

THE WILSON MIRROR.

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

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TRUE BEAUTY

A SHORT, SENTIMENTAL SERMON,
BY HENRY BLOUNT.

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

We have frequently written of beautiful women, and attempted to describe the exquisite tints of rosy cheeks, the enrapturing charms of splendid forms, the fascinating witcheries of sparkling eyes, the glorious chiseling of faultless necks, the magnificent tapering of well modeled arms, and the graceful carriage of bewitching limbs. Yes, we have exhausted all of our adjectives in our vain and poor attempt to describe those charms which must forever remain unsyllabled and undescribed, for no pen can properly and truthfully portray those personal witcheries and graces and beauties which hang around some women as perfume to the flowers, as glory to the sunsets, and as music to the birds, when May, the sweet, flower-robbed Priestess of bloom and beauty and freshness and fragrance, enrich creation with all the boundless wealth of her God-given realm of priceless treasures and richest blessings. But there is a higher type of beauty, a nobler lining, a more angelic coloring—a beauty that does not fade under the biting frosts of life's coming winter, or grow hideous and repulsive when age has plowed its furrows in a thousand intermingling wrinkles. Yes we see such a one now. She is handsome, but it is beauty not arising from features, from complexion, or from shape. She has all three in a high degree, but it is not by these she touches a heart. It is all that sweetness of temper, benevolence, innocence and sensibility, which a face can express that forms her beauty. She has a face that just raises your attention at first sight; it grows on you every moment, and you wonder it did no more than raise your attention at first. Her eyes have a mild light, but they awe when she pleases; they command, like a good man out of office, not by authority, but by virtue. Her stature is good; she is not made for the admiration of everybody, but the happiness of one. She has all the firmness that does not exclude delicacy—she has all the softness that does not imply weakness. Her voice is as soft, low music, but to charm those who can distinguish a company from a crowd; it has this advantage—"you must come close to her to hear it." To describe her body, describes her mind—one is the transcript of the other; her understanding is not shown in the variety of matters it exerts itself on, but in the goodness of the choice she makes. She does not display it so much in saying or doing striking things, as in avoiding such as she ought not to say or do. No person of so few years can know the world better; no person was ever less corrupted by the knowledge. Her politeness flows rather from a natural disposition to oblige than from any rules on that subject; and therefore never fails to strike those who understand good breeding and those who do not. She has a steady and firm mind; it takes no more from the delicacy of the female character than the solidity of marble does from its polish and lustre. She has such virtues as make us value the truly great of our own sex. She has all the winning graces that make us love even the faults we see in the weak and beautiful in hers. Home, with such a one is like a paradise, for we catch a gleam of Heaven before the world is left, and in her voice of endearment we hear the music of celestial harmonies.

SHAKESPERIAN INCLINATIONS.

As Displayed by Lovers on Their
Stroll on the Railroad.

It is well known in Wilson that we are in the habit of strolling on the railroad, and the other afternoon we were near the trestle, sitting near the track, and buried in meditation, deep and profound. Two lovers passed by, engaged in an animated discussion. Both were admirers of Shakespeare, and had learned to talk after his manner of composition. We can't report exactly what was said, but from the labyrinthian windings of their facial contortions, and the manifold gyrations of their labial appendages we guess they said about this:

"Henrico! Dost thou know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows?"
"Aye, Seraph, so I do. A bank where-

on so wild a time doth blow that coroners do hold their carnival."

"A dabster thou at comprehension, lad; thou wouldst a misfit fancy to thy speech. I queried not of the bank of modern custom made the coin preserve of sportive pilferers, but of a bank whereby some aqueous current flows, and winds that waft thro' umbrageous aisles to temper summer's fierce sirocco breath!"

"Where graceful clematis doth garlands weave and cool frescades do hint of elfin hunt?"

"Aye, good, my lord!"
"Where timorous birds do swing them 'neath the leaves and drop erotic ditties from their lips?"

"The same, the same, thou sweet interpreter!"

And where the wings invisible of Dryad hosts do fan the odor-laden atmosphere, and coy undines do tink the crystal strands of brook hung lyre and leave enchantment with the tuneful spray?"

