

CADET LIFE AT ANNAPOLIS.

The Work and Play of the Young Men Who Are to Officer the Navy.

New York Press.

It is with a feeling of regret that the officer returning to Annapolis sees the new buildings which replace the old cadet quarters.

The opening of the fall term brings each year a great many of these boys, callow youths, who find that upon their very entrance they are men, considered so, and must act so.

Time, however, works a marvelous change. The regular, simple life enforced by Uncle Sam, and the military discipline which constitutes the whole existence of a cadet, soon mold these raw recruits into fine men.

At 6:30 they are roused with discordant rifle and drum, which is called reveille, and is sounded by the Marine drum corps as they march up and down the hall.

At 8 o'clock the cadets form by classes and march to their recitation-rooms, and now begins the real work of the day.

At 10 o'clock the cadets form by classes and march to their recitation-rooms, and now begins the real work of the day.

Now comes supper formation, followed by study and bed; and the day ends with inspection by the officer in charge.

Soon after liberating the birds, her health failed rapidly, and hence she proceeded to make her grave. She dug a hole in a hillock in front of her house, which hole she lined with fine wool, and over the wool she placed a screen made out of her silk and satin gowns.

— Last year in twenty-four cities in the United States, 8,844 divorces were asked for, and 6,603 were granted.

flag, watched the stars and stripes come fluttering to the ground. The pathetic dignity of this daily recurrence, though only in after years, when their own memories clung fondly to the academy, did the light-hearted cadet realize its full significance.

Of course the life of a cadet is not all work and no play, for there is a half-holiday on Wednesday and Saturday, and on that last named night the young sailors have their hops, which makes Annapolis the epitome of all that is bright and gay to the Southern girl, whose ambition in life is to become a cadet belle.

Even the method of getting there is old-fashioned, as are most of the Annapolis customs. Few carriages are seen, but many pedestrians wending their way through the yard, from the officers' quarters and from out of the town; for the people of Annapolis depend wholly upon the naval academy for their social pleasures, and without it the town would have little reason for existing.

It occupies a much more important place, socially, than does West Point to the Northern World, and the cities in the South are more tinged with the navy spirit. In Annapolis this feeling is apparent even among the colored folks, who consider that they lose caste when they submit to employment by others than the officers' families.

Prayers on the Wing. An officer of the Forty-seventh New York Regiment, stationed at San Juan, writing to his mother in Brooklyn, says:

Sergeant Robertson of ours snared a very pretty bird in the woods before San Juan on Thursday last. He had been asked by a relative of his in Cincinnati to send him as many specimens of Porto Rican birds as he could get, and it was while pursuing his friendly duty that he captured something like an oriole, but much smaller and more showy plumage.

On taking the bird from the snare, the Sergeant was surprised to find attached to one of its legs by a string a bit of pasteboard about half the size of a small visiting card, on which was written in Spanish:

"Of your charity pray for the soul of Julie Valdez."

Sergeant Robertson, in order to satisfy public curiosity, made inquiries as to the identity of Julie Valdez in San Juan. Owing to his ignorance of Spanish, he was not successful till he fell in with Senor Printos.

"I was well acquainted with Julie Valdez," said Senor Printos, "and could tell you many stories about her eccentricities. Julie died last year, and closed a checkered career in, to her, a manner natural enough. The senora was the widow of a Spanish General, who left her an annuity of 1,000 pesetas. Half of this sum she spent in wine, a fourth in charity and the other fraction in her domestic affairs.

ARMY SURGEONS IN BATTLE.

Interesting Story of the Fight at Chickamauga.

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"Army surgeons," said the doctor, "had some queer experiences, not to say adventures, in time of battle. On the night of September 19, at Chickamauga, I was left in charge of about fifty wounded men from our brigade, most of them severely wounded, some of them fatally. This was on the right, and, of course, to the rear of the line of fighting on that day. Myself, associates and attendants spent the most of that night looking after the wounded. It had been so warm that most of the men left their blankets behind, and we could not collect from the ambulances and the field enough blankets to keep the poor fellows comfortable. We had placed them on straw to the leeward of an old cabin and built fires of rails to keep them from freezing.

"The wind would send the smoke sometimes over the men, sometimes in the opposite direction, but the worst of it was the straw on which the men were lying would take fire, and the surgeons, assistants and nurses had to be constantly on guard to keep the wounded from being injured by fire on one hand and cold on the other. Four of the men died during the night, and early on the morning of the 20th an order came to transfer the wounded to the general field hospital at Crawfish Springs, and my associate surgeons left for that point. There was that morning a chilly, dismal sort of fog over all of Chickamauga Valley, and the wounded were so much in need of shelter and better attention that with my small force of attendants I proceeded to place them in the ambulances ready for transfer to Crawfish Springs. While we were engaged in this two cavalrymen rode up hurriedly to where I was standing and said without ceremony: 'What are you doing here? Why don't you get out? Resenting what seemed to me impertinence, I made no reply; in fact, did not even look up. One of the cavalrymen said, excitedly, 'Why don't you get out?' And, touching me on the shoulder, pointed to the road extending in our rear.

