

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, AUGUST 17, 1892.

NO. 19

MERRY MORSELS.

AND RADIANT REFLECTIONS
BY HENRY BLOUNT.

Punctuated with Pungent Points
and Spiced with Sweetest
Sentiment

Slander, like mud, dries and falls off.
Time is really in the hands of the clock.
Never be irritated or unkind to any body.
To wait and be patient soothe many a pang.
He, who gathers roses, must not fear thorns.
The advance in iron has stiffened the backs of pokers.
It's sneezy thing to catch cold, but then everybody nose it.
It is the summit of humility to bear the imputation of pride.
It is at the quilting 'bee' where you hear the stinging remark.
Behaviour is a mirror in which every one shows his image.
The very first step toward action is the death warrant of doubt.
The chief source of self-happiness is the act of making others happy.
Pride often builds the nest in which Poverty hatches out its sorrows.
To make a counterfeit bill good, let your dog have it, 'twill go current.
A young lady "drowned in tears" is said to have met with a tear-ible death.
No, Eddie, we never heard of a bald headed man being converted in fly time.
Sin and misery are not lovers, but they walk hand in hand just as if they were.
The snail is a paradox. It is proverbially slow, yet its pace is without a bound.
A crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, where there is no love.
How can a bride be expected to show self-possession when she is being given away?
"This is rent day," as the boy said when the nail on the orchard wall tore his pants.
The love and devotion, which a fly manifests for a bald headed man, passeth understanding.
Eddie wants to know what it was that Warsaw. We suppose it was the same thing that Esau.
Men are generally deserted in adversity. When the sun sets our very shadow seems to follow us.
Some things are getting to be very cheap now. You can buy all the cologne you want for a scent.
Be kind to others and you will open for your own heart a refreshing fountain of sparkling cheerfulness.
Men are made to be shaken about, but women are flowers that lose their beautiful colors in the noise and tumult of life.
If a two-wheeled wagon is a bicycle and a three-wheeled tricycle what would you call a five wheeled one? A V-hickle, of course.
The most winning smiles are those which play around a moistening eye, and tell of sorrowing thoughts beneath; and the saddest face is that which wears in its expression an air of remembered joy, and speaks of the darkened shadows which fill the inner courts of the soul.
It is the common things of this world that make the texture, color and pattern of the web of life. Each of them is large with meaning and breathes the breath of destiny. And this makes all of life full of worth, as if every wayside weed were touched with the beauty and fragrance of a flower.
There is on earth but one single thing that can give us peace and rest and perfect happiness, and that is the blessed hope of blissful immortality. We may strive and work and struggle for riches, and yet with their attainment we will find at last that we have only gathered thorns and thistles to rest our weary and aching head upon when life's burden is heaviest.

A Bad Woman.

