

THE WILSON MIRROR.

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

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TRUE HEROES.

THOSE WHO FIGHT THEIR BATTLES HERE.

But Reap Their Glorious Triumph in Blissful Immortality.

In the thronged thoroughfares of busy, palpitating life, around the silent hearthstone, and in the noisy marts of traffic, tumult and competition, we see them, awaiting no stimulating clarion peal nor thrilling trumpet blast to prompt to duty and heroic struggle. Alone and unaided they plot and plan, and fearlessly charge the foe with no life but the Eternal to witness the ranks and intimidate the foe; the plan is theirs, the toil is theirs, and the victory or defeat will be theirs, and little they reckon whether the world's huzzas or jeers reward the sacrifices. There are martyrs whose anguish heaves are never written, for many triumph that win no garland of ivy or laurel here and are never borne to the world's dull ear through silver trumpet. Meet you never in your daily periphrastics swinging forms with calm brow and misty eyes and bruised hearts, and see you nothing, and hear you naught but the din of the great life tumult around? Ah, young man, who was it when worn with toil and sorrow still kept holy vigil at your fevered couch till the lamp in Heaven went out and rosy flushings in the East warmed up the hills and valleys? Whose gentle hand spread the light drapery to shield the burning orbs when fever raged and wild delirium threatened to stagnate the currents of love and reason? Who in tearful supplication clasped the hand of the old physician and implored for the potency of some life elixir when the lamp was trimmed for the last vigil and whisperings of the grave-clothes told that the cords of life were loosening? Woman, this is your pathetic ministry of love and mercy, and we know you by the sorrow-brand, the lustreless eye and bowed form. We know you, too, with your mask, for we've seen those inward weepings that leave no impress upon feature. We have heard those smothered sighs and groans that never well up from the great heart-deeps when you look down silently upon the home where pearl after pearl you are missing from the love chain. Go on with your patient, ceaseless toilings, though earth's wise and great ones cannot see the gladiatorial conflict. Your dumb lips tell no tale of weariness, want and woe, and men cannot see through the sunshine that is flooding the world how footsore and handworn and heart wounded you are after so many battle shocks. It is well they cannot see the end of the long working and waiting and doubting, but angels see it all and are satisfied. There will be more sapphire dawns and sunset revelations for the gay and happy before your foiling is over and you pass behind the veil; rest a little now in the noontide heats and wait for the cool of the eventide. Work, work, work; twilight's shadows are settling upon the great unfinished field, but you poor toiler are too weary to do more now than sit down by the wayside and fold your tired hands for that long rest you are needing.

DAN EMMETT, THE MINSTREL.

Pleasant Recollections of His Early Days.

Dan Emmet, the once renowned and successful minstrel is living in Chicago in poverty. An emissary of the News of that city who called on him a few days ago found a silver-haired old gentleman whose face is lined with crow's feet, whose nose is becoming a bit pinched, and whose hands have grown yellow and thin. He is seventy-three years old, and he began the "nigger business" nearly sixty years ago. Dan Emmet is the author of "Dixie," and here follows the account of the origin of that inspiration:

"The way I come to write that song was like this: Along in the fore part of the war the minstrel business was at the top. Anybody who could sing a 'nigger' song was sure of good money. I was with Jere Bryant's Minstrels in New York in them days, on Forty-second and then on Forty-fourth street. Well, one night Jere came to me and says: 'Dan, get me up a new song; make her catchy and noisy.' I told him I could do her, and after the show I moseyed home thinking about what I'd write. The soldier boys were marching

through the town on their way South then, and like a flash I ketched my muse. Most of the boys in blue were goin' to Dixie's land, and I just took the inspiration on the jump and wrote up my song about "Way Down South in Dixie's Land." Well, sir, she took from the start, and in less'n a week everybody, and especially every soldier, was a singin' her.

