

THE WILSON MIRROR.

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

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ADAM'S ALE.

THE GOD-BREWED BEVERAGE FOR MAN.

It's Potation Brings a Blessing and Not a Curse, for Only Virtues Doth It Nurse.

We cannot improve upon the refreshing and invigorating and thirst-alleviating beverage furnished by nature? Here it is—Adam's ale—about the only gift that has descended undefiled from the Garden of Eden! Nature's common carrier—not created in the rottenness of fermentation, not distilled over guilty fires! Virtues and not vices are its companions. Does it cause drunkenness, disease, death, cruelty to women and children? Will it place rags on the person, mortgages on the stock, farm and furniture? Will it consume wages and income in advance and ruin men in business? No! But it floats in white gossamer clouds far up in the quiet summer sky, and hovers in dreamy mists over the merry faces of all our sparkling lakes. It veils the woods and hills of earth's landscapes in a purple haze, where filmy lights and shadows drift hour after hour. It piles itself in tumbled masses of cloud domes and thunder heads, draws the electric flash from its mysterious hiding places, and seems to shock the wide air with vivid lines of fire. It is carried by the wind, and falls in rustling curtains of liquid drapery over all the thirsty woods and fields, and fixes in God's mystic Eastern heavens his beautiful bow of promise, glorified with a radiance that seems reflected out of the heaven itself. It gleams in the frost crystals of the mountain tops and it dawns the valleys. It silently creeps up to each leaf in the myriad forests of the worlds and tints each fruit and flower. It is here in the grass blades of the meadows, and there where the corn waves its tassels and the wheat is billowing! It gems the depths of the oceans round the whole earth, and roars its hoarse, eternal anthems on a hundred thousand miles of coast! It claps its hands in the flashing wave crests of the sea, laughs in the little rapids of the brooks, kisses the dripping, moss-covered, old oaken well buckets in a countless host of happy homes! See these pieces of cracked ice, full of prismatic colors, clear as diamonds! Listen to their fairy tinkle against the brimming glass, that sweetest music in all the world to one half faint with thirst! And so, in the language of that grand old man, Gough, we ask you, brothers all, would you exchange the sparkling glass of water for alcohol, and drink of the very devil himself?

HOME, SWEET HOME.

The Best Asylum From all Care.

Home! It is a charmed word. Through that one syllable thrill untold melodies, the laughter of children, the sound of well-known footsteps, and the voice of undying affection. Home! We hear in that word the ripple of meadow brooks, in which knee-deep we waded, the lowing cattle coming up from the pasture, the sharp hiss of the scythe amid thick grass, the creaking of the hay-rack where we tramped down the load. Home! Upon that word there drops the sunshine of boyhood, and the shadow of tender sorrows and the reflection of a thousand fond memories. Home! when we see it in book or newspaper, that word seems to rise and sparkle, and leap, and thrill, and whisper, and chant, and pray, and weep. It springs up like a fountain. It thrills like a song. It twinkles like a star. It leaps like a flame. It glows like a sunset. It sings like an angel. And if some lexicographer, urged on by a spirit from beneath, should seek to cast forth that word from the language, the children would come forth and hide it under garlands of wild flowers, and the wealthy would come forth to hide it up with diamonds and pearls; and the kings would hide it under their crowns; and after Herod had hunted his life from Bethlehem to Egypt, and utterly given up the search, some bright, warm day it would flash from among the gems, and breathe from among the flowers, and toss from among the cornets, and the world would read it bright, and fair, and beautiful, and resonant as before. Home! Home! Home!

WOMAN'S WORTH.

God's Last Best Gift to Man.

