

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

If you cancel a note you can't sell it.
Prayer is the avenue which leads to God.

A sea bath might be called a surgical operation.

The noblest character is moulded in the fire of affliction.

Good game is expensive though it is not always deer.

Pillow shams may be very appropriately called white lies.

Yes, Eddie, it is worse than a lye to hold out false soaps to a friend.

A physician should never look grave in a sick room. It is cruelly suggestive.

If there is any one who should be rapped in slumber it is the one who snores.

People are fond of tea, and yet it is the beginning of trials, troubles and tribulations.

The death warrant, read to a criminal on the gallows might be called a noose-paper.

The softest stir we ever heard of is dealing in soft soap at least it does so appear to us.

A young lady vocalist in Wilson chews tar when she wants to get her voice up to the right pitch.

There is a young school girl so very modest that she refuses to work on improper fractions.

Idleness is the nursery of vice, and it grows there as naturally as weeds in a neglected garden.

Writing essays for a prize might be called a skull race, particularly if the essays were of a racy nature.

Dews at night are diamonds at morn, even as the tears of repentance become pearls of joy in Heaven.

Don't laugh at your wife when she tries to stone the hens. She may ask you to help her stone the raisins.

Strange that when men spruce up they become popular, and girls pine for them because they seem all "ok."

One noble deed creates an epidemic of noble aspirations, and the contagion spreads until it permeates every bosom.

The higher your structure of aspiration the deeper must be your foundation of effort, or else it will cave in, and totter and fall.

The sweetest fruit of enjoyment is that which grows and ripens and mellows on the luxuriant and full blossomed tree of duty well performed.

There is no real growth of character except by a conquest over opposing difficulties—the doing right when it is against our inclination and prejudices.

Blessings are strewn along our pathway like flowers, but we must stoop and pick them up in order to enjoy their beauty and to inhale their precious fragrance.

It does us good to admire what is good and beautiful; but it does us infinitely more good to love it. We grow like what we admire; but we become one with what we love.

Never delay till to-morrow what reason and conscience tell you ought to be performed to-day. To-morrow is not yours; and though you should live to enjoy it, you must not overload it with a burden not its own.

When malice-tinctured tongues speak unkind things about you, don't hide your face in a veil of gloom and mortification, but lift it up in the comforting sunlight of the fact that the finest trees, with the most luscious fruit, are those which are flung at and pulled at most; and remember that it is the tall, giant oaks, the monarchs of the forest, that receive the hurtling blasts of the destructive lightning, when worthless brambles upon the ground, are spread.

Birthday Reflections.

We write these lines, kind reader, upon the anniversary of our natal day, and oh how busy is memory with years, that have flown into the retreats of the sad yet sweet by-gone. What varied scenes of hopes fulfilled and dreams all blighted arise to our view as we sit in our pensive twilight dreaming, and allow our memory's barque to sail back o'er the ocean of the Past. We see sunlight and shadow, joys and sorrows, pleasures and trials, rest and toil, triumphs and defeats, hopes blossomed out with delicious fragrance and the richly tinted beauty of fullest and sweetest fruition, and disappointments jutting out with the sharpest thorns of torture and deprivation. Yes, all these varied scenes we see as we turn over the pages in the volume of our life. And we shudder as we read the record over, for we see so many sins of omission, so many sins of commission, so many things that we ought to have done, and ought not to have done, that we feel there would be no hope for us, were it not for the compassionate tenderness of that loving Saviour whose merciful tears can wash such sins away, and make us pure and white like snow. And yet, with our poor, sin dwarfed faculties we have tried to do our duty to ourselves, to our country, to our fellow beings—to those poor pilgrims like ourself, who are plodding with bruised and weary feet the rough and rocky road that leads to a better and purer land beyond the skies. Yes, we have tried to make life brighter and sweeter for all by throwing the gleams of encouragement here and there, and by scattering flowers of cheer and hope along the dreary wastes some toiling feet must tread. And these efforts to soften the grief and soothe the woes and to ameliorate the trials of others have made our existence brighter and sweeter, and in many instances the current of life has been made to flow to the care lulling rhythm of the sweetest felicity and delight. We have found out in our own sweet experience that no one can do a deed of kindness without being benefitted thereby. Its fragrance will sweeten life like the perfume of flowers, and its recollections will come back like the well remembered strains of some dear old song. And so, to-night, as we sit and turn over the leaves in the volume of our life, we find many pages that are tinted with brightness and glisten with beauty. We have gathered the rarest and sweetest and loveliest flowers of pleasure and enjoyment, and yet we have felt the thorns of trouble and sorrow that always bear them company. The sea of life has been bright and calm, lovely and beautiful, for Heaven's silverest sunshine has fallen radiantly upon unruffled waters, and made their dimpled bosom glimmer with the coruscation of those endiamoned flashes of quivering arrows shot from the trembling bow of cloudless skies. And yet that same bright sea has been lashed into roaring by the angry storm of affliction, and many a tear-crested billow of bereavement has rolled in wildest surging of anguish across the moaning bosom of its sorrow-clouded deeps. But even then, amid the darkest surroundings, we saw through the bank of clouds a silver lining, brightening the dismal colors of the sombre drapery of gloom that drooped about it, and above the thundering roar of wildly-muttering billows we heard that "still small voice" of comfort and of cheer, "Be not afraid; it is I," and a calm of consolation, as peaceful as that which slept on the bosom of the Galilean sea when Jesus walked amid the billows and smoothed down their crested furrows, settled o'er the ragings of our own grief-swept heart, and all billows were lulled and quieted in the serene harbor of the blessed promise, "My peace I give unto thee, not as the world giveth, give I unto thee."

