

THE WILSON MIRROR.

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

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HAPPINESS.

MONEY CANNOT PURCHASE IT.
It is Only Found in the Blessed Promise Religion Makes.

Reader, listen! All the wealth and all the fame and all the splendors and the extravaganzas of this world dyed into your shoulder cannot wrap peace around your heart for a single moment. The gayest wardrobe will utter no voice of condolence in the day of trouble and darkness. That woman is grandly dressed, and only she, who is wrapped in the robe of a Saviour's righteousness. The home may be very humble, the hat may be very plain, the brock may be very coarse; but the halo in Heaven settles in the room when she wears it, and the faintest touch of the resurrection angel will change that garment into raiment so exceeding white, so as no fuller on earth could whiten it. We come to you young women, to-day, to say that this world cannot make you happy. We know it is a bright world with glorious sunshine, and bird orchestra, and the warmest wave its foam wreath, and the coldest midnight its flaming aurora; but God will put out all these lights with the blast of his own nostrils, and the glories of this world will perish in the final conflagration. You will never be happy until you get your sins forgiven and allow Christ Jesus to take full possession of your soul. He will be your friend in every perplexity. He will be your comfort in every trial. He will be your defender in every strait. He do not ask you to bring, like Mary, the spices to the sepulchre of a dead Christ, but to bring your all to the feet of a living Jesus. His word is peace. His look is love. His hand is help. His touch is life. His smile is Heaven. Oh, come, then, in flocks and groups. Come, like the south wind over banks of myrrh. Come, like the morning light tripping over the mountains. Breathe all your affections on Christ's brow, set all your gems in Christ's coronet, pour all your voices into Christ's song, and let this Sabbath air rustle with the wings of angels, and the towers of God ring out the news of souls saved.

This world its fancied pearl may crave,
'Tis not the pearl for me;
'Twill dim its luster in the grave,
'Twill perish in the sea.
But there's a pearl of price untold,
Which never can be bought with gold;
O, that's the pearl for me.

What He Discovered.

A handsomely dressed young woman entered a crowded street car. A long whiskered old fellow, wearing a dingy slouch hat and a suit of homespun clothes, got up and said:

"Miss, take my seat. I don't look as well as these here gentlemen"—nodding at several men—"but I've discovered that I've got more politeness."

The young woman sat down without ever thanking the old fellow, and slightly winking at a woman whom she knew, whispered:

"How do you like my gallant country hoosier? Don't you think he would cut quite a figure in a dime museum?"

"Miss," said the old fellow with a smile that clearly bespoke his ignorance of the unladylike ridicule, "I believe I left my pocket book thar on the seat. Will you please get up a minute?"

The young woman got up. The old fellow sat down, and stroking his whiskers, remarked:

"Believe I'll keep on setting here, Miss, I stood up so much at the dime museum just now that I'm sorter tired. I've got a little more politeness than these gentlemen but I've discovered that I ain't got so much sense."

The Girl Who Helps Mother.

There is a girl, and we love to think of her and talk of her, who comes in late when there is company, who wears a pretty little air of mingled responsibility and anxiety with her youth, whom the others seem to depend on and look to for many comforts. She is the girl who helps mother. In her own home she is a blessed little saint and comforter. She takes unfinished tasks from the tired, stiff fingers that falter at their work; her strong finger is a staff upon which the gray haired, white faced mother leans and is rested. She helps mother with the spring sewing, with the week's mending with a cheerful conversation and congenial companionship

that some girls do not think worth while waiting on only mother. And when there comes a day when she must bend, as girls must: often bend, over the old, wornout body of her mother, lying unheeding in her coffin, rough hands folded, her long disquiet merged in rest, something very sweet will be mingled with her loss, and the girl who helped mother will find a benediction of peace upon her head and in her heart.

ASLEEP SEVEN YEARS.

A Farmers' Curious Affliction Which Followed an Attack of Fever.

A Utica (Minn.) telegram says: Herman Haines has slept almost continually for seven years. He has been treated in a dozen different ways, but no one has been able to break his protracted slumber. Powerful electric batteries have been applied to his body, the only effect being a contraction of the muscles. Haines is now forty-nine years old, and ten years ago was a prosperous farmer in St. Clair county, Ill. At that time he was hale and hearty, his weight being 180 pounds.

