

THE WILSON MIRROR.

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

WILSON, NORTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1888.

NO. 32

A BLESSING.

**THE CHEER AND COMFORT OF A
CHEERFUL COUNTENANCE.**
Short, Simple, Sentimental Sermon
By Henry Blount.

A cheerful countenance is to the face what the tints are to the beautiful and glorious flowers, or the roseate and crimson and variegated colorings to the sky, when some grand and gorgeous sunset hath lent its opulent glories to gild and beautify the blue of clouds that lie embedded in the ocean of space. It is like the songs of heaven when their precious strains come rippling in sweetest wavelets from throats that God Himself did tune to glorious notes of joyousness and of gladness. It is like the mild and mellowed and chastened radiance of a cloudless moonlight night, when every shadow wears on its bosom that silvery lustre which seems like gleaming gleams of radiance flung from Heavenly splendors. Yes, next to the sunlight of heaven is the sunlight of a cheerful face. There is no mistaking the bright eye, the unclouded brow, the sunny smile, all tell of that which dwells within. Who has not felt its electrifying influence? One glance at this face lifts us out of the arms of despair; out of the mists and shadows, away from tears and repining, into the beautiful realms of hope. One cheerful face in a household will keep everything bright and warm within. Envy, hatred, malice, selfishness, dependency and a host of evil passions lurk around the doer, they may even look within, but they never enter and abide there; the cheerful face will put them all to shame and flight. It may be a very plain face, but there is something in it we feel, we cannot express, and its cheerful smile sends the blood dancing through our veins for very joy; we turn toward the sun, and its warm, genial influence refreshes and strengthens our fainting spirits. Ah, there is a world of magic in the plain, cheerful face! It charms us with a spell of eternity, and we would not exchange it for all the soulless beauty that ever graced the fairest form on earth. It may be a very little face; one that we nestle upon our bosoms or sing to sleep in our arms with a low, sweet lullaby; but it is such a bright, cheery face! The scintillations of joyous spirits are flashing from every feature. And what a power it has in the household, binding each heart together in tenderness and love and sympathy! Shadows may darken around us, but somehow this face ever shines between, and the shining is so bright that the shadows cannot remain, and silently they creep away into the dark corners where the cheerful face is gone. It may be a wrinkled face, but it is all the dearer for that, and none the less bright. We linger near it and gaze tenderly upon it and say, "God bless this happy face!" We must keep it with us as long as we can, for home will lose much of its brightness when the sweet face is gone. And after it is gone, how the remembrance of it purifies and softens our forward nature. When care and sorrow would snap our heart strings asunder, this wrinkled face looks down upon us, and the painful tension grows lighter, the way less dreary, the sorrow less heavy.

Not Dangerous.

"Julia, perhaps I am staying too late. Is not that your father tapping on the floor overhead?"
"Yes, Arthur, but don't go yet. He isn't dangerously mad until he goes tearing along the hall beating on the old drums."

Tautological.

Teacher—What is tautology?
Boy—Repetition.
Teacher—Give me an example.
Boy—We are going to have sheep's head for dinner, and my sister Elsie's beau is coming to dinner, also.
Teacher—Go up head.

Newspaper Obituary.

The following is an extract from the obituary notice of a Kansas newspaper, published in another paper of the same town:
"The pen is silent; the office scissors have been laid away to rust. The stillness of death prevades the very atmosphere where once the hoarse voice of the devil yelling 'copy!' or 'whatinthellisthisword' was wont to resound. The paste-pot has soured on the what-not; the cockroach is eating the composition off the roller, and the blue-bottle fly is dying in the rich fields of the printer's towel."

Editors.

Once upon a time an editor died. This was an unusual occurrence. Editors rarely ever die. They generally become day laborers or millionaires before that auspicious event winds up their earthly career. But in this instance a real, speaking, living, breathing, genuine editor paid the debt of Nature. Oh, how his other creditors did envy Nature! Well, a few days after the funeral the editor arose, took up his soul, and prepared for his final journey to his allotted abode; after awhile he drew near to the outer gates of Hades. Here he knocked loud and long. Finally Gov. Nick came to the gate and asked what was wanted. The editor told him that he had been evicted from the upper world and wanted a home where rent is free and fuel cheap. The devil eyed him suspiciously for half a minute and then asked him what had been his profession up above?

