

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, SEPT 28 1892.

NO. 25

MERRY MORSELS.

AND RADIANT REFLECTIONS
BY HENRY BLOUNT.

Punctuated with Pungent Points
and Spiced with Sweetest
Sentiment

Loud talking is not allowed.
Many an old book has to be bound over
to keep the piece.
The poet who is always a musing is not
necessarily funny.
Putting a muzzle on a rooster might be
called a crow bar.

There is a charming elasticity about a
girl of eighteen Springs.

"Veni, vidi, vici," is now translated: she
came, she saw, she conquered.

A good many dough heads are still
found among the upper crust.

"The Wasp" is the name of a new novel.
We suppose it has a band end.

A bald-headed book-keeper should never
try to wipe his pen in his hair.

He who would avoid sin must not stand
in the doorway of temptation.

One button on the pants is worth two in
the contribution plate on Sunday.

It was cur-rently reported Monday that
the train had rent a dog in twain.

If you stroll through a forest all day you
will be sure to sigh for rest at night.

Desire is a tree in leaf; hope is a tree in
flower, and enjoyment is a tree in fruit.

The oldest woman on earth is Aunt
Diluvian. She is the sister of Aunt-Tickty.

One good act to-day is worth a thousand
in contemplation for some future time.

In the bright lexicon of speculation
there is nothing so uncertain as a sure
thing.

When a man takes seven days' vacation
does he do so because he has a weak-
cough?

In an angry moment a man may do
what a whole lifetime of repentance can-
not undo.

Hardly any body would care to change
place with the turtle, and yet he has a
great snap.

The new ostler's wife asked him if they
were not to take a wedding trip, and he
took a bridle to her.

Men of genius are often dull and inert
in society; as the meteor when it descends
to earth is only a stone. That is the reason
we are dull and stupid.

The boy who was employed to see that
the hens were kept away from the garden
congratulated himself upon possessing a
job that was a shoe-er thing.

It is suggested that poverty progresses
arithmetically. When a man meets with
reverse he advertises his house "2 let."
When he is utterly ruined he advertises it
"4 sale."

It is only from those who have suffered
themselves that we may expect sympathy
or consolation in our distress. A heart
that has bled for its own sorrows can sel-
dom be hardened to another's woe.

When there is love in the heart there is
a brilliant gleam in the eye, which gives
lustrous beauty to all surrounding objects,
and tints with its Heavenly hues of radi-
ance the darkest clouds of earthly care and
trouble.

Good temper is the philosophy of the
heart—a gem in the treasury within whose
rays are reflected on all outward objects—
a perpetual sunshine, imparting warmth,
light and life, to all within the sphere of
its influence.

Nothing flings so divine a spell over the
heart of humanity as disinterested benefi-
cence. Herein is the power of Jesus and
Paul and the heirs of their spirit and deeds
through the ages. Flinted must be the
heart indeed that can resist its sweet
drawings, and cold and frozen the throbb-
ings that are not softened and mellowed
by its glorious beamings.

Alone With Our Dreaming.

