

THE WILSON MIRROR.

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

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MARRIED LIFE.

A SHORT SENTIMENTAL SERMON
BY HENRY BLOUNT.

For Those Who Have Entered this
Realm so Fair, and Reap The Fruits
that Ripen There.

As a number of our young friends have recently entered and others are preparing to enter the love-tinted sea of Matrimony, we will offer a few words of sober, serious, solemn, sensible advice. They think that as soon as they launch their boats upon this beautiful and ecstatic sea of love-dreams now fulfilled, that the voluptuous gales of honeyed endearment will waft them on the billows of rapture to the glorious harbor of Love's own full fruition in that sweet and ripe and mellow lusciousness of feeling which is born in happy wedlock. These happy young couples think now that the sea will always be calm, and that the waters will always be radiant and glimmering under the shimmering glances of those falling sunbeams of affection's ministry, which come trickling down in thrilling showers from cloudless skies of devotion. They do not see the shoals that smiling sea conceals; they hear not the mutterings which the storm cloud of dissension may, even now, be nursing; they dream not that billows of strife may come sweeping across that now placid ocean, and wreck forever their life-boat, now so gloriously and blissfully freighted with all those precious argosies of love-brought dreams and raptures. And that is our reason for offering these young husbands advice. We had rather give them more than money. It is easier and more handy. And besides, in this instance, it is worth a great deal more; for if taken and faithfully followed it will save their wives from many a care and headache, and drive from their now sunny skies those terrible clouds of neglect which have darkened so many lives. And our advice: is be as tender and kind and considerate and devoted and loving to your wife as you were to your betrothed, and flood her existence with the same sweet, soft, sunny light of affection's ministry as you did in the sweet hours of blessed courtship, and our word for it, the current of your life and her life, harmoniously mingling, will ebb away as beautifully and as sweetly as the musical ripples of some transporting dream. Wives need petting. They are bound to have it. Endearment is their atmosphere. They crave it as flowers do the dew-drops, and without it they droop, their beauty fades, their glory withers, their perfume dies. Yes, wives starve to death without love, and by love, we mean love expressed in words and honeyed endearment, and not merely felt as is too often the case. Married men so often lose sight of those little acts of attention and kind notices, which are so dearly appreciated by the wife, and though they love just as well they seem to think they may take it for granted, and hence it is we see so many homes dark and rayless. If husbands would only make their feelings speak out in eloquent expressions of endearment memories now so sacred to those dear old hours of "wooing and winning," would come back to their hearts and brighten their lives with Heaven-borrowed radiance. A husband's exhibition of love is to a woman a glorious Eden of rapture, and with no forbidden fruit in its bliss—fringed borders. Through it are forever flowing those rippling brooklets of murmuring joy which makes life ebb away in a thrilling and a beautiful rhythm. Love expressed in honeyed endearments is to her of all things on earth the tenderest, the holiest, the purest, and the best. It is the very soul of contentment, affection's ministry and sunny dreams. It is the guardian Angel of the fireside, and is ever slipping from its richly jeweled fingers those precious gems of endearment that forever makes beautiful and glorious the grand Paradise of home. And in return for these exhibitions of affection the wife's ministry will distil for that appreciative husband a thousand sweeter witcheries, for like the growing and beautiful flower in spring, when wooing sunbeams are kissing its blushing face and causing it to unfold newer and fresher leaflets, each delightfully laden with richer and sweeter fragrance, her heart—that ever growing and ever expanding flower of affection when the right kind of season is tending and nursing it, will unfold its leaves of endearment in rosier tints of beauty, and distil a perfume which will sweeten all the walks of trials and disappointment through the distracting marts of business. Now husbands, "just try it on, and see how nicely it will fit," and oh, how beautifully becoming.

A LONG COURTSHIP.

At Last Most Gloriously Rewarded.

