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THE BANNER,
 Rutherfordton, N. C.

THE BROOK.
 BY JAMES WHEATON BILLY.
 Little brook, little brook!
 You have such a merry look—
 Such a very happy manner, as you sweetly and curiously
 and croak—
 And your ripples, one and one,
 Reach each other's hands and run
 Like laughing little children in the sun.
 Little brook, sing to me;
 Sing about a bumble-bee
 That tumbled from a lily-bell and grumbled mumb-
 lingly,
 Because he wet the film
 Of his wings, and had to swim,
 While the water bugs raced round and laughed
 at him.
 Little brook—sing a song
 Of a leaf that sailed along
 Down the golden-braided center of your current
 swift and strong,
 And a dragon fly that lit
 On the tiling rim of it,
 And rode away and wasn't scared a bit.
 And sing—how oft in glee
 Came a trout boy like me,
 Who loved to lean and listen to your lulling melody,
 Till the gurgle and refrain
 Of your music in his brain
 Wrought a happiness as keen to him as pain.
 Little brook—laugh and weep—
 Do not let the dreamer weep!
 Sing him all the songs of summer till he sink in soft-
 est sleep;
 And then sing soft and low
 Through his dreams of long ago—
 Sing back to him the rest he used to know!

IN A SINGLE NIGHT.
 "What a beautiful young woman!
 And yet her hair is white as snow."
 "And her complexion fresh as is a
 child's. Strange, is it not?"
 Thus two loungers on a hotel porch.
 But they did not know the history of
 that snowy hair.

From the time Harry Wells fell in love with Mamie Clausen at church socials until their marriage in the First Presbyterian Church, the entire community gave minute consideration to their affairs. Mamie's father, John Clausen, was a prominent commission merchant in a Pennsylvania town, generally considered wealthy, and always lived like a man of means. Mamie was pretty, dashing, a local belle, and a general favorite. Harry's family lived a few miles from town, and they, too, were people of reputation in the country.

The marriage was in every way a suitable one. Harry was educated in Princeton, and although he had at one time the reputation of being wild he had sobered down and was such a frank, manly young fellow that he was generally forgiven any indiscretion.

The marriage was the occasion of general rejoicing. Mamie's father gave her an unusually good send-off, and the details were sent far and wide through the State. Harry had studied law for awhile and had settled down into a country notary, drawing up deeds, and doing hack-work of that sort. They lived about four miles out of town and two miles from old John's. He had built them a pretty modern cottage on a detached portion of his farm. Harry had his office, an ornamental little structure, a few rods from the house, and there they lived as happy as two birds.

Gradually Harry picked up business, and finally, through his father, he became trustee for some minor heirs. They were an odd lot of children, with a half-crazy mother and no end of coal hands and mining investments. It was a good thing for Harry, although it gave a naturally lazy man some additional work. The worst thing was that it obliged him to go to Scranton now and then and leave Mamie. When Harry had to go away, Mamie would get in her phaeton and drive to town and there were always some of the young people ready to go out and keep her company. Harry always insisted that she must not stay alone. For a law-abiding State, Pennsylvania has a pretty rough element in it, and there is a general sense of uneasiness.

One August afternoon Harry had an unexpected summons to go to Scranton about a suit connected with the minor heirs. He had recently sold some of their property, and had been making various collections, which left in his hands about forty-five hundred dollars. When he found that he had to go off at a few moments' notice, he wrapped up a bundle of papers and this money, and took them into the house. Mamie was making preparations for a picnic they were to go to the next day, and begged him to wait until the day after.
 "But, my dear child, I haven't time even to go to town and put these in the bank, so you'll have to take care of them. I'll try and get back in two days at the furthest, and meanwhile nobody will know that the money is here."
 Then he explained to her the value of the papers, and handed her a canvas bag in which was the \$4,500 belonging to the minor heirs.
 "Where will I keep it, Harry? Between the mattresses?"
 "Just like a woman! No. But I declare I don't know where to tell you. The most insecure place apparently is often the most secure. Any place, dear, but between the mattresses. I leave that to you. But you must guard it, if necessary, with your life; for, remember the money is not pure, and at all hazards I am responsible. I don't really sup-

