

THE WILSON MIRROR.

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

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OUR COUNTRY.

A BRILLIANT AND MAGNIFICENT DREAM

of Its Grand and Growing and Rapidly Expanding Powers and Possibilities.

The earth is throbbing from zone to zone under the restless activity and power of mind. Never has the world witnessed such a grand achievement and glorious triumph of intellect and genius. A little ten-year-old boy living off in the country who never saw a railroad, has no conception of a printing press, street cars, electric lights, gas lights, telegraphs or telephones. Yet he may live to see the curves in our railroads abandoned and enveloped in grass, and magnificent air-line trunk railways, ribboned with three, four, six, steel tracks, over which a hundred trains shall go thundering along daily at the rate of sixty to one hundred miles per hour, with no wood, no coal, no fire, no water about the engine. He may live to see the great metropolitan dailies duplicated simultaneously in all the leading cities of this country and of the world. He may live to see the day when the telegraph will be discarded and ignored, as being too slow and too tedious. He will doubtless live to see the telegraph brought to such perfection that it will virtually annihilate space. He may live to see the day when friends live on opposite sides of the continent may, by means of photographic processes, be brought face to face and look each other in the eye, as they talk through the telephone, as freely and fluently as if sitting together. He may live to see the day when an agent of the weather bureau, located at Raleigh, will inform the central office at Washington that a drought prevails in a given section of the State, and that agent will be ordered to give it rain and that will be done. The possibilities of human genius and scientific achievement have never yet been fathomed.

SIX MARRIED MEN.

Not One of Them Knew How a Woman Puts on a Corset.

At this juncture the coroner desired to show to the jury the direction taken by the ball, and for this purpose produced the corset worn by Mrs. Burkhart at the time of the tragedy. "You see," said he, and here he drew the corset around his waste with face in front; "the ball must have gone in from behind. No, that can't be either for the doctor says the ball went in in front. Confound it, I've got it on wrong. Ah! this way." (Here the coroner put the corset on upside down.) "Now, you see (pointing to the hole in the garment, which rested over his hip), the ball must have gone in here. No, that can't be either, for—"

Here Mr. Mather, the handsome man on the jury, broke in. "Dr. Stillman," said he, "you've got that corset on wrong." Here Dr. Stillman blushed like a peony. "Well," said he, "I've been married twice and I ought to know how to rig a corset." "Yes," said Mr. Mather, "but you don't. You had it right in the first place. The strings go in front and the ladies clasp them together at the back. Don't I know? I think I ought to. I have been married. If you doubt it, look here (pointing to the fullness at the top.) How do you suppose that's going to filled up unless you put it on as I suggest?" "That," said Dr. Stillman, "why that goes over the hips." "No, it don't," said Mr. Mather, "that fullness goes somewhere else—this way," and Mr. Mather indicated where he thought the fullness out to go.

Here another jurymen discovered that Dr. Stillman had the corset on bottom side up. "Doctor," said he, "put it on the other way."

Then the doctor put it on it reverse order, with the laces in front. This brought the bullet hole directly over the tails of his coat.

"I don't think," said Mr. Mather, "that the bullet went in there, doctor."

"I don't think it did," was the reply. "Confound it, it's mighty funny—six married men in this room and not one that knows how to put on a woman's corset."

Consolation.

Sorrow comes, and sorrow is always bitter and hard to endure, but divine comfort comes with it, unless in our blindness, we thrust the blessed angel from the door. And heavenly comfort is so rich and expe-

rience—being held close to the heart of Christ and consoled by his sweet love—that it more than compensates for the sorrow. It was the Master himself who said: "Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted." He certainly meant that God's comfort is so great a blessing that it is well worth while to mourn just to enjoy it; that those who do not mourn miss one of the richest, sweetest beatitudes of divine love. Night draws on with its darkness and we dread its approach, but when in deepens over us ten thousand stars flash out; the stars are rich compensation for the darkness. So it is when sorrow comes; we shudder at its coming, but we pass under its shadows, and heavenly comforts, which we had not seen before, appear glowing in silver splendor above our heads. In the bright summer days clouds gather and blot out the beauty of the sky and fill the air with ominous gloom and fierce lightnings and terrific thunder peals; but out of the clouds rain pours down to refresh the thirsty earth and to give new life to the flowers and the plants. So it is, also, with the clouds of trial whose black folds oft times gather above us in our fair summer days of gladness; there is compensation in the blessings they bring to our lives.

