

THE WILSON MIRROR.

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

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SHORT SENTIMENTAL SERMON
BY HENRY BLOUNT.

A Reflection of His Own Heart's
Beatings, as He Sits All Alone in
His Dreamings.

Life is a probation, and Death is Time's
tribunal leading into Eternity. Therefore
the salvation of the soul is the first and
most important thing to which man should
direct his earnest and serious attention. It
should be the chief aim of existence—the
purpose of every endeavor, and the beckoning
of every aspiration. To attain this con-
firmation there is a pathway, rough and
walled, and each one must tread for him-
self, finding as he goes on in his fulfilment
of life's highest duty, that until the final
goal is reached, there is toil without rest,
and difficulties without end. Yet in view
of this grand, prominent, momentous fact,
in many instances, is passed and treated
as a mere bubble upon the sea of Time;
hence it is, when the harvest time has
come and the reaper is ready, there is so
much to do for his sickle. Pause one mo-
ment, ye busy throng, and think of man,
made above all other animals; endowed
with all the faculties necessary for grasping
the grand problem of life; fashioned and
named and made in the image and likeness
of his creator; yet so absorbed with the
trifling things of this world, that when he
is called into the presence chamber of
his Maker, the recording angel—viewing
the long, sad funeral train of wasted oppor-
tunities and misspent hours, tearfully writes
down in the final decree, "Nothing but
leaves." Take if you please the worldly
young man, fresh from the barbers and
ready for the circle of the fair and lovely;
look at the spotless purity of his faultless
hair; behold the exquisite grace of his
trimming carriage; but tenderly thought, and
sympathizingly too, view the delicate pose
of the dainty mustache; inhale, if you can,
the lingering odor of the fragrant clove,
as he breathes out his apt and well chosen
sentences; regard him as he struts into
society the cynosure of attraction, and in
the eyes of his fond Ophelia the very "glass
of fashion and the mould of form." His
 deportment may be without fault, and his
 conversation may be pure and chaste, yet
 he has lost sight of the grand end of life,
 that will death find when it lays its dissect-
 ing knife upon his anatomy, "Nothing but
 leaves." Take the worldly young lady of
 society, the blind devotee of fashion; see
 as she enters the parlor and dispenses
 her wealth of smiles upon her courtly train
 of knightly admirers; the blush, which now
 and then, tinges her cheeks, tells that the
 actuary of her heart is still pure and
 waste. The stream of conversation, which
 gushes from her lips, tells of culture, educa-
 tion and refinement. The many little
 words of gentleness and words of kindness,
 which mark her daily deportment, tell of
 sweet and lovely disposition. In fact,
 speaking after the manner of men, "she is
 perfectly splendid," and well fitted by
 the charms of head and heart to reign the
 queen of home. Yet if she has lost sight
 of life's highest duty, she too will carry to
 her Maker, "Nothing but leaves." Take
 the adroit and successful politician, who
 has reached the "full meridian of his glory"
 and finds in his old age that, like Woosley,
 he too had served the king of his ambition
 rather than his God, and has in his keeping
 "Nothing but leaves." And so it is with
 all classes. The astronomer with his fine
 eye of discovered worlds above; the geolo-
 gist with all his subterranean mines of
 wealth; the warrior, with all his victories
 and "dress parade;" the philosopher with his
 golden chain of wisdom; the poet, with his
 rapid tide of songs—yea, all these may be
 gloried in all the glories of this world and
 wearing the garlands of esteem and admira-
 tion, entwined by the delicate hands of their
 "lovers," yet if their feet be not shod with
 the preparations of righteousness, they will
 fall when they reach the "other side" that
 there has been a failure. Yes a failure,
 that on earth can be sadder for a dy-
 ing man. The grim messenger is almost
 at their doorsills; and looking back upon
 their misspent lives, there is nothing to com-
 fort or strengthen them for the trying or-
 der. Yea there is
 "Nothing but leaves, sad memory weaves,
 No veil to hide the past
 And as they trace their weary ways,
 And count each lost and misspent day,
 They sadly find at last—
 "Nothing but leaves, nothing but leaves."

[WRITTEN FOR THE MIRROR.]
A RETREAT.

BY MISS M. F. TURNAJE.