pose there is the least danger, for no one knows I have it. But one ought to take proper precautions, and I beg of you not to admit any tramps while I am gone. Tell Sarah not even to allow them to eat a biscuit."
 "All right, dear; we won't let the tramps have a drink, and I'll take care of the money, you may be sure."
 Harry bade his wife good-by, and Mamie gave up the picnic. At the end of two days she received a telegram from him, saying he had been detained, and telling her to get some one to stay with her two days, when he would be at home. She drove into town, and one of her old friends went out with her. At the end of two days she had another telegram saying that he was detained until the next day. Her friend went home, and in place of Harry came a third telegram, and so every day for ten days he was expected home, and every day came a disappointing telegram. By this time she had become accustomed to her charge, which she had set like a bag of seed beans in a corner of a dark closet opening from her room.

The afternoon of the tenth day was a hot, muggy afternoon. Mamie had gone up stairs to take a nap and refresh before dressing to meet Harry, who was expected home after the longest absence he had ever made from her.
 After a time Sarah came up and told her there was a tramp down stairs who wanted something to eat and who would not be driven off.
 "You oughtn't to leave him a minute alone, Sarah. Go down and watch him and I will come down and send him off."
 She dressed herself quickly and went down stairs, surprised to find how late it had grown. When she reached the kitchen she found also a messenger with a telegram, which announced another disappointment, but the next day without fail, Harry wrote, he would be home. As Mamie turned into the kitchen she heard the tramp and Sarah in evident dispute.

"Yes," said the fellow, "when that time comes your mistress will have another ironing-table, helping you, instead of wearing her Sunday clothes every day."
 "An' spokin' everything for me to do over, I think I see her. I've work enough to do," answered honest Sarah, not indisposed to have a chat over her work.
 Mamie found a graceless-looking fellow, unshaven and ill-dressed, who, with a certain gentlemanly instinct, rose up as she came in.
 "I suppose my girl told you we had nothing for you, and that it will be a great kindness if you will leave as soon as possible."
 "Yes, she did just that, madam, but I took it upon myself to believe that it wasn't so urgent. The truth is, I'm very hungry and dead tired, and I didn't believe but that you would give me something to eat; at least I've waited to ask you in person."
 Women are soft-hearted creatures. Mamie went and got him something to eat herself. The darkness that had been increasing for some time came down rapidly, and there burst out one of those terrific thunder-storms that gather so rapidly and with such force in that country. After its strength was spent there fell steady sheets of rain that brought the creek over the bridges before morning.

"Madam, it's no use talking. You can't send a fellow out in such a storm," said the tramp, as the three stood on the porch watching the storm.
 "I'm sorry, but I've no place for you."
 "What I in a house like this? It's a pity there isn't a cranny for a stowaway. I was walking around it, waiting for the girl, and it seems to me it ought to hold three people."
 "You are very impertinent. I tell you I have no place for you, and the storm is already breaking away."
 Even as she spoke the rain came down in blinding sheets, and lightning streaked the heavens.
 "Well," he said, carelessly, "we don't go much on manners on the road, but I know I wouldn't send a dog out such a night as this. I'm not a particular chap, leastwise not nowadays, and I'll have to insist on your giving me some sort of shelter, if it's only your dog-kennel."
 The man spoke with decision. Mamie felt that after all they were really in his power.
 "I will keep you on one condition," she said. "There's a loft to the house, a sort of garret, which is very comfortable. It is closed with a trap-door, and you may sleep on the lounge there if you will allow us to lock the door on the outside."
 "Bless my stars and garters!" he said, looking at her seriously, "I don't care if you lock the door."
 They took him up-stairs, and he climbed up the steep attic stairs. The women shut the door as he politely bade them good-night, and they fastened the padlock, hearing him chuckle to himself as he kicked off his boots.