"I was astounded to see a full regiment of rebel cavalry moving quietly and in order along the road three hundred yards from us. I expected to be captured. I asked the cavalrymen to assist us in loading the wounded and said we would make a dash to get out of the way. They worked with us until the cavalry came to a point on the road nearly on a line with us, then they mounted hurriedly and galloped away. The rebel cavalry were evidently after bigger game, because they paid no heed to us, but moved in splendid order to our left. As soon as the wounded men were in the ambulance I started in almost the opposite direction toward Crawfish Springs, puzzling all the while over the fact that a regiment of rebel cavalry had passed between me and the general hospital, had passed to my rear, to the rear of our own line of battle. I could not understand it except on the theory that there had been a change in the lines during the night and that the hospital had been left, without notification, outside the lines.

"We proceeded as rapidly as the condition of the wounded would permit to Crawfish Springs, where we found the general field hospital in good shape, the surgeons in charge satisfied with their arrangements and ready to handle the wounded as they were brought in to them. Everything here was so quiet, so snug, so seemingly remote from the trouble and confusion of battle, that the temptation to remain was very strong. As soon as my wounded were made comfortable the question came up as to which one of the four surgeons present should return to the field and who should remain. Remembering that regiment of cavalry, I was ready to go back to the field, but I said nothing. The senior surgeon decided it would be well for me to return. The alacrity with which I mounted my horse seemed to amuse the others greatly, as they expected I would demur. I rode up to the surgeon in charge, held out my hand and said good-bye. He looked up in a quizzical way and said, 'What do you mean?' I replied, 'Good-bye, until you are released from Libby; I will try to see you again after your release,' and I rode away, the doctor wondering whether I had been drinking too much or not.

"I went back as best I could to my division. It was not where I expected to find it, but I found it, and my anxiety as to the hospital at Crawfish Springs increased. When the right wing was broken by the headlong charge of Longstreet's divisions I knew then that all the points between Crawfish Springs and the Widow Glenn's house were in possession of the rebels. The surgeons left in charge at Crawfish Springs were captured, were taken to Libby, and they said that my playful good-bye on September 20 was recalled a thousand times. When I left them they supposed I was going into danger, and I was, but my danger was not so great

as that which threatened them in the quiet of a point far removed from the roar of battle."

"Wounded men," said the Major, "had stranger experiences than surgeons. The night of December 31, 1862, at Stone River, was very cold. In that part of the field most fiercely fought over the wounded could not be cared for. Thousands of poor fellows in blue and as many in gray suffered intensely, and from neither of the watchful lines could relief be sent. Our men had, as a rule, full overcoats and one blanket, except in the cases where these had been thrown away in the excitement of battle or panic. I had no blanket. I was so severely wounded in the arm, and had been so weakened by loss of blood before I dropped down, that I lay for some hours in a sort of numb, unrealizing condition. But after a time, dull as my senses were, the complaints and calls of the wounded disturbed me. At last I shook myself clear of the dead about me and sat up.

"Gradually an understanding of the terrible situation came to me. I was seriously wounded, but I knew that there were scores about me wounded to the death, helpless to protect themselves against the cold. I struggled to my feet, and, finding that my legs were all right, stumbled over to where a poor fellow was crying out in the bitterness of suffering. He was practically frozen to the ground. With my one hand I took blankets from those who never would need them again and was piling them over him, when a voice said: 'Why not give me one?' I turned, and there sat, against a tree, a man in gray, who had watched all my manoeuvres and said not a word. He was not of the complaining kind, but said he was suffering intensely. I helped him as well as I could to where other men lay, and in time placed, at his suggestion, half a dozen as close together as I could, the theory being that the warmth of their bodies would keep them from perishing.

"As I moved among the cedars I found two Confederates, wounded, like myself, in the arm. We gathered in groups many of those more severely wounded. This had to be done slowly, because any great exertion prostrated us. We had so little strength that it took an hour to do what, had we been well, we could have done in a few minutes. When the sun came on the morning of January 1 it found some alive who could not have lived through the night had it not been for our care, poor as it was."

As the season of the year when pneumonia, la grippe, sore throat, coughs, colds, catarrh, bronchitis and lung troubles are to be guarded against, nothing "is a fine substitute," will "answer the purpose," or is "just as good" as One Minute Cough Cure. That is the one infallible remedy for all lung, throat or bronchial troubles. Insist vigorously upon having it if "something else" is offered you. Evans Pharmacy.

Noah Raby celebrated in the poor house at Piscataway, N. C., on April 10, what he claims is his 127th birthday. The old man says he was born in the Gates House, North Carolina, in 1772. He is an Indian and smokes and drinks.