Heretofore we have written of woman—Heaven's God lent angel to man—as she appeared in the full orb of glory of her splendid worth, making life brighter, sweeter, lovelier and more attractive by the display of those angelic charms which give such a rapture to the presence of a pure and true and noble woman, and which make her influence a living fountain of the sweetest and purest and holiest inspirations. We have told how she could soothe the breast of trouble, and spread the balm of solace there. We have told how the gleam of her eye would ensilver the gloom, and make it glisten with a lustre as bright as those brilliant tintings, which beam upon those dazzling showers of radiance, which come trickling down from the throne of light. We have told how the musical tones of endearment would drown every note of discord in life's rough field of conflict, and make every thought float away in dulcet ripples to the matchless rhythm of that blessed song of rapture which goes ebbing around her own sweet island of affection. Yes, we have told how she could uproot all the briars of care, sweep down all the webs of misfortune, and mingle the flowers of brightest hope with the very cypress of despair. Yes, we have told all this. But there is something else she can do. Yes, she can do much, alas! perhaps more to degrade man if she chooses to do it. Who can estimate the evils that woman has the power to do? As a wife she can ruin herself by extravagance, folly, or want of affection. She can make a demon or an outcast of a man who might otherwise become a good member of society. She can bring back strife and into what has been a happy home. She can change the innocent babes into vile men and even into vile women. She can lower the moral tone of society itself and thus pollute legislation at the spring head. She can in fine become an instrument of evil instead of an angel good. Instead of making flowers of truth, purity, beauty, and spirituality spring up in her foot-steps, till the earth smiles with a loveliness that is almost celestial, she can transform it to a black and arid desert, covered with the scorn of all evil passions and swept by the bitter blast of everlasting death. This is what woman can do for the wrong as well as for the right. Is her mission a little one? Has she no worthy work, as has become the cry of late? Man may have a harder task to perform, a rougher road to travel, but he has no loftier or more influential than woman's. No, indeed, for woman has about her that rich soil of influence, from which can grow in rankest strength and vigor those dangerous and poisonous weeds of vice and wrong, and from whose vile and deadly exhalations can everlasting ruin creep, as it comes hissing and breathing the tortures of the doomed and the lost. Yes, her influence bears those weeds of evil as well as those flowers of goodness whose blessed perfume makes man better and purer and nobler. If woman only knew the power she holds to work man good or ill, if she only knew the bliss and peace her smiles can surely bring, the troubles that her voice can always still, and make the heart in purest accents sing, then she would not lead man so far astray, but keep him turned towards that perfect day, knowing that she can give him life or death, and turn his darkest night to brightest day.
Now, fair readers, it is for you to say whether you are a true woman—God fashioned and finished, and Heaven ordained, man's destiny for good to rule, or are you one of the gay, gilded, gorgeous butterflies of folly, flitting hither and thither from one flower of gayety and pleasure to another, and scattering influences as hurtful and pernicious and as deadly as the poisonous shade of the dreaded Upas tree? Are you making man better or worse? Is your influence for good or evil? Which? The answer will be made in eternity. Solemn thought, and pregnant with momentous consequences, for upon that answer hangs perpetual peace or everlasting agony. Woman, then has a fearful and awful responsibility resting upon her, for her influence is powerful for good or evil.

Peaceful.

He'll never into battle go,
Nor rouse to war's alarms.
For girls all say he doesn't know
The way to use his arms.

There Is Nothing Lost.

There's nothing lost. The tiniest flower
That grows within the darkest vale,
Though lost to view, has still the power
The rarest perfume to exhale.
That perfume, born on Zephyr's wings,
May visit some lone sick one's bed,
And like the balm affection brings,
'Twill scatter gladness round her head.
There's nothing lost. The drop of dew
That trembles in the rosebud's breast
Will seek its home in either blue,
And fall again as pure and blest—
Perchance to revel in the spray,
Or moisten the dry parching sod,
Or mingle in the fountain spray,
Or sparkle in the bow of God.
There's nothing lost. The seed that's cast,
By careless hands upon the ground
Will yet take root, and may at last
A green and glorious tree be found.
Beneath its shade some pilgrim may
Seek shelter from the heat of noon,
While in its bow the breezes play,
And song birds sing their sweetest tune.
There's nothing lost. The slightest tone
Or whisper from a loved one's voice
May melt a heart of hardest stone,
And make the saddest heart rejoice.
And then, again, the careless word
Our thoughtless lips too often speak
May touch a heart already stirred,
And caused that troubled heart to break.
There's nothing lost. The faintest strain
Of breathings from some dear one's lute,
In memory's dream may come again,
Though every mournful string be mute,
The music of some happier hour—
The harp that swells with love's words,
May thrill the soul with deepest power,
When still the hand that swept its chord

Editors.

