

THE WILSON MIRROR.

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

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SWEET SPRING.

A SHORT STAY AMID THE WOODS AND FLOWERS.

And how the Heart in Adoration
Went Most Sweetly up to Celestial
Bowers.

There is, in the early days of spring, a beauty and freshness which the other seasons do not present. The life that has been slumbering through dreary winter is in spring time infused with new vigor—the flowers gladden us with their presence and perfume, and the buds of the trees looking forth with blossom and leaf inspire confidence in the coming harvest. The whole scene is one busy activity as well as beauty. Buds rushing out with leaf and fragrant flower; roots pumping up supplies of sap to feed the growth of vegetation; balmy breezes wafting perfume from distant groves; and birds on the wing to construct their nests, making the woods vocal with songs of gladness, as they work. The murmuring brooks go laughing over rocks and shoals, through green clad banks in whose clear depths the silver scaled fish sport and leap in "dumb joy;" the skies bend over mother earth with the fostering care of paternal kindness, while the solar orb distributes brightness and beauty over land and sea. How beautiful, lovely and charming, is this South land when clad in the bridal robes of vernal Spring. But why the change—the coming and departure of the seasons? Why should the earth spread upon her brown floor the figured carpet of variegated colors? Why do the clouds pour their watery treasures upon the sprouting seeds and springing grass? Why do the orchards blossom in beauty and bend with golden fruit? Why do the cooling breezes blow, and the sparkling streams flow? Why does the radiant luminary open the door of the East and hang his beaming lamp in the blue hall of Heaven? Why does the earth wheel on her axis, bringing with such precision and regularity night and day? Why should our Heavenly Father move all those varied and mighty forces of nature? He gives vocal organs to the birds that they may make music to regale the ear of his human creatures. He fills the waters and fields with food to supply the want of man. All nature moves from the bud and root to the flower and fruit to fill the world with needed gifts for man. With David we are ready to say: "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits. Who redeemeth thy life from destruction, who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies." It is a poor specimen of a man who can wade through the benefactions of earth and not have his heart throb and beat with the pulsations of gratitude? All these useful, beautiful, delicious, sublime things; things grateful to the taste, the touch, the smell, to the ear, the sight, the mind. Pleasant lights and shadows, sweet perfumes and sounds, golden grains and luscious fruits, lovely features, forms, flowers, grass, landscapes, flowing rivers, cataracts, mountains, lakes, oceans, skies, coming in multitudes which no man can compute, call for songs of ceaseless praise. Truly has our Heavenly Father done enough to draw us to himself, in the beautiful world which he has made for our enjoyment. He has adorned it with sapphire splendors, carpeted it with green, curtained it with golden sunsets, fringed it with vine clad hills, and laden it with healthful and bounteous sustenance. If we would only view it rightly, we would see and feel that the "times have fallen to us in pleasant places."

A BLIGHTED DREAM.

And Why It Was so Rudely Broken.

"Henrietta," said young Mr. Hankinson, "the future looks very bright before us, does it not?"

The lovely eyes of Miss Garside fell in charming confusion beneath the ardent gaze of the devoted youth, and her only answer was a soft sigh that filled the silence with thrilling eloquence and seemed to catch from her parted lips a grateful perfume that intoxicated the senses and pervaded the apartment as with the sensuous glory of an Oriental dream of paradise.

"Our beautiful Southern home," at length resumed the enraptured young man, "awaits us. In the tropical luxuriance of a Florida plantation, under a sky that rivals that of Italy, we shall set up our Lares and Penates. Form the moment you promised to be mine I have dwelt

with ever increasing delight upon the vision of our sunny home, and yet with an impertinence that has filled me with a delirious unrest. Let the day be soon, very soon, Henrietta, when you take possession of that home as its queen. Around you will bloom the beautiful flowers that gladden the Southern landscape. Orange groves, bending down with the luscious fruit, are on every side. Figs, bananas, the incomparable Le Conte pear, the Pocklington grape, the Turner raspberry, which under the genial rays of a Florida sun, attain a size and flavor unknown elsewhere, the useful and wholesome okra, the—"

"Young man!" thundered old Mr. Garside, entering the apartment and striding wrathfully toward Marcellus Hankinson, "in the guise of an honorable man, pretending to be the son of an old college friend, you have gained access to this house. You have trampled upon its hospitality and abused the confidence reposed in you by a trusting girl. I overheard your last words as I passed the door and I recognized their meaning. No Florida emigrant agent," vociferated the thoroughly aroused old man grasping the youth by the collar and propelling him rapidly toward the door, "can ply his iniquitous calling under this roof. Get out!"

