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MARJORIE GRAY. BY ADA M. E. NICHOLS. By the sun of a summer's day Tripped little old-fashioned Marjorie Gray. Maiden quaint of a long past day— Marjorie Gray!

chiefs fell to wiping their eyes on their aprons and jacket-sleeves; and hang I went the window of the professor, who had been listening. And all that night he sulked in his easy-chair, and wouldn't speak a word to his daughter Martha when she urged him to go to bed.

act of trying to elope with Martha; that the house was on fire; that the old professor was crazy; that he was drunk, and a variety of equally consistent and sensible opinions. But the truth of the matter leaked out (as it always will, little ones, no matter how deep they bury it), the Blundernarians exclaimed, with one voice, that the old professor was an idiot and an ass, and as idiots and asses have no right to live, unanimously resolved to starve him out, by depriving Martha of the little work by which she had been able to support her father and herself.

FUN AHEAD. An Improved Congressional Record. If Congress resolve to act upon the suggestion made by Senator Miller in the Congressional Record by publishing a weekly and sent to every family in the country, some modification ought to be made of the contents of the Record. The paper is much too heavy and dismal in its present condition to be welcomed in the ordinary American household.

THE BARBER. Outline Sketch of a Professional Career. The barber, children, is of an extinct species. The hair-dresser and tonsorial artist of the present day are supposed, however, to be descendants of the barber in direct line.

THE HISTORY OF GERRYMANDERING. It is interesting to recall the history of "gerrymandering." It began in Massachusetts, and this was the way of it: In 1811, when party feeling ran high and voters in the State were very evenly divided, the Republican-Democrats for the first time in a number of years elected the Governor and a majority of both branches of the General Court, and to preserve their power, they rearranged the Senatorial districts and made them of irregular shape so as to give themselves a majority in as many as possible.

PLEASANTRIES. THE Cyclops were an industrious race. They had a single eye to business. When you wake up at night and hear the baby crying, look out for danger, for there's a rook ahead. "What is love?" asks an exchange. Love, my friend, is thinking that you and the girl can be an eternal picnic to each other.—Salem Sunbeam.

LOVE'S STRATAGEM. It was a little village called Blunder—not in Fairy-land but in Maine land—just out of the shadow of the solemn forests, and where it could see and flash back the smile of the restless, dancing, moaning sea; and perhaps that was the reason that it was such a busy little village, for, although it had only one street and a church and a schoolhouse (oh! and a blacksmith shop), it was the most uneasy little place imaginable—and so conceited.

There was quite a silence, and then the stranger rose to go; but the surly old man fancied that he was frightened at Herr Worstandrump, and would not hear of his stirring till he played likewise. With a deep sigh, the young man seated himself at the instrument. The professor wrinkled his face, took off his spectacles and cocked his ear critically, while Martha turned her head to bid her tears—ill, hearing a great sniff behind her, she saw that her father was weeping, and making the most terrible grimaces to hide it.

ENDING THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA. A Russian naval officer has invented a very ingenious apparatus for ascertaining the depth of the sea without the use of a costly and heavy line. Indeed, no line at all is used. The instrument consists of a piece of lead, a small wheel with a contrivance for registering the number of revolutions, and a float. While the apparatus sinks the wheel revolves, and the registered revolution indicates the depth.

THE SWISS WAY. In the Canton of Geneva, Switzerland, every country school-master is required to know something of agriculture and natural history, to the end that he may instruct his pupils therein. Every village has its night school, in which ladies and young men who have attended the communal school the required term—until the completion of their thirteenth year—may obtain further instruction in matters relating to their calling; and, during the winter, lectures are given in the village school-rooms—sometimes in the village churches—by professors from the University, on agricultural chemistry and kindred subjects.

DISAPPEARANCE OF THE SCHOOL-MASTER. It is the excessive amount of system in our wholesale methods of teaching that prevents the best results in any department. The pressure of quantity does not give the teacher time to mold character. Dr. Arnold himself could not have been Dr. Arnold if he had been required by a Board of Education to teach the greatest possible amount of arithmetic and geography within a given time. It is probable that Dr. Arnold would have been considered wanting in the requirements of an American school-teacher of the present day.

THE OTHER HORN. "Mister, there's a small boy, as he entered a Woodward avenue grocery, 'ma bought some mackerel here last night.' " "Yes." "And, in making change, you gave her—

MARY was very much interested in the frosty window panes, especially after being told that it was the work of Jack Frost. When she awoke one morning to find the ground covered with the first snow she ever remembered to have seen, she cried: "Oh, grandma, see! Jack Frost has laid right down." A LITTLE girl once took a letter from her mother to an old lady friend. "Many thanks, my child," she said; "you may tell your mother that you are a good child and a faithful little messenger." "Thank you, ma'am, and shall I tell her, too, that I didn't ask you for ten cents, because mamma told me not to?"