

THE WILSON MIRROR.

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

VOL. 11.

WILSON NORTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 29, 1892.

NO. 12

MERRY MORSELS.

AND RADIANT REFLECTIONS BY HENRY BLOUNT.

Punctuated with Pungent Points and Spiced with Sweetest Sentiment

Fogs are mist before they are gone.
Loud talk is not allowed in polite circles.

Anger begins in folly and ends in repentance.

An hour of pain is as long as a day of pleasure.

The blast that blows loudest is always over blown.

Yes, Eddie, a bank suit should be made of check-ed goods.

Would a prophet in Wilson prove any profit to our community?

We really would like to see a few of the tears dropped by a crying evil.

Everything requires rest. Even storms must have their wreck-creation.

It is said that cranberries will cure dyspepsia. That's sour opinion too.

The boy who sprained his ankle had a lame excuse for not attending school.

Yesterday is a scholar in experience, and to-day should profit by its teachings.

Young lovers are fond of addition but it is said they hate like blazes the rule of three.

When a man spends his last cent for whiskey he is said to be in a senseless condition.

The heart of a beautiful woman like that of a beautiful flower may be the abode of a reptile.

A drove of oxen is sure to be herd from, although they may steer a long ways out of reach.

A woman shuns a cow, not because she is a coward, but because she wishes to cow-ward.

The strongest pillar in religion is charity, and that temple would totter into ruins without it.

Bury the faults of your own short comings, and then you will be more lenient and charitable in your judgment.

Virtue is a flower which grows in the garden of purity, and sheds the most delightful fragrance that ever sweetened home life.

Without women man's trials would be doubled, for he would have to sew on his own buttons, and would have no one to complain at.

Don't make fun of a man because he has a hole in his pants. He may be a holy man after all and not wholly responsible for the rent.

A serpent's fang is a little thing, but death is frequently its victory. The smallest thorn of slander can ruin forever a woman's character.

No community can boast of more than one genius at a time, says an exchange. Since we've come to think about it we do feel mighty lonesome, and often find ourself sighing for companionship.

Hate plants the sharpest thorns that can be found in the path of human existence, for when we learn to despise a fellow being then it is we find what a load of wretchedness we have started out to travel.

Some proverb reads "no thoroughly intent and thoroughly occupied man is ever miserable." How about scratching for a wide awake and unattainable flea, which is ever ready to fleeth, and keepeth thee un-usually busy.

A highly polished young Wilson lady, who speaks French with exquisite purity and charming gracefulness, convinced us on Sunday that she retained her love for the higher order of English by speaking of the "Sweet Betsy," as the dulcet Elizabeth.

The pains and trials and sufferings of life sweeten and beautify death, and make it precious and welcome, even as the heat and the dust and the burdens and the labors of the day make us long for the coming night, which brings us rest and sweetest slumber.

Glorious Faisons.

It was our sweet privilege to be present at an entertainment recently given in Faisons, in which such beautiful and sparkling and lustrous jewels as the Misses Hicks, the Misses Holmes, the Misses Fryar, the Misses Devane and other maidens of equal attractiveness moved to and fro like a stream of silverest light, and who seemed as radiantly resplendent as if they had been rubbed over in the polish of a sunbeam. As we sat in their radiant presence and bathed our vision in the lustrous depths of their sparkling eyes—eyes whose faintest glimmer would pale the glistening skies of blooming midnight—they sent out Cupids on their wooing mission as sweetly as odors come when vernal breezes and passionate sunbeams woo and kiss the budding flowers, and make them awake with the perfume of Springtime's richest bowers. And all hearts there present, judging from the flopping of our own, bent in fondest homage and sweetest worship at the witchery robed shrines of these proud queens regnant o'er the realm of feeling, and who were so royally distributing the regal charms of that Heaven woven and God crowned womanhood, whose ripe influence made every scene a bliss-bordered grotto of sweetest dreaming, and beneath whose glittering showers of dazzling splendors of genuine female worth the frosty embrace of prejudice (for a woman's is much better) melted its icy incrustations from off the heart, and conquered all aversions to catnip tea, soothing syrup, paragoric, and other appliances incidental to those inevitable and unceremonious midnight serenades, which sometimes harrow the bosom of sleep, and stir up expressions not found in the new version. But we started out to tell about the exquisite entertainment. The beautiful Miss Bessie Holmes conducted the "Fan Drill" which was most admirably executed by a number of pretty maidens who were indeed entrancing poems of seductive grace, and perfect symphonies of bewitching symmetry. Every movement was a rythm of beauty, every gesture a dream of grace. We looked and saw and was thrilled and enchanted, for we never beheld a more beautiful grouping of fascinating maidens, and as they moved hither and thither they seemed as graceful as the wreathing smoke when yielding to the amorous breath of wooing zephyrs.