A Leap Year Yarn.

Clytie: "Harry you must have noticed that you have grown very dear to me. I— I—it is useless to longer conceal the truth, my darling I love you!"

Harry (turns pale and trembles): "It is so sudden, Miss Jones. Excuse my agitation, but I must have time to think."

Clytie: "Then you bid me hope, my angel? Oh, rapture!"

Harry (blushing coquettishly behind his whiskers): "I have not said that. Really Miss Jones I must refer you to ma."

Clytie: "Cruel, cruel one. Why have you awakened this pleasing hope in my bosom if only to blast it? Consider my love. Will nothing move you to mercy? Bestow upon me this little hand and make me the happiest of maidens."

Harry: "Alas! I cannot be. I esteem you highly as a friend, Miss Jones, but—forgive me if I pain you—I do not love you. (Holds out his hand.) But I will always be a brother to you."

She throws herself with a despairing wail on his bosom, kisses him passionately and rushes into the dark, dark world convinced that leap year is a fraud.

Sympathy.

We think the hardest thing for human nature to bear is lack of sympathy. One can endure privation, poverty, disappointment, trial, in almost any form, if there is only one loyal human being to whom we can turn our tearful eyes, and say: Isn't this hard.

Nor need there be a verbal reply: The slightest hand pressure; a quick responsive moistening of the eye; an arm slid around the waste; an echoing sigh; a touch of the lips to the throbbing forehead. What heaven is in these mute tokens! How they bridge over the yawning gulf of despair! How fair, when the tempest lulls, do they span it with hope's rainbow! True, the clouds may return—the chill mist—the darkness; but the bright, warm tints have been there! More than angelic are these soul responses. Eternity shall show it, when they over whom the shadows of great trouble fell, till wrong almost seemed right, shall, with these their earth saviour, serenely untangle the life-web, every fibre of which is spun by the hand of Infinite Love.

The Trials of a Deer

"Absalom," said Mrs. Ferguson, as she bathed her husbands aching head the next morning, "you promised me solemnly the first of the year that you wouldn't drink any more, and this is your third spree in less than three weeks. You have done this same thing every January for the last ten years. I've lost all faith in you. You are not a man—you're an animal."

"I know it, Mary Jane," replied Ferguson. "I know it. I'm a deer. I shed my horns once a year and they grow right on again."

No Such Battle.

Tramp—"Can't you give a poor man something to eat? I got shot in the war and can't work." Woman—"Where was you shot?" "In the spinal column, mum." "Go 'way! There was no such battle fought."

A MIXTURE.

EDITORIAL ETCHINGS EUPHONIOUSLY ELUCIDATED.

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

—The school question—Please, may I g'wout.

—Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face.

—A pillar of the church—A pious apothecary.

—Men who are a great deal run after—fugitives from justice.

—The fireman of a locomotive generally has a "tender" disposition.

—Absence destroys trifling intimacies, but it invigorates strong ones.

—Fame comes only when deserved, and then it is as inevitable as destiny.

—The clergyman may not be much of a carpenter, but is a pretty good joiner.

—The lightning-rod agent's motto—"Spare the rod and spoil the property."

—The innocence of the intention abates nothing of the mischief of the example.

—The thing that a woman knows best is how some other woman ought to dress.

—A country editor having received a gift of doughnuts, thanks the "doughnor."

—Holiness is love welling up in the heart, and pouring fourth crystal streams.

—Senator Chandler has the smallest head in the Senate, and the fullest of mischief.

—"Bessie, what scratched your arm in that way?" "Aunt Martha, I hit it with the cat."

—Mr. W. W. Corcoran is very ill and it is feared that his death may occur at any moment.

—There is nothing that so refines the face and mind as the presence of great thoughts.

—Simon Cameron is the latest and strongest accession to the Roscoe Conkling boom.

—A man who has health and brains and can't find a livelihood in the world, doesn't deserve to stay here.

