

State Subway

# THE WILSON MIRROR.

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

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## NIGHT'S SOLACE.

SOME HEART REFLECTIONS BY HENRY BLOUNT.

As He Sits in the Hush of Night and Dreams of Realms that are so Bright.

The sun has entered the chamber of rest, the dust of glory, that arose in his crimson pathway, has drifted away from the sky, and the curtain of night hides in its folds of darkness a tired world, and bids its every care release, and dream alone of heavenly peace. Yes, what a blessed rest, what a soothing spell, what a healing balm, what a peaceful solace is blessed, glorious night. Under its quiet hush the conflicts of the day doth end, and truce its peaceful blessings send; the mind divests itself of care, and fills its chambers with peace most rare. And so for two hours we have been sitting here in our window, enjoying this peace and this rest and this beauty, for what is more tranquilizing and more beautiful than a magnificent star lit night, when Heaven itself comes full in sight, and flings upon the bending skies, the radiance of its twinkling eyes. And there is nothing more awe-inspiring than this clear, calm, serene, tranquil sky, emblazoned as it is now with those corruscant and flashing waves of light that are flung off from Heaven's own throbbing ocean of inexhaustible brilliancy. God's magnificent hand witting is witnessed there, and even an atheist, looking up at those grand and dazzling hieroglyphies, is bound to read in their brilliant and faultless grouping the omnipotence of Jehovah, and tremble with awe at the matchless wonders and splendid beauty of His workmanship.

And sitting here, watching the stars, and bathing our vision in their glimmering waves of sparkling radiance we have been brought into a sweet and blessed communion with the loved ones who are gone, and we have thus lived over again the hours of the hallowed past. A fit time indeed it is to get memory glances at those loved passengers in that mystic boat, whose voiceless pilot in leading them through the crystal channels of the river of life. And these glorious eyes of Heaven seem to be in perfect accord with our fitful, moody natures; for when joyous and happy the very stars seem to bend lovingly down in tender watchfulness. But when the heart is sad, the spirit bowed, the world cold, "the fire burned out on our hearts and hearths," these same stars look down with pitying gaze as we raise our eyes in mute appeal for sympathy, and they seem to bid us hope on, and look to Him, and to feel that He, whose creative power brought into existence this beautiful world, is not unmindful of our happiness, and His ears are still open to our cries, and that He will bless and crown our weary hearts at last with the mercy-woven and love-entwined flowers of that everlasting peace and happiness which find their fullest bloom and richest fragrance in the golden sunlight of radiant immortality. And so we have been dreaming to-night of peaceful rest and blissful scenes amid the blest; we've seen the spot where angels tread, and clasped again our sainted dead. On the star-built ladder of silvery night, we've climbed to that fair world of light, and with our loved ones strolled up there, and sipped love's nectar sweet and rare. Yes, far from earth we've been to-night, where all was sweet and all was bright; a glorious dream indeed was ours, for we have strolled in Heavenly bowers.

## GETTYSBURG.

The Reunion Of The Blue And The Gray.

Gettysburg, Pa., July 5.—There is a strange similarity between this day and that of just twenty-five years ago. Then the armies of Meade and Lee confronted each other in sullen silence. The first day had ended in the defeat of Reynolds' men and the conflict of the second had been indecisive. True, Longstreet's assault on Little Round Top was unsuccessful and the Federals still held their original position but they were weak and broken, and the morning of the third day saw them in no way improved. All through that sultry day which was to decide forever the great questions submitted to the arbitrament of war silence reigned over the two armies. At four o'clock, however the signal gun of Lee opened the greatest artillery duel the world has ever seen, and until the columns of Pickett's Virginians were hurled back from the bloody angle, the roar of cannon and rattle of musketry was never equalled in the history of

the world. So today the morning was quiet. Federals and Confederates were once more in the field, and again was one on Seminary ridge and the other on Cemetery Hill. Nothing unusual occurred to break the great monotony until 4 o'clock when the Union men and the Confederates met once more at almost the same hour at which they had joined in deadly combat 25 years ago.

Gen. J. B. Gordon, of Georgia, whose eloquent speech set the crowd fairly crazy yesterday afternoon, and made him the most popular man in the town afterward, was compelled by his official position to leave for Atlanta this afternoon. To an Associated Press representative in answer to the question, "What was his opinion of the re-union?" he said:

"This meeting was a great success, and if these re-unions between soldiers could occur yearly it would serve to cement the friendly feeling of the blue and the gray more closely, and to bind the North and South so firmly that there would be no North and no South, but one country linked together by chains of indissoluble friendship."