And with nervous haste young Hankinson got out, assisted to some extent by Mr. Garside, and up the dimly lighted street he fled, his form quickly vanishing in the gloom, while the wind moaned drearily.

The Three Things Needed.

What the true man most wants of a wife is her companionship, sympathy and love. The way of life has many dreary places in it, and man needs a companion with him. A man is sometimes overtaken with misfortune; he meets with failure and defeat, trials and temptations beset him, and he needs one to stand by and sympathize. He has some stern battles to fight with poverty, with enemies, and with sin, and he needs a woman who, as he puts an arm around her, feels that he has something to fight for, will help him fight; who will put her lips to his ear and whisper words of counsel, and her hand to his heart and impart new inspiration. All through life—through storm and sunshine, conflict and victory, through adverse and favorable winds—man needs a woman's love. The heart yearns for it. A sister's and mother's love will hardly supply the need. Yet many seek nothing further than housework. Justly enough, half of these get nothing more. The other half, surprised above measure, obtain more than they sought. Their wives surprise them by giving a nobler idea of marriage, and disclosing a treasury of courage, sympathy and love.

Death of a Remarkable Woman.

Miss Sarah L. Moore died at the residence of Col. J. D. Cameron in Asheville on the 26th April 1888. Miss Moore was born on the 15th of Oct. 1795, in Brunswick county, North Carolina. She was consequently at the date of her death 72 years, 6 months, and 11 days old. She was the daughter of Judge Alfred Moore who was appointed Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States by President John Adams, in 1799, and the only man ever appointed from the State. Her remains were taken to the old plantation in Orange county, near Hillsboro, known as Moore field, for interment, on the 27th, and deposited on the 28th of April 1888. This plantation was bought by Judge Moore in 1790 and has been in the family ever since. The mother of Henry Clay was born on this plantation.

Laughter.

Laughter shuts the mouth of malice and opens the brow of kindness. Whether it discovers the gums of infancy, or age, the grinders of folly, or the pearls of beauty; whether it racks the sides or deforms the countenance of vulgarity; or deep lines the visage, or moistens the eye of refinement—in all its phases, and on all faces, comforting, relaxing, overwhelming, convulsing, through the human form in happy shaking and quaking, a laugh is a glorious thing. There is no remorse in it. It leaves no sting except to the sides, and that soon goes off.

"Old Tongue" is the name of the sacred white elephant, and it is thought that the Siamese dignity was henpecked and named the elephant in honor of his wife.

—The Richmond State clearly intimates that the Virginia Democrats were very insincere when they adopted the Roanoke Republican platform.

A MIXTURE.

EDITORIAL ETCHINGS EUPHONIOUSLY ELUCIDATED.

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

—Use both brain and brawn.

—He that dies pays all debts.

—Regimen is better than wisdom.

—Poverty is hard, but debt is horrible.

—Ingersoll is to deliver an oration on Conklin.

—The public will surely sour on the venegar trust.

—Dr. J. C. Ayer's widow is reported to be worth \$25,000,000.

—Our deeds determine us, as much as we determine our deeds.

—Mrs. Logan is out for Gen. Alger, of Michigan, for President.

—Youth is in danger until it learns to look upon debts as furies.

—The parlor is probably the most frequented of all court rooms.

—Don't judge by appearances. A brand new coat may cover a wire dummy.

—Prince Bismarck declines to be a Duke. But is a Duke higher than a prince?

—If you just itch for anything, you may be able to get it by scratching around lively.

—The Atlantic machine works, of Boston, Mass., were burned Thursday. Loss \$150,000.

—Ingall's own district has sent anti-Ingalls delegates to the National Republican Convention.

—The Prince of Wales was, for the fiftieth time, installed as Grand Master of Free Masons.

—It reads a trifle paradoxical to see a cargo of salt cod noticed under the head of fresh arrivals.

—Rochefort is a dangerous fellow. He is trying to run Socialist candidates against the Parisian Deputies.

