

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 31, 1892.

NO. 21

MERRY MORSELS.

AND RADIANT REFLECTIONS
BY HENRY BLOUNT.

Punctuated with Pungent Points
and Spiced with Sweetest
Sentiment

The baker is busiest when he is loafing.
Good character is above all things else.
Never be idle, for work prevents poverty.

An injury to a pear can never be repaired.

Sighs show the size of your loveful longings.

Strange but true that when we tire we wish to retire.

The cook doesn't burn everything she sets on fire.

A galvanic battery is indeed a most shocking affair.

A good woman keeps her husband from being a woe-man.

It is better to be nobly remembered than to be nobly born.

It would seem natural for a carpenter to walk with a lumbering gait.

Yes Eddie, an official should be impeached for stealing a peach.

He who waits to do a great deal of good at once will never do anything.

The wise man expects everything from himself, the fool looks to others.

Harsh words are the thunders that roll out from the dark clouds of anger.

A determined look in the face of duty frequently hides the scowl of trouble.

The morning is the time when most young men forget their rising ambition.

A man's troubles do not come singly when his wife presents him with twins.

A baker may have his shop in the west, but his work is always rising in the east.

Perfect devotion is the precious perfume of the full blossomed flower of affection.

When a balloon fails to go up as announced it is a soar disappointment to many.

The marriage of Mr. Haugh to Miss Teigh the other day made a haughty couple.

Consideration for the feelings of others is one of the noblest traits of human character.

Strange but true it is more weighty to announce a proposition than to pronounce a conundrum.

Only those who are sick know the blessings of health, and long for the comforts not purchased by wealth.

We never wish for rest until we are tired and weary, and never long for Heaven until the earth gets dreary.

The weakest, frailest woman is strong enough to enforce her convictions of what is right, and to shield herself from that which is wrong.

Contentment is a blessed virtue until it reaches that development where it sits quietly in the shade and allows the weeds of neglect and indifference to grow around you.

"Here is your purse" said a wife to her husband as she came in from shopping. Yes, responded the husband as he saw its lean condition "and the contents are sadly dispersed."

A man who would pluck a pure, sweet flower from the stem of virtue and soil it in the mud of vice should stand a Pariah among his fellowmen, and hear forever their hisses of eternal execration.

Kindness is that gloriously tuned harp which God places in human hearts, and when rightly touched by gentle fingers it breathes those imperishable melodies, which listening angels hear with rapture and delight.

When a husband abstains from drinking liquor he plants in the flower garden of home that God blest tree, which will have spreading branches, while the peace and contentment and happiness of his loved ones at home will be the sweet and luscious fruit that will ripen and mellow amid its fragrant and beautiful and heavenly tinted foliage of "living green."

The Bachelor.

Jim Cook, the versatile editor of the Concord Standard, made the following unique and original and rich response to the toast "The Old Bachelor" at the recent banquet of the Press Association in Charlotte. He said: "I wish no prouder epithet cut upon the humble marble which shall gleam for a little while among the wild grasses that grow over my neglected grave, than the simple words: "Here lies an unmarried editor." As I look around me here on the old familiar faces I cannot disguise from myself the fact that some of these are men as good by nature and far better by practice than myself. The same kind fortune smiled upon our births. The same protecting providence guided our little barks safely through the perils that beset the infant mariner upon the tempestuous sea of human existence, and in many essential respects it has happened to the good and bad alike. But in one exceedingly important particular a great difference exists between the lot of a large majority of the members of this association and that of the class for whom I have the honor to speak to-night, in responding to this toast. I allude, of course, to that hazard of fortunes which has divided us into bachelors and bachelors. As I look around me here upon these brethren, beloved brethren, of the press, who once were free American citizens exulting in the powers of a noble manhood and rejoicing as a strong man to run a race, now fallen in the great struggle for single existence and passed under the galling yoke of matrimonial ties, suffering the penalties of his rash steps in his midnight perambulations in garments whiter than snow searching through the household's apothecary shops for a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, while only here and there remains a bachelor in the unyoked state in which he came from the hands of the Creator, it is impossible not to experience an emotion of thankfulness such as the survivor of a hard fought day feels when the dim of battle hushes into night and peace, and he is left unhurt amid the dying and the dead, or words to that effect. It requires no little courage, besides other attainments to worship at the shrine of a goddess and at last to marry, but it requires the highest type of courage and manhood to withstand beatrician wiles. Such is the manhood of the few in whose interest I speak. Doubtless in early life they laid out their routes, and that they cling to them is evidence of their confidence in the same. The majority of the Press Association may resort to divine injunctions to convince the small minority of the O. Kness of their course, but the same authority says "he that taketh her not in marriage doth better"—take courage, brother Deacon Dowd. Milton is quoted as having said: "Woman is Heaven's last best gift to man," but as Milton was married twice, tried for a divorce he did most of his writing about hell and kindred subjects—such a record isn't worth much as authority. To cap the climax, after the undertakers had put in their work on the remains of Milton's two wives and all chance of their return had been cut off, Mr. Milton wrote his best lines, "Paradise Regained."

