

THE WILSON MIRROR.

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

VOL. VI.

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THE GUITAR MANIA.

A SURE AND INDUBITABLE SYMPTOM OF DAWNING AFFECTION.

There is a time in the life of every boy when he is taken with the fever to learn to play the guitar. The fever comes on about the time that he first falls in love and that is at the age of 12, but that is only a symptom. At fourteen he is in love to such an extent that it actually makes him tried to carry it around. He has been reading novels in which there is always a Spaniard or an Italian lover, dressed in fantastic costume, who takes a guitar and goes to serenade the girl in the novel, and she comes to the window and throws a kiss at the lover, and then comes down herself, and they, lallygag, on the grass and talk foreign love and catch cold, and the boy thinks that is about the finest scheme that he ever read of and he decided to obtain a guitar. It is some days before he would dare speak to his father about it. His mother has noticed that he has not seemed well lately, and as she has watched him moping and sighing around, she has felt that he is having his young life sapped away by study, or that worms are feeding on his damask stomach. The old man, who has been there knows that the kid is in love, and his receipt would be wedding onions, or carrying in coal, but the good mother's tender heart is touched and she consents to the guitar scheme, and shortly afterward there is a weird, ghostly sound coming from the attic that is a cross between the zolian music of a breeze singing through a wire screen, and a couple of cats tuning up for a goosebury-bush symphony in E flat with boot-jack bouquets. The guitar period is one of the most critical periods in the life of a boy. If he succeeds in learning to play a tune, and his vice becomes trained to such an extent that he can sing without being frightened at the noise, then he is gone. From that out he becomes a dude, whose soul ambition is to be called upon to sing, and he will try to look sweet, and he will sing love songs at private parties, with his hand in his bosom and think the ladies yearn for him, when they feel as though they would like to take him across their knees, and caress him with a press-board. However, a boy wants to be attended to at the guitar period, and shown the folly of it, or he will hate himself forever after. When parents find it coming on they should consult each other, and take prompt action, or the boy that is their pride will go through life singing through his nose, "Ody a Padz: Blossom," or "Oh, Cub, oh, cub with be, the Doon is Beebing."

THE SMACK IN SCHOOL.

A district school not far away, "Mid Berkshire hills one Winters day, Was humming with its wonted noise Of three score mingled girls and boys. Some few upon their tasks intent, But more on festive mischief bent The while the masters downward look Was fastened on a copy book. When suddenly behind his back Rose sharp and clear a rousing smack As 'twere the battery of bliss Let off in one tremendous kiss. "What's that?" the startled master cries. "That this," a little imp replies, "Wath William Willeth, if you please, I thaw him kith Thuthana Heath." With frown to make a statue thrill. The master thundered, "Hither Will." "Will hung his head in fear and shame And to the awful presence came. With smile suppressed and briscl upraised The threatner faltered, "I'm amazed That you, my biggest pupil, should Be guilty of an act so rude. Before the whole set, school to boot. What evil genius put you to it." "Twas she herself," sobbed the lad. "I didn't mean to be so bad." "But when Susana shook her curls And said that I was afraid of girls And dosent kiss a baby doll, I couldn't stand it sir, at all. "But up and kissed her on the spot: I know—boo hoo—I ought to not, But some how by her looks—boo hoo—I thought she kind a wished me to."

Looks That Way.

A young married couple who have lived very happily together for four years have two children, whom they have named "Alpha" and "Omega." Judging from the name they have given the last one, we are led to believe they meditate dissolution of copartnership.

Women Worth Their Weight in Gold.

Mrs. John Minturn is worth \$2,000,000. Mrs. Kate Terry is worth nearly \$6,000,000. Mrs. John Jacob Astor is worth about \$8,000,000. Mrs. Edwin Stevens, of New York, has \$15,000,000. Mrs. Hetty Greene, of New York, is worth \$40,000,000. Mrs. Thomas A. Scott counts her wealth at \$5,000,000. Mrs. Robert Golet, worth \$3,000,000, owes her fortune to hard ware. Mrs. Jayne, the widow of the patent medicine man, is worth \$3,000,000. Mrs. Marshal O. Roberts is the eight-million aire widow of a mining king. Mrs. Martin Bates was left \$1,500,000. man who built the first railroad in Russia, has \$4,000,000. Mrs. Joseph Harrison, the widow of the man who built the first railroad in Russia has \$4,000,000. Mrs. Jane Brown received from her husband's estate about \$4,000,000, which was accumulated in banking. Mrs. Josephine M. Ayer, who gets her money from patent medicine, is estimated to be worth from \$4,000,000 to \$5,000,000.