"I'd take the key, mum," said Sarah. Mamie took the key with her, and the two descended to shut up the house. After they had made everything secure, they went back up-stairs.
 "You must sleep in my room to-night, Sarah," the mistress said. Sarah dragged in her bedding and made a pallet on the floor, and then, after the custom of women, they examined the closets, looked under the bed, and piled the chairs against the locked door. The rain was still falling heavily and the night as black as ink. The mistress and maid went to bed, and although worried and anxious went to sleep.
 After midnight Mamie found herself awake, and a bright light shining in the room. She started up, and saw that it was the moonlight. The storm had cleared away at last. She got up, unable to compose herself immediately, and went to the window. The moon was shining brightly. As she stood, looking at the peaceful scene before her she saw away down the road, for it was bright as day, several horsemen. It was such an unusual sight at this hour that she stood watching them as they came nearer. To her surprise they turned up the lane leading toward her house, and on reaching the gate came into the yard. She was almost paralyzed with fear. The truth flashed across her. They must have learned that she was alone—that she had this money, and they had come to get it. For a moment she was paralyzed. She remembered Harry's last words: "You must guard it with your life if necessary."
 She ran to the sleeping Sarah and awakened her. She got down Harry's rifle. The sleeping girl was soon thoroughly awake, and she explained to her their situation.
 "It's the tramp that's done it."
 "The tramp? No, Sarah, the key, the key of the attic."
 She flew up the stairs, unlocked the padlock and opened the trap. The man sprang up at the sound.
 "Come, come with me." His own senses alert, and hearing the noise of the horses below and steps about the house, he followed her without a word. At the foot of the stairs she stopped.
 "I have a large sum of money in the house, and these men have come to get it, thinking that I am alone. If they kill me that money must be guarded."
 "What have you? pistols, shotguns?" he whispered, taking in the whole situation.
 "Here is my husband's rifle. It is loaded."
 "Hist! Where are they going to break in? The steps come boldly on the piazza to the front door."
 "Get behind me, I will fire at the first man who enters. How many barrels are there?"
 "Six, all loaded."
 "Very well. Keep this cane in your hand for me, in case I need it."
 There was no storming of shutters. They heard the key applied to the door softly. It opened, and a man followed by two others confidently entered. The first figure walked directly to the stairs. He had taken but a step when three shots came in rapid succession. There was a heavy thud; this man dropped and the other two turned and fled. Sarah ran to the window and two horses galloped down the lane.
 "Don't faint, madam; there is work yet to do," said the tramp.
 Mamie caught hold of the rail for support, and then went into the room.
 "Get a candle, Sarah."
 They lighted a candle and gave it to the tramp, who went down stairs, the two women following with brandy and ammonia. The man had fallen backward, and lay with his face up and head toward the door.
 "Aha!" said the tramp, curiously, holding the light up and peering into the dead man's face, "he's fixed. Shot through the head."
 Mamie advanced and gazed at the white face, across which a thin thread-like stream of blood was trickling. She fell back with a wild shriek.
 It was her husband's dead body which lay before her.—*New York World.*

HORACE GREELY AS A PRINTER.
 Here in Poultney the New York Tribune was founded. Here its founder washed the forms, and carried water, and built the fires, and didn't sweep out the news room, and didn't carry out the ashes, and forgot what he was sent after and let the paste sour, and lost the letters he was given to mail, and upset the type, and tried the usual experiments with the fancy job type and the finest colored inks in the way of fearful and wonderful visiting cards, and in all ways conducted himself even as the devil always does about a print shop. Here Greeley passed some years of his boyhood. I wonder about the village thinking about the good old man, and trying to think of the young printer, dusting out his cases with a pair of leaky bellows, or "soldiering" for a big pick-up that was the next to the last flat thing on the hook, just under a long take of solid nonpareil.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A GERMAN professor claims to be able to tell a man's character by feeling of his nose. A nose which feels like sheet iron is a sign of a statesman.

