

THE RUTHERFORD BANNER.

DEVOTED TO THE BEST INTEREST OF WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA.

WM. C. IVY, Editor and Proprietor

RUTHERFORDTON, N. C., JULY 15, 1886.

VOL. 2. NO. 33.

The Rutherford Banner.

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY

Wm. C. IVY, Publisher.

\$1. per Annum in Advance.

ADVERTISING RATES LOW.

This is a great country, and in nothing greater than the diversity and remarkable originality of the names bestowed on some of the towns. Sometimes these are embarrassing, but the San Francisco *Chronicle* shows how unpleasant suggestions may be avoided: "Some day when the people begin to study the nomenclature of this country they will be puzzled considerably to tell where some of the names came from. Quite likely they will go clear away back centuries before '49 and prove that America must have been known to the ancient Assyrians. There will be lots of fun for the future archaeologists. There is a station on one of the railroads, and a town with a church, a saloon and the usual camp followers of civilization, which bears the euphonious name of Eltopia. The ancient Greeks may, perhaps, be held responsible for it in the future, but the plain fact is that a congregation and a minister wandered out to that place and found it all too inconvenient to address their religious reports from a place bearing the name given to it by the miners of 'Hell to Pay,' so they changed it into Eltopia."

Police Sergeant Brooks, who nourished the Department of Information at infancy and brought it up to be a necessity at the New York Police Headquarters, has compiled a statistical table, which is interesting as tending to show how erratic are the habits of some of Gotham's people. It is to this department that all mysterious disappearances are reported. The method adopted to discover persons lost is to telegraph a description to all police precincts, examine the records at the morgue and hospitals and inform the press. From Sergeant Brooks's table it is learned that about 600 persons are reported as missing each year. Of these 100 are between the ages of fourteen and twenty, 200 between twenty and thirty, 100 between thirty and forty, 100 between forty and fifty and 100 fifty and over. About seventy-five per cent. are males and belong to the poorer classes. An average of ninety per cent. is accounted for. The causes of disappearance are domestic difficulties, home restraints, lack of work, debauches, mental aberration and occasionally defaults and embezzlements.

Fainting.

The word swoon means the same as the medical term syncope. It is due to the failure of the heart to send the necessary supply of blood to the brain. It may be partial, or complete. In the latter case, the person suddenly turns pale, and soon falls, with a loss of consciousness and an apparent stoppage of the pulse and heart. The breathing, too, is either imperceptible, or occurs only in occasional weak sighs. The patient, to the ordinary observer, may seem to be dead. Of course the action of the heart has not ceased, but it is feeble. This condition may last only a few moments, or it may continue for hours. It generally ends in recovery, beginning with slight movements of the features and hands, and deep sighing. The pulse becomes more distinct, and the heart-beat stronger. Color and warmth return, and consciousness is gradually restored in full.

Among the causes are organic disease of the heart, especially fatty degeneration, extreme heat, combined with impure air, loss of blood, or impoverished blood (as in anemia); the reflex action of certain conditions of the stomach or other organs on the heart. More or less of these causes are sometimes combined. Some persons faint from very slight causes—an unpleasant sight or odor. We have known persons to faint easily and often, and yet enjoy good health to extreme age. But when fainting is due to organic disease of the heart, or to loss of blood, or to extreme heat, it may prove speedily fatal unless soon relieved. In its treatment, lay the patient flat on the back. This favors the flow of blood to the brain. We had a friend who could generally anticipate an attack, and check it, or cut it short, by at once taking a recumbent position. Never allow one who has fainted to be lifted into a sitting posture, or to have even the head raised. If the fainting is due to excessive loss of blood, this, of course, must be arrested. Meanwhile manage to place the head lower than the rest of the body. The heart, too, should be stimulated with some form of alcohol, ammonia, ether, or cologne-water. In all cases, secure the purest air, and loosen the dress, especially about the chest and neck.

A writer in the *Lancet* says that in many cases a person accustomed to faint from slight causes may avert the attack by applying heat to the head.—*Youto's Companion*.

It is reported that a deposit of genuine meerschaum has been found on the beach near Yaquina, Oregon.

HAD I BUT KNOWN!