Willing to Correct.

He walked into the office the other morning, looking pretty much like a man dissatisfied with general results. "Can I see the editor?" he inquired. He was directed to the foot of the throne. "Good morning, sir," he began gruffly. "Mornin'." grunted the editor. "I came in," he proceeded, "to tell you of a misprint in the paper." "What is it?" "Well, I sent a notice around here that my friend Smith had just been married, and your infernal compositor got it, 'Mr. Smith has just been martyred.'" "Ugh, you call that a misprint, do you? Well, I don't, and I have raised that compositor's wages. If you don't like it send Smith round to me, ten years from now, and if he wants it corrected I'll have it done." The visitor departed to see Smith.

So True.

The chastisement of Heaven are often disguised blessings. The afflictions of the body is not frequently in human experience the sweetest cordial to the soul. The ministry of the suffering very often brings joy and consolation to the spirit and opens wider the gateway to the skies. Divine visitations, whether upon the individual, the community or upon the whole people, if viewed in the right way, may prove the greatest of benefactions, for it may lead to the salvation of the soul, the purifying and regenerating of society, and the recalling of a whole people to God, whom henceforth they will honor and reverence and obey. So calamities, when justly considered, are not unmixed evils, and are not always manifestations of an irrevocable Divine displeasure. The way of thorns and jagged stones may end in flowery meads and glorious mountain tops with eternal sun-bursts and heavenly fruitions.

Conjugal Tests.

When the honey moon is over and acquaintance molds the lover to a sense of sober fitness and the seamy-sided real; When the glow has left the fever and he turns an unbeliever, how he wanders as he ponders on the frailty of idea! Then he sees it is the passion for the willing heat of passion to benumb to tem per frigid in passion's heedless sight. When his ardor turns a question of his powers of digestion, or which of them retiring shall put out the vexing light. When the Benedict lies thinking, with his peepers slightly blinking at his better half who shivers with an unproductive ire. She discerns through coughs and sneezing, with the mercury at freezing, that affection all depends on who constructs the kitchen fire.

Another Kind of Dust.

"Look at that dirty little boy, mamma." "Yes, my son." "Why, he is just black. How I hate a dirty boy." "You shouldn't hate any body. You know we are all made out of dust, and one little boy is just the same as another in the sight." "Well," interrupted the urchin, conclusively, "he must have been made out of coal dust."

A MIXTURE.

EDITORIAL ETCHINGS EUPHONIOUSLY ELUCIDATED.