And so, it will be seen that while we are naturally merry hearted and joyous, life has not been exempt from the ills of the world, and that our days have not all been spent on the windy side of care and sorrow. We have had many clouds of sorrow to trail their shadows along our pathway, but they only served as a background, and brought out our joys in a richer, brighter and more glowing color even as the darkness of night brings out the stars in brighter and richer lustre. And the nearer we get to the Sunset the dearer and the sweeter, more glorious and more beautiful do the trials and sorrows and clouds of life appear, for they seem to catch upon their bosoms reflected glories of Heavenly Land, and we feel the comforting assurance that

soon all the shadows of life's dark cloud-land will be melted and drowned in the gorgeous colorings of the effulgent splendors which beam and glow and glisten and sparkle in everlasting brilliancy around the Great White Throne. Thank God for the hope, thank God for the comforting gleams that have been brought out in these birthday reflections.

The Conductor's Story.

"When a man has been railroadin twenty long years
He gits kinder hardened an' tough,
An' s'enes of affliction don't trouble him much,
'Cause his natur' is coarse like and tough.
But a scene that took place on my train one cold night
Would a' melted the heart of a stone,
An' among the adventurers which I have been through
That night jist stands out all alone.
'Twas a bitter cold night, an' the train was jam full,
Every berth in the sleeper was taken:
The people had jist turned in for the night,
An' the train for New York was a makin',
When jist as the people to a snore had begun,
An' I with a satisfied sigh
Had sat down on a chair for a short rest,
I heard
The sound of a young baby's cry.

"It was one o' those loud, aggravatin' like yell.
O' the pattern that makes you jist itch
For an gun or an axe an' excites up your mind
With mild thoughts o' murder 'an sich,
It went through the car, and I needn't remark
That the snorin' stopped right there an' then,
An' the sleeper was filled with a bilin' hot crowd
O' mad women and wild, swearin' men.
'The curtains jist then that—concealed
berth 16
Were open an' out come a man,
As fine a young feller as ever I seen,
But his face was all white like an' wan,
He carried the kid that was raising the row,
An' commenced walkin' down through the aisle
A tryin' to stop its loud screechin'—but pshaw!
It seemed to get wuss every mile.

"An idea seemed to strike one old feller jist then
An' he said to the pale faced young man,
'It seems to me, stranger, that kid could be stilled
By a simple an' feasible plan;
The noise that its makin' betrays what it needs—
The child wants its mother, that's plain;
An' why don't you call her? Ten chances to one,
She's sleepin' somewhere on the train.'

"A look then came over that young father's face,
A look full of anguish an' pain;
A look that will haunt me as long as I live,
As long as I work on a train;
An' he answered that man, in a hoarse, stifled voice
That sounded as, though from afar:—
'Her mother is sleeping on board of this train
In a box in the baggage car.'

His Excuse.

The other day George ran up against a lady whom he did not see, and jostled her about considerably. She stormed out "Sir do you take me for a door, and thus try to walk through me." And George said "Why my dear Miss you are sweet and pretty enough to be a door-able, and hence that misstep." She smiled and seemed as if she would be perfectly willing for George to run up against her again. George says that a dose of taffy will cure the worst attack of temper that a woman ever had, and that he always goes with a bottle of it uncorked and ready for use, and thus escapes right much abuse.

Observe The Sabbath.

The versatile and inimitable Fairbrother of the Durham Globe dips his plastic brush in the dye pots of sentiment, and paints this beautiful picture:

To-morrow is the Sabbath day, which you should remember and keep it holy. Dike yourself out—go and hear some parson tell you of the Great Jew—the gentle Christ who died that man might live eternal. Go out to hear and not to be seen. Think of to-morrow—the blessed Sabbath day—and imagine, if you can, what a wonderful choir—over all the world—will sing:

There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night
And pleasures banish pain.

And see the good women—with pure, virtuous, upright lives, leaning on that staff of faith—of that hope to one day see the Land. It is the rod and the staff which comforts them, and they walk through the valley and shadow of this old world; meet with the disappointments which are found upon the bitter banks of time; see Death and laugh at it in the knowledge that

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers;
Because when they laugh at Death they know that it

Like a narrow sea divides,
That heavenly Land from ours.

