

THE WILSON MIRROR.

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

VOL. X.

WILSON NORTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 13, 1892.

NO 40

MERRY MORSELS.

AND RADIANT REFLECTIONS
BY HENRY BLOUNT.

Punctuated with Pungent Points
and Spiced with Sweetest
Sentiment

The cat's skin is a warm purr-suit.
Diligence is sometimes called good luck.
A perfume maker is known as a man of scents.

The tears of grief are the dew of Heaven.

Eddie calls his girl Toad because she is one to-ad-mire.

The best fortune a doctor can have is a species of ill-luck.

The man who is buried in thought can resurrect himself.

It doesn't require a carpenter to construct a statistical table.

A lady is not necessarily brow-beaten when she has her hair banged.

Character is what a man is when he doesn't know that anybody is looking at him.

It is not the gift itself, but the meaning that is put into it, that gives it meaning above.

The people who care the least about living right are the ones most anxious to die right.

The picture on the canvass is but the reflection of a brighter one in the mind of the artist.

Tears of sorrow and tears of joy follow each other from the same eyes, and down the same cheeks.

Undertakers never fail to carry out what they undertake, even though their designs are grave.

The worst jury in the world to try a case is pur-jury, and their verdicts are frequently buy-us.

A kiss of endearment is the fragrance of the flower of affection, when it is in rich and luxuriant bloom.

We often censure the conduct of others when, under the circumstances, we might not acted half so well.

"All flesh is grass," they say, but how about a wooden-headed man with a marble brow, an iron will, and a stony heart?

Beneath the sweetest and loveliest flowers the serpents sometime sleep, and those who trust too blindly are often forced to weep.

A cheerful, happy temper keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind, excludes each gloomy prospect, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

An exchange says that lightning struck a house in which were seated a woman and a child, and spoiled its gable end. This uncertainty as to where our sympathy should be directed, is harrowing.

"Are you trying to button your shoes?" asked the wife of a very fat man who was grunting as he struggled to fasten the recumbent buttons. "No," he sarcastically growled, "can't you see I'm combing my hair?"

Life is a warfare, and those who climb up and down steep paths and go through dangerous enterprises, are the brave men and leaders in the camp, but to rest basely at the cost of others' labors is to be a coward.

God made both tears and laughter, and both for kind purposes. Tears hinder sorrows from becoming despair and madness; and laughter is one of the very privileges of reason, being confined to the human species.

He was a well meaning man, but they had been married a long while, and when he playfully asked her what was next to nothing, she sarcastically answered that at this season of the year she thought his winter flannels were.

The great ship at sea never thinks of the harbor when the sun is shining and the waves are at rest; it is only when the storm breaks that she discovers her need of a safe shelter. So we must all be shown our feebleness, in order that we may seek and acknowledge the safe harbor, Jesus.

Our Own Way.

