

THE WILSON MIRROR.

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

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A LIFE'S LESSON.

LEARNED IN THE COLD SCHOOL-ROOM OF BITTER EXPERIENCE.

By a Young Woman Who was Once Bright and Happy, but Who now Wears the Anguished-Threaded Livery of Bitter Disappointment.

The dear old mother earth is wrapped in a mantle of deep sweet sleep. How still every thing is! A flood of thought comes over me, and sitting alone, thinking of the past, present and future, I find myself wondering why so much sorrow is often crowded in one short life. My thoughts fly back to the dear old past when I was a happy child, knowing nothing of sorrow or bitter disappointment, when life was a happy dream. I built air castles. Oh! my life was to be one of bliss, joy and love. Sorrow, hate and strife were to find no entrance there; what a glorious life it was to be! yet they were only air castles and doomed to fall in the dust—to become utter ruins. I look back to-night and a deep, bitter cry escapes my lips when I see all my fond hopes blasted—laid low in ruins. Then to the present, with all its heartaches and yearnings, its "Might have beens;" I think, how have I born it so long? I have tried hard not to murmur at my lot, yet "It is hard sometimes to be patient, to suffer and still be strong." I have seen happiness lying almost in my reach, if I could only have grasped it; I could not, let it glide by, regardless of the fierce struggle and wild appeal my heart made. Poor heart, you must hush, be still; perhaps some day you will learn never to throb faster; poor, aching heart, hush your moans and pleadings. Death is hastening on. What is death? Only a short struggle, and then deep, sweet, dreamless sleep, that is rest, sweet rest, free from all yearnings and bitter pangs of disappointment. No more passionate tears to be shed in the lonely hours, no more heartaches, no more cries and prayers to God for strength to crush down the longings of our poor tired heart that cries aloud, and struggles wildly like a captive bird against the prison bars that shut it off from happiness and freedom. Only a little while before the life will close. The future! what does it hold? Only a repetition of the present with perhaps more misery. God help those who are heart-sick and weary—that long so intensely to hear a few words of tender endearment, long to feel a loved one's arms thrown around them and hear sweet words of comfort whispered, that would surely make life more worth the living. God, help those who have none to caress them, small wonder that they should grow cold and careless. Every true man or woman longs for something to pet and love; if they have no one, they will often grow cold, careless, perhaps satirical. When there are loved ones near, who show their affection for you, your heart will surely feel lighter, pleasant thoughts will fill your busy brain crowding out the sad ones. God in His mercy will yet bless His unhappy children, for troubles are often sent to try their faith and fit them for a brighter home. Yet it is hard to be situated that words of praise or endearment seldom come to our ears. Husbands, show your love for your wife, let her feel she is queen of your heart; pet, caress her, she will never know when she has humored you enough. Parents, love your children, but have you ever thought how they miss these little caresses and pet names you so often bestowed upon them in their baby days? Life is short, make them happy while you can, when the angel of death touches your loved ones, you will wish you had remembered these little acts of love. It will soon be too late, the sealed lips will not heed the kisses you rain upon them; the closed eyes will have opened upon other scenes. If we had the power to look into the heart, in many, no doubt, would be found the following lines:

"Oh! friends, I pray to-night,
Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow—
The way is lonely, let me feel them now.
Think gently of me; I am travel worn;
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.
Forgive, oh, hearts estranged; forgive, I plead,
When dreamless rest is mine, I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long to-night."

Where are Our Dead Loved Ones.

They have passed from us—but where are they? Just beyond the invisible. And the fathers and mothers who educated us—who directed and comforted us, where are they but just beyond the line of the invisible? The associates of our lives, that

walked along life's pathway, those with whom we took sweet counsel and dropped from our side, where are they but just beyond us—not far away, it may be very near us—in the heaven of light and love. Is there anything to alarm us in the thought of the invisible?

We think not. Oft-times when the head is weary with the heartaches of this world, and is resting on the pillow, there comes whispers of joy from the spirit land, which drop into the heart thoughts of the sublime and glorious, as if some angel's wing had passed over the brow, and some dear little one sat by the pillow and communed with the soul to raise the affections towards the other and better world.

