair cases they came to a locked door, on which the following inscription was painted in white letters: "Strangers not admitted under any circumstances."

The curiosity of the ladies was excited to a high pitch and they inquired, almost in one breath, "Whatever is to be seen inside?"

"That is one of our work rooms in which 150 women are employed embroidering carpets," answered the manager.

"Oh! how we should just like to have a peep at them!" exclaimed the ladies.

"I am sorry I cannot comply with your wish," said the gentleman with a shrug of his shoulders, "but the rules do not admit of the slightest exception. Truth to say, there is nothing to be seen, nor is there any question of trade secrets. The reason why admission is forbidden to strangers is simply because every woman naturally looks up, and her attention is distracted from her work from one to five minutes, supposing, now, each woman wastes a couple of minutes in this way, that will make in the case of 150 women, or five hours, and we cannot allow that."

The Last Resort.

He was plunged into the vortex of perplexity, and the girl was standing resolutely upon the brink, gazing down at him.

He looked up at her helplessly.

"And you object to my calling so frequently?" he said.

"Yes," she nodded.

"And I am not to be your escort on all occasions, as heretofore?"

"No."

"Nor call you by your first name?"

"No."

"Nor think of you any longer as my sweetheart?"

"No."

He gazed upon her, as one standing upon the shore gazes upon a receding ship.

"Well," he groaned; "the end of our romance has come, and we must get married."

The light that shone in her face gleamed in triumph.

—There are 5,466 railway surgeons employed by the railroads of the United States and Canada.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY CO. (Eastern System.)



Condensed Schedule, in Effect September 28th, 1894.

Trains run by 75th Meridian time.

Table with columns STATIONS, Daily No. 11, and Daily No. 12. Lists routes between Charleston, Columbia, Prosperity, Ar. Newberry, Ar. Clinton, Laurens, Ninety-Six, Greenwood, Hodges, Abbeville, Belton, Anderson, Seneca, Walthalla, and Atlanta.

Table with columns STATIONS, Daily No. 12, and Daily No. 13. Lists routes between Walthalla, Seneca, Anderson, Belton, Ar. Donald's, Lv. Abbeville, Hodges, Greenwood, Ninety-Six, Laurens, Clinton, Newberry, Ar. Columbia, and Charleston.

Table with columns STATIONS, Daily No. 11, and Daily No. 12. Lists routes between Anderson, Belton, Williamston, Pelzer, Greenville, and Charleston.

Table with columns STATIONS, Daily No. 13, and Daily No. 14. Lists routes between Charleston, Columbia, Ar. Columbia, Ar. Spartanburg, Ar. Seneca, Union, Jonesville, Pacolet, Ar. Spartanburg, Ar. Seneca, and Ar. Asheville.

Nos. 11 and 12 are solid trains between Charleston and Walthalla. Trains leave Spartanburg, A. and C. Division, northbound, 4.01 a. m., 4.11 p. m., 6.22 p. m., (Vestibule Limited); southbound, 12.57 a. m., 2.26 p. m., 11.37 a. m., (Vestibule Limited); westbound, W. N. C. Division, 3.05 p. m. for Hendersonville and Asheville.

Trains leave Greenville, A. and C. Division, northbound, 3 a. m., 3.03 p. m., and 5.30 p. m., (Vestibule Limited); southbound, 1.52 a. m., 4.10 p. m., 12.28 p. m., (Vestibule Limited). Trains leave Seneca, A. and C. Division, northbound, 1.40 a. m., 1.35 p. m.; southbound, 3.01 a. m. and 5.45 p. m.

PULLMAN SERVICE. Pullman Passenger Sleeping Cars on Trains 33 and 35, 37 and 38, on A. and C. Division. W. H. GREEN, Traffic Mgr. Washington, D. C. E. BERKELEY, Supt., Columbia, S. C. W. A. TURK, Gen'l Pass. Agt., Ass't Gen'l Pass. Agt., Washington, D. C. Atlanta, Ga.

Port Royal & Western Carolina Railway.

J. B. CLEVELAND, Receiver. IN EFFECT JULY 1, 1894. (Trains run by 75th Meridian time.)

BETWEEN AUGUSTA AND ANDERSON.

Table with columns Eastern Time, No. 6 Sunday only, No. 20 Mixed Daily, and No. 29 Express. Lists routes between Lv. Anderson, Lv. Lowndesville, Lv. Calhoun Falls, Ar. McCormick, and Ar. Augusta.

BETWEEN AUGUSTA, GA. AND SPARTANBURG, S. C.

Table with columns Eastern Time, No. 1 Daily, and No. 2 Daily. Lists routes between Lv. Augusta, Lv. McCormick, Lv. Greenwood, Lv. Laurens, Ar. Spartanburg, Lv. Spartanburg, Lv. Laurens, Lv. Greenwood, Lv. McCormick, and Ar. Augusta.

Close connection made at Calhoun Falls with Seaboard Air-Line going north and south. Through Pullman Sleeping Cars on Trains Nos. 8 and 4 between Augusta and Savannah, Ga. Close connections at Augusta for all Florida points.

For any other information write or call on W. J. CRAIG, Gen. Pass. Agt., R. L. Todd, Trav. Asst., Agt. Augusta, Ga. J. R. FANT, Agent.

SEABOARD AIR-LINE SCHEDULE. IN EFFECT APRIL 8, 1893.

NORTHBOUND SOUTHBOUND

Table with columns No. 38, Eastern Time, No. 127, No. 129, and No. 130. Lists routes between No. 38, No. 127, No. 129, and No. 130, including stations like Ar. Richmond, Ar. Norfolk, Ar. Baltimore, Ar. Philadelphia, Ar. New York, and Ar. Washington.

1 Daily except Sunday. (h) Via New York, Philadelphia and Norfolk R. R. (w) Via Norfolk and Washington Steamboat Co. Trains Nos. 134 and 117 run solid with Pullman Buffet sleeping cars between Atlanta and Norfolk. Trains Nos. 134 and 117 run solid with Pullman Buffet sleeping cars between Atlanta and Norfolk. Trains Nos. 88 and 41 carry through coaches between Atlanta and Charleston, S. C. (v) Trains Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100. T. J. ANDERSON, JOHN H. WINDERS, Gen. Pass. Agent, General Manager. W. L. O'DWYER, Div. Pass. Agt., Atlanta, Ga. A. N. ANDERSON, Div. Pass. Agt., Charleston, S. C. J. N. Wright, Sol. Pas. Agt., Laurens, S. C.