

POPULARITY IN THE NAVY.

Why Some Officers are Disliked by Enlisted Men.

Washington Star.

If there be any truth in that recent cable dispatch which told of the deliberate disabling of the machinery of the Spanish torpedo boats by the engineers, who are said to have done this bit of work in order to postpone or evade the necessity of moving on to Cuban waters—and taking the consequences of what their appearances in Cuban waters might involve—it is an evil showing for the men of the quarter deck of the Spanish navy. Such a thing as this could never happen in the American navy. There are dissatisfied officers in our service in time of peace, but never dissatisfied officers in time of war.

Among the enlisted men in the United States' two military establishments, when there is nothing doing in the way of war, there is always a certain amount of distemper under fancied imposition, and this distemper is manifested in many ways. But the men who carry the swords in the American service do their growling in their mustaches. Even the very worst of the men forward on an American man-of-war would scorn to engage in a job such as the "cranking" of machinery, if there existed any likelihood of their ship being called upon to fight at short notice. Such a thing has occasionally been done in the United States navy in time of peace, although the crime has never been fastened upon any individual man or collection of dissatisfied men forward. When a chief engineer on a United States man-of-war acquires, in time of peace, the dislike of the "black gang" under him, the men of the gang are capable of making heavy trouble for him, and they have done this on numerous occasions—never, however, when a cloud of war loomed on the horizon.

Aside from the commanding officer, it might almost be said that of all the officers attached to a modern war vessel it is most necessary for the chief engineer to possess the devotion of men immediately under him. The chief engineer is held strictly accountable for the preservation in good condition of the ship's machinery. A loose screw may very easily disable an engine, and it is the simplest thing in life for a dissatisfied enlisted man to loosen a screw without any one being the wiser. One out rivet may make a boiler useless, and crown plates are very easily let down.

It is a matter of common knowledge—rather, it has been in the past, but probably will not be in the future, or at any rate while the war is under way—that those chief engineers who are unpopular with the enlisted men under them have by far the most trouble with the machinery and boilers in their charge, and some of these disliked chiefs have had to expend a great deal of ink and paper in explaining to the department the many breakdowns in the gear over which they have control. It is quite possible for an aggrieved coal-passer to get his chief engineer tangled up with a Court of Inquiry. Moreover, it often has happened that an unpopular chief engineer has been unable to get his men to make steam. The firemen apparently work hard enough, but they don't get the revolutions out of the propellers. News travels just as fast from the cabin to the fore-castle as it does from the fore-castle to the cabin, and when the firemen hear that their unpopular chief engineer has been ordered by the commanding officer to get the ship to such and such a port at such and such a time, they catch each other's eyes, and the ship doesn't get there or anything like it. It would make no difference if the chief engineer himself were to stand watch in the fire rooms twenty-four hours at a stretch. The steam registers wouldn't take any upward leaps on account of his presence. The assistant engineers also stand in need of the good will of the engine room force. On ships attached to which there have been two assistant engineers, one of them liked and the other out of favor with the men below, it has frequently been observed that the speed of the ships during the watches of the disliked engineer has fallen short by knots of the speed got out by the engines by his brother officer.

A man-of-war ship's company with a grievance means trouble for the officers aft, while an army post in which the enlisted men are dissatisfied requires very careful handling. Officers of experience in both services know these things, and take care not to put the enlisted men out of humor. Officers of the navy thoroughly understand, if they are experienced, how well it pays them to make themselves popular with the men forward. The unpopular naval officer has no easy thing of it in his dealings with the blue jackets. In the old navy it often happened that officers who had earned the ill-will of the blue jackets feared to go forward at night after lights out, and there was reason for their

fear. Such officers would no sooner set foot in or under the fore-castle, where, after lights out, there was only the dim illumination of a single standing light, than they would have to dodge all manner of missiles, "soup and bully" cans, chocking blocks, mess gear, boots, anything and everything throwable that the sailors and marines, in or out of their hammocks, first laid their hands upon. On such occasions the disliked officers had but one thing to do, and that was to travel aft as fast as their legs could carry them. They could make complaint to the commanding officer the next day, but they rarely secured the punishment of the men. When one of the fighting admirals of to-day was a commander he was legaled one morning with the tale of woe of a snappy young ensign who had been treated to a dose of flying gear under fore-castle on the previous night.