Your Majesty," said our friend, "I am an Editor. For years I have been—"

"You can't come in here, then," said his Majesty. "I am ruler here and propose to continue so. Can't you see that your advent inside this gate would be dangerous to the peace and dignity of my subjects? All those subscribers of yours who didn't pay for their paper are in here, and you would not be here a week before you would commence dunning them, and would cause dissensions, discords, and the final disruption of my kingdom."

"But if I promise—"
"No, sir! you can't come in here. Go up there," continued the devil, pointing to the Celestial City, "there you will find all your paying subscribers and no dead-heads, and there you can dwell in peace."
And the heart of the editor was glad. Joyfully he turned aside from the gate, wended his way up the golden stairs to enter upon his just reward, where unpaid bills troubleth not and delinquent subscribers never come.

A Long Wait.

"You think you need a wife, young man, do you?" said Mr. Kajones, as he looked at the agitated youth who was sitting on the edge of a chair and nervously twirling a hat, "and my daughter would fill the bill, would she?"

"She would, indeed, sir," replied the young man, with a ghastly attempt to appear at ease. "As the men who start newspapers some times say in their prospectuses, she would fill a long went fault—I mean, of course, a weng lont felt—rather a long lent wait—no, a wrong font felt—indeed she would, Mr. Kajones, persisted the bewildered youth, "though should have said, of course, a feng!"

"George," interposed Mr. Kajones, coming to his relief, have you said anything to Lauree yet?"
"No sir; I thought I ought to speak to you first."
"Well, George," said the young lady's father, kindly, "take my advice—if you can't get that prospectus untangled before you see her again, you'd better send a more experienced canvasser."

Waman.

True, she can not sharpen a pencil and outside of commercial circles she can't tie a package to make it look like anything save a crooked cross section of chaos; but, land of miracles? see what she can do with a pin! She can not walk so many miles around a billiard table with nothing to eat, and nothing (to speak of) to drink, but she can walk the floor all night with a baby. She can ride five hundred miles without going into the smoking car to rest (and get away from the children.) She can enjoy an evening visit without smoking half a dozen cigars. She can endure the distraction of a house full of children all day, while her husband sends them all to bed before he has been home an hour. A boy with a sister is fortunate, a fellow with a cousin is to be envied, a young man with a sweetheart is happy, and a man with a good wife is thrice blessed more than them all.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address.

Respectfully,
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C.,
181 Pearl St., New York.

A MIXTURE.

EDITORIAL ETCHINGS EUPHONIOUSLY ELUCIDATED.

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

London contains 120 hospitals.
A great tail-bearer—the peacock.
From pole to pole—A clothes line.
A circus tumbler should never be full.
A boy that is lost is a waif from home.
If a ship arrives a second late they dock it.

The temple of Diana was four hundred feet high.
Gout has good Lord Tennyson by the foot again.
Bismarck has a mania for getting weighed frequently.
The poet who is always a musing is not necessarily funny.

Many an old book has to be bound over to keep the peace.
The Koran says all flies shall perish, save one, the bee fly.

Alexander Dumas is said to be the richest writer in the world.
Saratoga is famous for spring water and Niagara for fall water.

Lawyers ought to be good poets; they write lots of "versus".
Rosenthal, the Romanian painist of note, came over on the Aller.

The places of Rome each accommodated about 350,000 people.
Many a man has a pale appearance after leaving a bucket-shop.

Mary Anderson arrived at New York from England on Saturday.
The vain man wears tight boots and must acknowledge the corn.

It is regarded as a death warning in Germany to hear a cricket's cry.
A real, live princess keeps a millinary store in Fifth avenue, New York.

Mr. Robert Bonner paid Mr. William H. Vanderbilt \$40,000 for Maud S.
English papers are particular wrathful over the Lord Sackville's dismissal.

W. S. Gilbert, the English librettist, has dramatized George Eliot's "Romola."
The Tapuya Indians in South America say the Devil assumes the form of a fly.

This old-fashioned china, for practical purposes, is not what it is cracked up to be.
The boy who was kept after school for bad orthography said he was spell bound.

