

THE WILSON MIRROR.

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

VOL VII.

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THE TWO-FOLD TEST.

AN INTERESTING STORY.

Written for the Mirror by Earnest Hart.

"Why don't you lock that drawer?" said Mrs. Wilson to her husband after seeing him deposit some important papers in his desk.

"Why should I, Lucy? Have not I kept money here for twenty years without a key," answered Mr. Wilson.

"Yes but remember you are nearly sixty years old and no longer capable of protecting your own property," replied his wife.

"Old and feeble though I am I yet have my trusty little life guard Henry, and there is not a fellow in town who would care to grapple with him."

"Henry is still a boy and it does not seem reasonable to suppose that he will jealously guard property when he knows he will not inherit a single dime. You place in that boy the utmost confidence."

"And according to my opinion he is a boy to confide in" interrupted Mr. Wilson.

"Well do as you like," replied his wife, "it is not impossible that you may regret it," and unable to convince her husband she left the room.

A few minutes later the door opened and Henry Alston announced; "Zeno wishes to speak with you Mr. Wilson, he is waiting in the parlor."

"All right, all right" he said rising from his chair, "the young rascal wants money to lift him through a gambling scrape. I wonder what will be the end of that boy. Here Henry answer this letter, you will find the bills to enclose in this drawer."

Henry Alston was young, talented and ambitious but he possessed no property and long years of patient untiring study were required to accomplish his plans. He had been for some months employed by a distant relative as private secretary. Henry had won the unlimited confidence of his employer.

Mr. Wilson had many peculiarities but none made so forcible an impression on Henry's mind as the excessive carelessness displayed in leaving drawers unlocked, bills scattered on the desk, and important documents crammed away behind the desk or table.

The letter answered and the bills enclosed, Henry thought with the open drawer before him, "of all this abundance how little it would take to make me happy. Mr. Wilson would never know it"—but suddenly checking himself he violently pushed the drawer in.

"Why, what is this noise?" asked Mr. Wilson, entering the room.

"Nothing, only closing this drawer jarred the room."

"Henry give this check to Zeno, I don't know what will become of that boy when he gets my money in his clutches," and the old man shook his head despairingly.

"Uncle Wilson is the most hard fisted old villain out of jail," remarked Zeno as Henry gave him the check.

"What is the good of being young, handsome and wealthy if a fellow can't indulge in a taste of champagne, or wine, or lose a few dollars on the fleetness of a horse and sometimes make a rash deal with kings or queens without being threatened with disinheritance."

"Come, Zeno come, don't be so gloomy my friend meant it all for your good."

"My God, by jove, what a Job's comforter you are. Don't speak one word of consolation. I am head and ears in debt and this, holding the check in his hand, will hardly begin to pay out. Don't you feel a little thirsty, come in and I will drink your health in a glass of Stone's best."

"No thank you" answered Henry and proceeded to the post office.

"That boy is a perfect numskull but I dare say he will appreciate my condescension when I become master of the old miser's estate. I wish the old fellow would be accommodating and drop off with heart disease about to-night muttered Zeno as he entered Stone's saloon."

After mailing some letters Henry passed into the telegraph office which was in an adjoining room.

"Why I am so glad to see you," said little Alice Vincent, a delicate girl with large dreamy brown eyes rising to meet him.

"And how do you succeed with telegraph," he asked and pressed her hand warmly within his own and held it there a little longer than simple courtesy would

have required.

"Oh splendidly but I feel a little tired just now," she answered.

"I know you are, Alice and it is a pity to wear your sweet little life away in—"

"Come Henry," interrupted Alice, "you must not talk so; I am not often tired and besides it may not last always."

"Heaven being my helper it shall not Alice, but I can't do a thing now, trust me and be patient a few years."

"Why, don't you sit down Henry, you always seem in such a hurry?"

"You know the old adage duty before pleasure; good bye, will see you again soon," and Henry hurriedly left the room before manifesting the deep emotion he could no longer restrain.

"Oh God protect my darling, my all, or show me some way to do it," was the earnest prayer of his heart as he passed again into the street.

"It is worse than death to see her day after day" he continued, growing paler and weaker by a constant strain too severe for her nerves, and I entirely powerless to prevent it," and he clenched his fist in the utter helplessness of despair.

"In vain did he rack his brain for a speedy fulfillment of his plans. Years weary, restless years were required but before then a little green mound might conceal all that was dear in life to him," and he involuntarily shuddered as the thought passed through his mind.

Ere he was aware he found himself again in Mr. Wilson's counting room while the temptation to possess a few of his old friend's dollars presented itself with tenfold force. "Can it be wrong he asked himself? It is the only way of saving my earling's life," but he suddenly replied the idea for Alice he knew would rather die than purchase life with such a ransom.

Henry's nerves were strung to the highest tension, his honor was receiving the severest test it would ever know, his character hence forth must inevitably bear the stamp of a villain or be clothed in the most refined nobility of a hero.