"Do you know the men?" the commander asked the ensign. The ensign named a few of them. "It serves you blasted good and right," said the commander, who was and still is rough and ready and a trifle profane. "The men you've named are the best men I've got on my ship. I've been shipmates with some of them ever since my middy days, sir, and I never had any trouble with them. If you had treated them right they'd have treated you right, and as an officer on my ship should be treated. I'd advise you to put in an application for your transfer, sir."

The young ensign, now a senior lieutenant, tells this story upon himself, and as he afterwards became one of the most popular officers in the navy among the men forward, he evidently profited by the lesson.

While such acts as heaving missiles at disliked officers are not done in the navy to-day, the blue jackets adopt other methods of getting back at severe or imperious officers—in times of peace, that is. For example, they "lay down" on the disliked officers. The amount of work that a disaffected ship's company can't do within a given space of time is simply prodigious. In coaling ship, for example, the men forward seize the opportunity to make the disliked officer an object of derision among his brother officers and to put him in a very embarrassing predicament before his commanding officer. They wait until the officer who has incurred their displeasure takes the deck and assumes command of the work of coaling, and then they proceed to give an exhibition of how frantically a gang of sailormen can work without doing anything. They shovel away furiously, but, somehow or other, very little coal seems to find its way over the side and into the bunkers. The blue jackets in the coal lighters pant and perspire under the strain of labor that looks quite terrific, but there is a lack of headway in the coaling of the ship. The officer of the decks disliked by the men may chafe and mutter deep, dark things under his breath, but this doesn't get the coal into the bunkers. When he makes his report to the commanding officer of the amount of coal that has been got aboard during his watch, it is found by comparison that it is only about one-third the amount that was hoisted over the side during the watch of the preceding officer of the deck, who happened to be popular with the men. A matter of this sort always sets a commanding officer to thinking; for men who are old enough to be commanders of men-of-war have learned by experience that it is as easy as launching a dingy for a naval officer to acquire and hold the good-will of enlisted men, and that the usefulness aboard ship of an officer who has sacrificed the confidence and respect of the men is seriously impaired.

There can hardly be any such thing as discipline on board a man-of-war when the dissatisfaction of the ship's company is not directed against any single officer, but includes the whole after part of the ship. About twenty years ago one of the big wooden ships, with a crew of nearly 400 men, on a long cruise in the South Pacific, put in at the Island of Tahiti. The men forward were sullen and ugly. Some severities that they considered unwarranted had been inflicted upon them in the course of the cruise. The plug tobacco dished out to them by the paymaster was musty and unsmokable. They had not received what they considered a due allowance of fresh provisions at the ports at which the vessel had touched. The commanding officer, they declared, was constructed of putty, and they had no redress at the mast for the injustice put upon them by the inferior officers. The chief petty officers were in just as bad a frame of mind as the blue jackets, and so were the marines.

When the ship's anchor was dropped in the harbor of Tahiti the men began to let themselves quietly over

the side in parties of twenty or more and to swim ashore. They did this under cover of darkness. By the time the officers began to notice the thinning out of the crew there were not men enough left aboard to spread mess-gear. The crew had simply taken French leave, practically in a body. Every man had a month's pay along with him in American gold, for monthly money had been served out the day before. The deserters included nearly all of the chief petty officers, as well as a majority of the marine guard.

The officers were puzzled. The commanding officer had a conference with them, but they could not decide upon what to do. The skipper, with some of the ward room officers, went ashore on the following morning and found the men walking around in an orderly fashion, on good terms with the natives, and all still speechless and sullen. Those of them whom the skipper met he ordered back to the ship. None of the men made any reply, and none went back to the ship. The blue jackets remained on the beach at Tahiti for more than a week, conducting themselves with perfect orderliness, but very bitter in their talk about the ship out in the harbor. It looked as if most of the sailors intended to settle down at Tahiti and grow up with the country, and meanwhile the ship grew dirtier and dirtier, and had a general unworked look. Then an American merchant living on the island got the blue jackets together and talked to them. The blue jackets told him that the officers had made the ship so uncomfortable for them that they had declined to stand for it, and that they had no intention of returning aboard.