In China the highest recommendation a man can have is the fact of his having a wife.
A prescription is something that the druggists puts up and the patient puts down.

George Meredith is greatly enamored of verse in his old age and has just put a long poem into print.
Kaiser William has given orders that the public celebration of the victory at Sedan should cease.

M. Paul Bluent, "Max O'Rell," is preparing a lecture on americans for a tour of Great Britain.
Robert J. Burdette the Humorist, has been licensed to preach by the Baptist Church to which he belongs.

An endless railway train, consisting of 400 platform cars, is to be one of the attractions at the Prais exposition.
Detective John Lowenstein, of Chicago, was fatally shot by his wife in a quarrel caused by jealousy yesterday.

General Boulanger has resumed his daily receptions in Paris and the agitation in his behalf has been recommenced.
Capt. Samuel Brooks, of the Arizona, has made 600 trips across the Atlantic, and has sailed 1,830,000 nautical miles.

Frank Hutton, the ex-postmaster General, has drifted into business as the Western agent for a newly invented stove.
Father Schleyer, the inventor of Volapuk, is dead. A fund for a moment to his memory will be raised by his followers.

Cheif Justice Fuller is far from tall, but his new grown of office took more silk in construction than the dress of a society woman.
The buisness portion of the town Deland, Ill., was destroyed by fire Wednesday. The losses aggregate \$25,000, with a little insurance.

"Physician, heal thyself!" is an injunction promulgated centuries ago, and now some of the older practitioners are pretty well healed.

Ex-Gov. Albert G. Porter, of Indiana, is a portly looking gentleman of medium height, with a well kept gray beard and the air of a banker.

A track of land containinging 1,000,000 acres in Aroostook county, Me., has been sold for \$1,000,000. The deed record contains 25,000 words.

Eza French, engineer on the northern Adirondack, left his engine for an hour one day on a recent trip, and on returning brought a fine deer, which he had shot.

There died in Havana recently, at the age of 114 years, a negress, Nercelina Compos. She leaves a 90-year-old son, and a 12-year old great-great-grandson.

Uncle Elias Gibson, of Kilbourne, Ill., who is nearing his 90th year, has the distinction of having killed ninety-two wolves since the war, a record that no other Illinois man can even approach.

It has been found that a goose can stand the weather until the thermometer goes to 64 degs below zero. Then her feathers won't save her. Wild ducks can go 12 degs lower and come out on top.

More than a sixth part of the land of the globe and nearly, a sixth part of the population of the world are under the control of Great Britain. Russia ranks second in territorial extent and the United States third.

Without the House of Representative the Radicals cannot carry on their high-handed deviltry, and cannot dragonade the South as in Grant times. If we only had the Senate, Harrison would have to behave himself.

There is a town of 2,000 inhabitants without a negro in it. No darkey is allowed to stop there. All the servants are white. White girls are hotel and house servants. It is called Cullman, is a German town mainly, and is in Alabama.

The last Summer was the wettest that England has experienced since 1879, and the coolest since 1860. In most parts of the country the sun did not shine more than average of four to four and a half hours a day. In Scotland the daily average was about five hours.

At the first election of Mr. James Madison he was beaten in his own State of Virginia by Mr. Pinckney. At the election of Mr. James K. Polk he was beaten in his own State of Tennessee by Henry Clay. These are the only instances in our history.

Sam Jones received \$743.86 for his eight days' work at Nashville, Tenn. A collection was taken up to purchase the building in which the meetings were conducted and Sam gave them \$1,000, or \$258 more than he received. In other words, he gave them eight days of labor and \$258 in cash.

It is stated on pretty good authority that Sir Charles Tupper will succeed Lord Sackville as British Minister to this country. Lord Sackville has been formally cut off from diplomatic relations with the administration and will probably return to England in a few days. He is worth \$100,000 a year and will probably be able to find consolation.

A Calvinist in the N. C. Presbyterian thus gives his impressions of Sam Jones. He says he is totally ignorant of systematic theology, he is totally devoid of fear, he is chock full of fun, he has a tender sympathy for the man who is down, he can enforce the claims of Christ with wonderful power. He knows every avenue to the human heart; and especially he knows the importance of keeping his audience in a good humor. Rather than not have them so he tells anecdotes that would be more appropriate in the circus ring. But while their hearts are merry he will put the most tender and earnest plea for the Master."