"The very bank, Henrico, fore the gods. Conduct me thither e'er this ingenious air doth make the love's cremation premature."

"So will I do, Andomeda, and leave thee there to drink Hesperian sweets while romance guilds with dreams thy consciousness and Heaven in sylvan guise is manifested."
"Lead on, sweet, Zephyrus, I'll follow thee!"

"Swift to thy bidding do I fly, me pet, and when the glamour of the scene doth pale, and woodnats drop them in thine ears when catapillars, on their frail trapezo, do make collision with the nostrils fair, and toads do mop thee with their clammy toes; when gad-flies gin their suction at thy pores, and wily worms beslime thine alabaster arms, then wilt thou shake thy wisdom from its drowse, and think how rational were Avon's bard when from his pen there dropped the words, 'better to bear the ills we have than fly to others that we know not of.'"

THE OLD NORTH STATE FOREVER.

She Furnished More Soldiers Than
Any Other Southern State.

From "Regimental Losses in the American Civil War," by Col. Wm. F. Fox, and published by the Albany Publishing Co., Albany, N. Y., a writer in the Philadelphia Press has gleaned the following interesting statistics:

"This is the book of revelations as to both sides in the civil war. On the Confederate side North Carolina lost more soldiers in killed than any Southern State. The following was the loss in killed of several of the Confederate States: North Carolina, 14,522; Virginia, 5,328; South Carolina, 9,187; Georgia, 5,553; Mississippi, 5,807. North Carolina also led the list in the number that died of wounds, and 20,602 of her sons died of disease to 6,947 Virginians. The sons of other States did more talking, but North Carolina did by far the most fighting. Her military population in 1861 was 115,369, but she furnished 125,000 men to the Confederate cause. The per centage of loss in killed and wounded was twice as great in the Confederate army as in the Union armies. At Gettysburg the Twenty-sixth North Carolina, of Pettigrew's Brigade, went into battle with over 800 men, and lost 588 in killed and wounded and 120 missing, most of whom were also killed or wounded. Lost of this loss occurred in the first day's fight, where the regiment met the 151st Pennsylvania and Cooper's battery. The Pennsylvania regiment lost 325 in killed, wounded and missing at Gettysburg. The Twenty-sixth North Carolina had only 216 men left for duty when it went into Longstreet's assault on the third day, and on the following day but eighty men were left. On the first day Captain Tuttle's company went into action with three officers and eighty-four men. The officers and eighty-three of the men were killed or wounded. On the same day Company C, of the Eleventh North Carolina, lost two officers and thirty-four out of thirty-eight men killed or wounded. Captain Bird, of this company, and the four remaining men then went into what is popularly called Pickett's charge. The flag-bearer was shot and Capt. Bird brought out the flag himself. This was the severest regimental loss during the war. The per centage of regimental, brigade and division losses of the Confederates were terrible."

A clear conscience can rest easy on a bed of granite, while an evil one would be uneasy on one of swan-down

A MIXTURE.

EDITORIAL ETCHINGS EUPHONIOUSLY ELUCIDATED.