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

—A head wind—A sneeze.
—A nervous man—Tim Idity.
—A stubborn man—Will Full.
—A match game—Incendiarism.
—"Ahem!" exclaimed the needle.
—A learned man—Ed. U. Cation.
—A dangerous man—Dan O'Mite.
—A fine looking man—Han Some.
—Justifiable homicide—Sleighting girls.
—A calculating man—Matthew Matics.
—Capital measures—Taxing rich men.
—The centre of gravity—An English joke.
—Mrs. Cleveland wears number three shoes.
—A bill reducing letter postage to one cent is proposed.
—Circus tumblers are afflicted with a vaulting ambition.
—A galley slave—the fellow who has three girls at a time.
—An antarctic expedition will start from England in the Spring.
—The home rule question—Who is to get up and light the fire?
—A roadbed is for the convenience of wheels when they are tired.
—The man who minds his own business as he ought to is seldom idle.
—"No," said the hack driver, "I can't stop, my business is driving."
—Money is so tight now that some people haven't even any loose change.
—"All flesh is grass," but some people display more greenness than others.
—There are thirty-eight widows of revolutionary soldiers on the pension lists.
—Life is a quarry, out of which we are to mould and chisel and complete a character.
—No Metaphysician ever felt the deficiency of language so much as the grateful.
—The man who is slow to express an opinion might just as well send it by freight.
—When hope is disappointed and blasted, submission should be a virtue, not a necessity.
—"Dressed to kill"—that young woman over there with a low-neck dress on, standing in the draft.
—It is estimated that the railroads of the country spend \$36,000,000 per year on wooden cross-ties.
—It is better to have thorns in the flesh with grace to endure them than to have no thornes and no grace.
—He who does a base thing in zeal for his friend, burns the golden thread that ties their hearts together.
—"To him who waits doth all things come," says the poet, but he who hustles generally gets there first.
—Senator Jones, of Nevada, is preparing to reply to Sherman's flappedoodle Tariff talk. He is a Republican.
—Time makes all things even. The rich man can have ice in the summer and the poor man in the winter.
—Frank Fallours, a rich man at Wheeling, Va., has been arrested for arson. The penalty is hanging if convicted.
—The most disagreeable weather is yet to come. January and February are usually colder than any other months.
—There's a farmer within four miles of Lincoln's Ill., who appears to be particularly fitted to become a professional juror.
—Reports go to show that the value of the dairy products this year will be \$480,000,000, about \$20,000,000 more than the wheat yield.
—Buying an honest colored voter and having him subsequently sell out to the other party on election day is a case of black ingratitude.
—In Ireland the liberty of the press is gone. The censorship is worse than that of Russia. England has a great many sins to answer for.
—There now. Nearly half of the Senators "have no hair on the top of the head where it ought to grow." That is a long way to say they are bawl.

—The Legislature of Georgia has refused to grant the usual aid to the Colored University. This comes of the unwise agitation of co-education of the races.

—Henry Irving's New York engagement will bring him in \$100,000. Speaking other men's words and using their brains pays better than using your own.

—The Booth-Barrett combination secured \$44,166.50 by its two week in Philadelphia. "Othello" was the biggest night—\$3,657.50. "Hamlet" was closed up, \$3,598.70.

—The Queen Regent of Spain is gaining a strong hold on the affections of her subjects, and is said to be a woman of wonderful charms of manner and great administrative ability.

—Two bright New Jersey young women, dissatisfied with the money they made teaching invested \$50 in poultry. The first year their profits were \$1,000, the second \$3,000.

—A dispatch from Galvestan, Texas, says that the new-born infant of Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Gibbings, of that city, is the first girl vouchsafed to that Gibbings family for over one hundred and twenty years.

—Miss Cleveland, a second cousin of the President, is the author of "See-Saw, by one of 'Em." The book is a story of Department life, and the characters are thinly disguised Michiganders under assumed names.

—President Cleveland has made \$20,000 by the increase of the value of "Red Top," the country place he bought near Washington. Secretary Whitney has done better, having realized a profit, it is reported, of \$90,000 by the sale of land he bought in the vicinity.

—Money is so abundant with many people that they really do not know what to do with it. At an art sale in London on the 8th inst., one picture sold for more than \$50,000, and another for nearly that sum. Others fetched \$27,000 and more than \$30,000.

—No one can associate freely with persons of true refinement without imbibing something more of delicacy and gentleness into his own nature; nor can anyone live in an atmosphere of sympathy and goodwill without feeling his emotions stirred with love and interest in his fellow men.

—Notwithstanding the boasted salubrity of the climate of California, the death rate in San Francisco last year was nearly 18 per 1,000. The zymotic diseases were especially prevalent and fatal, diphtheria and typhoid fever being the leading forms. Bad drainage is charged with the trouble.

—Senator Ransom has introduced a bill to establish a light-house at Diamond Shoals, fifteen miles from Hatteras, and said on introducing it, in his usual grand way: "There would be few better or more glorious days in human history than the day when the dark horrors of Hatteras should be overcome by the illumination of human science."

—Napoleon was a great novel reader. He laid his hand on all sorts and devoured them. Macaulay was very fond of novels, and Charles Darwin loved and read them a great deal. He regarded a novel with a good ending most desirable reading; and he was not choice as to its real ability or literary excellence.

—An orator who recently addressed the Louisiana Sugar Planters' Association on the "Great American Mule," began his effort with these words: "I do not propose to enter into the history of the mule; he is with us and has come to stay. Neither horse nor donkey, he is the mugwump of the animal kingdom—by nature a kicker and never a swayback."

