

THE WILSON MIRROR.

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

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A LOST CHORD.

ITS STRAINS DESCRIBED BY
HENRY BLOUNT.

Noble Life Nobly Spent is a Blessing
Rich from Heaven Sent.

In this sordid earth-life of selfish aggrandizement, where the imprint of greed stamped upon almost every effort, and where self is the absorbing acme of every desire and aspiration, it is refreshing to see, now and then, scattered here and there like green and fragrant isles in the sea, evidences of noble and generous deeds, which prove that there are some creatures upon this sin-cursed and money-tainted earth, whose hearts are nobly tuned and sweetly responsive to every touch of human woe and sorrow. Their tides of sympathy flow in streams of melody as sweetly and as truthfully and as refreshingly as waters flow through the arid wastes of siccant lands, and their precious and comforting words are for the healing of the wounds of fortune's dart hath made. The ministry of such is like a benediction from Heaven. It angelizes human effort. It shows that in His goodness has left something of the angel still in sin-coated human bosoms. We have been led away from politics and miseries and its perplexities and its deceptions, into this pleasant train of reflections by the untimely death of the late Mrs. Mary Fiske, whose charity, goodness, benevolence and philanthropy hath given her reputation that will be as bright as the stars that glisten on the ebon brow of night. Only flowers should be laid upon her tomb. Her life's last pillow there should be no morsels to pierce the head and make it ache and bleed again with anguish and with pain. From a sketch of her life we learn that this good woman went about doing good and sowing those seeds of charity upon which so many precious harvests of comfort had been reaped. She planted flowers of cheer where weeds of despair were growing. She carried the sunshine of joy where the clouds of sorrow had veiled. The sharp pointed thorns in the hearts of suffering were robbed in the sweetest velvet of relief, and the tortured brow was spared from further pain and pain. Her heart was a perpetual and ever-flowing fountain of consolation for the sick-hearted and weary, and in the musical and silvery ripples of its refreshing cheer any a dreg of sorrow floated away to the blissless and echoless deeps of a sweet and peaceful oblivion. She went to those in those bosoms the dew-drops of innocence had been shaken from the pure white petals of virtue, and she tried to make the faded petals pure and white and stainless again by dipping them in the shed blood of Him who once said, "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more." Yes, she pitied the forsaken, the friendless; none could fall below her pity, no one could wander beyond the circumference of her sympathy. To her, there were no outcasts; to her they were victims. She knew that circumstances and conditions determined character, that the lowest and worst of our race were children once as pure as light, whose cheeks rippled with smiles beneath the heaven of another's eyes. She thought of the road they had traveled, of the thorns that pierced their feet, of the deserts that they crossed and instead of words of scorn, she gave the eager hand of help. No one appealed to her in vain. She listened to the cry of the poor and all she had she gave. Her heart was opened as the gates of day, and the shed kindness as the sun shed light. Such a woman has recently gone to her eternal reward, and here is the way the eloquent infidel Bob Ingersoll speaks of her excellent virtues and admirable deeds in memorializing the woes that sin had planted in the human bosom. He says: "Mary Fiske was like herself. She returned after none. She was a genius and put her soul in all she did and wrote. She cared nothing for roads, nothing for beaten paths, nothing for the footsteps of men—she went across fields, and through woods, and by winding streams, and over the vales, and over crags, wherever she led. She wrote lines that leap with water and words that were wet with tears. She gave us quaint thoughts and images, filled with the pert and nimble wit of mirth. Her pages were flecked with sunshine and shadow, and in every line were the pulses of breath and life. Her hearts were like waveless pools, poised to hold the imagine of a wonder-star; but hers was full of motion, life and storm. She longed for freedom. Every limitation was a prisoner's wall. Her shackles and forms were made

for serfs and slaves. She gave her utmost thought, she praised all generous deeds, applauded the strugglers, and even those who failed. Her heart went out to all the wretched in this weary world, and yet she seemed as joyous as though grief and death were nought but words. She went where others wept, but in her own misfortunes found the food of hope. She cared for the tomorrow of others but not for her own. She lived for to-day. The destitute and struggling turned naturally to her. The maimed and hurt sought her door, and the helpless put their hand in hers. She shielded the weak and attacked the strong. If all her deeds were flowers, the air would be faint with perfume. If all her charities could change to melodies, a symphony would fill the sky."