Last week THE MIRROR contained an account of a young couple embarking on the sea of matrimony at the ages of 17 and 14 years, and after a short and precious courtship. This week it will tell of another marriage after a twenty-five years courtship. Mr. Long wooed and won Miss Short, and then went forth to seek his fortune. Through all the slowly rolling years, his manly bosom has throbbed with no new love; no strange fire has flickered on his affectional altar; no fresher goddess has claimed one bend of his adoring knee hinges. And while a whole generation of human insects have birthed, wedded and defuncted, while empires, republics, dynasties, principalities and powers have risen and fallen, in the old and new worlds,—her true heart has clung to him like a cockle burr to a long woolled merino. Storms, trials, separation and vicissitudes have wrought no change in their love—deathless, unfading love, which forms the food of angels, the whole atmosphere of Heaven—love, whose other name is God, infinite, immutable and eternal, and at last after dreary years their patience hath her perfect work. They're linked, gold banded, wedlocked, haltered, for better or worse, while the tough old tapers of their lives shall burn. Such unmistakable constancy, such heroic nerve, such stubborn, all-obstacles-defying determination was worthy of a nobler cause and happier fate. A twenty-five years, engagement, in the natural order of things, ensures them at least a century of matrimonial martyrdom. May pitying Heaven shed its lustrous streaks of its own pure pale opaline radiance athwart the mouldy green cheese disc of their venerable honeymoon, and may Gabriel, when he comes, trumpet in hand, to summon the righteous legions to the bright and beautiful beyond, find their fertilizing dust loving intermingled in the same perennial jimsonweed. A man. A woman.

WHAT THE BIBLE IS.

It is the star of eternal hope, whose brilliant rays come twinkling to this nether world; erring man's guide to wisdom, virtue and holiness. The Bible is the great and incomparable Book of books, its letters are brilliant sapphires, its words sparkling diamonds, its chapters pearls of luminous light; its hole the living splendor of a glorified humanity. In comparison, Byron loses his fire, Milton his soarings, Gray his beauties, and Homer his grandeur; no human soul ever reasoned like sainted Job's; no poet ever sung like Israel's shepherd King, and God never made a more wise man than Solomon. The Bible is a window in the prison of hope, through which we look into eternity. It contains more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty, more pure morality, more important history, and finer strains of poetry and eloquence than can be collected from all other books ever written in all the ages, and all the languages that have ever been invented. The promises of the Bible are pictures on the golden walls of immortality, dew drops from the evergreen trees of eternity, pearls from the deep sea of God's love. As the moaning shell whispers of the deep, deep sea, so the Bible breathes of endless life in Heaven. Oh! that more of its blessed precepts were bound about our hearts, and we had the wisdom to make them the mottoes of our lives.

WHAT SAM JONES SAYS.

The Durham Globe gives daily accounts of the Sam Jones meetings now in progress there. During yesterday's talk Mr. Jones made some cunning references to old maids that was very perceptibly enjoyed by the audience. There was much chastity in what he said, and the milk of human kindness oozed its way through this entire portion of his discourse. I'd rather, he said, be a hundred old maids rolled into one than to be a drunkard's wife. Whenever his eyes rested upon an old maid he became impressed with the fact that somebody hand't done his duty. And on the other hand when he saw an old bachelor some how or other he thought of a hog. He couldn't account for this association of ideas, but it always occurred to him just that way.

SAM JONES' HUMOR.

Send a nickel to The Globe, Durham, N. C., and get a copy of the handsome 8-page Weekly, containing full report of Sam Jones' meetings, with many of his original and witty sayings.

A MIXTURE.

EDITORIAL ETCHINGS EUPHONIOUSLY ELUCIDATED.

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

Beware of pets that devour us.
Never resent publicly a lack of courtesy.
Never rejoice but when thou hast done well.
Never be in a hurry, but always be in haste.
Never take the harsher way when love will do the deed.
No man ever yet failed till he lost confidence in himself.
Do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.
Grand temples are built of small stones, and great lives are made up of trifling events.
He who loves to read and knows how to reflect, has laid by a perpetual feast for his old age.
It is a noble species of revenge to have the power of severe retaliation and not to exercise it.

The town of Lee, Me, runs a schedule of its own and gets along without a lawyer, doctor or minister.

The world is like a wheel incessantly revolving on which humane things alternately rise and fall.

We gain nothing by falsehood but the disadvantage of not being believed when we speak the truth.

We must not hope wholly to change their original tempers, nor make the gay pensive, without spoiling them.