The American, who was a man of tact, went aboard the ship and had a talk with the officers, and then returned and talked again with the men. He was a pretty good arbitrator, for the men returned to the man-of-war in a body in a lighter and went to work. Some of the old-time blue jackets who were ashore at Tahiti on that occasion say that the remainder of their South Pacific cruise was like yachting.

Mosby and Fitzhugh Lee.

The conversation had naturally drifted into war channels, and the Major had the floor.

"Well, Colonel Mosby, you know, was a good fighter, but when General Grant sent him to China the Virginians turned the cold shoulder to him. One day he was making a speech in Alexandria. He told the Virginians that they ought to vote for him.

"Why," said the Colonel, "I fought all over northern Virginia for four years. Talk about my war record! Why, my war record is a part of the State's history. Why, gentlemen, I carried the very last Confederate flag through this town."

"Yes," replied Fitzhugh Lee, "for I was here at the time."

"Thank you for your fortunate recollection," gratefully exclaimed Mosby. "It is pleasant to know that there still live some men who move aside easy and testify to the courage of their fellow beings. As I say, gentlemen, my war record is a part of the State's history, for the gentleman here will tell you that I carried the last Confederate flag through this town."

"That's a fact," said Fitzhugh Lee.

"I saw him do it. He carried the Confederate flag through this town, but Kilpatrick was after him, and he carried it so blamed fast you couldn't have told whether it was the Confederate flag or a smallpox warning."

"Jane, it is 11 o'clock; tell that young man to shut the front door from the outside."

"The man who does not work with his heart will accomplish very little with his hands."

S. C. P. Jones, Milesburg, Pa., writes: "I have used DeWitt's Little Early Risers ever since they were introduced here, and must say I have never used any pills in my family during forty years of house-keeping that gave such satisfactory results as a laxative or cathartic." Evans Pharmacy.

—Money often leads men astray. Some of them will run after a dollar; but a hound dog is more avaricious. He will follow a scent.

One Minute is not long, yet relief is obtained in half that time by the use of One Minute Cough Cure. It prevents consumption and quickly cures colds, croup, bronchitis pneumonia, la grippe and all throat and lung troubles. Evans Pharmacy.

—Swallows fly low before a rain because the insects they pursue are then nearer the ground to escape the moisture of the upper air.

S. E. Parker, Sharon, Wis., writes:—"I have tried DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve for itching piles, and it always stops them in two minutes. I consider DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve the greatest pile cure on the market." Evans Pharmacy.

—The best lecture on economy we have ever seen is contained in this one line: "Pay as you go. If you can't pay, don't go."

The human machine starts but once and stops but once. You can keep it going longest and most regularly by using DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills for constipation and all stomach and liver troubles. Evans Pharmacy.

—"What is a prophet, Uncle Jim?" "A prophet? He is a person who is always surprised at the way things turn out."

Late to bed and early to rise prepares a man for his home in the skies. Early to bed and a Little Early Riser, the pill that makes life longer and better and wiser. Evans Pharmacy.

An Extraordinary Wheat Crop.

YORKVILLE, S. C., June 3.—The following will sound like a fish story to a great many in South Carolina and elsewhere, but notwithstanding this fact the story is absolutely correct:

Your correspondent was informed a few days ago by a reliable gentleman, and a resident of Charlotte, N. C., that Mr. Fred. Oliver, of that city, and the general manager of the Charlotte Cotton Seed Oil and Fertilizer Company, sowed 250 acres of his farm in the outskirts of Charlotte, in wheat last fall, very late in the season, and expected to harvest 10,000 bushels, which will be an average of forty bushels to the acre.

My informant, who has had a great deal of experience in harvesting and handling wheat, said that while he hardly thought the yield would reach the amount expected by Mr. Oliver, still he was satisfied that not less than from seven to eight thousand bushels would be harvested.