A rather severe writer in The Saturday Review condemns the modern English girl in the following terms: "Neither the moral nor physical training of a modern English girl is such as to justify the hope that she will be invariably above reproach. The lives they lead, the aim set before them, all lead to degeneracy and deterioration. They are permitted, as they grow up, to develop all the vainer elements, to study to show off, to traffic on their charms for charity, for popularity, for notoriety, and their ambition is to become professional beauties or something equally poor and objectionable—ultra fast and fashionable women."

STATE NEWS.

FROM THE DEEP BLUE SEA TO THE GRAND OLD MOUNTAIN.

An Hour Pleasantly Spent With Our Delightful Exchanges.

Some farmers in Stoke are feeding their hogs on tobacco as a preventive of cholera.

The Cutchburn machine shops of New Berne were burned last week. Loss \$2,000; insurance \$1,000.

Mr. J. W. Reilly, formerly connected with the Catholic Mirror, is now on the editorial staff of the Charlotte Chronicle.

The Star say the white leaders of Republican cohorts in Wilmington are already caucusing over the division of the loave and fishes.

At Kenansville last Tuesday Mrs. Rebecca Brown, one of the most prominent ladies of the State celebrated her hundredth birthday.

Capt. Will Dobson, of the C. F. & Y. V. Railroad fell from a box car on to a flat car yesterday near Fayetteville and was seriously and probably fatally hurt.

A small mill run was made at the Mann-Arrinton mine a few days ago which returned at the rate of \$1,000 a day. The ore run was above the average.

The Supreme Court has sustained the judgement of the Superior Court in the murder case of "Bud" Anderson, Wayne county, and he will therefore be hanged.

Henderson captured part of the tobacco exhibit at the Richmond Exposition last week. Mr. John D. Cooper was awarded first premium, \$250, for best fancy bright cutters.

The news comes from Winston that a number of her big factories are working at night. Winston began work early in the season and has been working full forces all the summer.

Mrs. Fannie Morse, of South port, has sent to the office of the Wilmington Messenger a sweet potato that weighs 9½ pounds and measures 24½ inches in circumference.

The State Grange of North Carolina Patrons of Husbandry will meet this year in annual session in Kinston, Lenoir county, beginning on the second Tuesday, the 11th of December.

Mr. W. T. Blackwell, the founder of the Blackwell Tobacco Company and the originator of the Durham Bul smoking tobacco brand, was converted under the ministry of Rev. Sam Jones at Durham.

John W. Graham, trustee of the sinking fund of the North Carolina Railroad, gives notice that the mortgage bonds of the company which matured November 1st will be paid promptly at Burlington.

The New Bern Journal says that sportsmen in that vicinity are out hunting every day and seldom fail to bring back quantities of wild game and in great variety. A gentleman living in that city has recently gone on three hunting expeditions and killed four deer.

The capacity of the Eastern Asylum for colored insane, near Goldsboro, is being considerably increased. There is a noticeable increase in the number of colored insane, particularly in the central section of the State. The addition to the asylum building is almost completed.

Last Sunday was a big reaping day for the Durham churches. The Plant reports as follows: Members received at First Baptist—39 by baptism, 10 restored, and 4 by letter—total 53. Blackwell's Baptist, 8 baptism. Total Baptists 61. Episcopal 15. Presbyterian 45. Carr Methodist, 29 by profession, and 8 by cretificate—total 37; Trinity Methodist, 98 by profession and 8 by letter—total 106. Total Methodists—150. Total of other denominations 121.

We see it announced that George H. Vanderbilt, grandson of the old Commodore, has invested largely in real estate in and around Asheville in this State. It is said he owns about one thousand acres on the Swannao river, a mile from that town, it is said that he intends to establish an industrial and mechaical school for the training in useful pursuits of such young people as are without means to pay for their own education. Civil engineer, and landscape grandeners have been employed to lay out and improve the grounds. Rooms have been secured at one of the hotels at Asheville for William K. Vanderbilt and family, who will accompany George to Asheville in March for a stay of two or three months.