

# THE WILSON MIRROR.

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

WILSON, NORTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4 1889.

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VOL VIII.

## HEART DROPS.

DEATHLESS DEVOTION DESCRIBED  
BY HENRY BLOUNT.

And Entwined by Him in the Wreath  
of Song.

One of the truest, purest, and noblest women who ever spread the veil of enchantment around the brow of a husband and sweetened his existence with the delicious odors of an entrancing witchery, was forced to procure a divorce from her chosen one, and get release from his unholy embrace. But she was true to her memories of the hallowed past, and her loyal heart never forgot the precious melody of the dear old hours, dead. She was beautiful and lovely, and the soft beams of her glorious charms fell upon another heart and melted its frozen channel into a gushing stream of affectionate ardor and devotion. He showed her his heart, rich with unbought affection and a devotion given of God. She appreciated his offering, but could not appreciate its passion and its intensity, and so she begged him for her sake and the sake of that sweet by-gone, to allow her the mournful privilege of walking this earth alone, "companionless in woe," just before she bade him good-bye, she penned him a letter, rejecting his proposal, and the sentiment of her letter and his reply have been translated in the following lines.

Thine eye is eloquent,  
Its light brings back  
The hallowed past,  
Where oft my memory goes  
To gather from the wrecks up-cast  
Of moments gone,  
The one bright relic of a love  
That still I mourn.

Another take his place,  
No, no, it cannot be;  
With what poor grace  
I've borne the anguish of two long years,  
I'll bear the years to come  
Nor let my flowing tears  
One memory fond efface  
Of all that made his heart my home.

Ask not my love; 'tis dead,  
The felled oak that rotten lies,  
Is not more bare of beauty;  
Go seek a thing of life  
And lay thy head upon some breast  
Whose pulse is not a duty;  
Thou hast been sweet to me,  
And Heaven knows I like thee,  
A more than friendship feel,  
But from my heart the seal  
Those memories make  
No hope can move, no promise break.

HIS REPLY.

If there be ought in glances  
That can speak,  
If there be eloquence in eyes,  
Bright, fierce or meek,  
Then let mine speak of all  
My heart can tell,  
And sweetly utter  
What it feels so well.

Warm'd by the love I give  
Thy heart shall glow  
With a new flame,  
And from its now sealed fountain  
There shall flow  
As in that olden time,  
The same sweet current of delight,  
That once he knew;  
And in my bosom's night  
Steal like the balmy breath of May,  
Kissing the frosts and gloom  
Of Winter all away.

Say not thy love is dead  
And bare of beauty;  
Thine eyes still shed  
A lustre not all duty,  
The memories that now seal  
The sacred fire within my breast,  
Soon, soon, will feel,  
The kindling flame and melt to rest.

So from the ashes of the past,  
New life, new love shall rise  
And plume its wings towards the skies  
Its blessed home at last,  
And round thee I will weave  
Life's sweetest mystery  
And, if thou wilt believe,  
Fill every fleeting hour  
With a lover's true devotion,  
As we go sailing o'er,  
In fondest rapture hugged,  
Life's sweet and blissful ocean.

## A MIXTURE.

EDITORIAL ETCHINGS EUPHONICALLY  
ELUCIDATED.

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

Little men cannot pardon.  
Strong reasons make strong actions.  
Time and opportunity lost is eternally lost  
Sullivan is out on bail, an appeal having  
been taken to the Supreme Court.

Has a finger in the pie—The butcher who  
loses a digit in a mincing machine.

Wit should be used as a shield for defence,  
rather than a sword to wound others.

Great things are not accomplished by idle  
dreams, but by years of patient study.

More failures are to be attributed to efforts  
misdirected than to the want of exertion.

When a man cries "Hoe there!" is he not  
trying to "cultivate" your acquaintance?

The secret of life is not to do what one  
likes, but to try to like what one has to do.

It cannot be denied that amusement is  
one of the most powerful influences of life.

A certain railroad conductor is named  
Judy. A sort of punchin' Judy as it were.

The police have awful big revolvers.  
One covered a striker with one a few days  
ago.

A woman at Trenton, Kan., seized and  
held four of her neighbor's children for  
debt.

We always like those who admire us.  
We do not always like those whom we  
admire.

Irish employer (to clerk)—"Don't know  
the man's address? Well, write to him and  
find out!"

There are a good many things besides a  
locomotive that a man will not throw over  
his shoulder.

A hawk may get the rooster after break-  
fast, but before breakfast the rooster always  
takes a crow.