In the day dawn of youth, when the kindling vision sweeps the plains of futurity and sees only the blazonry of hopeful promises, the young man weds some damsel on whose tender cheeks the dews of morn are still a-tremble. Then comes the years of toil and labor, the cares and the worries, the joys and the disappointments. Man is prone to selfishness and is too near-sighted to observe the hand that bears the cooling chalice to the fevered lips. But to woman he is all in all. She has not a thought higher than his dear head, for that is, to her as high as heaven. And there is more strength and support in a pair of those soft white arms than there is in braces of iron and girders of steel. There is something in her very presence, something soothing and refreshing. And her voice is dearer to him than all the melodies of earth and sea and sky combined. Anticipating his smallest wishes she teaches him to expect all that is best in life through her tender hands. The man who is incapable of that pure and lofty appreciation of woman's love, is incapable of feeling the thrill of that noble intellectuality which is but a forest of joys that are to come in a world where the souls of these pure and tender wives and mothers shall shine with a lustre unequalled by the concentrated splendor of a hundred suns.

ABOUT 1,450,000,000

The human family to-day consists of about 1,450,000,000 individuals; not less, probably more. These are distributed over the earth's surface so that now there is no considerable part where man is not found. In Asia, where man was first planted, there are now approximately about 800,000,000, densely crowded; on an average 120 to the square mile—not so crowded but everywhere dense, and at all points overpopulated. In Africa there are 210,000,000. In America, North and South, there are 110,000,000, relatively thinly scattered and recent. In the Islands, large and small probably 10,000,000. The extremes of the white and black are as five to three; the remaining brown and tanny. Of the race, 500,000,000 are well clothed—that is wear garments of some kind to cover their nakedness; 700,000,000 are semi-clothed, covering inferior parts of the body; 250,000,000 are practically naked. Of the race, 500,000,000 live in houses partly furnished with the appointments of civilization; 800,000,000 in huts or caves with no furnishing; 260,000,000 have nothing that can be called a home, are barbarous and savage. The range is from the topmost round—the Anglo-Saxon civilization, which is the highest known—down to the naked savage. The portion of the race lying below the line of human condition is at the very least three-fifths of the whole—900,000,000.

SATISFIED.

As flowers lean outward to the light,
I lean to thee;
The one who makes the darkness bright;
The North Star in the moonless night
Thou art to me,
As children trust and know no fear,
I trust in thee;
Heaven, in thy presence, seemeth here:
Where thou art, whether far or near,
'Tis sweet to be.
As travelers long, when worn and tired,
Their home to see,
To my heart wandering far and wide,
Finding its goal, is satisfied
To rest near thee.

A ROUSER.

"My dear bretheren," said the minister, leaning forward and speaking very earnestly, "in the excessively warm and oppressive weather I can excuse drowsiness during the sermon, but I do wish that you would try to keep awake while the collection is being taken up."

THE THREADS.

A little girl was eating green corn by gnawing it from the cob, when her teeth got entangled with the corn-silk.
"Oh, dear!" she said, impatiently, "I wish when they get the corn, made they would pull out the basting-threads."

A MIXTURE.

EDITORIAL ETCHINGS EUPHONIOUSLY ELUCIDATED.

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

The Sulli-vanty of Boston has had a fall. Kentucky has a mail carrier ninety years old.

In Chile the street-car conductors are all women.

The word "and" occurs 46,227 times in the Bible.

A man in a peck of trouble is in a measure to be pitied.

A man runs and gets warm. Butter gets warm and runs.

Philadelphia is to have a new church for colored Catholics.

Strange to say, the only way to kill a law is not to execute it.

"Can I help your heartache?" "Yes, if you'll my heart take."

After all the milk of human kindness is the best Elixir of Life.

A mountain of pure manganese has just been found in Colorado.

No matter how industrious the baker may be, he is at best a loafer.

Nations move by cycles, says Emerson, Boys move bicycles, too.

Human sacrifices are still quite common on the East African coast.

Prudence and religion are above accidents, and draw good out of everything.

In Chicago 1,324,000 hogs were packed this year against 1,557,000 in 1886.

Mrs. Maybricks death sentence has been commuted to imprisonment for life.

We usually learn to wait only when we have no longer anything to wait for.

If some men died and others did not, death indeed would be a most mortifying evil.

The Georgia Legislature has passed a bill prohibiting the sale of cigarettes to minors.

The soul without imagination is what an observatory would be without a telescope.

Crop indications throughout the country point to the largest yield of oats ever reported.

