

THE WILSON MIRROR.

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

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MRS. JOB.

A LONG AND SADLY NEGLECTED WOMAN.

At Last has a Kind and Sympathetic Word Spoken in Her Defense.

Job was a wonderfully afflicted man, but as a partial compensation for it he has had the sympathy of the human race for four thousand years. But it has not been so with Job's wife. No body has ever spoken a kind word of her. On the contrary, she has been held up for four centuries as a horrible example. But for all that we are confident the poor woman deserves a better place in history than she has ever occupied. If she was sour-tempered she had enough to give an acid tinge to her disposition. She was made to drink the dregs from every bitter cup, and it is probable that she bore her troubles with about as much equanimity as the average woman would do. In the first place she was suddenly reduced from luxury to penury. Any unfortunate woman who has this ordeal knows just the frame of mind poor Mrs. Job was in. In the next place she was bereft of her children. There is no grief so burdensome as that which falls upon a mother's heart when the grave hides her children from her sight. In addition to this accumulation of sorrows, she was left with an invalid husband on her hands. Job was covered with boils, and experience has taught us that there is no more exasperating patient than a man with a boil on him. There are wives, and good wives, too, in the Christian land of ours whose lives have been made most miserable for days and weeks at a time by a husband with one boil. Just think, then, what this poor woman had to endure with a husband with perhaps from five hundred to a thousand boils on him! Is it any wonder that the woman encouraged her husband to terminate his existence? The only wonder is that she didn't cut her own throat in despair. But these were not all the troubles that Job's wife had to bear. Her husband's friends came on a visit to him and took possession of the house for six weeks at a time. Other women, and good women, too, have had to endure the same affliction, and they can very easily account for Mrs. Job's exhibition of bad temper. Job got worried with the three visitors himself, and yet he didn't have to wait on them, to clean up their rooms, to wipe the tobacco juice from the parlor carpet every day, to sweep out the mud they carried in on their boots, and to submit to the thousand and one annoyances that a male visitor gives the housekeeper. It is about time that somebody was raising a voice in defense of Job's wife, and saying a kind word for the poor woman who for four thousand years has suffered the slings of unjust criticism in uncomplaining silence. There are a great many Job's wives in the world to-day. We meet them every day. They may not have husbands with boils on their bodies, but they have husbands who go to the clubs of evenings. They have husbands who are selfish enough to devote all their time to business and pleasure without considering that a portion of that time of right belongs to the woman, the charm of whose existence is his companionship. The Job's wives of to-day are the women who are burdened with the cares and sorrows of this life, and who get no sympathy. And their name is legion, and some of them are here in Wilson.

Do You Owe Us.

Do you owe us anything? If you do you will get up and hump yourselves; hump around and send us, if not all you owe, at least a part. There is a limit to even an editor's endurance. It costs money to print a paper—ink cost money, the wearing away of the gray tissue of the brain is purchased. As we sit here meditatively, we think about these things; we have to. If you want our paper, say so; we don't want to cram it down anybody's throat, but we hate to keep on sending it to a lot of old barnacles who own since the year 1850 because you are far away in your fancied security, don't think for a moment that you are to be free from remorse. We have hired a demon at an enormous salary, who have contracted to hunt each and every delinquent subscriber until he makes good his deficiency. The demon starts on his tour this week, and takes with him a bundle of one thousand-mile tickets, a sand club and our best wishes.

A War Relief.

The following is a copy of a letter found on the battle field at McCoull's farm, near Spotsylvania, C. H. The paper on which the letter is written has grown yellow with age, and where folded has been carefully sewed together.

