

# THE WILSON MIRROR.

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

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## FANCY PICTURES.

### DREAMING IN THE TWILIGHT.

When an old man saw amid the shadows.

It was twilight. The red flashes thrown from the window pane by the setting sun had faded out and given place to the first shadows of night, which bring the cricket from its hiding place and sends the bee and butterfly to sleep. There was a feeling of quiet in the room—a feeling of quiet contentment and perfect satisfaction. The hum of voices from other rooms lulled in a way that seemed far away and had a tender pathos. The old man lay in perfect ease. His eyes rested on the wall at the foot of the bed—his thin, wrinkled hands were folded one over the other—there was a pain to deepen the lines on his kindly face. He had seen the sun go down and had listened for the voice of the cricket and the call of the whip-poor-will. What was that? A shadow suddenly flitted across the wall in front of his eyes. Now another and another. Now the first shadow flits back to head a procession. Passing from right to left the procession moves—a procession of queer shadows. They take on shapes as they move along, and the old man's heart beats faster as each face comes before him. Here are the friends of his youth—faces which grew white in death along that he had forgotten them. This was a child—that a youth—that a fair young girl when he stood by and saw the death cover them. They smile at him and his heart grows younger. One procession ends and another begins. These are the faces of men and women stricken down in the noonday of life. Some of them had shared his hopes and sympathized with his sorrows—all had been his friends. The sea lake and the forest gave up their dead to the procession of shadows, and each face was recognized and remembered. The procession moves on and on. He is shocked to realize that so many of his friends fell in the battle of life while he was spared to grow old and rest in peace. Now comes the third procession. There is a father, old and feeble; a mother with wrinkled, silent face; brothers in youth and middle age; sisters who wept with him over some of the graves. Every face looks as it did in life, every eye meets his with a glad look of recognition. The shadows wave their hands and move on, and the old man's heart grew childish and big. There is another procession. The first shadow is that of a loved wife, who died while the snow white locks had scarcely turned gray. Then came the children—sons and daughters—five in all. One by one they had grown weary and rested by the way side, leaving husband and father to pursue the journey alone. Every shadow holds out its hands to the poor old man as if in supplication. His heart swells—tears fill his eyes, and he cries out to them: "I see you—I am coming." Back with you light? It is too late. The glare of the lamp flings the twilight out of the room with a heavy hand, and the shadows which crept along the wall are gone forever. No one saw them but the old man, and yet there is proof of their presence. His poor old hands are outstretched—on his white cheeks are tears—on his wrinkled face a smile of joy and gladness. His spirit had joined the shadows!

### THE SEVEN BIBLES.

The seven Bibles of the world are the Koran of the Mahometans, the Tri Pitikes of the Buddhists, the Five Kings of the Chinese, the Three Vedas of the Hindoos, the Zendavesta, and the Scriptures of the Christians. The Koran is the most recent of the five, dating from about the seventh century after Christ is a compound of revelations, from both the Old and New Testaments and from the Talmud. The Tri Pitikes contain sublime morals and pure aspirations. Their author lived and died in the sixth century before Christ. The sacred writings of the Chinese are called "Five Kings," the word "kings," meaning web of cloth. From this it is presumed that they were originally written on five rolls of cloth. They contain wise sayings from the sages on the duties of life, but they cannot be traced further back than the eleventh century before our year. The Vedas are the most ancient books of the language of the Hindoos, but they are not according to late commentators, older than the twelfth century before the Christian era. The Zendavesta of the

Persians, next to our Bible, is reckoned among scholars as being the greatest and most learned of the sacred writings. Zoroaster, whose sayings it contains, lived and worked in the twelfth century before Christ; Moses lived and wrote the Pentateuch 1,500 years before, the birth of Christ; therefore, that portion of our Bible is at least 300 years older than the most ancient of other sacred writings. The Eddas, a semi sacred work of the Scandinavians, was first given to the world in the fourteenth century.

