

THE WILSON MIRROR.

"Our Aim will be, the People's Right Maintain,
Unawed by Power, and Unbribed by Gain."

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A LITTLE GRAVE.

A SHORT, SOLEMN SERMON. BY
HENRY BLOUNT.

As He Strolled in Blessed Maple-wood and Witnessed a Mother's Grief.

In our stroll the other evening we came upon a poor, weeping mother, bowed down in anguish upon a little grave, which held in its cold embrace her heart's sunlight, her bosom's sweetest and purest joy—her darling little angel child. And our own heart melted, and our eyes filled with tears as we saw her struggle with a grief which she could not conquer, and sink down under the waves which she could not stem or buffet. Her heart was torn into tatters, and the briny messengers of grief, which ran to the eyelids, told of the anguish that was surging and writhing within, and of the hopes that were then shattered and crushed and ruined by the lashing of the billows that sweep o'er the ocean of bereavement. We did not attempt to soothe her bleeding heart. Words of consolation cannot calm the stormy beatings of that wild grief which sweeps through the bosom when a loved one is torn from its fond and tender embrace. The bursting cloud spends its rain, and then comes bright and beautiful gleams, of sparkling sunshine. So grief must dissolve itself in tears, and then the soft, mild, golden sunlight of the Christian religion will lend its chastening and mellowing gleams of resignation to tint with its bright and rosyate colorings of comfort and blessed cheer the blackest cerements of earthly gloom and sorrow. Yes, there is a bright side to even the darkest shadows, and from the deepest funeral gloom have sprung holy and beautiful gleams of the sweetest and most precious light—a light which streams in endless brilliancy from off the great white Throne of God, and brightens with its lustre even the portals of the tomb.

But to that poor mother that bright light is not now seen. The briny spray which rises so fast from the deep flowing river of grief, blinds her vision, and through its glistening mists she cannot see the radiant threads of comfort that Heaven is weaving around her in a shining robe of beautiful brightness. That dead child, in that tear-bathed grave over which she was bending like some faithful weeping-willow, was to her a heaven of joy and delight. In its beaming smiles she saw all the glories and all the splendors of a blessed elysium of rapture and happiness mirrored beautifully there. In its innocent prattle she heard life's sweetest and purest melody. But now that smile which made the earth so bright is withdrawn, and the voice that made such music to her ears is hushed, and that which made her life so sweet and so beautiful is now "in a coffin hid, in a grave enstarred by daisies." Yes, that little life-barque could not withstand the storms that beat upon the sea of time, and so, at an early age, it passed away from its furious winds and chaffing billows out upon the quiet waters of the waveless ocean of Eternity, and there amid the precious hush of God's "Peace, be still," it rests on the placid bosom of blissful immortality. No rustling winds a ripple make upon that blessed sea, for all is peace and rest and sweet repose—the blessed balm for all earth's woes. So take comfort and find solace in the thought that the little child, which came like a dewdrop, went like the mist, for frail as a leaf by the autumn's winds kissed, it faded as sweetly as roses in June, and its last note of pain is an angel's tune.

So to that poor mother we say, though you cannot see it now, the rainbow of comfort will soon gleam upon the dark cloud of bereavement. But until then let the tears flow. Let the river of your grief bear your troubles all away. Friends will care for you and for the body from which the spirit of your babe has gone. Gather up the little dolls, the little shoes, the bits of ribbon, the blessed keepsakes, and put them away to form an island in the desert of your great grief. Think of them; cherish them as sacred objects—as stepping-stones on which you can kneel or stand to reach up for the kisses that await you. Death is not a punishment. It is God's greatest blessing to man, next to the life and the loves that are eternal. You will not have long to wait. And then you will forget the sorrow of the parting in the glorious joyousness of the rapturous meeting. Yes the sting of death and the pangs of separation

will make the rapture of that blissful reunion sweeter and more thrilling and more ecstatic, for the sweet and blessed office of the shadow is to intensify the sunlight. The darker the gloom down here the brighter will be the radiant gleaming Up There, where the sky will glisten with a fadeless brilliancy, and flowers blossom in an endless bloom.

