

THE WILSON MIRROR.

"Our Aim will be, the People's Right Maintain
Unawed 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 crying baby is the roar of the tied
The want of money is the root of much
evil.

The road to economy is a prudent buy-
way.

A baker ought to be a dough-mestic
man.

Passion evaporates by words; grief by
tears.

Mean fortunes and proud spirits act like
fuel and fire.

Virtue and a trade are the best fortunes
for children.

A false grounded hope is but a waking
man's dream.

Apprehension of evil is often worse
than evil itself.

It is better to buy your rye by the loaf
than by the pint.

The most magnificent sign of wisdom is
continued cheerfulness.

Our acts make or mar us; we are the
children of our own deeds.

Next thing to kissing God's hand is kiss-
ing the flower on which his hand has laid
the touch of beauty.

Sympathy is a "pathy" that touches
many a sore heart, when homeopathy and
utterly have litterly failed.

"Be sunny, girls, be sunny," says Ella
Wheeler Wilcox. We don't see how they
can, but still they daughter be.

A spiritual mind has something of the
nature of the sensitive plant. There is a
holy shrinking away from evil.

God openeth many hearts with gentle
picklocks. While with others he useth
the crowbar of terrible judgements.

Bill collectors sometimes imitate the
promoters of a colonization scheme and
offer special inducements to settlers.

We don't know positively why a ship is
called "she," but we presume it is because
it is capable of having so many births.

One who knows says that to infringe
upon the adjoining territory in cutting
corns is very apt to make a clip toe-maniac
of a man.

The most afflicted part of the house is
the window. It is always full of panes,
and who has not seen more than one win-
dow blind?

"The press is mighty and will prevail,"
said a Wilson maiden the other night as
she "creened" over into the outstretched
arms of her lover.

A Subscriber asks us, "When is the
dawn of womanhood?" We don't know,
but suppose it is when a son rises upon
the horizon of her existence.

A correspondent asks in an exchange if
it is proper to wait with a married lady
when her husband is looking on. Proper
enough but not much fun in it.

A "high larn" school girl reprimanded
her brother for using the phrase "Not to
be sneezed at." She says he ought to say
"Occasioning no sternatory convul-
sions."

Kindness and love are the influences
that shall form of humanity a brotherhood
of peace and joy eternal; these are the
well-springs of enduring bliss in the heart
of man; these are the roots of that tree
of life that flourishes forever in the paradise
of God.

There is in every true woman's charac-
ter an inextinguishable spark of heavenly
fire, and it blazes up with effulgent bright-
ness amid the very darkest hours of ad-
versity and misfortune. Like a pure
diamond, it shows its richest brilliancy
when the shadows of trouble are drooping
around it.

Love does not ask for perfection, it asks
only for its own. You cannot propitiate it
with gifts nor satisfy it with all the virtues
if you cannot pay it back value for value in
its own coin, and if this tribute be paid it
will forgive every weakness, overlook
every other fault, and gild with sunshine
every single cloud.

An Ever Present Comfort.

