

THE WILSON MIRROR.

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

VOL VII.

WILSON, NORTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1889.

NO. 47

TWO LIFE PICTURES.

SHORT SENTIMENTAL SERMON BY
HENRY BLOUNT

Broken Heart Strings, and the
Gloom that Round Them Clings.

They were warm, sincere, devoted, affectionate friends. He valued her friendship as one of the rarest and sweetest and most precious blessings that earth could give to him, and in return for this priceless blessing he built around her shrine of excellence and goodness and loveliness the purest and warmest and brightest fires of adoration and esteem. He entwined around her precious image the heart-woven garlands of sweetest homage; for, with the royal sceptre of the queenliest witchery, she reigned in perfect majesty over every single heart-throb, and every emotion was some tribute to her virtues. With hand clasped in hand, and with hearts meeting in the sweetest of sweet communions, they strolled together many an afternoon with that easy freedom which made life for each other so beautiful and so delightful. Many an evening found them in the happiest of happiest conversations. They had nothing to conceal. They met soul to soul. Their bosoms were like an open book, and each one read the other's hopes and dreams and fears and apprehensions. Their confidence in each other was perfect, and they trusted each other with the sweetest of sweetest words—implicit faith. She was his sunlight, for her bright smile lit up with luminous cheer the dreariest shadows that ever fell across his pathway, and made them glisten with a radiance like that which ripples down the silvery slopes of night. But alas for them! The glad, bright, joyous Summer time of their hearts is gone. The flowers, which bloomed so sweetly, are withered and dead; the vase, which held them, is shattered, and nothing but ashes can be found. The birds of joy have stopped their song-waves, and have flown to sunnier climes. Their happy carols are only sung for hearts that always are in tune. The iciest Winter of coldest estrangement has come upon them, and beneath the icy incrustations of its chilling snows the once beautiful flowers of sweet and kindred emotions are hid far out of sight, and sleep in Winter's darkest night. These two meet as strangers now upon the rugged and rocky banks of the cold and freezing river of embarrassment, and they shudder when they meet, for briars only strike their feet. And though she is still most dear to him, yet he never speaks her name, though it is written in living characters of eternal remembrance upon the sweetest and holiest tablets of his heart, and with warmest ardor worshipped there, and never mentioned save in prayer.

After looking at these two sad pictures, draped with all the sombre paths of the blackest human sorrow, we have been led to reflect that in this earth-life of ours, swept as it is, with the fiercest of human passions, clouds of suspicion frequently rise and often darken the sky, storms of anger burst forth from their blackened bosoms, and under those drenching torrents of accusation and animadversion, which come pouring down in such pitiless fury, the rarest and sweetest and most beautiful flowers of friendship that ever budded and blossomed, and whose delightful and exquisite perfume made earth seem as if it was breathing an atmosphere almost as pure and sweet as that which broods o'er Paradise, are beaten from their stems with heartless peltings, and fall down, broken and shattered, with all their beauty gone, their perfume wasted, into the mud and mire of eternal wreck and ruin. Yes, it sometimes happens that friendships of years' existence, in which mutual confidences have poured their strongest cement, and brought about a union so close and so perfect that a pang to one would pain the other, yield to the first touch of the frozen breath of a misunderstanding and a misconception, and in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the warm channel of feeling is blocked up with the ice of estrangement, and the current is checked in its flowing. Sad, sad, very sad, but it is one of the mournful evidences of human frailty, and shows the evanescence of all things earthly.

Yes, it shows that earthly love and earthly friendship are saturated with sin, and are therefore subject to perish and decay at any moment in life. Yes, all earthly scenes of joy and bliss based upon earthly

love and friendship can fade away as easily as the dew-drops that sparkle so radiantly in the petals of the flowers, and yet die at the very first kiss of a trembling sunbeam. Yes, friendships in this vale of death and of change, are broken as easily as the bubbles which float so gracefully on the current of the river, and then die at the softest caress of some sweetly-wooing zephyr. Only on the fadeless hill-slopes of eternity and in the purified atmosphere of immortality, and under the precious beamings of the effulgent sunlight of God's Own Presence, will the seeds of the flowers of love, that are sown down here, spring up in an eternity of vigor, and there they will grow in everlasting bloom and beauty, and sweeten Heaven with a fragrance that will never fade away. Most beautifully indeed has it been said that love is on earth a troubled guest; at times deceived, at times oppressed; it here is tried and purified, but hath in Heaven its perfect rest; it soweth here mid-toil and care, but the harvest-time of love is There.