The sun has entered the chamber of rest,
the dust of glory that arose in his crimson
pathway has drifted away from the sky,
and the curtain of night hides in its folds of
darkness a tired world, and bids its every
care release, and dream alone of heavenly
peace. Yes, what a blessed rest, what a
soothing spell, what a healing balm, what
a peaceful solace is blessed, glorious night.
Under its quiet hush the conflicts of the
day doth end, and truce its peaceful bless-
ings send; the mind divests itself of care,
and fills its chambers with peace most rare;
the soul unburdened of its care, lifts itself to
God in prayer, and thoughts now fly to
realms above where all is peace and all is
love. And for hours we have been sitting
here in our window, enjoying the peace
and this rest and this beauty, for what is
more tranquilizing and more beautiful than
a magnificent star-lit night, when Heaven
itself comes full in sight, and flings upon
the bending skies the radiance of its twink-
ling eyes. And there is nothing more
awe inspiring than this clear, calm, serene,
tranquil sky, emblazoned as it is now with
corruscant and flashing waves of light that
are flung off from Heaven's own throbbing
ocean of inexhaustible brilliancy. God's
magnificent handwriting is witnessed there,
and even an atheist, looking up at those
grand and dazzling hieroglyphics, is bound
to read in their brilliant and faultless group-
ing the omnipotence of Jehovah, and trem-
ble with awe at the matchless wonders
and splendid beauty of his workmanship.
And sitting here watching the stars, and
bathing our vision in their glimmering
waves of sparkling radiance we have been
brought into a sweet and blessed commu-
nion with the loved ones who are gone,
and we have thus lived over again the
hours of the hallowed past. A fit time in-
deed it is to get memory glances at those
loved passengers in that mystic boat, whose
voiceless pilot is leading them through the
crystal channels of the river of life. And
these glorious eyes of Heaven seem to be
in perfect accord with our fitful, moody
natures; for when joyous and happy the
very stars seem to bend lovingly down in
tender watchfulness. But when the heart
is sad, the spirit bowed, the world cold,
"the fire burned out" on our hearts and
hearths, these same stars look down with
pitying gaze as we raise our eyes in mute
appeal for sympathy, and they seem to bid
us hope on, and look to Him, and to feel
that He, whose creative power brought in-
to existence this beautiful world, is not un-
mindful of our happiness, and His ears are
still open to our cries, and that he will bless
and crown our weary hearts at last with
the mercy-woven and love-entwined flow-
ers of that everlasting peace and happi-
ness which find their fullest bloom and
richest fragrance in the golden sunlight of
radiant immortality. And so we have
been dreaming to-night of peaceful rest
and blissful scenes amid the blest; we've
seen the spot where angels tread, and
clasped again our sainted dead. On the
star-built ladder of silvery night, we've
climbed to that fair world of light, and with
our loved ones strolled up there, and sip-
ped love's nectar sweet and rare. Yes,
far from earth we've been to-night, where
all was sweet and all was bright; a glorious
dream indeed was ours, for we have stroll-
ed in Heavenly bowers.

That Kiss.

Up the perfume-sweet avenue of love
and under the roseate archway of Hymen
they had passed into the joy-lit realm of
that higher and holier existence, where
soul meets soul on limpid waves of ecstas-
tic feeling, and hearts touch hearts through
the blended channel of lips in rapture
linked. They had just been made man
and wife, and their souls must meet and
"swap a swap" of labial endearment. And
now, how can we describe that osculatory
performance. It was not a spasmodic
kiss, like a stopper flying out of a cham-
paigne bottle, or a suctionary kiss, like a
cow pulling her foot out of the mire; and
neither was it one of those long, linger-
ing, languishing kisses which lovers give
when hid by clustering vines from the
glance of the moon beams. No, none of
these, but it was, to be alliterative, a kind
of a slunchwise, slantindictular, soup sup-
ping, sop-sipping meeting of the lips,
which went for the whole hog of endear-
ment or none, and that is the way two
hearts began to beat as one.

Home.

In these days of unrest attention is
largely diverted from the special blessings
of home life. Men easily loose sight of the
healthful repose, the perfect rest from con-
flict, which makes the life of home the
sweetest symbol of Heaven. Some of the
peculiar advantages of our American civil-
ization are full of very serious dangers.
An immense territory, a spirit of adven-
ture, and love of travel, the unexampled
rapidity with which large cities spring
from the very wilderness as if by magic,
the novelty of all things and the consequent
lack of sacred associations which resist
change—these, and many other causes,
greatly lessen, where they do not entirely
destroy, that peculiar feeling which finds
its expression in "Home sweet Home!"
Nay, even closed furnaces, or radiators, or
steampipes are not without a serious effect
upon domestic comfort, or at least, do-
mestic coziness. Compare, for instance,
the pathetic longings of the wanderer in
Goldsmith's "Deserted Village:"

"In all my wanderings round this world of
care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my
share
I still had hopes, my latest hours to
crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me
down:
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by re-
pose."