—The nomination of Commodore Braine to be Rear Admiral, was confirmed by the Senate Thursday.

—"Can't you work?" asked a lady of a tramp. "I don't know, ma'am. I used to, but I'm out of practice."

—The best part of our knowledge is that which teaches us where knowledge leaves off and ignorance begins.

—A New Jersey man has invented a stove to carry in the hat." Wanted to utilize a stove pipe probabl—

—Idleness is the hot bed of temptation, the cradle of disease, the waster of time, the canker-worm of felicity.

—One of the greatest causes of trouble in this world is the habit people have of talking faster than they think.

—An impression seems to be gaining ground that the German Crown Prince's condition is well nigh hopeless.

—"Why do I live?" is the title of a recent poem. A perusal compels us to give up the problem as unanswerable.

—Maud S. is said to have a stride of fifteen feet. How a prize fighter must envy her when the police are after him.

—Col. Cash, the noted South Carolina duelist, has been stricken with paralysis and his case is thought to be hopeless.

—We do not see what it is that a clock should be ashamed of, that it should be constantly striking its face with its hand.

—The property of the Metropolitan Museum in New York is valued at \$1,900,000 exclusive of Miss Catherine Wolf's bequest.

—Now comes the time when the man who turned over a new leaf turns it back again to look for something that he forgot.

—It would be the most natural thing in the world for the young business man to put the letters of the "dove" in his pigeon holes.

—"How are collections to-day?" asked a man of a collector yesterday. "Slow, very slow; can't even collect my thoughts," was the reply.

—Rev. J. C. Price, the well-known colored preacher, teacher and lecturer, has been named by the President as Minister to Liberia.

—Energy will do anything that can be done in this world, and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities will make a man without it.

—A South Carolina paper tells of a farmer in that State who has been at the plow for sixty-eight years. It is time to call the old man to dinner.

—Raspberry jam is now made of stewed tomatoes and hay seed. Give them a little time and they will make white clover honey out of bone phosphate.

—It is idleness that creates impossibilities; and when men care not to do a thing, they shelter themselves under a persuasion that it cannot be done.

—"Johnny," said the Sunday school teacher, "what is your duty to your neighbors?" "To ask them to tea as soon as they get settled," said Johnny.

—Landlord—"Come, Sepp, that is the tenth match I've seen you strike. What have you lost?" Sepp—"I'm looking for a match that I've dropped on the floor."

—Irving gathered in \$80,000 from the Bostonians in four weeks. A good actor in this country has a golden field to reap richer than Orix's gems and Golconda's wealth."

—Seventy years in the army is a record but few men ever made. Gen. Harney on last Monday celebrated such an anniversary. He used to be regarded as the great Indian fighter.

—The public look upon the college yell as a useless accomplishment, but in later years, when some of the boys get into the itinerant fish business they find it comes in powerful handy.

—Conversation opens our views, and gives our faculties a more vigorous play; it puts us upon turning our notions on every side, and holds them up to a light that discovers latent flaws.

—Gen. Sheridan has himself set at rest the question as to any possibility of his becoming a candidate for the Presidency. He says he would not accept the nomination if made and tendered to him.

—A building has been begun on Broadway, New York, by Austin Corbin, which will be the tallest for its width in the country. The front is only twenty-two feet, yet it will be eight stories in height.

—The Knights of Pathias were organized on February 19, 1864, twenty four years ago, in Washington City by Justice H. Rathbone. They have now 3,000 subordinate lodges and over 200,000 members.

—Depot Master: "Don't you see that sign? Gentlemen not allowed to smoke in this room." Seedy individual: "It doesn't apply to me." Depot Master: "Why not?" Seedy individual: "Because I'm no gentleman."

—Europe is reported to be arming for war in earnest. France is equipping her fleet and her arsenals are busy. There is a rumor in London that the Tory Government will come out with an anti-Russian policy.

—The Republicans are dreadfully greived because Mr. Cleveland will not be presented to the Democratic Convention. They know that if he was to say so he would mean it; and they fear that his nomination means his election.

—Mr. Boutelle's resolutions in regard to flags captured during the late "rebellion"—so called, is a boomerang. The Secretary of War has replied, elaborately, showing that the only flags given out was under a Republican administration and by Republican officials.

