

# 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

A bad omen is to owe men.  
Silence is the fence around wisdom.  
Eddie says to kiss a Miss is not amiss.  
No man is impatient with his creditors.  
A coal dealer does business on a large scale.  
The weakness of the walls invites the burglar.  
Truth is heavy, therefore few care to carry it.  
The bent of many a man's inclination is crooked.  
Every utterance creates some kind of an impression.  
Keep your conscience but not your farm void of a fence.  
Calumny is like coal; if it does not burn it will soil.  
Many weaknesses of human nature are distorted virtues.  
The man who draws up a note is a promising writer.  
Real glory springs from the silent conquest of ourselves.  
The rule which boys dread most in school is the ferule.  
The wisest fellow we think are those who agree with us.  
The parlor is probably the most frequented of all court rooms.  
The consciousness of a duty performed gives us sleep at midnight.  
Avoid passion and excitement. Anger of a moment may be fatal.  
Less argument and more work will make any person better off.  
Prayer without work and a note without a signature are alike in value.  
Of all the battles there are none like the unrecorded battles of the soul.  
George says his girl is like a hinge because she is something to a-dore.  
God did not make man perfect. He made them pilgrims after perfection.  
Never judge by appearance. A seedy coat may cover a heart in full bloom.  
The gout may be said to be a beacon on the rock of luxury to warn us against it.  
A shoe maker in quitting business might be said to be taking a last and sole-full farewell.  
Most men like to see themselves in "print" but women don't. They prefer silk or satin.  
It doesn't always follow that because a woman has a tender heart she is willing to take up with the first tender.  
We know two brothers who have to be told everything together, for they are so near alike they cannot be told apart.  
Deceit is the byway leading to confusion and disgrace, where thorns of misery and weeds of contempt alone are found.  
We don't know Eddie but we suppose the "side of events" may have some bearing upon the "current of public opinion."  
The best tea to sip is charity, for its soothing potations quiet many a tingling cough in the hacking throat of care and trouble.  
When a man makes a mistake in marriage that mistake is caused by some mysterious influence which he could not fathom.  
Don't let the evening of life be less joyous than the morning. The freshness of the morning gave you vigor to work through time, and the quiet of the evening should give you peace to rest through eternity.  
Many a blessed promise in the Bible would remain a sealed promise, if the key of sorrow or trial or temptation were not sent to open its doors, and warm to ones heart such words as "Be of good cheer, it is I; be not afraid."

## Cheerfulness.

Nature was made everywhere vocal with the challenge of cheerfulness. The taste of men differ immeasurably with regard to every thing else; but who presumes to criticise the blue of the sky, the blush of the rose, the verdure of the dewy mead? Who paints the window with the diamond fern as does the magic frost? What are pyramids which man has raised, compared with mountains which God has lifted to their solitary and everlasting grandeur? How do the valleys spread in their tranquil beauty at our feet? For everything that seems even to mar the beauty of natural creation, how many million glories crown it? How many the excellencies of human nature itself is weighed against the defects? And how suicidal is he to his own peace who will persistently see only that which invades it, when, in the sight, he must refuse to see so much more that would give him pleasure? Our own characteristics make our world. We may take almost anything in life and read it darkly or lightly as we choose. So then, close your eyes and your ears to the repulsive and the discordant, and only open them to the beautiful and the entrancing. Wreath your face in brightness and sunny smiles, for a radiant, cheerful countenance is to the face what tints are to beautiful and glorious flowers, or the roseate and crimson and variegated colorings to the sky, when some grand and gorgeous sunset hath lent its most opulent glories to gild and beautify the islets of clouds that lie embedded in the ocean of space. It is like the songs of birds, when their precious strains come rippling in sweetest wavelets from throats that God Himself did tune to glorious notes of joyousness and of gladness. It is like the mild and mellowed and chastened radiance of a cloudless moonlight night, when every shadow wears on its bosom that jewel of silvery lustre which seems like those glistening gleams of radiance flung off from Heavenly splendors. Yes, next to the sunlight of Heaven is the sunlight of a cheerful face. There is no mistaking it—the bright eye, the unclouded brow, the sunny smile,—all tell of that which dwells within. Who has not felt its electrifying influence? One glance at this face lifts us at once out of the arms of despair; out of the mists and shadows, away from tears and repining, into the beautiful realms of hope. One cheerful face in a household will keep everything bright and warm within. Envy, hatred, malice, selfishness, despondency and a host of evil passions may lurk around the door, they may even look within, but they never enter and abide there; the cheerful face will put them all to shame and flight. It may be a very plain face, but there is something in it we feel, we cannot express, and its cherry smile sends the blood dancing through the veins and for very joy we turn towards the sun, and its warm, genial influence refreshes and strengthens our fainting spirits. Ah, there is a world of magic in the plain, cheerful face! It charms us with a spell of eternity, and we would not exchange it for all the soulless beauty that ever graced the fairest form on earth. It may be a very little face; one that we nestle upon our bosoms or sing to sleep in our arms with a low, sweet lullaby; but it is such a bright, cherry face! The scintillations of joyous spirits are flashing from every feature. And what a power it has in the household, binding each heart together in tenderness and love and sympathy! Shadows may darken around us, but somehow this face ever shines between, and the shining is so bright that the shadows cannot remain, and silently they creep away into the dark corners where the cheerful face is gone. It may be a wrinkled face, but it is all the dearer for that, and none the less bright. We linger near it and gaze tenderly upon it and say, "God bless this happy face!" We must keep it with us as long as we can, for home will lose much of its brightness when the sweet face is gone. And after it is gone, how the remembrance of it purifies and softens our wayward nature. When care and sorrow would snap our heart strings asunder, this wrinkled face looks down upon us, and the painful tension grows lighter, the way less dreary, the sorrow less heavy, for we see the glory of the brightness "Over There"—of that brilliant flood light which beams on all hearts and makes every countenance as radiant and as sparkling as the glimmer of an icicle when sunbeams are dancing upon its stainless bosom.