—The most desperate gambles at Aixles-Bains this year is a woman. She does not take her seat at the table, because she is a woman, but plays over the shoulders of the men, betting her 100 franc bill as imperturbably as she would so many soua. She is described as being altogether unlovely in person and careless and slouchy in her dress. She is a Greek by birth.

—We have 7,640,000 persons engaged in agriculture in the United States. This interest employs over twice as many persons as any other industry, and it has more than twice the capital of any other, and at the ballot box it has a larger vote than all the others put to gether. Why should the honest, toiling farmers of this country ask—yea, have to beg Congress and State legislatures for laws favorable to their interests?

STATE NEWS.

FROM THE DEEP BLUE SEA TO THE GRAND OLD MOUNTAINS.

An Hour Pleasantly Spent With Our Delightful Exchanges.

The Hickory Press is now an eight page paper.

The actual increase in the taxable value of property in the State is \$7,324,000.

Mr. J. C. Haigh, Jr., has recently been appointed Notary Public by the Governor.

The revenue receipts in Durham on tobacco during the past year were \$486,383.66.

Col. Leftwich, of Greensboro, is now trying to have the old Egypt mine put in operation again.

Rev. T. J. Gattis, agent of colportage of the North Carolina conference, has made Durham his headquarters.

The business portion of the town of Beaufort was destroyed by fire out he night of the 3rd inst. Loss about \$75,000.

The Fayetteville Oil Mills are daily receiving large quantities of seed, and shipping lots of cotton seed meal to points south.

Some one in North Carolina last year killed a hog that weighed 1,300 pounds. The largest this winter thus far reported is less than 650 pounds.

William Marshall, son of Mr. J. W. Marshall, died at his father's home in Scotland Neck at 1 o'clock p. m., December 28th, 1887 aged 24 years and 11 months.

Hon. John W. Graham, of Hillsboro, was recently married to Miss Maggie Bailey, of Tallahassee, Fla. The bride was a niece of Dr. J. W. J. Hawkins, of Raleigh.

The Atlantic Coast Line, at the request of the merchants of Wilmington, will give excursion rate tickets on Thursday of each week for the next 30 days as an experiment.

During the last two weeks twenty-seven farmers' alliances have organized and equipped in the State, and twenty others have reported to the general secretary their readiness for equipment.

Commissioner of Immigration Patrick reports that during the year just ended two thousand immigrants, mainly from Pennsylvania and New England, came into North Carolina, settling mainly west of Raleigh.

An immense amount of sorghum syrup was made in this State the past year. In some counties in the western part of the State as much as twenty-five hundred gallons were made, and the most of it is as good as any imported molasses.

Charles M. Cooke, chairman of the executive committee of Wake Forest College has been officially notified to call his committee together at once to take action in regard to the chair of chemistry made vacant by the death of Dr. Jas. R. Duggan.

During the year 1887 there have been established in this State 12 carriages and wagon works, 27 cigar and tobacco factories, 26 cotton and woolen mills (the State leading in this branch) 31 flour and grist mills, 31 railroads, 9 street railways and 67 wood working establishments.

From the Winston papers it is learned that Mr Jack Hicks will be given his old position of engineer on the Raleigh passenger train. Mr. Hicks was put down some time ago on the account of his deficient education, but since has applied himself diligently and has learned to read and write and passed a satisfactory examination. Mr. Hicks is between 50 and 60 years old, and deserves much credit for the success he has met with in studying.

One day this week Miss Laura Wood a young lady living in the Bucklesberry section of Lenoir county, shot and killed a deer in the yard of her home. There was a chase going on, and Miss Wood saw that the deer was making to pass through the yard whereupon she got her brother's gun out of the house and shot the animal as it passed, the accuracy of her aim resulted as above stated. Miss Wood is a splendid type of physical womanhood, and has a wide circle of friends, who will read this item with real enjoyment.

Salvation Oil routs and banished all bodily pain instantly, and costs only 25 cts per bottle.

"A bull in a china shop" is out of place but a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup in the china closet is in its place. For croup, bronchitis, sore chests, and colds it is a prompt and efficacious remedy.