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## THE MINER'S PROTEGE.

BY ULLIE B. ACKERSTROM. Wal, you see, it's a queer story, Missy; The little gal's none of our kin; But, you bet, when the old men go under. She's the one who will handle our "tn." My pard an' me's rough minin' fellers. We ve got nary children nor wife,

But we love little yellow-haired Mellie, An' we'll rear her up right--bet your life. How old? Wal, she's nigh 8, I recken: Five years since we brought her out here;

An' she was the cumnin'est baby We'd looked at for many a year. You see, 'twas the time the Apaches Broke out. Blast the red imps of sin! The emigrant train crossed their trail, Miss.

An' the Injuns they scooped 'em all in. Yes, thar lay men, children an' wimmin; The red devils raised all their ha'r. We couldn't do nothin' to help 'em, So my pard an' me buried 'em thar. We found one likely-lookin' young cretur

Lyin' out from the rest of the heap. She was dead, like the rest, an' Nellie Lay close by her side-fast asleep. Wal, 'twas nigh ninety mile to the settlement-Bill an' me turned the thing in our mind-

An' at last we concluded to keep her, An' bring her up lovin' an' kind, We buried her poor dad an' mammy, Likewise all their unlucky mates, An' we named her Nell, arter a sweetheart My pard had once back in the States.

But the trouble we had with that young un Was somethin' quite funny to see, Bill give her up for a mystery-Likewise she was too much for me. Her durned duds we couldn't get on right, An' we cussed every button an' string; But arter a spell we did better, When we once got the hang of the thing.

An' she's growed up quite pertlike an' b'oomin'; We take her to work every day; While Bill an' me's busy a minin' She'll sit by the rock pile and play. An' she's made better men of us both, Miss; 'Cause we're workin' and savin' for Nellie. The pride of my old pard an' me.

#### NO THIRD MRS. PERRY.

"She ain't the same sort us 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 sickbed, efficient in a neglected household and welcome everywhere. And when I cannot spare time to come in and hear Alice May came to the old homestead. as her son's second wife, she naturally looked up with reverential affection to the venerable, white-capped old lady.

"Sweetheart!" the young husband had said, looking fondly into the eyes of his bride, as they stood under the blossoming boughs of the quince trees on the soft May night when first he brought her home, "do you think you can be happy here?" "Oh, Harry," the young wife had re-

plied, "it is like a little paradise." But Mrs. Henry Perry soon found out

that Lilac Farm was something more practical than her ideas of paradise. "Don't know how to churn !" said

Mrs. Perry, Senior, in amazement, "Why, Alice, where were you brought up? Harry's first wife thought nothing of churning twenty pounds of butter of a morning, beside doing all the housework and getting breakfast for four

Alice colored to the very roots of her luxuriant chestnut brown hair.

"I know nothing about the country, dear Mrs. Perry," she said, for she was tooshy to use the tender term "mother," unless by the special invitation which had not been accorded. "I was educaed, you know, at a boarding-school; after I graduated I taught school until I met Henry, and-"

"but if you are going to be a farmer's wife it is high time you acquainted yourself with some of the duties pertaining to your position. My son's first wife, now, was a model.' Alice looked eagerly up.

"Please, Mrs. Perry," said she, "tell me what she used to do. Of course, I

have had no experience, but-"Well," said Mrs. Perry, looking up to the top fringe of the curtains and touching the tips of her fingers reflectively together, "she had a faculty, Dorothy had. She was a famous cook. She baked fresh pies every day, for no one can be expected to like stale pies. Her hot breakfast biscuits were like flakes of snow, and we mostly had waffles for supper, with honey and fresh apple sauce. She always got up at 4 o'clock of a Monday morning to do the washing. Henry's shirts have never been the same since Dorothy was removed. And I wish you could have seen her ironings. The sewing circle met here once a month, and the teas Dorothy got up were the talk of the neighborhood. And there was a Sister of Industry meeting here once a fortnight, and the Singers' Symposium every other Friday. . She was a noblehearted Christian, Dorothy was! And then she did all the family sewing. She could not reconcile it to her own conscience and her husband's income, she

And Alice, who had committed the enormity of having a dress made by a dressmaker, colored scarlet and hung her head.

said, 'to hire such work done.'"