## True Hospitality.

In the art of entertaining our friends we are more apt to err in the observance than in the breach. There is no method of rendering even the most self-obssequious attention, and to a modest visitor such strained courtesy becomes a positive pain. It is not true hospitality to depart from our regular mode of living when we receive a guest, or surround him by a strained punctilio, which is uncomfortable alike to receiver and to giver. There is a good old homely sound in the term "pot-luck," which indicates that the guest is to share our fireside, to be one with us, and partake of the goods that may be provided. If all of us live true lives, lives which are not ashamed to have the world see and know, if we did not have poor, wretched skeletons hiding in our closets, which we have not heart or bravery enough to clear out of our very homes, and not turn our dwellings into a hostelry for his reception. The wretched thing, which, for a better term, we call pride, but which is really the true demon of covetousness, is forever turning our homes topsyturvy, creating wretched makeshifts to make an appearance of an over-luxurious board, when we ought to be proud of the simple and homely good fare which we are able to have. How many women possessed of dainty rag carpets, well and tastefully made, over which the sunshine can play forever without any danger of fading them, long anxiously for tapestry carpets, and shut out all the sunshine when they have got them, for fear they may be faded.  
It is just this spirit that goes through the whole household, the spirit of dissatisfaction with all the homely surroundings—a desire to introduce show and glitter and false makeshifts of every kind, which does more to break up family happiness and destroy all chance of extending true hospitality to our friends than anything else. If we live true lives we can bring our friends home at any time that we choose to invite them, and we need not apologize for the simple fare. They will appreciate the old Scriptural adage: "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is than a stalled ox and hatred therewith." She is indeed the truest hostess who makes her guests feel more at their ease, who in the plain old Saxon, can make them at home. The opening of dusty shut-up parlors, which smell of moth-eaten carpets, the parade of the best china on the table with trembling care lest a piece be broken, the setting forth of so elaborate a menu that it tends to gluttony, will never make our friends "at home." If our parlors are always open and we have no bric-a-brac too fragile to be admired by all the family, if no part of the house is too good for our own living, if in short we sacrifice entirely that gloomy sepulchral room which is still maintained in many old families—the parlor—we shall live much more natural, easy lives and we can then receive our friends into the living room, make them at home to the best that we have for ourselves, and we may always be satisfied that it will please them better than any effort of strained hospitality.

## Too Willing.

"Do you love me as dearly as men have ever loved women?" said Mabel, finding an easy anchorage for her cheek about the latitude of his left suspender.  
"More," said George, with waning enthusiasm, for this was about the two hundred and fourteenth encore to which he had responded since 8 o'clock. "More, far more dearly. Oh, ever so much more."  
"Would you," she went on, and there was a tremulous impressiveness in her voice, "would you be willing to work and wait for me, as Rachel waited at the well, seven long years?"  
"Seven!" he cried, in a burst of genuine devotion, "Seven! Aye, gladly! Yes, and more! Even until seventy times seven! Let's make it seventy, anyhow, and prove my devotion."  
Somehow or other he was alone when he left the parlor a few minutes later, and it looks now as though he would have to wait about 700 years, for she was fearfully angry when she swooped out of the room, as the truth dawned upon her that George was not seriously bent on marriage, and that he was entirely too willing to wait.

