

# THE WILSON MIRROR.

"Our Aim will be, the People's Right Maintain  
Unwaved 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 fisher sees what he rips.  
A draw lat is easily destroyed.  
A shoe maker has a sure thing.  
Train men should be well trained.  
The freshest men tell stalest stories.  
A soda fountain is a fiscal comfort.  
Charge me to me are bad buy words.  
A hen is the lay-day of the barn yard.  
Theater we shed in play are volun tears.  
Pain will turn a child into a groan person.

No, Eddie, we never saw a Bureau a boat.

When a labor gets rich it is by sheer industry.

A wide awake hat is one without any nap about it.

Eddie says that the weakest fancy on earth is infancy.

No, Eddie, a widow can not be called a miss in any thing.

Our punster says that a man with a cork leg is always remembered.

A wife is the angel of home, and her ministry is like a blessing from Heaven.

A poet wants to know where the fleecy clouds are woven. In air-looms of course.

No, Eddie, a blind man, could not be a good fortune teller for he is not a good seer.

Men love to hear of their power, but have an extreme disrelish to be told of their duty.

Women are pleased when likened to birds. It is dangerous to call a woman an old hen.

There ought to be a law passed that railway restaurant keepers shall date their apple pies.

Knowledge without discretion is like force without direction—never useful but by accident.

We consider this business making fun of women who catch sight of a mouse a holier mockery.

It is a serious thing that on the railroads it is the freight rather than the steam that makes the cargo.

During the hottest day in Summer there is always a cold snap when a piece of ice falls on the floor.

It is said that the size of men's pants is to be increased. Even at that they will be nothing to the sighs of the fellow who can't get a new pair.

Hope gilds the sky of youth with the silvery lustre of coming joy; memory adorns it with the golden dust flung up by the flight of age in its passage to eternity.

We never could understand why a flower-bell was suspended over a couple during a marriage ceremony. It seems to us that if they stood under a pair tree it would be more appropriate.

Lessons heard at mother's knee are never wholly erased from the tablets of the heart. They form little springs from which gush a sparkling fountain of blessings that never run dry in all our journeyings through scorching years.

In the green meadows of reciprocal affection, wreathed by the refreshing dews of honied endearment, and warmed by the genial heart beams of purest devotion, will be found blooming in all their luxuriant beauty and fragrance the precious flowers of conjugal peace and contentment.

Purity, truth, honesty and virtue are the bright, shining marble steps that lead up to that glittering temple of stainless character, on which the sunlight of God's love fall in a halo of radiant beauty, and in which angelic whisperings are heard in all their sweetest tenderness.

To the Christian whose vision is faithful, there are no shadows seen at the approach of Death's sleep night, for the gleamings of the bright sunburst of Resurrection's effulgence, now ensilver the close of life's well spent day and make it bright and beautiful.

## Our Boyhood's Home.

We always have a delightful time in dear old Nash. The open and generous hospitality of its big hearted citizens, and the exquisite charms of its lovely and beautiful daughters make a visit to its precious borders replete with sweetest and highest enjoyment. Yes, it always puts us in a good frame of mind to turn our face towards dear old Nash, for as soon as we tread its hallowed soil we feel like McGregor when he stood once more upon his native heather and viewed again the familiar peaks of old Ben Lomond. And this makes dear old Nash a sweet and precious and hallowed shrine for us, for a visit there always rolls the stone of oblivion from the sepulchre of the past, and resurrects again the blessed memories which thread the joyous scenes of boyhood's happy hours. Yes, we see again the old home of childhood, and oh, how sweet and sacred and precious does it seem to us as we view it through the mist of tears which comes rising up from the mournful river of saddest memories. There stands the old homestead, where our boyhood's happy hours rippled along on joy-lit tides of delight, and when the bright and cloudless future stretched far away in the roseate distance, mellowed by the tinting of the richest flowers of hope, and gladdened by the minstrelsy of every bird of cheer. Like glory painted butterflies then, we only looked for the flowers, not once dreaming that they had thorns which would one day prick our sore and tender fingers. Yes, the stream of life was then so clear, so bright, so pellucid, so beautiful, and little did we think that that very stream, which was then catching upon its brilliant bosom such sparkling ripples, would one day flow over mire and bog and mud and slime, and have its muddy current loaded with trash and driftwood and worthless bark, where once the bright and frolicking dimples danced so merrily and so beautifully. But such is life, and we have lived long enough to find out that the clearest and brightest stream flows over some mud, and that every current strikes against some sharp and pointed rock. Yes into each life some rain must fall; some days must be sad and dreary.