The genuineness of the latter is fully attested by veracious people, among them the finder. It is highly interesting and emanated from a young lady evidently bent on marrying her dear Henry:

My Dear Henry;
I embrace this here opporchunity to let you knowh as how I had a spell of aiger and I does hope thease fue lines may find you enjoying the same Gods blessing. Why dont you rite a sweate line to tell suffering Kathrun all about her sweate Henry oh Henny my sweate Henny my turtle dove my pidging my deer deer Henny how my poor sole is longing to heer your sweate voyce I heer him singing yankee guddle as he comes from his plow now Oh my Henny do come home and lets get married so no more at present but remain your lovin

KATHRUN AN TILDEN

To my sweate Henny
P S part sekkun
Zeek Black has rased a nue house and Polly does live so snug she fites him some times when he gets a little Antony over my sweate Henny let us keep house and if you love me I wont whip you indeed nor I wont look at any body so I wont. Daddy says I must get maried because I have 2 long already. So no more at present

K A T

P S part thurd
My pen is bad my ink is pale
my love for you shall never fail
for Henny is my own true love
My pidging duck and turtle dove

K A TILDEN

P S Noty Benny
Mothers dead and Timothy are got the fever. So no more at presen from your lovin

KATHRUN AN

Noty Benny
I forgot to say as how that air corn on my big toe dont hurt as it use to did. so once your wife as it is to be sends 2 kisses and say farewell, yours till deah' do us part.

K A T

MATRIMONY.

To pop or not to pop, that is the question, Whether 'tis easier for a man to suffer In single blessedness the rubs of fortune, Or ask some pretty girl to share his troubles, And by proposing end them? To woo, to wed,
No more—and by a form to say he's free From all little ills a bachelor, poor man, Is plagued with—'tis a consumation Doubredly to be wised. To woo, to wed— Perhaps a family! Ah, there's the rub; For in the marriage state what cares may come
When he has taken to himself a wife, Must give him pause; there's the respect That makes celibacy of so long a life. For who would bear the washerwoman's crimes,
The buttonless shirt the stockings full of holes,
The pangs of collars with a sawlike edge,
The lodging keeper's sins, the cats misdeeds,
And strange evaporation of his brandy, When he himself might his quietus make With a plain gold ring? Who would chamber keep
And growl and fret a solitary life, But the dread of endless tradesmen's bills, (The housekeeping expenses, from whose doom
No Benedict escapes) puzzles the will And makes him rather bear the ill he has, Than fly to others that perhaps are worse. Thus prudence makes a coward of man, And thus we see most desperate flirtations On this account too often end in smoke, And promises apparently of granite Are broken like the crust of apple pie, And ladies bring "action."

A Useful Lesson.

It is said that a hive of 40,000 bees makes only one pound of honey daily; and to do this they must glean from 3,500,000 clover blooms. What an example of patient industry! This, however, is not their virtue. The average life of a bee is not over six weeks, and consequently, few ever live off the hardly accumulated store. They spend their lives for each others. To spend your days revolving the question, "What shall it profit me," is to dwindle below the live of a bee, as small as that is. To make something enjoyable to others—sweetening their cup of sorrow, lightening their burdens, brightening their path—is like the bee; to imitate him "who gave himself for us."

The doctor who rejoices at clean premises and good gardens loves his neighbor as himself.

A MIXTURE.

EDITORIAL ETCHINGS EUPHROUSLY ELUCIDATED.

