

SOLDIER LIFE AS IT IS.

There is Far More Drudgery Than Glory in It.

It would be well for the young men who are thinking of joining the army to defend their country or seek the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth to look into the life and duty of one of Uncle Sam's privates before going so far that they cannot turn back...

As I have said, there have been some changes made in recent years. Under the old regulations any man who could pass an insurance examination could get into the army. All the recruiting officers wanted was bone and muscle, and as a rule it was about all he ever got. The result was that self-respecting people regarded a common soldier with suspicion...

But, as I say, things are much improved now, and the result is a decided change in the personnel of the rank and file. A man to enter the army must not only be a citizen of the United States and be able to read and write, but he must produce recommendations from creditable persons, setting forth that he is of good character, morally and otherwise. The result is that only the best men are taken...

When you hear of a social gulf here in the South, you begin naturally to compare it with that between the Southern white man and his former slave, and when you get that fixed firmly in your imagination you think you have abouted the situation. But you have not. The old ante-bellum darky could talk to his master often on friendly terms and was something of a human companion. But not so with the new soldier. He can speak to his only on official business. Of this is something that can't be away with. The least familiarity would be death to discipline, and it's a very stupid young fellow who fails to recognize the necessity of it, and to see the propriety of man with the shoulder straps giving him no further recognition than a formal salute in return for the salute he has been taught to pay to a man whenever he meets him, no matter what their relations may have been a week before his enlistment...

greater part of his time to washing dishes and scrubbing the quarters. If he is in a cavalry regiment he is allowed to amuse himself with a curry comb and scrubbing brush several hours a day.

"But probably the sorest experience that a recruit has is that with his new uniform. In the old days any old thing in the way of a uniform was good enough, but now the class of men enlisted take a pride in their appearance and prefer any amount of discipline to misfits. But as a rule it is misfits that they get when they enlist. Under the contracts made with army tailors the Government is supposed to be supplied with uniforms to fit every kind of man, but as a matter of fact no recruit has ever been known to be fitted. I can imagine nothing funnier than a group of young recruits in uniforms that leave wrists and ankles bare, and bulge at the waist enough to hold another man of the same size, trying to conceal their embarrassment. Of course they are marked men with the old-timers, and suffer even more from their gibes than from the consciousness of being guys. But as every company is supplied with a tailor and they are allowed to draw cloth as soon as they get to their regiments, they are soon neatly fitted and respectable. It is not until then that they begin to take the least pride in their calling or to realize that they are the equals of the older men. For what between the relation that they bear to their officers and the suffering that they have endured drilling they are pretty well subdued by the time they are ready to quit the awkward squad and do guard duty.

"The three months of drilling that a recruit generally has to go through before he becomes a first-class man is an ordeal, but it makes a man of him; at least so far as carriage and appearance goes. He comes in, say from the backwoods, with lumps of lazy fat on him the size of my fist and a stoop in the shoulders that would make an outsider declare him incapable of ever straightening. But an old drill sergeant knows more than that and has peculiar methods of his own that work miracles. It is either very hot or very cold on the parade ground, and by the time he has been put through the 'setting up' drill, in which there are eighteen exercises, he is half dead, but the lumps of fat roll off of him and the stoop goes away, and when he takes his place in ranks he is lean and straight, and altogether a soldier. He complains some while it is going on, but in the end he appreciates the value of it and approves of it as one of the great institutions of the service.

"There is something remarkable about the regard that the regulars have for the flag, and that is one of the first things that impresses a young soldier. There is nothing that one of them will resent quicker than a reflection upon it. It ranks everything and everybody. If a general officer and the flag pass at the same time the soldier salutes the flag and lets the general pass unnoticed. Other people have their States and Counties, and towns, and homes, but the soldier in the regular army has only his flag and is at home wherever it floats.

"But the hard work and lack of recognition from his superiors should not deter a young man from entering the army. He may have to wash dishes, scrub stoves, cut wood, carry water and go through the setting up drill; but if he is bright and intelligent he may earn a commission after a while. Half as many private soldiers as West Pointers received commissions last year as second lieutenants, and the chances of eventually wearing shoulder straps are good."