If some men were half as big as they think they are, the world would have to be enlarged.

In Tennyson's "rosebud garden of girls," it is supposed there were no "widow's weeds."

We believe in supporting the dignity of the bench. But liberty is worth more than dignity.

A British Syndicate is said to have paid \$5,000,000 for an American patent medicine business.

Morals must be vindicated. But the sanction of crime defense of morals is a ridiculous humbug.

Mr Parnell has a surplus of \$100,000 after paying his legal expenses before the Commission.

The new French army law extends the age of liability to service from forty five years to fifty.

Despise not advice, though even the meanest. Gabbling geese once preserved the Roman State.

When a great man stoops and trips, the small men around him appear larger than they really are.

The three Presidents who died on July 4 are John Adams, Thomas Jefferson and James Monroe.

Nagle, the slayer of Terry has been released by habeas corpus proceedings and is now at liberty.

The American mosquito has appeared in England, and the people are vastly excited by the discovery.

The Indian squaws of the past were very romantic. They always took their bows about with them.

It was a barber who remarked that it took everything he could "rake and scrape" to make him a living.

A pair of elephant's tusks of average length weigh about 200 pounds, and are worth about \$500.

British people drink annually five pounds of tea per head per annum. The French average is only half an ounce.

It is against the city ordinance in Castle, N. Y., for a donkey to appear on the streets unless accompanied by a man.

The descendants of Rebecca Nurse, who was hanged as a witch in 1622, had a reunion in Danvers, Mass., recently.

A mine of soap has been discovered in California. Now the question might be asked what use has California for a soap mine?

A ton of rope made of the hair of devout women in Japan has been used in building a \$3,000,000 temple to Buddha at Kioto.

An Indianapolis man muzzled his wife with a base-ball mask. She couldn't bite, but her tongue could, as he soon found out to his sorrow.

With what an air of calm superiority a hen will gobble a worm after the rooster has scratched it up! There are lots of hens in the world.

Mulhally, the artistic liar who used to wire those Texas wonders some time ago, must have transferred his field of operations to Alabama.

The American exhibit at the Paris Exposition is all right now. Edison, the "King of Light," is there. All Europe combined can't match him.

A cloud-burst in Nevada the other day dropped enough water on a region two miles square to form a lake of ten acres in extent and ten feet deep.

"I do think that thirteen is an unlucky number," said a pert young miss who had just entered her teens. "It's too old for dolls and too young for beaux!"

Ex-U. S. Treasurer Spinner is in Florida, where he has been for a long time the victim of cancer. It is not thought he can live more than a few weeks longer.

Some fellow not long ago fished up some pearls in a Wisconsin river and now the inhabitants of the Badger State are out by the thousand combing the bottoms of the rivers.

An Iowa Justice fined a man \$50 for kissing a girl against her will not because he had no right to do it but because he showed such poor taste in kissing such an ugly girl.

Senator Ingalls believes that "public office is a private snap." The Greensboro North State has come to the conclusion that it is "a family roost." Just now the p. s. and f. r. are disturbing the peace of the g. o. p.

It is said the Republican party of Alabama is going to gather up its fragments and put a State ticket in the field next November. Gen. Chalmers wants to run for Governor, but some of the colored leaders don't take any stock in him.

"Is there any opening here for an intellectual writer?" asked a seedy, red-nosed individual of an editor.—"Yes, my friend," replied the man of quills, "a considerate carpenter, foreseeing your visit, left an opening for you. Turn the knob on the right."

Miss Buchanan once rallying her cousin, an officer, on his courage, said: "Now, Mr. Harry, do you really mean to tell me you can walk up to a cannon's mouth without fear?" "Yes," was the prompt reply, "or to a Buchanan's either." And he did it.

A Tuscaloosa (Ala.) man has invented a machine which spins yarn directly from seed cotton, dispensing with the process of ginning. It is said that the yarn spun by this machine is equal to the best qualities of coarser yarn and would make the best grade of coarser goods such as duck, sails and bagging.

