

THE WILSON MIRROR.

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

VOL VII.

WILSON, NORTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 18, 1888.

NO. 5

HEART THROBS.

WHAT THE NOBLE BRETHREN SAY
AND HOW THEY TURN OUR
NIGHT TO DAY.

And to us all things doth so bright
appear, and only sweetest
music do we hear.

The peerless MIRROR has just closed its sixth volume and has begun another year. As David was the sweet Psalmist of Israel, so is the MIRROR to North Carolina Journalism. At one time it touches the deepest, holiest feeling of its readers, holding them under the magic spell of its purity of thought, breaking out its triumphant strains again by its pure wit and humor the same heart bubbles over with merrily laughter. It is a MIRROR whose reflections are ever true, a harp whose notes beat time and keep in harmony with the noblest aspirations. It stands without a rival because no other dare attempt to wander in the field occupied by the peerless, silver-tongued, brilliant and versatile Henry Blount.—The Courier.

With the versatile, original, and only original Henry Blount at its helm, the Wilson MIRROR, one of the brightest gems in far reel literature, has entered upon its seventh volume, and like the glittering sunbeams that come glimmering down through the cloudless skies, scatters "sunshine and roses" wheresoever it goeth. Each number is filled with choicest selections and pearls of thought from a poetical mind, ever and anon sparkling with those variegated scenes which are painted upon the landscape of existence. Long may it live in the homes of the free and the land of the brave.—Patriot.

The Wilson MIRROR has entered its seventh volume, and may it live to celebrate seventy times seven anniversaries and be in the future what it has been in the past, and Bro. Blount will go down with bright and shining laurels in great profusion. The MIRROR should be in every house in North Carolina, and each member of each family should devote at least one hour a day in perusing its columns. Oh, for more Henry Blounts to drive the quills in North Carolina.—Enterprise.

The Wilson MIRROR has commenced its seventh volume. We never feel equal to saying about the MIRROR all it deserves. Henry Blount's style of writing is unequalled by any editor in the State and he stands alone in his mastery of beautiful word painting. A subject that passes through his hands is beautified and enriched by being clothed in purest, poetic colorings, and the MIRROR every week carries with it thoughts pleasing and entrancing.—Reflector.

The first number of the seventh volume of the Wilson MIRROR came to our table to-day. Six years old! We congratulate Brother Blount. The MIRROR scatters sunshine and the best of cheer wherever it goes. Each number contains the most brilliant gems of a poetical mind, and always make one feel better for having read them.—Recorder.

That excellent paper, the Wilson MIRROR, has entered upon its seventh year. Its weekly visits are like a ray of sunshine, and it is eagerly sought for by our types. Its bright, cherry and inimitable writings makes it welcome at every fireside. Long may it and its noble-hearted and gifted editor live.—Fayetteville Journal.

The Wilson MIRROR has entered upon its seventh volume. To-day it stands without a peer in North Carolina journalism, and we wish for Bro. Blount and the MIRROR the fullest measure of success in the future. May it live and prosper, and ever maintain the high standard which it has reached.—Charlotte Observer.

The Wilson MIRROR, one of our most valued exchanges, last week closed its sixth volume. We wish for the MIRROR many more years of success and for Henry Blount many more years of usefulness at its helm. There is but one MIRROR and but one Henry Blount.—Methodist Advance.

The MIRROR, under that brilliant and inimitable humorist, the poetic minded and unapproachable Henry Blount, began last week another year of usefulness, and all lovers of the chaste and beautiful rejoice at the success which attends that talented genius.—Williamsport Times.

The MIRROR is one of the brightest, best and most interesting weeklies published in North Carolina and deserves a handsome support by its citizens. May its future be crowned with prosperity.—Herald.

PLEASURES OF POVERTY.

Simple Joys Undreamed of by the
Wealthy and Worldly.