"But the song I'm proudest of is 'Old Dan Tucker.' I got 'er from a Georgia nigger—not exactly as he told it to me, but with the main ingredients, however. Money? No, never made a cent out of her: not a red. But I had lots of fun. Lordy! how the boys, the old timers—most of 'em dead and gone now—used to sing her in the 'walk-round' at the close of the olio. Oh, pshaw, I've been on earth three times, 'an I wish I could make a fourth trip if I could have the good ole days back again. When I wrote 'Sich a Gitten Up-Stairs' an' I give her to the boys an' they sung her the first night I'd a-flew up in the air only for being held down by my gallusses. Among other songs I turned out was 'Old Joe,' 'Goin' Over the Mountains,' 'Old Mistah Brown,' and Dandy Jim."

Be Kind to the Aged.

The loneliness of age! How few think of this and treat with due tenderness and consideration those who have out lived their generation, and whose early companions and friends have been taken from them! Unable to engage in the activities of life they are no longer brought in contact and sympathy with those around them, and no tie of common interest and mutual dependence binds them together. Their views and tastes have naturally grown apart. They share but little in common with others. The future of this life has nothing to inspire their ambition or excite their hopes. What calls forth the energies of others has no inspiration for them. They necessarily, to a great extent, live in a world of their own, with which those around them are not familiar. The communings of their hearts are with the scenes of the past and the companions of other years who have long ago passed away. Lover and friends have been taken from them, and their acquaintances laid in darkness. The forms they admired and loved are gone; the eyes, that looked into theirs with the tenderest affection, are sightless, and the voice that cheered and stirred their souls have long been silent. Their early world of hope and joy has become a desolation, and they sit in silence contemplating the ruin that has been wrought. They have but little to interest them in this world. They are

"Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown."

to pass on to the reunion that awaits them, and the glad greetings of those they love. Who would not do what he can to cheer the loneliness of age, to smooth their pathway, and comfort them in their declining years.

A Big Dinner.

A "tropical dinner" which cost \$175 per cover, exclusive of wine and music, was given by one of New York's millionaires who wanted to make a splurge. Twenty courses were served. There was no cloth on the table; a palm leaf fan was laid before each guest, and on these the plates rested. The individual decorations at each plate cost \$30; the favors cost as much more and the menu-cards cost \$10 each. A bouquet of ten strawberries, costing \$5, was placed before each guest. The truffles were imported from France. There was a miniature lake, with gorgeous tropical trimmings, on the table. Roman punch was served in oranges hanging on an orange tree, the pulp having been so deftly removed that the guests could pick their own fruit. The dinner is the talk of uptown.

Couldn't See It.

"I hear they are going to have a donkey party at B——s," said a Parsonville man to his neighbor.
"So I understand," was the reply. "Are you going?"
"Of course I am," said the Parsonville man; "they couldn't have the party without me!"
And he couldn't make out what the other fellow was laughing at.
—The girls have formed a "kiss trust," and now the boys are talking of prosecuting them under the law which prohibits the forestalling of necessities of life.

A MIXTURE.

EDITORIAL ETCHINGS EUPHONIOUSLY ELUCIDATED.

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

—Beef-canning is a put up job.
—A foul tip—A rooster's comb.
—A shady set—A groap of trees.
—A paper hanger sticks to his business.
—The last thing in shoes—The wearer's heel.
—Out on a strike—A defective lucifer match.
—The telephone operator has a perpetual holler-day.
—Sleepy Hollow—"Good-night!" over the telephone.
—For weighs that are dark commend us to the coal scales.
—Song of the emancipated debtor—"We do not sneak as we pass by."
—"All roads lead to roam," remarked a tramp, studying a guide board.
—The mathematician's favorite season is the summer. The fruitman's is the spring.
—The cold wave flag carries a black lozenge in the centre. This is for bronchitis.
—A sailor is a lightning change man. In a twinkling he can turn into a ham-mock.
—"Man wants but little here below." But he gets it below zero too often for comfort.
—See that your animals are made comfortable when the mercury is playing about the zero point.
—The woman who maketh a good pudding in silence is better than she who maketh a tart reply.
—"Don't dance" young men should partake of "hop bitters." It might lubricate their limbs a little.
—A Greek's wedding ceremony lasts all day. The duration of the divorce ceremony isn't stated.
—The dog is not much of a pedestrian, but he can make an unlimited number of laps in a very short space.
—When a fire in a kitchen stove goes out it often leaves undone those things which it should have done.
—An investigator has come to the conclusion that women have a larger proportion of brown eyes than men.
—Thousand-dollar clerks who live at the rate of ten are the ones from whom the safe combination should be kept.
—"That remains to be seen," is what the young lady remarked when she left something on the plate "for manners."