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

Always in doors—keys.
Bachelor of hearts—Cupid.
A spanking team—our parents.
The candle wick is up to snuff.
An informer—a hotel architect.
A regular caller—the army bugler.
A girl in the bloom of youth is generally a bud.
Jay Gould has taken to wearing spectacles.
A man who drives away customers—the cabman.
Always good for a cold—pocket handkerchief.
Conceded to be in "the swim"—Fishes in the sea.
A slight of hand performance—Rejecting a suitor.
To make a long story short—send it to a newspaper editor.
One may screw up his courage and have his attention riveted.
Sage advice to a cook cannot go much beyond turkey stuffing.
All waiters die rich—that is, if success comes to those who wait.
An oculist is the man who can make people "open their eyes."
Secretary Blaine is the only college graduate in the Cabinet.
The hair of King Otho, of Bavaria, recently turned white in a night.
There is a great deal of the spice of life in the work of the pastry cook.
Henry George, the land tax advocate, is making a great stir in England.
It is said that Fred Douglass will become a preacher in the A. M. E. Church.
Robert Bonner, proprietor of the New York Ledger, is sixty-four years old.
Secretary Windom had his early training in good old-fashioned Quaker schools.
Postmaster-General Wanamaker has four children—two sons and two daughters.
Why should oil producers never grumble? They live on the fat of the land.
In New York a sign of wealth is a diamond pin. In Philadelphia it is a terrapin.
The Governor-General of Canada, Lord Stanley, has seven children—all boys but one.
A beauty is apt to find no fault with her eyes, cheeks or lips, but she upbraids her hair.
Jesse Grant, the youngest son of General Grant, has bought a large farm in California.
There are some men who are so opposed to anarchy that they will not even wear red flannel.
Mr. Balfour, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, has bought 4,000 acres of land in New Zealand.
"Blessed are the piece makers," said the small boy when he dropped a costly porcelain ornament.
We always admire what we cannot understand. Maybe that is why so many women get married.
Newport News now has the largest drydock in the world. It has just been completed for occupation.
Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris, under the will of her father-in-law, comes into a fortune of about \$750,000.
On seeing a house being whitewashed, a small boy of three wanted to know if it was going to be shaved.
Thomas Nast, the artist, has accepted a place on the San Francisco Examiner as cartoonist extraordinary.
The carpenter is an unreasonable fellow. He objects to plain board, and yet he don't like a board until it is planed.
Michael Lee, the new President of the City Council at Omaha, Neb., was formerly a hotel porter and bootblack.
An angler, giving an account of a trip to Canada, speaks of "a fight with a salmon." We prefer peas with salmon.
A lazy man at the State election sent over to a South Boston foundry to see if they could not cast his vote for him.

The Princess of Wales inherits her unfortunate deafness from her mother.

One talent well used gives its possessor greater satisfaction than five talents buried beneath the rust of idleness and sloth.

The grief of the Emperor and Empress of Austria over the death of their son, Prince Rudolf, is said to be uncontrollable.

Ex-Senator Tabor, of Colorado, began life under Secretary Proctor, working for some time in his marble quarries in Vermont.

The old lady who mended her husband's trousers with a patch of grass is now smoothing her hair with the comb of a rooster.

W. C. Whitney, ex-Secretary of the Navy, and wife, and ex-Secretary of War Endicot and wife, sailed for Europe on Saturday.

Gen. Alger is going to be in time for the convention of 1892. He has already acknowledged himself a candidate for the Presidential nomination in that year.

Chauncey M. Depew, President of the New York Central Railroad, has accepted an invitation to deliver the oration at the Yale Law School commencement in June.

The Texans are trying to get the Oklahoma overflow to go to their State and buy the public lands. That State has about 7,000,000 acres of land open to settlement.

Signor Crispi, the Italian Prime Minister, is short, compactly built, white-haired, gray-mustached, with a round, well-balanced head, a firmly set mouth and a pair of keen, quick eyes.

Redfield Proctor, the Secretary of War, is the father of four children, the oldest of whom, Col. Fletcher D. Proctor, is his father's right-hand man and the superintendent of his business.

At the London Stuart Exhibition the other day: "If I had been Mary Queen of Scots," said the Empress Frederick, of Germany, "I would have been beheaded three times over during last year."

Parnell, the Irish leader, pays strict attention to his diet, avoiding meats as far as possible. At luncheon his only refreshment very often is a glass of hot water into which a lemon has been squeezed.

"How to Lie While Asleep," is the title of an article that is going the rounds of scissors and paste-pot, but the wild yearnings of everybody is that everybody else may be told how rot to lie when awake.

The strawberry crop which is now being marketed in Louisiana is unusually large. From April 12 to April 17 over 1,200 bushels of strawberries were shipped from the station at Hammond, in Tangipahoa Parish.

The Empress dowager of China, who still remains Empress Regent, has ruled China for twenty-five years. She is now over fifty. She is a skillful archer, she boxes, and in other ways exhibits her independence of character.