When husband and wife are true-hearted, there is no greater aid to happiness than a few deprivations and hardships at the commencement of their married life. It is a great thing for each to realize that he or she is sacrificing something for the other. The wife came with empty hands to the husband who had no rich gifts to bestow; but while she is struggling and saving, and he is toiling and denying himself, the consciousness of doing it for the other's sake confers a happiness nothing can equal. It will be in more prosperous days alone, perhaps, that both will realize the pleasures of the poverty they endured in youth. In that grand new house there is nothing lacking that taste can devise or wealth procure. Yet amidst the splendors and delights, the hearts of both—the wife's oftenest, without doubt—will turn with wistful affection to the little home of old time, poverty stricken and inconvenient as it was. The hardships and discomforts endured within its walls have passed away like mist before the sunshine, and memory only recalls the delights of contriving, managing and arranging. The fun enjoyed over amateur attempts at carpeting and surprises in cookery. The brief, sweet holidays stolen from weeks of toil, saved for so anxiously and looked for so eagerly. These and a hundred other simple joys are the pleasures of poverty, in fact, undreamed of by the rich and worldly.

Marriage.

The foundation of every good government is the family. The best and most prosperous country is that which has the greatest number of happy firesides. The holiest institution among men is marriage. I have taken the race of countless ages to come up to the condition of marriage. Without it there would be no civilization, no human advancement, no life worth living for. Life is a failure to any woman who has not secured the love and adoration of some good man. Life is a mockery to any man, no matter whether he be a mendicant or monarch, who has not won the heart of some worthy woman. Without love and marriage, all the priceless joys of this life would be as ashes on the lips of the children of men.

Home, Sweet Home.

Home is the residence not merely of the body but of the heart; it is a place for the affections to unfold and develop themselves; for children to love and learn, and play in; for husband and wife to toil smilingly together and make life a blessing. The object of all ambition should be to be happy at home; if we are not happy there, we cannot be happy elsewhere. It is the best proof of the virtues of a family circle to see a happy fireside.

So Unhappy.

"George, there is a sadness and melancholy in your eyes to-night, and your cheeks seem blanching."
"Yes, Naomi, I am far from being happy."
"Confide in me, dearest. Let me share your sorrow. Have the buffetings of this cruel world cast a gloom over your soul?"
"Yes, my own, sweet darling, my last suspender button has just burst off and I don't see how I will be able to get out of this crowd of ladies."

Different Tastes.

"I can imagine," said the poet, dreamily, as he toyed with a Charlotte Russe, "that Aphrodite originally rose from one of these at some love feast of the immortal gods on high Olympus. I always think so when I see one of them." "Well, I do not," said his companion; "whenever I see one of them I feel like dipping a leather brush in it and having a close shave. It would make a shampoo, for the foam"—But the bard had fainted.

Leap Year.

"Do you know, Edward," said she tenderly, "I do not care for wealth. True affection is what I seek. Love in a cottage is my best ideal."
"And right you are, too, Alice," said Edward, warmly. "Come, can't we make an agreement about that? You furnish the cottage and I'll provide all the love you want."

Railroads will carry troops to the encampment in July for two cents a mile each way.

A MIXTURE.

EDITORIAL ETCHINGS EUPHONIOUSLY ELUCIDATED.