Before censuring Henry Alston too severely let those who have loved with the fiery impetuosity of youth, ask themselves have there not been moments when under the passionate influence of love they would have relinquished fame, honor, yea even lift itself for the object of their adoration.

When the panorama of youthful fancy passes from life it tempers the vehemence of affection and while a man of thirty loves not with the intensity of youth his choice is made with far more discretion.

"I can never stand this, never" and rising abruptly from the chair Henry thrust his hand into the drawer and took there from a small envelope, placed it in his vest pocket and walked rapidly to the telegraph office.

"What back again so soon Henry" asked Alice. What is the matter? You look as if you were unwell."

"I am a little nervous close; the door and come here. I have something important to say," answered Henry.

"Alice," he asked a little confused, "can you love and trust and believe me true?"

"Yes, but do compose yourself and tell me what is the matter?"

"Oh! nothing, nothing just promise to love and trust me always."

"I promise Henry."

"Then good bye my little girl" and whispered sadly to himself perhaps for always.]

Henry Alston did not return to Mr. Wilson's that night nor on the following day. And days lengthened into weeks and weeks into months, but still nothing was heard from him.

TO BE CONTINUED.

To the Democratic Voters of the United States.

The Graphic Publishing Company issues two Democratic newspapers—the Daily Graphic and the Weekly Graphic. They are recognized throughout the United States as most loyal and consistent supporters of the Democratic party. Both papers are staunch supporters of the National and State Administrations. The Daily and Weekly Graphic circulates in every State and Territory of the Union. The Daily Graphic is published at \$9.00 per annum, and The Weekly is published at \$2.50 per annum.

The recently issued address of the National Democratic Committee to the people of the United States sets forth in plain language its pressing need of funds for the legitimate expenses of this campaign. Never has money been subscribed more liberally, but never has there been such a de-

mand for tariff documents. Millions of these have been printed and circulated at great expense. Millions more must be distributed, and the money to pay for them must be raised.

In view of the urgent need for campaign funds the publishers of THE GRAPHIC have decided to make the following offer to the Democratic voters of the United States:

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A MIXTURE.

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

Excessive labor is wrong.

In a nutshell—Sweet meats.

Worth its weight in—Gold.

Born to rule—A book-keeper.

Notes of the day—Sight drafts.

One ass calls another "long ears."

He "whoops em up"—The cooper.

Deal with those who are fortunate.

Wages in China are two cent a day.

Silence is the fence around wisdom.

No man is impatient with his creditors.

Awaiting its turn—A buck wheat cake.

The cock and the owl both await daylight.

The soldiers fight and the Kings are heroes.

A beetle can carry twenty times its own weight.

The weakness of the walls invites the burglar.

Truth is heavy, therefore few care to carry it.

The bent of many a man's inclination is crooked.

Calumny is like coal; if it does not burn it will soil.

Every utterance creates some kind of an impression.

Many weaknesses of human nature are distorted virtues.

Keep your conscience but not your farm void of a fence.

The wisest fellow we think are those who agree with us.

Real glory springs from the silent conquest of ourselves.

Thirty million trees have been planted in Kansas this year.

Lame men have running expenses the same as other folks.

Strange to say, elasticity has its greatest snap when it's "broke."

The bottom of a gun barrel is always a good base for a charge.

The chief disease of a miser is attacks of tightness of the chest.

The credit gained by a lie lasts only until the truth comes out.

New envelopes have the gum on the lower part of the envelope.

Our acts make or mar us; we are the children of our own deeds.

A little up-town boy is so fond of whipped cream that he licks the dish.

The place honors not the man; 'tis the man who gives honor to the place.

He who does not engage in the quarrels of others will have few of his own.

Paste diamonds are so called because people get stuck on them so often.

When a physician loses his skill it naturally follows that he is out of practice.

Shakespear advised his readers to throw physic to the dogs. He is silent about cats.

Big Head is the name of a prominent Sioux Chief. His sioux-de nym as it were,

Ben Shott is the most appropriate name of a candidate for Corner, in Cincinnati, Ohio.

The herring sardine packers of Maine will cure and pack 55,000,000 hering this year.

Snow fell to the depth of six inches during Tuesday night in western Ontario.

A petroleum engine is now being exhibited in England, and is attracting a great deal of attention.

The length of pipe laid in Paris for the distribution of power by compressed air already exceeds thirty miles.

The tusk of a gigantic mastodon, measuring thirteen feet six inches, has been found in a well near Bismark, Dakota.

It is said to be unsafe to strike a match within a half mile of the great gas and oil gusher that has burst out at Montpelier, Ind.

Coral has felt the whim of fashion, and its importation has fallen off in the last three years as rapidly as that of amber has risen.

More than \$500,000,000 worth of mineral products came from the mines of this nation last year, according to the report just issued.

The oldest rose tree in the world is at Heldersheim, Germany. Its history can be traced back to 1079, and it was quite a bush then.