"Then at butchering time," proceeded relentless Mrs. Perry, Senior, "Dorothy always made the tripe and sansage-meat and corned the hams herself; and she cleaned house four times a year. She | next."

# The Mountain Banner.

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was a master-hand at quilting, and she always made her own bonnets. A woman can save so much for her husband in that way. As for the butter and cheese, I think, if she hadn't died so suddenly, poor thing, that she could have beaten any record in the country!"

Alice sighed deeply. How could she, a slender, inexperienced girl of twenty. hope to cope with these marvelous at-"Henry never told me all this," said

while you was playing on your melodeon and reading your books. Dorothy never got any time to read !"

"But if you'll teach me," pleaded Alice, "I will do my best to learn," She locked the meledeon, put away the books and portfolio and her basket | she kissed his forehead.

of fancy needle-work, and set herself resolutely to work to fill the place of the and clasped her hands, and declared departed Dorothy.

"Why, what a little housewife you world was coming to. are," said Henry, laughing when she showed him the tray of golden butter that she had churned, and succeeded in burning her fingers at the ironing fire and reducing her pretty complexion to scarlet in cooking buckwheat cakes for breakfast.

"I want to be one," said Alice, wist-

She cut up squares of bright-colored calico into patchwork, she studied the cookery-book until her head ached, she caught-a heavy cold working over butter in the damp dairy-house, and sprained her wrist washing clothes, which, after all, looked dim and dirty. She rose early and went to bed late; she counted eggs, mixed up whitewash, made herself sick chopping up sausage meat, and strained her back lifting a kettle of pickles off the fire, and still she strove

"I should like to do just what Dorothy did," she said to herself. "I don't think Henry is quite pleased when I am so busy in the kitchen of an evening that him read the Waverly novels aloud. And my feet ached so this morning with the am doing my duty, and that ought to be reward enough !"

resolutely on.

That same afternoon, however, poor Alice was forced to flee to her own room with a sick headache, and seek the refuge of her pillow. There Mrs. John Bonney, a cheerful little neighbor, found

"Sick, are you?" asked Mrs. Bonney. "I'm not very well," acknowledged

"Ah," said Mrs. Bonney, "I thought

"What do you mean?" asked Alice. "Why, you've been killing yoursel! by inches !" said Mrs. Bonney, "as fast as you could. I've seen it all. I'm not your next door neighbor for nothing !" "I am trying to do my duty," pleaded Alice, with filling eyes. "I'm try-

ing to be like my husband's first wife !" "Fiddlesticks!" said Mrs. Bonney. "Like Dorothy Parker, indeed! Why, she was nothing on earth but a household drudge, and finally drudged herself to death, without anybody being particularly sorry for her. She never visited, she never read, she never kept up with the progress of life's march "I dare say," said Mrs. Perry, dryly; around her. Any machine could have

> filled her place." "Mrs. Bonney, you ought not to talk

so," said Mrs. Perry, uneasily. "It's the truth." said Mrs. Bonnev. "However, do as you please. It's a privilege which people generally claim, I have observed; kill yourself if you be a little more sensible."

the sentence which opens our sketch.

"And she never will be, let her try as she will. She hasn't got the faculty,

She lay there quite still and quiet, with closed eyes. She never opened "Poor little daisy, she is entirely done at it.

and dressed herself with care. "Bless me," said Mrs. Perry, Sr., where are you going, Alice?"

