

THE WILSON MIRROR.

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

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MERRY MORSELS.

AND RADIANT REFLECTIONS
BY HENRY BLOUNT.

Punctuated with Pungent Points
and Spiced with Sweetest
Sentiment

A well digger is generally well up in his work.

The magician's means of support is sleight.

The pilot of a ship ought to wear a helmet.

A circus entertainment arouses in tents enthusiasm.

Wit is folly, unless a wise man has the keeping of it.

All the wards of a latch-key should be home-wards.

Appearances are not always the evidence of happiness.

Extraction is an out-and-out remedy for the toothache.

Wise men always have to be told how wise they are.

The reward of one duty is the power to fulfill another.

Do not talk of your private, personal or family matters.

Queer things are not so queer after they become utilized.

Eddie thinks that the old moon dies of the new-moon-ia.

Fidelity in trifles is the ladder which leads to greatness.

A remark is always rued when it gets a fellow into trouble.

A pattern maker is a good man. He does a model business.

Economy in youth cushions and makes soft the chair of old age.

No, Eddie, it is not necessary to have a carpenter to frame an excuse.

Pride often builds the nest in which Poverty hatches out its sorrows.

To make a counterfeit bill good, let your dog have it, and it will be current.

Love is the God-given lens through which we look and find the beauties of Paradise.

A boy with mustache does not feel down in the mouth. His down is not long enough.

When a cat comes purring about it is evident that she is in purr-suit of some kind of a meowsment.

We often hear of a girl being the flower of the family; from which we infer she turns out the best bread.

Every kind word is a drop of sweetness in the cup of existence, and sweetens the dregs that all must drink.

The very lees in the bitterest chalice of affliction are sweetened by memories of the kindness shown to others.

Never base a slight upon the sandy foundation of a mere suspicion. Circumstances are often deceitful.

A smile of approbation from one we love tints earth with all the exquisite colorings of celestial beauties.

The lecturer who was pelted with ancient eggs had no difficulty in ascertaining the scents of the meeting.

Eddie says the fowls make a good return for what they get, for every single grain of corn they get they give a peck.

When the dentists of this country can discover a way to pull teeth without making a man wish he had been born a hen, life will have twice as much brightness.

A shoe maker is noted for his very reckless devotion, for does he not steak his all upon every issue, and thus peg his very soul to every undertaking, and sticks to it to the last.

The evening star is the twinkling messenger the sky sends forth to herald the approach of the army of shadows, which come to slay the sunbeams, and bury their dazzling glories under the ebon shroud of night.

A woman will face a frowning world and cling to the man she loves even though the blackest storms of persecution are hurling their fiercest peltings of accusation upon him; and yet she would not wear a hat that was out of style to save the Government from wreck and ruin.

Just Listen.