GOD'S GLORY.

As Printed in Nature's Beautiful Type.

The wild flower is scenting the breeze, where the butterfly is reveling in a paradise of sweets, and the lark is teaching her nestlings their first hymn of praise. See now how God leave's his impress—look up into heaven, which an invisible hand has painted so deeply, beautifully blue, while the sun is looking light upon all beneath its radiant track, see then how God has flung out his sign and written his name. Go out at night, fall upon some spreading vale, where reposes the peaceful herds upon its couch of turf, when the moon, like a pearl in heaven, is scattering the lucid coruscations of its silvery car, as tho' a shower of the dust of diamonds was sprinkling the shining air, and the starry hosts that rejoice in her train are serenely floating amid wavy undulations of sublimated ether—and do you not feel and know there is a God? There is an everywhere present and presiding deity—the mountain enthrones him in its sunlight grandeur, there his smile is in the sunshine and his song is on the gale. The flying storm bears him upon its billowy folds—then his chariot is the cloud and his voice is the thunder. The sounding board of old ocean receives his footsteps, for then the winds are his wings with which he lashes the waves into foam, or fans them to repose while the boom of rushing waters proclaim Him Almighty. When He stood upon the mountain He recorded his name in characters of light upon its heaven-pointed peak—when He rode upon the storms hanging in the sky, and bending over the earth He left his sign in the rainbow. And when He passed upon the deep, He spread it as a mirror behind Him, to hold in far-off reflection the jeweled banners of His realm. From earth, which He has carpeted for His footstool, and heaven, which He has sky-curtained for His throne, the sound of His name and the song of His praise is borne in the mingled melody of human tongues and angelic lyres.

A WILSON INCIDENT.

With a light heart and a hope of happiness, she stepped up to the door of one of Wilson's beautiful mansions and rang the bell. How the vision of his fair one came and went before his eyes as he stood there in the gathering darkness, waiting for the fairy hand of his own treasure to turn the bolt and receive him in her dear, fond arms.

But hush! hark! the door opens; she enters. What is wrong? What has happened? She looked at him with a cold, sad, injured gaze, and motioned him to a chair.

"My angel," he gasped, and stepped towards her, holding out his arms, while his heart shook his whole frame at every beat, "what have I done; oh! what have I done?"

Only another languid movement of the delicate hand, telling him to take a seat. Only a far, disconsolate look from the eyes which used to be so bright, telling him that all was over; telling him that the love of yesterday had vanished, and gone forever.

"Bertha, my jewel, tell me what has happened!" shrieked the sorrow-stricken youth, as he held his hand upon his throbbing temples, and glared wildly at the object of his deepest adoration.

Slowly, but distinctly, the answer came: "Arthur, you can never love me again; we must part, and I am to blame."

"You to blame!" he gasped, as he came nearer. "Never! I have never ceased to love you; I could not live a moment without you!"

"But you will hate me, Arthur, when you know what I have done," said the sorrowful girl, as the tears began to follow one another down her face.

"Tell me; oh, tell me, what it is," he whispered, as his heart took a circuit round his left lung.

"At supper I—I—oh! I—" she stammered, as she moved toward the sofa and dropped upon it, half lifeless. "At supper I ate an onion!"
Selah!

A MIXTURE.

EDITORIAL ETCHINGS EUPHONIOUSLY ELUCIDATED.

Numerous Newsy Notes and Many Merry Morsels Paragraphically Packed and Pithily Pointed.

Russia has 138 vessels.
An ice trust is the latest.
A swell ball—the balloon.
Florida has fresh pineapples.
Louisville is to have natural gas.
Profound peace reigns in Samoa.
In America there are 500,000 Jews.
Frogs' legs cost fifty cents a pound.
Boston eats fifty tons of candy a day.
Chicago receipts of hogs are increasing.
Always play to win—a band of robbers.
A strike for brilliancy—lighting a match.
A plain talk—a conversation on a prairie.
The United States has ninety-eight vessels.

European crop prospects continue favorable.
The number of priests in this country is 8,118.
Murders are decidedly on the increase in Paris.

