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HAPPINESS. "What didst thou say to Happiness? I saw her at thy gate." "This I said to Happiness, 'Thou comest all too late; Nay! I cannot let thee in, Where these graves are growing green.' 'Let me see, thou thyself shall say, That where my dead repose Thou shouldst hold thy revels gay, Then shouldst wear the rose? Nay! I will not let thee in, Where these graves are growing green.' 'Turned she round a little space, Smiled and softly said, 'I would even ask a place, There about thy bed, To plant flowers, myrtle and rose, Making fair thy bed-ropes.' 'So she entered gained at last, How sweet I deem! Such request! My tears fell fast, But she was long way? And the rare, upspringing flowers Weathered to glorious summer hours.

HOW TWO LEARNED A LESSON.

Betty sighed. Now why she should have sighed at this particular moment no one on earth could tell. And it was all the more exasperating because John had just generously put into her little, shapely hand a brand-new \$10 bill. And here began the trouble. "What's the matter?" he said, his face falling at the faint sound, and his mouth clapping together in what those who knew him but little called an "obstinate pucker." "Now, what is it?" Betty, who had just begun to change the sight into a merry little laugh rippling all over the corners of the red lips, stopped suddenly, tossed her head and, with a small jerk now conciliating, sent out the words: "You needn't insinuate, John, that I'm always troublesome!" "I didn't insinuate—who's talking of insinuating?" cried he, thoroughly incensed at the very idea, and backing away a few steps, he glared down from his tremendous height in extreme irritation. "It's you yourself that's forever insinuating and all that, and then for you to put it on me—it's really admirable!" The voice was harsh, and the eyes that looked down into hers were not pleasant to behold. "And if you think, John Peabody, that I'll stand and have such things said to me, you miss your guess—that's all!" cried Betty, with two big red spots coming in her cheeks as she tried to draw her little erect figure up to its utmost dimensions. "Forever insinuating! I guess you wouldn't have said that before I married you. Oh, now you can, of course!" "Didn't you say it first, I'd like to know?" cried John in great excitement, drawing nearer to the small creature he called "wife," who was gazing at him with blazing eyes of indignation; "I can't endure everything!" "And if you bear more than I do," cried Betty, wholly beyond control now, "why, then I'll give up," and she gave a bitter little laugh and tossed her head again. And here they were in the midst of a quarrel! These two who, but a year before, had promised to love and protect and help each other through life! "Now," said John, and he brought his hand down with such a bang on the table before him that Betty nearly skipped out of her little shoes—only she controlled the start, for she would have died before she had let John see it, "we'll have no more of this nonsense!" His face was very pale, and the lines around the mouth so drawn that it would have gone to anyone's heart to have seen their expression. "I don't know how you will change it, or help it," said Betty, lightly, to conceal her dismay at the turn affairs had taken, "I'm sure!" and she pushed back the light, waving hair from her forehead with a saucy, indifferent gesture. That hair that John always smoothed when he petted her when tired or disheartened, and called her "child," Her gesture struck to his heart as he glanced at her sunny locks and the cool, indifferent face underneath, and before he knew it he was saying— "There is no help for it now, I suppose." "Oh, yes, there is," said Betty, still in the cool, calm way that ought not to have deceived him. But men know so little of women's hearts, although they may live with them for years in closest friendship. "You needn't try to endure it, John Peabody, if you don't want to. I'm sure I don't care!" "What do you mean?" Her husband grasped her arms and compelled the merry brown eyes to look up to him. "I can go back to mother's," said Betty, provokingly. "She wants me any day, and then you can live quietly and live to suit yourself, and it will be better all around."

