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The Mountain Banner

T. A. HAYDEN, Proprietor. A Family Newspaper: Devoted to Home Interests and General News. TERMS—\$2.00 Per Annum. PUBLISHED AT RUTHERFORDTON, N. C., EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

RATES OF ADVERTISING. One inch, one insertion \$1.00 One inch, each subsequent insertion .50 Quarterly, Semi-annual or Yearly contracts will be made on liberal terms.

TO MY BOSS "BLANCO" BY J. G. HOLLAND. My dear, dumb friend, long trying them, A willing wretch at my feet, Glad partner of my home and care, My shadow in the street.

PUTTING ON STEAM. A Railroad Engineer's Story.

I am a railroad engineer. Away along in 1857, during the recent panic, I was running on the F. and C. railroad. The railroad companies were going under in all directions. Every day we heard of new failures, and quite often in a quarter where we least expected it. Our road was generally looked upon as one of the most substantial in the nation; nobody seemed to have any fears that it would fail to survive the general smash-up; but yet I did not fully share in the general confidence.

have \$5,000. Understand it, Harry—\$5,000. Of course, I understood it. I saw now the reason why the wages had been cut down. I understood it all, and my blood boiled. I felt that I would save the road, if I lived, and told Roberts so. "See that you do it, Harry," he replied, as he climbed up on the steps of the coach which was coupled to my engine. I sprang up on to the footboard, got up the switch tender to help my fireman, opened the throttle, and, just as we commenced moving, looked at my watch; it was just 11 o'clock, so that I had one hour to make my seventy-five miles in. From Y to B—there were few curves on the road, but there were several heavy grades. I was perfectly acquainted with every rod of it, so that I knew exactly what I had to encounter, and when I saw how the engine moved I felt very little fear for the result. The road for the first few miles was an air line, and so smooth that my engine flew along with scarcely a perceptible jar. I was so busy posting myself up as to the amount of wood and water aboard, etc., that we dined by the first station almost before I was aware of it, having been five minutes out and having five miles accomplished. "You are losing time!" yelled a voice from the coach. I looked around, and there stood Roberts with his watch in his hand. I knew very well that we would have to increase our speed by some means if we carried out our plans of reaching C—by midnight, and looked anxiously around to see what I could do to accomplish that purpose. She was blowing off steam fiercely at 110 pounds, so I turned down the valve to 200, for I knew we should need it all to make some of the heavy grades which lay between us and C—. It was three miles to the next station. With the exception of a few curves, the track was as good as the last. As we darted around what commonly seemed a rather long curve at the station, but which at our rate of speed was short enough, I looked at my watch, and we had done it in two minutes and a half. "Gaining!" I shouted back to Roberts, who was standing on the platform of the coach. "Look out for the heavy grades," he replied, and went inside the car. The next six miles rose gradually from a level to a ten-and-a-half-foot grade, the last of which lay between us and the station. My fireman kept her full, and now she began to get hot. The furnace door was red, and the steam raised continually, so that she kept her speed and passed the station like a streak of light in five minutes. Now came nine miles like the last, over which she kept pace with her time, and passed the station in seven and a half minutes. Here for ten miles we had a twenty-foot grade to encounter; but the worst of it all was, at this place we would be obliged to stop for wood. I was just going to speak to Roberts about it, when I looked around and saw him filling the tender from the coach with wood which had been placed there before starting, while he had gone after me. I believe we would have gone these ten miles with the same speed as before, but, through the carelessness of the fireman, the fountain-valve on the left-hand side of the engine got opened, and the water rose in the boiler so fast as to run the steam down to 100 pounds before I discovered where the difficulty was. At first Roberts didn't appear to notice the decrease of speed, and kept at work at the wood as for dear life. But presently he looked up, and seeing that the speed had decreased, he shouted: "Harry, we are stopping!" and then, coming over to where I was, he said: "Why, here we have been ten minutes on the last ten miles, and I believe we will come to a dead stand if something is not done! The speed is continually slowing. What's the matter?" I explained the cause. He was apparently satisfied with my explanation, and after having tied down the safety-valve he climbed over the tender, exhorting me to "put her through, for God's sake, or we are all beggars together." Just then we passed the next station, having taken nine minutes for eight miles. We were now more than half over the road, but we had lost nearly ten minutes time and had only left twenty-seven minutes to do thirty-seven miles in. I had shut the water off from both my pumps a little distance back when I discovered what was the matter, and she was now making steam finely down a slight grade. From less than 100, with which we started over that ten-mile stretch, she had 200 pounds before we finished it, and, as the gauge indicated no higher than that and as the valve was tied down, I could not tell how much over 200 pounds she carried; but she certainly carried none less the remainder of the journey. And well