—Some critics are like chimney sweeps; they put out the fire below, or frighten the swallows from their nests above; they scrape a long time in the chimney, cover themselves with soot, and bring nothing away but a bag of cinders, and then sing from the top of the house as if they had built it.

—Mount Vernon, Ill., has suffered terribly from a cyclone. The town has been laid low and almost entirely destroyed. Nearly 300 buildings, brick and frame, were ruined, and some 1,500 people made homeless. Thirty-five were killed outright and many others severely injured. It was all over in 30 minutes.

—Theodore Tilton is living in a remote quarter of Paris in by no means affluent circumstances. His dress is almost shabby and with his hair hanging about his shoulders he presents a peculiar appearance as he walks about the streets of the French capital. He does a little literary work now and then, but writes with no regularity.

STATE NEWS.

FROM THE DEEP BLUE SEA TO THE GRAND OLD MOUNTAINS.

An Hour Pleasantly Spent With Our Delightful Exchanges.

Winston is shipping tobacco to England direct.

Good for Henderson. She has organized a chamber of commerce.

Blooming peach trees at Goldsboro. Green pears up at Beaufort.

An Arab woman was killed by a train near Wilmington last week.

North Carolina has 57 public libraries, aggregating 158,050 volumes.

Dr. F. M. Rountree, a very prominent physician of Kinston, is dead.

The Friends School at New Garden will soon change its name to Guilford College.

Rich gold ore has been discovered on the land of Mr. W. B. Walker in Moore county.

Chatham county has 50 postoffices which is more than any other save Randolph which is 64.

Lieut. Winslow in his report to the Governor for the fiscal year ending Nov. 20th, last, places the cost of the oyster survey at \$11,494.15.

Mr. L. W. Pridgen, near Point Caswell, Pender county, has a pig several months old that was born without feet or eyes, and is thriving.

Mr. Jno S Cunningham, of North Carolina, is the largest bright tobacco planter in the world. This year he will plant over one and a half million hills.

It is proposed to exhibit the skeleton of a whale which was captured at Beaufort last week, at the Newbern oyster, fish and game fair on the 13th, 14th and 15th of March.

The North Carolina Car Company, of Raleigh, has begun operations on its contract to furnish freight cars to the Monroe-Atlanta railway, a part of the Seaboard system.

A Fish, Oyster and Game Fair at New-Berne, N. C. is to be held on the 13th 14th and 15th March. Special rates have been made over all railroad and steamboat lines in the State.

The Carolina spoke and handle works of Charlotte are now running on full time and shipments of rims, spokes, handles, &c., are being shipped to many parts of this and other countries.

Jno. Page, seventeen years old, cut his father's throat in Greenville, N. C., last week, because his father required him to cease visiting until he recovered from an infectious disease with which he was suffering.

Parties who bought what is known as "big swamp" in Robeson county, containing 60,000 acres, are running a canal through it. The canal is thirty feet wide and will be used for drainage and transportation.

A couple of Mormon elders have gone to Davie county to begin the work of making converts to their faith. It is reported that many Mormon missionaries will arrive in various sections of the South in the next few months.

Besides a full exhibit of fish, oysters and game at the Craven County Fair of 13th 14th and 15, there will be shown native woods, farm products, live stock and poultry, marl, antique relics, fancy works and art. Many valuable premiums are to be offered.

Cleveland county is noted for the numerical strength of its churches, which number by actual count sixty-three. They are as follows: Methodists of all kinds, 34; Baptists of all kinds, 23; Presbyterians rejoice in three; Lutherans one, and Episcopalians one in Shelby.

The election of Jono S. Cunningham, Esq., of Person county, as president of the great convention of the farmers of North Carolina and Virginia, recently held at Danville, was a graceful and well merited acknowledgement of the part that gentleman has taken in the building up of the great tobacco interests.

Rub the "painful points" thoroughly, when afflicted with neuralgia with Salvation Oil, the great pain annihilator. Price 25 cents a bottle.

Dr. Bulls Cough Syrup cures croupy cough that sounds so like nails driven into the child's coffin.