Henry Ward Beecher's Idea of Heaven. "I could hardly wish to enter heaven, did I believe its inhabitants were idly to sit by parting streams, fanned by balmy air."

THEY MUST PAY OR FIGHT.

Unique Methods of a King Street Bill Collector.

"I will have to quit business if this thing continues," said a well known King street merchant to a reporter for the News and Courier yesterday. "I am in a great deal of trouble and the chances are that my life is in danger."

An expression of curiosity induced him to continue, and he said: "It's not my fault, you know; it's all misfortune. For the past year or so I have been having a great deal of trouble with collectors. You see, running a retail business, with several hundred people on your books at the end of every month, you have to have something of a hustler to keep you out of the suds. The first man I had was an old chap who needed a nice, light job and promised to give a kind of tone to the place. He was a very good old fellow, but he knew so little about hustling that after the first week or so the hard cases quit dodging him altogether, and got to slapping him on the back and calling him 'old chap.'"

"I soon saw that he wouldn't do, and tried a sleek young fellow, who came here with a patent door bell, or something of the kind. Fortunately I required a bond of him, and when he went to free Cuba recovered the \$36.40 that he took with him from the surety company. That was the nearest that I ever came to contributing to the cause of Cuba Libre, by the way, and I don't care to repeat the experience.

"Following the patent door bell man, I tried three or four young fellows who thought they knew how to brace the backsliders, and found myself gradually getting further and further behind. You have no idea of the number and variety of games that the delinquents are up to, and I was forced to acknowledge, as one after another went, that my collectors were unequal to the task. Even a professional collector, who runs an agency and claims to get more blood out of a turnip than any other man in the city, was compelled to acknowledge after a short but heroic struggle, that he found my crowd about the toughest he had ever tackled. Somehow or other he seemed to think that I had had the ill luck to get every particularly hard case in the city on my books, and frankly advised me to burn my bills and advertise for a new set of customers. I might do better, he said, and I could not do worse.

"Well, things went on in that way until ten days ago, and I had about made up my mind to present my customers with clear receipts and go into bankruptcy; when a red-headed boy came into the office and asked for a job. He had a blue mark around his left eye, and his nose was fully half an inch out of the plumb, but he had a straightforward manner that attracted me to him, and I asked him if he could collect bills. It was easy to see from the confidence of his reply that he had never collected a bill in his life, though he claimed to have devoted the better part of his life to it. So to take a little of the starch out of him I carefully picked out a few of the worst I had—time-worn specimens that had broken the hearts of his predecessors—and told him I would give him 10 per cent. for all he could get out of them. He had some very good references, and I wasn't particularly anxious anyway, as I had no idea he would ever get his hands on a cent. So I sent him out. A few minutes later I had occasion to go up the street, and at the corner fell in with a crowd making for a storm center on the next block. Thinking that a street car had run over somebody I fell in with it and I fought my way to the scene of the trouble. Imagine my surprise when I found, not a mangled victim of electricity, but my new collector demolishing the features of the hardest case on my books. His own features were fairly well disguised with knuckle marks, but the other man looked like a Whitehead torpedo had struck him. A policeman came up about that time, and I lost another hour going up to the Station House to deposit good money for his appearance before the Recorder next day. When I asked him to explain he said: 'The jay tried to get gay with him about a bill and he had to call him down.'"

"We took him back in the office, and washed some of the blood off of him, and cautioned him about getting into trouble. He seemed really contrite and went out again, assuring us that he would be careful.

"An hour or so later the 'phone rang and some one up at the Police Station said that they had our collector up there for assaulting a man on East Bay street. There was nothing to do but go up and make another deposit, and give him another lecture. But late that evening he had another man up near the South Carolina depot, and managing to escape, came down triumphant with six dollars and seventy cents that had been outstanding for nearly two years.