she might carry such an enormous head of steam, for after passing over that ten miles in eight minutes there lay ten miles of five-foot up grade and fourteen miles of twenty feet to the mile depression between us and C—, and it was now 13 minutes to 12 o'clock. Now the engine was hot in earnest. The furnace door, smoke-arch and chimneys were all red, while she seemed to fly onward as if the very evil one himself operated her machinery. Six minutes carried us over that ten miles, and we darted by the last station that had lain between us and C—. Now we had fourteen miles to go, and my time showed fifty-three minutes past 11 o'clock. "If I live," said I to myself, "I will make it." And so I plunged down that twenty-foot grade with all steam on. Persons who saw the train on that wild run said it was so soon after they heard the first sound of her approach, when the strange object, which looked as if it was a flame of fire, darted by, and then the sound of its traveling died away in the distance, that they could hardly convince themselves they had really seen anything. It seemed more like the creature of a wild dream than a sober reality. And now let me tell you that no engine ever beat the time we made on those fourteen miles. Those great wheels, seven feet in diameter, spun around so swift that you couldn't begin to count the revolutions. The engine barely seemed to touch the track as she flew along; and, although the track was as true as it was possible for it to be, she swayed fearfully, and sometimes made such prodigious jolts that it required considerable skill for one to keep his feet. No engine could hold together if crowded to a greater speed. Well, just as I came to a standstill in the depot at C—, the big clock boomed out 12, and the steamboat was getting her steam on. Roberts got on board in time, and nothing to spare. But he saved the money. He found it hid away in some old boxes, as Aldrich had directed him. A JUDGE OF CHARACTER. A few of the broad distinctions of physiognomy depend on the forms of the features, but all its nicer shades have far more to do with expressions; and in this, indeed, the real character is often seen where the conformation of the features seems to contradict it. There are some general and well-known rules for the determination of physiological character, as far as it has to do with the shapes of the features; the aquiline nose and eye, for instance, belong to the heroic class; thick lips to the sensual, and thin to the selfish; yet all these may be liable to many exceptions—the first certainly are; for Nelson, Wolfe, Turanne, and many other heroes had nothing of the eagle physiognomy. It is natural to associate beauty with goodness, and ugliness with wickedness; and children generally do this. But an acquaintance with the world shows us that bad and selfish hearts may be concealed under the handsomest features, and the highest virtues hidden under the homeliest; and that goodness may even exist with conformations of face absolutely ugly. We then begin to look for the character in the expression, rather than in the forms of the features, and to distinguish assumed expressions from natural ones; and so we go on, and, as we grow older, become better physiognomists, though we never arrive at the certainty of judgment which seems not to be intended we ever should.—Charles Robert Leslie.

A NEW STORY OF LINCOLN. When Lincoln was practicing in the old Sangamon county Court House, in the days of the old-fashioned settees, a tall, slim lawyer, noted for wearing a very short coat, slid along on the seat to be nearer the advocate addressing the jury. A protruding nail tore the seat of the lawyer's pantaloons. Obligated to follow his opponent immediately, there was no time to sew up the rent in the garment. A legal wag present wrote a satirical paper: "We, the undersigned, agree to pay the sums set opposite to our several names for the purpose of purchasing Brother Brown a new pair of pantaloons." Several of the lawyers put down sums ranging from 50 cents to 10 cents. The paper was presented to Lincoln, who sat opposite the rear of the advocate, who, bending over in gestulation, made quite an exposure. Lincoln took out his pencil and wrote upon the paper: "I have nothing to contribute to the end in view." The lawyers roared with laughter; the Judge asked to see the paper, when he, too, in turn, had to roar. All this time the unconscious victim of the fun was ignorant of the cause of the laughter, and sat last joined in the merriment. There is a man in Brooklyn who lives so fast that he is now absolutely older than his father; and it is thought he will soon overtake his grandfather. His mother, a quiet, elderly lady, has two left behind long ago, as well as his old maiden aunt. JOAQUIN MILLER says he has wept on reading some of his own poems. Right! So should we if we had written 'em.

