

THE WILSON MIRROR

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WILSON, N. C., DEC. 9th, 1891

DON'T DESPAIR.

The crops in this section are short; the prices are very low, and hard fortune is throwing its roughest rocks and sharpest thorns before many already sore and tender and bleeding feet, and making it seem almost impossible for them to gain the promised land of plenty and prosperity. The times indeed are hard, the skies are very dark, and a gloomy apprehension folds its rayless pinions over many a dark and shadowed heart, and shuts out the sunlight of hopeful cheer and promise. But do not surrender to despair. All will be well. The clouds will break, and through the rifts the sunlight will stream again. Disappointment comes and we know from sad experience that disappointment is hard to endure, but divine comfort comes with it, unless in our blindness, we thrust the blessed angel from the door. And heavenly comfort is so rich in experience—being held close to the heart of Christ and consoled by his sweet love—that it more than compensates for the sorrow. It was the Master himself who said: "Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted." He certainly meant that God's comfort is so great a blessing that it is well worth while to mourn just to enjoy it; that those who do not mourn miss one of the richest, sweetest beatitudes of divine love. Night draws on with its darkness and we dread its approach, but when it deepens over us ten thousand stars flash out; the stars are rich compensation for the darkness. So it is when sorrow comes; we shudder at its coming, but we pass under its shadow, and heavenly comforts, which we had not seen before, appear glowing in silver splendor above our heads. In the bright summer days clouds gather and blot out the beauty of the sky, and fill the air with ominous gloom and fiercest lightnings and terrific thunder peals; but out of the clouds rain pours down to refresh the thirsty earth and to give new life to the flowers and the plants. So it is, also, with the clouds of trial whose black folds often gather above us in our fair summer days of gladness; there is compensation in the blessings they bring to our lives. So let us therefore, in this chilled wintry season of gloom and disappointment and depression, look up to Him who doeth all things well. The past we cannot recall, but the present is ours, and we can make the future radiant with the rose tints of promise and beauty, if we will only take up the paint brush of high endeavor, and burnish the scenes that are passing before us. Let us then turn away from the past, and forget all save the lesson it taught. Let us go to our various works with renewed zeal, let us throw into the dry prose of duty the very inspiration of the poetry of enthusiasm, let us strive to make our homes more pleasant and attractive, let us strive to throw over them the blessed halo of enchantment, and tune up the old songs of affection's ministry, so that as soon as we enter our own made Edens the outside world, with all

of its jars and jolts, will be unfelt, and life itself be written out anew in the rhythm of splendid dreaming. Let us then hold up our heads and look the present full in the face. The past belongs to eternity, but the future is ours and we can either gild it with sunshine, or clad it with gloom. And let us make it bright by remembering that we have so much yet for which we should feel grateful, and that our lives should be for ever sending out the precious fragrance of a luxuriant and full blossomed cheerfulness. All nature teaches us to be bright and cheerful. The glittering dew-drops at morn, which are but the tears the night hath been weeping, as soon as divorced from the sombre shadows, smile gloriously under the imprint of golden sunbeams, and in their sparkling radiance they bid us to smile too at our own transient and fleeting shadows, and forget the gloom they brought. The dancing dimples of babbling streams are but the pretty playthings of wrestling light and shadow, and in the musical rippling of their silvery currents they bid us pass down the channel of the years with a bright and merry flow of feeling, and thus send out the music of melodious cheer to all within our reach.

THE SPEAKERSHIP.

On Saturday afternoon in Washington City the Democratic members of the House of Representatives met in caucus for the purpose of deciding who should be Speaker of the House. On the first ballot the vote stood as follows: Crisp 84, Mills 78, Springer 32, McMillin 18, Hatch 11. As 114 was necessary to a choice there was no election and seventeen other ballots were cast without effecting an election. On the seventeenth ballot the vote stood Crisp 94, Mills 91, Springer 17, McMillin 19, Hatch 5. The caucus then adjourned to meet again on Monday at 10 o'clock.

On Monday morning the caucus reassembled, and the balloting began, Crisp received 94. Mills 90, Springer 17. McMillin 19 Hatch 5. With but little changes the balloting continued for some time and each aspirant held on with unabated ardor and enthusiasm. On the thirtieth ballot Fortune threw its radiant sunlight on the banner of Crisp, and lit up its folds with the effulgent gleamings of a brilliant triumph, for when the votes were counted the result was as follows: Crisp 119. Mills 104. Springer 4, and as 114 was necessary to a choice he was declared the nominee of the Caucus. All the North Carolina delegates voted for Crisp from first to last.