The other day a gentleman very unkindly and ungenerously and uncharitably growled at and censured us for having so many kind things to say about the people whom we are called upon to notice in the columns of this paper. He complained because we had so many complimentary expressions about the ladies—God's last, best gift to man. He seemed to be surprised at our seeing something attractive and beautiful and good in poor, weak, frail human nature. We try to find something good in every one and thus fling out flowers of sweet cheer, and not the thorns of sharpest censure. We never try to wound the feelings of others by reminding them of their blemishes and imperfections; but we do try to encourage them by holding up their brighter virtues and their better traits. There are gleams of brightness ever amid the darkness of the coal mines. Beautiful lilies grow up amid the repulsive scum of stagnant waters, and while we gaze upon their God-given purity and beauty and loveliness we forget the loathsomeness of their ungainly surroundings. We know there are spots upon the sun, and yet in the showers of its brilliancy we only see the effulgence of its splendor. We know the knight doth wear a heavy robe of blackness, and yet we only see the silver threads of trembling light with which the stars doth braid it, and while viewing the beauty of their twinkling lines of lustre we forget the gloomy shadows amid which they are gleaming. We know the forests have various kinds of fowls, and that notes both smooth and harsh oft blend and flow together, but we only turn our ears to catch the sweeter, purer, nobler strains that ripple forth in dulcet waves of that unwritten music, so entrancingly heard in the blessed woodland's minstrelsy, when birds doth open their tuneful throats and pour their life breath out in tides of song. And so we never hear, amid such streams of melody, the dismal and shrieking notes the creaking owls are tooting to make even drearier and more dismal the gloomy swamps and marshes. We know that even the "Beautiful Snow," after it has been trodden in the mud and the mire, loses its stainless purity and beauty in the soiled bosom of repulsive slush, but we only speak of it as we see the lovely flakes come drifting down through the skies, so pure and so white and so beautiful that we almost fancy them to be particles of white dust settling down on earth from the ermine paved streets in Heaven as angel bands go strolling by on Love's own blissful errands. And so we look at our fellow beings, not at their blurs and blemishes and ugly warts of wrong that disfigures the face of humanity, but at their better parts and better traits, for all creatures however mean and depraved they may be, have at times noble impulses and generous emotions; and as a diamond will, when in the depths of impenetrable darkness, fling out its flashes of lustre to proclaim its own God-given rights to inextinguishable brilliancy, so will God's creatures, in the black recesses of their lowest conditions, reveal now and then their inalienable birth right to a higher and purer existence, and show, even though in smallest type, the imprint of the matchless image in which they were first cast.

Hating People.

Hate not. It is not worth your while. Your life is not long enough to make it pay to cherish ill will or hard thoughts toward any one. What if that man has cheated you or that woman played you false? What if this friend has forsaken you in your time of need, or that one, who had your confidence, and warmest love, has concluded that he prefers to consider and treat you as a stranger. Let it all pass. What difference will it make to you in a few years when you go to the undiscovered country? All who treat you wrong now will be more sorry for it than you even in your deepest, disappointment and grief, can be. A few more smiles, a few more tears, some pleasure, much pain, a little hurrying and worrying in the world, some hasty greeting and abrupt farewells, and life will be over, and the injurer and injured will be laid away and ere long forgotten. It is not worth while to hate each other. If any one has wronged us, let us forgive and forget, and bury all recollections of it, even as we will soon be buried and left to sleep where the daisies grow and the myrtles creep.

An Eye To Business.

A disconsolate editor thus bemoans his departed spouse:

Thus my wife died. No more will those loving hands pull off boots and part my back hair, as only a true wife can. Nor will those willing feet replenish the coal hod and water pail. No more will she arise amid the tempestuous storms of winter, and hie herself away to build the fire without disturbing the slumbers of the man who doth on her so artlessly. Her memory is embalmed in my heart of hearts. I wanted to embalm her body, but I found I could embalm her memory cheaper. I procured of Eli Mudget, a neighbor of mine, a pretty gravestone. His wife was consumptive and he kept it on hand several years in the anticipation of death. But she rallied last spring, and his hopes were blasted. Never shall I forget the poor man's grief when I asked him to part with it. "Take it, Skinner, and may you never have your soul racked with the disappointment, as mine has been," and he burst into tears. His spirit was indeed utterly broken.

I had the following epistle engraved upon her tombstone: "To the memory of Tabitha, wife of Moses Skinner, Esq., gentlemanly editor of the Trombone, terms, \$2 per year, invariably in advance. A kind mother, exemplary wife. Office over Coleman's grocery, up two flights of stairs. Knock hard. We shall miss thee, mother, we shall miss thee. Job printing solicited." Thus did my lacerated spirit cry out in agony, even as Rachel weeping for her children. But one ray of light penetrated the despair of my soul. The undertaker took his pay out in job printing, and the sexton owed me a little account I should never have gotten any other way. Why should we pine at the mysterious ways of Providence and vicinity? (Not a conundrum.) I here pause to drop a silent tear to the memory of Tabitha Ripley, that was an eminent pious woman, and could fry the best piece of tripe I ever flung under my vest. Her pick-up dinners were a perfect success, and she always doted on foreign missions.