Had I but known that nothing is undone From rising until setting of the sun. That full-fledged words fly off beyond our reach, That not a deed brought forth to life dies ever, I would have measured out and weighed my speech; To bear good deeds had been my sole endeavor, Had I but known!

Had I but known how swiftly speed away The living hours that make the living day, That 'tis above delay so dangerous slough Is hung the luring wisp-light of to-morrow, I would have seized time's evanescent Now! I would be spared this unavailing sorrow, Had I but known!

Had I but known to dread the dreadful fire That lay in ambush at my heart's desire, Wherefrom it sprang and smote my naked hand, And left a mark forever to remain, I would not bear the fire's ignoble brand; I would have weighed the pleasure with the pain, Had I but known!

Had I but known we never can repeat Life's springtime freshness or its summer heat, Nor gather second harvest from life's field, Nor aged winter change to youthful spring, To me life's flowers their honey all would yield; I would not feel one wasted moment's sting, Had I but known!

—Hunter MacCulloch, in *Lippincott*.

MISS FORTUNE'S ROMANCE.

It was a hot day in May—one of those early hot days that are so exhausting—and Miss Fortune Wayland, tired with that provoking kind of shopping that consists in "matching things," turned into a fashionable ladies' restaurant for rest and refreshment. She was a calm, equable girl, not readily irritated, but it was a trifle annoying to have her quiet interrupted by the rustling, laughing, and chattering of the very two girls whose company at that hour she would most of all have deprecated.

For she was dusty and heated, and not in her freshest toilet, and Ida Vincent and Kate Croyle had just stepped from their carriage in all the lustre and freshness of elegant spring costumes. They, of course, could afford to be pleasant; it was a much harder thing for Fortune to smile and say: "Is it really you? I am glad to see you."

They sat down together, and began to talk, and discuss toilets and summer plans. "We were going to Europe," said Ida, with a charming frankness, "but some one is going to the Branch, and of course we follow in his wake. Mamma thinks he admires me, and I am under orders to captivate him."

"I know whom you mean, Ida; there is really no need for you to affect secrecy. It is Ray Symington. My mamma thinks he admires me, and I am under orders to captivate him also."

"And pray who is Ray Symington?"

"As if you did not know, Fortune! Why, your father is his lawyer. He has been back for a month, and was at the Nobles' and the Hilliards'—"

"Now I know whom you mean," said Fortune. "He used to come a great deal to our house before he went abroad. That is six years since. I was only a school-girl then, but from what I remember of Ray Symington I think he will never fall in love with any woman except one made to order. However, he does not concern me; I have fringes on my mind at present. So I will say good-by, girls."

"Wait a quarter of an hour, and we will take you as far as Aitkin's."

"Thanks; I cannot wait; I am to meet mamma and Gertrude at Madame Decimer's. Adieu."

Fortune was walking down Broadway again, and this time without the least sense of heat or fatigue. She was calling to remembrance some autumn days six years ago, when she had first seen Ray Symington. What a happy September and October it had been! She had come into town early in order to enter school at the commencement of the session, and had been alone with her father. During these days Ray had been much with them, and she had sat listening happily to his travels by land and sea, and heard him discuss with Mr. Wayland scientific subjects in which both were interested. How often had she brought them tea or coffee while they sat talking, and what pleasant words and looks he had given her!

Nay, there had been something more than this. One night when Mr. Wayland had been called out on business, and they two sat alone by the little open fire that the chill October night made necessary, Ray had held her hand and said, sorrowfully: "Fortune, will you forget me when I go over the sea, and never remember the pleasant nights we three have had together?"

"If they were pleasant, why do you go away?" she asked, softly.

"You almost tempt me to ask to stay; but you are so young it would be unfair. I am an old man, child, traveled and disillusioned; it would be unfair. You must see the world first, Fortune; and then—then if you remember me, ah, how happy I shall be! Give me the rose at your belt, dear child. Perhaps you will think of me till it withers."

"I shall never forget you."

But Ray either misdeceived the young, inexperienced heart, or he feared to trust the future with it. He only kissed the rose, and kissed the hand that gave it, and in an hour there was an end of Fortune's young romance.