—There is nothing under the face of the sky that can be quite so stuck up as a sheet of postage stamps when it ties to.
—It is a great honor to be a rear admiral but, curiously enough, we never hear of a rear general or a rear high private.
—One hundred and eleven years must elapse before the next row of three fingers will stand in line designate the year.
—The coat-tail flirtation in the latest. A wrinkled coat-tail bearing dusty toe-marks means, "I have spoken to your father."
—There is a certain corset factory that turns out two corsets a minute. This is a striking illustration of haste making waist.
—Of all dark traits that disfigure the human race, that of wishing to belittle or degrade the character of another is the lowest.
—Sometimes it is hard to tell whether a man is firm in principle or simply obstinate, but the man himself never expresses any doubt.
—When you see two dogs growing and getting ready to fight, remember that it is only a joint debate, and the liveliest dog will get away with the joint.
—It was the young tailor who said, referring to a rival for the affection of a young lady, that he thought he knew enough to be able to cut him out.
—"Yes," said Smith, "when the United States gives away lands to railroad corporations it sinks to the level of a colporteur."
—"How is that?" asked Jones. "Because it becomes a tract distributor."
—A girl who weighs one hundred and twenty pounds and has thirty thousand dollars in her own right, no matter how homely, unattractive or cross-tempered she may be, is worth her weight in gold.

—The age of a tree is determined by the number of its rings, but it is not safe to apply this rule to the bejeweled overripe maiden or the overgrown monopoly.

—Physician (to patient): "Your case is a very serious one, sir, and I think a consultation had better be held." Patient (too sick to care for any thing): "Very well, doctor; have as many accomplices as you like."

—"I began with nothing," boasted a millionaire who had made his money in crooked ways. "And that is the condition in which you have left those who dealt with you," was the blunt response of a bystander.

A beautiful girl in San Francisco has been found asleep for seventy-three days. Well, don't fool with her, boys. These pretty girls turn out to be mighty wide awake sometimes when their eyes seem to be shut.

—"What is your employment?" asked his Honor of a prisoner arraigned for vagrancy the other day. "Walking, sir." "Where do you walk?" "Well, that's according to which way the policeman is coming from."

—"How many of you are there?" asked a voice from an upper window of a party of "waits." "Four," was the reply. "Divide that among you," said a voice, as a bucket of water fell, like the gentle dew from heaven, on those beneath.

—An Austrian Major of cavalry writes to a prominent American soldier, that it is believed by every body that war with Russia is just ahead. He says they are all sleeping on their arms and any night the bugle call of boots and saddles may sound.

—His best girl was out walking with him, and he shot a beautiful plumaged bird. "Oh, John! how could you kill the dear creature?" "Why, Susie, I thought you would like it for your Sunday bonnet." "Oh! you dear, good, thoughtful fellow."

—General Adam Badeau must have observed that even if Bacon did write the plays of Shakespeare he did not go around after the latter's death claiming the work as his own, and demanding a whack at the profits. Notwithstanding his name Bacon never did act porky.

—It is said that women are not naturally financiers. This is just about as true as the statement that all crows are white. Hand a five-dollar bill to the fair occupant of a bazaar at a church fair, and see how much change you get back. O no, women are not financiers! O no.

—"Come and dine with me to-day, Grindstone," said Kiljordan; "the bill of fare will just suit you. Calves brains is the principal dish." "I'll come, Kiljordan," said Grindstone, "in order that you may have one man at the table who can eat calves' brains without making a cannibal of himself."

—A lady sent a luxurious easy chair back to the factory three times to have the seat made "a little softer," then "a little harder," and so on. Finally it suited her exactly, and she paid for it. The chair seat had not been touched. This is the way our mothers fooled our fathers when their shirts did not fit.

—The colored voters in West Virginia are said to be in open revolt because of the failure of their white Republican allies to recognize them. They have determined to act independently. An address has been issued by them. There are 10,000 negro voters. Independent colored clubs are being formed in many parts of the State.