long, long minute, then dropped her arm, and said through white lips very slowly: "Yes, it may be as you say, better all around. You know best," and was gone from the room before she could recover from her astonishment enough to utter a sound. With a wild cry Betty rushed across the room, first tossing the \$10 bill savagely as far as she could throw it, and, flinging herself on the comfortable old sofa, broke into a flood of bitter tears—the first she had shed during her married life. "How could he have done it—oh, what have I said? Oh, John, John!" The bird twittered in his little cage over in the window among the plants. Betty remembered like a flash how John and she filled the seed-cup that very morning, how he laughed when she tried to put it in between the bars, and when she couldn't reach without getting upon a chair, he took her in his great arms, and held her up, just like a child, that she might fix it to suit herself. And the "bits" that he said in his tender way, they had gone down to the depths of her foolish little heart, sending her about her work singing for very gladness of spirit. And now! Betty stuffed her fingers hard into her rosy ears to shut out the bird's chirping. "If he knew why I sighed," she moaned. "Oh, my husband! Birthdays—nothing will make any difference now. Oh, why can't I die?" How long she stayed there, crouched down on the old sofa, she never knew. Over and over the dreadful scene she went, realizing its worst features each time in despair, until a voice out in the kitchen said, "Betty!" and heavy footsteps proclaimed that some one was on the point of breaking in upon her uninvited. Betty sprang up, choked back her sobs, and tried with all her might to compose herself and remove all traces of her trouble. The visitor was the worst possible one she could have under the circumstances. Crowding herself on terms of the closest intimacy with the pretty bride, who with her husband had moved into the village a twelvemonth previous, Miss Evira Simmons had made the very most of her opportunities, and by dint of making great parade over helping her in some domestic work, such as house-cleaning, dressmaking and the like, the maiden lady had managed to ply her other vocation, that of newsgatherer, at one and the same time, pretty effectually. She always called her by her first name, though Betty resented it; and she made a great handle of her friendship on every occasion, making John rage violently and vow a thousand times the "old maid" should walk! But she never had—and now, scenting dimly, like a carion after its prey, that trouble might come to the pretty little white house, the make-mischief had come to do her work, if devastation had really commenced. "Been crying?" she said, more plainly than politely, and sinking down into the pretty chintz-covered rocking chair with an energy that showed she meant to stay, and made the chair creak fearfully. "Only folks do say that you and your husband don't live happy—but I wouldn't mind—I know 'tain't your fault." Betty's heart stood still. Had it come to this! John and she not to live happy! To be sure they didn't, as she remembered with a pang the dreadful scene of words and hot tempers; but had it gotten round so soon—a story in everybody's mouth? "With all her distress of mind she was saved from opening her mouth. So Miss Simmons, falling in that, was forced to go on. "An' I tell folks so," she said, rocking herself back and forth to witness the effect of her words, "when they get to talkin', so you can't blame me if things don't go easy for you, I'm sure!" "You tell folks so?" repeated Betty, vaguely, and standing quite still. "What? I don't understand." "Why, that the blame is all his'n," cried the old maid, exasperated at her strange mood and her dullness. "I say, says I, why they couldn't no one live with him, let alone that pretty wife he's got. That's what I say, Betty. And then I tell 'em what a queer man he is, how cross, an'—"

come, why people should know that it wasn't John's fault—"the best, the kindest, the noblest husband that ever was given to a woman. I've made him more trouble than you can guess; my hot temper has vexed him—I've been cross, impatient, and—" "Hold!" cried a voice, "you're talking against my wife!" and in a moment big John Peabody rushed through the door, grasped the little woman in his arms, and folded her to his heart, right before old maid and all! "Oh!" said Miss Simmons, sitting up straight, and setting her spectacles more firmly. "And, now that you've learned all that you can," said John, turning round to her, still holding Betty, "why—you may go!" The chair was vacant. A dissolving view through the door was all that was to be seen of the gossip, who started up the road hurriedly, leaving peace behind. "Betty," said John, some half hour afterward, "what was the sigh for? I don't care now, but I did think, dear, and it cut me to the heart, how you might have married richer. I longed to put ten times ten into your hand, Betty, and it galled me because I couldn't." Betty smiled and twisted away from his grasp. Running into the bedroom she presently returned still smiling, with a bundle rolled up in a clean towel. This she put on her husband's knee, who stared at her wonderingly. "I didn't mean," she said, unpunishing the bundle, "to let it out, now, but I shall have to. Why, John, day after tomorrow is your birthday!" "So 'tis!" said John. "Gracious! has it come round so soon?" "And, you dear boy," said Betty, shaking out before his eyes a pretty brown affair, all edged with silk of the blindest shade, that presently assumed the proportions of a dressing-gown—"this is to be your present. But you must be dreadfully surprised, John, when you get it, for, oh, I didn't want you to know!" John made the answer he thought best. When he spoke again, he said, perplexedly, while a small pucker of bewilderment settled between his eyes: "But I don't see, Betty, what this thing, laying one finger on the gown, 'had to do with the sigh.'"