### STORED SUNSHINE.

Some writer has given us this thought in the seasoned firewood put away for winter use, is stored our sunshine for the dark days that are coming. When sombre clouds hide the sunlight of heaven from us, and the cold winds sweep a landscape that is drear and naked it is to our firesides we turn for warmth and light. During the glorious Summer time we should not forget the dark days that are coming, nor neglect to provide for use, "stored sunshine," in dry and seasoned firewood. When our lives are bright and prosperous, let us sometimes think of the dark days that must come, and in the storehouse of memory treasure some of the sunshine that now surrounds, to cheer the days that are without its warmth. Thoughts of the happy past with its love and pleasure, will drive the gloom from hours that otherwise will be dark, for, "The memory of things precious keepeth warm the heart that once did hold them." When

"The melancholy days are come,  
The saddest of all the year,"  
and all is gray and dismal out of doors, let the home sunshine be brightest, and the contrast between the inner and the outer world as pleasing as possible. Let the "stored sunshine" of our firewood, that leaps cheerfully up the chimney, be augmented by that which is stored in our hearts out of superabundance that has been given us in the summer-time of life. Though the days may be dark, either from leaden clouds or the shadow of sorrow, we may dispel the gloom by stored sunshine, if we are as wise as Nature.

### A PRINTER'S ESSAY.

An S A now I mean 2 write,  
2 U, sweet K T J,  
The girl without a parallel,  
The belle of U T K.  
I rder if you got the 1  
I wrote 2 U B,  
I sailed in the R K D A,  
& sent by L N Moore.  
My M T head will scarce conceive  
I calm I D A bright,  
But ST miles from you U I must  
M—this chance 2 write.  
& 1st should N E N V U,  
B E Z, mind it not,  
If N E friendship, B sure  
They shall B forgot.  
But friends and foes alike D K,  
As U may plainly C,  
In every funeral R A  
Our uncles L E G.  
From virtue never D V S,  
Her influences B,  
Alike induces roderness  
Or 4otide divine.  
& if U cannot cut a—  
Or cause an I,  
I hope U'll put a .  
2 I ?  
R U for annexation 2,  
My cousin, heart and 3;  
He offers in a 4,  
A section broad of land.  
He says he loves U 2 X L,  
O'er virtuous and Ys,  
In X L N C U X L  
All others in his I's.  
This S A until U I C,  
I pray U 2 X Q's,  
& not burn in F E G  
My quaint wayward muse.  
Now fare U well, dear K T J,  
I trust U R true:  
When this U C, then U can say,  
An S A I O U.

### TO THE LAST FLY.

'Tis the last fly of summer, left crawling  
alone,  
All her pesky companions are dried up  
and gone.  
No bug of her kindred, no insect is nigh,  
To remind one of summer or console this  
poor fly.

## A MIXTURE.

### EDITORIAL ETCHINGS EUPHONIOUSLY ELUCIDATED.

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

A last resort—The shoemaker's shop.  
The longest reign in history—The defuge.  
A sailor generally feels tired after a day's port.  
Sticks at nothing—The theatrical swordsmen.

The woman question: "What are you going to trim it with?"  
A Monticello, Fla., pear tree is in bloom for the third time this season.  
It is a pity that neighbors do not know as well as we know for them.

Rifled cannon are considered great bores by those who have to face them.  
The Chicago subscriptions for the world's fair now amounts to \$8,000,000.

Army statistics show that the best shots are found among grey-eyed men.  
The Mint is turning out old office-holders as well as the new coins these days.

The Methodist Protestants are thinking of founding a college at Kansas City.  
In Japan there are twelve distinct sects of Buddhists, and in China there are thirteen.

The St. Louis Silver Convention urge upon Congress the Free coinage of Silver. "Another Cuban outrage," said Col. Sozzle, after vain efforts to make a 20 cent cigar draw.

Every great and commanding movement in the annals of the world is the triumph of enthusiasm.  
The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well without a thought of fame.

An apartment house which does not yield any profit must be classed among the "flat failures."

Of the half dozen French cooks imported by America millionaires two years ago nor one kept his place.

Hope is like the sun, which, as we journey towards it, casts the shadow of your burden behind us.

Dogs are excluded from good society in warm weather because they insist in wearing such loud pants.