I was reading an advertisement of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhea Remedy in the Worcester Enterprise recently, which leads me to write this. I can truthfully say I never used any remedy equal to it for colic and diarrhoea. I have never had to use more than one or two doses to cure the worst case with myself or children—W. A. STROUT, Popomoke City, Md. For sale by Hill-Orr Drug Co.

"What do you think of that?" B.—"He is that kind of man that the more I think of him the less I think of him."

Carried Everything in Stock.

The country store owned by Mr. Jabez Dodd contained such a motly conglomeration in the way of "stock" that a village lounge one day offered to bet that another man could not ask for anything in ordinary, everyday use without Uncle Jabe's producing it.

The two men entered the store, and the challenged party said: "Got any false teeth on hand to-day, Uncle Jabe?"

Without an instant's hesitation Uncle Jabe put his hand to his mouth, and a moment later held out his hand with a set of grinning teeth in it.

"There!" he said. "I'll sell that set mighty cheap, for my gums hev shrunk so they don't fit any more, and I'm goin' to have some new ones. If you want these fer—"

But the two men had fled, while Uncle Jabe called after them: "I'll let you have 'em for less'n half price."

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

—Blind men outnumber blind women by two to one.

—A pound of phosphorus is sufficient to tip 1,000,000 matches.

—Three pints of liquid a day is sufficient for the average adult.

—The average person wears nearly fourteen pounds of clothing.

—Fifteen thousand people are employed in making violins in Germany.

—Poker has been forbidden in Vienna, on the ground that it is a game of chance.

Before the discovery of One Minute Cough Cure, ministers were greatly disturbed by coughing congregations. No excuse for it now. Evans Pharmacy.

—Mrs. Smiff—"I wish you'd pay a little attention to what I say!" Smiff—"I do, dear,—as little as possible."

—Perkin—"I have the greatest respect for the truth." Firkin—"So I perceive, for you generally keep at a most respectful distance from it."

—The price of quinine has almost doubled in the past three months. Its advance is chargeable to London speculators.

—There are four sovereigns and nine heirs apparent among the fifty-seven living descendants of Queen Victoria.

The family that keeps on hand and uses occasionally the celebrated Prickly Ash Bitters is always a well regulated family. For sale by Evans Pharmacy.

—Seventeen parcels of ants' eggs from Russia, weighing 550 pounds, were sold in Berlin recently for 20 cents a pound.

—Freddie—"Ma, what is the baby's name?" Ma—"The baby hasn't any name." Freddie—"Then how did he know he belonged here?"

For a quick remedy and one that is perfectly safe for children let us recommend One Minute Cough Cure. It is excellent for croup, hoarseness, tickling in the throat and coughs. Evans Pharmacy.

—John W. Stone, of Glenwood, Ia., has what is believed to be the biggest apple orchard in the world. It embraces 800 acres, upon which are growing 133,000 trees, most of which have reached the bearing age.

—The woodsawyers of Atlanta, Ga., 200 in number, have formed a trust and have raised the price of sawing stovewood from 75 cents to \$1 per day. Every member of the organization is a blind man or a cripple.

Indigestion is the direct cause of diseases that kill thousands of persons annually. Stop the trouble at the outset with a little Prickly Ash Bitters; it strengthens the stomach and aids digestion. Sold by Evans Pharmacy.

—The highest price ever paid for a race horse was \$150,000 for the famous Ormonde.

The Monarch of Strength is LION COFFEE. (ABSOLUTELY PURE.) Its strength comes from its purity. It is all pure coffee, freshly roasted, and is sold only in one-pound sealed packages.

O. D. ANDERSON & BRO. FLOUR FLOUR! 590 BARRLS. GOT every grade you are looking for. We know what you want, and we've got the prices right. Can't give it to you, but we will sell you high grade Flour 25 to 35c cheaper than any competition.

PATRICK MILITARY INSTITUTE OPENS SEPT. 14. Offers Best Advantages in All Respects. Students may save Time and Money. JOHN B. PATRICK, Anderson, S. C.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY. Condensed Schedule in Effect Oct. 15, 1898. STATIONS. Ex. No. 17. Daily No. 18. Lv. Charleston... 7:00 a.m. 11:05 a.m. Lv. Columbia... 6:10 a.m. 12:10 a.m.

BLUE RIDGE RAILROAD. H. C. BEATTIE Receiver. Time Table No. 7—Effective July 1, 1898. Between Anderson and Walhalla.

ATLANTIC COAST LINE. TRAFFIC DEPARTMENT. WILMINGTON, N. C., Jan. 16, 1895. Fast Line Between Charleston and Columbia and Upper South Carolina, North Carolina.

Boils and Pimples Give Warning. AN UNFAILING SIGN THAT NATURE IS APPEALING FOR HELP. When Nature is overtaxed, she has her own way of giving notice that assistance is needed. She does not ask for help until it is impossible to get along without it.

S. S. S. FOR THE BLOOD. is the best blood remedy, because it is purely vegetable and is the only one that is absolutely free from potash and mercury. It promptly purifies the blood and thoroughly cleanses the system, builds up the general health and strength.