The Depths of the Sea.

The greatest known depth of the ocean is midway between the Island of Tristan d'Acunha and the mouth of the Rio de la Plata. The bottom was here reached at a depth of 46,236 feet, or eight and three-fourths miles, exceeding by more than 17,000 feet the height of Mount Everest, the loftiest mountain in the world. In the North Atlantic Ocean, South of Newfoundland, soundings have been made to depth of 4,580 fathoms, or 27,480 feet; while depths equalling 34,000 feet, or six and one-half miles, are reported South of the Bermuda Islands. The average depth of the Pacific Ocean, between Japan and California, is a little over 2,000 fathoms; between Chile and the Sandwich Island, 2,500 fathoms, and between Chile and New Zealand, 1,500 fathoms. The average depth of all the oceans is from 2,000 to 3,000 fathoms.

Just Like 'Em.

The following conversation, heard by a reporter on the street is suggestive:
"Are you still tugging away at those gloves of yours?"
"Yes, dear."
"You know it disgusts me to see you walking through the streets making your toilet."
"Does it, dear?"
"Why, do you know that I would just as soon see you pulling on your—stockings in the street as your gloves."
"Most men would," was all she said, and he had nothing else to say.

She Was Kidding Him.

Sarcasticus and his wife were going to the opera. "Will you please go in and get my goats off the dressing table?" said Mrs. Sarcasticus.
"Your goats?" queried the puzzled Sarcasticus; "what fangle have you women got now?"
"I'll show you," snapped the wife, as she sailed away and soon returned putting on her gloves.
"Are those what you mean? Why, I call those kids."
"I used to," replied Mrs. Sarcasticus, "but they are getting so old I am ashamed to any longer." He took the hint.

Regardless of Cost.

"Young man," he asked "what is your ambition in life?"
"To get rich, sir," replied the young man, lighting a fresh cigar.
"Not a very high aim. But while you are trying to get rich aren't you spending a good deal of money?"
"Oh, I don't mind the expenses, sir. I'm willing to get rich regardless of cost."

A Sure Cure for Toothache.

Doctor Blake, of the London Medical Society, in a recent lecture said that it was perfectly useless to extract teeth because they ached, as any case of the toothache except those connected with rheumatism may be instantly cured by the following: Alum reduced to an impalpable powder, 2 drachams; nitrous spirit, 7 drachams; mix and apply to the tooth. The remedy is so simple that it is certainly worth trying.

A MATTER OF SECT.

SHE.
I'm really very blue to-night,
For somehow things have not gone right,
And all the world seems dark to me.
So I'm a little "Sad-you-see."

HE.
My eyes have either lost their sight,
Or else quite dimly burns the light,
For other sect you ne'er can be,
Since you are always "Phar-i-see."

A MIXTURE.

EDITORIAL ETCHINGS EUPHONIOUSLY ELUCIDATED.

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

—A neck-and-neck race—Giraffes.
—Concealing the truth—Lying in ambush.
—An early closing ordinance—"Shut the door."
—One hundred women ride tricycles in Washington.
—A man who does business on a large scale—a coal leader.
—A skillful cook is the most popular of all interior decorators.
—The signs of war may yet be discerned on the European horizon.
—The mother with twin boys know what it is to toil from son to son.
—Thousands of tourists are crossing Niagara river on the ice bridge.
—Ernesto Rossi, the eminent Italian tragedian, is publishing his memoirs.
—We are all fortune-tellers. That is, we can tell a fortune when we see it.
—When a physician loses his skill it naturally follows that he is out of practice.
—Women are the best detectors of counterfeits when the counterfeits are not men.
—The price of rubber goods remain very firm. One would think that it would be elastic.

—"Westward the 'star' of empire takes his way" but he frequently walks home again on the ties.

—It is said now that the storms follow the steel rail tracks. Such is the theory of the Safety Valve.

—Fred D. Grant is to be appointed Quarantine Commissioner, to succeed Thomas C. Platt.

—In matters of conscience first thoughts are best; in matters of prodence last thoughts are best.

—The man who can never get a day off—the chap who has "thirty days" from the police court judge.

—"Tight money," murmured the unfortunate in the police court as he paid the usual fine and costs.