Judge Crisp was born in Sheffield England in 1845 where his parents were on a visit. He entered the Confederate Army in May 1861, was captured in May 1864, and imprisoned in Fort Delaware till the close of the war. Was admitted to the bar in 1866, appointed Superior Court Judge in 1877. He was elected to Congress in 1882, since which time he has rendered his country conspicuous service and now takes a position for still loftier heights of honorable duty.

THE NEW SENATE.

The Senate of the Fifty-second Congress is composed of forty-seven Republicans, thirty-nine Democrats and two Alliance men. The Republican, Mr. Felton, has succeeded Mr. Hearst in California. A Democrat, Gen. Palmer,

has succeeded Mr. Farwell in Illinois. Mr. Peffer of the Farmers' Alliance, has been chosen from Kansas in place of Mr. Ingalls. Mr. Gibson of the last House, takes the place of Senator Wilson, of Maryland, who is dead. Jacob H. Gallinger, of New Hampshire, follows Mr. Blair. David B. Hill succeeds Mr. Evarts. Mr. Hansbrough, of North Dakota, succeeds Mr. Pierce. John L. M. Irby, of South Carolina, takes the place of Wade Hampton. Calvin S. Brice follows Mr. Payne. Ex-Secretary Vilas succeeds Mr. Spooner, and Mr. Kyle of the Farmers' Alliance, has been chosen in place of Mr. Moody, of South Dakota. These are the new Senators. On any reasonable tariff-reduction measure the Democrats are sure of the votes of Peffer and Kyle, and on such special bills as a measure for putting cotton ties or binding-twine or coal or certain ores on the free list the vote against the high-protection Republicans will be further increased. In the first place there are the three Senators—Pad-dock, Pettigrew and Plumb—who voted against the McKinley bill. To these must be added Mr. Hansbrough, of North Dakota, who is pledged against all high-tariff legislation. These four transferred from the Republican column to the opposition will make the vote for a reasonable reduction of tariff taxes 45 and the vote against 43, while there is a strong probability that Senator Wolcott, of Colorado, will also desert his party in favor of a tariff bill that brings relief to the Western farmers. There is strong ground for predicting that there may be some tariff-revision bills passed by Congress during the coming session notwithstanding the fact that the Republicans hold the Senate. The only obstacle between the people and at least some small measure of relief is the veto power in the hands of Mr. Harrison.

BEWARE.

The wide awake Daily State Chronicle sounds an alarm of warning in the following timely and sensible and pertinent and well tempered article: North Carolina Alliancemen are warned to beware of signing petitions pledging themselves to vote for a Third party. The Radical party is desperate and is making a bold stroke for the South in the Presidential campaign. It would spend any amount of money to get the electoral vote of North Carolina, directly or indirectly. There are men in the Alliance who would sell it out for the money if they could. Such men as Macune have shown that they are for sale, and we have no doubt they would sell out the farmers to the Radical leaders if they could thereby feather their own nest. The Republicans would willingly pay a million dollars for any service which would give the electoral vote of North Carolina to their candidate for President. They know that North Carolina people will never vote for a Radical candidate for President, and they see that their only hope is to get the Alliance to vote for the Third party candidates. What is the sneaking means now proposed by the conspirators? Is it to have a fair discussion of measures and candidates? Is it to vote for the men and the party that will best advance the interests of the people? Not a bit of it; but to induce credulous and thoughtless Alliancemen to sign a pledge that they will vote for a Third party ticket in 1892. They are not willing for the Alliancemen to wait and see the ticket nominated and the platform adopted; and so they seek by sneaking means to have them sign away their independence before they know the full effect of such pledges.

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MISS ERSKINE, NOTICE.

By virtue of an order of the Superior Court made in the special proceeding entitled Priscilla A. Dixon and Joseph N. Bynum, executor of Tabitha May, ex parte. I shall on the

10th day of Dec., 1891, before the Court House door in Wilson offer for sale to the highest bidder for CASH, that piece, parcel or lot of land in Wilson, corner of Barnes and Spring streets, containing one-fourth of an acre more or less. The lot has a four room brick tenement, with necessary outbuildings, near the business portions of the town, and only a block and half from Depot. This property is sold for partition. A. N. DANIEL, Com'r. G. W. BLOUNT, Att'y. Wilson, N. C., Nov. 4, 1891.