He who does a base thing in zeal for his friends burns the golden thread that ties their hearts together.

"You're a man after my own heart," as the blushing maiden confessed when her lover proposed marriage.

Never ask a crust of a crusty man. Ask him for meat, for he'll give you a cold shoulder with pleasure.

A lady advertises that she has "a fine airy, well-furnished bedroom for a gentleman twelve foot square."

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this that when the injury begins on his part the kindness should begin on ours.

A lot of about 200 pounds of quartz, carrying gold at the rate of \$50,000 a ton, was taken from the main shaft of the Michigan gold mine Friday night.

In a few weeks fifteen Southern Presbyterian missionaries will leave this country for the foreign field. Ten of them are going out for the first time.

An effort is being made in Richmond Va., to "induce the large shoe manufacturers of Lynn, Mass, whose plants were burned," to locate in that city.

True silence is the rest of the mind, and is to the body nourishment and refreshment. It is a great virtue; it covers follies, keeps secrets, avoids disputes, and prevents sin.

Wouldst though taste to the full the sweetness of life? Then keep thyself low at humillity's feet. The sweetest of the cause is the part that grows nearest the earth.

On the last day of the Paris Exposition. Worth the famous dressmaker, gave each of his employes \$10 to spend and close his store at noon. This act of generosity cost him \$6,000.

The brother of Ex-Judge Terry, of California, who was recently shot Nagle, is on his way East to lay the facts of the homicide before the Department of Justice at Washington.

In 1864 there were four men of National prominence upon the Presidential tickets—Abraham Lincoln, George B. McClellan, Andrew Johnson and Greorge H. Pendleton. The last of the four has just died.

Senator Vest is having the sergeant-at-arms of the Senate sent out to Chicago after the dressed beef magnates who refused to appear before his committee. He don't propose to let them pull him down.

Is it the purpose of Trinity to tackle Princeton in a foot ball tournament! The contest between the champions of the North and the champions of the South would elicit national interest. 'Up guards and at them!'

Governor Foraker is out in a letter "declining to sanction the use of his name as an aspirant for appointment of Justice of the Supreme Court." Under any other Administration such an appointment would not be thought of.

The queerest idea that ever took possession of a brain is that the highway to a people's prosperity lies through the rugged mountains of heavy taxation—that the way to make yourself rich is to pay great taxes to the government.

The Harrison family live economically, and the President will save a good bit of his four year's salary. It will not trouble a man of his stamp to leave the White House with a record to be proud of, if he can go out with some thousands of cash.

The recommendation to use \$600,000 on the Hattaras light house, looks as though your uncle Matt Ransom had been pulling his cuffs on the settee in the office of the Light House Board. Your uncle Matt's method of cuffing is not so bad after all.

Our Republican friends are horrified at the idea of the Democrats in Ohio electing millionaires to the Senate of the United States in the person of Mr. Brice but it seems that they consider it the proper things for them to do in the person of Mr. Sherman. Sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.

Governor elect Campell, of Ohio was entirely confident of his election over Foraker in the last campaign. He took a large slice of the money offered against him at odds of 2 to 1 and just before the election wrote out a check for \$1,000 additional on his success. The result netted him a handsome sum.

The case of Mrs. Eva Hoffman, of N. Y., on whose nose a very delicate operation was performed the other day, a new nose being built for her around the breast bone of a chicken, is attracting much attention. She expects to breathe through it as natural as through the original before it was eaten away by the catarrh.

No party on earth has the immortality of the Democracy. Against the most fearful odds and the most gigantic frauds, it still leads in the United States by more than one hundred thousand and of the white vote by one million or more. The brains of the party should be put to work to make these majorities effective.

"There is a church in New York City—Trinity Episcopalinn—which is a regular diocese in itself. It has more clergymen and parishes than many regular dioceses. It has innumerable chapels attached to it owns unlimited property, has great wealth, and whenever it attempts to do anything always sees that it is done."

