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THE MINER'S PROTEGE.

By ULLIE R. ACKERSON.
Wal, you see, it's a queer story, Missy; The little girl's name of her kin; But you bet, when the old man go under, She's the one who will handle our 'tin.'

NO THIRD MRS. PERRY.

"She ain't the same sort as your first wife, Henry," said Mrs. Perry, with an ominous closing of her upper lip over the lower one.
Mrs. Perry called herself a devout Christian. All through the country she was held in estimation as one of the salt of the earth, comforting beside a sick-bed, efficient in a neglected household, and welcome everywhere.

A GIRL'S STORY.

"A—girl" screamed the old lady. "Dorothy never—"
"No," said Alice; "I know she never kept a servant. But Dorothy cleaned and churned and sewed herself out of the world. I've no intention of settling my own career in that sort of a way. I find that I can't do the work of this farm myself without breaking down my health, and shutting myself out of the world of books and science. I do not think my husband desires such a sacrifice."

A JURY OF SIX.

"I hate to live in a new country," said Jones, "where there is no law."
"Yer bet yer," chimed in Thompson. "Law is the only thing that keeps us out of everlasting chaos."
"Yer, indeed," said a legal gentleman present. "It is the bulwark of the poor man's liberty, the shield which the strong arm of justice throws over the weak, the solace and the balsam of the unfortunate and wronged, the—"

EDGAR A. POE'S DEATH.

Statement of the Hospital Physician Who Attended Him in His Last Illness.
Dr. John J. Moran, of Falls Church, Fairfax county, Va., who was resident physician at Washington University Hospital (now the Church Home and Infirmary), on North Broadway, from March, 1848, to October, 1855, visited the institution for the first time since the dissolution of his official connection therewith. Dr. Moran pointed out the room occupied by Edgar Allan Poe, and related the circumstances of his death, which occurred Oct. 7, 1849. The doctor states that on the 6th of October, about 9 a. m., Mr. Poe was brought to the hospital in a hack driven by an Irishman, who stated that he had found his passenger on Light street wharf. In reply to an inquiry whether the gentleman was intoxicated, the hackman stated that there was no smell of liquor about him, and that he had lifted him into the carriage like a child. Dr. Moran did not recognize his patient until the hackman presented a card bearing Poe's name. Mr. Poe was unconscious and very pale. He was placed in the third-story room of the turret, at the southwest corner of the building, about seven-by-ten feet in size. A nurse was stationed at the door, with instructions to call Dr. Moran when the patient awoke, which occurred in twenty minutes. The doctor, being much interested in his patient, went immediately to his side. A glance sufficed to show that Mr. Poe was extremely ill, and he was so informed. In reply to a question he said he did not know how long he had been sick, and could give no account of himself. He was much surprised when informed that he was in a hospital. He stated that he had stopped at a hotel on Pratt street, where a trunk containing his papers and manuscripts had been left. The trunk was sent for, but the owner made no further reference to it.

SPANISH BEGGARS.

The Imprecious Inhabitants of Toledo.
The populace are instinctive, free-born, insatiable beggars. The magnificent-chased doorways of the cathedral festered with revolting specimens of human disease and degeneration, appealing for alms. Other more prosperous mendicants were regularly on hand for business every day at the "old stand" in some particular thoroughfare. I remember one especially whose whole capital was invested in a superior article of nervous complaint, which enabled him to balance himself between the wall and a crutch, and there oscillate spasmodically by the hour. In this he was entirely beyond competition, and cast into the shade those merely routine professionals who took the common line of bad eyes or uninterestingly-motionless deafness. It used to depress them when he came on to the ground. Bright little children, even, in perfect health, would desert from their amusements and assail him, struck with the happy thought that they might possibly wheedle the "strangers" into some untimely generosity. There was one pretty girl of about 10 years, who laughed outright at the thought of her own impudence, but stopped none the less for half an hour on her way to market (carrying a basket on her arm) in order to pester poor Velasquez while he was sketching, and begged him for money, first to get bread, and then shoes, and then anything she could think of. A hand opened to receive money would be a highly-suitable device for the municipal coat of arms.

PLEASANTIES.