The sweetest, purest little maiden that ever threw witchery and enchantment over a human heart, and made it most deliriously intoxicated with her conquering charms, for her lusciously sweet and peach bloom lips look as if they were that Cupid-built shrine, where all the nectared sweets of honed endearment should be sipped as a tribute to her spell of witchery and delight, shrinks from these little osculatory performances which moon-beams smile on but do not tell. Why, that little angel of purity and modesty must not know that a kiss is the visible sign and token of an inner sentiment which no words can express. The eye and tongue do a good deal of appreciable work of love-making, but the meeting of the lips is the sign and seal, the chrism so to speak, which transforms the earthly into the divine. Love without a kiss would be like the harp without the hand; the rainbow without its hue; the brook without its babble; the landscape without its colors; the tube rose without its odor; the borealis without its variations-poetry without rhyme; Spring without sunlight; a garden without foliage or marriage without love. The young woman, whose ideas teach her to recoil from a kiss, cheats the lover of the joys of loving, and those good old hours of wooing and cooing, would be robbed of that exquisite delight which makes earth wear for a time the glorious semblance of Heaven, and which makes mortals dream of the raptures of Paradise regained. But a kiss to be deliciously enjoyable and enrapturing must be artistic. There should be the premonitory warning, the careful and delightful preparation. What a world of exquisite emotion there is in this! The arm gently encircling the waist and pressing the quivering form with a tender and deep seated meaning. Then comes the next stage, the placing of the finger tips on the rounded chin, and its succeeding slight elevation. With this the lips of the fair one automatically pucker and the eyes close as if in the intoxication of the delirium that is so near. Then the realization. Heaven preserve us! The application of the four lips, in a gentle, deliberate fully realizing the importance of the situation and soul-stirring style. Then comes the climax, the real soul of the kiss, the inner consciousness, its very living essence. This cannot be described, because it varies with the individual. With some there comes with this instant a long-drawn-out, symmetrical and suggestive sound, something like the drawing of a bow over the mute string of a violin. With others there is the gurgling sound, which carries the idea that the pair are in the last stages of a poignant frenzy. Last and best of all the game is the very choicest kind of a kiss—the kiss accompanied by the velvety, adhesive sound that plainly says now we have got what we want and would like to stay here forever. Goodness gracious! It sets one all over in a titillation, or tintinnabulation, as you please, just to think of it. But we must confess that there are some objections, that can be urged with some degree of plausibility, and particularly when these osculatory performances are carried to that excess which so weakens the lips and jaws that you can't drink coffee the following morning with any degree of decency. Then, we think, a cessation should be demanded, a rest taken until the recuperating faculties, can return to their former grip.

Very Kind.

We thank the scholarly Dr. Kingsbury, the well equipped editor of the Wilmington Messenger for the following very complimentary allusion: "That gifted and brilliant and most amiable editor, Henry Blount, publishes a paper original in plan, in development and aspiration. He writes with a facile pen, and often you will meet with noble and even poetic sentiments in his richly laden columns. He seeks to entertain, to please and to bless. There is no gall in his ink-horn, no poison on the end of his 'gray goose quill,' no pitiful jealousy in his brilliant fabric. He errs as we all do, but his mistakes are on the side of kind heartedness, charity and good will to all. He is appreciated by a constituency that prefer the MIRROR to all its rival contemporaries, and the fair daughters of North Carolina smile graciously upon him for the many pleasant things he says. Long may our genial and gifted friend live to direct the reflections of that MIRROR which brings so much of pleasure to so many beaming eyes and radiant faces."

A Terrible Undertaking.

It is announced that the last nail in the Woman's Department Building of the World's Fair will be driven by Mrs. Potter Palmer. As a guarantee of good faith the nail is now on exhibition at a jewelry store in Helena. Now, here is a World's Fair feat which really amounts to something. A woman is to drive a nail, and all the world is invited to see! It is needless to say that speculation is rife, and it turns on several important questions. Will she drive it? How many fingers will she smash them? As near as we can determine, the public inclines to the opinion that the lady will never attempt it. It is thought that the sight of the nail and hammer—a combination to inspire terror—will so work upon her nerves when the moment arrives for action that the last nail in the Woman's Department building will forever remain undriven. Still, the announcement that Mrs. Palmer will attempt this feat is certain to attract a great crowd, for there are few things which possess the terrible fascination of a woman trying to drive a nail. First comes the exercise of that rare discrimination by which she determines which end of the nail is to be hit, whether she hits it or not. Then she looks around for the place to drive it, and selects the wrong place. Having settled this matter she suddenly remembers that she must have a hammer, and goes to hunt it. By the time the hammer is found she forgets where the nail ought to be driven, and which end goes first. The ground having been carefully gone over again, and a happy conclusion reached, she then nerves herself for the terrible ordeal. O woman, in your hours of ease, you should give a little thought to the art of driving a nail. Why doth she bite her tongue? And now with hammer poised in air, why, oh why, doth she shut her eyes? It is lucky that—

When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!
But when a nail needs be driven
Thou art not a hammering angel

The Temper.