There is a broad, green wildwood near my
home,
Where in childhood's days I used to roam
And often now to the same wild retreat I
come,
Tired of all things else, to indulge my
mood.
I walk through this lone, sequestered wood,
Where I may find sweet solitude.
Here trees bend low to meet the brier,
To reach the tree the brier climbs higher.
And here are many green things I love to
admire—
And close by where the streamlets flow,
And rare wild flowers love to grow,
Where the shrubs reach high and branches
bend low,
I hear the voice of many a bird
Whose notes by man are seldom heard,
Making melody rare while the leaves are
stirred
By the leaves which a whisper of mystery
brings
To this great green forest of shadowy
things—
Of birds, bees, butterflies, leaves and wings.
This is Nature's own garden—deep, solemn
and grey.
Here no praise is wanting—day after day,
The hummers complete what the rest for-
got to say.
Odorous as a bouquet is this forest wide,
Where flowers bloom and streamlets glide,
And the coy blue violets love to hide.
Here a sweet, holy sadness steals o'er me
As I feel the sacred intimacy of bird and of
tree,
Where trees protect the birds at night, at
noon the birds rejoice the tree.
Here where sweet-scented flowers fall thick
on the greensward,
And where human footsteps have so sel-
dom ever trod,
Is the absence of man and the presence of
God.
It is Paphos changed back to an Eden
grove,
Where all things are made for worship and
love,
And trees reverently bow to the blue skies
above.
Here oft let me come in lone hours of
prayer,
To soothe my sad spirit, to rest me from
care,
And give holiest reverence to Him who
rules there.

—SARATOGA, Wilson Co., N. C.

A Beautiful Wedding.

On the evening of the 10th of December
I had the pleasure of attending one of the
most impressive weddings that I ever wit-
nessed—Miss Mattie Walston, of Tarboro,
to Mr. Henry E. Keebler, of Winston. The
marriage ceremony was performed in the
Episcopal Church by J. B. Cheshire, D. D.
The entire bridal party entered the church
with perfect ease and grace of manner, led
by Miss Jackie Daniel and Mr. John B.
Battle. Miss Daniel's manners were simply
queenly. The lady attendants were all
youthful and pretty, exquisitely attired in
dainty robes of white Henrietta cloth, lav-
ishly decorated with satin ribbon. The
gentlemen were handsome, and in full dress.
The bride wore an elegant costume of white
failli Francaise, combined with white
brocaded plush en traine; veil with coronet
of orange blossoms and white jasmamines; pearl
ornaments. The whole scene was like a
beautiful panorama, which our imagination
will view far down the misty future, when
that lovely, youthful bridal party shall all
have been married. A grand reception fol-
lowed at the suburban residence of the
bride's mother, which could not be excelled
in the variety of dainties and the artistic
manner of arrangement.

GUEST.

Gen. Harrison is now going through big
files of accumulated newspapers and stor-
ing away the advice, which editors have
been giving him:

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 read-
ers who have consumption if they will send
me their express and post office address
Respectfully,
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C.,
81 Pearl St., N. Y. York.

A MIXTURE.

EDITORIAL ETCHINGS EUPHO-
NIOUSLY ELUCIDATED.

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

A baa-room—the sheepyard.
Whittier is just eighty-one years old.
The child of the sea—the harbor buoy.
Jefferson Davis has become quite feeble.
A pet on the lap—pussy at the milk can.
A sentimental explosion—bursting into
tears.
Red is a fast color when used in painting
towns.
The lumberman is the logician of the
woods.
A carpenter isn't needed to frame an ex-
cuse.
News of the week—reports from the hos-
pitals.
Mrs. Harrison is an enthusiastic china
painter.
The German army has now 3,513,416
drilled men.
A mustard plaster may not be very artis-
tic but it draws well.
Black silk hose for fire companies are
in vogue this season.
Robert Garrett the erratic millionaire, is
improving in health.
The term of twenty-six U. S. Senators
expire March 4, 1889.
Emperor William has every leading pa-
per dissected for his daily.
The Ameer of Afghanistan, intends to
pay a visit to England next year.
Mrs. Don Cameron is one of the most
attractive matrons in Washington.
The Queen of Portugal is known among
her subjects by the title of "Angel of pity."
The Duke of Cambridge has completed
his fifty-first year of service in the British
army.
Why was a certain race-horse appro-
priately named "Bad Egg?"—he could not
be beaten.
Sailor: "Did you ever see vessels in a
fight?" Landsman: "No, But I've seen a
ship spar."
Dunsmuir, the coal king of British Col-
umbia, has an income of from \$2,000 to
\$3,000 a day.
Purchaser—can the parrot speak Spanish
and English? Fancier—certainly; it's a
polyglot.
The hungry, shipwrecked sailor, cling-
ing to the raft in midocean, always longs
for chop seas.
The new senate which comes in on the
4th of March will stand 39 Republicans
37 Democrats.
A mustard plaster does not seem smart
at first, but it makes its impression by hard
steady application.
The Crown Prince of Greece will be mar-
ried to Emperor William's sister Sophia
the first week of May.
Chief Judge Hannan, of the Parnell
Commission and the chief defendant in the
case are vegetarians.
Mrs. Bonanza Mackay will, under the
new French law, pay one of the largest in-
come taxes in France.
Gen. Spinner, whose autograph on our
greenbacks is famous, is threatened with
death from a cancer.
You can never convince the fellows that
are locked up that stone walls do not a
prison make nor iron bars a cage.
The next report of the agricultural de-
partment should give us some statistics as
to the number of rakes in society.
Edmund Clarence Steadman, the Ameri-
can banker-poet, is small, wiry, active and
alert, with remarkable black eyes.
Miss Ethel Maskenzie, daughter of Sir
Morrell, is a journalist by profession, and
the correspondent of two American papers.
Mrs. Halford, wife of the President-elect's
Private Secretary, is a confirmed invalid.
Most of her winters are spent in Flori-
da.
The Prince of Monaco will endeavor to
revive gambling at the Casino by the re-
vival of the court festivities long fallen in-
disuse.
Mrs. Southworth has recently had all
the gold pens with which she wrote her
stories converted into two rings for her
children.