Here we have it—in that exquisitely mu-
sical verse in which even yet Goldsmith is
without a rival: "To keep the flame from
wasting by repose." The modern Ameri-
can is always burning the candle at both
ends. "God giveth his beloved sleep," but
the young children in an American house
sit up late, see company, have their sweet
eyes dazzled and their nerves kept quiver-
ing by brightly-lighted rooms, and eager
conversation. Life is robbed of its sweet-
est charm, its truest refinement, and it is de-
prived of confidential and unreserved in-
tercourse with those whom one loves and
can trust. Both strength and grace of
character, like sturdy trees and fragrant
flowers, must have a chance to grow; and
growth needs darkness and winter and re-
pose as well as sunlight and wind and
stimulus. Home means rest, familiarity,
love, truth, a fruitful waste of time, self-
forgetfulness, a thousand acts of happy
self-sacrifice. It is the true life, the end-
in-itself, for which most everything else is
a mere instrument or preparation. It is
an old-fashioned doctrine, but none the
less true. The real test of what a man
verily is, his home life. The man who
cares nothing for home, who does nothing
to make home happy, who is forever long-
ing for new faces and new scenes, may not
necessarily be vicious; but he is "in a par-
lous state," and the ready prey for the
great enemy of souls. And the wife who
cannot make a home may be very beauti-
ful and very brilliant, "the observed of all
observers," the "belle" of her city, the best
known name in society; but after all she
lacks that something, the pearl of great
price, without which she comes short of a
true womanliness.

A Twilight Reflection.

Night kissed the young rose, and it bent
softly to sleep. Stars gleamed and pure
dew drops hung upon its bosom and watch-
ed its sweet slumbers. Morning came
with its dancing breezes and they whisp-
ered to the young rose and it awoke joyous
and smiling. Lightly it swung to and fro
in all the loveliness of health and youth-
ful innocence. Then came the bright sun-
god, sweeping from the east, and smote
the young rose with its scorching rays, and
it fainted. Deserted and almost heart-
broken, it dropped to the dust in its loveli-
ness and despair. Now the gentle breeze,
which had been gambolling over the sea,
gushing on the home-bound bark, sweeping
over hill and dale, by the neat cottage and
still brook—turning the old mill, fanning
the brow of disease and frisking with the
curls of innocent childhood—came tripping
along on her errand of mercy and love;
and when she fondly bathed its head in
cool refreshing showers the young rose
revived and looked and smiled in gratitude
to the kind breeze: but she hurried quick-
ly away, singing like the breeze, and gath-
ering fragrance from the drooping flow-
ers it refreshes and unconsciously reaps
a reward in the performance of its offers
of kindness.

A Cheering Letter.

MR. BLOUNT:—The MIRROR has just
been read, of course I enjoyed it as I usu-
ally do. There is always something good
in it, something to make me feel better and
brighter, and cares don't seem so hard af-
ter I have read the comfort always found
in your dear paper. If all the people were
good and kind like you and said only good
things about everybody and let bad things
go unsaid this world would be easier to
live and life would be sweeter. My wife
likes it, she says, next to her Bible, and
she frequently reads a piece in it and says,
"That editor is certainly a mighty good
man and must be a Christian." Although
I don't know you I do judge from your
writings which are beautiful, that there is
nothing waspish in your nature and that
you do certainly look at everything on
their best side. For that reason your
paper brings cheer into every home it en-
ters, and thus you become a blessing to
your readers. I have written too much
but as it is all in praise I don't reckon you
will grumble at the length as most people
like to be complimented, and I know you
are not an exception. Excuse me a per-
fect stranger to you, for writing this letter,
but wife told me to write and let you know
how much we thought of the MIRROR,
and to encourage you in your good work.

We thank our kind but unknown friend
for the complimentary letter, but candor
compels us to say that we are not good,
and neither do we possess the other virtues
enumerated above. But on the ground of
pulchritudinal exquisiteness and Adonis-
like loveableness we think we would waltz
in as a first class "flower garden" with all
its accompanying sweetnesses, and particu-
larly so, since our recent abscess has left
such an exquisite beauty mark upon a
cheek, where witchery and fascination
once found a throne to weave their spell of
rapture and enchantment.

A Scene.