—Two heads are better than one, especially for a man who wants to go round the country with a circus.

—The Italian government has been notified that King John of Abyssinia has reopened negotiations for peace.

—The Indiana State Democratic Convention has endorsed Cleveland for President and Gray for Vice-President.

—Shermanism is about on its last legs. The Sherman "boom" is suffering from a threatened and complete collapse.

—Bub Doble, who trained Dexter, the great trotter, is now developing the speed of another phenomenon in Chicago.

—It is a notable fact that however cleanly seamen may be on the water they have a decided dislike of being washed ashore.

—A man was killed in New York recently, by an electric light being low. He touched the loop in the lamp and fell dead.

—Ex-Senator McDonald's open letter to the Indiana Democracy will not, it is thought, have much effect on Indiana politics.

—The Family of Secretary Endicott deny the reported engagement of Miss Endicott to Hon. Jos. Chamberlin, of England.

—Judge Stanley Matthews, of the United States Supreme Court, is to deliver the address at the Yale Law School commencement.

—Boulanger is thought to be plotting to get a Dictatorship. He talks as if there was trouble brewing between France and Italy.

—The new babe born to Mr. and Mrs. Sluggish Sullivan is said to be a bouncer. And why shouldn't a son of a prize fighter be a "bouncer."

—The London Chronicle announced the approaching marriage of Mr. Joseph Chamberlin to Miss Endicott, whom he met in America.

—A gossiping exchange reveals the secret that there are 18,000 more women than men in Boston. The Hub is evidently hard up for fellows.

—Mr. Robert G. Ingersoll has been chosen to deliver the memorial in the New York Assembly chamber in honor of the late Roscoe Conkling.

—"Can you give me ten cents for a drink?" asked a seedy looking chap of a reported. "Certainly," replied the reporter, "bring on your drink."

—Perhaps some of the people who are looking for nice, fat jobs could be accommodated if they would apply at a lard-rendering establishment.

—We seldom regret having been too mild, too cautious, or too modest; but we often repent having been too violent, too precipitate, or too proud.

—A physician, says an exchange, uses a tuning fork in the treatment of neuralgia. If it's the pitch he want's we don't see why he doesn't use a pitch-fork.

—"Do you rectify mistakes here?" asked a gentleman as he stepped into a drug store. "Yes, sir, we do, if the patient is still alive," replied the urbane clerk.

—A London druggist has hit the popular taste for good bargains. In his windows he displays a card that reads: "Come in and get twelve emetics for one shilling."

—As we are bound not to inflict unnecessary sufferings on animals, so we are obliged to avert all that tends to add to the sorrow and trials of our common community.

—That which we require with the most difficulty, we retain the longest; as those who have earned a fortune are usually more careful of it than those who have inherited one.

—A school teacher recently asked her class the question: "What is a pilot?" The smart boy answered: "It is a lot where they grow pie-plant," and was sent to the foot of the class.

—A Chicago dude blused and ran into a stairway when he saw a party of ladies coming down the street. He had forgotten his cane and could not meet them in such a nude state.

—"Paddy," says a joker, "why don't you get your ears cropped, they are entirely too long for a man?" "And yours," replied Pat, "ought to be lengthened, they are too short for an ass."

—To divert at any time a troublesome fancy, run to thy books. They presently fix thee to them, and drive dull care from thy thoughts. They always meet thee with the same kindness.

—The late Dr. Agnew had no confidence in newspaper reports of old people. He was positive that no one can live to 100 years. Alas, for the newspapers if the eminent Doctor was correct.

The Catawba Democratic County Convention in ringing resolutions endorses Cleveland's administration, declares in favor of tariff revision and the abolition of the internal revenue system.

—In the blizzard country. Man, pointing musingly over the hills and far away: "Yes, I came West to look after my property. I am looking after it now. There goes the house and barn!"

—"There is something about you, Mr. Secondshelf, which tells me that you must have had a heart-history!" and she gazed upon him with intense, soulful eyes. "No, m'm," he said: "I ain't just right there, but it's only cigarettes."

—"Will you love me when I'm old?" sang the ancient soubrette. "How old?" came in a shrill voice from the gallery. The singer did not reply, but the audience smiled when the curtain dropped, showing a century plant in full bloom.