## Beautiful Nights.

We have never seen the nights more exquisitely beautiful and entrancingly lovely than they have been for the past week. Fair Luna, the majestic Empress of the sky, has been waving her silvery scepter from the star-gemmed throne of night, and filling the earth with a matchless scene of indescribable loveliness. The scene has been heavenly, for every object was bathed in purest streams of stainless lustre, and seemed to breathe an odor of peace, of purity, of rest, of love, of happiness and of Heaven. Our beautiful trees, amid whose branches the rippling moonbeams brightly crept, and danced upon the quivering bosom of their trembling leaves—as South winds made the music in the touch of sweetest sighs—flooded our streets with millions upon millions of frolic and rollicking shadows, which went quivering here and there with all of the nervous gleamings of trembling stars when they are seemingly afraid of and shudder at the shadows of dark-browed night. Yes, it was a time for the lover's lute, for everything seemed to feel the thrilling melody of harmonious intermingling, and every heart opened a channel for the rapturous flowing of love's deepest and most delightful currents. No wonder then that so many cozy retreats presented such scenes of beauty and of tenderness and of sweetness as those the moon so approvingly smiled upon in brightest gleamings, and would not tell, and neither must we write about those enraptured communions, which have so much of Heaven and so little of earth in them, and which are some times experienced on a glorious moon-lit evening. And so we will leave the lovers alone in their own love-built grottoes of rapture, and as they sit in speechless bliss, and listen to the heart-beats, mingling together in glorious and entrancing rhythm, we will indulge just one reflection upon the blessed stillness of such sweet and calm and beautiful nights. Yes, they wear our thoughts from sordid scenes of earth, and woo them to that beatific realm of peace and rest amid the blest, and of which these nights are so beautifully typical, and of whose glories and beauties we will never know until the spirit of immortality shall kindle its fires upon the ruins of time, and touch a world redeemed with the eternity of its rapture.

## Pluck.

With the aid or under the influence of "pluck," using that term in a modern sense, and in relation to the daily heroism of life in the midst of difficulties, it is possible not only to surmount what appear to be insuperable obstructions, but to defy and repel the enmities of climate, adverse circumstances, and even disease. Many a life has been saved by the moral courage of a sufferer. It is not alone in bearing the pain of operations or the misery of confinement in a sick room that this self-help becomes of vital moment, but in the monotonous tracking of a weary path and the vigorous discharge of ordinary duty.

## Esteem.

All of us have at times felt the spur to good conduct that is given by consciousness that others think well of us and expect good things of us. It arouses all the energy of the nature to retain such esteem and to prove that it was not unmerited. All good and all evil may be largely strengthened and developed by being drawn into notice, and may likewise be weakened and crushed by being ignored or dropped out of sight. In honestly making the best of things and of people we not only increase the happiness of the world, but also strengthen and enhance the good that is in it.

## Be Bright.

The company of a good humored man is a perpetual feast; he is welcomed everywhere—eyes glisten at his approach, and difficulties vanish in his presence. Franklin's indomitable good humor did as much for this country in the old Congress as Adam's fire or Jefferson's wisdom; he clothed wisdom with smiles, and softened contentious minds into acquiescence. Keep in good humor.

## To My Sweet "Sweetheart."

It is something sweet when the world goes ill  
To know you are faithful and love me, still,  
To feel when the sunshine has left the skies,  
That the light is shining in your dear eyes;  
Beautiful eyes more dear to me  
Than all the wealth of the world could be  
It is something dearest, to feel you near,  
When life with its sorrows seem hard to bear;  
To feel, when I falter, the clasp divine  
Of your tender and trusting hand in mine.  
Beautiful hand, more dear to me  
Than the tenderest things of earth could be!  
Sometimes, dearest, the world goes wrong,  
For God gives grief with His gifts of song,  
And poverty, too, but your love is more  
To me than riches or golden store.  
For I think of you and cares grow light  
For your love can make the whole world bright.

## So True.

On the cold pillow of chilly indifference, and beneath the rough blanket of unappreciation, the heart, once warm and tender and true and as sweetly responsive as flowers to the dew, has been known to drop off into the terrible repose of feelingless lethargy from which it never again awakes, and in which it only saw the horrid skeleton of that sweet and precious and thrilling but blighted and perished dream which once tinted life with such roseate gleamings of bliss, and made earth seem like Heaven. And this perished dream life's canticle of sorrow begins its endless current, for:

The thickest ice that ever froze,  
Can only o'er the surface close;  
The living stream lies deep below,  
And flows and never ceases to flow.

## The Cause.

If we find that our time passes slowly and heavily, we may be sure there is something wrong within. Either we have not enough to do or we work mechanically, without heart or energy. If past time looks short and empty, it is because it lacks a distinct record of noble aims, definite resolves, worthy endeavors. If the immediate future looks tedious and uninteresting, it is because we are not living full, rich and earnest lives.

## Self-Restraint.

Under some circumstances enthusiasm, should not be repressed. But because the value of self-restraint is so manifest in many directions, the mistake is often made of supposing it to be equally valuable in all. Thus it happens that enthusiasm is checked that ought to be welcomed; feelings are kept back that should be expressed; and desires are subdued that need to be gratified, sympathy quenched that might have blessed the community.

## Safer.

"No, George," she said, "I cannot marry you. I shall always esteem you as a friend, but I cannot be your wife." "Clare" he said brokenly, "will you grant me one favor before I go away forever?" "Yes, George," she replied kindly. "What is it?" "Please put your refusal down on paper. I'll feel safer, you might sue me for a breach of promise."

## He Learned.

"The great trouble with you, John, is," said a lady to her husband, who was suffering from the effects of the night before. "You cannot say 'no.' Learn to say 'no.' John, and you will have fewer headaches. Can you let me have a little money, this morning?" "No," said John, with apparent ease.

## Not Built That Way.

A girl can sing and a girl can dance,  
And a girl can work crochet,  
But she can't throw and hit a church  
For she ain't built that way.