Perhaps just in this very hour her good fate had turned toward her, for what she had failed to find and failed to do all morning now came easily to her hand;

and even such straws as finding the exact trimming wanted may show that the contrary wind has changed and a favoring gale sprung up. She was not conscious of reasoning in this way, but she felt a change, and under its influence looked so bright and happy that, when she met her mother and sister at Madame Decimer's, Mrs. Wayland chose to feel irritated at it.

"You are so contradictory, Fortune!" she said. "Here you are, looking as fresh and happy as possible, while poor Gertrude and I are worried to death. It is too aggravating!"

"What is the matter, mamma?"

"Your father is so provoking. He came home early to-day, just because he knew we had an appointment with Madame; and he talked such nonsense about not being able to afford this and that, and it really took all the interest out of our spring costumes. Besides, he actually wanted me to stay at home this summer, and send you and Gertrude with your aunt Lucy—and it's Gertrude's first season! He never has a particle of consideration."

"Mamma, I do not care about going away. I have had six seasons, and, as you say, done nothing with them. Spend what money you have on Gertrude."

"But what will people say?"

"Never mind people. Papa is far from well—say that I am staying to take care of him. I am sure some one ought to do it, especially as he cannot possibly leave the city."

Fortune was quite reconciled to the lot she had proposed for herself when she saw how happy the plan made her father.

"I have not forgot, Fortune," he said, "what a splendid little house-keeper you made six years ago."

So Mrs. Wayland and her younger daughter went to the Branch, and Fortune and her father lived together in a regular quiet fashion that was the greatest luxury to the overworked lawyer. Twice Mr. Symington had called to see the ladies left, and both times Fortune misdeceived him. The call seemed to have made little impression on the family. Mrs. Wayland said he had aged a great deal, and Gertrude said he was ugly and cross and old.

"He asked after you, Fortune," said Gertrude, carelessly, as she was examining her new riding hat. "and mamma told him you were absorbed in toilets at present. So he said: 'Pray do not disturb the young lady; I dare say she has forgotten me.'"

In about two weeks Gertrude's letters began to name Mr. Symington very frequently. He and his cousin, Colonel Hill, had called on them, and Gertrude thought both gentlemen "very nice." Pretty soon every letter was full of the two names. They were the key-note to which all Gertrude's life seemed to be set, and Fortune noticed that Ray Symington was the prevailing refrain.

Even Mr. Wayland began to speculate on the probabilities of so intimate an acquaintance. "I do not think it would do, Fortune," he said one evening, after he had read and re-read a letter from his wife. "Gerty and Symington I mean. She is so fond of society, and he never cared for it. It would not do; all the money in the world would not make them happy. Mr. Symington is—"

"Here, my dear old friend. The servant told me where you were, and I took the liberty of coming without announcement—as I used to do."

He had taken Fortune's hand, and stood looking in her face. Then he drew a chair between father and daughter, and sat down. He had come on business, he said, but it would keep till next day; there was plenty else to talk about, and it must have been very interesting matter, for the three sat together chatting happily until the church clocks were striking midnight all around.

It was about the alteration of some property that Mr. Symington had returned. There were dwelling-houses to be turned into stores, and he decided to stay in the city until the architect had finished the plans. It was very hot weather, and the architect could not be hurried, and Ray was in no mood to hurry him. So the days came and went in a slow, dreamy monotony that every one seemed perfectly happy with.

Ray generally strolled in to Mr. Wayland's as they were taking breakfast, and Fortune gave him a cup of coffee. He sipped it, and talked over the news in the morning newspapers. Then the two gentlemen went down town together, and Fortune took her sewing into the coolest room, and found her own thoughts pleasant enough company until afternoon. Before dinner she went with her father to drive in the Park; and they generally met Ray before they returned home. Sometimes he rode home at their side, sometimes he gave his horse to his servant and took a seat beside Fortune in Mr. Wayland's carriage. When he did so he stayed to dinner, and when he stayed to dinner he stayed until midnight.

They did not even talk together; he had fallen into the habit of asking her assent to any of his opinions by a look, which she generally answered by a bright, intelligent little nod of acquiescence; and when he had received this he went on with his argument.

But perhaps this silent understanding of each other was more dangerous than words; at any rate, Fortune felt it to be so. She could not disguise from herself that Ray Symington usurped more exclusively than ever all her thoughts and hopes, and yet she was forced to admit that he seemed unconscious of his power over her. She noticed that Gertrude had never named him since he left the Branch, and she wondered what this apparent indifference could mean. It must be one of two things—either Gertrude cared nothing at all for him, or she cared a great deal.