"I wanted to discharge him that night, but my partner took up for him and paid his fines. Next day he 'called down' six men and had four fights, and collected eleven dollars and some cents, which cost us fifteen dollars in fines. On the third day he invaded three private houses where the people claimed that they had paid the bills before, and told them that that game was threadbare. He didn't bring in any money, but the people sent me word that they would hold me personally responsible. On the fourth day he threatened to carry off a pet dog as hostage until the bill was satisfied, and wound up with a fight that cost us ten dollars. On the fifth day five people telephoned me that they would horsewhip me on sight, and along towards dark a man came around to see me with a pistol just a few minutes after I left the store. That night I tried to turn Dolan (that's his name) off, but he grew so personal that I reconsidered and told him to go ahead. Now every time a man comes in the door I get under the counter. And I have more trouble with the women than with the men. There have been seven of them in here to-day to complain of an insulting collector, who brought bills that had been satisfied long ago, and told them he couldn't afford to be robbed by them any longer. One of them charged him with having threatened to levy on her false teeth, and another said he called her husband a bunco steerer, and offered to clean out the establishment unless there was four dollars and seventy-three cents forthcoming.

"I have no idea what he's doing now. I would rather be the owner of a roaring lion than that chap's boss, but he cuts up so ugly whenever I talk about not needing him any longer that I drop the subject. If you hear anything of my being killed along during the day don't be at all surprised. I take leave of my family and make my way every morning before leaving home, and having a clean conscience am prepared.

Washington's Cup. The following story was related to the editor of the Natchez, Miss., Democrat and another journalist while on a visit to the sage of Danabarton: "Many years ago," said Colonel Claiborne, "when I had planting interests in Madison and Holmes counties, I used to ride through the country on horseback, and as I was in feeble health I usually had in my saddle-bag a bottle of good old brandy. This I had to economize, as it was not to be obtained on the route. Stopping one day at the log cabin of a good old man—I will call him Shaw—before taking the dinner he had prepared, I drew out my bottle, and, of course, invited my host to join me in testing the virtues of my Otard. My host, looking at the bottle, very considerably, as I thought, declined my invitation on the score that there was not probably more of the brandy than would last me to the end of my journey. Really appreciating the consideration of my friend, I insisted on his joining me in a drink, and, as further inducement told him that the cup from which he would drink had once been the property of General Washington, and that he would have the pleasure of drinking from a cup which had touched the lips of the father of his country."

"This cup, you say, belonged to the immortal Washington, the father of his country? Then I will take a drink from it." So saying, he poured out a stiff horn, and having snacked his lips over it, a thought seemed to strike him, and he called out, 'Oh! Mrs. Shaw, come here, if you please. Mrs. Shaw,' said he, 'this cup was the property of the immortal Washington, and has touched the lips of the father of his country. You must take a sip of good brandy from this venerable relic.' So she poured out another drink from my bottle, which was quaffed with a relish by Mrs. Shaw. My friend again called out: 'Oh! Polly Shaw, come here, my daughter. Here is a cup that once belonged to the immortal Washington, and has touched the lips of the father of his country. You, my daughter, must take a sip of good brandy from this valuable relic.' Miss Polly did not object, and another draft was made upon my supply of Otard.

"There was now but a single dose of my precious medicine left, and I was watching it with some anxiety, when a new impulse seemed to inspire my friend Shaw, and he cried out: 'Bring Claiborne Shaw here.' Flattered by the knowledge that a scion of the Shaw family was dubbed with my own patronymic, I awaited the arrival of Claiborne Shaw, who proved to be a chubby little fellow of two or three years of age. 'Claiborne Shaw,' said the father, 'here is a cup which belonged to the immortal Washington, and which has touched the lips of the father of his country. You, my son, are too young to sip from this venerable relic, but your father will sip it in your stead.' Saying which, he poured the last drop of my old brandy into the cup and devoured it, in honor of the immortal Washington, the father of his country."

The Care of the Hands. That white wonder—a woman's hand—over which artists have raved and poets sung, requires much early training, as well as great care. The etiquette of the hand is as important as the care of it, for, no matter how beautiful the hand, it loses half its grace and charm if it is awkwardly and incorrectly and gawkily used.