A foreign steel rail syndicate is being formed.
A strong current of emigration to Chile is noted.

In Germany there are one million surplus women.
In all there are 7,000 miles of pipe lines in the world.

Louisiana strawberries are in the New York market.
Cincinnati is paving its streets with Georgia granite.

Even a small barber may be called a strapping fellow.
Oklahoma starts out as a strictly Prohibition Territory.

The zouave uniform is to be abandoned in the French army.
The brewery combination in this country has not succeeded.

Maud S., queen of the trotting turf, is now fifteen years of age.
The annual production of mineral oil is 2,000,000,000 gallons.

The Hessian fly is destroying the wheat crop in central Illinois.
Gas wells are being struck along the Rocky Mountains' slope.

A visit to a grocery is generally the beginning of a new order of things.
Next to waiting for a verdict, the most soul-harrowing employment is keeping the baby asleep.

Very much to the credit of Col. Fred D. Grant, he will take his mother with him to the Austrian court.

Senator Stanford predicts that in twenty-five years one will be able to go entirely around the world by rail.

We learn that Rev. Thos. Dixon has determined to leave Boston and accept a call he has received from New York city.

When a modern youth becomes ensconced in a street car the ladies discover that he does not belong to the rising generation.

John Collins lies buried in a cemetery in Geneva with nothing to mark his grave but a small stone with the letters J. C. cut on it.

In New York, last Sunday, two hundred and twenty-seven persons were immersed in East river by pastors of Baptist churches.

A Michigan girl, fourteen years old, killed her father and mother with "Rough on Rats," because she wanted to join the cowboy show.

Edward Bulwer Dickens, the youngest son of Charles Dickens, represents a protection district in the Parliament of New South Wales.

As high as \$2,000 was offered a day or so since, for a single Metropolitan Opera House box for the Centennial celebration in New York.

Editor Pulitzer of the New York World, who has been in Europe for some time under treatment for failing sight, is said to be hopelessly blind.
But for the fact that what little wind was blowing, came from a favorable direction last Friday, New York would have had a terrible conflagration.

Some of the New York papers are congratulating the people that the Legislature will not be in session for a whole week at the time of the centennial.

Postmaster General Wanamaker has established an inviolable rule that no post-office shall be kept in a saloon or in any room from which a saloon may be entered.

"Animal Dentistry" is a new profession coming in vogue at the North which is applied to the preservation of the teeth of valuable animals—as well domestic as those in menageries.

The ice men say the crop of ice is again very short. So, of course, the price will be put up by combination of all the dealers. We must start more ice factories or the people must take to drinking hot water.

Hundreds who pioneered to Kansas are now pioneering to Oklahoma. If Hades itself were announced to be open to settlers, and men could get there without dying, there would be no lack of immigrants.

At a meeting of the directors of the Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railroad Company at Nashville, April 19th, two vacancies were filled by the election of ex-Senator Thos. C. Platt and Col. Dan Lamont, both of New York.

Senator-elect Dixon, of Rhode Island, will be one of the youngest men in the United States Senate. He and Faulkner, Kenna, Daniel, Spooner, Higgins and Wolcott have not numbered not much more than forty years apiece.

Boston is to have an artist's festival at the Museum of Fine Arts, with 40 maidens in Greek costumes marching in the procession, and various groups in costume posed like famous paintings by old masters. The artist Gaugengigi is to be marshal, and has charge of the costumes.

Red Cloud, the Sioux chieftain who has signified his approval of the administration by calling on President Harrison, is 64 years old, but looks much younger. He owns a big farm, raises corn for sale and is rich enough to live comfortably without doing work with his own hands. He hires younger Indians to work his farm.

Don Jose Zorrilla is to be crowned poet laureate of Spain at the Alhambra Palace on the eve of his approaching sixtieth birthday. The famous palace will be decorated in the style of the period of the Moorish Kings, the gardens will be illuminated and an official representative of the Queen Regent will crown the poet.

If any one thinks the Democratic party is on the decline or is dying, it is because he doesn't read the papers. If he thinks the party is weaker in the Northern States his thoughts have but few facts for a foundation. The Spring elections in the towns North, and in some of the States, have been very encouraging to the Democrats, and show that the party is not only alive, but full of courage and activity.