One morning, as she was handing Ray a cup of coffee, he had a number of letters in his hand, and in his effort to relieve her

speedily he let them drop. They scattered sufficiently to allow her to see that two of them were directed by Gertrude. There was no mistaking her small, running, insignificant writing.

After this discovery she withdrew more and more from the conversation of the gentlemen, and the bright, intelligent looks with which she had used to answer Ray's inquiring glances were more and more at fault. He saw and felt the change, but failed to draw the proper inference.

Things had indeed come to a position in which it seemed to Fortune folly to nurse longer a sentiment which it was evident Ray had not the slightest desire to reciprocate. She would at once give up everything that encouraged so barren a love. Let us try to destroy she had none, and as for tokens or souvenirs, she had only one ancient brooch of a dead world to give up. It was not a pretty ornament, and she had never worn it; but Ray had told her that it was very precious to him, and valued above gold and silver. Yet he had made no inquiries about its welfare, and no remarks about her not wearing it. If he valued it so much, he would have it back; it was the only link between them, and it should be broken at once.

She walked to her desk and took it out of the little box in which it had lain for years. She laid it upon her palm, and it seemed to glow and burn and reflect a thousand lights. It was lovely, it was very dear to her. She kissed it with passionate fervor. She threw herself on the sofa and wept some very bitter tears for the death of a dream so tender and so lovely, and she felt that all of the sweetness and dew of her youth went with it.

But as she lay weeping, Ray stepped quietly up to her side. He took her in his arms, and tenderly kissed away the sad, large tears. "Darling," he said, "I have seen all. You have kept my token; you were weeping over it. You love me, Fortune—you love me. Oh, beloved, do not now deny it!"

"How dare I love you, Ray?"

"How dare you not love me? Have I not carried your image in my heart for six years? I won't have my token back, and I won't leave you until you say that you will be my wife. Think of it a moment."

"It is enough, Ray. I have thought only of you for six years."

"Then, sweet Fortune, let us be married to-morrow—to-day. Why delay longer?"

"One thing, Ray, I must ask you: I saw two letters from Gertrude among the papers you dropped one morning?"

"Gertrude has written me in all six letters."

"Oh!"

"About my cousin Hill. Hill loves her desperately, and Gertrude has been teasing him to the point of distraction. I have written and given her some good advice; she needed it."

There are no advocates like lovers. They speak with the tongues of men and angels, and Ray won his case—in a manner. There was a hurried visit of Mrs. Wayland and Miss Gertrude to New York, and the next day all the fashionable world knew that Ray Symington had been married in the most unfashionable manner to Miss Fortune Wayland.—*Harpur's Weekly*.

Eels.

Now that the aversion to batrachia for food has been overcome to a certain degree, it is to be hoped that the industrious delicacy of the eel as a palatable fish will be more generally recognized. The Egyptians were the only ancient people who did not consider the eel fit food for kings and princes. In the light of present science the eel is shown to be a most cleanly feeder, living upon the spawn of fishes. It will touch nothing that is unclean or tainted, and will at times nibble the plants that float upon the surface of the water. When lentils are ripe, of which they are especially fond, they have been seen foraging expeditions in the fields adjacent to the river banks. Dr. Marshall Hall, to whom the science of medicine owes so much, discovered that eels possessed a "caudal heart entirely dependent upon the pulmonary heart." It is supposed that this second heart causes the extraordinary strength of the eel's tail. A comical incident befell me in Germany. There, fish of all sorts are sold alive, and are killed in the kitchen a few moments before they are to be cooked. Eels are considered a great dainty, and are sold at fifty and sixty cents a pound. Having received an unusually large fish from the neighboring town, and wishing to keep it until the next day, the cook took it in a large bucket with water to the hotel, that it might be kept in the "fish pot" in a running stream until wanted. A moment or two after she left the house with her shining, steel-blue garden, I heard a swish of water, and looking out of the window saw his eel seize the edge of the bucket by his tail and throw himself over, as it were, by a "back-hand-spring" on the ground. Now began a chase such as is seldom seen. The astonished cook attempted to catch the great creature, forgetting in her zeal that "slippery as an eel" was no vain adage. Away over the head road wriggled the fish, with the cook in frantic pursuit. By this time quite a number of persons joined in the chase, but to no purpose. Fearing to injure the creature, there was no force used, and fully fifteen minutes elapsed before the eel was captured and replaced in the bucket. The precaution was taken to cover the top of the bucket with a net, so that any further attempt to escape was precluded.—*New York Commercial*.