—A law prohibiting the intemperate hoarding of wealth might prevent money from becoming tight.

—We send 1,000,000 barrels apples every year to foreign nations, and won't take any "sass" in return either.

—The Crown Prince's case is now hopeless, although you will see occasionally a more encouraging report.

—It does not take a schoolboy long to evince a love for division, proveded another boy owns the apple.

—During the past thirty days the price of real estate in Anniston, Ala., has advanced from 15 to 30 per cent.

—It is sad to see family relics sold at auction but the most painful thing under the hammer is generally your thumb nail.

—Statistics show that girls who work in a match factory do not get married any quicker than those who work at other places.

—What is the difference between a country school master and Britannia? One rules the wave and the other waves the rule.

—It is no use for a piano to be square or upright. Mr. Talmage is authority for saying that there will be none of them in Heaven.

—The most dull and sickening taud is that produced by the dropping of an old-fashioned copper cent into a church contribution box.

—The difference between the sun and a man's nose is one is the center of the solar system and the other the scenter of the human system.

—There will be three eclipses of the sun in 1888, but you need not get out your smoked glass, as they will not be visible in North Carolina.

—One hundred emigrants from Belfort, France, started for Dakota last Thursday. There are signs that immigration from France is increasing.

—Several Bulgarian military officials, Government officials and teachers have been arrested on the charge of conspiring against Prince Fredinand.

—The boy who quails at the sight of a mustard plaster is the same lad that goes fearlessly forth to tackle a bee's nest with a handful of willow switches.

—A Boston surgeon has extracted the nerves from a man's cheek. What business house the patent intends to serve as commerical traveler is not stated.

—Experience teaches many things, prominent among which, to a man is that it is safer to run your chance with a balky mule than to dictate to a woman on wash day.

—"Humph!" grumbled the clock, "I don't know of any one who 's harder worked than I am; twenty-four hours a day year in and year out." And then it struck.

—Both sides in the Reading strike still hold out and no sign of compromise is shown. Conventions were held at several mining towns Sunday, the Most important at Reading.

—Mr. Wilfrid Blount repeats his statement that Mr. Balfour said last fall that he would imprison six of the physically weakest Irish leaders, Mr. Balfour says the story is a ridiculous fabrication.

—The Pacific is not always pacific. The other day it got itself into a perfect fury and dashed its waves clean over the top of Tillamook lighthouse, which is nearly two hundred feet above the level.

—In his valedictory the retiring editor and proprietor of a Nevada Journal says: "Thanking an ever-indulgent public for not having mobbed me long since, I am sincerely theirs to serve," etc.

—M. de Lesseps maintains that the Panama canal will be made available for transit of the vessels in 1890, by means of immense metallic locks, which Engineer Eiffel has been ordered to construct.

—There are moments in life, when past events, like winged shuttles, dart to and fro before us, and by their incessant movements weave a web which we ourselves, in a greater or less degree, have spun and put upon the loom.

—Mrs. M. Hurley, of San Francisco, who is one hundred and five years old, has left alone in the world, with no one to look after in her old age, having recently lost a son, aged eighty, and a daughter, who was sixty-eight at the time of her death.

—The speech of Senator Vance in favor of the abolition of the whiskey, beer, wine, apple-jack, tobacco, cigars and cigarette tax is well worth reading. It is an able speech throughout, and in his accustomed clear and excellent style. Senator Vance always makes strong speeches.

—A colored woman, the wife of Willie Ellis, of Albany, gave birth to twin boys. They are said to have weighed the enormous amount of thirty-seven pounds, one turning the scales at twenty pounds, the other at seventeen, the heaviest babies ever known. Mother and children are doing well.

—The forest lands of the United States, excluding Alaska, embraces 500,000,000 acres, or 28 per cent of the entire area. The farmers own about 38 per cent of the forest area, or some 185,000,000 acres. The rest is owned by railroad corporations, mine owners, charcoal burners, tanneries, lumberman and speculators.

—The estimated expenses of the Chicago police department for the present year are \$1,550,000, which, the Macon Telegraph says, is more than the total income of the State of Georgia. The amount spent by Chicago on her public school system annually is over five times as much as the entire school fund of Georgia.