A Tennessee editor wants to know how people can expect him to get out a real newsy paper when he is twelve miles from a railroad, five miles from a river, millions of miles from heaven, two miles from the devil and only two hundred yards from a gin mill. This is laboring under difficulties that might discourage even a Tennessee editor.

Gov. Gray, of Indiana, has entered the ring as a Democratic competitor of Dan Voorhees for his seat in the U. S. Senate. They are both popular men and it is said the tilt between them will be interesting. Voorhees is a hard man to get away with in Indiana. He is a hard man to get away with anywhere. Mr. Ingalls, the gentleman from Kansas, could testify to this.

A writer in the St. Louis Republic tells of two authors who published two novels on which they worked about a year, one of whom realized only \$5.50 and the other \$39.50. Why do they fool their time away on novels when there is such a wide field for genius and opportunities for the acquirement of wealth in the Journalistic profession. We say this by way of encouragement to poorly requited book makers.

STATE NEWS.

FROM THE DEEP BLUE SEA TO THE GRAND OLD MOUNTAIN.

An Hour Pleasantly Spent With Our Delightful Exchanges.

A roller process flour mill will be built at Waynesville.

A white woman eloped with a negro man from Charlotte last week.

It is said that 15,000 negroes have left the State since last November.

A new opera house to seat 750 people has been contracted for at Hickory.

A Baltimore company will establish a crockery factory at Wilmington.

Matthews Gibbs died at his home in Centre recently of old age. He was 108 years of age.

A bar-keeper at Asheville advertises that he will sell liquor to no one of intemperate habits if he is informed of the fact.

The citizens of Windsor last week requested A. J. Pritchard, mayor of the town, to resign because of prostituting his office to personal ends.

A Raleigh negro who went to Mississippi last spring has just walked back. He says graveyards are as large out there as cotton fields are here.

A movement is on foot among the dissatisfied negroes of Mecklenburg county to organize a Republican party independent of President Harrison.

Rev. Jarvis Buxton, a former resident of Fayetteville, but for 40 years rector of Trinity Episcopal Church, Asheville, has resigned his charge.

Col. W. J. Green left Saturday last for an extended trip through the Southern States, during which time he will spend several days with ex-President Davis at Beauvoir, Miss.

The Mount Olive Telegram has enlarged from a six to a seven column paper, and has very much improved its typographical appearance, all of which we are glad to note, for we still have a tender feeling for the interest of Mount Olive.

The Board of Directors of the newly organized Board of Public Charities, stands thus: Dr. E. Burke Hayward, of Wake, Chairman; J. B. Sawyer, of Burke, W. A. Bobbitt, of Granville, Lawrence J. Houghton, of Chatam, Dr. Charles Duffy, Jr., of Craven.

The North Carolina teachers were presented to Queen Victoria and they presented her with a hidden stone set in gold tobacco leaves with "The Old North State" engraved on it. Major Harrell got on his knees to kiss the Queen's hand and the Princess Beatrice laughed at him.

President Gray estimates the damage to the Cape Fear & Yadkin Valley Railway by the recent washouts, between Greensboro and Mt. Airy, at about \$20,000 in round numbers. The trains are expected to be running on schedule time from Bennettsville to Mt. Airy by the 26th inst.

North Carolina Insane Asylum: Capt. Octavius Coke, Chairman; Dr. George A. Foote, of Warren; R. H. Smith, of Halifax; Jas. S. Amis, of Granville; Dr. John McCormick, of Robeson; Broadfoot, of Cumberland; Kirby, of Wayne; Womack, of Chatham, Biggs, of Martn.

W. K. Perry, the aeronaut, who received severe injuries by falling from a balloon 700 feet high at Mount Holly fair, near Charlotte, ten days ago, died Sunday night from internal injuries. Perry leaves a wife and two children, who came to Charlotte from Birmingham, Ala., a few days ago.

Opium & Liquor Habits Cured Without Nervous Shock or Distress.

Our Double Chloride of Gold Remedies for the Cure of the OPIUM and LIQUOR 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 OPIUM 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 CO., ILLINOIS.