—Miss Hampton, daughter of Gen. Wade Hampton, says Harper's Bazar, has joined the ranks of the professional nurses in New York. She is said to be unusually capable, and when she finishes her course there she will return to the South, where she will not only practice her profession but instruct in the art of nursing.

—Perhaps the most curious battalion in any army is the Norwegian corps of skaters. These corps are composed of picked men armed with rifles, which they use with great precision. The skates used are admirably adapted for traveling over rough and broken ice and frozen snow, being six inches broad and between nine and ten inches long. The soldiers can be maneuvered upon the ice or over the snow fields of the mountains with a rapidity equal to that of the best trained cavalry. As an instance of the speed they attain it is stated that a messenger attached to the corps has accomplished 120 miles in eighteen hours and a half over a mountainous country.

STATE NEWS.

FROM THE DEEP BLUE SEA TO THE GRAND OLD MOUNTAINS.

An Hour Pleasantly Spent With Our Delightful Exchanges.

Durham county jail is tenantless.
The prospect for a good wheat crop are encouraging.
Winston wants to hold a local option election in June.
The jail of Carteret county has been empty nearly two years.
The late freshets have done considerable damage all over the East.
The next show of the Wake county Cattle Club is to be held May 15.
The Raleigh Stone hurled at editor Hearn intensively became his'n.
—The Lumberton Light Infantry has been assigned to the 2nd regiment.
There are thirty-four inmates of the Thompson Orphanage near Charlotte.
A hundred and fifty dollar cow died in Clinton from overdose of raw potatoes.
The State Medical Society meets this year at Fayetteville, on the 8th of May.
In one night in Wilmington \$8,500 were raised for the Y. M. C. A., at that place.
Nurserymen in Guilford county sold \$200,000 worth of fruit trees this season.
Salisbury brick making factory is turning out from 25,000 to 30,000 brick a day.
The Cumberland Agricultural Society is out of debt with a balance of \$189.25 on hand.
On Thursday last fire destroyed twenty thousand dollars worth of property in Wadesboro.
Seven million six hundred and fifty-six thousand cigarettes, valued at \$25,000, were shipped from Duke's factory in four days.
The Wilmington papers report that the shad catch in the Cape Fear is thirty-three and a third per cent larger this season than it ever was.
All stations of the A. & N. C. road will soon be connected by telephone with the general offices at New Bern for the benefit of truckers.
The District Conference of the M. E. Church South for Warrenton District will begin its session in same place on Wednesday the 16 of May.
The Sunday school conference of Warrenton District, M. E. Church, South, will convene in the town of Littleton on the 7th day of June next.
Alice Brown, a colored woman, will be hanged at Whiteville, Columbus county, next July, for the murder of an old man known as Esquire George.
Mr. J. M. Price, who lives in Rockingham county, ten miles north of Madison, has discovered gold on his land, and is jubilant over the prospects of a fortune.
We learn that the Grand Jury, of Moore county found a true bill yesterday against the editor of the Sanford Express, charging him with libel against Judge Fred Phillips.
We learn from the Raleigh Visitor that the Clerk of the Superior Court of Franklin county, Mr. A. W. Pearce, was indicted in four or five cases, charged with embezzlement.
The water in which potatoes are boiling should be salted and drained off from them the moment they are cooked through. If this is not done the potatoes absorb the water and becomes soggy.
A tenant of Mr. James Taylor's plantation caught in Deep River a few days ago, a mud turtle that weighed thirty-two and a half pounds, which sold for 75 cents a pound. A fine dish indeed and equaled only by the magnificent price paid for it.
Four years ago a wagon factory at Hickory, N. C., had a capacity of 500 wagons a year. It is now turning out wagons at the rate of 6,000 a year and is successfully competing throughout the South with the products of Northern and Western factories.
The ghost at the white house is said to walk half of every night, but he could do double that amount of work, if he was not afraid of the morning air, and knew that Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup cured all kinds of troublesome coughs and colds.
She stood at the gait in the late Spring twilight, and when she said good-buy, she felt neuralgia kiss her rosy cheek; but she only smiled, for she had Salvation Oil, the greatest cure on earth for pain.