In 1877 he was stricken with fever and ague, and in the spring of 1880 moved to St. Charles, Winona county, when he was brought to Utica. A few months after his arrival in this State he fell asleep, and he has lived in this strange condition for more than seven years.

In the summer of 1884 he awoke one morning, arose from his bed, put on his clothes, and went about his work. When told that he had slumbered four years he grew indignant and would not believe that he had slept more than a night until led before a mirror and shown his long black hair and beard and sunken cheeks and eyes. For a month his health and habits seemed perfect. He went to bed at the usual hour, slept through the night, and arose with the lark.

In August, 1884, his wife became very ill, and Haines was obliged to deprive himself of needed rest. One night, while taking her a cup of tea, he suddenly fell asleep, dropped the cup, sank to the floor, and had to be taken to his bed, from which he has never since risen. He lies on his back, breathes naturally, and suffers little pain; but is wasting away. His weight is now less than ninety pounds, and he is no longer able to move himself in bed.

About 11 o'clock every evening he awakes for five or six minutes, during which time he is hurriedly given a soft boiled egg, a little soup, and a swallow or two of coffee, his only nourishment. He is extremely nervous during his brief waking intervals, but his conversation indicates that his mind is not beclouded. No medicine has passed his lips for two years. His children are bright and healthy.

THE SUBSCRIBERS SOLILOQUY.

To pay or not to pay, that is the question—Whether 'tis better for me to refuse To take a local paper and deprive My family from reading all the news, Or pay up promptly what the printer asks. And, by such payment, cheer him? No pay, no paper—Then no more shall I be posted on the news.

And local haps throughout the town, And divers topics—'tis a consummation That I have long feared. To pay, or stop? To stop! perchance to lose—ay, there's the rub!

For in that stop no interest do I take In any of the affairs that move the town, And such a shuffling off of all that's good Must make me pause. There the respect Which every editor maintains for those Who come down with the cash and ne'er delay To settle up "that little bill." For who would bear

The pointed squibs and pungent paragraph Which far too oft reflect upon a man Who fails to settle his subscription bill? I'll haste me now unto the editor, And, with my purse plerthoric in my hand, Will settle up in full, one year from date, By paying to him from my ready cash The sum which is his due.

His Sacred Promise.

"Rambo," said Baldwin, "what is the reason you drink your beer and whiskey through a straw nowadays?"

"I promised my dear little wife last New Year's day," replied Rambo, feelingly, "that I would never touch my lips to the in exciting cup again, and I'm a man of my word, Baldwin."

His Reason.

Father: "Aint you going to work?" Lazy son: "Guess not." "I don't understand how any body can loaf such weather as this. Why, it is a real pleasure to work now." "I know it, but I don't want to give myself up too much to mere enjoyment."

A MIXTURE.

EDITORIAL ETCHINGS EUPHONIOUSLY ELUCIDATED.

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

—Genius invents, talent applies.
—A stronghold—The bull dog's.
—We feel keenest the joy we never come to.

—Cupid is always shooting and forever making Mrs.

—During 1887 more than 6,000 houses were built in Baltimore.

—The people of the Territory of Dakota believe in a future State.

—They only who go without know truly what it is to have.

—Charity thinketh no evil. Charity never got up a comic valentine.

—How few are those who really understand what the mind is good for.

—It is the naked and hungry who can tell you best the good of food and raiment.

—In Buffalo a Sunday walking match is called a "sacred hoof concert."

—Many a homely, unattractive girl gets a husband on account of her pa-value.

—If the old price of coal will return all will be forgiven and no questions asked.

—How to carve a turkey with perfect ease and self-possession—do it by proxy.

—It is the glazier who can always be depended upon to take panes with his work.

—St. Louis is making big preparations for the National Democratic Convention.

—If a man wants to give a helping hand to a struggling young man, let him slip in four aces.

—Total visible supply of cotton for the world 2,907,850 bales; crop in sight 6,195,094 bales.

—The Treasury department uses 18,000 towels a month, and still the surplus is not wiped out.

—Shopping is too much of a sweet buy and buy for the frugal husband. It cloy on the taste.