Two Kinds of Hands.

We saw a pair of hands,—beautiful hands the world called them. Small and shapely and fair, with nestling dimples and taper fingers. Hands too delicate to bear any burden heavier than flashing jewels. Beautiful hands, whispered gentleman as they bent over them in courtly gallantry. Beautiful hands, pouted ladies, as they envied their possessor. But they were hands that were never lifted to help bear another's load; that were never raised to wipe away the mourner's tear; that were unroughed by any work performed for others; that were never folded together in prayer; that daintily held the dress aside, lest it touch a beggar in the street. Beautiful hands, the world called them. God and the angels called them ugly.

We saw another pair of hands,—ugly hands the world called them. Not small nor comely nor white, and wearing no jewels but tears from grateful hearts whose loads they had lightened. Hands the possessor of which none would envy; over which no one would bend, calling them beautiful. But they were hands often folded in humble devotion; hands which had carried blessing to many a home; which had smoothed many a dying pillow, and wiped away many a falling tear; which were never lifted to push away the children or to brush away the poor; which were weary, misshapen, and hard with toiling and doing for others. Ugly hands the world called them. God and the angels called them beautiful.—Ex.

Annoyances.

Let us remember that the spiked nettles of life are part of our discipline. Life would get nauseating if it were all honey. That table would be poorly set that had on it nothing but treacle. We need a little vinegar, mustard, pepper and radish that brings the tears even when we do not feel pathetic. If this world were all smoothness, we would never be ready for migration to a higher and better. Blustering March and weeping April prepare us for shining May. This world is a poor hitching post. Instead of tying fast on the cold mountains, we had better whip up and hasten on toward the warm inn where our good friends are looking out of the window, watching to see us come up.

First Love.

Ask any young lady what she thinks of "first love," and she will tell you that it is the quintessence of all that is ecstatic, compared with which any so-called love that may come after it must be as sky-blue skimmed milk to clotted cream. Put the same question to an enamored young gentleman of eighteen, and he will vow that it is the campagne of human existence, to which all subsequent emotions dignified with the name of love are mere Jersey cider. But the mature of both sexes, in nine cases out of ten, can tell a different story. Boy-and-girl love is but a faint shadow of the intenser passion which often overcomes and enthralls the middle-aged.

The capacity for loving is not fully developed in the young miss who has just cast aside her dolls, nor in the youth whose chin is but newly acquainted with the razor. The enthusiasm of these novices in the tender passion is generally evanescent. Of course, there are exceptional cases, but as a general rule love does not take firm root in the heart before the age of twenty-five. Professions of undying devotion from young men of nineteen or twenty are rarely to be trusted. The question which a lady who receives an offer or marriage should consider is not merely whether she won the affections of her admirer, but also, whether, if won, she can keep them. To have and to hold are two things. And another thing, love, in those of mature age, is like the sweetness of a ripe and mellow peach, and to us it seems that the last passion is always the tenderest, the sweetest and the best, for the heart but shed its outer leaves to give one all the rest.

Life's Duties.

Life's duties must be met with true heroism and endurance. Obstacles are in the way and trials will surely come. We must expect reverses. What is life if it is not made of joys, cares, sorrows, honors and responsibilities? It would be but a weary existence, a lonely pilgrimage to some unknown Mecca. The flowers would lose their beauty and their sweetness; the songs of the birds would grate harshly upon our ears; the rippling streams would become stagnant pools; the cloud-capped mountains would stand grim monsters of war; the glorious forests would become stricken multitudes of skeletons, and verdure crowned nature turn to ashes. There would be no noble impulses to inspire jaudable ambition, no inspiration to prompt development, no desire to mount to the heights of fame, or spirit to commune with the unseen, or clasp hands with the invisible. There would be no incentive to honorable exertion, or taste for aesthetic culture. The stary worlds would circle away unknown and unexplored, and no car of Copernicus would speed us through the orchestra of the spheres. The secrets of science would be locked up in dark caverns, while the pure philosophy of the soul, and a desire for immortality, would grope its way to the grave in blindness, a future existence lose its charms, and the pearly gates never open for the redeemed. Then, to be happy in life its duties must be met, its responsibilities borne and its grand object accomplished.

