

State Subscription

THE WILSON MIRROR.

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

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SUNDERED.

A SAD, SOLEMN, SERIOUS SCENE
That Might Have Been Seen in Wilson on Friday Evening.

Two fond lovers were standing at the spot—a spot around which clustered the memories of a happy, peaceful past, when the days drifted by in a languid fashion, no trouble or grief coming to mar the perfect harmony of a placid and beautiful existence. But all was changed, and Ethlyn stood beside the man she loved as well the memory of what had been done to her with cruel, crushing force, and came to the misty portals of a future that seemed utterly dark and cheerless there arose only the black wreaths of desolation and despair. And then, as the crickets all about them were singing, and the murmurous breathing of a stoccatto cow was borne away to the westward on the singing breezes of the night, she put her arms around his neck, and as he stood there, a willing prisoner in the dimpled chains of love, she spoke to him as she had never spoken before.

"You know I love you, Harold," she said—"love you with a deathless passion that time can never assuage, and as the hours go wearily by with leaden feet your image will ever be bright in my heart, your love for me a shrine at which I shall ever worship. I know that you are good and pure and do not smoke cigarettes. I know that your love would shield and protect me for ever and ever, and that in that love I should find the peace and contentment that every girl standing on the threshold of womanhood so long for—that indefinable, mysterious passion that throws about the cold, flat facts of life the glamor of a mystic dream-land that we feel but cannot see. But such happiness may not be. I love you too well, Harold, to ever knowingly cause you one instant of pain, and therefore I say to you, standing here with the stars that deck the heavens looking down upon me, with the voice of nature saying in every fading flower and trembling leaf that autumn has come again, I say it solemnly, tearfully, and for the last time, that I cannot be your wife," and weeping in a mad, passionate way, as if all the chewing gum in the world was gone, she threw herself in a reckless, blind staggerer's fashion on the grass at his feet and moaned pitifully.

In an instant Harold had jumped over her feet and was kneeling beside her. "Why can you not marry me?" he asked. "What is the obstacle of which you speak so mysteriously?"

"Do not ask me," she said. "Do not seek to make yourself miserable, perhaps for life."

"But I demand an answer," he said. Raising herself slowly, and sitting there on one foot, Ethlyn McNulty looks up at him. The moonlight stealing through the branches of the trees above them is not whiter than the face of the girl upon which it falls so gently, and in her eyes there is a look of haunting fear that is pitiful in its sad intensity.

"I can only tell you," she murmured, when finally his agonized entreaties had moved her to speech, "that our marriage would render your life one of constant misery; that it is better we should part now than commit an error which eternity alone could efface. You will never know how I love you—never know the dreadful agony that this separation is causing me. God knows I would greet death with smiling face and outstretched arms to-morrow, now that you are lost to me forever, for what is life without your love, your presence, your kisses but an unceasing torture? If I loved you less, if your love were not enshrined in my heart as something to be worshipped ever more, I would not take this step. It was wrong, I know, to allow this love to overmaster my whole being, but it is better to wreck one life than two, and so again I say good by," and, lifting her pure sweet face to his, Ethlyn kissed him gently on the lips and turned to go.

"Stop!" he exclaimed. "I pleaded with you for an explanation, but now I demand it. It is my right," and, drawing himself up proudly, he broke his left suspender.

"You speak truly," replied the girl. "An explanation of my action is due you. I know, then, that I am a victim of heredity."

"Of what?" asked Harold. "Of heredity," repeats the girl. "In what respect?" he demands, his voice hoarse with agony. "I have," says the girl, steady herself against the lappel of his coat, and, resting her upper lip on the top part of his left ear,

she whispered, "I snore in my sleep," and then with a gasp, she swooned away.

And, then with a long drawn sigh of relief, he rushed into the deepening shadows of the night, happy in the thought that his future peaceful sleep had escaped so great a blight.

THE FALLING LEAF.

Some Short Seasonable Reflections.

