

AN HISTORIC PLACE.

SPOT WHERE CORNWALLIS WAS SOUNDLY WHIPPED.

Flight of the British—They Left the Wounded and Dying and Found Safety Under the Guns at Wilmington—Fourth of July Celebration.



(Special Letter.) HE sections of the South which have begun to feel in a marked degree the effects of the spirit of development and progress, yet linger a little reluctantly on the threshold of a new era...

The Piedmont section of North Carolina is fast passing into the 'Jam today' period, and one need not ask the reason why, if he but looks for a moment at its natural advantages.

Lying to the south of and sheltered by the Blue Ridge and Sauratown ranges of mountains which divide Virginia and North Carolina...

The days of old plantation life are fast becoming a mere fascinating tale to the new generation, and the spirit of the times is manifesting itself in the building of new railroads...

The glamour of the old regime still lingers like the scent of the roses over some of the North Carolina towns, but it is fast fading.

As one passes through the wide elms-covered streets of the town, he notices here and there noble specimens of the classic architecture of ante-bellum days.

Just as all roads lead to Rome, however, all minor points of interest give way to the culminating point of attraction, Guilford battle-ground...

The intervening years should not efface that tragic record from our minds. Cornwallis, eager to meet the American army...

The quickness with which the British army under Cornwallis received at the hands of the untrained troops of General Greene...

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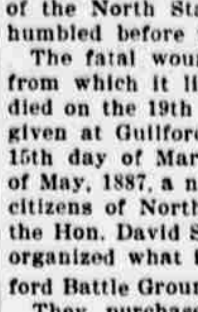
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CARE OF THE WHEEL.

ZIMMERMANN GIVES SOME TIMELY INSTRUCTIONS.

If Properly Looked After the Trouble Will Be Repaid—A Bicycle for Rainy Weather—Anatomy of the Wheel.



HERE is one thing about bicycle riding to which the average rider does not give sufficient attention, and on which many cyclists lack information altogether.

The majority of riders have yet to learn that keeping a bicycle clean and in order is of equal importance with knowing how to ride.

The rider who takes good care of his wheel is well repaid for his trouble. At the end of the season he has a wheel that is really in better condition than when he started with it in the spring.

All that, of course, applies to the high-grade wheel made of first-class material. If one has a cheap wheel it doesn't make so much difference, because a cheap wheel is of no service at the end of the season, no matter how much care is taken of it.

The difference between a high-priced wheel and a cheap one. When the riding season is over the high-grade wheel is worth at least half of what was originally paid for it; the cheap wheel is worth nothing, because nobody wants it, and the machinery is played out completely.

In caring for a wheel one rule must be constantly observed and above all others. The machine must be kept clean and in a place where dampness cannot reach it. Not only does a clean wheel look better, but when clean there is little or no friction in any of the parts.

Keeping it out of the dampness also prevents the formation of rust, and all the parts work easier and more freely when the wheel is kept dry.

Particular attention should be given to the chain and sprockets. We are not using gear cases here yet, and dirt accumulates in the chain very quickly.

It causes considerable friction, and the friction is what we must avoid, so far as possible.

The quickest way to clean the chain thoroughly is to soak it in kerosene oil. Dirt, grease and all other accumulations will be removed almost immediately.

Put the chain in a vessel and use enough oil to cover it. When it has soaked for awhile, take the chain out and complete the task by rinsing it through clean kerosene. Wipe dry and the chain is ready for use again, as good as when it was new.

Some riders, after cleaning the chain, warm it up and then apply vaseline or tallow. I do not believe that to be the better plan. I have made it a practice to lubricate the chain with regular bicycle oil, placing one drop of oil on each link, and working it in between the links. Don't use soap as a lubricant. It has been advocated by some, who ought to know better, as a good temporary lubricant. Experience has taught us, however, that it is far from satisfactory for the purpose.

When using oil or grease in any form about the wheel be careful to get none of it on the tires. Oil affects the rubber seriously. It will be well to remember also that tires work best when cool, and that the sun has almost as bad effect on them as oil. When riding one cannot help having the tires warmed up some, but when the wheel is not in use it should be kept in a cool place.

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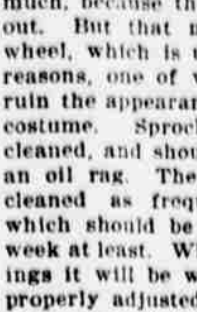
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BLIND BOYS AT BALL.

A KENTUCKY INSTITUTE FOR THOSE AFFLICTED.

Some Peculiar Features of the Game—How It Differs from the Regular Playing—Marvelous Running and Fielding.