THE BEAK OF THE FUTURE. There can be no reasonable doubt that the fuel of the future, for use in our dwellings, will be some kind of gas, distributed through the city precisely as illuminating gas is now delivered. The use of coal is extravagant, wasteful and inconvenient, and the dust and smoke arising from it add much to the impurities of the air, while the removal of from 100 to 200 pounds of ashes for every ton of coal burned is a great annoyance. Several substitutes for solid fuel have been proposed; all of which have strong advocates. These are steam heat, hot water and gaseous fuel. So far as the warming of dwellings is concerned, it must be admitted that Mr. Holly has succeeded in demonstrating that steam can be generated at a central station and economically distributed for this purpose. But for cooking purposes steam heat supplied in this way cannot be made available. At the present time it is the custom to use steam for heating purposes at higher pressures than formerly, sometimes as high as twenty pounds to the square inch. The prospects for the hot-water system do not seem promising of great success. The practical difficulty of maintaining a constant circulation through a great number of pipes running in every direction seems to be almost insurmountable. Moreover, granting that this difficulty is overcome in practice, a fatal objection still remains, which is, that the temperature of an apartment heated by hot-water pipes cannot be easily regulated, for, if the room is too warm, the water cannot be shut off like steam, but must remain in the pipes if the circulation is interrupted, and part with its heat gradually, or, if more heat is required, the fires must be quickened, and the water/lines to make an entire circuit before the benefit is felt. The temperature of the water in the Prall system, which is, perhaps, the best known of all—is to be about 400 to 425 degrees Fahrenheit. Such a high temperature involves a pressure at the boiler of not less than nineteen or twenty atmospheres, and it is doubtful if such a pressure can be regarded as quite safe. The system of heating that is destined to supersede all others is by means of a gaseous fuel. For this purpose a suitable gas can be manufactured very cheaply, and there need be no more difficulty or danger attending its use than is met with now in the use of illuminating gas. By passing a current of steam through an incandescent mass of coal, in a suitable furnace, the oxygen of the steam combines with the carbon of the coal to form a combustible gas, while the other constituent of the steam, hydrogen gas, which is also combustible, is set free. The mixture of carbon oxide and hydrogen thus produced is the so-called "water gas," and it is this gas which seems likely to come largely into use for a household fuel. A not unimportant fact in connection with this gas is that, although it will explode when mixed with the proper proportion of air, its explosive energy is much less than that of ordinary illuminating gas. The introduction of gaseous fuel would not necessitate very great changes in the stoves and ranges now in use. The convenience and economy of the system commend it to every one.—New York Times.

SELLING OUT AFTER ELECTION. Mr. Tomline, of Orwell Park, near Ipswich, so well known by his many unsuccessful attempts to represent boroughs and counties in Parliament, is so disgusted with the result of his last election in that line in Harwich that he intends selling the whole of his vast Suffolk property, including the house and estate of Orwell Park, with its splendid shooting. The preserves extend over 28,000 acres of land, almost in a ring-fence. This property is now offered in the market for £1,200,000; and, considering that the partridge-shooting is as good as any in England; that the farms are well cultivated, and that Orwell Park, with the river that name running through the grounds, is one of the most beautiful places in the country, Mr. Tomline considers that he is not asking too high a price; but who is the millionaire who can give such a sum? It can only be some one from over the sea; but then colonists and Yankees generally do not appreciate sporting properties.—London World.

A POLITE PEOPLE. The city of Lucknow, India, is renowned for the politeness of its people, exceeding, it would seem, that of the French, who are generally regarded as the politest people in the world. A correspondent, writing from the spot, gives a ludicrous illustration of the extent to which the natives carry their ideas of courtesy. Two native gentlemen, on their way to the railway station, accidentally fell into a ditch. One would suppose that both would have been on their feet in a twinkling; but no, the law of politeness interfered, and one said to the other: "When your Honor rises then I may get up." "No, your Honor should get up first," replied the other. "Never; how could I take precedence of your Honor?" and thus the contest went on for an hour, it is said, because neither gentleman would consent to violate the laws of good breeding. EXAMPLES OF WAILED STOCK. A little less than three years ago—in September, 1878—the entire issue of Louisville and Nashville stock was worth, at current prices, \$3,041,100; a day or two ago, also at current prices, it would have taken \$19,196,000, and this after a stock dividend of 100 per cent. Rock Island, one of the steadiest of stocks, could have been bought up entire for \$29,375,000 in 1878; now it would take \$60,742,000 to buy the outstanding stock. New Jersey Central, at the same time in 1878—and it was not then at its lowest point—would have cost \$7,773,500; to-day, with a heavier debt before it and very little increase in property, \$13,950,000 would be needed to buy it. Similar instances might be given without number, but these must suffice now. It will take some pretty close thinking to find out where all the difference comes in.—New York Graphic.