The bloom upon the alder and the tassel on the corn are faded alike and gone. The fringed gentian rough husk encased in brown and dust begrimed. The sear and yellow leaf is falling at every gust of the autumn wind, and eddies down a limp and lifeless coverlet to a soft bed on mother earth, where it mingles with the clay beneath the heel of friend and foe. We sat by an open window; it was but yesterday, and we watched a majestic stalk as it greatly swayed its delightful burden, a rose, whose beauty was scarce undimmed by the zephyr or rougher visitations from the sweet drops of kingly Neptune. It was the last of a noble race, the last rose of Summer, in whose open countenance still clung the flesh tints of nature. Between its beauty spots of roseate pink peeped roguishly talismanic flashes of unearthly hue. The busy bee that gathers sweets from every flower the livelong day is fully sated with this luscious banquet of this pale-faced rose upon whom the hectic flush of an absorbing power has spread its seal and set the stop watch of death. It was a lovely and a stately dame long days ago. But the bee stole in and robbed that rose of its sweets and left a sting in their stead or wither up the glowing bud and give it food for quiet thought and unobtrusive sorrow. Robbed we might say, by that pirate bee. To-day we sat by the same window, vines clad and high arched by emerald bowers, and see that same dear rose whose life we have watched for many months and whose existence has been a garden spot in our responsive heart. The rose is languid, it droops, and, bending low, touches the foul earth from whose ghastly embrace it cannot rise. It has flown with that innumerable caravan swept from our gaze by the cold sickle of time and garnered to nature's golden granary the past. Strange thoughts arise in us, for we know full well that the sickle that cuts off the rose will take us. Each year it sweeps away the rose, each year God brings another, but all this time gray hairs creep in, and we are fading like the falling leaf, and soon must seek a home in that cold, cold, clammy earth, the last sad rite of man.

To the Married.

Married life is not all made up of sunshine and peace. Shadows will sometimes darken the domestic horizon; the sun will often hide behind a cloud which apparently has no silver lining. But do not fret over it. Make up your mind to start anew. Begin a white new leaf in your book of experience, and try to forget the blots and erasures on the last one. Above all things, preserve sacred the privacies of your house, heart and married life. No good is gained by imparting to relative or friend the sorrows and disappointments you endure; and sooner or later you are sure to regret making such a confidence. There are few who can be trusted with the secrets of your daily life; there are few who will not whisper the story of your marital difficulties to some "dear confidential friend," and soon your private affairs are freely discussed by all your acquaintances, and commented upon without stint, furnishing food for gossip over many a tea table. Build your own quiet world, not allowing your dearest earthly friend to be the confidant of aught that concerns your domestic peace.

How He Returned Home.

He had been gone from the paternal roof for six months—left home in the first bloom of summer, with a simple smile upon his brow and a pickaxe in his hand. The Black Hills his destination; fame and glory and gold the goal. A summer spent amid the auriferous rocks—industry, perseverance and a rare knowledge of chemistry and mineralogy, his useful tools in addition to the pickaxe. Results are such that he is enabled to return sooner than his most sanguine expectations had allowed him to dream of doing.

Almost home, he pauses outside the town until nightfall and sends to his waiting, expectant parents the following suggestive message:

"Bring me a large blanket and a pair of old pants. I've got a hat."

A MIXTURE.

EDITORIAL ETCHINGS EUPHONIOUSLY ELUCIDATED.

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

Drawers of water—Marine artists. A little shaver—A baker's apprentice. Poverty is not a sin, but twice as bad. A man who has no mind will not change it.

Build a little fence of trust around to-day. The girl who won't be won, remains one.

There is a short rye crop in Central Europe. Deaf old age is, after all, the "hey" day of youth.

The more cowardly a man, the more of a liar he is. There are 76,000,000 acres of corn in this country.

He that lives in danger; society avoids many dangers. In this world it is not what we take up that makes us rich.

Do the pages at Washington constitute American history? Musical dicky birds no doubt prefer the "Song of the Shirt."

The new-born Prince of Greece will be named Christopher. Smallpox has again made its appearance in the City of Mexico.

Philadelphia eats forty-four tons of pie every day in the year. Russia does not recognize Italy's right to annex Massowah, Africa.