The well-bred woman should always remember that her hands should never be conspicuous. No matter how informal the occasion, she should never stand with her hands on her hips. She may consider it an attractive pose, but such an action is never becoming to a gentlewoman.

She should never use her hand in pointing, nor should she beckon to an acquaintance in public places. In both cases she is not only making her hand conspicuous, but stamping herself ill bred.

Both men and women should always pay particular attention to the care of their hands. They should never allow their nails to grow long and they should always be kept scrupulously clean and like clear pearl. It is vulgar to manicure the nails to excess. They should never be overpolished, cut to extreme points, nor be artificially rouged to an unnatural, over rosy and "brilliantine" hue. No woman, no matter how nervous her temperament, should ever bite her nails. By doing so she not only injures her health, but presents a most undignified picture. The woman who bites her nails immediately puts herself upon a level with a baby who sucks his thumb; and so does a man.

The heavily bejeweled hand is not in such good taste as that of the woman who wears a very few, but exceedingly handsome rings. The overloading of the fingers with rings is the worst possible taste, and the woman who wears diamonds on her thumbs is nothing less than vulgarly personified. The practice of adopting every fashionable hand-shake is to be condemned. Strike the heavy medium and always shake hands heartily; never in a pump-handle manner; not as if it were an absolute bore. The awkward man has no limit to the troubles with his hands. He never knows what to do with them; consequently they add much to his awkwardness. What an estimable blessing his pockets are to him under such a stress. It is not only the awkward man, unused to society, but the man of fashion, who needs instruction in the proper use of his hands. No man should stand with his hands in his pocket in the presence of a woman. It is at least disrespectful. Not even in business hours should a man stand with his thumbs in the armpoles of his waistcoat. It is not only ungentlemanlike—it is simply boorish. The well-bred man never puts out his hand until the lady first offers hers. A man should never shake hands with a woman while wearing his gloves, unless she also is gloved. A man always removes his glove from his right hand on entering a drawing-room when making a call.—Mrs. Jefferson Davis, in St. Louis Republic.

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The well known poem, "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight," in which a young woman by banging the curfew bell saves the life of her lover condemned to be executed at the ringing of the curfew, is only one of a thousand striking instances of how a woman will dare everything for love.

Women are reader to make heroic sacrifices that they are to take the common place, everyday precaution of this condition, which insure their greatest happiness. Most women are careless about their health, and they forget that physical weakness and disease will wreck the fairest chance in life and shut it out completely from happy womanhood and widowhood. Weak, bilious, dyspeptic women are robbed of their natural attractiveness and capacity. They lose their energy and ambition. The blood becomes poor and thin and laden with disease germs. The true antidote for this condition is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It acts directly upon the digestive powers and the liver, creating pure, red, healthy blood free from all impurities; it renovates every organ and tissue of the body, building up hard, elastic flesh and muscular strength and imparting nerve power and permanent vitality, which all extracts do not give.

Mrs. Ella Howell of Derby, Perry Co., Ind., writes: "In the year of 1841 I was taken with stomach trouble, nervous dyspepsia. There was a cold in my stomach, which I felt very much. I had a bearing down sensation; I was sick across my stomach; had a ridge around my right side, and in a short time I was bloated. I was treated by three of our best physicians but got no relief. I was so weak I could not walk across the room without assistance. The true antidote for this condition is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which I used to me and I got it, and commenced the use of it. I began to improve very fast after the use of it. The physicians said my disease was leading into pulmonary consumption, and gave me up to die. I thank God that my cure is permanent."

THE BANK OF ANDERSON. We Pay Interest on Time Deposits by Agreement. Capital \$165,000 Surplus and Profits 100,000 Total \$265,000. OFFICERS: J. A. BRACK, President; J. N. BROWN, Vice-President; B. F. MALDIN, Cashier; DIRECTOR: J. W. EAST, J. N. BROWN, J. G. DUNN, J. J. FRETWELL, B. F. MALDIN.

