

# THE WILSON MIRROR.

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

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## A SERMON.

### A FEW FACTS ABOUT KISSES.

The Heart's Trembling on the Lips  
and Thrilling with Delight.

Kissing is an ecstasy. It goes by favor, and goes through favored and favorite with that electrifying subtlety that no language can express, says the London Saturday Review. It is a science as old as creation. Eve learned it in Paradise from an angel with a white fur collar and wings of light, who taught her all its beauties, virtues and varieties. A kiss has as many distinctions as the world has people. In every grade of society there is kissing. Go where you will, to what country or among what people, and you are tolerably sure of finding some facilities for kissing. A kiss is the seal of affection. Byron valued a kiss by its strength, and measured its strength by its length, but the mensuration of kisses went out of fashion long ago. De Levis calls a kiss the door that opens the citadel of the heart, and poet and people of all ages have found mysterious virtue, bitter, sweet magic and elixirs, and lotions of greater or less potency, but the acme of human happiness, wrote a poetess, is that we may kiss whom we please and please whom you kiss. A kiss to be a success must have mutual interest; there must be a reciprocity in the operation, or somebody suffers the punishment of disgust. Kissing an unwilling pair of lips is as mean a victory as robbing a bird's nest, and kissing too willing ones is about as unfragrant a pastime as making bouquets of dandelions.

At the start the average man makes a batch of kissing. The beauty of a kiss lies in its impulsiveness and its impressibility, nor is it possible to make the first one too brief. There is danger in the attempt to make the initial kiss complete. The girl won't have it. There is too much audacious avarice about it. The thing to do is to go at the fair creature's lips slowly, so as not to frighten her. It is to be expected that she will draw them away from the point of attack, but instead of retreat the thing for heroism to do is to kiss on some place—the cheek, the temple, behind her ear or on the hair. A woman's fancies are as branching as the trees of the forest, and however unsatisfactory to the swain the misplaced kiss may have been, it will, if left to itself, make the recipient wondrous indulgent next time. She will caress the spot where your lips have been, look at the place with a hand glass, and dream of the one who placed it there. When sufficient progress has been made in love-making to warrant the ideal kiss, take it methodically, with both hands and "the gentle touch that love can teach." Let the left arm go about—not her neck, to wrinkle a crepelisse tache—but about her shoulders. Take her chin in the right hand, allowing the three fingers to touch the pretty white throat, holding the face with the thumb and forefinger, which will form a sort of vise for love's conquest. Move her head to one side and a little backward, and approaching so as to make the quartet of lips describe the diameters of an imaginary square, kiss her twice, the second double the length of its very short predecessor. This double kiss is a clew to a man's culture. Only the uncouth, ill-bred lover kisses as he learned to court—by units. The gentleman who has had a good fortune to be born in an atmosphere of refinement makes a duet in his first and final salutation, whatever may be the numerical value of the intermediates. The well-bred girl wants sharp, snapping kisses that pop audaciously, but still pop. A kiss on the hair is the kiss of a poet. Tenderness is implied when the lips press the eyelids. Reverence is spoken when the brow is caressed and protecting love when the cheek is imperaled. Nothing can sanctify a kiss but love, without which the sweetest lips are unsavory and unwholesome.

### BRILLIANT DESCRIPTION OF A WEDDING SCENE.

By Marie Correll, the Brilliant and Accomplished Novelist.

The ball opened brilliantly. The rooms were magnificently decorated, and the soft lustre of a thousand lamps shone on a scene of splendor almost befitting the court of a king. Some of the stateliest nobles of all Italy were present, their breasts glittering with jeweled orders and ribbons of honor; some of the loveliest women to be seen any where in the world flitted across the polished floors, like a poet's dream of gliding sylphs, that live on rivers and