[WRITTEN FOR THE MIRROR.]

LITTLE JANE.

BY ERREST HARTE.

In a little country farm-house
On the corner of the lane,
Not many years ago, there lived
A little girl named Jane.
In another country farm-house,
Farther up the lane,
Lived Tim, a handsome farmer boy,
Who loved the little Jane.
And often in the Summer time
Did merry little Jane,
Looking for the blackberries,
Wander up and down the lane.
And oft she met the farmer's boy,
But only smiled at him,
And once she made him happy
By saying "Neighbor Tim."
"Timothy," his father called him,
"Timothy, don't you see,
I want that piece of land cleared,
There, next to neighbor Lee."
At this Tim's heart gave a bound of joy,
For he knew it was the place
He had often seen our little Jane,
With her happy, smiling face.
He knew it was the very place
Where her turkey-nest was found,
And that she'd come to get the eggs
While he cleared up the ground.
"All right," said Tim, with a smiling face,
As off he went to clear the ground;
But scarce had he begun to work,
When a turkey nest he found.
Jane went that very evening—
She didn't know he was there—
And afterwards regretted
That she didn't go elsewhere.
"What are you doing, Tim?" she cried.
"Clearing up the ground."
And here, Miss Jane," he said,
"Are your turkey eggs I found?"
She placed them in her bonnet,
And quickly ran away
To see if she could find the nests
Where the other turkeys lay.
But scarcely had she left the woods,
When it began to rain,
And Tim came driving p uth the way—
O'ertook the little Jane.
"Caught in the rain, I see," said Tim.
"Jump in my cart, Miss Jane,
You'll find a seat on that lightwood log,
And I'll take you up the lane."
He asked about her turkeys,
How many she had in all,
If they were very gentle,
And would they come at call?
She answered all his questions,
But asked not one of him,
And when he stopped at the corner,
Said "I thank you, neighbor Tim."
"Tim!" called good old neighbor Lee,
"Come in here out of the rain."
And when he started off for home,
Asked him to call again.
So Tim—but not without excuse—
At the corner of the lane,
Oft stopped to get some water,
Or bring some eggs to Jane.
So folks—for folks will talk, you know—
Began to say "Little Jane,
We fear, will not much longer stay
At the corner of the lane."
One day when Tim came by, she asked
"Where will my turkeys lay?"
"If you do not care," he whispered,
"I'll tell you where they may."
"Of course I want you to tell me, Tim."
"Well, don't you know," said he,
"That new house over yonder
Is being built for me?"
If you'll be mistress of it,
There's plenty of brush around.
If you can ever love me,
I'll leave some uncleared ground."
She answered with a blushing smile
And he softly said good-bye—
That new house over yonder
Is the one they occupy.

A MIXTURE.

EDITORIAL ETCHINGS EUPHONIOUSLY ELUCIDATED.