Gen Boulanger will spend the winter in Egypt. He will start for Africa as soon as the cold weather sets in.

An Oregon girl wrote to Anna Dickinson once, asking "how to get a husband?" and Anna replied "by the hair."

Nearly 22,000,000 acres of land in the United States are owned by men whose allegiance to other governments.

The new rifles adopted by the Swiss government have been exhaustively and successfully tested with smokeless powder.

Miss Louise Theron, of Boston, was married at Lenox, Mass, Oct 3d to William C. Endicott, Jr., son of ex-Secretary Endicott.

Every man's heart and conscience doth in good or evil, even secretly committed, and known to none but itself, either like or disallow itself.

When a man tells you anything that is derogatory to your neighbor, ask him to go with you at once to that neighbor and tell him about it.

Now that the two Dakotas have got on their full State harness we hope they will try to behave themselves and give some attention to their blizzards.

There is a rumor that the German waiter is henceforth to wear a kind of order, a gilded scar, pending from a short chain, on his manly breast.

A colored man was killed in Washington City Saturday by the explosion of a soda fountain, which he was charging. His head was split open, and he died instantly.

Dr. Von Riedel, Bavarian minister of finance, announces that during the fiscal year of his administration, just ended, he has saved the government 25,000,000 marks.

The Indianapolis ministers have refused a request to preach on civil service reform. They know there is no use of preaching on that while Harrison is running the "family roost."

Jay Gould says the report that he has dumped \$30,000,000 New York Elevated Railroad stock on the London market is rubbish. Jay don't take much stock in "rubbish."

One of Sag Harbor's old citizens has quit the use of tobacco. He says he has smoked 75,000 cigars during the past fifty years and did not begin until he was twenty-four years old.

Mahone and Foraker are both said to bear their presidential aspirations on the results in the coming elections in Ohio and Virginia. Two little boomlets will be laid to rest in November.

An exchange says: "Oysters are very self-possessed creatures. They never turn red when they get into a stew." We've noticed that they are not at all crabbed under the circumstances mentioned.

It looks as if Hayti was to be run by an American syndicate, which has secured certain rights and privileges to build railroads, telegraphs, mines, banks, &c, in which they propose to invest \$18,000,000.

West Virginia Republicans think that if Mr. Goff were put in the Cabinet it might have an influence to make that State Republican. Not much. It will take more than that to make West Virginia Goff on that track.

The Mormons are holding their sixth general annual conference at Salt Lake City. A number of elders and apostles are present, who claim that the church is established by God, and that no power on earth can stay its progress.

The officers of the United States ship Enterprise have been hospitably entertained by the Duke of Argyle at his castle at Inverary, Scotland. The Enterprise is the first foreign war-ship that ever sailed up the waters of Loch Tyne.

We are informed that Miss Helen Gregory "was the first lady to take the degree of Mus. Bac. from Trinity, Toronto." Wonder what that is. Expect it ought to be Moss Back. Those Canadian printers are proverbially inaccurate.

Chang Yan Hoon, the retiring Chinese minister, is enthusiastic over American railroad management, and will advocate a similar system in China. And yet it is doubtful if he ever saw the American railroad baggage smasher in his full glory.

And New York, too falls into line and reaffirms the tariff reform platform adopted at St. Louis last year. The Democratic Convention of that State also endorsed Cleveland's administration throughout. It really does look like Cleveland in 1892.

Latest returns from Montana give a Democratic majority of seven on joint ballot in the Legislature. Joseph K. Toole, Democratic candidate for Governor, has a majority of about 800, and ex-Gov. Thos. H. Carter, Republican, for Congress, a majority of about 1,200.

One of the best rules in conversation is, never to say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish we had rather left unsaid; nor can there well be anything more contrary to the ends for which people meet together, than to part unsatisfied with each other or themselves.

Charles B. Bishop, the comedian, well known in Wilson, dropped dead on the stage in New York, Tuesday. His wife was with him when he died. Mr. Bishop was the best and most refined exponent of broad comedy on the American stage. Before he went on the stage he was a medical practitioner in Baltimore.