SHERIFF'S SALE. Powers, Gibbs & Co. Plaintiff, against B. Berry Allen and D. K. Cooley, Parties in Error under Firm name of Allen & Cooley, Defendants. BY virtue of an Execution to me directed I will sell to the highest bidder, at Anderson, C. H. S. C., on Saleaday in May next, during the legal hours of sale, the following real property, to wit: ONE TRACT OF LAND. Situated in Corner Township, Anderson County, S. C., containing one hundred and seventy-four and 9/10 (174 9/10) acres, more or less, adjoining lands of the Estate of Thomas Searcy, deceased, James W. Searcy and others.

A-F-R-I-C-A-N-A Absolutely cures Rheumatism. A-F-R-I-C-A-N-A Absolutely cures Scrofula. A-F-R-I-C-A-N-A Absolutely cures old Sores. A-F-R-I-C-A-N-A Absolutely cures Syphilis. A-F-R-I-C-A-N-A Absolutely cures Eczema. A-F-R-I-C-A-N-A Absolutely cures Constipation. A-F-R-I-C-A-N-A Absolutely cures Catarrh. A-F-R-I-C-A-N-A Absolutely CURES all Blood Diseases.

S.S.S. For the Blood. which thoroughly cleanses the blood of all the accumulated impurities, tones up and strengthens the entire system, and aids Nature in renovating and renewing the body so as to render it healthy and strong. Those who purify their blood with S. S. S. at this season are well fortified against the many forms of disease so prevalent during the dreaded heated term, for it has been demonstrated that the system that is thoroughly purified in the spring is well prepared to resist disease all summer. No other remedy on the market is equal to Swift's Specific as a spring medicine, because it is the only purely vegetable blood remedy and is guaranteed absolutely free from potash, mercury and all other minerals. It cleanses, purifies, builds up and strengthens. Insist on S. S. S., for there is nothing half as good.

Tone Up With Swift's Specific. NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT. The undersigned, Administratrix of the Estate of Jesse C. Morris, deceased, hereby gives notice that she will on the 18th day of April, 1898, apply to the Judge of Probate for Anderson County for a Final Settlement of said Estate and a discharge from her office as Administratrix. MARY E. OUTZS, Adm'x. March 16, 1898.

"Rust," the dread of the cotton grower, can be prevented. Trials at Experiment Stations and the experience of leading growers prove positively that

Kainit is the only remedy. We will be glad to send, free of charge, interesting and useful pamphlets which treat of the matter in detail. GERMAN KALI WORKS, 25 Nassau St., New York.

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Drs. Strickland & King, DENTISTS. OFFICE IN MASONIC TEMPLE. Gas and Cocaine used for Extract-^g Teeth. Cash Buyers of Shoes will find it to their advantage to look into the values offered by the J. K. ORR SHOE CO., Atlanta. A card addressed to W. R. Crook, Box 64, Spartanburg, will bring our samples.

NOTICE. All parties owing me notes and accounts are requested and urged to pay same as soon as possible. I need my money and will be compelled to make collections early in the season. Save the trouble and expense of sending to see you. J. S. FOWLER. Sept. 29, 1897.

HONEA PATH HIGH SCHOOL. HAS closed a most satisfactory year's work to both patrons and teachers. The outlook for the next Session promises even better results. How to secure the best School is the constant study of the teachers. Excellent library, modern apparatus, live methods, and trained teaching. Next Session opens Monday, Sept. 6th, 1897. Board in haste families at very low rates. For further information write to— J. C. HARPER, Principal. Honea Path, S. C. July 14, 1897.

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TWO FOR ONE. BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT WE OFFER HOME AND FARM. In combination with the ANDERSON INTELLIGENCER for \$1.55, being the price of our paper alone. That is, for all new or old subscribers renewing and paying in advance, we send HOME AND FARM one year free. HOME AND FARM has for many years been the leading agricultural journal of the South and Southwest, made by farmers for farmers. Its Home Department, conducted by Aunt Jane, its Children's Department, and its Dairy Department are brighter and better than ever. Renew now and get this great journal for the home and the farm—FREE.