—A Reading steel mill suspended Friday throwing nearly three hundred men out of employment.

—The bankers talk of forming a union. It will be a sort of dough-nation. Well, perhaps they knead it

—The real "boy wonder" is the youth who would rather saw a stick of wood than haul a sled five miles.

—Collecting old silver is now the popular rage. Others besides burglars find it pleasant employment

—Mary Crosby, of Wilmington, Del., has been married seven times. She seems to be a Mary-go-round.

—Riches do not always bring happiness, but they often hold it long enough for a fellow to put salt on its tail.

—A woman isn't fit to have a baby who doesn't know how to hold it; and this is as true of a tongue as of a baby.

—The girls in Brittany are not allowed to sell their hair. In this country the girls don't have to, as it's a sell itself.

—Bitter strife prevails between Milwaukee brewers and their men. In other words, they are at larger heads.

—"What is that you like about that girl?" asked one young man of another. "My arm," was the brief reply.

—Girls shouldn't whistle. It reveals to the young men that they have wind enough to make excellent scolds.

—Self-control lies at the foundation of character. He that does not control himself must be controlled by others.

—It is calculated by a careful Darwinian theorist that the fourth generation in Minnesota will be born with fur on.

—A proverb is, "Ask a pig to dinner and he will put his feet on the table." Well, pig's feet are not bad on the table.

—Frank Hurd says that he has no doubt that Ohio will go solid in the Convention for Cleveland and straight out free wool.

—It has been settled that Libby prison is to be removed to Chicago. The first installment of the purchase money has been paid.

—The cultured maiden from Boston wrote to her friend that she had been to hear Mr. Joseph Emmett sing "Pique-a-bout."

—An obituary notice contains the touching intelligence that the deceased had accumulated a little money and ten children.

—The naval vessels, in course of construction at Cramp's shipyard, Philadelphia, are reported as favorably progressing.

—The scientists have taught that insects have their affections, and now some one knows a mosquito that was mashed on a young lady.

—A Western girl has a pet bear, which she says, can not hug any two young men in that vicinity. There is trouble brewin' for that animal.

—The champion widow lives in Iowa. She sees that the graves of eleven husbands are kept green. She takes no note of men but their loss.

—"Suddenly he gave a start," is the newer and more fashionable way of beginning a love story. He had been sitting on a carpet tack probably.

—Small pox is reported to be terribly prevalent in the island of Cuba, and it is estimated that six thousand deaths have occurred in eight months.

—A man and his wife had a little difficulty in the kitchen the other day, and presently matters became so quiet that you could hear a rolling pin drop.

—"Another man thrown out of a good position!" remarked Crimson beak, as he saw a neighbor on the opposite side of the street slip and fall on the ice.

—A Rucoco Conkling Club has been formed in Buffalo, N. Y., with the intention of booming the ex-Senator for the Presidency. Look out, now!

—Where there is abuse there ought to be clamor; because it is better to have our slumbers broken by the fire-bell than to perish amid flames in our bed.

—A Detroit woman has succeeded in obtaining a divorce in twenty-four hours. A prominent sporting man offers to back her for \$500 against all comers.

—Why not let the lawyers settle the coal difficulty? They know all about Coke and Blackstone, if the coal dealers do know as much about Littleton.

—The Emperor William celebrates his 91st birthday next month, and every soldier in the great German army will be presented with the Kaiser's biography.

—The business of the London postoffice is of such magnitude that the present postmaster general has saved \$15,000 a year in sealing wax and twine expenses alone.

—If the Moorish custom of rubbing Cayenne pepper on the lips of women who told scandal were revived what a trade the Cincinnati spice dealers would do.

—The little farm house in which Horace Greely was born, together with 129 acres of farm land, is to be sold at auction at Amherst, N. H., for taxes amounting to \$20.25.

—"I'd like to cuff you, you young rascal!" exclaimed an irate man who had been a target for the lad's snowball. "Yer would, eh! Well, collar me fust and cuff me afterward, old man."

—Mr. Blaine is about to visit Rome. Rome is the scene of the career and untimely end of that well known magnetic statesman, Hon. J. Cassar, and it will be a place full of interest to Mr. Blaine.

—The Duke of Marlborough has purchased a steam fire engine and personally drills his servants once a week for the protection of "Blenhem," the historic mansion he inherited from his great ancestor.