## Her Head is Level.

Belva Lockwood, in writing to a New York paper on the definition of man, says: "Man is a comprehensive term embracing women." Shake, Belva, shake. You may be a little daft on politics and she-suffrage, but your head is no gourd. That's the kind of a "comprehensive term" we are, and we are going to be more of a "comprehensive term" hereafter than ever. Somehow there is something about the "comprehensive term" business that enthralls a man, and makes him willing to contribute his services for nothing. "Man is a comprehensive term embracing woman." You can bet your bustle he is, Belva. He can't help it. He is built that way. He will embrace anything, from an opportunity to a Washington City debutante. And he doesn't deserve any particular claim or credit. He does it on the same principle that

"Dogs delight to bark and bite,  
For God hath made them so."

But this acknowledgement of what she knows about men comes with ill grace from Belva in her old age. Why didn't she own up during the war of 1812 when she was a cozy young blonde, and could out waltz a Texas pony? Why did she wait till now, when she smiles at us with her twenty-dollar teeth which look like an island of ivory in a sea of tan-colored wrinkles? Why did she wait till the rheumatism compelled her to wear number nines, and her once peach-colored face begins to look like a last year's bird's nest? Yes, Belva, "man is a comprehensive term embracing woman," but you needn't be afraid any more.

## A \$5,000 Mad Stone Given to a North Carolina Man.

James T. Long, of Pleasant Grove township, Alamance county, is the owner of a mad stone that has a curious history. Mr. Long, while conductor of the N. C. R. R., met the former owner, Col. F. T. Weimer, a Union officer from Pennsylvania, on his way from Andersonville prison during the war in very destitute circumstances. Mr. Long contributed liberally to his wants, and about six weeks ago on learning of Mr. L's whereabouts, he made him a present of one of the most powerful madstones in the world. Certificates that accompany the stone show that it has been used in more than 1,200 cases, for bites and rapid dogs, cows, horses, snakes, spiders, &c, and did not fail to effect a cure in a single instance when applied before paroxysms had set in.

The stone is of a tight cream color, two inches in diameter and weight two ounces. When the stone is applied it is wet in warm water and bound tightly to the wound from 6 to 30 hours, according to the freshness of the bite—the older the bite the longer the time necessary. When the stone is removed it is found to have absorbed a quantity of greenish blood or pus from the wound. The stone is then washed clean in warm water and dried by a fire or stove. The former owner has often refused \$5,000 for his treasure. He received a good revenue from it. The present owner will charge those who are able to pay—the poor will not be turned away on account of poverty.

In the great storm that devastated Staten Island Friday night, Ruffalo Bill's Indians, almost to a man, disrobed and enjoyed the shower bath the elements gave them in awful profusion.

## A MIXTURE.

EDITORIAL ETCHINGS EUPHONIOUSLY ELUCIDATED.

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

- Ancient Greece—Old butter.
- Musical circles—Whole notes.
- An old fashioned trust—"Trust to luck.
- The bent pin generally carries its point.
- An unpopular bill sticker—The mosquito.
- Hunger and a thrashing make many a boy holler.
- They call a man a crank when no one can turn him.
- To lazy men—Half a loaf is the first start to no bread.
- It's sneezy thing to catch cold and everybody nose it.
- Love letters should always be written on the dearest paper.
- Before arithmetic was invented people multiplied on the face of the earth.
- It is traveling the broad road that frequently puts a man in a financial strait.
- Dom Pedro has reigned over Brazil for sixty-seven years and a liberal salary.
- "In the swim" of society the codfish aristocracy should be able to hold their own.
- No matter how high an awning may be suspended, it is only a shade above the street.
- The saddest words of tongue or pen—"There's too many women and not enough men!"
- The Chinese in New York have formed a club to work for "Hallison and Molten."
- More than 1,000,000 men are employed by the various railway lines in the United States.
- Oxford University, England, has an income worth having—\$325,000. It is not too much either.
- In a Leadville church there is this notice: "Please do not shoot the organist; he is doing his best."
- It is stated upon reliable authority that the teacher with a glass eye has at least one refractory pupil.
- Who will care for Sherman now? Won't the band please play "Johnny comes Marching Home?"
- Two thousand five hundred and nineteen immigrants were landed at Castle Garden on Monday.
- When Jingo Jeems returns a fleet filled with Republicans will go down New York bay to meet him.
- Levi P. Morton has bought a pair of ponies. He'll have to pony up a good deal in the next few months.
- The latest fad among New York girls is getting up a collection of dummy cats for the house decoration.
- Judge Thurman says that the Republican ticket is a strong one, but that a Democratic victory is sure.
- McKinley's little finger is worth more in Ohio now than a base ball park full of little foreakers. Poor foraker.
- Bad news. It is given out that Dr. Burchard will support Cleveland and Thurman. Too bad. R. R. R.
- "Who's your candidate?" was asked long and loud of the Republicans. Their reply is now, "Hoosier candidate."
- The first lighthouse in this continent was built at the entrance to Boston harbor on Little Brewster Island, in 1715.
- William II., the new Emperor of Germany, spent two years in learning to set type and one year in a press room.
- The 'chief' of one of the finest hotels in the south, which is widely known for the excellence of its cuisine, is a woman.
- The Greenbackers of the West are dead set against Harrison who once declared them to be cranks and wanted an asylum built for them.
- Old Tippecanoe was a unique man in one respect. He was the only man named Harrison who ever was or ever will be President of the United States.
- The pancake and water must take a back seat now. When Harrison's nomination hit the ground, it was found to have fallen the flattest thing in America.