And there is no one, it matters not how cold and callous his heart may have become by the sordid greed of the world, but what will soften and mellow and grow tender when the flood tide of holy memories bear his thoughts back to the hallowed days of boyhood, and seen through the mist of irrepressible tears, the dear old home, where all of its cherished associations comes back to memory as a palpable reality. Seen in the distance we invest it with a charm and fascination that has a kinship to the Eden of innocence and beauty in which our first parents spent the morning of life, ere the blight of the curse had despoiled the Paradise of its fragrance and bloom. Fancy invests each well remembered object with a graniture of bewitching loveliness. All the dark days are forgotten. No sigh of sorrow; no pang of pain; no tear of bitterness; no blasted hopes; no blighted prospects are recalled. We see nothing but that which is clothed in the habiliments of beauty; noting that is cold, or repulsive. The past—the dear, sweet, hallowed past comes back again, and we live over the days that were without a cloud, and when every ripple in life's current was a rhythm of delight.

## True.

It is noticeable that the cat who mounts the ridge pole of a wood house and sits apart at the concert, and is wrapped in thoughtful, abstracted silence until the programme is nearly through, beats all, when he does come in, with a wail that curdles the blood in a frozen beet and rouses all the others members of the troupe to a very agony of frenzied emulation.

## A Bad Blunder.

A reporter wrote for his paper a description of a ball, and in speaking of the reigning belle said: "Her dainty feet were encased in shoes that might have been taken for fairy boots." But the blundering compositor made it read: "Her dainty feet were encased in shoes that might have been taken for iron boots."

## Charity.

Dearer than Hope, whose lofty purpose soars  
To heights celestial, bearing thence the keys  
That shall unlock the everlasting doors;  
Stronger than Faith, whose swifter vision sees  
Revealed beyond God's ancient mysteries.

Yea more, and greater, lives the power sublime  
Of Charity, existing but to bless,  
Whose benedictions fall on every clime,  
Whose victories over sorrow and distress  
Are all begotten of sweetest tenderness.

Long since its presence crowned the simple faith

Of one who welcomed angels unawares;  
But since the world's Redeemer bowed  
In death,

Breathing forgiveness in His latest prayers,  
All love a nobler consecration bears!

The ages pass for never yet becalmed  
Hath any life stood changeless through  
The years,

And nations vanish, but their woe, embalmed  
Too oft with costly frankincense of tears,  
Into no dark oblivion disappears.

God marks the evil and around His throne

Angels of judgment on His counsel wait;

Yet justice guides not His decrees alone,  
Still Charity—long suffering doth bate  
His holy wrath, on earth were desolate.

Still through the world its power delights to bring

Light unto those whom sin hath blinded long;

Where'er it moves glad wells of blessing spring,

Its kindly nature makes all weakness strong,

All sighs the preludes to diviner song.

Oh, Love, whose fullness rules the joy of Heaven,  
Yet stoops redeeming to a world unblest,

Let thy sweet influence live in souls forgiven,

Till answering only Love's divine best

The world shall own thy sway, and be at rest!

Soon shall the light of that fair dawn arise

Wherein as planets pale before the sun,  
The flowers of Faith unmissed, shall close  
Their eyes,

Seeing the eyes of fruition won;  
And Hope shall pass away, its mission done.

But Charity immortal shall abide,  
Though none may need its ministrations there,

And each dear service Love hath sanctified,  
Exalted thus Heaven's victories to share,  
The guerdon of immortal life shall wear!

## A Fact.

When the conscience is forever pricking at the sore which the perpetration of a grievous wrong has left upon the sensibilities, the gentlest touch of tenderness and friendliest hand gives poignant pain and anguish, and in the incurable and ungovernable irritability which is thus engendered, the poor, wretched, miserable and heart-lacerated beings fume and fret and grunt and growl, and fling their venom far and near. Like troubled wasps they feel like stinging everybody, for stung themselves by the incisive nettle of the inexcusable wrong which conscience keeps forever bleeding, they become perfectly wild and furious in their blind and reckless rage, and sting a friend as they would a foe.

## Rather Pungent.

"I say Josh, as I was going down the street the other day, I saw a tree bark."  
"Gosh Will I saw it hollow."  
"That's nothing. I saw the same tree leave."  
"You did? Did it take it's trunk with it?"

## Tender Thoughts.

Little children! Who does not love them? A bright-eyed boy, or a rosy checked girl; cold indeed must be the heart that is not drawn to one of these. What is more innocent than a cherry countenance of a little child—one across whose ruddy lips an unholy word has never passed? No unkindness in that little heart. No treachery. No spiteful revenge. It knows nothing of the cares, sorrows and heartaches of a deceitful world. It confides implicitly in its earthly parents and this teaches the christian a beautiful example of trust in the Heavenly Father. Children are God's jewels, placed in our keeping—the golden fetters that hold together the volume of wedded bliss. How it moves the heart to love and higher aspirations when the man of family goes home from his daily avocation, to see the bright faces, either at the window or door, wreathed with smiles and joy to welcome his coming! When they climb upon your knee, and their tender little hands clasp your neck, and their soft little faces press against yours in warm affection, and you can feel the throbbing of their young hearts; what can be more entrancingly endearing? How sweet their innocent, merry childish prattle! Parents, those who now enjoy the company of little ones, love them more. You will never know how much you can love them until they are called away. Angels they seem. Blessed visitants from Heaven to soothe, calm and allure your harsher spirits, to the melodies of the happy land.