[FOR THE MIRROR.]

LETTER FROM DR. HERRING.

Highly Interesting and Characteristic Reflections by this Learned and Accomplished Physician.

Being a big man does not necessarily make folks know you. Dr. Hammond has been in Washington City more than six months, and with all the inquiries I could make it took me two days to find him. The first impression on getting in his presence was that I had suddenly confronted a big, friendly bull-dog. He is big, literally—being almost a giant. He is building a big house to live in, and an hospital besides. I counted ten chimneys on his dwelling, and he told me that himself, wife and two cats were to occupy it. I found him clever enough in his way—you know the balance. He told me that he had given sixty grains of quinine at a dose, and that there was no limit to doses in certain cases. I tried to make him tell me what kinds of sickness, or to name the disease Lucy had, and he said "the most important thing is to cure the patient, which you have done; names go for little, save with the ignorant." I bade this medical autocrat good-day, and was glad to shake the Hammondian dust off my shoes, which happened to be mud. Art Barnes was with me, and he puffed and blowed and cussed about "red tape," and such. To be a big doctor means many things. To be a small one—well, it means to be bandied about, to be picked up and put down at the caprice and whim of patrons who think all the obligation is on their side, who gets more and better attention for their money, and who appreciate your honesty of purpose and skill less than any set of people on earth. The big doctor plays a high game for money. He gets it. The little doctor tries hard to cure his patient, or to save him from worse than death. He often succeeds, and is dropped. The tone of the profession is clearly upward. They are here from all parts of the country, trying to get more knowledge. Old men, gray-haired and spectacled, sit round the clinics daily, picking up morsels for the benefit of their patients. New York is the great centre for medical teaching in this country. It is worth while to come here occasionally to see what is going on. One fellow is here from Alaska. I met a Dr. Williamson from Alabama, whose immediate kin live in Wilson county. He is a nephew of Garry Williamson. New York is a sight-seeing place for others besides doctors. The most perfect and extensive optical delusion I have ever seen is a painting called the "Battle of Gettysburg." It is a microcosm, in which the whole panorama of the deadly strife is presented to the view, and is said to be so real that soldiers who went through that battle can locate their own positions, and recognize many incidents of the fight. It is a bloody horror, at which no man can laugh. Picket's last and gallant charge has prominence over all other efforts. I am boarding with a South Carolina lady, whose husband lived in Raleigh ten years ago, and paid one visit to Wilson. His name is Heald.

N. B. HERRING.

Optum and Lignor Habits Cured Without Nervous Shock or Distress.

Our DOUBLE CHLORIDE OF GOLD REMEDIES for the Cure of the OPTUM and LIGNOR HABITS, have been on the market for 10 years, during which time they have never failed to make a cure of either Habit, where they have been given even a meagre chance. We will cure OPTUM Patients at their own homes in from 4 to 6 weeks, painlessly, and without loss of food, sleep or occupation. We easily cure DRUNKENNESS inside of Three weeks. Full proof of the above furnished, and Literature for the Cure of either Habit sent free on application. Address, The Leslie E. Keeley Co., Dwight, Livingston County, Illinois.

A MIXTURE.

EDITORIAL ETCHINGS EUPHONIOUSLY ELUCIDATED.

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

Boston has 101 clubs.
A ticklish place—the ribs.
Causes a rise in flour—yeast,
Poor quarters—English shillings.
Skating is in full swing in Paris.
Berlin is to have rubber pavement.
Oregon apples are shipped to China.
Brooklyn has 80,036 school children.
In France last year 701 wolves were killed.
The Patent Leather Trust has suspended.
The English cavalry are wofully short of horses.
There are 3,000 professional tramps in California.
In 1888 623 persons died in Connecticut from old age.
There was a decline in tonage last year on the canals.
Only eight counties in Kansas are now without railroads.
The Virginia peanut crop is almost a total failure this year.
A good many dough heads are still found among the upper crust.
There is a charming elasticity about a girl of eighteen Springs.
The winter in France has thus far been the severest in 15 years.
Over a million tons of pig-iron were made in the South in 1888.
The Southern Pacific Railway earned about \$47,000,000 last year.
There were nearly fifteen thousand weddings in New York city last year.
You may be incinerated in Philadelphia now—after you are dead—for \$28.
Maine's mackerel catch for last year is in the neighborhood of 25,000 pounds.
Ice was artificially manufactured by the use of chemical mixtures as early as 1783.
Before the new year was fifteen minutes old murder was committed in New York city.
France is excited over the attitude of the United States on the Panama Canal question.