If people generally knew what an advantage to them it was to be cheerful, there would be fewer sour faces in the world and infinitely less ill temper. A man never gains anything by exhibiting his annoyance by his face, much less by bursting into passion. As it is neither manly nor wise to yield like a child pettishly to every cross, so it is alike foolish and absurd to allow feelings of anger to deprive us of self control. There never was a man in any controversy who lost his temper who did not come near losing his cause in consequence. If ever a person plays the game of his enemies it is when he is in a passion. Acquaintances shun men of proverbially ill temper; friends drop away from them; even wives and children gradually learn to fear them more than to love. Thousands of men owe their want of success in life to neglecting the control of their temper. Nor have they the excuse that it is an infirmity which cannot be restrained; for Washington, though naturally of a most passionate disposition, disciplined himself until he passed for a person utterly impassive. No man who neglects his temper can be happy any more than he can make those happy around. Good temper is gold, is beyond price. Bad temper is a curse to the possessor and to society.

Let Her Boom.

Tell me not in mournful numbers that the town is full of gloom, for the man's a crank who slumbers in these bursting days of boom. Life is real, life is earnest, and the grave is not its goal; every dollar that thou turnest helps to make the old town roll. But enjoyment and not sorrow is our destined end of way; if we have no money borrow—buy a corner lot each day. Lives of great men all remind us we can win immortal fame; let us leave the chumps behind us and we'll get there just the same. In this world's broad field of battle, in the bivouac of life, let us make the dry bones rattle—buy a corner lot for wife. Let us then be up and doing with a heart for any fate, still achieving, still pursuing, booming early, booming late.

"Ladies Men."

By his air and gait, the ultra-fashionable style of his clothing, and the killing curl of his moustache, the "look and die" expression of his simpering face, his stream of small talk, and sundry other signs and tokens of a plethora of vanity, and a lack of soul and brain, you may distinguish at a glance the individual who plumes himself upon being a "lady's man." His belief in his own irresistibility is written all over him and to say the truth, these ladies' men have some grounds for their self-conceit. It is indubitable that girls do sometimes fall in love—or what they suppose to be love—with fellows who look as if they had walked out of tailors' fashion plates—creatures that by the aid of various artists who contribute to the make-up of human pop-in-jays—have been converted into superb examples of what art can effect in the way of giving men unmanly appearance. The woman who marries one of these flutterers is to be pitied, for if she has any glimmerings of common sense, and a heart, under her bodice, she will soon discover that her dainty husband has no more of a man's spirit in him than an automatic figure on a Savoyard's hand organ. But a woman worth a true man's love is never caught by such a specimen of ornamental holloware. A sensible woman is, in fact, a terror to "ladies' men," for they are aware that her penetrating eye looks through them and sounds the depths of their emptiness. She knows the man indeed from the trumpery counterfeit, and has no touch of the mackerel propensities to jump at a flashy bait in her wholesome composition. The ladies' man should be permitted to live and die a bachelor. His vocation is to dangle after the sex, to talk soft nonsense, to carry shawls and fans, to astonish boarding school misses, and to kindle love flames as evanescent and harmless as the twinkle of a lightening bug. If, however, he must needs become a benedict, let him be yoked with some vain and silly flirt, his natural counterpart.

A Trying Time.

"Oh my sweet, precious darling and fondly worshipped idol" a Wilson young man passionately and wildly and despairingly exclaimed as he threw himself violently upon his knees, and snapped off his only suspender button, "hear me, hear my entreaty, hear my heart-beseeking importunity. Oh my sweetest of sweeties, for months I have carried your image in my heart. You have never been absent from my thoughts one moment. The contemplation of a future unshared with you would drive me to despair—to suicide! Listen! For more than a week, Mildred, the dread, the uncertainty, the suspense, the horrible fear that I may fail to win your affections has oppressed me by day and banished sleep from my eyes at night! For more than a week I have not slept! With straining eyeballs I have tossed on my restless couch and—"

"Harold," interposed the gentle girl, with tears of compassion in her eyes, "I should consider myself the most heartless of women if I could look unmoved upon your sufferings when a word from me can banish them. If you are troubled with insomnia, Harold, you will find instant and certain relief by using Hevyside's celebrated Nerve Squeelcher, price 50c a bottle, for sale by all druggists, satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded, testimonials on application, delays are dangerous, life is precious, and what is life without sleep—send for sample, if used according to directions will cure in twenty four hours."