After the Fan Drill was over the writer was very handsomely and felicitously introduced by Mr. Faison, and after we had finished our chin music, it was deemed advisable to refresh the audience with ice cream and cake, and then came in view another beautiful scene of enchantment, for every moment, as it went rippling by, caught on its dimpled bosom the twinkling gleam of some sweet dreams that nursed a brightness as rich as that of morn's own beams. The witchery laden smiles of beautiful maidens, the radiant flowing of animated conversation, and rills of merriest laughter breaking o'er the scene as sweetly as ripples of music from celestial choirs gave to the evening a sumptuous feast of richest enjoyment, and long indeed will this evening's festivities dot the green sward of memory with the most pleasing emotions.

God's Way.

When bitter bereavement comes and our loved ones are taken away from us forever, we feel that the stroke, which shattered the love-linked ties and produced the painful separation, was cruel and severe, and fell too heavily and too harshly upon our bleeding heart; and in our anguish and torture we are apt to complain and to murmur, and seem to forget that He doeth all things well, and that his chastisements are but blessings in disguise and are sent for our good. Yes, we who have drank from the biggest chalice of bereavement, and sipped through the clinched lips of suffering its bitterest lees, know through a sad and sorrow-crowned, but sweet and blissful experience, that bereavement is but a bright and shining finger board, pointing Heavenward and that it leads our thoughts and affections away from the perishing things of earth, and centres them upon those pure and sinless scenes of bliss in which our loved ones are basking. Yes, on waves of sorrow we float away to the celestial shore, and drown amid its ripples earth's wildest notes of woe.

Jealousy.

Of all the evil spirits that ever invaded the human bosom, and made it a place of torment and of wretchedness we think that jealousy is by far the most agonizing, the most torturing and the worst. Under its terrible influence Cain picked up the stick as though just to talk with it, and while Abel was watching some bird in the tree top, or gazing at some waterfall, down came the blow of the first assassination which has had its echo in all the fratricides, uxoricides, homicides, infanticides and regicides of all ages and all nations. This passion of jealousy so disturbed Caligula at the prominence of some of the men of his time that he cut a much admired curl from the brow of Cincinnatus, and took the embroidered collar from the neck of Torquatus, and had Ptolomaeus killed because of his purple robe, which attracted too much attention. After Columbus had placed America as a gem in the Spanish crown, jealousy set on the Spanish courtiers to depreciate his achievement, and had his heart broken. Urged on by this bad passion, Dionysius flayed Plato because he was wiser than himself, and Philoxenus because his music was too popular. Jealousy made Korah lie about Moses, and Succoth depreciate Giden. Jealousy made the trouble between Jacob and Esau. It hurled Joseph into the pit. It struck the twenty-three fatal wounds into Julius Cæsar. It banished Aristides. Put Antony against Cicero. Tiberius exiled an architect because of the fame he got for a beautiful porch, and slew a poet for his fine tragedy.

Yes, jealousy turns home into hell, and translates the rhythmic sweetness of the melodious current of affection's ministry into the seething billows of the angriest torrents of hate and accusation. It plants briars of distrust where flowers of perfect confidence should bloom and blossom in all their luxuriant richness of vigor and beauty and glory. It shuts out the sunlight of hope and joy and happiness, and shrouds the heart in the rayless clouds of despair and sorrow and everlasting wretchedness. Stifle jealousy if you would have your life's current to flow as sweetly and as brightly as the murmuring ripples of a placid stream when its waters are only stirred by the wooing of gentlest zephyrs and the falling of softest sunbeams.