CAUGHT AT LAST.
 As Mrs. Oates was going up the steps of the theater she saw a 12-year-old boy struggling in the hands of the police. The lady is naturally of a sympathetic turn, and stopped the police to see if so young a lad could not be kept out of the city jail.
 "Don't take that poor little boy to jail," she said, "I'll pay his fine."
 "Hasn't been fined yet," said Officer Solomon.
 "He looks like a good boy," continued Mrs. Oates. "If you let him go I'll give him something to do as a sump. Pray, what crime might so nice a little boy commit?"
 "Defacing posters," reported the officer.
 Mrs. Oates, who was bonding over the boy and about to stroke his curly head, assumed an erect, not to say tragic, position immediately.
 "Those posters?"
 "Those pictures of Alice Oates in red tights and tassels all along the side of the leg. He cut both legs off with a jack-knife. He cuts up all the posters that come along."
 "Say no more," hissed the actress, "I know him; he cut my head and arms off in Chicago, carved me to pieces in New York and cut all my legs off all over San Francisco. Here, you pretty policeman, here's \$10 for catching the confounded little scamp. I hope he will go to the penitentiary; will he?"
 "We swear it," said both officers, holding up their right hands.
 "You are a nice chap, ain't you?" continued Mrs. Oates, putting her arms around him as "Madame Angot," "a nice boy to grow up in a Christian country and walk the high road to the gallows. Where do you expect to die when you go to? Beside trying to ruin me in the estimation of the public, see what a lot of trouble you have put these good, kind policemen to. You can go, sir."
 On receiving such a scathing lecture, the boy blubbered heartily and went sobbing to jail.—*Salt Lake Tribune.*

FACTS AND FIGURES ABOUT NEWS-PAPERS.
 The English-speaking people of the earth, numbering not more than one-sixteenth of the entire population of the globe, publish over one-half of the newspapers in existence. The total number of publications of all kinds we find to be 84,274. Of these 4,020 are dailies, 8,857 are tri and semi-weeklies, 17,889 weeklies, 4,886 monthlies, and 3,672 semi-monthlies, quarterlies, annuals and various other irregular periods of publication. These are distributed around the hemisphere as follows: Europe utilizes 19,557, North America, 12,400; Asia, 775; South America, 699; Australia, 661, and Africa, the original home of the Fifteenth amendment, brings up in the rear with 182. The total circulation per issue of these papers is found to be 116,400,000, while the total number of copies printed annually reaches the enormous and almost inconceivable amount of 10,889,493,448 copies.

Germany publishes the greater quantity of papers, the publications of that country reaching 5,529 in number with an annual circulation of 1,748,000,000 or about thirty-eight to each inhabitant. Great Britain has less papers in number, 4,082, but the circulation is greater than those of Germany, reaching 2,262,000,000 per annum, giving sixty-four copies each year to each of her citizens. France, has 3,265 periodicals, with an annual circulation of 1,557,000,000.

While the United States can show no daily paper with a circulation of over 125,000 copies per issue, I find that Paris contains one daily paper, entitled *Le Petit Journal*, which has a daily circulation of 580,000. It contains all the news of the day, beside plenty of gossip and society news, and sells for 1 sou, or a cent. In London appears a paper called *Lloyd's Weekly*, a twenty-eight-column sheet, which enjoys the wonderful circulation of 612,000 copies per issue. This paper is sold for 1 penny, English money, or about 2 cents in that of the United States.—*H. P. Hubbard, in Boston Globe.*

TO MAKE A POMPON.
 Cut off the legs and wings of your drake at the first joint. Cut off the bill where the feathers terminate. Split the skin under the head down to where the neck begins. Cut through the skin on the back, near the wing, up to the beginning of the neck. Then begin carefully to draw off the skin. On reaching the neck, gently draw the skin over, after having skinned the head and put it off, care having been taken to cut around the eyes. To prepare the skin, lay it on a warm stove, with the bare skin up, and dry slowly. Lay on magnesia to absorb the oil, and frequently lay fresh brown paper on it; a warm (not hot) flat-iron to be placed on the paper. Should any stain get on the feathers, a rag, dipped in a little ammonia and water, will remove it. The breast makes a beautiful pompon, and the soft wing feathers next the body may be used for ornaments.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

