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# THE WILSON MIRROR.

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

WILSON, NORTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1888.

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## A MIXTURE.

EDITORIAL ETCHINGS EUPHONIOUSLY ELUCIDATED.

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

—The equestrian takes a back seat.

—Keifer, of Ohio, has declared against Blain.

—He is a good orator who convinces himself.

—There is a great deal of blow about the signal service offices.

—When there is elevation of character there will be fastidiousness.

—The convict is naturally in a good humor when he's breaking out.

—Maud asks: "How can I get white hands?" Make bread, Maud.

—Bismark says that the great European war will not occur until 1892.

—What we call our despair is often only the painful eagerness of unfed hope.

—Man was created a little lower than the angels, and he generally stays there.

—Opportunities are like vacant lots. They must be improved to be profitable.

—Women are happier in their illusions than in their most agreeable experiences.

—Life is not all sunshine for the tramp. There is a good deal of dish water thrown in.

—"I shall husband my resources," said the rich woman when she married a poor clerk.

—A woman's scorn is not to be trifled with. Especially when you step on it in a crowd.

—Judge North of the Missouri Supreme Court, has declined to run for Governor in that State.

—Men who cover themselves with glory sometimes find that they are, after all, very thin clad.

—It is rumored that the interstate people are going to abolish the Rocky Mountain passes.

—The pen is mightier than the sword, but an argument from either is likely to be very pointed.

—The waves of old ocean are by no means ready to sleep when they put their white caps on.

—"Every cloud has its silver lining." The boy who has the mumps can stay away from school.

—Frederick Warde is preparing a spectacular production of "Othello," in which he proposes to play Iago.

—When the palm of your hand itches it is a sign that you are going to get some money—when you earn it.

—Arrangements are being made in New York to celebrate Gen. Grant's birthday anniversary on April 27th.

—The Mormons are believed to oppose round dances, because a man can only dance with one wife at a time.

—Because a wife does not speak out against some of your habits is no proof that they do not make her unhappy.

—Life is a reckoning we can not make twice over. You can not mend a wrong subtraction by doing your addition right.

—The man who idly lives on what his father earned and stored up, occupies the same relation to society as does a pauper.

—"I see the dude has got into the latest edition of Webster's dictionary." "Has he? Well, hurry then, and slam the cover down."

—"Does marriage change a man?" asks a writer. That depends on whom he marries. Some women would make a man bald in six months.

—"Advice" says a philosopher, "should come to us like a gentle fall of snow." Very true; but we usually receive it as if it were a shower bath.

—What a suspicious monster the man must have been who first invented a lock; but what a trusting creature the woman who first allowed a latchkey!

—The Czar has cut the buttons from the coats of his soldier boys. He wants them to finger cartridges and ship the buttons from the jackets of Fritz and Hans.

—A strange child was introduced to 4-year old Adelaide with injunctions as to his entertainment. With a superb dignity the suggestions were checked by: "My dear, I have played with children all my life."

—Richmond, Va., has twelve and a half miles of railroad that is operated successfully by electricity. The grades for nearly the whole distance are heavy and curves sharp.

—The number of people employed in and about the London and provincial theatres of England, it is said, according to figures compiled recently, amounts to about 150,000.

—The Southern tour of Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett is phenomenal. Seats are sold at \$4 and \$5 each, and people stand in line several days in advance to get them.

—An exchange has an article on "China as It Is." Just how China is depends upon the hired girl. Generally it is wicked, and often so badly broken that it has to be swept out.

—A war tariff—a high tariff—was levied to meet the expenses of the War debt. Now a low tariff will fill the Internal Revenue vacuum. One fact is worth a thousand theories.

—Stepniak, of whom there is now much talk of in this country, lives in a little cottage in the St. John's Wood suburb of London. He is tall and of square and massive build.

—A scientific exchange says: "What is rotary motion?" Why, it is that experienced by a drunken man when lying flat on his back and clutching the sidewalk for fear he'd fall off.