With her he swings upon the gate,
And views her form in rapture great.
He tells his love in tones most sweet,
For in pure bliss their souls do meet.
He puts his arm around her waist,
And rubs his cheek on her soft face.
He feels the throbbing of her heart,
And swears from her he'll never part.
When all at once she makes a squirm
"I fear it is some horrid worm,
O turn me loose, Oh do, I beg,
It's crawling up my—up my—up that
portion of the human anatomy which an
innate sense of delicacy forbids me to
mention but which is absolutely essential
for locomotion."
And with that the meeting adjourned,
the gate rested from its labors, she rushed
to the house, and he walked away mutter-
ing curses upon all creeping things.

True.

Happiness between husband and wife
can only be secured by that constant ten-
derness and care of the parties for each
other which are based upon warm and
demonstrative love. The heart demands
that the man shall not sit reticent, self ab-
sorbed, and silent in the midst of his fami-
ly. The woman, who forgets to provide
for her husband's tastes and wishes, renders
her home undesirable for him. In a word,
ever-present and ever-demonstrative gen-
tleness must reign, or else the heart
starves.

Several Origins.

"What is the origin of motion?" asked a
celebrated preacher. Well there are
many origins. A call to come up to have
a drink will bring fifty men to their feet in
a second, and a spider down a girl's back is
the origin of some of the liveliest
motions in the world.

Strange.

It's the strangest thing, methinks,
That a maiden crimps and prints
Till she wins her beau-ideal of the iads,
And then doesn't care a snap
If he sees her in a wrap
And a wornout pair of slippers of her dad's.

A Precious Spot.

Some people shudder at the sight of a
grave, and shrink away in horror from
those peaceful mounds. But to us a bur-
ial ground is a sweet and precious and com-
forting spot, and we linger amid its quiet
hush, and bathe our feelings in that sweet
stream of hallowed sadness which ever
flows in lulling ripples over those window-
less palaces of sleep and rest. Here we
find the sweetest solace; here we find a
sure and safe and peaceful retreat from
all the cares and sorrows which billow the
ocean of human experience, for once with-
in this precinct we feel so far removed
from all the sordid influences of the world,
and our thoughts are stretching so far
Heavenward that we hear no longer the
storms and whirlwinds of earthly conflicts
and commotions, and for a time at least
the wildest throbbings of the fiercest hu-
man passions feel the spirit presence of the
angel of peace, and they too find burial in
that blessed calm which ever breathes its
requiem to the dead. And for that reason
we love to stroll amid these hallowed
mounds, and feel that it is here the old life
with all its scars and its bruises and its
hurts and pains, has ended, and that the
new life, with its beauty and its brightness
and its glorified rapture, has begun to bask
in the flood light of eternal day, and float
on waves of immortality. Yes, the grave
is the meeting place of earth and Heaven,
and here indeed we find those sweet and
precious links of memory which hold us
in such blessed communion with the loved
ones gone.

Slander.

Against slander there is no defense.
Hell cannot boast of so foul a fiend, nor
man deplore so foul a foe. It stabs with a
smile; it is a pestilence walking in dark-
ness, spreading contagion far and wide,
which the most wary traveler cannot avoid.
It is the heart searching dagger of the as-
sassin. It is the poisoned arrow whose
wound is incurable. It is as fatal as the
most deadly asp. Murder is the employ-
ment; innocence its prey, and ruin its
sport.

He Was.

"Are you at all aesthetic in your tastes?"
she asked, in a sprightly manner, as she
moved towards the piano.—"Well, a little,"
he answered. "I am aesthetically to the
extent of having an admiration for unsung
songs." There is now a deep gulf between
them which nothing can bridge.

Hear Both.

Never condemn your neighbor unheard,
however many the accusations preferred
against him; every story has two ways of
being told, and justice requires that you
should hear the defence as well as the ac-
cusation, and remember that the malignity
of enemies may place you in a similar po-
sition.

And She Rested.

Come rest on this shirt front,
My own stricken dear,
And smear it all over
With grease from thy hair.
Here still is the shirt
Which you smeared up last night
I'll not have it washed
Till it's dirtied up quite.

Named Himself.

"Some idiot has put my pen where I
can't find it," growled Asperity this morn-
ing as he rooted about his desk. Ah, aw
yes; I thought so," he added in a milder
tone, as he hauled the writing utensil
from out behind his ear.

Not Built That Way.

A girl may be both false and fickle
And change her mind every day,
But you can't get her to ride a bicycle
For she sint built that way.