—Harrison is really in a very bad fix. His platform indorses the Blair bill; he voted against it. His platform opposes Chinese emigration; he favors it. Next.

—The Democrats in New York are talking about a big majority in that State next November. But few talk about less than 20,000 and some sanguine souls go up as high as 100,000.

—When Grover Cleveland gets done with the Republican party this fall, it will look like the grind of a bark mill and be redolent with the odors of the grave. Drive on the hearse.

—Secretary Fairchild has been made a Doctor of Laws by Harvard, and Secretary Whitner a Doctor of Laws by Yale. Both graduated from their respective colleges in the same year, 1863.

—And the Irish vote of New York that stood ready for Blaine will desert Harrison on account of his Know-Nothing record. Harrison will soon wish that his record had been burned years ago.

—Bolts are very popular institutions now among the Republican contingents. They have appeared simultaneously all over the North and the West. Mugwumpism is not yet dead, nor does it sleep.

—A vice-Presidential nomination comes high; but Morton had to have one. But he is rich and can afford it. He would give twice as much more for the vice-presidency itself. But it belongs to Thurman and is not for sale.

—To the Republican papers supporting Cleveland and Thurman already given, must be added Providence Journal, the Springfield Republican, the New York Evening Post, Harper's Weekly, and the New York Commercial Advertiser.

—Senator Dan Voorhees says Indiana is surely Democratic and will show it in November. It gives the Democrats 5,000 more votes than the Republicans, to start on. Then there is a floating vote of from 25,000 to 30,000 which bids fair to go largely to the Democrats.

—Gen. Pickett is to have a two thousand monument. We are glad of it. Now let North Carolina raise a monument in memory of those brave North Carolinians who on the third day went further into the enemy's lines than any of Pickett's men went, and fell with their faces to the foe.

—Gail Hamilton "figgered" on selecting a suite of rooms in the White House after March 4th next. But she will lodge elsewhere. People can't get all they want in this world even if they are kin to a "Florentine Mosaic from Maine." Gail, old girl, you are left. Drive on the hearse.

—The wage workers in New York are already showing their hand in opposition to grandson and money bags. Labor is making an emphatic stand against Boodle and Blowhard. The N. Y. Star is giving bona fide name of prominent men among the toilers. They will not vote for Chinese Harrison.

—The floods along the line of the Mexican Central Railroad appear to unprecedented in that region for destructiveness. It is quite possible that the reports of loss of life are exaggerated, but the estimates range from 700 to 1,500, and the report from El Paso is that 1,000 bodies have recovered. The adobe houses of Silao and Leon were easily undermined and swept into ruins, and the water rose so rapidly that many of the occupants were overwhelmed without realizing their danger. The Mexican Central Railroad has suffered much, and 100 miles of it is said to be impassable. Thousand of people have been rendered homeless and much property has been destroyed.