"To the village," answered Alice, "What for?" cross-questioned the

"To engage a dressmaker and seamstress first," said Mrs. Perry, Jr., "and to get a strong girl to do the housework the dog's eyes are better than mine; he

"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 settl'ag 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-"

"Of course I don't," said Henry, "I suppose he has thought of it many promptly. "The house has been as a time," said Mrs. Perry, Senior. "But lonely as a convent since you buried perhaps he diin't like to allude to it yourself in the kitchen and dairy. I married vou for a companion, not a drudge. Have half a dozen servants, if you like. Alice, only let us have books and music and pleasant woodland walks

"Thank you, dearest," said Alice, as

Mrs. Perry, Sr., rolled up her eyes sotto voce she didn't know what this

Mrs. Bonney was feeding chickens at her own door when Alice Perry returned from her walk to the village. "Are you better?" asked this young

red republican, smiling cordially. much better. I have just engaged a sewing woman and a stout Swedish servant girl to do the housework at the farm. I am no longer ambitious to do as

Dorothy did." bonnet in the air, and exclaimed "Bravo! There will be no third

Mrs. Perry, after all." And her words were prophetic.-Rural Press.

AN EDITOR. Editor Watterson, 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 com- a while, and dismissed the cise. Away paratively an easy task for a frothy goes the man again. Then I got another writer to string out a column of words | hitch on him and tried to convict him upon any and all subjects. His ideas of theft, but the court hold that he may flow in one weak, washy, everlast- should be charged with embezzlement, cream skimming that I could not walk ing flood, and the command of his lan- Some years after, I tackled him again. with him to the having ground. But I guage may enable him to string them and they let him go. Statutes of limitogether like bunches of onions, and yet tation, you see. Statutes of limitation. his paper may be but a meager and poor you see. Well, I concluded to give concern. Indeed, the mere writing part it up, and I did. 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 AGRICULT-

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 howlders brought down in a rushing flood from the auriferous gravel mines above. In the twinkle of an eye every tree disappeared. Only here and there could like. Perhaps the third Mrs. Perry will be seen a tree to indicate the locality of the orchard which a few months So Mrs. Bonney put the bouquet of before was famous for its wealth tea-rose buds, which she had brought, of varied fruitage. It is now forinto water, and tripped laughingly ever debarred from resurrection by home, while Alice, clasping her hands a dense forest of willows thirty feet high over her throbbing temples, tried to covering the whole surface. But the ask herself which was right, herself or indomitable Briggs planted more ex-Mrs. Bonney, and in which direction tensively elsewhere, and he still leads her path of duty really and actually lay, in fruit production and in successful And it was at this critical moment realization. In such a roaring flood on across the country to see his Grandthat she heard the nasal, monotonous American river, Sacramento, Smith's mother once more before she Died disextensive and most ornate public gar- covered a Wolf burying something betalking to her husband, and uttering dens, valued at \$100,000 an acre, were side the Highway. He lipped into a swept away bodily, and the brother fence-corner and waited intil the Wolf "She ain't the same sort as your first owners were ruined. Every year such had passed on, and then crept forward wife, Henry," said Mrs. Perry, Sr. 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 favorthem when Henry Perry himself tiptoed ite dog, visited the studio of a rising into the room, and, believing her asleep, artist. There was a picture on the easel,

"Nature may be relied upon after The next morning, however, Alice rose 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 greatest torment and was soon breathing dog barks at him."

> flushing: "it is a cow." The gentleman was nonplussed for a around, he scratched his ear and wrote moment, but he quickly replied, "Well, never did like cows."

A JURY OF SIZ.

"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," Yes, 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-" "Oh, stop 'er," remarked the man with one eve. "I won't have it that way. Law is a boss invention for rascals of all grades. Give me a country where there is no law and I can take care of myself every time. Now, for instance, when I lived in Ohio I got a dose of law that I will never forget. I was in partnership with a man named Britler, and one morning we found our cashier missing with \$3,000. He had dragged the safe and put out. Well, I started after him and caught him in Chicago, where he was splurging around on the money. I got him arrested, and their was an examination. Well, all the facts were brought out, and the defense moved that the case be dismissed, as the prosecution did not make out a case in the name of

the firm, and that if there was a firm "Thanks!" Alice answered, "I am the copartnership had not been shown by any evidence before the court. To my astonishment, the court said the plea was O. K., and dismissed the case, Before I could realize what was up, the thief had walked off. Well, I followed And Mrs. Bonney waved her sun- him to St. Louis, and there I tackled him again. I sent for my artner, and we made a confplete case, going for him in the name of the Common wealth and Smith, Butler & Co. Well, the lawver for the defense claimed that the money being taken from a private drawer in the safe was my money exclusively, and that my partner had nothing to do with it ; that the case should be presecuted by me individually, and not by the firm. The old 'bloke' who sat on the bench wiped his spectacles, grivated round