—An eggshell is said to be strong enough to support a man's weight, but the man who puts half a dozen in his coat tail pocket and steps on a banana peel cannot be made to believe it.

—The farewell engagement of Henry Irving and Ellen Terry in the United States will open at the New York Star Theatre on Monday evening, Feb. 20, with W. G. Will's "Olivia."

—Nervous lady passenger (in the train, after passing a temporary bridge)—Thank goodness, we are now on terra firma! Facetious gentleman—Yes, ma'am—less terror and more firmer.

—"I tell you what it is, Gus Araminta's father can't appreciate us. He has no soul." "Oh! he hasn't, eh? Well, if you'd been in my place last night you'd have thought he was all sole."

—There are two sisters between fifty and sixty years old living near Dalton, Ga., who have not seen each other for sixteen years, although they live only four miles apart and are on perfectly friendly terms.

—An exchange says: "A potato that weighed eleven pounds was raised by a man in Lawrence county, Ark." The Arkansas men must be "powerful weak" if this is considered a remarkable feat of strength.

—The best explanation of the phrase "between the two horns of a dilemma" is a boy on top of an orchard wall, with a dog impatiently waiting for him on one side and the owner of the premises, with a cow-hide, on the other.

—G. W. Smally in his cable letter says: "No soldier believes that Russia is a match for both. An attack by Russia can only be the act of a mad man. Yet the publication of his treaty puts the Czar in this dilemma: He must attack, or must yield to a public threat."

—Mme. Christine Nilsson says in a letter to a Philadelphia friend that she is a constant rheumatic sufferer and she fears that she will be obliged to close her professional career at once. She adds that she has not even contemplated another American tour.

—The Czar does not mean to be eclipsed by the ex-Empress Eugenie. She expended \$500,000 upon a mausoleum for the dead Emperor and son, and Alexander is about spending \$650,000 on a monument to his murdered father. The people, of course, have to furnish the money.

—Charles A. Dana, of the Sun, is 78 years old and his politics do not improve with age. He favors abolishing the whiskey tax, advocates a High Tariff and blows for the Blair bill. He is also opposed to President Cleveland's Administration and to his renomination. He opposed him in 1884. Mr. Cleveland was elected.

—In Connecticut in 1886 there was some talk concerning the marriage of young Harry Baldwin, of Birmingham, aged 22 years, to Mrs. Charlotte Canfield, aged 76 years, also of that town. On Saturday the mismatched couple were divorced. Baldwin failed to get the old lady's money the magnet that had led to the absurd match.

[For THE MIRROR.]  
**How Sorrow Changed to Pleasure.**  
[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

"And he has enough already with his wife and six children," observed Maria.

"Enough! yes he has enough," said Ezra pushing his plate back and rising from the table. Then his competent wife stacked the dishes and poured the water preparatory to washing, and having performed this duty she joined Mr. Andrews on the back porch where that worthy was enjoying the fresh air, his pipe and easy chair. Placing the churn near her husband that she might work and converse at the same time, she asked, "Will Mr. Brown disinherit Will on account of this affair?"

"I don't know what Brown will do, but I just tell you what Ezra Andrews would do. Will could keep the horse and buggy but he should never have one copper cent of my hard earning, or one foot of my well plowed land. You hear that, don't you, Maria?" and he brought down his fist with vehemence on the arm of his chair.

Mrs. Andrews intimated that she did hear, indeed it would have been quite a wonder if she had not fully comprehended every word, for the farmer, as was his custom when speaking in real live earnest, had elevated his voice until he fairly roared.

"That is so really you, Ezra, but don't be too hard on me, he really loves—"

"Loves!" thundered the farmer. "What does a boy of twenty know about love? as much as a cat does of astronomy. Will just got married to show the old folks he could get along without them, I reckon however he'll find out marrying isn't what novel writers make out it is."

"And the girl he married what is her name, Ezra?"

"Her name, blessed if I know, but it is that cymbling headed, red faced girl he has been flying around with all the Summer."