Some folks are so peculiar that they will not eat salt fish unless they know it is fresh.
Lawrence Barrett is afflicted with a glandula swelling that is likely to prove serious.
The next Legislature of North Carolina will have about 1,400 justices of the peace to elect.
Three hundred and fifty-one patents were made out in Washington in one day recently.
In a school of fish the young idea is doubtless taught not how to shoot but how to swim.
The man who finds fault when his newspaper is damp is equally dissatisfied when it is dry.
The records of Kansas show the amount of land mortgages in the State to be \$235,000,000.
A town of Oklahoma boomers grew from fifty inhabitants to five thousand in sixteen days.
The origin of the expression "raining cats and dogs," is probably the same as "Hailing omnibus."

The United States hog cholera commission is traveling through the South seeking for information.
The musical colleges of Chicago are said to be unsurpassed by those in any other American city.
There will be sixteen Republican Representatives in the next Congress from the Southern States.
The belief that fish is brainy food is accounted for by the fact that fish are always found in schools.
Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barret are to receive \$20,000 cash for seven performances in Louisville.
Rose Conghlyn is making an extensive tour of the South, where the favorite actress is appearing in her new play of "Jocelyn" to crowded and fashionable audiences.

New Jersey has 1,615 public schools, employing 4,121 teachers and giving instruction to 387,846 pupils.
The value of the agricultural products of the South in 1888 was \$800,000,000, against \$570,000,000 in 1880.
It is said that Joseph Jefferson intends to engage both John Gilbert and C. W. Coudock for next session.
Careful estimates place the number of people living within ten miles of Boston Common at 1,000,000.
Eastern markets are overstocked with apples, and a great quantity is going to waste for want of sale.
It is deemed a flattering sign of the times that seats in the New York Stock Exchange are now held at \$21,500.
W. J. Florence, the comedian, is contemplating a big revival of one of Shakespeare's plays next season.
Sioux City will send a special "corn palace" train to Washington at the time of Harrison's inauguration.
The London papers are unanimous and enthusiastic in their praise of Henry Irving's impersonation of Macbeth.
The Supreme Court of Indiana has decided that railroad stock is taxable in the county in which it is held.
It is a curious fact that one of the most prolific of insects is never more than than an ant to her own children.
A geologist has come across evidence in Scotland to prove that the earth lay in a liquid state for 150,000 years.
M. Carnot, President of France, is a first class carpenter, and can handle a saw and plane as well as any mechanic.
The bank clearings at our thirty-seven large cities for twelve months of 1888 aggregated about \$49,191,000,000.
About 154 deaths during the last four years is the record of slaughter at railway grade-crossings in Philadelphia.
Over 383,000 immigrants landed in New York during the past year. This is about 12,000 above the record of 1887.
George Routledge, the London publisher who died the other day, printed and sold 600,000 of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

The Russian Czar, delights to show his good will toward France by delicate attentions to her distinguished citizens.
Wilson Barret, the English tragedian, will play four weeks at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, next season.
When in popular language a thunder-storm "clears the air" it is because ozone is generated by the electric discharge.
Dom Pedro of Brazil, is the oldest reigning sovereign now living. He mounted the throne in 1831 at the age of six years.
The two most punctual men in the House of Representatives are Buchanan of New Jersey, S. V. White, of Brooklyn.
"Jack" Haverly, the ex-amusement King is wielding a pick and shovel in a mine at Trinidad, Col., and is said to have struck it rich.
"Francesca da Rimini" an opera by Cagnoni, first brought forth in Italy ten years ago, has just been revived with favor in Milan.
Animals which escape the eyes, and which almost elude the microscope, cannot escape the all-searching power of the electric flash.
Miss Helen Hastreiter sang recently in Rome in an opera by a Greek composer, Spiro Samala. It was a very gorgeous spectacle.
Henry Irving's production of "Macbeth" in London is pronounced the most gorgeous thing ever seen on the stage. It cost over \$20,000.
Sioux chief named Lane Wolf says that William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) is the biggest coward of a white man who ever rode over the plains.
Ex-Postmaster-General Frank Hatton, who has just bought the Washington Post, was the youngest citizen ever called to a position in the Cabinet.