As to the relative merits of hard and soft steel rails, the investigations in Germany seem to leave the matter of wear indeterminate, with the conclusion that the wear of rails depends more upon the impurity of the steel than upon its hardness and stiffness.

THE VERACIOUS BILL NYE.

THE HUMORIST TELLS OF VARIOUS ABLE-BODIED CYCLONES.

Stories which Show the Power of the Western Wind, Both in Nature and in Man.

We were riding along on the bounding train in Wisconsin, and some one spoke of the free and democratic way that people in this country got acquainted with each other while traveling. Then we got to talking about railroad sociality and railroad etiquette, when a young man from East Jasper, who had wildly jumped and grabbed his valise every time the train hesitated, said that it was queer what railroad travel would do in the way of throwing people together. He said that in Nebraska once he and a large, corpulent gentleman, both total strangers, were thrown together while trying to jump a washout, and an intimate sprang up between them that ripened into open hostility.

From that we got to talking about natural phenomena and storms. I spoke of the cyclone with some feeling and a little bitterness, perhaps, briefly telling my own experience, and making the storm as loud and wet and violent as possible.

Then a gentleman from Kansas named George D. Murdock, an old cattleman, was telling of a cyclone that came across his range two years ago last September. The sky was clear to begin with, and then all at once, as Mr. Murdock states, a little cloud no larger than a man's hand might have been seen. It moved toward the southwest gently, with its hands in its pockets for a few moments, and then Mr. Murdock discovered that it was of a pale green color, about sixteen hands high with dark blue mane and tail. About a mile from where he stood the cyclone, with great force, swooped down and with a muffled roar swept a quarter section of land out from under a heavy mortgage without injuring the mortgage in the least. He says the people came for miles the following day to see the mortgage, still on file at the office of the Register of Deeds, and just as good as ever.

Then a gentleman named Bean, of Western Minnesota, a man who went there in an early day and homesteaded it when his nearest neighbor was fifty miles away, spoke of a cyclone that visited his county before the telegraph or railroad had penetrated that part of the State.

Mr. Bean said it was very clear up to the moment that he noticed a cloud in the north-west no longer than a man's hand. It scattered down in a southerly direction like a cyclone that had all summer to do its chores in. Then it gave two quick snorts and a roar, wiped out of existence all the farm buildings he had, sucked the well dry, soured all the milk in the milk house, and spread desolation all over that quarter-section. But Mr. Bean said that the most remarkable thing he remembered was this: He had dug about a pint of angle-worms that morning, intending to go over to the lake toward evening and catch a few perch. But when the cyclone came it picked up those angle-worms and drove them head first through his new grindstone without injuring the worms or impairing the grindstone. He now has had the grindstone photographed, he said, if the angle-worms could have been kept still long enough. He said that they were driven just far enough through to hang on the other side like a lambrquin.

The cyclone is certainly a wonderful phenomenon, its movements are so erratic, and in direct violation of all known rules.

Mr. Louis P. Barker, of Northern Ohio, was also on the car, and he described a cyclone that he saw in the seventies along in September at the close of a hot, clear day. The first intimation that Mr. Barker had of an approaching storm was a small cloud no larger than a man's hand, which he discovered moving slowly toward the Southwest with a gyratory movement. It then appeared to be a funnel-shaped cloud, which passed along near the surface of the ground without injuring the worms or impairing the grindstone. He now has had the grindstone photographed, he said, if the angle-worms could have been kept still long enough. He said that they were driven just far enough through to hang on the other side like a lambrquin.

It is such circumstances as these, coming to us from the mouths of eye-witnesses, that lead us to exclaim: "How prolific in nature and how wonderful are all her works—including poor, weak man! Man, who comes into the world clothed in a little brief authority, perhaps, and nothing else to speak of. He rises up in the morning, prevaricates, and dies. Where are our best liars to-day? Look for them where you will and you will find that they are passing away. Go into the cemetery and there you will find them mingling with the dust, but striving still to perpetuate their business by marking their tombs with a gentle prevarication, chiseled in enduring stone.