Ripe Old Age.

When the "three score and ten" have made their registry on the brow, and robbed the rounded limb and robust frame of their elasticity; when the eye becomes dim and the ear heavy, life with its varied scenes presents a changed aspect from that which it presented to the eye and to the mind in the springtime of our earlier years. The varnish and veneering that concealed real character, by insensible stages, gradually fades away, leaving ugly scars and hideous features where innocence and beauty entranced the untutored and inexperienced eye when life was young and unsuspecting. As we advance in years things become stripped of all that is meretricious, and are no longer rated at a fictitious value; tinsel and show and conventional politeness cease to deceive; and mere professions, which once misled our too trustful credulity, flattery and complimentary phrase are all duly discounted, and put down at their real value. Not that advancing years are necessarily suspicious, but that the "mystical lore" of the evening life gives an insight into the real value of a thousand things whose intrinsic worth has been misjudged and over estimated by reasons of the false standards applied in determining their merits and excellence. Long experience and observation, where the mind is free from prejudice, are great teachers. On the one hand they disabuse the mind of early misconceptions; on the other they foster and mature all the elements of knowledge implanted while the mind was in a plastic and formative state. It is only where there is a failure to heed the teachings of experience and observation that old age becomes querulous, morose, fault-finding, and censorious. There is nothing more attractive and beautiful than a bright, cheerful, uncomplaining old age. It is symbolized in a glorious unclouded, autumn sunset, the dusk of the evening mingled with the golden light that flushes the whole Heavens, as the sun sinks below the horizon, and leaves behind a mellowed stream of effulgent splendors to mark the pathway of a glorious day.

Why It Changed.

We have had our picture taken, and with it we had a sad and bitter experience. We wanted that picture to look calm, serene, tranquil, placid, lovely and beautiful in its sweet repose. We wanted a spirit of blissful peace and heavenly content to brood o'er every feature, and make our face wear a pure sweet, angelic expression so that admiring maidens would say as they gazed fondly and lovingly upon it, "Oh! what lovely and beautiful and blissful creations are rippling the current of his pure and sweet and glowing thoughts." And so, we stood before the glass for half an hour, trying to get up an expression. At last we felt as if we had most felicitously succeeded, and took our seat. Marion Winstead, the most excellent photographer, then took us by the head, and screwed it this way and that way, raised our chin up and made us look as if we were trying to sneeze, and then pushed it down again right in the same place; then he looked up through the sky light and said he thought probably it would rain between now and next year this time, and then he took hold of us again and tried to make us sit deeper in the chair. He then gave our head another twist, screwed his clamps a little tighter, told us to be natural and look pleasant, and then directed us to gaze for five minutes without winking our eyes at a sign, on which was printed in very large letters: "Positively no credit; no pay, no pictures."

Who could feel happy and look pleasant under such circumstances? Not we, and so the angelic expression died away, the serene look faded, and when Winstead brought the proof in for us to see he remarked that the excruciating scrowl on the face would suggest the apprehension that a tick had been crawling up our back and filling us with agony. We told him it was because of "no tick" here, and pointed him to the terrible sign which robbed us of an angelic expression, and spoilt what might have been a most beautiful picture.

George's Experience.

George has been strolling amid the entrancing delights of earth's sweetest Eden, and sipping its intoxicating and ravishing raptures, and at the same time he has been forced to feel the excruciating pain and desolateness of a sudden banishment from that love created Eden, as will be seen from the following effusion which he wrote while standing up, for be it known he is saddest when he sits:

I placed her head upon my breast,
And then I dreamed of Heaven and rest;
When all at once she gave a yell,
(The word to rythm with this is—well,
For then her pa came stepping in
And raised me off this earth of sin;
And shot me ten feet through the air,
And left my girl just wooing there;
I writhed, I squirmed, I sure did quake,
For that stout kick did 'make me ache.

