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The North Carolinian and THE ALAMANCE GLEANER will be sent for one year for Two Dollars...

WANTED—AN IDEA

THE TALE OF TWO COINS.

They Were In Jeff Davis' Possession When He Was Captured.

General Nathan Church, the Michigan representative of the quartet of old staff officers...

When captured, Mr. Davis had in his pocket the goldpiece in question and a Mexican silver dollar.

General Church had better luck, however, with his goldpiece, and, while he occasionally exhibited it to his friends...

While in Paris five or six years ago General Church was a guest one evening at the home of a wealthy family...

Without betraying the anxiety he felt, Mr. Church asked when and where she obtained it...

Lighterage business about the harbor of New York has been considerably damaged by a new labor saving device in the building trade.

Don't sleep with eyes facing the light is a caution given by all oculists.

A TRAMP'S STORIES.

Bluff as a Brass Performer and Adventures With a Hand Out.

But there are some humorous features connected with a tramp's life. For example, I happened to be in Terre Haute, Ind., one time and met an acquaintance who was in the show business...

"Well, ain't cymbals brass?" inquired innocently.

One day while strolling along one of the shady streets of the Branch they encountered him just returning from a foraging expedition.

One of the most remarkable scientific statements of its kind appears in a recent number of Popular Astronomy concerning F. 70 Ophioidis...

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FIDDLING FOR TURKEYS.

A Hunting Device For Those Who Have Not a Wild Turkey Trained.

A Forest and Stream correspondent writing from Greenville, Miss., tells how he went turkey hunting with a friend.

"We took our way through a most abominable thicket," he continued.

The turkey fiddle is an instrument used by those who haven't a live trained wild turkey.

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TELEPHONE EAR.

How It is Produced and Ways in Which It May Be Avoided.

Have you the telephone ear? If you use the telephone three or more times a day, the probabilities are you have it, though it may not have occurred to you.

What is the cause of it? The telephone. Arranged as it is, with the receiver at the left hand, you cannot well use it excepting at the left ear.

At the telephone exchange the girls are instructed to change the receiver from one ear to the other three or four times a day.

The discovery was simply this—and it sounds almost puerile when reduced to plain language—that naval engagements, to be worth fighting at all, must be decisive.

How he understood it himself may be gathered from his retort to the master of his ship, who remonstrated with him on the perils of pursuing the French flagship farther among the rocks and shoals of Quiberon bay.

How the lesson was taken to heart and developed by Rodney and by Nelson is familiar to every reader of English history.

The wells of Murabd (mura-bit-ter) are situated in the heart of the Arabian desert on the Korosko to Abu-Hamed line, about 118 miles from the former and 109 from the latter place.

Both General Gordon and Colonel Stewart expressed the opinion that the desert in this direction is quite impassable for any army and is a complete barrier separating Egypt from the Sudan.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.



THE DANCE OF THE BONNETS.

All up and down the brilliant houses, Through circles, oops, parquetry, Sat rows and rows of waiting folk, Men, dames and dancing gay.

At last the lights turned, sudden, low: The curtain upward went: Each voice was hushed and garnet's stir, With eyes and ears intent.

But one, aghast, could nothing see—Except a monstrous plume. While three red roses high and gay—From Paris skill abloom—Before another's straining eyes, With many tili and savage size, Did loom, and loom, and loom.

And hard by this another sat: Mock soul, but now a rage, For two wide eyes, full of wings, Concealed just half the stage.

One dame, behind a ribbon tower, Felt honest, true amaze: That thoughtful she of Minstrel tongue Must thus be spoiled of gaze.

And so the dance began—to right, To left, to right again— The flower, the feather, eilken bow, The wing of bright bird alain.

The Father of the British Navy. Hawke's claim to the title which Koppel gave him rests mainly not on a single battle nor on the rhapsodies of ephemeral literature, but on a discovery which was almost as important as Anson's, though it was made in the field of tactics rather than of topography.

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The largest bird in the world is the condor. Condors with a spread of wing of 18 to 20 feet have been shot in the Andes.

GAFFNEY WAS PLUCKY.

He Lived After a Silk Handkerchief Had Been Drawn Through His Body.

"They are flanking the brigade and charging the battery." The words were uttered by an officer who had sufficiently recovered from the stunning a gunshot wound had given him to raise his head and reply to the salutation of his brigade commander.

In a few minutes the colonel was able to walk to the field hospital. Surgeon Bartlett and Bragg had often bantered each other. When Bartlett saw the colonel, he said: "So you have come to see me. Have been expecting all the morning to be called upon to amputate your head. What is the matter, colonel?"

"I don't know, if I did, I wouldn't come here. I want to find out." "Where are you hit?" "In the arm. Can't you see?" "Is it broken?" "You are paid to tell me if it is broken."

The doctor took the limp, helpless, hurt arm, felt it hurriedly and said, "Bragg, if any other man in the army had been hit as you were, he would have had a broken arm, but your arm isn't broken."

"Thank you. Tie this handkerchief around my neck and hitch it to my hurt arm, doctor." "What are you going to do?" "I am going back to the regiment."

"Better let me dress your wound first." "Never mind the wound. You can dress that tomorrow. And the plucky little warrior, who more than earned all of his ranks from private to brigadier, rejoined his fighting and dreadfully decimated regiment.

On his way back the colonel saw a man of his old company. "Hello, Nick! What's the matter?" "I am shot, colonel. I'm going to die."

"No, Gaffney, you are not going to die. Let me see your wound." The boy pointed to a blue spot on his breast. "You're all right, chicken." Then the colonel put his hand over the wound and said: "Take a long breath."

Poor Nick took a long breath, but it hurt him like the cut of a knife, and the colonel's hand was covered with blood. The shot had struck him in the breast and gone clear through.

In telling of the incident years afterward General Bragg said: "I told the poor fellow he was all right, but I didn't believe it. I didn't see then how a fellow shot through the lung could survive."