The Right Way.

How many take a wrong view of life, and waste their nervous system in endeavoring to accumulate wealth without thinking of the present happiness they are throwing away. It is not wealth nor honor that makes a man happy. Many of the most wretched beings on earth have both. But it is a radiant, sunny spirit which knows how to bear little trials and enjoy little comforts, and thus extract happiness from every incident of life. Such people are like a band of music, dispensing gladness; or like a flower distilling fragrance, and they thus brighten and sweeten the existence of others by filtering into their lives some of the radiance and some of the fragrance which fill their own with felicitous dreams of blissful peace and comfort.

Affection.

There is nothing in this world so sensitive as affection. It feels its own happiness too much not to tremble for its reality; and starts, ever and anon, from its own delicious consciousness, to ask: "Is it not, indeed, a dream?" A word and a look are enough either to repress or to encourage.

Glorious Visitors.

Wilson has been delightfully blessed with the presence of some fascinating ladies during the past few weeks. Some have gone, and others still remain to edensize the place, and make mortals dream of Paradise regained. Yes, these fair maidens have thrown over all the soft, delicious halo of sweet enchantment, and kindled in their bosoms those effulgent flames of idolatrous worship, which can be chilled and extinguished only by being forced to get up on freezing mornings and start the fire, while the object of their adoration lies peeping at their shivering forms through half hid eyes, and now and then exclaiming "why don't you make haste and start the fire," as as she feared the freezing fellow was trying to idle away his time in a dreamy and meditative sort of way. Well, be the result as it may, some glorious maidens have been in town, and lured by their irresistible charms and wooing attractions fond and fearless boys, with no seeming dread of future consequences, have flocked to those beauteous shrines of fascination like hungry kittens to a pan of hot milk, and have been basking in their sunshine of loveliness like well fed canines when asleep in the glimmering showers of golden sunlight. May Heaven fall on all these lovely visitors the soft and mellowing light of its brightest and warmest fires, and fill their bosoms with dreams as sweet and as soothing and as full of delight as those loveful memories they left behind.

Wife.

Wife means "weaver." You must either be house wives or house moths, remember that. In the deep sense, you must either weave men's fortunes and embroider them, or feed upon and bring them to decay. Wherever a true wife comes, home is always around her. The stars may be over her head, the glow-worm in the night-cold grass may be the fire at her feet, but home is where she is, and for a noble woman it stretches far around her—better than houses ceiled with cedar or painted with vermilion—shedding its quiet light for those who else are homeless. This is the woman's true place and power.

True.

There is a sort of impulsiveness which often gets people into serious trouble. We are fretted and vexed at the acts of somebody else, and we do not wait to think, but say out our irritation, and wound deeply some sensitive spirit. We are angry, and we let passion rule us instead of calm reflection. The impulsive person who cannot control his temper is like one who carries fire near gunpowder.

For Husbands.

A woman, from her sex and character, has a claim to many things besides shelter, food, and clothing. She is not less a woman for being wedded, and the man, who is fit to be trusted with a good wife, recollects all which this implies, and shows himself perpetually chivalrous, sweet-spoken, considerate, deferential and kind, loving and devoted.

True.

We are always striving for the things just out of our reach. The glittering pleasures in the distance look brighter and fairer than anything we possess. The friend who reaches out a hand and offers us his sympathy is put carelessly aside, while we are eager to win the friendship of those who have nothing to give us but coldness.

Serious Accident.

An accident which occurred on one of the railways, caused by the axle of the tender giving way, detained the train several hours. A lady inquired of a gentleman passenger why it was so delayed, and he gravely replied, that it was occasioned by what was often followed by serious consequences—the breaking of a tender attachment.

John S. ...