Baron Reuter, the famous telegram magnate, has surrendered his concession for the construction of Persian railways, and has obtained instead a concession for an Imperial Bank of Persia and for the unappropriated Persian mines.

Joaquin Miller says of one of his tangled-haired heroines that she "swept the lonesome sea." It would have been more to her credit to have been at home sweeping the lonesome kitchen, or helping her poor mother wash the supper dishes.

There seems to be no doubt in the minds of the knowing ones that the President will call an extra session of Congress in the fall. This will be in order to get things in ship-shape and outline the course to be pursued in the regular session.

Mrs. Harlan, wife of Justice Harlan, who has taken Mrs. Logan's place at the head of the Washington ladies who have charge of the Garfield Hospital, is tall, quite stout and a lady of commanding presence. She has a fine face, dark eyes and gray hair.

Surgeon-General Hammond has just returned from Florida, where he went to look after the yellow fever. He says the fever was carried to Florida by smuggling vessels, and a revenue cutter has been ordered to cruise along the coast and keep out such vessels.

A bride may be robed in yellow and stand with her bridegroom in a bower of yellow flowers, and all that, and even be married by a minister who has the jaundice, but no amount of decoration will prevent the discovery of the couple's greenness at the first hotel they put up.

STATE NEWS.

FROM THE DEEP BLUE SEA TO THE GRAND OLD MOUNTAIN.

An Hour Pleasantly Spent With Our Delightful Exchanges.

The Raleigh Cattle Show comes off May 15th.

Raleigh boasts of a female physician and a female barber.

Raleigh will hold a local option election on the 9th of June.

The Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows meet at Fayetteville on the 15th inst.

Last week Tarboro voted to issue bonds for a city hall and electric light plant.

Mr. J. W. Reid, who moved to Los Angeles, Cal., about a year ago, has returned, with his family, to Winston.

We are glad to learn that Rev. Dr. Mangum expects to be able to resume his duties as professor in the State University some time in September.

When Mr. Eaves is made collector of the Western North Carolina District, as he will in the next thirty days, the collector's office will be moved to Asheville, N. C.

The Greensboro Workman chronicles the return to that city of Miss Laura Nelson, who has been in Mexico for some time as a missionary of the Society of Friends.

There are now only about 200 convicts in the penitentiary, including those on the sick list. The attending physician reports the health of the inmates unusually good.

The State Treasurer reports quite a brisk demand for the new four per cent. consolidated North Carolina bonds, which are now selling freely at 95, with an upward tendency.

A terrific cyclone swept over Warren last Wednesday night, and did great damage. The Methodist and Presbyterian churches, and other buildings, were leveled to the ground.

The Askew paper mills, in Wake Co., has been purchased by a Pennsylvania company which runs extensive paper mills in that State and Maryland. They will put new machinery in the Askew mills and equip for a large business.

Captain Bond's pamphlet, showing that Pettigrew, and not Pickett, is entitled to the glory that graced the Confederate banners at the battle of Gettysburg, is bearing fruit. It is bound to convince any fair-minded man who will read it.

The largest trade of the kind ever made in the South was recently consummated when that well known Baltimore firm, Messrs. H. Cone & Sons, bought of the McAden mills, at McAdenville, near Charlotte, 2,000 bales of plaids, amounting to nearly \$100,000.

Mr. E. G. Irving, superintendent of the Victor cotton mills, near Charlotte, N. C., has accepted, at a handsome salary, the position of boss carder in a cotton factory which is soon to be put in operation in Shanghai, China, and will sail for that country in a few weeks.

In the Albemarle Sound upwards of \$250,000 has been paid out for fish during the season. Nearly all the netters have stopped fishing, though the Sound is almost alive with shad, and seinemen are hauling them up by the thousand, which will swell the season's receipts to a million dollars.

The famous hotel at Morehead City has been placed in charge of Mr. R. B. Raney, who will open it about the first of June for the reception of guests. It has been thoroughly arranged in all particulars and will continue to be one of the most popular resorts on the Atlantic coast. Mr. Raney is one of the most popular hotel men in the South, and the public are to be congratulated upon his selection.

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