I have heard it intimated by people who seemed to know what they were talking about that truth is mighty and will prevail, but I do not see much show for her till the cyclone season is over.—*Bill Nye, in Chicago News*.

Cape May's famous lighthouse, with its wonderful French lamp, the only one of its kind in this country, was erected as long ago as 1764, and by changes wrought by the sea it is a mile south of where it originally stood.

THE STENOGRAPH

A SHORTHAND MACHINE.

Mechanically Exact; Easily Used.



Learned in one-third the time other systems require; speed as great as any other; now in use for all kinds of shorthand work. It can readily be learned from the Manual of Instruction. In the hands of an intelligent operator it never fails to properly do its work. Send stamp for circular, or 25 cents for Manual.

PRICE, \$40. With Case and Manual. Size, 7 1/2 x 7 1/2 in. Weight, 3 1/2 lbs. Additional instruction by mail, free, if desired. U. S. STENOGRAPH CO., 402 N. 3d STREET, - ST. LOUIS, MO.



New improved high arm, new mechanical principles and rotary movements, automatic, direct and perfect action, cylinder shuttle, self-sewing needles, positive feed, no springs, no gears, no ratchet weight, no friction, no noise, no wear, no fatigue, no "tantrums," capacity unlimited, always in order, richly ornamented, nickel plated, gives perfect satisfaction. Send for circulars. Address, AVERY MACHINE CO., 812 Broadway, New York.

A Palace Car for Horses.

For a long time Mr. E. J. Balwin has had the reputation of having the finest cars for the transportation of his horses. Mr. R. P. Ashe, the well-known California turfman, has just had a car built that for elegance, comfort and convenience is far ahead of the cars of the Santa Anita stable. This car was built in California at a cost of \$6,000. It has been named Alta after the celebrated racehorse belonging to Mr. Ashe. In appearance it very much resembles a Pullman palace car. It is seventy feet long from buffer to buffer, and the interior from one end to the other measures a little less than sixty-five feet. It has commodious quarters for fourteen horses and as many men. The stalls are so arranged that they can be changed around so that the necessity of the horses standing long in the same position will be averted. Along the sides of the car over the horses are bunks which accommodate the men. These bunks, when not in use, are doubled up the same as the sleeping-car berth. In one corner of the car there is a neat little range. There is also ample room for a folding table. The sides of the car are very heavily padded to prevent the horses being injured by the jolting of wheels. The quarters for the men and racers take up about thirty-eight feet of the car. In the other part, which is separated by a partition through which a door is cut, are Mr. Ashe's private apartments, which are fitted up in drawing-room style. There are two berths, one for Mr. Ashe, the other for his private secretary, Mr. W. J. Hastings. All the furniture is of mahogany and covered with rich plush. The carpet is of velvet. There are two large mirrors on the sides of the car and a few costly paintings. The faucets, etc., are all silver plated. The door that opens out on the platform is almost all glass and the windows are all large.—*New York Mail and Express*.

Fish in the Pacific.

The excitement about the Canadian fisheries gives a hint as to the prospective value of one of the undeveloped resources of the Northwest. The shore fishing of the Provinces, on the Atlantic side, is of sufficient importance to bring the United States and its neighbors to the verge of a quarrel, but it is a small matter compared with the opportunities open in the Northwestern waters on this side of the continent. The mackerel fishing, which is the present matter of dispute, is of less importance than the Banks codfishing, yet the whole extent of the Newfoundland Banks is only about 70,000 square miles, while in the Pacific and Okhotsk we have 300,000 square miles, in Behring Sea almost as much more, and around the Choumagin Islands 80,000; altogether nearly ten times the area of the Atlantic Banks. The total money value per annum of the fisheries on the Banks and off the east coast of the British North American Provinces is in the neighborhood of \$25,000,000, which embraces the catch of the vessels of all nations resorting there. When the fisheries of the North Pacific are developed to anything like the extent of those of the North Atlantic they will form one of the great industries of this coast.—*San Francisco Call*.