Duty.

Duty to God, duty to country, duty to home, duty to wife and duty to society are the grand essentials of a happy and contented life, and when all of these are crowned with the glorious wreath of a splendid consecration of the Democratic party, existence receives a beautiful completeness, and man becomes angelic.

Rhythmic and Mellifluent.

An Irish newspaper publishes a poem, the opening lines to which is "Do ghlaic faín tu gan ba gan punt, gan aireamh spreigh." We don't know when we have seen a more striking metaphor more beautifully expressed. The author has the divine afflatus the worst way.

A Night Scene.

There's a face in the mirror of loveliness rare,
Encircled by round, dimpled arms, sweetly bare;
White fingers, pink-tipped, hide and seek in her hair,
A-taking it down for the night.
There's a pair of bright eyes, rather sleepy, it's true,
Red cheeks that outrival the peaches in hue;
A mouth made of rosebuds—and holding a few
Bent hair-pins 'tween teeth pearly white.
There's a flutter of white angel wings, I suppose—
A drooping of shoes and a shaking of hose;
A patter of little bare feet and ten toes,
A-running across on the floor.
There's darkness—a ghost kneeling down by the bed;
The tiniest prayer that ever was said,
A pulling of blankets all over the head,
And a sweet little musical snore.

A Long Want.

"You think you need a wife, young man, do you?" said the old man as he looked at the agitated youth who was sitting on the edge of a chair and nervously twirling a hat, "and my daughter would fill the bill, would she?"

"She would, indeed, sir," replied the young man, with a ghastly attempt to appear at ease. "As the men who start newspapers sometimes say in their prospectuses, she would fill a long want fault—I mean, of course, a weng lout felt—or rather a long lent wait—no, a wrong font well—indeed she would, persisted the bewildered youth, "though of course I should have said, a feng!"

"George," interposed the old man, coming to his relief, "have you said anything to Laura yet?"

"No sir; I thought I ought to speak to you first."

"Well, George," said the young lady's father, kindly, "take my advice—if you can't get that prospectus untangled before you see her again, you'd better send a more experienced canvasser, or I am afraid you will not get to the point before she gets to be an old maid, and she was not made for that."

A Beautiful Morning

Sunday morning was wrapped in a silvery sheen of glimmering light and made us dream of the effulgent splendors of glory-lit May, while the perfume of her budding flowers, melody of woodland minstrelsy filled every bosom with the odor of a sweetly budding joy, and attuned all hearts to the high toned rhythm of rapture and delight. Bathed in such radiance, and caressed by such mild and balmy breezes, that morning looked as if Heaven was kissing the earth, and wooing it to the embrace of its drainless floods of light.

A Reflection.

When age creeps on one, and the twilight of a well spent life touches and gilds with rosate gleams the passing hours, what can awaken those long gone days of youth—the "suavis recordatio preteriti temporis" of the poet, quicker than to have a little child with hands and face all aglow with molasses, to try to crawl upon your knee and try to kiss you.

This World.

This world is only the negative of that better world in which lights will be turned to shadows and shadows into light, but all harmonized, so that we shall see why these ugly patches, these misplaced gleams and blotches were brought into the temporary arrangements of our planetary life.

A Good Reason.

A kind hearted and sympathetic gentleman was going up the street on Friday afternoon and meeting with a little boy who was crying he said "little boy why are you crying that way for," and the little boy responded between his sobs "I don't know any other way to cry."