

# 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

The best fruit grows on industry.  
Energy is the very heart throb of success.  
Anger begins in folly and ends in repentance.  
Loud talking is not allowed in polite circles.  
An hour of pain is as long as a day of pleasure.  
The blast that blows loudest is always over blown.  
White hair is the spray flung up by the breakers on the eternal sea.  
When one feels the thrill of love he drinks the sweets of bliss above.  
The tie which binds humanity together in sweetest brotherhood is amity.  
When your heart is filled with Christ, you haven't got much room in it for greed.  
All candle makers are really wick-ed dealers, because the make light out of cereous things.  
Sympathy is that rorifluent flood, which baptizes the night of disappointment with refreshing waters.  
He can never truly relish the sweetness of God's mercy who never tasted the bitterness of his own misery.  
Virtue,—wronged, betrayed and crushed—is more to be envied than vice—triumphant, prosperous powerful.  
Beauty hath no lustre save where it gleameth through the crystal web that purity's fine fingers weave for it.  
Wrinkles are the furrows which age plows across the face, when it begins to make ready for the eternal harvest.  
Love's dripping showers of sunbeams doth tint each hour of gloom, and make the earth with sweetest flowers bloom.  
Faith is that gorgeous brush with which we can paint in richest and most exquisite colorings the glorious scenes of Heavenly rest and comfort.  
The sweetest flowers of life grow in the lowest vales of humility, even as the sweetest cane is that part which grows nearest the ground.  
A contented disposition is better than riches, for it feels the sunshine in everything, and hears a song of joy in every ripple of life's current.  
Light cares, like a shallow stream, make a noise, but great ones, like deep rivers, flow on in silence and without a ripple of sound to break the stem of their current.  
Hope gilds the sky of youth with the silvery lustre of coming joy; memory adorns it with the golden dust flung up by the flight of age in its passage to eternity.  
Christian faith is a grand cathedral with divinely pictured windows, Standing without, you see no glory nor can possibly imagine any; standing within, every ray of light reveals a harmony of unspeakable splendor.  
Kindness and love are the influence that shall form of humanity a brotherhood of peace and joy eternal, these are the well-springs of the heart of man; these are the roots of that tree of life that flourishes forever in the Paradise of God.  
A great man under the shadow of defeat is taught how precious are the uses of adversity; and as an oak tree's roots are daily strengthened by its shadow, so all defects in a good cause are but a resting place on the road to victory at last.  
Charity is the sweetest virtue. It is like a star on a dark night, a gleam of sunshine on a cloudy day. Its delightful odor is like the fragrance of some sweet flower, invigorating and refreshing, and falls like dews from Heaven above. When the pure white flower of charity is worn on the lapel of any one's character there is always a sweet perfume lingering about it which makes that person's presence sweet and attractive, and always followed by the holiest benediction.

## Wilmington.

We like Wilmington. We esteem most highly its gallant and chivalrous and open hearted gentlemen. We admire its noble and lovely and beautiful and devoted and patriotic and queenly women, whose benevolence and whose good deeds and whose hospitality and whose attractions are as wide spread and are as numberless and are as sweetly inviting as the glistening sands which gleam in dreamy whiteness along the musically sounding shore, as they lie and woo to their shining bosoms the white plumed troopers of the grand old sea. For these reasons then we are delighted to see that Wilmington and its charming near by resorts are growing year by year more popular and attractive, and that hundreds of people flock there to enjoy the charms and delights and refreshing comforts of this God favored section. And the Orton Hotel in Wilmington is a most delightful point from which all these pleasant and charming resorts can be most easily and delightfully reached, for it is beyond all doubt the best kept hotel in North Carolina. In it can be found every comfort and every delight that the heart can wish. It is elegantly furnished, the rooms are airy, the halls are wide, and the menu is most wholesome and appetizing. Its efficient and admirable manager, J. E. Montague—a thoroughly refined and beautifully polished gentleman, and his delightful assistant, the very affable and handsome Claude McLoughlin, know how to run a hotel, and they know how to please and to charm their guests. As a consequence the Orton is a haven of sweetest comfort and purest delight. After resting at this blessed shrine of comfort for a season, you can take the fine steamer, Wilmington, and enjoy a delightful ride down the beautiful Cape Fear river to Carolina Beach—the Coney Island of the South. In our judgment it is the finest and most desirable resort in the South. The hotel, which is admirably kept and supplied with all the delicacies of land and sea, is within a few feet of the spot, where the bounding billows of the deep blue sea break and die in shimmering spray upon the sweetly inviting shore. And then when night, on dewy wings, flies down, and stars peep from the skies, you are lulled to sleep in the soothing lullaby of the sweetly murmuring waves, which sing their requiem to the day that is dead. And slumber under such influences is sweet and peaceful and refreshing and delightful, for cooling breezes ripple across the brow and drive all heat away, and bring a sleep as sweet as the perfume that lives amid the flowers. And then when the body has been refreshed and strengthened by the invigorating slumber you are summoned from this best realm of dreamland by the splashing of the billows which, like the laughter of merry children, arouse the sunbeams of morning and usher in another radiant day of delightful enjoyment and recreation. And in addition to these natural advantages Carolina Beach is under the management of those who strive to please, and they spare no expense and no effort to make every one comfortable and delighted—and they succeed most felicitously. We have often spoken of the generous and big hearted Capt. John W. Harper and that deep, wide ocean of popularity which breaks in unending ripples of enthusiastic praises around his beloved name. And everybody praises him, for in all of our journeyings round this world of care we have never met a gentleman who had more agreeable and engaging and fascinating qualities, and we never expect to find a man who can surpass him in gentle courtesies, and if we do we will immediately search for his wings, for we know we will be in the neighborhood of an angel.  
With the proper push on the part of the people of Wilmington our people, who look for rest and health with all the social environments, will find out where to find them, and Wilmington should not wait for hotel proprietors and newspapers alone to make her attractions known. The shop keeper and banker—the commission merchant and dry goods dealer, all are interested and all ought to contribute to that end, and if they will make an effort, and let all outsiders know what comforts and what pleasures can be found in and near Wilmington a tide of travel will set in and make Wilmington one of the most frequented spots on the Atlantic Coast, and be known far and near as a haven of comfort and a shrine of brightest cheer.