The Balloon Society of London have given Professor Baldwin their approval, stating that his parachute will be useful for war balloons.

A colored woman who recently went insane at Atlanta, Ga., imagined that the sun had perched itself on her head and she could not shake it off.

Great Britain is becoming more of a money lending than a shop keeping nation. They are building fewer shops but are making more money bags.

During the month of August 13,000 umbrellas were left in the railway carriages of the United Kingdom, and 67,000 different articles of all sorts were lost.

The Duluth Paragraph sagely remarks that the average barbers does not hesitate to scrape an acquaintance. He doesn't hesitate to cut an old friend, either.

The fastest train service in the world are in the United States. Next comes England, next France, next Germany. After that it is a scramble, with no choice.

Do not let your overweening modesty prevent you from recording your own good deeds. A real estate man lost a fortune once through an unrecording his deed.

We understand the Sioux will require a Sioux more days' consideration of the treaty before they can make up their minds definitely as to what they will do. Whioxi!

Jay Gould's collection of egravings is one of the finest in the country. One of them, valued at \$10,000 and accrued interest, was made by the American Bank Note company.

The six Kentucky counties of Harlan, Knott, Bell, Leslie, Lucy and Fletcher have no church within their limits, yet the State gives each year many thousand dollars to foreign missions.

Under the last census of France there were reported in that Republic 190 persons who were living at the age of one hundred years or more, and 12,153 who were more than ninety years old.

The South has gained 18,000 miles of railroad track within eight years, at a cost of \$750,000,000. The increase of the crops, iron and other products of that section has been in equal proportion.

Some of the manufacturers of Indiana are discharging those of their employers who propose voting for Cleveland. That is hardly the way to make the heir of his grandfather popular with the working-men.

STATE NEWS.

FROM THE DEEP BLUE SEA TO THE GRAND OLD MOUNTAIN.

An Hour Pleasantly Spent With Our Delightful Exchanges.

It snowed in Charlotte on Oct. 2nd. Frosts have done damage to tobacco in this State.

The crop prospect around Wake Forest is very gloomy.

At the Raleigh graded school 1,692 children attend.

The Wilmington Light Infantry has 100 active members.

Military schools are to be started at Fremont and Fair Bluff.

A lawyer, Jas B. Words, of Iredell, is in the penitentiary for forgery.

The Farmers' Alliance has established a cotton buying office in Charlotte.

In two weeks Mr. Pearson made between 450 and 500 conversions in Winston.

In Durham last week, John Nunn (colored) shot and killed Fisher Henderson, (colored).

A portrait in oil of the late Chief Justice Nash was presented to the Supreme Court last week.

Mr. B. A. Hampton, of Rutherford county, was waylaid last week by four men and robbed of \$115.

A. M. Baker, of New Berne, has made an assignment for the benefit of creditors. Liabilities, \$15,000.

The Durham Tobacco Plant published a very attractive eight page Exposition edition of that paper last Saturday.

The State Board of Pharmacy will meet in Raleigh, Tuesday and Wednesday of Fair week, for the purpose of examining applicants for license as druggists.

In 1880 the population of Durham was 2,100; now it is estimated at 8,000. The assessed value of real estate then was \$984,000, for this year it is \$4,300,000.

Mrs J. B. Phillips the estimable wife of the Candidate for the House of Representative in Nash county, died very suddenly last week at her home near Battleboro.

We see from the News-Observer that Mr. J. S. Carr, of Durham, will in a few days donate \$1,600 to the Students Aid fund at Wake Forest College. This is a most generous gift and one worthy of the imitation of others.

Mr. B. H. Bunn, candidate for Congress, spoke at Clifton's Mill on Wednesday and at Cypress Chapel on Thursey. From those who were present we learn that his speeches were excellent and did much good for the cause.

Col Polk, the secretary of the State Farmers Alliance, says that the membership is now considerably over 59,000, and the order is daily increasing. There are about 1,200 organizations in the State.

The trial of Cross and White, president and cashier of the late State National Bank, consumed almost the entire time of the Wake Superior Court last week. The jury returned a verdict of guilty of forgery, and Cross was sentenced to six, and White to five years on the public roads.

The sixty-fifth annual session of the Holston Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, South, convened in Asheville, Oct. 3rd, Bishop Hargrove presiding. W. H. Corden was elected secretary. Two hundred and thirty-seven delegates, clerical and lay, were present.

A little son of Mr. Hamp Austin, of Mecklenberg county, was smothered last week in a pile of cotton seed. The boy and his little sister were playing in a pile of seed, when the boy noticed a hole in the pile and the little fellow crawled into it. His sister not dreaming of any danger, proceeded to pen him up by piling seed in the hole.

Governor Scates is still in Greensboro, where he now spends much of his time "setting his house in order" for retirement from the political arena at the end of his term. The Governor says he is heartily tired of official harness, and looks forward to comparative ease in the private walks of life. The best wishes of all the good people of North Carolina will follow him