And so they live and so they go—go down without finching—meet that grim Death as though they met a friend—they know that all will be for the best, that God is good.

And then comes the fellow who stands upon the gloomy brink of Doubt. He says there is no God—no Heaven, nothing after the grave, and the narrow prison house ends all. He scoffs and laughs and jeers. But after all he must die—age comes or disease comes, and just before the final reveille, just before the last time he sees the lands where Jordan rolls between, he confesses that he is wrong; He sees

Bright fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green.

And then repents. And we have the divine assurance that it is never too late; that the fellow who comes limping along at the eleventh hour stands just as much show as the one who got reserved seats two weeks ahead—but then procrastination is the thief of time, and you can't always get a dray when you want it. Better go to church to-morrow and have them to show you that you have been monkeying with Time. They will sing to you and when they strike down near the bottom of the hymn

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore—

You might get a better idea of what you would like to do. The churches are free, if you do not wish to whack a little to the parson to help pay running expenses—so, my friend, you had better take a whirl to-morrow morning.

Her Picture.

Her eyes have caught the peerless light
That sparkles on the skies at night,
She smiles, and stars at once grow dim;
A gleam, a flash: your senses swim.

A voice as soft as silver bells:
Æolian harps and ocean shells
Breathe music less bewildering;
It conquers care to hear her sing.

Her steps as if a snowflake fell;
As graceful as the wild gazelle;
That form, ye gods! 'twould wake the smart.
Of envy in an hour's heart.

Those lips—but language can't express,
Their cherry charms: one rapt caress,
Would warm a frozen heart, I deem;
But misery! how they melt ice cream.

A Light Affair.

Mary had a little lamp,
'Twas full of kerosene;
She tried to make a little light,
And she haint since benzine.

Eddie's Effort.

Eddie has been studying the dog for some time, and has submitted the following as a partial result of his meditations and reflections upon the K. 9.

The dog is a digitigrade, carnivorous animal. This will be news to most persons, who had always supposed that a dog was simply a dog.

It has been bruited about that the dog is the best friend to man among the brute creation.

He pants after the thief. When once he gets hold of the thief's pants, he makes breeches.

A barking dog never bites; that is to say, when he begins to bite he stops barking. Conversely, a biting dog never barks, and for similar reasons.

The hair of a dog will cure his bite. This is a curious superstition among hair brained young men who are fast going to the dogs.

Dogs are dentists by profession. They insert teeth without charge.

The sea dog loves his bark. Did you ever see one that didn't?

The bark of a tree is unlike that of a dog. Even a dogwood knows this.

Dogs are not always kind, though there are many kinds of dogs.

Every dog has his day, although dog days last but a few weeks in the year. There must be a Sirius error here.

The dog's star is the dog's planet. They planet so that their days come while the star is in the sky.

They do not fear it. It is not a Skye terror.

When a dog enters a pitched battle he uses the dog's tar.

Brutus said, "I had rather be a dog and bay the moon than such a Roman." He had seen dogs roamin' around on the bay.

A living dog is said to be better than a dead lion. There is no lyin' about this, but a dead dog is dog gone bad.

Tray was a good dog, but a tre is worse than the duce when it is against you.

Dogs were the original Argonauts. They have never given over their search for the fleas.

The bull dog is a stubborn fellow. He is not easily cowed.

A great many stories about the dog have obtained currency. The man who has left a part of his clothing with the dog has cur-rent. See?

Puppies are born blind. They are not sea dogs then.

There are many types of dog, including doguerootype.

But perhaps we had better paws here. Howl this do for the dog?

Small Sins.

Avoid little indiscretions. Even though harmless in themselves at first, yet they will grow and grow until they become as big as mountains in their pernicious influences, and will spread a ruin as wide as the sweep of a tornado. Even a word or insinuation, thoughtlessly uttered, has been taken up by malice tinctured lips and viperous tongues, and in a week the reputation of an innocent fellow being is soiled by the mildew of suspicion, and a bright life goes under the dark cloud of reproach. We don't estimate the bigness of little things or the power they possess. It is the first leak in the ship which starts it to a watery grave. The kiss of the gentlest zephyr can keep in motion the waters of an ocean, and the smallest pebble will start a ripple which will grow and grow until foam crested billows sweep in roaring fury across the deep, stirring its waters into wildest surgings, and scattering destruction o'er all things within their angry sweep. And so with our little acts of imprudence and indiscretion. They start ripples of strife and trouble and sorrow which grow and grow, and swell and swell, until the wildest billows sweep down the river of time, foaming and foaming and tossing and tossing, spreading dismay here, and making wrecks upon the ocean of eternity.

The Next Thing To It.

The father had gone away and left his only son in charge of the store.

"Are you the head of the firm?" asked a man with a sample case, entering the establishment.

"No, sir," remarked the young man with great urbanity, "I'm only the heir of the head."