The English wheat crop this year will be one third under that of 1887. The new silver vault of the Treasury now contains 240 tons of silver dollars.

Thirty-seven men have been executed in St. Louis for the crime of murder. Prussia has a surplus in her treasury not only large but rapidly increasing.

The wine crop of California for this year has been estimated at 15,000,000 gallons. The greater portion of Florence Wis., was wiped out by fire Saturday morning.

A new Keely Motor Company is to be formed with a capital stock of \$12,000,000. A propensity to hope and joy is real riches; one to tear and sorrow is real poverty.

Any feeling that takes a man away from his home is a traitor to the household. Enthusiasm is the genius of sincerity, and truth accomplishes no victories without it.

About 15,000,000 cottonwood trees have been planted in South West Kansas this year. The more originality you have in yourselves, the more you can see in other people.

Much learning shows how little mortal know; much wealth how little worldlings enjoy. Last year Italy sent 120,000 emigrants to South America, an average of 10,000 a month.

Our assaying twenty per cent. pure tin has been found in quantity Northwest Georgia. The Turkish government has just borrowed \$7,500,000 on the new fisheries and silk taxes.

The cleanness and purity of one's mind is never better proved than in discovering its own faults at first view. The practice of all ages and all countries hath been to do honor to those who are invested with public authority.

Books are the food of youth, the delight of old age, the ornament of prosperity, the refuge and comfort of adversity. The largest market for the purchase and sale of mules is St. Louis, where the trade reaches \$6,000,000 a year. Atlanta cowers next with a trade of \$2,000,000.

A nobleness and elevation of mind, together with firmness of constitution, gives lustre and dignity to the aspect, and makes the soul, as it were, shine through the body. Do not fret. It is only adds to your burden. To work hard is very well; but to work hard and worry, too, is more than human nature can bear.

Gen. Harrison belongs to that lame, selfish, fossilized school of political economists who are out of place in a wide awake intelligent, progressive century. Life is history, not poetry. It consists mainly of little things, rarely illuminated by flashes of great heroism, rarely broken by great danger or demanding great exertions.

The Voice, a Republican paper edited by a negro who votes for Democrat ought to be whipped. What ought to be done with a white man who votes for a negro. The New York Herald says it is so difficult to get Cleveland to sign a bill that has the slightest smell of jobbery about it that people have begun to call him Old Veto.

The fact that Mr. Blaine was greatly astonished at his party [holding its own in Maine shows that his party is not as confident of electing Mr. Harrison as it pretended to be. It is rumored that Adam Forepaugh will take the stump for Cleveland and Thurman. His resemblance to Chauncey M. Depew will be of great use to him in such a case.

The Bostonians imprisoned a man for attempting to preach on the common. They seem to have more reverence for that wonderful common than for religion. Democratic low tariff principles did not frighten Maine Democrats. Their nominee received the largest vote in the late election a Democratic candidate ever received in the State.

The New York Star says the Republicans are thinking of giving up Indiana and New Jersey to the Democrats and concentrating all their strength on New York. The plan is to flood that State with money.

The opening of the Augusta Exposition has been deferred from the 10th of October to the 8th of November when it will begin one of the biggest things in the way of a show ever seen in the South. The flood, disastrous as it has been, has in no degree dampened the ardor of the Augusta people with respect to their great enterprises.

How any man not above an idiot can believe that you can make people more contented, more prosperous, actually richer by taxing them in their food, raiment, bed clothing, building materials, furniture, means of transportation, passes all comprehension. And yet that is indeed the simple burden of Harrison's creed—a poor affair at best.

The Democratic party has a leader worthy of its grand record and traditions, and one whose banner points straight onward to a glorious victory. The ranks are closed up, and the onward march is taken up with fresh vigor that will end only when the polls close on the evening of November 6th. Let the clash of arms be heard all along the lines.

After straining every nerve, working the Blaine enthusiasm for all it is worth, playing upon the misinformation of large numbers of people in regard to the fisheries dispute, and doing their very best to get up a "free trade" panic, the Republicans have barley succeeded in carrying Maine above their average presidential year majority.