EARLIER FASHIONS.
 Weddings and Other Social Entertainments Fifty Years Ago.
 (From the New York Post.)
 In the early part of this century weddings in New York were not the elaborate affairs they are now. The festivities began and ended with the marriage ceremony. There were no ushers, no rehearsing at the church beforehand, no reception after the bride and groom returned from a trip of a few days—scolded a few weeks—for the gentleman could rarely leave his business. There were bridesmaids and groomsmen, no best man. Weddings usually took place in the evening at the bride's residence, and not infrequently the happy pair went directly to the house that had been hired by the groom and furnished by the bride's family. The bride's trousseau at that time was simple. She never wore a veil. This was introduced some years later, was only one yard square, of a simple net, covered with thread embroidery, and was pinned up on the head behind. Since then veils have increased in quality and quantity till they are now priceless heirlooms among the rich families of the country. The bride's dress was dull or embroidered muslin, short, as was the fashion, both in skirt and waist. Pearls, not diamonds, were the height of her ambition, though diamond rings were beginning to be worn. The entertainment, or refreshment, was also much simpler. There was a wedding cake, with a ring in it, to be cut by the bride. Sherry was used in much greater quantities than any other kind of wine. Champagne was a luxury only used on grand occasions, while, at ordinary parties, port was frequently seen. The caterers were two or three colored men, who were found sufficient for every emergency, French cooking not having as yet come in. Dinner parties (except the elaborate) were all in the daytime. As for parties, every one was invited for 8 o'clock and expected to leave at 12.

Entertainments fifty years ago had not seen the waltz that was introduced a few years afterward. Country dances, "The Boulangier," a very pretty wheel-figure dance not unlike the court quadrille, were the favorites. A cotillon, not the elaborate German now danced, was also in vogue. The dresses were short, showing the white or black-tied satin slipper, to correspond with the skirt. One of the party dresses of the period was of white satin with a cerise-colored crepe lisse overdress, hanging loose. Flowers were not used as now. If a gentleman sent them to a lady it was thought his intentions were very serious—a sort of floral declaration. If a lady had more than one bouquet, they were tied to her side, trophies of her fascination, by a ribbon. A bouquet costing \$5 was considered as the height of elegance in those days of primitive simplicity. The satirist in New York when the waltz was first introduced had as ample a field for his observations as now. If some of the writers of the day compared it to the tarantula, what would they have called some of the dances of to-day?

The Widow Flapjack lost her wedding ring. She was inconsolable for awhile, and went about wringing her hands and saying: "There, now, I wouldn't have lost that wedding ring for anything. I'll have to go and get married again, for I'm bound to have a wedding ring. I can't get along without it."—*Austin Siftings.*

DARWIN, in his new book, estimates that there are in gardens 53,767 worms to the acre. This tallies with our count when we were digging in the garden and didn't care a nickel about finding worms; but when we wanted bait for fishing the garden didn't pan out a dozen worms to the acre. They had all emigrated to the garden of some other fellow who never goes a-fishing.—*Norristown Herald.*

It altered the case: Two physicians met on the street. "Good morning, Doc," said one, "what makes you look so pleasant?" "Oh, I don't know. Do I? Well, I lost a patient last night, and—" "Really, that's nothing to look pleasant about. That's unfortunate for your reputation." "Reputation be blown. Had to call three times a day, and he wasn't worth a cent." "Ah! That makes a difference. Have a light." And the two went up the street smoking.

A lot of farmers who had been listening to a railroad land agent's praise of Arkansas valley soil at last asked him sarcastically if there was anything that wouldn't grow there. "Yes," said the agent quickly, "pumpkins won't." "Why not?" "The soil is so rich and the vines grow so fast that they wear out the pumpkins dragging them over the ground."
 EX-GOV. WASHINGTON, of Maine, affirms that crime is lessening instead of increasing, and that, though the marvelous accumulations of wealth will marvellously change in society, yet the masses will constantly rise to higher life. Aristocracy may grow as a rank weed here and there, but the good wheat—the people—will choke it out.