In the bachelor's preservation of his liberty is found the strongest proof of the truth of Darwin's hypothesis, for only the fittest survive in the long struggle that begins with the first down on the upper lip and only ends when the retreating makes its last stand in a thin existence above the coat collar, if it stands at all, or words to that effect. Be steadfast, therefore, and keep your eyes open. Artful tricks will seek to ensnare you. The most attractive side is the outside. Figures are manufactured, charms are assumed and sweetness is deceptive, we are told. Time will not permit us to attempt justice to the bachelor, when we view him from an economical and scientific standpoint. We cannot stop to estimate his worth to a community. The bachelor has never been accorded his just meed of praise. As I recall the experiences of the past, and turn an anxious eye towards the unveiled future which day by day discloses the devious windings of life's path, no words seem to me so fitly to express the bachelor's gratitude and hope as the pious lines, which Watts wrote and with which I close:

"Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I safe thus far have come;
'Tis grace has softened all my cares,
And grace will bear me home."

Sound Sense.

The Rev. Mr. Edwards gave good and wholesome advice when he uttered this admonition to young girls: "Girls be sensible. Many of you make a fatal mistake by thinking you are getting a man by linking yourselves to any kind of a fellow. Nothing can justify a girl for marrying a drunkard. In order to be sure that your husband will never be a drunkard, make him promise before you marry him that he will never indulge in intoxicating drinks. Single blessedness is far better than double cursedness. You cannot expect a man who has lost self respect to respect you. We heard of a young English lady who came to New York to marry a young man to whom she was affianced in England. He had come to this country two years previously to be engaged in business. She had known him as a sober young man. During the time she was preparing her wedding outfit he came to see her one evening when just drunk enough to make him foolish. She was greatly shocked and pained. He admitted that occasionally he drank to excess. She immediately stopped preparations, and told him that she could not marry him. He protested vehemently, and made great promises, but she declared positively that she would not dare trust her future happiness to a man who had formed such a habit. "I came," she said, "three thousand miles to marry the man I loved but rather than marry a drunkard I will return." And so she did, and proved herself strong and wise. A thousand times better dissolve the tenderest ties than to be linked to that body of death called a drunkard. Do you believe, girls? Go and ask the drunkard's wife what she thinks. Do not vacillate, hesitate or yield when a drunkard offers you his hand, but

Learn to say a decided "no,"
Which may spare you an untold woe.

Do not have faith in a drunkard's word, for he is unreliable. Too many have already done so whose throbbing hearts only ceased their hopeless aching in the chilling silence of the sepulcher. Let every young woman take a firm stand on the side of total abstinence, and it will do more to prevent intemperance than any present human means can accomplish. You cannot afford to be indifferent. It has to do with your temporal and eternal welfare. Then be up and doing all you can for the promotion of the temperance cause.

A Tale Of Two Chairs.

George on his Lizzie calls.
When chores are done and evening falls.
George is bashful, Lizzie's shy,
But then her parents sit near by.
"Good night, George—Liz, good night."
And paw and maw, by candle light,
Go off to bed, and leave to bliss
Their daughter and her beau, with chairs
arranged like this:

George lows "This weather'll do
Fur hayin'," Lizzie thinks so too.
"Went coonin' 'long with John last night."
"Get any coons?" "No, moon wan't
bright."

And so they court; naught goes amiss,
And George and Liz have aimed respective
chairs like this

With Spartan will to do or die
George seems to grow less shy,
And chairs become bewitched, I wis
They hitch and hitch and hitch until they
stand like this:

"D'you like me, Liz?" "Oh' George,"
They kiss.
Then round gets in round and chairs re-
semble this:

"She Sure Will."

Bruce had recourse to the sword. Tell to a bow and arrow, and Washington appealed to the God of battle, but when a woman strikes for liberty, she uses any thing she can lay her hands on.

Man's Hard Lot.

An exchange says that man born of woman is of few days and no teeth, and indeed it would be money in his pocket if he had less of either. As for his teeth he had convulsions when he cut them, and the last one comes through, lo! the dentist is twisting the first one out, and as the last end of that man's jaw is worse than the first, being full of porcelain and roof plate built to hold blackberry seeds. Stone bruises line his pathway to manhood; his father boxes his ears at home, the big boys cuff him on the playground and the teacher whips him in the school room. He buyeth Northwestern at 110, when he hath sold short at 96, and his neighbors unload upon him Iron Mountain at 63½ and in straight way breaketh down to 52½. He riseth up early and setteth up late that he may fill his barns and store houses and lo! his children's lawyers divide the spoils among them and say: Ha! ha! He groweth and is sore distressed because it raineth, and he beath upon his breast and sayeth, "My crop is lost," because it raineth not. The late rains blight his wheat and the frost blith his peaches. If it be so that the sun shineth, even among the nineties, he sayeth, "Woe to me for I perish." And even if the Northwest wingeth down in forty-two below, he cryeth, "Would that I was dead." If he wears sackcloth and blue jeans then they say he is a tramp, and if he goeth forth shaven and clad in purple and fine linen, all the people will cry, "shoot the dude!" He carrieth insurance for twenty-five years, until he has paid thrice over for all his goods, and then he lets his policy lapse one day and that night fire destroyeth his store. Verily, there is no rest for the sole of his feet, and if he had to do it over again he would not be born at all, for the day of death is better than the day of one's born."