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

- Tried by fire—Lard.
- Rabid transit—Mad dog on a fly.
- Lillian Olcott, the actress, is dead.
- A dry subject—An Egyptian mummy
- Shake-spear experts—The early Romans.
- The point in question—An interrogation point.
- A marked effect—The work of a shipping clerk.
- Gould and Bennet seem to be in the saddle, too.
- A tug is the only thing that has its tows behind.
- The garden making season comes—saddest of the year.
- In the days of manuscript books people learned by wrote.
- In month of sun, so live that months of rain shall be happy.
- When hour glasses were in use people had a rattling time.
- City directory estimates give St. Louis a population of 449,160.
- The flour of the family you will often find becomes college bred.
- We've all heard of the angry seas, and that's why the waters pout.
- The only dairy which does not use water to excess is the dromedary.
- "My first purchase is my last said a cobbler, who was just starting in business.
- The average pill resembles Banquo's ghost in one particular. It will not down.
- The advent of the base ball season opens again the quickest avenue to fame.
- It doesn't abbreviate a three months' note to have the endorser make a minute of it.
- The burglars who raided an entire town seem to have had an eye on Congress.
- If there is any one who should be "wrapped in slumber" it is the man who snores.
- Vermont Republicans are strong for Blaine. The tattooed man is coming to the front.
- Baltimore has just organized a line of steamers to ply between that city and Charleston.
- Men who love the piping time of peace should inflate their lungs in their utmost fullness now.
- The plea of the woman's rights women is that women may be everywhere, safe at home.
- The silver lining to the obstructionist cloud—obstructionists generally get in their own way.
- Territories will be admitted on their merits when Congressmen are elected on the same basis.
- Henry George's display play for position is play for what Henry George seems to need most of.
- They say that Depew will make a different speech every night if elected on an after-dinner platform.
- Should Mr. Blaine land in this country exactly at convention time it would be by the purest chance.
- Blaine men in New York political clubs show a disposition to renew the fight against the mugwumps.
- Bitter strife prevails between Milwaukee brewers and their men. In other words, they are at largerheads.
- If the pen is mightier than the sword, we wonder why it doesn't turn on some of the poets and stab them to death.
- Mrs. Amanda twilams, of Atlanta, whose fortune is estimated at \$400,000, is the richest colored woman in the South.
- King Humbert has signed a decree to establish Italian consulates in Denver, Col. Philadelphia, Pa., and New Orleans, La.
- Nothing is more annoying to a young man who has a bunch of keys at the end of his watch chain, than to be asked what time it is.
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- First critic: "Did you hear Mr. False note break on that high tone just now?"
- Second critic: "Yes; that's what I call murder on the high C."

—Representative Mills has gone to Fortress Monroe and Old Point Comfort for a few days to recuperate his health.

—People who complain that the world grows no better are generally those who are doing what they can to make it worse.

—Miss Cora Belle Fellows, a white woman of Washington, D. C., has married a Sioux Indian. We hope she is Sioux-ted.

—A special dispatch from Montevideo reports the loss of the steamer Rio Janerio. The steamer had 120 passengers on board.

—The little girl who was told that the white cow gave the milk was justified in asking didn't the brown cow give the chocolate.

—A case is before the New York Supreme Court that was begun in 1814—74 years ago. It is about an insurance company.

—In the tender relations of cultured men it is but seldom that deeds can compensate for words or a tone for offences of speech.

—Captain Paul Boynton on Saturday started on an 800 mile swim down the Ohio from Wheeling, W. Va., to Cairo, Illinois.

—Dr. J. G. Armstrong, of Atlanta, is to appear in a new role. He is to organize classes for the study of dramatic literature and oratory.

—The man who has not anything to boast of but his illustrious ancestors is like a potato—the only good belonging to him is under ground.

—In the decision of political questions majorities rule; but, unfortunately, the majority of votes often represents the minority of brains.

—John A. Logan, son of the late General, has been arrested at Newcastle, Penn., for shooting a striking quarryman, an Italian, named Nocera.

—Attempts to hold land league meetings in Ireland led to serious conflicts between the police and tenantry, in which many persons were injured.

—Men are moral alchemists; it rests with themselves to change their moments into golden hours or to let them burn out the slags in a furnace.

—The famous breeding stallion, Hambletonian, owned by Joseph Woods, of Knoxville, Tenn., died in Fimira, N. Y., yesterday, aged thirty years.

—The failure of the Republican Senate of New York to assist Gov. Hill in reforming the quarantine commission is disgusting the New York public.

—Customer (in the restaurant): The last time I was here, waiter, I found a hair in my soup. Are you sure this is all right? Waiter (confidentially): Yes, sah. I done took 'em all out.

—Any head of a house, who has ever stepped on a piece of wet soap at the top of the cellar stairs, will thoroughly agree with all the conclusions drawn by Darwin in his "Descent of Man."

—On the 15th of July next, a series of public services will begin at Marietta, in commemoration of the establishment of the first civil government of the Northwest Territory a hundred years before.

—The late J. W. Drexel paid at the rate of \$14,000,000 per acre for the lot of land on which stands the Drexel building, corner of Wall and Broad streets, New York, and yet it proved a remunerative investment.