—A redwood tree recently felled near Humboldt, Col., measured 16 feet in diameter one way and 20 feet in the other at the stump. It was 200 feet long, tapering to a diameter of 8 feet, and contained enough timber to construct a small village.

—The Presbyterians of the United States will in May celebrate the centennial existence of that church in this country. The church was organized in 1788 with 16 Presbyteries, 177 ministers, 419 churches and 10,000 members. It has to-day in its three branches 389 Presbyteries, 8,333 ministers, 11,212 churches or parishes and 750,000 members.

—The "negro exodus" scheme seems to have died still-born. The most prominent and intelligent colored men of the country have denounced it, and if it is received with favor by the negroes anywhere it must be those of the North. Perhaps it was a cunningly devised scheme to get rid of the negroes in that section, and especially in Kansas, where there are a number of them in wretched circumstances.

STATE NEWS.

FROM THE DEEP BLUE SEA TO THE GRAND OLD MOUNTAINS.

An Hour Pleasantly Spent With Our Delightful Exchanges.

Tarboro is to have a town hall.
Tarboro desires a canning factory.
Tarboro is evry anxious for a gymnasium

Goldsboro has fifteen lawyers and eleven doctors.

Grace St. M. E. church at Wilmington, is being rapidly built.

The Sampson Guards of Clinton, N. C. number forty men, rank and file.

The Wilmington papers are booming the town on the railroad subscriptions.

The Presbyterians are endeavoring to establish a church at Falkland, Pitt county.

Measles rage as an epidemic in Wilmington and is also prevailing in the country around.

Mr. W. P. Toomer was elected cashier of the Savings Bank of Wilmington on Friday last.

The petition to Congress for Tar river fishing creek appropriation has been sent to Senator Ransom.

Elizabeth City wants a canning factory and a savings bank. Both are convenient in large cities and towns.

There is a man residing in Lenoir county, named Lewis Pippin, who is over a hundred years old and has been married seven times.

A stock company with a capital of \$25,000 has been organized at Henderson for the establishment of the sash, door and blind factory.

—The Winston Daily says: There are three street railways in operation in the State, nine cities and town are lighted with electricity, and nine have waterworks systems in operation.

—The Goldsboro Argus says: A census of this city would show fifteen lawyers and eleven doctors and still it remains a solemn fact that Goldsboro is one of the healthiest and most peaceable cities in the State.

Many features of amusement are promised at the C'aven county Fair, March 13, 14 and 15. A tournament, parade of the best fire department in the State, glass ball and clay pigeon shooting, and various other things.

On Saturday last Capt. W. H. Kitchen, of Scotland Neck, got into an altercation with Mr. Haddry, which resulted in blows during which a young boy, brother, we believe, cut Mr. Kitchen in the back twice with a knife.

Cleveland county is noted for the numerical of its churches, which number by actual count 62. They are as follows: Methodists of all kinds, 34; Baptist, 23; Presbyterians, 3; Lutherans, 1; Episcopalians, 1.

Ground was broken to-day by the East Carolina Land and Railway Company, on their proposed road from Newbern to Onslow county. The first dirt was thrown by President Bryan, of the Atlantic & North Carolina Railroad, who is also a director in the new company.

The first timber for the erection of the new assembly building at Morehead City, was placed in position on Monday last, and the work from now out will be rapidly proceeded with. The building will be ready in each and every particular for the session of the assembly in June.

Judge Walter Clark has accepted the invitation to deliver the commencement address at the University of the State on the 6th of June. Judge Clark has proven himself to be a forcible writer and an independent thinker, and we are satisfied his address will be strong, practical and instructive.

A peculiar deposit which resembles clay in pliability, but which, when exposed to the air, becomes as hard as granite, has been discovered at the base of Bear Mountain, near Taylorsville, N. C. Blocks of it have been dug out and used for all the purposes of stone with success, and it is proposed to build houses with it.

Nothing but superlative merit can account for the phenomenal reputation achieved by Salvation Oil. It kills pain. Price 25 cents.

The Darwinian theory perplexes the multitude. They object to descendants from monkeys. But not even a baby objects to Dr. Bulls Cough Syrup.