"But about four years afterward I was down in Colorado and a man pointed to another and said: 'That fellow has just made a hundred thousand in a mining swindle.' I looked, and it was my old cashier. I followed him to the hotel and nailed him in his room with the money. 'Now,' I says, Billy, do you recognize your old boss?' and of course he did. Says I: 'Bill, I want that three thousand you stole from me, with the interest, and all legal and traveling ex-

"'Ah, you do? says he; didn't the courts decide that\_\_\_\_' "" Curse the courts, says I, putting a six-shooter a foot long under his nose. 'This is the sort of legal document that I'm travelin' on now. This is the complaint, warrant, indictmett, Judge, jury, verdict and sentence, all combined, and the firm of Colt & Co., New Haven, are my attorneys in the case. When they speak they talk straight to the point of your mug, you bloody largeny thief, This jury of six, of which I am foreman, is liable to be discharged at any moment. No technicality or statutes of limitations here, and a stay of proceedings won't last over four seconds. I want \$10,000 to square my bill, or Pil blow your blasted brains out,' Well, he passed over the money right away, and said he hoped there'd be no hard relings. Now, there's some Colorado law for you, and it's the kind for me! Eli boys?" And the crowd, with one accord, concurred in the cheapness and efficacy of the plan by which a man could carry his court on his hip, instead of appealing to the

-Salt Lake Tribune. THE FOX AND THE WOLF. A Fox who was making a Journey

and unearthed the Object, which proved

blind goddess in Chicago and St. Louis.

to be a dead chicken. "Ah, ha!" chuckled Rivnard, "this comes from Keeping one LEyes open as one travels. The Hare would not have seen the Wolf at all, and the Opossum would not have had the Pitience to wait for him to move on. It's a Big Joke on tiptoed out again, muttering to himself: and the dog began to bark furiously 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 his last. When the Wolf returned and "But that isn't a dog," said the artist, saw the dead body of Raynard and the feathers of the Chicken scattered

too smart,"-Detroit Free Press.

EDGAR A. POES DEATH. Statement of the Hospital Physician Who

Attended Him in His Last Riness. (From the Baltimore Sun.)

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, 1849, to October, 1855, visited the institution for the first time since the dissolution of his official connection therewith. Dr. Moran pointed out the coom 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 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

nosis of the case. The patient was very weak, but there was no tremor of the limbs, no agitation of the body, ne-smell of liquor on the breath or person, nor any symptom of intoxication. Owing to the weak condition of the patient. Dr. Moran decided to administer a stimulant, and so informed him. Mr. Poe said: "If I thought its potency would transport me to the elysian bowers of the undiscovered spirit world, I would Dr. Moran then proposed an anodyne, when Mr. Poe rejoined: "Twin sister to

Dr. Moran proceeded to make a diag-

the doomed and crazed in perdition." Mr. Pee continued to converse most despondingly, but was relieved by short intervals of sleep. As his body grew weaker his mind retained its force, and his conscious moments were marked by vivid flashes of his characteristic genius. Near the end Mr. Poe became as gentle He died an hour past midnight, six-

teen hours after his arrival at the hospital. The cause of death was exhaust. ion of the nervous fluid, caused by exposure, hunger and other things acting upon a sensitive organization. The remains were laid in state in the

large reception room in the rotunda of the college, where they were viewed by many persons. Fully fifty ladies received locks of the dead poet's hair, that fell in jet-black ringlets about his brow, The funeral took place on the afternoon of Oct. 8, 1849, the remains being interred in the burying ground of Westminster Presbyterian Church, where the monument has since been erected.