All over this beautiful land there are desolate hearts that feel as though the pall of night were upon them. Even white these thoughts are being placed on paper, tears are falling and little graves are opening to receive the caskets of some treasure, torn from loving hearts. Yet there shines a light upon these little mounds. In the sweet promise of the gospel, the shadows flee away, and we discern a tinge of glory, like a finger of gold behind a dark cloud. God directs the fall of even a little sparrow, and he orders, in his own wisdom, the sad event that tears from bleeding hearts the little one they so much love, but "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," and all is well with the children whom the Saviour gathers home.

## Whistling Women.

Some writer says that the whistling woman does not generally come to a bad end. Quite as often as any other girl she learns to whistle a cradle song, low and sweet and charming, to the young voter in the cradle. She is a girl of spirit, of independent character, of dash and flavor; and as to lips, why, you must have some sort of presentable lips to whistle; thin ones will not. The whistling girl does not come to a bad end at all (if marriage is still considered a good occupation,) except uberant young life by this rascally proverb. Even if she walks the lonely road of life, she has this advantage, that she can whistle to keep her courage up. But in a large sense, one that this practical age can understand, it is not true that the whistling girl comes to a bad end. Whistling pays. It has brought her money, it has blown her name about the listening world. Scarcely has a non-whistling woman been more famous. She has set aside the adage. She has done so much toward the emancipation of her sex from the prejudice created by an ill-natured proverb which never had root in fact. But has the whistling woman come to stay? Is it well for women to whistle? Are the majority of women likely to be whistlers? These are serious questions, not to be taken up in a light manner at the end of a grave paper. Will women ever learn to throw a stone? There it is. The future is inscrutable. We only know that whereas they did not whistle with approval, now they do—the prejudice of generations gradually melts away. And woman's destiny is not linked with that of the hen, nor to be controlled by a proverb—perhaps not by anything.

## Why Is It.

In many instances life is a waste of wearisome hours, which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns, and the heart, that is soonest awake to the flowers, is always the first to be touched by their thorns.

## Christ's Humanity.

When we study our blessed Saviour, and reflect upon his own sweet ministry, and his tenderness and sympathy for poor weak humanity, our own humanity is enlarged and exalted, and purified by the sublime exhibition of Christ's humanity. He loved the race—not the genial and pleasant alone, not the lofty and cultivated alone, not the attractive and the heavenly-minded, alone, not admirers and friends, for he had none among mankind before He gave Himself for us; but publicans and sinners, malefactors and harlots, hypocrites and murderers; the ugly, the base, the brutal, the infernal—loved through all wretched obstructions of utter worthlessness and unprincipled meanness—loved the jewel, man, that was in the swine's snout of filthiness and sin; and knew that no otherwise could he save the man than by giving Himself for him. So must you believe. If you would do good to your race, you must love mankind, if you would make that love effectual, you must give yourself for the race. Christ's love was no weak, tearful sentimentalism; it was robust and enduring. "Be clothed and fed," but He hunted starvation out of its holes, and carried His blessings persistently to the evil and thankless. He waded in bloody mire of the horrible battle-field to prove that his love was not empty word of fancy, but real—a powerful, a dominant principle, that was ready to do its great saving with no thought of recompense or applause.

## Very Kind.

The Columbia Record is kind and generous enough to say: "The Wilson MIRROR is a gem of typographical beauty, while the beautiful creations of the brilliant and poetic Henry Blount, whose fountain of humor is forever bubbling and refreshing; whose wit is forever sparkling and enlivening; whose flowers of sentiment are always blooming and fragrant, make it one of the most enjoyable papers that we have ever seen. We don't know what the versatile Blount is best fitted for, for he moves with graceful ease in any sphere he chooses, and writes most beautifully and really grandly on any subject that he takes up. He is a genius, and, with it all, one of the cleverest, best hearted and sunniest natures we ever knew."

## Roped In.

"Uncle Henry, can you teach a rope anything?" said Budgie the other day as we entered the house.  
"What a foolish question," we answered, not once dreaming that he had forgotten his mother's threat to punish him if he ever attempted another pun.  
"Oh, said he," as he got up and opened the door so that he could slip away from her slipper in case an is-sue was raised, "I think a rope can be easily taut," and for fear we would not catch on he began t-a-u-t, while his mother groaned aloud in her agony.

## The Old, Old Story.

You flew into my empty heart,  
And nestled there,  
You never stopped to ask my leave,  
Or if I'd care.  
I pondered oft if I should keep  
So fair a thing,  
Or should I send you forth to roam  
On wearied wing.  
But while I pondered you still stayed  
'Til now I know  
My heart and I would know no peace  
If you should go.

## Two Jewels Abroad.

The coronet of Rocky Mount's loveliness now glitters with two of Wilson's most resplendent jewels—the exquisitely beautiful and delightfully charming Miss El Green and the bewitching and sparkling Miss Lizzie Anderson, than whom a more fascinating maiden never lived, for her precious charms doth drown all hearts in that sweet spell, where purest, holiest passions dwell.