"Why, to be sure, Ezra, Will ought to have done better."

"Done better; if it was my son I rather see him marry a pig," yelled the farmer. "It hurts Brown, and hurts bad too, for he was setting great store by that boy and I used to say to myself he was a son to be proud of, but there is no telling what a boy will do—"

"When he gets in love?" suggested Mrs. Andrews.

"In love; Will Brown can no more love that ungainly creature than I can. He can't do it, Maria, it is not in him to stoop low enough for that."

Just then Ezra saw Mr. Brown's buggy come in sight, and walked to his gate to see if he could get a ride to town, as he wanted some tobacco for his hands. "They will not work with out it you know, Brown, and what is your business to-day?"

"To find out something about my son's affairs. It is a bad case, worse than you think for. I never thought I'd live to see a son of mine act like that."

All the way both were unusually quite but in the first store they entered they were accosted by a merry youth who asked: "Well, gentlemen, how did you enjoy the wedding last night?"

Mr. Brown passed on without answering but Mr. Andrews said, "No wedding, only a runaway match and Brown seems to take it rather hard."

"But how about your self Mr. Andrews?"

"Oh! I sympathise deeply with Brown, but if it had been my son—"

"Your son, it was you daughter, Mr. Andrews."

"My daughter! pshaw, you are joking, Nellie is at home."

"I am not afraid to wager the half of Vanderbilt's estate that you have not seen her to day;" replied the young man.

"Sure enough I have not, but then I never do until dinner time."

"Didn't you know she married Will Brown last night?"

"No, nor am I likely to know it. Nellie is nothing but a child; she is going off to school next week. You are very funny, young man, but I know my own affairs better than you do."

"I don't like to contradict you, Mr. Andrews, but I saw the knot tied myself, and your daughter is now Mrs. Brown."

Slowly the truth began to dawn on Mr. Andrews. "Young man," he roared, catching him by the arm, "if you don't tell me the truth I'll give you the worse thrashing you ever had in your life." He was about to carry his threat into execution when his arm was suddenly arrested,

and a gruff voice asked: "Why, what is the matter? I really can't allow this in my store."

"This boy says my daughter is married."

"So she is, but are you going to vent your rage on us for her conduct?"

"Well, no, but I tell you Nell is not married, and do you suppose I am going to be contradicted about my own business?"

At this juncture Mr. Brown came in with a beaming countenance, walking up to Mr. Andrews he took his hand, shook it again and again.

"Why, what is the matter, have you found out that Will isn't married?"

"He's married, Andrews, but it is to your little Nellie. Bless the children, how did they keep it from us."

"Run away with my girl has he?" and here the farmer opened a volley of terrible execrations on the head of the offending Will. But he finally ended by begging the pardon of the merchant and his son, shaking hands with Mr. Brown and jumping into the buggy insisted in driving straight to Lunly's plantation and bringing the young folks home.

Mr. Brown being used to his friend's violent impulses permitted himself to be carried to the home of Will, which they reached early in the afternoon. The fathers entered the new farm house together. Mr. Brown took little Nell in his arms imprinting kiss after kiss on her blushing cheek, while Mr. Andrews walked up to Will and slapping him on the shoulder said: "Well, I have come with your father to take you home," and, winking his eye mischievously, "Will Brown I've a good mind to give you a whipping. But I don't expect it is much trouble to pick up, so get your horse and buggy and lets go to mother."

"And you are not mad with us are you, father," asked Nellie.

"I have been as mad as a man ever got to be, but I couldn't help my self, and now hurry up children and lets get back home."

Mr. Andrews and Will walked over to see if Squire Lunly would release Will from his bargain, which he agreed to do upon Mr. Andrews promising to fill the situation with a competent person.

It was quite dark when the bridal party reached home.

Mrs. Andrews on going to Nellie's room with her breakfast found a note pinned to the pillow, she read it and was so shocked that she instantly fainted, and was quite ill when Nellie arrived.