Let every child of God remember His
Omniscience and Omnipresence—that He
is present with all His children. The
Christian may be in his own view—he
may be in fact—poor, ignorant, little and
insignificant. When he reviews himself
may not he unnaturally exclaim, "I am
a worm, and no man"—when he reviews
his services he may pronounce them too
worthless to be remembered of God—
when he reviews his sins he may believe
them so great as to cut him off from every
reasonable hope of a share in the Divine
attention. But notwithstanding his insigni-
ficance, fears and doubts he is not for-
gotten here, and will not be forgotten
"in the day when God makes up his
jewels." The tears which he has shed,
the prayers which he has offered up, the
two mites which he has consecrated to
God, the cup of cold water which he has
given to a fellow-disciple, were neither un-
noticed nor forgotten. God was present
when each act of humble and sincere obe-
dience was performed. He marked it
with His eye, recorded it in His book, and
will acknowledge it at the final day.
From this constant, kind and merciful re-
gard of his Maker, no situation, no circum-
stances will preclude him, even for a mo-
ment. However lowly, however solitary,
however forgotten of mankind his course
through life may be, himself and his in-
terests, his wans and his woes, are tenderly
as well as continually regarded by his
God. In seasons of sorrow, of sickness,
of bereavement, of desertion when he has
lost his former friends and companions,
when the world begins to seem to him a
desert, and life to be a burden, God is
then at hand, his Father and everlasting
Friend, and will be "better to him than
sons and daughters." The Physician of
the body as well as of the soul will admin-
ister healing to his deceased frame, pour
the balm of consolation into his wounded
spirit, and enable him to say: "Why art
thou cast down. O my soul, and why art
thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in
God: for I shall yet praise Him, who is
the health of my countenance and my
God." Has he come to a dying bed? Is
eternity with all its amazing scenes begin-
ning to be unveiled? Is his final trial
ready to commence? Is his account even
now to be given, his sentence to be pro-
nounced, and his endless allotment to be
fixed? Behold on the throne of judgment
that glorious Saviour and God who has
promised that "He will never leave him
nor forsake him." He is the Judge by
whom he is to be tried, the Rewarder by
whom his destiny is to be fixed forever.
This divine Redeemer will now remember
him as one of those for whom He died, as
one of those for whom He has made
intercession before the throne of His
Majesty in Heaven, and a loving Saviour
will then place upon his head a crown
studded with gems of eternal glory, and
into his hand that harp that will breathe
the sweetest melodies forever.

Keep Your Letters.

Never burn kindly written letters; it is
so pleasant to read them over when the
paper, yellow with age, and the hands that
traced the friendly words are folded over
the hearts that prompted them under the
green sod. Above all never burn love
letters. To read them in after years is like
a resurrection of one's youth. The elderly
spinster finds in the impassioned offer she
foolishly rejected twenty years ago a foun-
tain of rejuvenescence. Glancing over it
she realizes that she was once a belle and
a beauty, and beholds her former self in a
mirror much more congenial to her taste
than the one that confronts her in her
dressing room. The "widow indeed"
drives a sweet and solemn consolation
from the letters of the beloved one, who
has journeyed before her to the far off
land, from which there comes no message,
and there she hopes to join him. No
photographs can so vividly recall to the
memory of the mother, the tenderness
and devotion of the children who have
left at the call of Heaven, as the episto-
lary outpourings of their love. The letters
of a true son or daughter to true mother is
something better than the image or the
features—it is a reflex of the writer's soul.
Keep all loving letters, for they are indeed
the precious links that bind our hearts
to that hallowed past which is so dear to
memory and to tears.

Elegant Simplicity.

The fact is we may as well understand
that elegant simplicity in dress as in man-
ners requires an outlay which demands a
good income. Showiness is cheap. Elegance
must be paid for by both money and
taste, still more costly is elegant simplicity,
which, for its indulgence, demands more
money and more taste. To a looker-on
nothing seems so easy as to make grace-
ful motion. As he holds a gymnast or
danseuse it seems to him as though it only
required him to will to do the same thing
in order to have it accomplished. But let
him step out into the middle of the floor
and try it. A few movements of his limbs
will convince him that it will require
months of practice, under tuition, to move
with the simple grace of the person whom
he supposed it would be so easy to imitate.
In literature we take our models of simple
elegance, the writings in which the para-
graphs run after one another as the rip-
ples of a brook. It seems as though we
could certainly write in that way, if we
could not employ a more ambitious style.
And what a mistake we find this to be.
Our attempts show us that it is much more
easy to turn off our periods full of ses-
quipedalian words and inflated bombast;
and that a little imagination, Webster's
Dictionary and Roget's Thesaurus will en-
able us to write in a style which seems ab-
solutely sublime to the uneducated masses.
But if we are to write like an Emerson we
must write over and oft, and take pains to
correct, expurgate and polish, so that each
word shall seem to be the very best possi-
ble in its place. Our readers can carry
this thought into their meditations upon
the formation of character. An elegantly
simple character is one of the most charm-
ing things in the world. But what thought
what care, what constant discipline, what
incessant practice of every virtue, through
what a number of years, are required to
give a man the character of elegant sim-
plicity! Let our young readers ask them-
selves whether it is worth while to endeavor
to attain such a character as will re-
main for the admiration of the ages, like
the Apollo Belvidere in statuary, and the
Great Pyramid, which shall be the admira-
tion of mankind when ten thousand eph-
emeral pietyesses, produced by sculptors
and architects, shall have passed away.
Yes, simplicity is a jewel of rarest lustre,
and whether it is seen in dress, in speech or
in character it shines with a brightness and
a radiance that hath in every gleam the
immortal glowings of its own eternity of
virtue.