"That," said Betty, and then she broke into a merry laugh, that got so mixed up with the dimples and the dancing brown eyes that for a moment she could not finish. "Oh, John, I was working so over those buttons! They weren't good, but they were the best I could do, then. And I'd only bought 'em yesterday. Two whole dozen. And when you put that \$10 bill in my hand I didn't hardly know it, but I suppose I did give one little bit of a sigh, for I was so provoked that I hadn't waited buying them till today." John caught up the little woman, dressing-gown and all! I don't think they have ever quarreled since—at least I have never heard of it.

PROTECT THE FORESTS. Those who have read the late census reports of the rapid destruction of the timber in the great lumbering districts, and note on the maps the location of forests distant from navigable streams, will see at a glance that the near future lumber must largely increase in value from necessary increase of cost in procuring it. Men raised in woody countries seem to cultivate an enmity to trees and the destruction, from the ax, from carelessness and from fires can scarcely be overestimated. It has been the history of the West and Northwest. There are millions of acres which have been denuded of their forests to make way for farms, where to-day single trees that were then sacrificed would sell for more money than any acre of the ground. It may be said that this was a necessity, which is doubtless true to a certain extent; but that necessity does not continue. The man who owns a forest should guard it and reasonably expect in the future a rich reward for his care. It would seem as if the time had arrived when the United States should imitate something of the wisdom of the German empire in protecting its timber, and, as well, replanting large districts not otherwise used. Germany has acted far more wisely in this matter than other European countries. Italy, Spain, Austria and Russia have allowed the destruction of millions of acres of as fine forests as ever grew, and are now paying the penalty of gathering their lumber from mountains and places difficult to reach, or importing from other more favored countries. The Gulf States and Oregon and its adjacent Territories are yet rich in fine timber. That there should be some sure means of protecting it from needless ravage and destruction no thinking man can doubt.—*Inter Ocean.*

AN ABOTIC TRAGEDY. With Horn sound begins the interest in Spitzbergen, as the place was ever scene of as cruel a tragedy as was ever enacted. The story has in it all the dramatic elements of a thrilling novel of the old school, and finds a fitting denouement in the mines of Siberia. On one of the innermost islands of Horn sound, a few years ago, were found a heap of nine skulls, said to be those of a Russian crew murdered by a party of English whalers. These murderers were never discovered, but another and still more remarkable discovery was made in the year 1853 by a Norwegian sea Captain, near this place, and it is of this that I intend to tell. It is the commonest occurrence for ships that venture up here to lose one or more men a trip, and so when the other members of the small crews—say five or six men—return home and report that they have lost comrades, no particular attention is paid to the news beyond the little circle widowed by the lost men. It happened somewhere about 1849 that the crew of a Russian whaler made their way back to Archangel and reported that they had lost their Captain and two men on Spitzbergen through an accident, details of which were given. The Captain and his men were mourned, and in a little while the affair was forgotten. In 1853, however, the Norwegian Captain in question, while out hunting for reindeer, found three human skeletons, and beside them a gun from which the stock was rotting. On the barrel of the gun were scratched a number of inscriptions in Russian, which the Norwegian was unable to make out. He brought the gun home with him, and sent it to Archangel, where it was found to contain the history of the Captain and the two men, previously reported as having been killed by accident. The inscription told how the owner of the gun and his two men had been basely deserted by the others of the crew, for whom they were out procuring food, and left to die of exposure. Those of the crew then alive were arrested and sentenced for life to work in the mines of Siberia. The poor Captain and his men must have suffered terribly, for, from the dates on the gun—the last of which was March 3—it was learned that they had survived a greater part of the winter.