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 shuffling off this mortal coil, when the following colloquy ensued:

Pat-"Well, Jaimy, I understand the doctors have given ye up." Jim-"Yis, Pat, it is most over wid

Pat (after a pause)-"Well, ye've not been a great sinner; ye'll go to the good

Jim-"Oh, vis, Pat. To be shure I

sthole 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

of a word about me!". Nevez go into a newspaper office to shoot the editor. If you do you had better take your coffin along. Many editors

found about the haunts of printers,

ve that ve should go to the other place,

just tell them that ye don't know a divil

### SPANISH BEGGARS.

The Impecunious Inhabitants of Teleco. [George P. Lathrop, in Harper's Magazine.] The populace are instinctive, freeborn, insatiable beggars. The magnificently-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 deformities. It used to depress them when he came on to the ground. Bright little children, even, in perfect health, would desist from their amusements and assail us, 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.

My friend's irrepressible pencil, by the way, made him the center of a crowd wherever he went. Grave business men came out of their shops to see what he was drawing; loungers made long and ingenious detours in order to obtain a good view of his labors: ragamuffins elbowed him, undismayed by energetic remarks in several languages, until finally he was moved to get up and disthem even to read some letters he had with him. To this gentle satire they would sometimes yield. We fell a prey, however, to one silent youth of whom we once unguardedly asked a question, After that he considered himself permanently engaged to pilot us about. He would linger for hours near the fonda dinnerless, and, what was even more terrible, sleepless, so that he might fasten upon us the moment we should emerge. If he discovered our destination he would stride off mutely in advance, to impress on us the fact that we were under obligation to him; and when we found the place we wanted he waited patiently until we had rewarded him with a half cent. If we gratified him by asking him the way he responded by silently stretching forth his arm and one long forefinger with a lordly gesture, still striding on; and he had a very-superior-Castilian sneering smile, which he put on when he looked around to see if

and haunting us in the most unexpected places we gave him the name of "Ghost," Nevertheless, we baffled him at last. In the Street of the Christ of Light there is a small but exceedinglycurious mosque, now converted into a church, so ancient in origin that some of the capitals in it are thought to show Visigothic work, so that it must have been a Christian church even before the Moorish invasion. Close by this we chanced upon a charming old patio, or ded wife." court yard, entered through a wooden gate, and by dexterously gliding in here and shutting the gate we exorcised "Ghost" for some time.

we were following. He gradually be-

came for us a sort of symbolic shadow of

the town's vanished greatness; and from

his mysterious way of coming into sight

# 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 oods. 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 cars, and perhaps be able to surprise your employer in an emergency by stepping into the next mans placeand' di scharging his duties satisfactorily. So learn your business.

"WHY." said the esthetic editor as he intense?" "Give it up," said Ephraim, have skeletons in their closets, and it is "Because it's too all butt," remarked are a study for naturalists, and some-"Moral: Came to his death by being no uncommon thing for "ghosts" to be E. E. plaintively. His place is now times truth is stranger than fiction."

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#### PLEASANTRIES.

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.

"PAIR 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. "Tis false!" he said he presumed so.

To THE 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 specs. 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 flowermaker named "Ginori." That's the question generally put by the bar-tender, 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 wives."

"What did you say the conductor's name was?" "Glass-Mr. Glass." "O. no!" "Bat 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 mostplay the contents of his pockets, inviting | 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,-

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. It isn't so much in the humidity of the cellar as in the gorgeability of the boy.

THE twain were in a palace car-Said he, "I do believe me

This vehicle hath lungs;" said she,

"How, Thomas? Undeceive me!"

"I will," he added, pointing at A ventilating panel; "It must be so, for don't you see

That Pullman-airy channel?" 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 wed-

"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 weed out the cucumber beds in the interim." "Interim?" thought Pat, "That's s mighty quare 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 beyant," announced

# 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 came into the sanctum, "is my cigar of peve. Why is this fear-does a stick resemble a snake? These little things American Republican,