A DRUGGIST'S ADVENTURE.
 Mr. Smith stood behind the counter of his drug store and gazed complacently at his clerk. It was about 9 o'clock at night, and the little store, which was established at Cherry and Roosevelt streets, A. D. 1795, was wrapped in silence. The door opened, and a young man with an ingenious face came in and smiled, and said: "Mrs. Kinney wants a bottle of cod-liver oil, an' I'm to take it to once."
 "Who's Mrs. Kinney, and where's the money?" asked Mr. Smith, rolling up the bottle.
 "Why, don't you know Mrs. Kinney? She lives down on the corner below. She'll pay you to-morrow," remarked the young man. "That's all right."
 "Oh, no, it ain't," said the druggist. "My clerk will deliver the bottle, and you can show the way."
 The young man said he was agreeable, and the two set out into the night.
 Mr. Smith stood at ease behind the counter and looked at the eight-day clock. The door opened, and another young man came in and smiled. Mr. Smith looked at him inquiringly. The young man walked around the stove whistling "The Sweet Sixteen." Then he picked up a chair, and, clasping it in his arms as he would his partner, waltzed around the stove again, and then out into the chilly night.
 "Police!" said Mr. Smith, vanishing over the counter. He chased the young man through the dark and chilly night, and laid hold of the chair. The young man held on, still smiling and waltzing. At this moment a little young man without a smile slid into the store, emptied the money-drawer, and slid out again. The smiling young man surrendered the chair to Mr. Smith, who entered the store just as his clerk returned. Then he found that his money had taken wing, and said to the clerk: "Did you find Mrs. Kinney?"
 "There isn't any," was the reply.
 "Have you got the bottle?"
 "Yes. Have you got the chair?"
 "Yes. Let's shut up for the night!"
 —*New York Sun.*

THE DIFFERENCE IN HUGGING.
 An Eastern paper, to encourage hugging in the locality in which it is published, says: "A Wisconsin man, while hugging his girl on an evening, received a telegram stating that he had fallen heir to a fortune." The Eastern paper is right in its efforts to stimulate a healthy sentiment in favor of hugging, but it does wrong to hold out such inducements, as it will not be one time in 10,000 that a man, while hugging a girl, will receive such a dispatch. He will often receive a dispatch bound in leather from the girl's father, which will inform him that he has fallen over a fence, and is heir to a lame back. There should be no money consideration in a case of hugging, and no hope of falling heir to anything. It is fortune enough to a man to have a girl to hug. Hugging can never become what it should be, our great national recreation and enjoyment, our picnic, as it were, until all thought of outside matters is eliminated from it, and the hugging is simply done for instance, because there is a good opportunity, and no one to say nay.

The difference in hugging can readily be seen by those who have done a little of it themselves, if they go to a theater and watch the actors and actresses. It is not once in a hundred times that hugging on the stage is done because both parties like it, but is always done for money, at so much a week and wardrobe furnished.
 The actor comes up to the scratch like a hired man, and puts his arm around the actress as though he was holding up a tobacco sign, and the actress smiles a two-for-a-quarter smile and looks as though she was taking pills. We have often seen a couple of lovers in the audience, who probably know scientific hugging when they see it, look at this stage hugging and curl up their lips with scorn, and look at each other as much as to say, "If it was us on the stage playing that scene, we would just break the audience all up." Occasionally a couple of stage lovers do unbend themselves and get in a hug or two that break a corset string, but in those cases one or the other blushes and looks around at the wings to see whether the actor's wife or the actress' husband is looking.

There has got to be a certain amount of fellow feeling between the hugger and the huggée or it is a mere matter of form, and not worth the price of admission. Sometimes we think we would like to go on the stage and give some of those actors a few points that would be of great benefit to them in their business, but if we should offer to do so they would probably impute cannister motives to us, and hit us with a stuffed club. It is not that we would care for the hugging, but the advancement of art.—*Peck's Sun.*

At a German ball: Lieutenant—"Did you not tell me that your father has an estate in Silesia?" Young lady—"Yes; and two in Pomerania." Lieutenant—"And can you still doubt my love?"

"Won't you play us something, Miss Hammerandbang?" asked Fogg. "I should like to ever so much," she said, looking at her watch; "but really I have no time." "So I have heard," replied Fogg; "but we will overlook that, you know."—*Boston Transcript.*