"My darling child, why did you act so," asked the anxious mother.

"Because I knew that you and father would say, 'Wait until I come home from school,' and I could not leave Willie, besides, Mama, I don't want to be a fine educated lady."

"You were such a child I never thought of you loving any one."

"I'm not quite such a child, mama, I'm nearly eighteen."

"Yes, indeed, you are, but it hardly seems so."

Soon after there was a snug little cottage built and neatly furnished, and presented to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Brown as a Christmas gift from Father Andrews.

And thus did the farmer prove what he would do, if it had been a child of his who had married without his knowledge.

ERNEST HARTE.

## STATE NEWS.

**FROM THE DEEP BLUE SEA TO THE GRAND OLD MOUNTAINS.**

**An Hour Pleasantly Spent With Our Delightful Exchanges.**

Oak Ridge has 125 student this session.

Three divorces were granted at the last Catawba Court.

The Salem paper mills ship manila paper to New York.

Freight is being shipped over the Oxford & Clarksville Railroad.

A deaf mute reports that Bingham, the murderer, is in France.

It is stated that a dog was recently sold at Thomasville for \$500.

The roll list at Trinity College now numbers about 160 students.

There are now at the Baptist Orphanage at Thomasville, ninety-one orphans.

The Rev. Mr. Pearson will commence his meeting in Washington next month.

Raleigh's cotton receipts this year are one thousand bales in excess of last year.

A seal was captured in Neuse river last week, measuring between five and six feet long.

Twenty farmers sub-alliances have been organized in the State within the last two weeks.

Greensboro has eighteen incoming and outgoing passenger trains daily to all parts of the world.

The truck farmers in the vicinity of Goldsboro have almost finished planting their pea crop.

The fire in the hearth of a house at Danbury, N. C., has not been out for forty-five years. The man who occupies the house built it and he has never spent a night away from home.

The Republicans of this State will hold their convention in Raleigh on the 23d of next May. They will nominate a State ticket and appoint delegates to the Republican National Convention.

About two hundred and seventy-three thousand pounds of smoking tobacco and forty-seven million four hundred and fifty one thousand cigarettes have been shipped from Durham, N. C., since the holidays.

In Chatham county last week, a school teacher undertook to whip one of his boy pupils. The boy resisted, and was reinforced by a young lady scholar, who drew a pistol and fired two shots at the teacher. The pedagogue had evidently taught that young lady how to shoot, for she put a bullet through his coat tail.

During 1887 the Oxford Orphan Asylum provided for 203 children at that institution. Now there are 221, and 90 applicants for admission on file. The superintendent estimates that there are 1,000 children in the State who ought to be in the asylums. The receipts of the institution were \$19,072, expenditures \$18,527.

John A. Moore, Esq., a prominent lawyer, died at his home in the town of Halifax Saturday night. His death was due to pneumonia, after an illness of a fortnight. He was a very clever and bright man, and was popular. He was a brother of Judge Wm. A. Moore, of Chowan, and a son of the late Hon. Augustus Moore, of the Superior Court. He had been spoken of as a nominee to the Supreme Court.

Never in the recent history of North Carolina has there been a period when the idea of the establishment of cotton factories has taken so strong a hold on some sections of the State. Charlotte was first to become conspicuous for its effects in this direction, and a number of such enterprises have been set on foot there. Raleigh has begun to get in earnest in regard to such establishments, and Statesville has just organized a factory with \$50,000 subscribed as stock. Other places have been awakened on the subject, and we are gratified that Asheville is not behind, but that other big projects are likely to be inaugurated and that city will sustain her reputation of keeping square up with the procession.

The great popularity and success of Salvation Oil, the great pain destroyer, have made it a target for counterfeiters. Buy the genuine. Price 25.

"Died of ammonia, poor fellow," said Mrs. Partington, on learning of a friend's death from pneumonia. "I believe I should have died, too, but for Dr. Bull's Cough Stirrup." Dr. Bull's Cough Stirrup she meant, of course.

Rank