The Commencement Season.

'Tis now the college graduate,
With shirts and cuffs immaculate,
Does turbs and men annihilate
In language bold and strong.
The day that we commemorate,
The measures we should agitate,
The gas that is inadequate
Are touched of in his song.
He says we should eradicate
The evils that contaminate
The sons, that all are profligate.
And paint the city red.
The wine that will intoxicate,
The many drinks intemperate,
All these, he will reiterate,
Are questions of much dread.
He says we should evaporate
This state of things unfortunate,
And easily facilitate
A man to make a dash.
One year from now he'll advocate,
In tone of voice effeminate,
The wares of men importunate,
And boldly cry out, "Cash!"

A Fearful Outlook.

When times get so hard that delicately
cultured girls, reared in the lap of luxury
and accustomed to every delicacy that
can be craved by the intellect or palate,
are unable to pay two cents for a stick of
full flavored chewing gum, and are com-
pelled to cut indigestible quids from the
heel of abandoned overshoes it is time that
something was done with the tariff. We
are no alarmist; we don't say that such
times have fallen upon us yet; we don't
even say they are near at hand. We do
say, however, that such times have been,
aye, and worse in the siege of Jerusalem;
Let our States be warned in time.

A Sweet Sabbath Scene.

It was a glorious Sabbath sunlight. The
windows of Heaven were opened wide,
and from the throne of glory a dazzling
stream of splendor was falling in silverest
mantles, giving to each a scene of radiance
and loveliness which baffled the power of
language to express. We were slowly
strolling up Church street, enjoying the
brilliant scene, drinking in the melody-
laden notes of the music-throated minstrel-
sy in leafy bowers, and inhaling the deli-
cious perfume of the thousand flowers,
which had just opened their fragrant petals
to pour their life breath out in sweetest
odors as a precious offering on this God
built shrine of radiant beauty and perfect
loveliness. This radiant scene of
precious beauty grew in increasing loveliness,
for on every street corner there
came pouring along a sparkling tide of ra-
diant humanity—bevy after bevy of bright
little maidens on their joyous happy way
to church. And as they passed by, fresh
from their Saturday night's ablution, they
seemed as pure as the gentle winds which
were then blowing from off some sinless
hills in Heaven, and as sweet as the odors
which wooing breezes had enticed from
the luscious recesses of the fruitful flowers,
and as sparkling as the glittering sunbeams
which rippled o'er the graceful ringlets of
their soft and wavy hair, and left comming-
ling corruscations bathing brightly there.
What a beautiful picture these little maidens
presented, and who knows but that the
matchless radiance, which was then en-
silvering the world with so much splendor,
was but the dazzling drippings of angelic
smiles of beaming approbation, as the sin-
less hosts of Heaven looked down upon
this scene of hope and blessed promise. It
was a scene indeed most rich in promise,
and preciously redolent with the inspiring
aroma of the comforting hope that the lit-
tle maidens—these pure and sweet and
tender buds of innocence, by the invigorating
beamings of the Summer's ripening
breath of religious consecration and train-
ing, would ere long blossom out into sweet
and beautifully tinted flowers of brightest
christian character, whose bloom would
enrich and beautify the earth, and whose
perfume would give to life its highest and
holiest and purest emotions of happiness
and delight.

A Slight Misunderstanding.

A good joke is told on a minister not a
thousand miles from here. He made a
call recently at a home which had not long
before been blessed by the arrival of a
new baby. He was met at the door by the
lady of the house, and after the usual salu-
tation, he asked after the baby's health. The
lady, who was little hard of hearing, and
suffering from the grippe, did not quite un-
derstand him, and thinking he was asking
about her cold, answered that although
she had one every Spring, this was the
worst one she has ever had; it kept her
awake nights a good deal, and at first con-
fined her to bed. Then noticing that her
visitor was getting nervous, she said that
she could tell by his looks that he was go-
ing to have one just like hers, and asking
him to go in and sit down, and she would
do all she could to relieve him and make
him comfortable.