THE FUTURE OF THE MORMON SYSTEM. In the Century, the "Legal Aspects of the Mormon Problem" are discussed by Arthur G. Sedgwick, who concludes as follows: "The failure of the attempt to break up the Mormon system by Congressional legislation does not, by any means, show that the Mormon system will ultimately prevail in Utah. The operation of natural causes is certain, in the long run, to sap the foundations of polygamy. The railroads have already brought the Territory into communication with the rest of the country, and the development of the mines must ultimately bring in a large Gentile population—almost altogether male. A strong tendency in the direction of marriages between Gentile men and the daughters of Mormon parents must spring up. Indeed, this is said to show itself already. There is no surplus of women in the West from which to recruit polygamous households; the births of the two sexes are always very nearly equal, and the Mormon population is no longer being rapidly increased from abroad, as it was in the times of the early persecution of the church. It is now stationary, or nearly so, and being rapidly hemmed in by a community having a social system which all experience shows is the only one permanently adapted to modern industrial life. As the Territory fills up, and the Mormons are brought more and more into relations with the rest of the world, one of the strongest internal causes of disintegration will unquestionably be the sense of shame operating upon the younger female generation. In the natural course of things, some of the daughters of Mormon householders must marry Gentiles, and others, who do not marry outside the church, will be made keenly aware that they are surrounded by a community which regards their position as a degraded one. As long as they could keep themselves separated from the rest of the world, this Gentile feeling was of very little consequence to them. It did not affect them in their daily life; it was something remote from them, which they did not even need to disregard. This cannot continue forever, and indeed a change must begin, if it has not begun already, as soon as the surrounding monogamic Gentile system of marriage has a fair opportunity to enter into competition with its rival. Under these circumstances, there is nothing to be done with the Mormons but to let them alone. Persecution has been tried, and has only served to strengthen and increase them. Law has been tried, and has proved of no use, because it has not been enforced. From the circumstances of the case, it cannot be as interesting surgical operation was performed lately at Chicago by Dr. Feniger and Prof. W. K. Harrison, which will undoubtedly prove of especial interest to the medical profession, inasmuch as it is the first successful one of its kind on record in this country. It seems that some two years ago a lady residing in Wisconsin thrust her hand through a pane of glass, cutting off all the tendons, nerves and blood vessels at the wrist. A physician sewed the wound, which in time completely healed. Inside of the last year, however, a deadening sensation was felt in the injured member, which resulted in the arm and hand becoming completely useless. At this period the unfortunate lady suffered great agony, and went to Chicago for medical attendance. The two physicians cut the old wound open, and found the median nerve completely severed and the ends enlarged, forming, as it were, a neurolemma. The divided parts were joined together, as were also some of the other vessels and nerves at the wrist, and the wound sewed up. Although operations of this character have been frequently tried, where necessity demanded, never until now have any been known to be successful.