Probably so large a crop has never before been raised on a single farm on the same number of acres, in either North or South Carolina or Georgia.

The land on which the wheat was raised has been owned by Mr. Oliver several years, and he has spent large amounts of money in fertilizing and improving it. Last year it was planted in cotton, and had a remarkably fine crop on it, but as it is not first-class "cotton land" the crop failed to mature.

Following are about all the facts your correspondent has been able to gather in regard to the preparation of the land and the seeding. About the latter part of November, after becoming convinced that the heavy crop of bolls on the cotton stalks would not mature and open, Mr. Oliver put a large number of turning plows to work breaking up the land and turning under the cotton and stalks. Next he thoroughly harrowed the land, and it was ready for the seed, which was put in with drills, together with 450 lbs. of ammoniated fertilizer to the acre.

The crop has not yet been harvested, but will be during the next two weeks, and in order to harvest it at the minimum of expense, Mr. Oliver has bought two binders, and has also bought the largest and best threshing machine he could find to be used in cleaning it, or separating the wheat from the chaff.

And this is not all. This shrewd business man, who has furnished such a valuable object lesson to the farmers of the South, has also bought a hay press and will put up all the straw in bales. It is estimated that he will have at least 325 tons, or an average of one and a half tons to the acre. The market value of the straw will more than pay all the expense in connection with the crop, including the purchase price of the machinery for harvesting and cleaning it.

Of course, the foregoing story has not been related with the idea of creating the impression that anybody can do the same thing, especially where the ordinary slipshod methods are employed, but with the hope of convincing some of the cottontots who may read it that the threadbare asser-

tion that wheat cannot be profitably raised in South Carolina (Mr. Oliver's wheat field is only about 10 miles from the dividing line between North and South Carolina) is not based on fact.

Several weeks ago your correspondent visited Hyatt's Park, Columbia, S. C., where the volunteers were encamped. He went out on the electric car, and on the right of the car track going out, possibly two miles from the city, was very much surprised to see an unusually fine field of wheat, almost ready to be harvested. He had an idea that no effort was ever made to raise wheat in this State that far south. If wheat can be successfully grown in sight of Columbia it is safe to say that at least three-fourths of the State could raise all that is needed for home consumption, and some to spare, and do it at not exceeding one-half the cost of Western flour, especially where it is bought on time.—News and Courier.

Nearly all the officers of the United States navy above the rank of lieutenant are from the Northern States. The reason of this is apparent. No officer who entered the navy since the close of the war has yet reached the rank of commander. The navy was a favorite avocation for Southerners, and at the breaking out of the war that section had its full quota and, perhaps, more on the official list. But with few exceptions they resigned as their States seceded, and during the war none came to the Academy from the South. The Southerners in the service now, are those who entered after the reconstruction. These are all in the ranks below commander at this time, and there are a great many of them.

Chamberlain's Pain Balm has no equal as a household liniment. It is the best remedy known for rheumatism, lame back, neuralgia; while for sprains, cuts, bruises, burns, scalds and sore throat, it is invaluable. Wertz & Pike, merchants, Fernandina, Fla. write: "Everyone who buys a bottle of Chamberlain's Remedies, comes back and says it is the best medicine he has ever used." 25 and 50 cents per bottle at Hill-Orr Drug Co.

Live bees are sometimes shipped on ice, so as to keep them dormant during the journey. This is particularly the case with bumble bees, which have been taken to New Zealand, where they are useful in fertilizing the red clover which has been introduced into the colony.

Pitts' Carminative is pleasant to the taste, acts promptly, and never fails to give satisfaction. It carries children over the critical time of teething, and is the friend of anxious mothers and puny children. A few doses will demonstrate its value. E. H. Dorsey, Athens, Ga., writes:

"I consider it the best medicine I have ever used in my family. It does all you claim for it, and even more."

Glass bricks are gradually coming into use and it is said that glass will soon be used for making statues for public squares, as it resists the corroding effect of the weather much better than marble or granite.

A country grave-digger was asked how he liked the business. He said he liked it pretty well, but said he "should like it better if he had steady employment."

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To suit a poor man's pocket book. All we ask is a trial.

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