—The Farm and Home has had a carefully prepared statement made of the money in this country and finds the actual money of the country is thus about 1917 millions of dollars, of which nearly one-third is locked up in the treasury, over one-eighth is absorbed by the national banks 1050½ millions are in "circulation, of which amount we have \$1.75.

—The man who first used the torpedo in naval warfare died a few days ago in Georgetown, D. C. Francis Edgar Sheppard came of an old North Carolina family, was educated at the Annapolis Naval School, and at the outbreak of and war entered the Confederate navy. Just twenty-five years ago this month Sheppard blew up United States gunboat Cairo on Mississippi by means of an old fashioned torpedo. Captain Sheppard watched the explosion from the bank of the river, and declared that torpedo warfare was cowardly. He never again set a torpedo.

STATE NEWS.

FROM THE DEEP BLUE SEA TO THE GRAND OLD MOUNTAINS.

An Hour Pleasedly Spent With Our Delightful Exchanges.

There are 272 Farmers' Alliances in the State.

The Baptist Church of Clayton has called Rev. Dr. Harrell to be its pastor.

The Tobacco Plant says Durham has "upright, eloquent, consecrated preachers."

The first cotton ever raised in North Carolina was planted in a field near Raleigh.

Representative Simmons has introduced a bill for the erection of a public building at New Bern.

The West Market Street Methodist Church, of Greensboro, has raised \$500 to buy a new bell.

Durham has four banks, two newspapers, one tobacco journal and three tobacco warehouses.

It is calculated that colored people pay taxes on \$4,000,000, worth of property in North Carolina.

The Tarboro fertilizer factory is now running on full time, with a capacity of fifty tons per day.

Congressman Henderson is reported to the effect that he preferred to be Congressman to Governor.

There is to be a book-sellers' convention for North Carolina on February 22nd, either in Raleigh or Greensboro.

C. L. Reese of Baltimore, has been elected Professor of Chemistry at Wake Forest college to succeed Dr. Duggan.

The Durham Tobacco Plant has entered upon a new volume and another year of usefulness. May it reach many times its present age.

The Young Men's Christian Association throughout the State seem to be meeting with universal success. In Charlotte they have a very large building.

The Newberne Journal says: "We learn that recently Mr. L. F. Tillery, formerly telegraph operator here, but now of Rocky Mount, who is visiting his father in law, Mr. Geret Vyne, of Havelock, went out with a little son of Mr. Vyne for a hunt. In some way young Vyne's gun went off unexpectedly and a great part of the load lodged in Mr. Tillery's back and shoulder. The shot, fortunately were small and Mr. Tillery was not seriously hurt, but we learn that his wounds were quite painful. He has many friends in the city who sympathize with him."

There is an old lady living in the northern part of Stokes county, aged about 70 years, who never saw a railroad, a cook stove, a sewing machine or an organ. She has not been on the public road but once in ten years. She lives within one-half of a mile of her brother-in-law, and has not visited him once in four years, has not visited her brothers and sisters, who live but a short distance away, in twenty-five years. She does not employ a cook, or wash woman, spins and weaves, and makes her own clothing, besides doing the work of a family of four, and thinks there is no place like home.

The Watchman says "Salisbury to-day is very different from the Salisbury of five years ago. Six denominations are represented here by a place of worship; Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, Lutheran, Episcopal and Catholic. All have Sunday schools attached and are well attended. The press consists of four papers, the Herald, Truth, Press and Watchman. There is also a colored paper printed here under the auspices of Livingstone College, The Star of Zion. We have three tobacco warehouses, four large plug tobacco manufacturing, with a big capacity, another to be built in the spring, and two smoking tobacco factories. The full capital stock for two cotton factories has been subscribed by our home capitalists within the last two months, and the erection of both mills will be begun as soon as the spring opens."

Three C's.—There are three c's that seize the children and carry them off. The three c's are colds, coughs, and croup. Mothers! Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup saves the little ones lives!

If men are suffering tortures with toothache they should not try to smile and look cool and handsome. How much wiser to ease the pain with a bottle of Salvation Oil. Price 25 cents.