Far Fetched.

When that efficient job printer, the obliging Mr. Dinkins came in the office on Monday morning, a sweet and serene and beautiful smile rippled over Eddie's lovely cheeks like the silver gleamings of moon, beams upon a quiet lake, and we all knew that some radiant creation was about to leap from his brilliant mind. And it did, for he said "Mr. Dinkins, why is a sheet of writing paper like a lazy dog." Mr. Dinkins said there was no similarity at all, Oh, yes, said Eddie, there is, for a sheet of paper is an ink-lined plain, an inclined plain is a slope up, a slow pup is a lazy dog."

We heard a sob, and turning around we saw that poor Dinkins had been so overcome that he was shedding tears of bitter anguish upon the sympathizing bosom of George Stallings who was overwhelmed with grief at this indubitable evidence of man's total depravity, and of Eddie's inevitable liability to pun-ishment in the world to come.

So Awfully Stupid.

First sweet girl—I understand that handsome young stranger has been calling on you quite regularly.

Second sweet girl—Yes, but he's awfully tiresome.

Tiresome?
Yes, he don't do a thing the whole evening but sit on the extreme end of the sofa and talk.

True.

A cynic likens society to a long series of uprising ridges which from the first to the last offer no valley of repose; whenever you take your stand, you are looked down upon by those above you, and reviled and pelted by those below you. Every creature you see is a fathering Sisyphus, pushing his little stone up some Lilliputian mole-hill. This is our world.

Try It.

Don't be a cynic and disconsolate preacher. Don't bewail and bemoan. Omit the negative propositions. Nerve us with incessant affirmatives. Don't waste yourself in rejection, nor bark against the bad but chant the beauty of the good.

A Dangerous Step.

The very moment a wife keeps a secret from her husband, and confides it to the keeping of another man, she opens the door to her own hurt and harm and injury and dishonor, for through it is liable to rush at any moment that cold and chilling wind of suspicion and distrust which does so easily and surely freeze up and kill out those beautiful flowers of peace, harmony, faith and confidence which, when in fullest bloom, always fill life with a perfume as sweet and as delicious as the Heavenly odors, shaken from the flowers of Paradise by the sinless hands of God's own angels. In this act alone, the preciously studded and richly bejeweled diadem for her royal wifehood is robbed of its priceless and sparkling brilliancy; her royal scepter is broken, her queenly sway is ended, for the God-woven garland of her Heaven crowned womanhood is ruined by the fading and the withering of its sweetest and most beautiful flowers, and all that made her life lovely and beautiful, sweet and peaceful, grand and glorious must needs go down in awful wreck, leaving the ivy of bitterest memories to creep across the saddened ruins.

The Sarcastic Woman.

Have you ever met the sarcastic young woman? No! You will find her everywhere that the ice grows luxuriantly. She is a cross between a tartar and a tarantula. She is a pest. The giddy girl, the lackadaisical miss are not ornaments whose loss would cause the world grief, but they can be tolerated. The sarcastic maiden should be impressed by law. The school is growing. Nobody likes the sarcastic girl; every body fears and many hate her. Her stock in trade may originally have been satire, but has long ago degenerated into impudence, and with the degeneration has slipped away her ability to see the difference between what was and what is—between satire and impudence. She has been fostered in the family circle, and generally stays there. She began with mild criticisms of her friends, and ends lampooning them. Now she has none, and caricatures her acquaintances. Her parents applauded her early efforts, and she retaliates by staying on their hands. The family thinks her brilliant; young men avoid her, and what the world knows as a sour old maid is generally thus created.

Pun-strous.

George Stallings has been engaged in a desperate square heel-and toe wrestling match with a lot of atrocious puns. He received a note from a charming young lady friend, announcing that she had been confined to her room for several days with a sprained ankle or foot, and he let loose his punny wit in this reply: "I am nail-e to the cross of deep concern by the tidings of your unlucky feat, but all my grief is boot-less at this distance. Devoutly my prayers ascend that the is-shoe may be favorable and that, ere this scrawl can reach you, your wound may be heel-ed in toe-toe, and leave no r-ankle-ing scar behind as a leg-end-ary reminder of your dis-comfeet-ure. In foot-ure, pray be more more careful in your gaitor, instep-ping choose less slipper-y ground. My knee-ness about you un-strings the sinews of my soul, and my punning stock-in trade, though lasting, has awl pegged out. Knee plus ultra. Eye-let you rest without more pun-ishment."

George's Miss-hap.

George came in the office yesterday, looking as if he had reached for something and didn't get it. And this is the way he described it:

I caught her in a fond embrace,
I gave a vigorous squeeze,
And just as face met up with face
She gave a fearful sneeze.

Correet.

"Beans regarded as food" is the headline in an exchange. That is the way beans should be regarded. Any one who would regard beans as a beverage would be away off.