—Judge Clark has written a letter to Dr. W. R. Wood, of Halifax, declining to enter into the contest for the gubernatorial nomination. This narrows the contest down to Lt. Gov. Steadman and Judge Fowle.

—William A. Stuart and his son Henry, of Russell county, Va., now have 3,500 head of cattle on their great Russell ranch 45,000 acres, and sell from 1,300 to 1,400 head every fall. They have 2,200 acres in blue grass.

—The first State Democratic Convention of 1888 has just been held at Pendleton, Oregon. President Cleveland was unanimously endorsed, and a delegation solidly in favor of his renomination will be sent to St. Louis.

—During the past year \$93,000 has been realized from cabbages shipped from Wythe county, Va., in car load lots alone. In addition it is estimated that the railroads realized about \$24,000 from the freight on the cabbages. This is a handsome sum to go to one county for an infant industry.

STATE NEWS.

FROM THE DEEP BLUE SEA TO THE GRAND OLD MOUNTAINS.

An Hour Pleasantly Spent With Our Delightful Exchanges.

There is now 28 Farmers' Alliances in Cumberland county.

The oldest grave in the Moravian graveyard, Salem, is dated 1770.

It has been definitely decided to hold the Mufreesboro fair, November 6-9.

The Riedsville Weekly says wheat has not been so low in one hundred years.

The cornet band at Lexington have received a five hundred dollar set of instruments.

Among the curiosities at the Newbern fair was a family clock of Gov. Tryon 150 years old.

The Twin-City Daily wants the people of Winston to prepare for a big tobacco fair this fall.

In the River and Harbor bill the Cape Fear River gets \$100,000 and Beaufort gets \$35,000.

The Wadesboro Improvement Association is the name of a new organization in Wadesboro. Great benefit is expected to come from its laborers.

Judge Clark declines to allow his name to go before the State Democratic Convention as candidate for Governor. He has published a letter to this effect.

Mr. Fred Stowe, of Guilford county, who was bitten by a mad dog last week, sent to Charlotte for a madstone and applied it to the wound with satisfactory results.

Durham last week shipped: Smoking tobacco, 69,855 pounds, worth \$23,297.14; cigarettes, 10,034,700, worth \$33,114.51. Revenue receipts for the month of March \$46,336.58.

Summer tourists are expected to be more numerous in Asheville this Summer than ever before, and applications for rooms at the hotels and boarding houses are already pouring in.

Adjutant General Jones announces that he has secured rates over all the roads in the State two-thirds of a cent per mile, round trip, for the encampment of the State Guard this summer.

Wake's board of education apportioned \$24,138.00, that amount being equal to \$1.50 for each of 16,092 children. This, we believe is the largest appropriation ever made in any county in the State.

Jacob Sharp, the New York hoodier, has cheated the law and made an appeal to a higher court. He died about 9.20 p. m. on the 5th inst., thus checked in a vicious career, and his punishment, incomplete, was a significant warning to others in the same stripe.

The annual meeting of the State Medical Association will be held in Fayetteville, beginning on the 8th of May. A call has been sent out to the leading men in the State who are interested in microscopy to meet at that time for the purpose of forming a permanent organization.

Cardinal Gibbons will go to Asheville, N. C., to attend the conference there and at Hot Springs on April 25, of Southern Catholic Bishops to discuss methods of promoting immigration to the South. The Western Catholic Colonization Society is in sympathy with the movement, and will do all in its power to make a success.

Acting on a rumor that the Richmond & Danville railroad contemplated the removal of the workshops of their system from Manchester, the chamber of commerce of Charlotte have offered a donation of suitable grounds, \$20,000 in money and the exemption of the property from all municipal taxation as an inducement for their removal thither.

James Spencer, formerly of the Asheville hotel, attempted to foard Uwharrie last week while it was very high. He had a twelve year old son with him who displayed true heroism. After they had been carried down stream some distance, and the horse drowned, the boy got ashore, but seeing his father unable to swim, he went in after him and succeeded in saving his life at the last moment.

Hermann is up to many tricks; but he will never take in as much, as Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup in its big raid on coughs or colds.

We endorse all the proprietors have said re'ative to the merits of Salvation Oil. It is nonpariel.