Once upon a time an editor died. This was an unusual occurrence. Editors rarely ever die. They generally become day laborers or millionaires before that auspicious event winds up their earthly career. But in this instance a real, speaking, living, genuine editor paid a debt of Nature. Oh, how his other creditors did envy Nature! Well, a few days after the funeral the editor arose, took up his soul, and prepared for his final journey to his allotted abode, after awhile he drew near to the outer gates of Hades. Here he knocked loud and long. Finally Gov. Nick came to the gate and asked what was wanted. The editor told him that he had been evicted from the upper world and wanted a home where rent is free and fuel is cheap. The devil eyed him for a half minute and then asked him what had been his profession above?
Your Majesty, said our friend, "I am an editor. For years I have been—"
"You can't come in here, then" said his Majesty. "I am ruler here and propose to continue so. Can't you see that your advent inside this gate would be dangerous to the peace and dignity of my subjects? All those subscribers of yours who didn't pay for their paper are in here, and you would not be here a week before you would commence dunning them, and would cause dissensions, discords, and the final disruption of my kingdom."
"But if I promise—"
"No, sir! you can't come in here. Go up there," continued the devil, pointing to the Celestial City, "there you will find all your paying subscribers and no deadheads, and there you can dwell in peace."
And the heart of the editor was glad. Joyfully he turned aside from the gate, wended his way up the golden stairs to enter upon his just reward, where unpaid bills troubleth not and delinquent subscribers never come.

About Hand Shaking.

There are two kind of hand shakers for whom we go armed. If we ever slay our fellow man and hurl his surprised soul into the bosom of the great hereafter, it will be either the man who grasps our hands with such enthusiastic, external pressure that it comes back to us quivering heterogeneous mass of confused and abraded phalanges, or the man who protrudes his lifeless hand towards us and lays it in our palm as he would a bologna sausage. The last man enhances and enriches the act very much by looking at you with the cold unimpassioned eye of a dead codfish.

Encouragement.

Words of encouragement are indeed stimulative, and they never fail to strengthen the wings of ambition for a nobler and higher flight into the dazzling sky of brilliant effort. Yes, give the young and the struggling encouragement when you can. You would not leave those plants in your window-boxes without water, nor refuse to open the shutters that the sunlight might fall upon them; but you leave some human flower to suffer from want of appreciation or the sunlight of encouragement. There are a few hardy souls that can struggle along on stony soil—shrubs that can wait for the dew and the sunbeams—vines that climb without kindly training; but only a few. Utter the kind word when you can see that it is deserved. The thought that "no one cares and no one knows" blight many a bud of promise. Be it the young artist at his easel, the young preacher in his pulpit, the workman at his bench, the boy at his mathematical problems, or your little girl at the piano, give what praise you can.

Love Stronger Than Law.

The Law, which was given to the world amid the deep-toned thunderings of rock ribbed Sinai, was powerless to arrest the stubborn will of man in the unbridled license of free agency, and hence the inauguration of that grand and beautiful plan for the redemption of the race. Obedience would not yield to the threatening frown of fear. It listened only to the gentle, wooing whisperings of Love. And on that mournful Friday morning when the dear, sweet Jesus stood up as the sublime frontispice in that sorrow-crowned tragedy scene on Calvary, the sanctuary of feelings was reached—humanity was touched—pity was moved to tears—and as the heart, with quivering lips kissed up the precious libation, Justice sheathed her sword with the glorious shout; "Tis finished;" and Mercy, pale and gentle, meek-eyed advocate for man in the Supreme Court of Heaven, sent back to the sin-stained world the joy thrilling verdict: "Salvation for mankind."

For Mothers.

Give your girls a thorough education. Teach them to wash, to iron and darn stockings; to sew on buttons and to make bread. Teach them that a well managed kitchen lessens the doctor's account. Teach them that he only can lay up money whose expenses are less than his income, and that all grow poor who have to spend more money than they receive. Teach them that a calico dress paid for fits better than a silk one not paid for. Teach them that a full healthy face displays a greater lustre than fifty cosmetic beauties. Teach them that an honest farmer or mechanic in his working dress is a better object of esteem than a dozen haughty, finely dressed idlers. Teach them that the happiness of matrimony depends neither on external appearances nor on wealth, but on the man's character. Teach them that good, common sense, self-help and industry bring success.