A Fact.

Some so-called christians, puffed up
with their own pharisaical conceptions of
immaculate purity, have very little—yea,
diminutively little christianity in their own
little cramped-up hearts, for christianity
gives birth to those glorious virtues—ten-
derness, gentleness, kindness, forbearance,
charity and forgiveness; and it never
flaunts in flimsy gauze the detestable and
thoroughly contemptible and pharisaical
spirit of "I am better than you."

Very Kind.

The highly accomplished editor of the
Progress very kindly and generously says:
"Mr. Henry Blount arose, and in a speech
of about fifty minutes held the whole
audience spell bound. It was said by
many present to be the finest effort they
ever heard. It was ornate, chaste, eloquent,
and full of burning feeling and thrilling
oratory."

Right Here.

A gushing and yearning and enthusiastic
young poetess, in a thrilling burst of soul-
ful ebullitions and bubbling emotions, asks,
in a seeming fit of phrenzied despair:
"Where, where, oh! where doth grace and
beauty and purity and true excellence
dwell? and I will there repair and all my
loving admiration tell."

Right here, in the charming and delight-
ful home of Turner Suggs we dwell, and
can be found at any time enjoying that
blissful serenity of emotions which always
follow the consciousness of possessing those
virtues enumerated above, and which we
know can satisfy the soulful longings of
the yearning Imogene. Come on Imo-
gene, come right here, and we will give
thy heart sweet cheer; your soulful long-
ings will be supplied, and you will then be
satisfied.

Our Profoundest Thanks.

We thank very sincerely the big brained
Joe Caldwell, the admirably equipped edi-
tor of the Charlotte Observer for the fol-
lowing gratifying allusion to our recent
visit to his lovely and beautiful city:

"Henry Blount's ornate style is so well
known that his coming had been looked
forward to with great interest, and his elo-
quent remarks, on the inspiring occasion
upon which he appeared before the pub-
lic here, were heard with the utmost pleas-
ure. A part of his speech appeared in the Ob-
server of the next morning after its deliv-
ery. Mr. Blount made many friends dur-
ing his all too short stay in Charlotte,
whose people hope that on some future
occasion they may be favored with his ge-
nial presence again."

A Heart Throb.

We have been most fondly dreaming
to-night of a little maiden, who is indeed
an elegant and bewitching poem of the
most exquisite grace and loveliness, and
upon whose entrancing charms the heart
floats in dreamiest spells of fondest rap-
tures. Changing the metaphor, she is in-
deed a magnificent little jewel, without a
blur or blemish; and he, who wins her,
will have the regal wealth of the grandest
earldom in his keeping, for she has all the
charms and all the noble virtues and
all the wooing graces that give a glory
light to earth and an enchantment to ex-
istence for her pure life the sweetest rap-
tures give, and mortals learn of her how
God's own angels live.

A Jewel.

There is in Wilson now a rare little
jewel of exquisite beauty and lustre, and
the entrancing beaming of her sparkling
eyes—so full of witchery and enchantment
—intoxicate the senses with a delirium of
delight, and carry the soul out to an
ocean of blissful dreaming. In other
words or in plain blount terms we here
assert that no maiden has ever visited
Wilson who has been more enthusiastically
admired than the petite and pretty and
fascinating Miss Carrie Zollcofer, whose
every smile is witchery's own, for seeds of
rapture in each one are sown.

A Souvenir.

Eddie came in the office the other morn-
ing, and gazing down most fondly at a
strand of golden hair, which he held most
tenderly in his left hand close up to his
gently throbbing bosom, he was heard to
say in tenderest notes of sweetest pathos:

Golden ringlets can awaken
My dead heart from its despair,
And my soul from grief is taken
By this strand of sunny hair.

Why does sadness so surround it
As it meets my startled eye?
'Tis because I have just found it
In the huckleberry pie.

Dagger Of Ice.

A rebuke from one, around whom the
garland of heart-worship was being
wreathed with all the affectionate tend-
erness of the warmest and purest throbbings,
goes through the bosom like a dagger of
ice, and freezes its current with the chill
of despair.