It is said that strong opposition is developing among the Republicans of Kansas to the return of Senator Ingalls, whose term in the United States Senate expires in 1891. Mr. Ingalls is credited with having made many enemies by his distribution of the federal patronage and his attempt to straddle prohibition.

American who fall in love have a decided advantage over foreigners similarly afflicted. A writer who has been studying up the American vernacular has discovered that we have 827 different terms to express the State of being in love, which makes it a comparatively very easy matter when a fellow finds it necessary to vent his feelings across the front gate.

The largest republic in the world is that of the United States of America, which contains upwards of 3,200,000 square miles being almost equal in extent to Europe, which has fifty-nine kingdoms, empires, principalities and republics. The largest State is Texas, which contains 274,356 square miles, capable of sustaining 20,000,000 of people, and then not be more crowded than Scotland is at present.

The grand jury of Joaquin county, California, have made a report declaring that the killing of Judge Terry by deputy marshal Nagle was intentional and deliberate, but that he cannot be tried by the State court from the fact that he has been taken out of its hands by the U. S. circuit court. Mrs. Tunstall Smith, the beautiful wife of a leading dry goods merchant of Baltimore committed suicide Saturday by shooting herself in the head with a pistol. Her relations with her husband were of the most cordial character, and nervous depression is assigned as the cause of her taking her life. She was only twenty-seven years of age and leaves three children.

STATE NEWS.

FROM THE DEEP BLUE SEA TO THE GRAND OLD MOUNTAIN.

An Hour Pleasantly Spent With Our Delightful Exchanges.

Cherokee county has 2,208 white polls and only 16 colored.

The town authorities of Henderson are negotiating for water works.

Rutherford county boasts of a pumpkin which weighs 126 pounds.

Thus far this year 102 miles of railroad have been laid in this State.

The Charlott street railway will change its motive power to electricity.

A syndicate has been formed by North Carolina and Pennsylvania capitalists to work the extensive coal deposits in Stokes county.

Col. W. H. S. Burgwyn will very soon have a smoking tobacco factory in operation at Henderson which will employ a large force.

It is now an assured fact that Goldeboro will have her electric lights full ablaze by the opening of the big Fair on the 22d of this month.

The Goldsboro Rifles are going to the Fayetteville Centennial in their full-dress "Gray," especially to do honor to Hon. Jefferson Davis.

Sanford has fourteen trains a day. At 1 o'clock p. m. there can be seen approaching the crossing four trains from four different directions. It is one of the noisiest villages at this time of day on the American continent.

The Stanly Observer has been shown a splendid sample of slate from some place in that county, and thinks there will be big money in it. The resources of the State in minerals, building stone, slate and marble, are simply wonderful.

Mr. Warren says that Pitt county has some of the finest tobacco land in the State. Some of the eastern sections of the State bid fair to become tobacco growing sections, and Pitt is among the most prominent. Mr. Warren's 3 acres net him \$532.80.

The Charlott Democrat, a thoroughly reliable Journal says: "The August prospect of cotton in this section is said by the farmers to be the most prolific ever known—and thus far into September the growth has been abundant. It is now a certainty that with a late fall crop will be the largest ever harvested."

Linville City, a new town in Mitchell county, we learn is coming up like magic. A fine hotel has been erected and many other good buildings are in course of construction, and as soon as the Southern & Western Air Line R. R. reaches that point it will be one of the most popular summer resorts in Western North Carolina.

The Concord Standard says that on Thursday two sons of Mr. K. P. Nusenhier, of Cabarrus county, attracted considerably attention. The oldest one, about ten years old, weighs one hundred and two pounds; the younger one is nearly as fat. One of them has six fingers on each hand and both have six toes on each foot. They will be jumbos some day. It was a free show, but a good deal of money was given them by the crowd.

The coal of the State is destined to be important. The coal seam of Chatham crosses the State into Granville and thence no doubt into Mecklenburg, Va. Mr. W. B. Crews, living seven miles southwest of Oxford on Tar river, has a coal deposit on his farm, known for ten or fifteen years. Only the other day Colonel Roger O. Gregory discovered on his farm some fifteen or twenty miles north of Mr. Crews a deposit of coal. We mention this to show that even the coal fields are not yet all known.

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