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

Iowa has 25,000 teachers.
Chili is sending wine to France.
Smallpox is raging in Texas towns.
Vesuvius has lately been very active.
Oregon is said to be a hunters paradise.
The Princess of Wales is forty-five years old.
Great Britain has fourteen obsolete iron-clads.
There are 4,500 female printers in England.
Nearly 8,000 suicides occurred in Paris last year.
Senator-elect A. Higgins of Delaware, is a bachelor.
There are 110 chrysanthemum societies in England.
Claus Spreckles, the sugar king is worth \$20,000,000.
Tennessee gets \$100,000 a year out of her convict hire.
An ice trust is being formed by New York dealers.
Counterfeit American bills are circulating in Canada.
There are upwards of 50,000 club men in New York.
The Bankers Union in Connecticut have State federation.
The sailors' strike at Liverpool is assuming serious proportions.
New Haven, Conn., thinks of pensioning her retired policemen.
The Pope is said to have made seventy six speeches in one week.
The vintage of the claret for 1888 was the most abundant on record.
Senator Wolcott, will be the youngest man in the next U. S. Senate.
Gross earnings of many railroads continue to show a moderate gain.
The English beer syndicate controls thirty breweries in this country.
The Cement Laborers' Union has increased its death benefit to \$100.
The native Samoan does not work. All labor in that country is imported.
Japanese Minister Kuki owns the most gorgeous equipage in Washington.
The yield of wheat in South Australia will average four bushels per acre.
Over 70,000,000 pairs of suspenders were made in the United States last year.
Two hundred Bohemian cigarmakers have left New York for San Francisco.
Senator Morrill, of Vermont, entered House of Representatives thirty-four years ago.
The Shah of Persia is to make a tour of Europe, beginning at St. Petersburg in April.
Two Chicago maidens, the Misses Armour, have something like \$5,000,000, apiece.
Jacob Tome, of Baltimore, has donated \$2,500,000 for a boys' and girls' training school.
A company is being formed in Melbourne Australia, for the importation of domestic servants.
Hon Levi P. Morton has five pretty little daughters, between the ages of eight and fifteen.
Two sons remain of the band of twenty children who once called John Brown father.
The Prince of Wales has laid more corner-stones for public buildings than any man living.
The lock-out of the two thousand miners at Spring Valley, Ill., has been ended by a compromise.
A Project now on foot is a movement to furnish protection to the operatives in sewing factories.
The striking seaman at Liverpool are using violence to prevent men shipping on vessels in port.
The bread of life is love; the salt of life is work; the sweetness of life, poetry. The water of life, faith.
Harrison's policy has been so variously stated that every section may claim him as its special champion.

Cohoes, N. Y., the chief seat of the knit goods industry, reports that sixty-five per cent. of its mills are idle.

Seven million feet of spool wood was lately shipped from Bangor, Me., to a firm of Scotch thread makers.

There is a war of races between the Hungarian and Italian miners at the coal pits near Carbondale, Penn.

As riches and favor forsake a man, we discover him to be a fool; but nobody could find it out in his prosperity.

Mrs. Ameline Rieves Chanler, the authoress, has given \$100 for the best essay on the subject of child labor.

There are six Knights of Labor Trade Unionists among the Representatives and Senators in the State of Indiana.

Fifty-five cents a day is the average earnings of the American working people, counting in women and children.

The colored washerwomen of Albany, Ga., have warned away several Chinamen who sought to compete with them.

How many labor for God without God; not with His permission, nor without His support; but without his inspiration.

If you would be pungent, be brief; for it is with words as with sunbeams, the more they are condensed the deeper they burn.

Numerous Pennsylvania and Ohio manufactures have been forced back to the use of coal, as the natural gas is running low.

The co-operative stove foundry of Sumner, Mass., has resolved upon a reduction of ten per cent. in the wages paid this year.

The sun should not set upon our anger, neither should it rise upon our confidence. We should forgive freely, but forget rarely.

A monarchy is a man-of-war, staunch iron-ribbed and resistless when under full sail; yet a single hidden rock sends her to the bottom.

An English art journal has offered a prize to any one who will discover the cause of baldness. We know, but we darsen't tell.

Our North Carolina great inventive genius, Dr. Richard Gatling, born in Hertford county, has another useful invention. It is a police gun for riots. It will fire 1,200 shots a minute.

Gen. Stephen D. Lee has been nominated by the Democrats for Governor of Mississippi. He was a Lieut. General in the Confederate army, and has lately been President of the Mississippi Agricultural College.

Friends of Roscoe Conkling in New York are already rasing a howl about the appointment of Blaine to the Secretaryship of State. They will no doubt add a little liveliness to the forthcoming "brilliant" administration of the State Department by the man from Maine.

The last ballot for Senator in the West Virginia Legislature was unfavorable to Senator Kenna. His election is imperiled by the malice and stubbornness of a single member who professes to be a Democrat but seems never to have learned the leading sentiment of the Democracy, "principles, not men."