—Texas is troubled with a plethora of cash. Its bonded indebtedness in only \$4,500,000, which the holders will not exchange for the money, preferring to draw the interest; and there is in the State Treasury a surplus of more than \$2,000,000. The school fund has a surplus of \$16,000,000, for nearly half of which no safe investment can be found. The farmers to whom the State has been selling its lands on forty years' time, with only 5 per cent, in the hope that they would be very dilatory about paying the principle, are piling in the money in the overburdened State Treasury. The counties are doing the same. To add to its misery the State has 30,000 acres of land yet to sell, which are bringing every year higher and higher prices.

—Central Illinois, was visited by a flood, the worst since 1880, and 10,000 acres in corn was put under water.

## IN MEMORIAM.

Transferred to the Celestial Army after Life's last Battle has been Fought.

In that sadly bereaved home on Wednesday July 4th a beloved form, purified by the fire of the Holy Spirit, was seen to emerge from the crucible of death with smiling face, every feature radiant with heavenly light, and reflecting in its calm repose the beauty and glory of the eternal world. But two weeks ago sweet little Daisy, arrayed in tiny dress of white, and golden curls aglow with light flashed from heaven's richest crowns, wandered away to pluck the bright flowers that bloom on Celestial Hills, and her returning footsteps we shall never, never hear, and oh! how sad, how terrible so soon to see the King of Terrors, with a mighty sweep of his raven wing, again enter that sorrow-stricken home, and lay his icy hand on our noble, generous, and beloved boy, Marion Ward, and with his all-devouring scythe cut the tender brittle thread of life, and launch him into Eternity. His foibles were too few to remember, and language is inadequate to paint the many virtues which clustered around, and illuminated his pure and stainless life shedding like the bright morning star rays of light and cheer and happiness on all within his circle. To attempt to do this would deface, and mar the beauty, the grandeur, and sublimity of his young and promising manhood. As well might I essay to repaint the lily, or add new sweetness to the rose, or richer coloring to the gorgeous splendors of the rainbow. Peace to thy ashes, and sweet be thy sleep, noble, brave, generous boy. While through the fragrant groves, and over verdant lawns, and flowery landscapes of Paradise you roam may thy thoughts unfettered, and released from the horrible nightmare of disease which once held them in iron grasp, sometimes wander back, and in the still silent watches of the night, hold sweet communion with him who on earth shared thy every joy and sorrow, and who in death loves thee as in life. On the inmost tablet of his heart is indelibly stamped thy fair face and manly form, and thy dear sacred memory is there enshrined, and like the bay tree shall forever bloom and flourish in immortal green. Oh! may we in this sad hour of affliction be able to say Thy will be done. Thy ail for thy glory, and with sincerity of heart may we exclaim Not unto us O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name be Glory. M.

## STATE NEWS.

Two thirds of the tobacco-plants in western North Carolina have been killed by recent frost.

A census of Salisbury has been taken. It shows that the town has 4,159 inhabitants, and increase since 1885—three years—of 755.

W. T. Walker, candidate of the third party for Governor, has challenged either the Republican or Democratic nominees to meet on a joint canvass.

The Board of Assessors and Appraisers which met in Wilmington recently fixed the valuation of the Carolina Central Railroad at \$4,536 per mile.

An enthusiastic Young Men's Democratic Club was organized at Smithfield, Johnston county, with 110 members, and E. J. Holt, president; O. Sadler, secretary; W. L. Woodall, treasurer; S. S. Sasser, chairman executive committee. Johnson county reports several good working township clubs fully organized.

The ex Confederate soldiers of Chatham county will hold a re-union at Pittsboro on the 1st Thursday in August next. The Record says this re-union will probably be the grandest occasion ever know in Chatham. Senators Vance and Ransom and Governor Scales and Lieut. Gov. Stedman will address the people.

Twelve towns in North Carolina reported the death rate for April for the Bulletin of the N. C. Board of Health for May. The ratio was 14.5 in the 1,000 inhabitants. Asheville had 13.5; Durham 12.8; Fayetteville 6.9; Goldsboro 4.8; Henderson 24.0; New Bern 26.02; Oxford 8.0; Raleigh 15.2; Salisbury 16.8; Tarboro 14.4; Wilmington 17.2; Washington 3.0.

Senator John H. Reagan, of Texas, in response to an invitation from Col. L. L. Polk, has consented to attend the Interstate Farmers' Cotton Convention in Raleigh in August and deliver an address on "Inter-state transportation and its relation to agriculture." The Senator's address is looked forward to with much expectancy. Col. Polk thinks it probable that Senator Vance will be present also.