If we had no defects ourselves we would  
not take so much pleasure in discovering  
those of others.

Calumny is often the homage of our con-  
temporaries, as some savage tribes spit on  
those they honor.

A Rochester girl has an admirer who  
always brings her chewing gum. She calls  
him her gumbeau.

The platform adopted by the Democratic  
State Convention of Virginia strikes us as  
being unexceptionable.

The fraudulent old beau who dyes his  
hair has no right to be writing to any girl  
about his undying love.

A Vermont farmer claims to have some  
cattle that laugh. They are the laughing  
stock of the neighborhood.

"That was a horrible cigar you gave me  
this morning, Jack." Yes I know it was.  
That's why I gave it to you."

Guest (from the wild West)—"Give me  
a tip-top room." Hotel Clerk (to hall boy)  
—"Take him up to the garret."

Speaking of "the last words of famous  
men," we haven't sufficient space at our  
command to give Noah Webster's.

Scientists state that enough rain has fallen  
in Pennsylvania this year to fill a lake one  
thousand miles square, and thirty five feet  
deep.

Hunter—"Where is Schmidt?" Guide—  
"Oh, he is off to the right." He has been  
shooting all around a rabbit for the last half  
hour."

A New York museum is exhibiting an  
"ossified man." He will probably be secured  
by some minstrel company to impersonate  
Bones.

King Humbert, of Italy, has confirmed  
honors on Edison, the famous American  
electrician, by which he becomes a count  
and his wife a countess.

Who struck Billy Patterson? has never  
yet been satisfactorily answered. But after  
the election next fall it won't be hard to tell  
who struck Billy Mahone.

A weapon is anything that can serve to  
wound; and sentiments are perhaps the most  
cruel weapons man can employ to injure  
and wound his fellow-man.

All over the Commonwealth of Virginia  
there will be a grand rallying under the  
banner of Phil McKinney. His white plume  
will lead the way to victory.

Nothing sharpens the arrow of sarcasm  
so keenly as the courtesy that polishes it.  
No reproach is like that we clothe with a  
smile and present with a bow.

The cotton worm has appeared in the  
Mississippi valley and the gulf States, and  
it is believed there will be a great falling  
off of the crop in those regions.

Last Saturday was pay-day in the Wilkes-  
barre mining region of Pennsylvania. There  
were three murders on that day, and yet we  
are sending missionaries abroad.

The average size of an American family  
of the defense of Deputy Marshal Nagle,  
according to statistics, is 4.13. The fraction  
probably stands for the old man.

Hon. John G. Carlisle is now in Mexico,  
and is receiving more attention than has  
been accorded to any citizen of the United  
States since Gen. Grant visited that country.

Robert Marvel, an 86-year old Indianan,  
has lived for sixty-six days without food ex-  
cept a little milk, less than a gallon in all.  
This is a marvelous performance for one so  
old.

American girls seem to have a weakness  
for titles, so many of them give themselves  
and their fortunes away to no account fel-  
lows just to get a Count or something of  
that sort.

There are more people abusive to others  
than lie open to abuse themselves, but hu-  
mor goes round, and he that laughs at me  
to day will have somebody to laugh at him  
to-morrow.

Reports from Virginia indicate that the  
Republican Convention soon to assemble  
at Norfolk will be almost unanimous for  
Mahone for Governor. There will be only  
a scattering of "Kickers" in the Convention.

Russell Harrison says when he dined  
with Queen Victoria he had four kinds of  
pie. He loves pie, and royal pie, such as  
Queen Victoria builds, he fairly revels in.  
He may be a dude but he is piously inclined.

Blocks-of-five Dudley is credited with  
saying that the Republicans would "put  
some elixir of life into the Virginia politi-  
cians before we get through with them."  
Dr. Wanamaker has demonstrated that he  
is a political physician of great ability.

The latest scientific whim is a surgical  
operation for the benefit of piano-players—  
clipping a cord between the third and fourth  
fingers. What a long-suffering public de-  
mands of science is something that will  
benefit the entire neighborhood wherein the  
player resides.

Ability is often re-enforced by necessity.  
He that will suffer himself to be discouraged  
by fancied impossibilities, may sometimes  
find his abilities invigorated by the necessity  
of exerting them at short intervals, as the  
force of a current is increased by the con-  
traction of its channel.

The new town on the Atlantic Coast  
Line between Fayetteville and Marion, S.  
C., continues to grow. Last Christmas there  
stood the depot, a magnificent structure,  
single-handed and alone, while to-day, a  
gentleman of this place, who has just paid  
a visit to that section, tells us there are  
at present about 30 or 40 buildings there,  
including seven or eight stores, and busi-  
ness is going right along.