Why do ducks put their heads under water? To liquidate their bills.
Society people, not engaged, repair to summer resorts in order to re-sort.
"Paris o' diee lost"—as the youth remarked after an unexpected visit from the professor.
He said her hair was dyed, and when she indignantly exclaimed, "This false!" he said he presumed so.
To take cockney Nero may not be looked upon as a hero, but every cockney makes of his hero an 'ero.
An American optician has adopted a representation of the sun as a trade mark—probably on account of its speed.
Every one should be charitable in judgment. "She is insupportable," said Talleyrand. Then, fearing he had gone too far, he added: "But that is her only defect."
At the close of the sermon the minister became impressive. Raising his voice, he said: "Judgment! judgment!" and a small boy in the vestibule shouted, "Out on first."
New York has an artificial flower-maker named "Ginori." That's the question generally put by the bartender, and the answer will in time produce artificial flowers on the answerer's nose.
A married lady declined to tell a maiden sister any of her troubles, saying: "When ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." "Yes," replied the sister, "and I've come to the conclusion that when singleness is bliss, 'tis folly to be wivee."
"WHAT did you say the conductor's name was?" "Glass—Mr. Glass." "O, no!" "But it is." "Impossible—it can't be." "And why not, pray?" "Because, sir, Glass is a non-conductor." [Deafening applause from the scientific passengers.]
A FASHIONABLE New York belle boasted, on her return from Europe, that while there she had some of the most celebrated men at her feet. It is more satisfactory to employ a first-class chiropodist than to goad your brother to profanity when he uses his razor.—Puck.
An author says it may be regarded as an established fact that apples will keep better in moist or damp cellars than dry ones. But that depends altogether on how many small boys there are in the family. If 'em, so much in the humidity of the cellar as in the gorgeability of the boy.
Two twins were in a palace car— Said he, "I do believe me This vehicle hath hungers;" said she, "How, Thomas? 'Undiscover me!" "I will," he added, pointing at A ventulating pane! "It must be so, for don't you see That Pullman's air channel?"
—Rome Sentinel.
According to Dr. Delauney, "sleepers frequently compose verse or rhythmical language while they are lying on the right side. This verse, though at times correct enough, is absolutely without sense." This explains the genesis of a great deal of poetry which finds its way into a newspaper office.
"PRISONER," says the Judge, severely, to the scoundrel who has been brought up before him on the charge of murdering the wife whom he had abandoned for many years—"prisoner, what can you plead in justification of your atrocious crime?" "Well, you see, your Honor, I did it from the best of motives. I wished to save myself from the shame of bigamy, and to place myself in a position to make the other woman my lawful wedded wife."
"PAT," said a gentleman who was fond of using high-sounding phraseology to his man of all work, "I am going to town at 10 o'clock, and shall need out the cucumber beds in the interim." "Interim?" thought Pat. "That's a mighty queer name for a garden, anyhow." "Is Mr. Smith at home?" asked a visitor, who called shortly afterward. "Yes, sorr; ye'll find him at work in his interim there beyond," announced Pat.
A WHOPPER.
A citizen of our county tells the following as a true fact: "He had a choice hen setting on nineteen eggs. One morning, on paying the hen a visit, he found that she had left the nest, and he soon perceived that a large blacksnake had curled itself within the nest. Upon seeing this, the gentleman stepped back, gathered a stick and killed the snake. On cutting off the head of the snake he took it by the tail, shaking it over the nest, the nineteen eggs dropping back into the nest. The eggs being left in the nest, the hen returned to her seat, and in due time she had hatched eighteen little chickens, said by those who have seen them to be rare curiosities. This peculiarity is noticed in the little chickens, as being afraid of every stick that they see, running back from a stick in the greatest terror, uttering the cry of peve. Why is this fear—does a stick resemble a snake? These little things are a study for naturalists, and sometimes truth is stranger than fiction."
—American Republican.

AN EDITOR.

Editor Wattersson, in the Louisville Courier-Journal, speaks as follows about conducting a newspaper: "Some people estimate the ability of a periodical and the talent of its editor by the quantity of its original matter. It is comparatively an easy task for a frothy writer to string out a column of words upon any and all subjects. His ideas may flow in one weak, washy, everlasting flood, and the command of his language may enable him to string them together like bunches of onions, and yet his paper may be but a meager and poor concern. Indeed, the mere writing part of editing a paper is but a small portion of the work. The care, the time employed in selecting, is far more important, and the fact of a good editor is better shown by his selections than anything else; and that, we know, is half the battle. But, we have said, an editor ought to be estimated, his labor understood and appreciated, by the general conduct of his paper—its tone, its uniform, consistent course, aims, manliness, its dignity, and its propriety. To preserve these as they should be preserved is enough to occupy fully the time and attention of any man. If to this be added the general supervision of the details of publication which most editors have to encounter, the wonder is how they find time to write at all."