Quay and Sherman are out. The former says of the latter: "I consider Senator Sherman's actions as discreditable and dishonorable, and when I am found doing anything for him again, the people of this whole country will know it." This sounds serious. It is all about office filling, of course, and a deputy commissionership of internal revenue is the immediate bone of contention. Quay has his man for the place and Sherman has his and hence the disgraceful quarrel.

As the New York Star says, Harrison is a minority President. Cleveland and Thurman received a hundred thousand more votes than their successful competitors. History has already recorded the fact that only by unprecedented corruption employed at decisive points was the majority in the electoral college made to falsify the voice of a plurality of the voters of the country. All the elections since November have confirmed the truth that the country is decidedly Democratic. Republican rule is minority rule.

According to the Washington Star, during the first thirteen days of the current month 22,000 letters containing applications and papers in reference to appointments of fourth-class and Presidential postmasters were received in the office of the First Assistant Postmaster General. This number is exclusive of letters received by other divisions of the Postoffice Department. There are 400 applications on file in the department for the position of Postoffice Inspector, and 500 applications on file for like positions at the Civil Service Commission. There are but 117 Postoffice Inspectors now in the service.

STATE NEWS.

FROM THE DEEP BLUE SEA TO THE GRAND OLD MOUNTAIN.

An Hour Pleasantly Spent With Our Delightful Exchanges.

There are 225 patients at the Raleigh Insane Asylum.

Mr. J. C. Birdsong has been re-elected State Librarian.

The Southern reports bears within two miles of Tarboro.

Asheville will soon have a handsome building for the Y. M. C. A.

\$5,000 has been raised for a cotton seed oil mill at Rocky Mount.

A \$200,000 oil mill and fertilizer plant will be established at Charlotte.

The Jesuits will build a Roman Catholic Church and school in Mitchell county.

The railroad station at Newbern was burned on the 17th. The loss was heavy.

The next firemen's tournament will be held at Raleigh on August 13th and 14th.

A new Cotton Seed Oil mill will be built at once at Conctoe, Edgecombe county.

Senator Vance will deliver an address before the Teachers' Assembly at its next session.

The price of marriage license was raised by the last Legislature from two to three dollars.

The volume of laws passed by the last Legislature will, it is said, be the largest ever issued.

John Smith killed Abe Pike in Stokes county last week over a game of cards. Smith escaped.

The Alliance men of Johnston county intend to establish an oil mill and guano factory at an early day.

The Henderson granite quarries have contracts for 12,000 tons of stone—all that can be attended to.

Col. V. V. Richardson, U. S. Marshal of the Eastern District, has tendered his resignation to take effect May 1.

The wagon factory at Raleigh will have its machinery in place by the middle of May. It will employ sixty persons.

A terrific hail-storm prevailed in Nash County, near the Wilson County line on Sunday, the biggest ever seen in that section.

The town of Reidsville had a \$25,000 fire on the 20th. Insurance \$17,000. A warehouse, hotel and nine stores were destroyed.

Governor Lee, of Virginia, has been invited to attend the encampment at Wrightsville in July and is expected to be present.

The Piedmont wagon company at Hickory will add another building to their plant and will then be able to turn out six thousand wagons per year.

There is not a whiskey shop in Tyrell county, N. C. The prison of the county is empty, and there was not a State case on the docket at the last court.

Greensboro is making big preparations for the 4th of May celebration. It is expected that 10,000 people will be present. Senator Vance will deliver the address.

On Tuesday night last, a revival meeting was commenced in the Baptist church at Rocky Mount by J. W. Powell. He is assisted by Rev. H. W. Battle, of Newberne, who is an earnest and eloquent divine. Already, much interest is manifested, and there will be much good derived from the meeting.

Fayetteville will celebrate with becoming ceremonies on the 21st of November, the centennial of the ratification by North Carolina of the constitution of the United States, which took place on that day 1789, and invites all the good people of North Carolina, including the military organizations, to join in the celebration.

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