HOULD the Louisville baseball club at the close of the season have succeeded in defending twelfth place in the pennant race it may earn fresh laurels by challenging and probably defeating the nine from the Kentucky Institute for the Blind, which is located near the Falls city, says the New York Journal.

It has often been said of New York's 'Giants' that 'they played like blind men,' and the expression has been taken simply on the ecstatic figure of speech of some frenzied 'rooter,' and to mean that they did not play ball at all. Now the comparison may be graphic enough, and truthful, perhaps, on occasion, if the idea to be conveyed is simply that of loose and ragged playing, for as a matter of very strange fact, blind men can and do play baseball, and derive a very considerable amount of pleasure, as well as physical benefit out of the national game.

In the Kentucky institute there are two regularly organized nines, between which there is the fiercest rivalry, and the institute pennant is as highly prized and will be as bitterly contested for as that gaudy strip of hunting which, whatever happens will not wave next year over the Polo grounds.

Prof. R. B. Hinton of the Kentucky school, describing baseball among the blind, makes the astounding statement by way of preface that among the boys and young men who must go through life in darkness there is a fondness for athletic exercises and an ambition to excel in feats of physical power almost as deep founded as among the students of the universities.

The gymnasium is well patronized and field sports are in high favor, notably sprinting, longer races up to a mile, running jump, hopskip-and-jump and putting weights. Intense excitement prevails during these contests, the results of which must be reported by word of mouth to both contestants and 'spectators.'

The baseball game differs, of course, in many of its details from the regular games played by the youth of America. The diamond is not of regulation size but is of regulation form. The distance between bases is forty feet, instead of ninety. The infielders are stationed the same as in a National league game, with the exception that there is a right shortstop, thus making ten men to a side, an arrangement once seriously considered by professional ball managers. In the outfield, on public games, there is an unlimited number of players, each taking a turn at the bat, first moving up one position whenever a batsman is put out.

The catcher sits on the ground, well back from the home plate, and to guard against injury, he wears a mask and a chest protector. His position is such that when the pitcher delivers a ball it strikes the ground just between his knees and is taken on the short bound.

The batsman takes his position at the plate, with a heavy flat bat, somewhat like those used in cricket. The umpire, who must be a man of unimpaired vision, calls upon the pitcher to get ready and then clearly sings out 'One, two, three!' At the word three the pitcher must loyally deliver the ball. He pitches in the slow, underhand way peculiar to the game twenty-five or thirty years ago, the idea being to deliver a ball that can be hit by the batsman, who, standing there in the darkness, with a sharpened sense of hearing and a wonderful conception of the time that must elapse before the ball reaches him, is prepared to strike.

Baseball writers often refer to 'the whisk of the ball as, like an arrow, it fairly splits the space over the home plate.' To the quickened senses of the blind this 'whisk of the ball' is a reality, and it is astonishing, guided by this refined development of the hearing faculty, how often the ball is struck by the batsman.

If the batsman should miss the ball bounces into the catcher's lap and is at once returned to the pitcher by a single toss with a precision that is wonderful. When the ball is batted the umpire calls out quickly to the fielder, in whose direction it is traveling, and he, guided by a sense of hearing, either catches the ball or follows it in its course through the grass. Six strikes are an out. In fielding any number of bounds are permitted. If the batted ball is a 'hot-liner' and traveling straight for an infielder's head, the umpire shouts a warning, and in such cases the endange of player ducks or falls to the turf.

It is possible, in fact, the ball is frequently fielded to first in time to put out the runner. When throwing to first the assisting player, who is guided by the voice of the batsman, calculates the distance with nicety and throws the ball so that it strikes the ground a few yards in front of the batsman. The latter hears it coming and usually gets it without further assistance. Running bases was formerly a difficult thing. There were then three trees on the diamond, toward which the runner ran with outstretched hands. Bags have since been substituted for bases and the runner is guided by the voice of the batsman, who is required to shout 'First, first, first.' In like manner the other bases are won. Once or

twice the runner is pretty sure to get home, unless his slide dies at the home-plate. Six outta put a side out.

Naturally there is no approach to scientific ball-playing, but under all circumstances it is astonishing to note the frequency of 'clean hits,' while the base-running and fielding are at times almost marvelous and present a most wonderful exhibition of the refinement of the development of the sense of hearing in an effort to compensate for the loss of sight.

HOW HE CUT WOOD. Trick Played by a Wily Tramp on an Unsuspecting Housewife.

A lady residing in the southeastern part of the city had an experience with a tramp the other day which has secured her on that class of mendicants, says the Stockton Mail. The fellow came around and begged for something to eat, and got it.

'Have you any work that I can do?' he asked, after satisfying his hunger. 'Well, you might cut that wood,' said that lady, pointing to a pile of four-foot stove wood. 'How much do you want for the job?'