PLEASANTRIES. A COAL FIRE is a grate comfort, but a nutmeg is a grater. The prop-hier time to assist a lady When she is about to faint. INQUIREM Duffer asks: "What kind of liquor will a man get drunk on quickest?" The kind he can get hold of first. A BOOT and shoe shop hangs out the sign: "Cast-iron lasts." We all know it does, but we don't want any boots made of it. THERE is one difference at least between a dead man and a drunkard. One takes beer aboard, the other is taken aboard a bier. MRS. CLARK asks her husband, when he scruples about money for a new dress, how many samples he has when he wants a drap! A TENNESSEE girl went out for a sail with a man who was panting to die for her. A squall upset the boat, and he panted for shore and let a negro rescue her. A LITTLE girl in a London Sunday-school, being asked why God made the flowers of the field, replied: "Please, ma'am, I suppose for patterns for artificial flowers." It is mighty hard for some people to get out of a room after their visit is really over. One would think they had been built in your parlor or study, and waiting to be launched. An Illinois girl found that she must either give up her lover or her gun, and, after one day spent in reflection, she pressed his hand good-by, and said she would always be a sister to him. THE new rules for playing base ball do not forbid the audience from doubling itself up and fairly screaming with laughter when the ball hits the umpire directly below the fourth vest button.—*Detroit Free Press.* A MEDICAL certificate is among the treasures of the London General Post-office, worded as follows: "This is to certify that I attended Mrs. — in her last illness, and that she died in consequence thereof. I DECLARE, I never saw such a man! You are always getting some new wrinkle." And the brute calmly replied, "Matilda, you are not, thank fortune. If you had a new wrinkle you would have no place to put it, dear." "I SAY, Jenkins, can you tell a young tender chicken from an old, tough one?" "Of course I can." "Well, how?" "By the teeth." "Chickens have no teeth." "Yes, but I have." "Good morning." "WHAT'S the matter, old fellow? You look puzzled." "Well, I am. I have dined at Y's almost daily for the last three months, and I'm hanged if I know what to select for a birthday present for his wife." "Take her back the spoons and forks." It is a well-known fact that a grindstone sometimes explodes into fragments. Marble, we fear, is hardly safe for sculptors to use, as we noticed a placard in an art gallery the other day, evidently intended to warn visitors of danger, which read, "Parian marble busts."

THE missing link has at last been found. Vide the following telegram from Philadelphia: Prof. E. D. Cope, of this city, has secured the skull of an extinct monkey which seems to fulfill in a remarkable degree the condition of the missing link between man and the lower animals. It is not larger than the skull of a small ground-squirrel, and belongs to a species of marmoset. It was found in the valley of the Big Horn river, Wyoming Territory. The professor says: "This skull is remarkably similar—in miniature, of course—to the human skull. The brain space is remarkably large, and is, in fact, several times larger than the brain space of any of the skeletons of animals of the same period of time. The characteristics of the formation of the human skull are clearly defined—so clearly as to be remarkable. The teeth are almost the same as human teeth, while the jaw has many strong points of similarity. I consider this skull as the earliest indication of the existence of a man. It is a new species of a familiar class, and has hitherto been unknown to scientists. The connection between man and this animal, it seems to me, must have been very close, although, of course, nine men out of every ten would raise a dispute. No animal at that time except this peculiar species has a head like that of a human being, and the brain space, contrasted with the brain space of other animals, or even of the monkeys of to-day, shows a vast superiority of intelligence.

GOETHE: "He who wishes to exert a useful influence must be careful to insult nothing. Let him not be troubled by what seems absurd, but let him concentrate his energies to the creation of what is good. He must not demolish, but build. He must raise temples where mankind may come and partake of the purest pleasure.

THE Mining Record makes a point, thus: "In the standard dollar about 3.06 per cent. more silver is given as the legal-tender equivalent for 100 cents in gold than is given by France, Holland, Germany, Austria, Switzerland and Spain in their silver circulation, to the extent of about \$1,000,000,000. By what right, therefore, do the New York Tribune and the Evening Post newspapers characterize that dollar as undervalued?"

ENGLAND is rejoicing over the recovery of her great surgeon, Sir James Paget. No member of the healing art ever stood higher in the estimation of his countrymen or of the profession which he adorns.

THE dogs having learned, perhaps from the wolves, that sheep are good eating, it has become necessary now to protect the sheep from the dogs. Down in Jersey the farmers use goats for that purpose. Two goats can drive away a dozen dogs. A few doses of their peculiar treatment will cure a dog, and he leaves the premises without any more ifs or butts.

ONE of the greatest pleasures of childhood is found in the mysteries which it hides from the skepticism of the elders, and works up into small mythologies of its own.