fountains of moon light. But fairest where all were fair, peerless in the exuberance of her triumphant victory was the wife—the bride of the day, the heroine of the night. Never had she looked so surpassingly beautiful—a veritable queen of the Faries, as dainty as a drop of dew, as piercing to the eye as a flash of light. Her dress was a sheen of wonderful mingling of misty lace, with the sheen of satin and glistening showers of pearl; diamonds glittered on her bodice, like sunlight on white foam; her jewels flashed gloriously on her round white throat and in her tiny shell-like ears, white masses of her golden hair, were coiled to the top of her small head, and these caught by a pearl circlet of rose brilliance, yet more lustrous than the light of the gems she wore was the deep ardent glory of her eyes, dark as night and luminous as stars; more delicate than the filmy robes that draped her was the pure, pearl like whiteness of her neck, just sufficiently displayed to be graceful, without suggesting immodesty, for Italian women do not uncover their bosoms for the casual inspections of strangers, as is the custom of the English and German sisters: they know well enough that any lady venturing to wear a "decolleté" dress would find it impossible to obtain admittance to a Court ball at the Palazzo Quirinale. She would be looked upon as one of questionable class, and no matter how high her rank and station, would run the risk of ejection; as at one time it did unfortunately happen to an English Peeress who, ignorant of Italian customs, went to an evening reception in Rome arrayed in very low bodice. Her remonstrances were in vain; she was politely but firmly refused admittance: though told she might gain her point by changing her costume.

### "Mary had a Little Lamb."

Eddie has translated the following well known lines into four different languages in order to gratify the demands of our numerous readers.

#### ENGLISH.

Mary had a little lamb,  
Its fleece was white as snow,  
And everywhere that Mary went,  
The lamb was sure to go.

#### FRENCH.

La Petite Marie had le june nuttong,  
Ze wool was blanchee as ze snow,  
And everywhere la bell Marie went,  
Le june nuttong was sure to go.

#### CHINESE.

Wum gal named Mol had lamb,  
Fleece all samee whitee snow,  
Evly place Moll gal walkee,  
Ba-ba hoppee long too.

#### GERMAN.

Dot Mary haf got ein leedle schaf,  
Mit hair shust like some wool,  
Und all de place dot girl did vent,  
Dot schaf go like ein fool.

#### IRISH.

Mary had a little shape,  
And the wool was white entirely  
An' whenever Mary wauld stir he stumps,  
That young shape would follow her completely.

### Eddie's Effusion.

Eddie came in the office with a sweet blush on his sad face, and when we asked him what ailed him he trembling handed us the following soulful effusion on the glories that attend a pic-nic:

In pic-nic garb we'll amble forth and sit beneath the trees and have our hides all chopped and hacked "with stings of humble bees. We'll gayly don our linen coats and thin seersucker pants, and sit beside the gurgling stream while o'er us crawl the aunts. We'll swallow pic-nic lemonade to moisten down our grub, which people make by soaking one cheap lemon in a tub. The guileless lemon we shall eat, devour the clammy pie, and sit on bowls of custard while a tear bedims our eye. We'll tip the mustard in the jam, the peper in the tea, and try with all our might to show that we are filled with glee. Then let us to the pic-nic hie, our basket in our hands, and homeward come filled up with woe and leaves and dust and sand

### Only a Little Time.

They were at the front gate in the moonlight and he asked her to be his wife. With outstretched arms and a throbbing heart he awaited her answer.

"George" she said, in a nervous whisper, you must give me time.

"How long?" he hoarsely asked, a day, a week, a month, a year?"

"No—no, George," and she quickly scanned the sky, "only until the moon gets behind a cloud."

## A MIXTURE.

### EDITORIAL ETCHINGS EUPHONIOUSLY ELUCIDATED.

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

Bank examiners—Burglars.  
Turkey wants a \$1,000,000 loan.  
A pull with the hair—The barber.  
Of all shoes a felt shoe is least felt.  
A woman's board—The Washboard.  
Never refuse a favor; say, "I'll see."  
Musicians find their work in playing.  
Uninvited guests are welcome to leave.  
A liquor Trust—putting it on the slate.

A cold water-party—The street sprinkler.  
Men count the consequences; women don't.

When a donkey laughs it suggests laughing ass.

It is only fly women who can talk on the ceiling.

A sea captain is usually the mainstay of his family.

A girl, sixteen years old, has been arrested for forgery.

New blood in a paper is likely to quicken its circulation.

A mule is not necessarily an artist because he can draw.

The Bell Telephone Company is paying 26 per cent dividends.

Judge Thurman will make a campaign speech in Brooklyn in September.

Mrs. Cleveland has received two sixty-pound watermelons from Georgia.