The news from Paris of the 28th, evidently looked to imminent danger and the speedy overthrow of the tottering Republic. The Carnot Ministry clearly felt that the end was near. Caesarism, or Napoleonism is regnant once more in France. No news should surprise the readers however startling and calamitous. After centuries of oppression, of wars, of success and reverses, France is still unfit for self-government, and her people need the strong hand of authority to control and direct them.

A noteworthy feature of the Fifty First Congress, will be the presence as members of the House of Representatives of four ex-Speakers of that body. Should the Republicans organize the House, speakers Carlisle will have to return to his seat on the floor of the chamber. He will find with him Samuel J. Randall of Pennsylvania, who was chosen Speaker at the second session of the Forty-fourth Congress and served until the beginning of the Forty-seventh; Nathaniel P. Banks, of Massachusetts, who occupied the speakers chair during the Thirty-fourth Congress, and Samuel S. Cox, of New York, who was elected pro tem, during the first session of the Forty-fourth Congress when Speaker Kerr was absent, because of illness which resulted in his death. The list of living ex-Speakers of the House will then include, besides those mentioned, Galusha A. Grow, of Pennsylvania; J. Warren Keifer, of Ohio and James G. Blaine of Maine.

STATE NEWS.

FROM THE DEEP BLUE SEA TO THE GRAND OLD MOUNTAIN.

An Hour Pleasantly Spent With Our Delightful Exchanges.

Ashville will soon have a free mail delivery.

Charlotte's knitting mill will soon begin operations.

The colored Alliance in the State is growing in importance.

A fine club house will be built at Ocratoke by Northern men.

A cotton mill with 2,000 spindles is to be built in Lincoln county.

Evangelist Pearson will begin a series of meetings at Fayetteville in April.

Raleigh will give \$25,000 to secure the removal of Trinity College there.

The burnt portion of Louiston, Bertie county, is gradually being rebuilt.

A fertilizer factory will be erected at Mt. Holly by Mr Oliver Perry, of Michigan.

The Atlantic and North Carolina railroad is now laid with steel rails its entire length.

It is reported that work will soon commence on another railroad leading out from Asheville.

The next meeting of the State Sunday School convention will be held at Charlotte April 2, 3 and 4.

Sheriffs are settling with the State more promptly than usual, notwithstanding the extension of time of sales.

It is rumored that a stock company has been formed for the purpose of publishing another daily paper at Durham.

A bona fide cash offer of \$30 share has been made for the 12,000 shares in the Atlantic and North Carolina railroad.

In Davie county James Fowler killed Alexander Campbell because the latter was the successful suitor for a lady's hand.

It is now definitely ascertained that the late R. Y. McAden left an estate of \$850,000 exclusive of life insurance amounting \$110,000

The Governor last Saturday nominated Hon. John C. Scarborough Commissioner of Labor Statistics. The Senate at once confirmed the nomination.

A movement is on foot to establish in Asheville a manufactory for field and garden tools, carriage wood-work and hardware, with a capital of \$75,000.

We are exceedingly sorry to learn through a special to the Charlotte Chronicle, that Dr. Wm. H. Bobbitt, Presiding Elder of the Charlotte District was stricken with paralysis at Rockingham a few days ago. The attack was severe, the whole of the right side being involved. The doctors announce his condition as critical.

Western North Carolina is to have another important railroad. We learn from the Charleston News and Courier that the contract for building the Carolina, Cumberland Gap & Chicago Railroad has been let to the Atlantic & Northwestern Construction Company, of New York. The road will run from Edgefield, S. C., through Cumberland gap into Tennessee.

The Goldshoro Argus says that one of the strongest arguments that the farmers of this section would be inestimably benefited and enriched in more than kind by having their smoke houses at home and stocking them for themselves on the farm, is contained in this fact, that Mr. W. R. Hollowell, has put up this season over five thousand pounds of home-raised meat; and from the sale of one hog alone, in the way of hams, sausage and lard, he has realized, in round figures, fifty dollars and five cents. We challenge any farmer in North Carolina to beat this record.

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