STATE NEWS.

FROM THE DEEP BLUE SEA TO THE
GRAND OLD MOUNTAIN.

An Hour Pleasantly Spent With Our
Delightful Exchanges.

There are now 46 members of the Leg-
islature belonging to the Farmers' Alliance.
The Confederate Veterans Association
of North Carolina will meet in Raleigh on
the 22d inst.
The boiler of a hoop machine at Clinton
exploded last week and killed two men and
wounded three others.
Judge Fowle has accepted an invitation
to be present at the New Berne fish, oyster
and game fair, February 19th.
One of Charlotte's ladies has cleared over
five thousand dollars in the last three
years by speculating in cotton futures.
The inauguration of Governor Fowle
will take place on the 17th. There will be
a grand military display and a ball at night.
There were started in North Carolina in
1888 no less than forty-one cotton factories
eight more than in any other Southern
State.
Durham is to have a two hundred thou-
sand dollar cotton factory. So we learn
from the Plant. Who said, that Durham
was "busted!"
The Legislature has in it but 19 lawyers,
11 in the senate and 8 in the house. Far-
mers on you will hang the responsibility of
legislation for the next two years.
Elihue A. White, the defendant Republi-
can candidate for Congress in the First
District at the late election, aspires to suc-
ceed Governor Jarvis as Minister to
Brazil.
"Andy McDonnal, of Raleigh, N. C.,
aged 23," is reported as one of four men
killed in a mine explosion near Denver,
Col., Christmas Eve. His head is said to
have been blown off completely.
The Baptist church at Halifax C. H. Va.,
has called Rev. C. S. Farris, of North
Carolina, one of the former editors of the
Biblical Recorder. Mr. Farris is now
preaching at High Point.
The Raleigh Signal says Mr. J. C.
Pritchard, the defeated Republican candi-
date for Lieutenant-Governor, will be an
applicant for the appointment of assistant
Commissioner of patents, the place now
filled by Hon. Robert Vance.
The county of Mecklenburg votes on
Thursday on the question of subscribing
\$250,000 to three new railroads. There
seems to be a good deal of feeling in the
contest in Charlotte. Charlotte should
follow the example of Durham.
Mr. John S. Battle, the bright son of
our esteemed friend Jas. S. Battle, Esq.,
Revenue agent and ex-Senator from Nash
won the appointment at West Point in the
Second District in a competitive examina-
tion held a Rocky Mount on the 27 of De-
cember.
The amount of railroad building going
on at the South, and in this State especially
is wonderful. One cannot pick up a news-
paper without seeing an account of the rap-
id progress being made on a new railroad
somewhere in the State. This is a good
indication of coming prosperity.
We are reliably informed that the Dur-
ham Shuttle and Bobbin Mills will be star-
ted in operation in a few days. The build-
ing has been enlarged to nearly twice its
former size, everything is being fixed in
apple-pie order and it is proposed to make
things whoop. And whoop they will.
See if they don't
The Clinton correspondent of the Star
writes that Col. Ashford, who was fatally
injured by a boiler explosion at that place
last week, lingered to Sunday last at 6.25
p. m. when he passed quietly away. It
was Pender Ashford, the Colonel's son,
who died on Thursday. The grief of the
family and sorrow of the people of Clinton
are indescribable.
The Farmers' Alliance of Nash county
met in Nashville last Friday. They deter-
mined to build a tobacco warehouse and
appointed a building committee. The ware-
house, prize house, &c., is to be built by
a joint stock company, and is not confined
to Alliance men. The shares are to be
\$25 each, and no one person will be al-
lowed to take more than eight shares. Books
of subscription will soon be opened.