The property valuation this year for the City of New York is \$1,500,000,000.

Five-eighths of the flour imported into Brazil comes from the United States.

It is traveling the broad road that frequently puts a man in financial straits.

Let us honor and respect the busy bee. Once full, he makes straight for home.

The lively horse is not so much of a charger as the chap who keeps the stable.

No use urging doctors to get up a trust. It is pretty much all trust with them now.

An engine holds many horses in its power, and yet is content to go by steam.

All men are born free and equal, according to law; but all of them do not stay that way.

Ithaca, N. Y., has been incorporated as a city. Thith Ithacase for congratulation.

No matter how high an awning may be suspended, it is only a shade above the street.

Milk shakes are all the go. Fellows go anyhow when they wish to shake anything.

Red clouds at sunrise indicate a storm, so does a cloud in your wife's face at daylight.

New York and Pennsylvania farmers have advanced the price of milk to 4 cents a quart.

Davitt, the House Ruler, challenges the British Government to arrest Parnell and himself.

There are tender-hearted men in the saloon business, sometimes—bartender-hearted.

Professionally predestrians would please the public better to talk off rather than often.

A Florida planter has contracted to furnish a New York dealer with 1,000,000 cabbages this year.

Parts of the big Nova Scotia ratt have been found 1000 miles from the spot where it was broken up last fall.

Take your wife to church in the morning, and you may take another fellow's for ice cream in the evening.

Swarms of Chinese are landing in British Columbia and stealing across the border into the United States.

Seattle, in Washington Territory, has grown to the extent of eight hundred dwellings since January 1.

The people of the United States now have \$645,000,000 more in their hands than they had seven years ago.

Hon. Geo. V. H. Lothrop, of Detroit, Mich., has tendered his resignation on account of the severity to the Russian climate. The President has excepted it with an expression of his regret.

Boston University has women in its highest governing board.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt spent \$125,000 on the fittings of one room.

Mrs. Sam Randall is said to be the plainest dressed woman in Washington.

Mme. Wilson, the daughter of President Grevey, of France, is coming to New York.

In Japan 128 new schools and societies for girls and women were established during last year.

The Royal University of Ireland lately conferred the degree of master of arts on five young women.

Swarms of Chinese are landing in British Columbia and stealing across the border into the United States.

The pin factories of England, France Holland and Germany are said to turn out 77,000,000 million pins daily.

Girls go to school every day lugging "twenty pounds of scholastic literature and wearing a three foot bustle."

Mr. Hiram Sibley, the well known capitalist' railroad and telegraph magnate died at his home at Rochestry, N. Y.

You see a good deal of advice in the papers now about raising small fruit and none about raising small potatoes.

Vassar College has conferred the degree of LL. D. on Mrs. Catherine L. Franklin, a Fellow of Johns Hopkins University.

Queen Victoria has sent to the Glasgow exhibition two table napkins manufactured from yarn spun from her own hands.

The one story frame cabin in which Andrew Johnson served his apprenticeship as a tailor is still standing in Columbia, Tenn.

New Orleans has a teachers' benevolent association with a good bank account. Its investment is now a question with the members.

A young woman at Beloit, Kan., was recently paid the bounty on the scalps of nine young wolves which she captured while herding cattle.

Miss Leoline Daniels, of Athens, La., while preparing for her wedding, became suddenly ill and died about the hour she was to have been married.

Florida promises to become a large producer of opium. Sixteen plants will produce an ounce, and an acre of poppies will yield \$1,000 worth of opium.

Scientists say there is no plant that does not serve as food for some animal, but the only article used as food from the mineral kingdom is common salt.

Mrs. M. D. McGregor of Neenah, Wis., is to receive \$75,000 as one of the heirs of the Lawrence Towsly Chase estate, which has just been settled in the courts of England.

A New Orleans Judge suggests that all juries be abolished save in criminal cases. He contends that the saving in expenses would be immense and that the people would be better satisfied.

Dr. A. Y. P. Garrett, an eminent physician of Washington City, died of heart failure. He was the family physician of President Davis and all his cabinet during the war, and was recently elected president of the American Medical Association.