PERILS OF CALIFORNIA AGRICULTURE.

Briggs' great orchard illustrates the dangers of planting on riparian bottoms in California. Briggs was offered \$60,000 for his orchard in February. It was an affluent of the American river, that falls into the Sacramento miles below. He declined selling. A few days later, in March, the whole orchard was buried beneath 10,000 tons of coarse gravel and boulders brought down in a rushing flood from the auriferous gravel mines above. In the twinkling of an eye every tree disappeared. Only here and there could be seen a tree to indicate the locality of the orchard which a few months before was famous for its wealth of varied fruitage. It is now forever debarré from resurrection by a dense forest of willows thirty feet high covering the whole surface. But the indomitable Briggs planted more extensively elsewhere, and he still leads in fruit production and in successful realization. In such a roaring flood on American river, Sacramento, Smith's extensive and most ornate public gardens, valued at \$100,000 an acre, were swept away bodily, and the brother owners were ruined. Every year such floods destroy thousands of acres of the richest bottoms along our rivers.—San Francisco letter.

THE DOG'S EYES WERE BEST.

A gentleman, accompanied by a favorite dog, visited the studio of a rising artist. There was a picture on the easel, and the dog began to bark furiously at it. "Nature may be relied upon after all," said the gentleman. "The best evidence of the faithfulness with which you have painted that dog in the background is the earnestness with which my dog barks at him."
"Ah, ha!" chuckled the artist, "this comes from keeping one's eyes open as one travels. The Hare would not have seen the Wolf at all, and the Opossum would not have had the patience to wait for him to move on. It's a Big Joke on the Wolf, and here goes for a square meal."
The Fox devoured his dinner with much smacking of lips, but had scarcely finished when terrible pains began to rack his frame and he fell down in the greatest torment and was soon breathing his last. When the Wolf returned and saw the dead body of Reynard and the feathers of the Chicken scattered around, he scratched his ear and wrote in his diary: "Moral: Came to his death by being too smart."—Detroit Free Press.

LEARN YOUR BUSINESS.

A young man in a leather store used to feel very impatient with his employer for keeping him year after year for three years handling hides. But he saw the use of it years after when, in an establishment of his own, he was able to tell by the touch the exact quality of the goods. It was only by the thousands of repetitions that the lesson was learned; and so it is with everything in which we acquire skill.
The half-informed, half-skilled in every business outnumber the others, dozens to one. Daniel Webster once replied to a young man who asked him if there was "any room in the legal profession?" "There is always room at the top." The better you know your business the better your chance to rise. You can gather much information by making a wise use of your eyes and ears, and perhaps be able to surprise your employer in an emergency by stepping into the next mans place and discharging his duties satisfactorily. So learn your business.

NEVER GO INTO A NEWSPAPER OFFICE.

Never go into a newspaper office to shoot the editor. If you do you had better take your coffin along. Many editors have skeletons in their closets, and it is no uncommon thing for "ghosts" to be found about the haunts of printers.

PARTING FRIENDS.

Thirty-five years ago, employed by the Government in hewing timber in the vast oak forests of Maine, was a company of men at work, among them being one Pat McGlarkin and a Jimmy Magee, both fast friends. Jimmy took a fever, and Pat, learning that his friend was given up by the doctors, paid him a parting visit to hear his last words before shutting off this mortal coil, when the following colloquy ensued:
"Pat—Well, Jiminy, I understand the doctors have given ye up."
Jim—"Yis, Pat, it is most over wid me."
Pat (after a pause)—"Well, ye've not been a great sinner; ye'll go to the good place."
Jim—"Oh, yis, Pat. To be shure I shrove a bit of the Government timber."
Pat (taking Jimmy's hand and assuming a diplomatic air)—"Well, farewell to ye. When ye reaches the good place tell them ye are well acquainted wid Pat McGlarkin."
Here Pat started for the door, but, as if suddenly recollecting Jimmy's dishonesty in stealing the Government timber, he wheeled around to his friend and seriously and earnestly exclaimed:
"But, Jaimy, if anything happens to ye that ye should go to the other place, just tell them that ye don't know a devil of a word about me!"
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WHY?

"WHY," said the esthetic editor as he came into the sanctum, "is my cigar intense?" "Give it up," said Ephraim. "Because it's too all butt," remarked E. E. plaintively. His place is now vacant.