'Six bits,' 'Well, go ahead,' she said. Shortly after that she had occasion to go downtown, and when she left the house the tramp was industriously at work. Upon her return he had finished. Pointing at the wood pile, he said, proudly: 'What do you think of that? Ever seen an old man like me who could cut wood as quick as that? Oh, I'm a lightning striker!' The lady acknowledged that he was a fast worker and promptly paid him his money. Shortly after his departure she went to the wood pile for sticks and was surprised on removing a few of them to find that only the top layer had been cut. The body of the wood pile consisted of uncut four-foot pieces so arranged as to leave large spaces between them. It was quite apparent then that considerable of the wood had disappeared and that the remaining wood had been arranged in that way so as not to show the pile had shrunk. Investigation disclosed the fact that some of the wood had been hidden under a sidewalk, while other large sticks had been concealed in various places around the yard, and some of the fuel taken into the wood shed. Yesterday the lady chanced to see a giant stick on top of the woodshed roof. She expects to happen on other pieces here and there around the premises for the next two months and would not be much surprised to find that the tramp had wedged some of the fuel in the chimney-top.

How a Lion Roars His Best. The lion seldom roars his best, because a good roar needs a great physical effort. The whole interior and muscles of the mouth, throat, stomach and abdomen are, for the moment, converted into an organ of terrific sound, and the sound does make the earth tremble, or appear to do so. But the attitude is not that usually drawn. Unless he roars lying down, when he puts his head up, like a dog barking, the lion emits his first moan in any position, then draws in his neck and lowers his head with extended jaws, right down to his fore paws, as if about to be violently sick; while at the same time the back is arched, and the whole animal bears an appearance of concentrated strain. This is Captain Millais' phonetic rendering of the sound, taken when listening to three lions roaring their best: Moan—roar—ro-a-r—roar—roar—roar grunt—grunt—grunt—grunt (dying away).

Why Lions roar when it ought to pay better to keep silent is not yet explained.—Chips.

Tomstones at Your Door. During the exciting discussion on the tariff as the campaign of 1888 progressed frequent reference was made to the duty to be levied on Koch's lymph, which the great German professor of that name thought would be a cure-all for consumption, and one orator at a mass meeting in Cooper union declared that it would be an excellent thing to let this medicine in free, as it would 'bring Koch's lymph, Mr. Chairman, to every poor man's door.' But how can this unumity scheme compare as a boon to humanity with that of the enterprising people who bring tomstones to every poor man's door. Yet this is what is actually done in many country places in the interior of this state and also in the neighboring commonwealths of New Jersey and Pennsylvania. Men hitch their horses up to a wagon, load it with tomstones which sell at from \$2 to \$5 and \$10 apiece and then go hawking them through the country for sale as they might hawk old clothes or crockeryware.—New York Recorder.

Easy Consciences. 'I should think it would irritate you, Dr. Pounder, to see members of your congregation falling asleep during your sermon.'

'Not at all, madam,' replied the preacher; 'on the contrary, it delights me. Sleep is a sign of an easy conscience. Those who can sleep do not need sermons.'—Boston Herald.

Sixteen to One That She Would. An Athlson woman who was having some trouble deciding between gold and silver has decided that she is too young for the silver and shed her hair.—Athlson Globe.

Couldn't Hurt Them. Jinks—Brown-Jones boasts that he can trace his ancestry back to the Pilgrims.—Binks—Well, the Pilgrims are dead and they won't feel it.—New York Advertiser.



THE WINSTON STATUE.

Schenk, who has been the head and front of the enterprise, and has persevered in it under difficulties which others would have deemed insurmountable. Each Fourth of July the patriotic citizens of Greensboro and the surrounding towns assemble at the battle ground with speeches and music appropriate to the occasion.