Mr. Powderly says there are over 1,000,000 idle men in the United States. How does this happen? It was certainly not free trade that reduced them to idleness, and it has been dinned into our ears for the last quarter of a century that protection protects. If it protects American labor, how is it that a million American laborers go unprotected?

John Nichols votes against the Mills bill, the Democratic measure for reduction of taxation—for the stoppage of unnecessary taxation and rearrangement of the taxation that is necessary so that it may bear upon all with equal weight or as nearly so as possible and so that it may not be as now a tax upon the many for the benefit of a few.

Here is a serpent lying at full length in the sun. The light glints from its brilliant scales. Its glided mail is shimmering with green and gold. It is a thing of beauty. The child sees it and crept toward it. But it is a rod with a head on the other end. The child grasps it, and the wily snake glides up and strikes. So with sin. It is a glided rod, but it has a head on other end. Beautiful it is mayhap, but grasp it, and the other end flies around and drives its fangs into your marrow.

STATE NEWS.

FROM THE DEEP BLUE SEA TO THE GRAND OLD MOUNTAIN.

An Hour Pleasantly Spent With Our Delightful Exchanges.

Edgecombe has thirteen farmers alliances. A china factory is soon to be started at Sanford. Three tobacco factories are being built in Oxford.

High Point will soon have electric lights in that town. Caswell county will vote on her railroad October 30th.

The Cabarrus county fair opens at Concord on October 9th. Goldsboro's artesian well has reached a depth of two hundred and sixty feet.

Wilmington has sent over five hundred dollars to the Jacksonville sufferers. Oxford has three railroads, two banks, thirty new brick stores and electric lights.

The Oxford Orphan Asylum has two hundred and forty children under its care. Bryant Whitehead died at his home near Halifax on Sunday last, in the 85th year of his age.

Tom Evans declines to run on the cold water ticket for the Legislature in Rockingham. Twenty-eight thousand nine hundred and eighty pounds of dried fruit have been shipped from Jonesboro this season.

The business men of New Bern have organized a "Winter Resort Association of New Bern" for the purpose of securing visitors. We see that one hundred girls and young ladies called on Mr. Harrison the other day. Are he and the Third party about to come together on the female suffrage question.

The Holston annual conference of the M. E. Church South will meet at Asheville on Wednesday, October 3d, Bishop Hargrove presiding. A correspondent of the News and Observer from Gatesville gives a graphic account of a terrible cyclone which passed over that section last Monday. It destroyed crops, tore down fences and completely demolished several houses.

Durham will, on October 10th, 11th and 12th, have a grand exposition. She will make the grandest effort a town ever made to attract people in order to show to the world what she has accomplished in the short period of her existence. It will be such a display and such a concourse of people as was never before seen in North Carolina.

We learn that Mr. Walker met with a very cool reception at Wadesboro last week. A very small crowd came out to hear him—only about a dozen whites, who went from curiosity. At the end of his speech he called for all who were in favor of the third party to go forward and give him their names. One white man and two negroes stepped up. This represents the third party in Anson county.

We learn from the Portsmouth Enterprise-Times that work will be commenced very shortly on the Chowan and Southern railroad from Driver's store to Tarboro, making connection with the Old Western Branch or Belt road at Driver's store. The contract was signed by Messrs. Harper, Bruce & Co. to grade the entire line yesterday morning. They propose to work a large force, and the contract calls for the completion of the grading by the first of next April.

Great damage has resulted on the low-land farms along the Roanoke, Nottoway, Blackwater and other rivers, the cotton and corn crops being submerged and destroyed, and live stock, barns, outhouses, cut lumber, cord wood, bridges, fences, &c., swept away by the floods, which have never before been equally disastrous. The rise in the Roanoke river was thirty-seven feet higher than ever known before and overflowed the low country three miles from its banks. The greatest destruction to the farmers is on this river. Many dwellings were submerged and swept away with the barns and outhouses. Crops were fifteen feet under water. Many fine plantations are utterly ruined, and it is estimated that the loss by floods this season will reach \$1,000,000.