The most remarkable feature in the elections of the present year is the verdict they have rendered on the part of the people upon Republicau representative men. The Republican party receives a rebuke for its general policy, but it is in every case milder than the rebuke administered to its leaders. We doubt if the history of the country will furnish an instance of public disapprobation so generally and so pointedly expressed for the men put in nomination by any party for the first positions in importance as is seen in the Republican candidates this year.

Ex-President Cleveland received an offer of nearly \$150,000 for Oak View, his county seat near Washington. He made answer that Oak View is not for sale, as he expects to occupy it himself some time in the future. Mr. Cleveland and his wife were always fond of Oak View, and the happiest days they spent during his Presidential term were passed at the pleasant little cottage. It seems strange, however, that Mr. Cleveland should care to hold the property when he can sell it for five times what it cost him. The present tenants of Oak View are the family of the late Dr. Henry S. Lindsley, for many years one of the leading physicians of Washington.

## STATE NEWS.

### FROM THE DEEP BLUE SEA TO THE GRAND OLD MOUNTAIN.

#### An Hour Pleasantly Spent With Our Delightful Exchanges.

The vote to move Trinity College was 140 to 43.

A shoe factory has been established in Asheville.

There are 22 persons in the county jail in Wilmington.

R. C. Brown, of Tarboro, made an assignment last Monday.

Lenior, with a population of over a thousand, has not had a death in a year.

Another through freight train was put on the W. & W. railroad on the 30th.

Jesse Brown was sentenced at New Berne to be hanged January 7th, 1889.

A Guilford county man has discovered a new potato, plant having fifty-nine on it.

Bishop Lyman has purchased a property adjoining Hillsboro as a summer residence.

For the first time in twenty one years the penitentiary receipts exceed the expenses.

In Edenton they are about to establish a bar and an undertaking establishment in the same building.

Track-laying on the C. F. & Y. V. R. R. has progressed to a point forty-five miles above Wilmington.

Jacob House, of Cabarrus county, died on the 10th inst. at the age of 96 years, 10 months and 13 days.

Rev. James Needham, of Surry county, who is 95 years old, one day last week walked nine miles and preached.

The party controlling the Nag's Head property has decided to build a new hotel, 156 feet long, 28 feet wide and three stories high.

Application of Mr. J. T. Bagwell for readmission into the Conference was presented, and after a long and able discussion he was admitted.

Col. W. J. Martin, of Davidson College, has been selected by the faculty of the university to deliver an address on the late Dr. Charles Phillips.

The Scotland Neck Democrat reports that a Mr. Moore of that town has discovered pure in an artesian well which is being bored in the center of one of the leading thoroughfares of the town.

The Norfolk Ledger says: "Mr. H. L. Smith, of this city, who is largely interested in the granite quarries near Henderson, N. C., has gone to Louisville, Ky., to close a contract for 10,000 tons of Belgian block."

A tremendous crowd of people of Halifax county, we see from the Roanoke News, met in the town of Halifax and passed resolutions asking the Governor to call the Legislature together to enable the county to give needed relief by borrowing money.

On Wednesday the 27th ult. at Littleton, the Rev. J. M. Rhodes, was married to Miss Lula A. Hester, daughter of the Rev. W. S. Hester of Granville. Miss Hester was a teacher of music at the college. The newly wedded pair attended the session of the conference.

The Centennial number of the Fayetteville Observer is worth a year's subscription to that most excellent paper. It is extensively and beautifully illustrated, having more than eighty likenesses of prominent North Carolinians, including Senator Ransom, Governor Fowle Auditor Sanderlin, Chief Marshal Carr, and Evangelist Fife.

Evangelist W. P. Fife closed his engagement in New Berne last week and left the next day for Raleigh, where he will commence his next meeting. Through his instrumentality there has been about one hundred and sixty professions—a grand and noble worker—but scarcely no greater than the revived interest he has aroused in professed Christians.

Gen. Collett Leventhrope died recently at his home at Lenior, Western Carolina. He served with gallantry in the Confederate war, first as Colonel and then as Brigadier General of North Carolina troops. He was a man of high character and much intelligence, and of English birth. His death was sudden. We do not know his age, but suppose he was more than 65.

Stella Silman