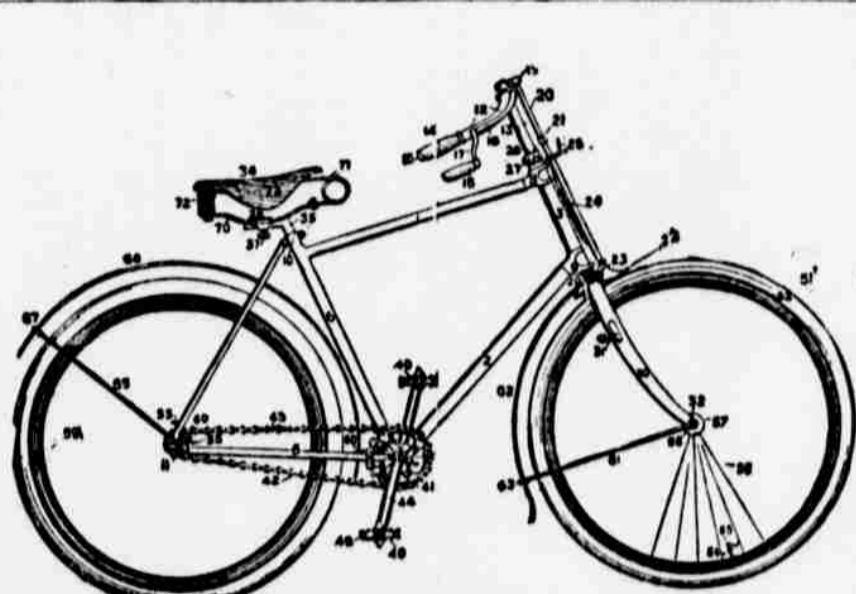
Not long ago when the old Independence Bell was making its triumphal return trip from Atlanta there was a stop made at Greensboro, and the veteran bell, with cheers and song, was taken out to the spot where the heroes who had been inspired by its peals on that memorable day in 1776, had afterward fought and died for the liberty men hold so dear. Appropriate, indeed, was this little journey, for it is a matter of history that the first Declaration of Independence was signed on North Carolina soil. What wonder if the dead, who had lain for so many years under the blood-stained soil should have 'waked and wondered and understood.' Greensboro, by the way, is where the scene of the 'Fools Errand' was laid, Judge Tourgee having lived in the town during the reconstruction period, and the delightful drive to the battle-ground is the same that was supposed to have been taken by Lilly Servosse.

Not long ago, the writer, with a little party of ladies, after a pleasant drive through the pines, stood upon the place 'where the battle was fought,' undulating ground, mostly covered with forest. Guilford Court House is no more, having been moved to Greensboro in 1809, and the old town which once surrounded it has gone to decay. Nothing remains to mark the place where once lived the Lindsays, Whittingtons, Bevellis and Hamiltons, though many traditions still linger, prominent among them that of 'Uncle Mose,' a curious old negro who worked in the copper-smith shop and was allowed a quart of whisky a day to counteract the fumes of the heated copper. Among the handsome monuments on the battle-ground are many rude headstones which mark the unknown graves. Not until the great roll call of Eternity will the names of the occupants of those graves be revealed.

As we stood listening to the stories of our negro guide a sudden storm came up, and Judge Schenk, who often seeks recreation in the keeper's lodge from his professional duties, came out and with true Southern hospitality offered us shelter. An old-time auntie made us some delicious coffee and waffles, so we had cause to thank the seemingly unkind elements for a delightful hour. We left with our hands full of roses, gathered for us by our genial host from the spot where the battle had once raged most fiercely—fit emblems of war's greatest aftermath of peace.

Against Her Principles. Mrs. Archer—What do you think of the new preacher? Mrs. Bayswater—I like him very much. Mrs. Archer—So sorry I couldn't go to hear him. What did he preach about? Mrs. Bayswater—I didn't catch the text, but it had something to do with the golden calf. Mr. Archer (just waking up)—That settles it! I shall withdraw from the church. I can't approve of this thing of carrying politics into the pulpit.—Cleveland Leader.

The Deadly Wheel. He—How old are you, Miss Chaffie? She—I have been 18 summers and about 140 falls.—From Texas Sifter.



ANATOMY OF THE WHEEL.

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Nut and washer. 51. Steering wheel. 52. Tire. 53. Rim. 54. Air valve. 55. Valve cap. 56. Spokes. 57. Hub, which comprises outside shell with bushes, axle, and ball bearings. 58. Washers for fixing to forks. 59. Driving wheel. 60. Driving wheel hub. 61. Front mud-guard stays. 62. Front mud-guard. 63-4. Front mud-guard screws. 65. Back mud-guard stays. 66. Back mud-guard. 67. Back mud-guard screws. 69. Back mud-guard stays. 70. Saddle frame. 71. Front saddle spring. 72. Rear saddle spring. 73. Leather top, with tension adjustment screw in front, underneath.

A. A. ZIMMERMAN.

Spotted Her at Once. A London paper says that some time ago the Princess Maud went shopping strictly incog. While she was walking along the street she was accosted by a little street arab, who was the happy possessor of a pair of large, pathetic eyes and a tangled crop of curly brown hair. He was busily engaged in the absorbing task of earning his living (and, perhaps, some one else's as well) by retailing 'fresh spring flowers, penny tuppence a bunch.' The princess stopped by him, and while choosing some flowers she was a little startled by the lad saying in an excited and familiar whisper: 'It's all right, miss. I know yer, but I'll keep it dark and won't split on yer!' The princess smilingly shook her head in denial. 'Yes, I know yer' (more emphatically); 'yez Princess Maud; I twigged yer di-rectly.'