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

—Bustles continue to shrink.
—A man overboard!—The editor.
—The President was 51 years old last Sunday.
—New imported tailor gowns are simplicity itself.
—The child laborers of New York city number about 25,000.
—Detroit claims to have \$77,000,000 worth of manfactories.
—There are many ups and downs in life for the man with a game leg.
—Lightning never strikes twice in the same place—it doesn't have to.
—Nankeen is a dull yellow which will be in high favor the coming summer.
—When a physician loses his skill it naturally follows that he is out of practice.
—Mrs. W. H. Vanderbilt, of New York, is spending a season in Asheville, N. C.
—Kisings are treated so summarily in Russia that even yeast is afraid to do its duty.
—Wool color and white is a very stylish combination in the light fabrics of summer wear.
—Very few long garments are seen for spring wear, every thing being jointly and short.
—It is now asserted that President Garland left stocks and bonds of the value of \$300,000.
—Gloves that button or lace up the arm are just now in more request than the longer Mousquetair gloves.
—There were more than 2,000 persons present on Monday night at the Pearson meeting in Wilmington.
—After all, it is perhaps appropriate that physicians' prescriptions should be written in Latin, a dead language.
—How would it work for the woman suffragists to colonize and govern the territory of No Man's Land?
—A lot in Denver that was purchased by an early settler for \$5 and a revolver, sold the other day for \$10,000.
—There is serious reports in regard to Emperor Fredericks condition, and his recovery is regarded as impossible.
—In view of his preference for a "shining mark," it is a little stange that death doesn't capture more bootblacks.
—President Cleveland's waist measures fifty-six inches. No wonder he is anxious about the reduction of the surplus.
—Schools of herring are striking in toward the American shore. They obeyed the orders of the swimming delegate.
—The German daily newspaper having the largest circulation in the world is published in New York, not in Germany.
—In February the increase in the earnings of 109 railroads over the corresponding month for 1887, was 9½ per cent.
—When a washwoman changes her place of residence one may ask her "where she hangs out now" without using slang.
—The baby King of Spain is said to be afflicted with apoplexy, an hereditary disease of his mother's family, the Hapsburgs.
—A Illinois man who went fishing with Lincoln fifty years ago threatens to sue the Century Magazine for not printing his picture.
—The R's are now conspiring to defeat the Democrats in Congress. Of course you know the R's—Republicans and Randalites.
—Prince Bismarck predict that war will not take place in Europe until 1892. When the prince speaks let all the earth keep silence and listen.
—The French transatlantic steamship company has furnished its large fleet with complete apparatus for "dropping oil on the waves" during bad weather.
—There are lots of men in this country who don't care for money, but they feel just like using a postage stamp over again if the ink has just touched one corner.
—It is stated the indebtedness of the farmers of Georgia decreased 15 per cent. last year in consequence of growing more supplies at home. Raise your own hog and hominy.

—Women have much more adaptability than men. The girl with the tiniest rosbud mouth can hold from four to six six-inch clothespins between her jaws.

—The Brotherhood of Locomotive engineers, it is said, have a fund of \$860,000. They can raise in an hour \$3,610,000. This shows a strong organization, well officered.

The Emperor Frederick works as hard as his father before him, despite his malady. To the remonstrances of his physicians he replies, it is said: "My life does not belong to me; I cannot do what I will with it."

—Mississippi timber lands are being quietly bought by Northwestern lumbermen. Records show they have purchased a quarter million acres during the last six months. Buyers are principally from Michigan.

—Gen Badean has brought suit against Mrs. Grant. He claims that he wrote the Memoirs of Grant, and he sues for a share of the profits. Fred. Grant, on the other hand, says Badean was merely his father's amanuensis.

—It is announced that the Philadelphia delegation will present the name of Edwin H. Fittler, of that city, at the National Republican Convention. Mr. Fittler's chief claim to distinction is the fact that he owns thirty-six pairs of suspenders.

—Keely, the motor humbug, is to be compelled by the court to divulge the awful "secret" he has been making his backers believe through the years that he has been in possession of. But suppose he refuses? How can you force him?

—A San Francisco girl, aged eighteen, visiting friends in Roxbury, Mass., invited a lady to go with her to the bath room to see her 'cic. She took poison and was found suffering the greatest agony. She died and gave no reason for her act.

—The petrified remains of a buffalo of great size were dug up at Belleville, Kan., recently by workmen who were excavating for a coal shaft. The remains were found at a depth of 6 feet below the earth's surface and were in a fine state of preservation.

—Senator Vance is writing a series of articles for the Baltimore Sun on the "Needs of the Nation." Number one appeared in the issue of Monday 1st. We have not been able to read it as yet. It is devoted to showing up the fallacy of the Protective idea.

—There are various incentive to poetry. It was a gentleman who had stepped on a polecat in the country who wrote: "Now the wild rose blossoms o'er the little green grave where my coat and trousers lie, and the farmer tlls me he thinks I'll save by digging for them in July."

—Miss Mary anderson is now paying the penalty of over work. She is said to be in really delicate health and her friends are reported really alarmed. She has had to give up her engagement several times because of bodily prostration. The strain upon her breaks her down at 31 years old.

—The Washington (D. C.) Star, independent, in speaking of Sherman's prospects for the Presidential nomination, says that Mahone is ready to espouse his cause in Virginia, and that Sergeant-at-Arms of the U. S. Senate, W. P. Canaday, intends to head a solid Sherman delegation to Chicago from North Carolina.