The Only Way.

Strangely do some people talk of "getting over" a great sorrow, overlapping it, passing it by, thrusting it into oblivion. Not so. No one ever does that—at least no nature which can be touched by the feeling of grief at all. The only way is to pass through the ocean of affliction solemnly, slowly, with humility and faith, as the Israelites passed through the sea. Then its very waves of misery will divide and become to us a wall on the right side and on the left, until the gulf narrows before our eyes, and we land safe on the opposite shore.

Proof Of Devotion.

"And do you really love me George?" she asked:
"Love you!" repeated George fervently.
"Why while I was bidding you good-bye on the porch last night, dear, the dog bit a large chunk out of my leg, and I never noticed it till I got home. Love you!"

So True.

The chastisement of Heaven are often disguised blessings. The afflictions of the body are not frequently in human experience the sweetest cordial to the soul. The ministry of the suffering very often brings joy and consolation to the spirit and opens wider the gateway of the skies. Divine visitations, whether upon the individual, the community or upon the whole people, if viewed in the right way, may prove the greatest of benefactions, for it may lead to the salvation of the soul, the purifying and regenerating of society, and the recalling of a whole people to God, whom henceforth they will honor and reverence and obey. So calamities, when justly considered, are not unmixed evils, and are not always manifestations of an irrevocable Divine displeasure. The way of thorns and jagged stones may end in flowery meads and glorious mountain tops with eternal sun-bursts and heavenly fruitions.

Our Yearning.

With mercury climbing up the glass tubes of the thermometer, and seeking to cap the climax, it makes the hard working editor's heart yearn and groan for a vast congruity of shade when friends write of the pleasure of the ocean side and the cooling breezes of the mountains. Oh! that some one would "seal up some concentrated sea-breezes and send them to us. We are drier than last year's mullien stalk, stupider than a dozen boiled owls perched on the argument of an average dog day's sermon and more expressionless than a deserted goose nest under a tumbled down ash-hopper by a tenantless back-woods cabin. We pity all of the stay at homes if they feel as we do, but somebody must keep the country going while every one is visiting the mountains and the seaside and therefore we rest contented.

Waste Nothing.

The vegetable kingdom picks up the offal of the animal world and flourishes upon what would be death to sentient life. The law of forces is in perfect accord with the other forms of Nature's economy. Action and reaction are equal—impact and transmission—incident and reflection. The words of the Saviour indicate the same rule in spiritual matters. They also teach that Christianity came not to annul but to fulfill the natural laws. The law of labor and painstaking and saving was to be enforced. "Gather up the fragments," for another miracle is not going to be wrought to feed the multitude. Idleness, vagrancy, and thriftlessness are not to be encouraged. "He that doth not work shall not eat." He that squanders what he has even labored for, must come to want. Work, be diligent, be frugal. "Let nothing be lost."

Reporter's Rhyme.

Backward, turn backward, oh time in thy flight, rake up a suicide just for the night; I am so weary of news that is stale, writing up drunkards and vagrants in jail, writing of people who buy up some ground, writing old chestnuts of cattle in pound; weary of chasing till worn are my shoes, rake up some news, mother, rake up some news. Backward, turn backward, oh tide of the years; take me again to the time when the beers, frothy and foaming, were drunk by the pail, and people got full and were run off to jail. Let's have a murder, or shooting, or worse, lets have a scandal or thrilling divorce; to work on a paper would give you the blues, rake up some news, mother, rake up some news.

They Did.

"Georgie, dear," said a lovely maid,
As they sat on the porch the other night
"Its unhealthy to kiss, the doctors say,
So of course it cannot be right."
Not right.
"Well, darling," spoke the noble youth,
As his color mantled high,
"I never thought being kissed to death,
Such a horrible death to die."
Let's try.
And then they tried,
And nether died,
For such a lick
Ne'er made one sick.
Not sick.