Mammoth Cave, says the Journal of Ed-  
ucation, the largest in the world, near Green  
river, Ky., has been explored ten miles.  
About twenty rooms have been discovered,  
and here are found subterranean streams  
waterfalls and pits of unknown depth. Sev-  
eral of the rooms are of great extent, and  
have received appropriate names. The  
Haunted Chamber is two miles long, twenty  
feet high and ten feet wide, the roof being  
supported by beautiful pillars.

Ex-Senator Kellogg, of Louisiana, says  
Harrison by his appointments in that State  
has thrown away what little chance the  
Republicans had of carrying the third con-  
gressional district. He also intimates rather  
strongly that the Louisiana delegation in the  
next Republican national convention will  
oppose the re-nomination of Harrison. All  
of this is very interesting, but the fact should  
not be forgotten that Kellogg has a very  
sore head to grease with official ointment.

The Treasury Surplus is given at  
\$70,800,000, the highest point reached since  
last October. Adding the fractional silver,  
which is really an asset if not "available,"  
the Surplus is nearly \$100,000,000. In Gen.  
Harrison's campaign speeches last year he  
pooh-poohed the Surplus question as one of  
no importance. All the Government had  
to do, he said, to prevent an accumulation  
of money embarrassing to business, was to  
buy bonds. Why doesn't Secretary Win-  
dom buy them? Is he saving the Surplus  
for Congress to squander?

## STATE NEWS.

FROM THE DEEP BLUE SEA TO THE  
GRAND OLD MOUNTAIN.

An Hour Pleasantly Spent With Our  
Delightful Exchanges.

Dr. Grissom will live in Smithfield, it is  
said.

The corn crop in Stanley county is very  
fine.

Gen. Johnston Jones proposes to move to  
San Diego, Cal.

Mr. E. L. C. Ward, of Murfreesboro, will  
go to Idaho to live.

Fifteen brick stores have been put up in  
Smithfield since the fire.

Judge Wright, of Cincinnati, has a cattle  
ranch in Cherokee county.

The crops in Johnson county are said to  
be good and some very fine.

There are over ten thousand strangers  
enjoying the climate at Asheville.

Over 300,000 pounds of grapes have been  
shipped from Raleigh this season.

There are now 46 convicts working in  
the shoe factory in the penitentiary.

It is rumored that a Minnesota man will  
remove his woolen mills to Salisbury.

Within the past few weeks as many as 1,  
500 persons have been converted in Robe-  
son county.

Mr. W. G. Boyd left Oxford last week for  
the Indian Territory to engage in the mer-  
cantile business.

Evangelist Pearson will begin a ten days  
meeting in Henderson on the 1st Sunday  
night in November.

The Rev. Mr. Cade's system of tele-  
graphing to and from moving trains is to be  
used between Washington and Baltimore.

The Goldsboro Argus says that reports  
come from all sections that crops are gain-  
ing rapidly for losses early in the growing  
season.

Four old soldiers met on the streets of  
Concord a few days ago. Each was shot in  
the right arm and all at the battle of Chan-  
cellorsville.

There are thirty-six candidates for the  
Chair of Mathematics in the State Univer-  
sity, to fill the vacancy caused by the death  
of Professor Graves.

Rev. Sam Jones announces that he can-  
not be in Charlotte in October, as he had  
intended. He cannot fill his appointment  
there until next spring.

Mr. James De L. Smith, of Fayetteville,  
who was an inmate of the Insane Asylum  
at Raleigh, was discharged from that insti-  
tution last Thursday, having entirely re-  
covered.

The many friends of Maj. Roger P.  
Atkinson, Chief Engineer of the Cape Fear  
and Yadkin Valley Railroad, will hear of  
his death with regret. He died at home in  
Greensboro on Monday.

We learn from our exchanges that Capt.  
W. A. Darden, of Greene, has resigned as  
business agent of the State Farmers' Alli-  
ance. His resignation will be heard of with  
much regret throughout North Carolina.

The grading on the road from William-  
ston to Plymouth has all been completed  
and track laying is being done as rapidly  
as possible. All the trestles have not yet  
been built, but it is thought that the road  
will be finished and trains will be running  
on it before October. The terminus of this  
road will be at Roper City, six or eight miles  
below Plymouth, where there is plenty of  
water front, and it is generally believed  
that a line of steamers will be put on from  
this point direct to Baltimore.

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ous Shock or Distress.**

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