—The predominating interest in North Carolina is agriculture. According to the census of 1880, of the 480,000 persons engaged in all occupations in this State 360,000 were exclusively engaged in agriculture, while of the balance, a large majority were dependent upon or in some measure connected with that industry.

—At Macon, Ga., a few days ago, there was a meeting of northern capitalists, at which a land and timber company was organized. This company has purchased 20,000 to 30,000 acres of finely timbered land in Jasper and neighboring counties of Georgia, along the line of the Covington & Macon road, which will be colonized by northern and western people; developed and made to yield a big revenue.

—Thousands of people will regret to hear of the death of North Carolina's most distinguished missionary, Rev. D. Matthew T. Yates. He had been in China for forty years, was a man of God, a man of many labors, a man of great personal worth. He was born in Wake county and was graduated at Wake Forest College. The Baptists of this country probably never had a more useful, a more eminent missionary in foreign lands.

STATE NEWS.

FROM THE DEEP BLUE SEA TO THE GRAND OLD MOUNTAINS.

An Hour Pleasantly Spent With Our Delightful Exchanges.

The Shotwell monument will be erected soon. \$647 has been raised.

Mr. Pritchard raised 60 bushels of rice to the acre last year in Pasquotank county.

The Landmark says this is Iredell's centennial year. It was cut off from Rowan in 1788.

A fire at Chadborne destroyed a number of houses owned by the railway company last week.

Up to date about sixty of the ninety-six Sheriffs in the State have settled with the State Treasurer.

Raleigh is preparing to build a \$16,000 Methodist church.

Durham wants a public Park and Goldsboro a savings bank.

The new railroad from Monroe to Atlanta is now completed to within two and a half miles of Monroe.

Engineers have calculated that there are 40,000,000 tons of coal accessible in the Dan river coal fields in this State.

Five hundred convicts have been hired to work on the Carolina, Knoxville and Western railroad at \$12.50 per month.

Gov. Scales has been selected to preside at the session of the National Presbyterian Assembly to be held in Philadelphia May 24th.

The Vidette says the negroes are leaving Montgomery county by wagon loads and will form a colony in the neighborhood of Rockingham.

The County Commissioners, upon petition, have ordered an election to be held in Raleigh on the Local Option question on the first Monday in June.

Quite a large force of laborers is now employed at the city rock quarry, in getting out Belgian blocks for extensive street paving operations in Raleigh.

There is a natural rock house in Swain county which is used as a church. Seats have been placed in it by the citizens of the vicinity and regular services conducted.

While plowing a cotton field the other day, Jack Reinhard, of Lincoln county, stumbled over a vein of gold. He has been offered \$20,000 for it, but refuses to sell.

The State Convention of the Prohibitionists of North Carolina, will be held in Greensboro, May 16th, to nominate candidates for State officers and elect delegates to the national convention.

The Raleigh & Gaston Railroad Co., whose headquarters are in Raleigh, have just purchased two more very large and powerful engines, extension fronts, 18 inch cylinders. They are bringing up their rolling stock to a high state of perfection.

We learn from the Wilmington Star that the grand jury of the Criminal Court returned a "true bill" against John S. Bissett, engineer on the Wilmington & Weldon Railroad, who had charge of the locomotive of the train which struck and killed Mr. Southerland, of Duplin county, on Smith's Creek bridge, a short time ago. The case was continued until May term of Court and the defendant gave bond in the sum of \$500 for his appearance.

W. N. Jones, Esq., the head of the Bureau of Labor Statistics, is mapping out his work for the current year. He is now securing the names of all the employees and employers in the State. His next report will contain many new features and will be a volume of unusual interest and value.

The Charlotte Chronicle says: "A party of about fifty colored people came into the city yesterday from Concord, and other parties came in from different places, making a colony of 100. The crowd will leave this evening for California, chaperoned by Pegleg Williams, of Lauenburg. The darkies are said to have the California fever in an alarming degree, in the face of the gloomy reports sent back here by those who have preceded them."

A remarkably handsome woman is said to be the moving spirit in a philanthropical movement in Russia to supply the poor of that country with Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

In chronic and stubborn cases of neuralgia, gout, and rheumatism use Salvation Oil. It is the greatest pain destroyer of the age. Price only 25 cents.