Richard Quay, son of the Pennsylvania Senator, is a partner of Senator Cameron in the ownership of a splendid ranch, eight miles square, in Mexico.
Congressman Martin, of Texas, is sixty-five years old, the father of nine children and the owner of 10,000 head of cattle and 10,000 acres of ranch land.
A French surgeon has known of five cases where men with squeaky voices cut their throats in attempting suicide, had them sewed up again, and ever after their tones were like the bellowing of a bull.

STATE NEWS.

FROM THE DEEP BLUE SEA TO THE GRAND OLD MOUNTAIN.

An Hour Pleasantly Spent With Our Delightful Exchanges.

Mr. Sam C. Harris, a prominent citizen of Halifax Co., near Sunnyside, died suddenly of a congestive chill last week.
We are glad to learn that Dr. Mangum, of Chapel Hill, is so much improved as to be able to ride out and walk out with a cane.
Ninety hands and fifteen teams are employed in getting out and hauling granite to the depot from the granite quarry near Mount Airy, for shipment to Greensboro.
As to silk growing North Carolina is in the lead of all other Southern States. In six months the factory at Wadesboro has been enlarged three times, and its capacity will be doubled during the next sixty days.
The Newberne Rice Mills have been burnt, including \$1,500 worth of rice in the mills. The main building was a splendid one with extensive machinery. Estimated loss \$9,000 to \$10,000, partially covered by insurance.
The State is to be congratulated on the return to the ranks of its journalists of Gen. Johnstone Jones, who is now editor of the Asheville Citizen, we see. The gentlemen in question is a very accomplished newspaper man.
The announcement of the great championship game on February 52nd between Wadd Forest and Trinity College is already creating great interest all over the State and will to all appearances draw a large attendance from a distance.
We learn from the News & Observer that there are now six hundred hands at work on the High Point & Asheboro railroad, and that the road will be completed by July. Cars, 'tis said will be running to Trinity College by commencement.
George Vanderbilt, the young New York millionaire, has purchased about three thousand acres of fine land near Asheville, N. C. Mr. Vanderbilt will not talk for publication concerning his plans but there is a report which he does not contradict that he is about to establish a woman's college there.
Rev. A. W. Mangum, D. D., being still disabled from a second stroke of paralysis, President Battle of the University, has invited Rev. W. B. North to fill temporarily his chair of English Literature in that institution, and he has accepted. This is quite a compliment to one so young, but one who will doubtless prove himself worthy of it.
Near Seaboard, in Northampton county, on Thursday of last week, a young boy, aged about fourteen years, a son of Mr. Bass, was under a cotton gin, run by horse-power, while it was in motion, and in some way became tangled in the cog-wheels and was terribly mangled. He was taken home and, though everything possible was done for him, he died the next morning.
The Clinton Caucasian says: "Johnson's factory is now a scene of busy industry. About twenty-five boys and women are making the dishes and crates, and when all the machinery is put in place and work commences on berry baskets, the factory will employ about seventy-five hands, Sampson labor." It is gratifying to read such items as the above in North Carolina papers.
Big hogs are an interesting topic. We have noted in our exchanges the following reports for the winter. There have been slaughtered many big porkers, but not such large ones as we have seen in some other years: Catawba 450 pounds; Halifax 461; Stokes 515; Richmond 550; Robeson 630; Wayne 660; and Forsythe 728. So Forsythe takes the pigtail. We anxiously await other reports.
Mr. Neill S. Stewart, one of the most prominent citizens of Harnett county, died at his home near Aversboro, about 4 p. m. last Friday, we regret to learn. Mr. Stewart was a man of large means and great benevolence. He was one of the most popular men in his county. He represented the Harnett and Cumberland district in the Senate and Harnett county in the House, perhaps, more than once in each case. When he ran last they say he got every vote in township, democratic, radical, negro and all. He was very much respected and beloved.

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Stewart
Sunnyside