Last week Senator Ransom was again chosen a member of the National Executive Committee. Senators Ransom and Gorman are the only Southern men on this committee. There are three Northern Senators on the committee. The remaining members on the committee are Northern and Western men of splendid business capacity and in a position to control considerable amount of money.

The attempts of Republican organs to make it appear that their cause is the cause of the workingman are all right in a Republican sense, so far as their efforts are in line of truth and fairness, but when they go beyond all semblance of truth and are manifestly and openly unfair they exceed even political license.

The Chicago convention seems to have been in great part controlled by renegades and restless spirits. Leonard Swett, Chauncey Depew, Estee, Hiscock and company were all active Greeleyites as against General Grant in 1872, but seem now to have complete control of the Republican party. Can anyone rightfully claim that the present organization is the party of Lincoln! Seward, Sumner and Chase? As well compare pigmies to giants.

## STATE NEWS.

### FROM THE DEEP BLUE SEA TO THE GRAND OLD MOUNTAINS.

#### An Hour Pleasantly Spent With Our Delightful Exchanges.

Hog cholera is raging in Sampson county.

The Danbury iron mines are developing wonderfully.

Charlotte has a colored hospital which is kept up by the whites.

A great many terrapins and turtles are being shipped from the New Bern section.

The New York, Pa. Ice Machine company is erecting an ice factory at Durham.

The manufacturing corporations of Charlotte pay taxes on \$1,000,000 worth of property.

Sam C. White's appeal bond was filed and accepted Saturday afternoon, and he was released from confinement.

Mrs. Alice A. wife of Mr. John T. Moore, a most exemplary christian woman died Thursday morning in Rocky Mount.

A large majority of the vote of Pitt county in the Congressional Convention will be cast for Hon. T. G. Skinner, says the Reflector.

Dick Johnson a painter is in jail at Lumberton on a charge of polygamy. Ho confesses to the best of his knowledge, having fifteen wives.

Major Conyers, the excellent and able Superintendent of public Instruction of Nash county, is Vice President of the North Carolina Teachers Association.

Hon. B. H. Bann, J. N. Holding and R. A. P. Cooley addressed a meeting of Cleveland and Fowl Club at Wake Forest last week, and made a fine impression.

The Seacoast Railroad Company will in a few days begin the erection of a handsome and commodious depot building at Wrightsville, to be located over the marsh and abutting on the main land.

A wealthy and experienced New Jersey manufacturer hosjery has purchased the Long Island cotton mills, Catawba, N. C. This is another indication of the Southward movement of manufacturing industries.

The Fayetteville Observer says the trucking business in that section is steadily growing, and that the growers found it necessary to form a society for their mutual protection, so they met last week and elected officers.

In Asheville on Monday last, of Typhoid fever Mr. Abe Abram, son of Mr. Daniel Abram of Rocky Mount Mr. Abram was a young man very highly esteemed among all his friends and acquaintances in Rocky Mount.

Mr. Henry Talbert, of Cabarrus county, has given the Charlotte Chronicle a curiosity in the shape of a mushroom. Its growth was peculiar and it was calculated to deceive any one who would not examine it closely.

From Oxford it is learned there has been perpetrated one fo the most horrible murders in the history of Granville county. The murderers were lodge in jail yesterday, making fifteen thefe to be tried for their lives at the next term of the court.

Wilmington criminal court has beaten the most speedy case of "Jersey justic." David Herring stole an ox 9 A. M., and by noon he was sentenced to ten years hard labor in the penitentiary. That will break one negro from stealing for awhile, at least.

On 21st of August the Southern Inter State Farmers' Convention will meet at Raleigh. This is an interesting meeting and may be important. The State Alliance is to meet at Raleigh also on 14th prox. This is a growing and powerful body, already numbering more than 1,000 sub-Alliances.

The great Wake County murder mystery case has been made clear and the prisoner held in jail and supposed to be Scott Partin turns out to be Robert Leeson Porter, a real son of the Emerald Isle, who had been in the U. S. Army, and discharged as unfit for the duties of a soldier. Solicitor Argo was zealous and anxious to get at the true facts in the matter and wrote to numerous parties in relation to it, and finally unearthed the record of the prisoner's history. The Secretary of War and the Officers in the Army under which the prisoner said he had served, written to, as well as the United States consul at Dublin.