Unshaken And Undisturbed.

The peace which is born of religion and which has for its foundation the gratic mountain of faith is as calm and serene and bright and beautiful as those silver ripples of star-beams which play in sparkling lustre on every mountain peak, and which leaves a brightness and a beauty there undisturbed by the fogs and the vapors and the shadows and the gloom of the cloud curtained valleys below. And such a peace not only tints life with brightest gleams of comfort but it brings a repose to earthly trials as sweet as that blessed hush which broods over the blue Aegean sea, when the winds are gone and the billows are asleep.

True.

The tender rose bush of love cannot put forth its bud, and blossom into richest bloom when its pregnant trunk is embanked with the chilling snows of cold indifference, and neither can it send forth its sweet and delightful fragrance, when the icicles of distrust are hanging around it with their freezing embrace. It must needs have the soft wooing breezes of encouragement to whisper around it, and the balmy sunbeams of cheer to bathe it, and then will burst the pregnant bud in glorious life, and a fragrance as sweet as the odors which perfume Paradise will trickle from its blooming bosom.

Paradise Regained.

During our recent visit to Faisons we enjoyed the hospitality of the courtly Col. Faison and his highly cultured wife, who is most radiantly adorned with the finest literary attainments, and who entertains one most charmingly and delightfully. And in addition to her own powers to entertain, the charms and delights of her exquisite home were enhanced by the presence of the Misses Nyda Hicks and Frankie Faisons, two of the sweetest and most fascinating ladies that ever threw witchery around human hearts. And so, while in that lovely home we basked and bathed in those enchanting and thrilling waves of rapture, that come rippling o'er that ocean of witchery which ebbed most beautifully in the radiant eyes of those charming young ladies which made a heaven there, and whose influence made us almost feel that we were really sipping the rubiest wines that were ever distilled in the sweetest retreat of Paradise regained.

At The Base Ball Ground.

Eddie's machine thus grinds again and fills our soul with sharpest pain:
The pitcher had a little ball, and it was white as snow, where the striker thought it was, that ball, it wouldn't go. It had a sudden inshoot curve, it had a fearful drop, and when the striker wildly struck, that ball it didn't stop. "Why does the ball fool strikers so?" the children all did cry, "our pitcher twirls the ball you know," the umpire did reply.

She Was.

We overheard a girl remark to her beau, the other night that she was a great stickler for euphony. And he gallantly responded, "Those three words—you-for-me—fill life with thrilling strains of soul-entrancing melody." And then she gulped down another spoon of ice cream, bit out a shoe-vamp like morsel of cake, and seemed contented and delighted with the way matters were progressing.

A Twilight Idyl.

'Tis sweet when the rose drops to sleep,
And swift to its nest flies the dove,
When the first star from Heaven doth peep,
And bosoms are throbbing with love,
To sit beside your fair one who beams
With the powerful sweetness that draws
And glide into loveliest of dreams,
As she tickles your nose with straws.

"It Sure Do"

It rather disturbs the untities for a lover to hear his girl talk about etherealized, friendship, the gossamer wings of love, the thin and permeable texture of affection and that sort of thing, and then see her sit down and eat a big hunk of roast beef, four biscuits, a good large plate of cold greens, and a big saucer of raw onions.

Not A Real One.

During a lull in the game of ball which is played every afternoon in front of our office one small boy said to another S. B. "Say Jim, did you ever see a circus?"
No, Bill, not a real one, but I saw a lady trying to get over a fence to-day.

A Washingtonian Cackle lation.

"Ah!" said the barnyard rooster, gazing admiringly on a bran-new brood of young chickens, "whose work is this?" Then the sitting hen turned her head modestly and said: "I cannot tell a lie, sir; I did it with my little hatchet."

The Way They Say.

Howdy, howdy, how do you do, I want an office and I love you.
Shake, shake, as much as you please, but Summerlin's shakes doth give most ease.