PLEASANTRIES. As with a woman, so with a horse, his back hair is his mane trouble. The Knights of the Middle Ages are historically dark. Every Custom House clerk ought to know how to ad valorem. This, says the Atlanta Constitution, is a good time to plant holiday advertisements. The author of the "Little Brown Jug" was probably in a jocular vein, when he wrote that sometime popular ditty. "Kiss me your sweetheart," says a trifling young man, "is like eating soup with a fork; it takes a long time to get enough." A YOUNG man in love is not necessarily a mathematician, and is nearly always a sign for her. If you can't cipher this, we offer you. "ALL seems to hinge on this," remarked the lover when he proposed to his sweetheart while swinging on the gate in front of her house. WHEN two men fight a duel about a woman there is almost always, somewhere, a third man, who laughs heartily at their folly, and while risking nothing gains, perhaps, everything. It is now claimed that Satan prevailed over Eve by imp-ortunity.—New York Herald. It has been demonstrated.—Commercial Bulletin. Yes, it is the latest devil-opment.—Earl Marble. A JERSEY CITY man in the act of administering a hearty kick to his wife slipped and fell so heavily as to fracture his leg in two places. Wife-beaters, see that your feet are well braced before beginning work. SPEAKING of Mr. Forbes' lecture on "Kings I Have Met," a Western paper says that some day he will come across three kings and a pair of sheeps, and then he will learn something about the really great resources of this country. MISS SUSAN M. RUSSELL, editor of the Duluth Weekly, says: "When things go to D K H OW CD they become." The most O D thing we know of this season is the Q corner. Beware of it, Susie, or it will W up. Watch for it, wait for it.—Pook's Sun. An English magazine discourses on "Cheap Girls." It says: "No young man, not even the worst, wants any thing to do with a cheap young lady." This is a mistake. No matter how cheap a girl may be, her young man always thinks she is a "little dear." "Put out your tongue a little further," said a doctor to a fair invalid. "A little further, if you please." "Why, doctor, do you think a woman's tongue has no end?" said the gentle sufferer. "An end, perhaps, madam," replied the physician, "but no cessation." THE bashful young man who asked a lady on the beach if he "could see her home," was much surprised to hear her reply "that he could go up and see it if he wanted to, but she didn't think her HAY FEVER. The writer of this communication has been a sufferer from hay fever periodically for the past twelve years—during half of which period she could get no satisfactory relief. The intolerable itching of the eyelids and almost constant sneezing which characterized the complaint in its worst form she had to endure until six years ago, when the following remedy was brought to her notice in the columns of a newspaper: Into a four-ounce wide-mouth bottle, half filled with cotton, and having a close stopper, put the following mixture: 2 1/2 drachms carbolic acid, 3 drachms aqua ammonia (specific gravity 0.960), 5 drachms distilled water, 7 1/2 drachms alcohol. Inhale through the nostrils. This mixture, being of a volatile nature, must be kept as much as possible from exposure in order to preserve its strength and prevent too deep discoloration. It does not purport to be a specific, for that has not yet been discovered, but it has proved itself a ready relief in the case of the writer and of many who have suffered in the same way.—New York Sun. A SMALL BOY'S WANDERING THOUGHT. A good mother, whose 5-year-old boy is exceptionally conscientious and devout, has often been smitten with a pang of apprehension lest her darling might be too good for this world. The thought came into her mind the other day, when her head was bowed by the side of her child's at prayer-time; but this pain was quickly banished by a very different feeling when the little boy said, in a low whisper: "Mamma, can't I go to the circus to-morrow? There's going to be a horse on stilts."—Sunday-School Times. LOVE may exist without jealousy, although this is rare; but jealousy may exist without love, and this is common; for jealousy can feed on that which is bitter, no less than on that which is sweet, and is sustained by pride as often as by affection.