—Senator Voorhes knows how to make a declination that declines. He writes a Tennessee friend that he is not a candidate for Vice President, will not be, would under no circumstances accept a nomination, and would not serve if elected.

—Joe Johnston has been elected an honorary member of a Grand Army post in Philadelphia. Who would a' thought. Wonder if Ingalls, the bitter, the malignant, the hater of the South, could be elected to membership in that post?

—The news from London is full of encouragement to the friends of Ireland. The British Tory Ministry that was so confident and jubilant only a few weeks ago, is now alarmed at the course of events. It begins to dawn upon their infatuated and blinded understandings that coercion cannot win and that their Government is threatened seriously with a downfall. God speed the day!

—The Republican drift with respect to the nomination for the Presidency, so far at least as may be gathered from the election of delegates to the National Convention, as far as this has proceeded, is clearly towards Blaine, notwithstanding the later's declination. Well, we suppose Mr. Cleveland would as soon beat the plump Knight as he would any other less thoroughly tattooed man.

STATE NEWS.

FROM THE DEEP BLUE SEA TO THE GRAND OLD MOUNTAINS.

An Hour Pleasantly Spent With Our Delightful Exchanges.

A man is now suing for the ground that Grover, Cleveland county, stands on.

Wilmington has a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, with a membership of 60.

A flock of ravens visited Danbury a few days ago and were a source of considerable attraction.

A bald eagle was killed near Reidsville a few days ago which measured five feet from tip to tip.

The Patriot tells us that Greensboro has a firm doing business under the name of Day & Knight.

A military company, bearing the histrionic name of the "Cabarrus Black Boys," has been organized at Concord.

To make tins shine, wash in hot soap-suds, dip a dampened cloth in fine sifted coal ashes, then polish with dry ashes.

The Asheville Citizen says that about 300 negroes have left Buncombe county for California for the past two months.

Dr. Edwin Ronthaler has resigned as principal of the Salem Female Academy. Rev. John H. Clewell will be his successor.

Help the wife or daughter to get a row of sweet peas planted on the warm side of the garden fence, on the earliest possible day.

The Wilmingtonians have purchased a lot, we learn from the Messenger, on which to build a home for the Y. M. C. A. of that city.

The strike of the laborers employed in grading the Winston-Wilksboro Railroad has been adjusted and work has been resumed.

A colored woman named Cora Wright was sentenced by Judge Graves, at Edgecombe county Superior Court last week, to be hanged on the 2nd of November next, for infanticide.

At the Convention of the Democrats at Plymouth the Hon. D. G. Fowle was strongly endorsed for Governor, and Mr. W. D. Pruden for Associate Justice of Supreme Court, though the delegates will go in convention uninstructed.

Mr. Thomas Starbuck, a strict Quaker, who attended church twice a week, near New Garden, had a dog that always accompanied him. It is said that now since Mr. Starbuck's death, the dog continues to be a regular attendant at the religious services.

North Carolina loses one of its most loyal and accomplished sons in the transplanting of Rev. W. S. Lacy from Jonesboro, N. C. to Norfolk, Va. He will leave behind a host of warm friends who will follow him with their best wishes for his future success and happiness.

The annual senior speaking at Wake Forest College took place on Friday night. From parties who were in attendance it is learned that the occasion was largely attended and was most interesting and enjoyable. The speaking of the graduating class was especially creditable.

Well, here is another one from Chatham county: Abner Dorsett, a negro living in Hickory Mountain township, has probably the largest head in the State. It is thirty-two inches in circumference and makes him somewhat "top-heavy," for at times when the head topples over to one side he is obliged to push it back in position with his hands.

It is pronounced that Prof. W. L. Poteat, of Wake Forest College, is to contribute to the Raleigh Biblical Recorder, the able organ of the North Carolina Baptists, and better now than it has been in many years, "a series of articles, the subject of which will be Religion in Science. Prof. Poteat is well known as one of the most progressive scientists of the country. He is a deep and careful thinker, and in view of the fact that many articles of a skeptical nature are being printed with a view to establishing a conflict between the Bible and science, Prof. Poteat's articles should be read by everybody.

Our readers are requested to use Salvation Oil for all pains. It is a sure cure. Price 25 cents.

"For forms of government let fools contest." For ordinary life it is enough to know that Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup cures coughs and colds.