## The Best Beauty.

There is no charm like that of virtue, no beauty like that of goodness, and no grace more bewitching than that of modesty. Beauty of form or coloring is evanescent; but that which is based upon the better qualities of the heart, is permanent. Personal beauty may attract the admiration of the passing hour, but the richer beauty of moral loveliness commands the deepest reverence, and secures the most enduring affection. There are subtler, finer graces in every-day life than mere external beauty. What can compare to a noble character, when purified and refined by the graces of the Spirit? How sublime is that life whose difficulties and trials are converted by deep religious chemistry into christian graces, whose weakened and imperfections are transmuted into spiritual symmetry and power! If there is in this world of sin and sorrow an embodiment of worth and beauty, it is that of a young, lovely woman, whose youth and charms are all consecrated to the cause of truth, and laid as a humble offering, at the Saviour's feet. Mary of Bethany, as she anointed her Lord for his burial, and received the sweet words of commendation, "she hath done what she could," or as she wept for the departed Redeemer at the sepulcher, are pictures that no artist's skill can portray. The hidden beauty of love and trust are revealed to none save Him who fashioned the spirit within. Such a one is worthy of the reverence of every true and noble heart, and she will command it, when the flower of her loveliness is faded, and the light of her beauty is quenched. Aye, there is indeed no light like that which beams from beauty's eye, naught so sweet as words which flow from woman's lips. The sunbeams cannot paint upon the azure canvas of the sky that blended bow that can vie in brilliant coloring with her glowing cheek; but alas! alas! the eye must lose its brightness and expression; the cheek must blanch, the lips become pallid and silent, the form once so proud and graceful and active, must lose its vitality, and bend beneath the weight of years. But there is a part of woman's loveliness as lasting as the God who formed her for the bliss and purity of Eden. Age need not dim the lustre of her soul, or time despoil the beauty of her heart. Truly the beautiful stirs the soul, and links us with angels, and makes us long for the supernal. Yes, indeed, true beauty is spiritual; to be pretty is something else. The text is a good one for young girls whose ideas are painted. We talk eloquently of a pretty woman's features, of the deep blue or the dark hazel of her eyes, of the rose of her cheeks, the transparent whiteness about the mouth and chin, the delicate curve of the brow, and the exquisite chiselings of the lips. But in a beautiful woman we see none of these things; we are simply dazzled by the spiritual light which beams from her eyes. To be always beautiful one must feed this flame; love, sympathy, sacrifice at once—the food and essence of womanhood—can alone keep it brightly burning. Have you not seen women who have dressed and danced and wasted it all away until nothing was left in the eyes, but a painful hardness, which one might not be able to explain, but which nobody can mistake? The color goes from the cheek, and the lustre from the eyes, and the spring from the step, gracefulness from the gait and no beautiful trace of benignity or kindness or compassion of faith is seen on the face, now wrinkled and ugly and sorrow-furrowed. Cultivate your heart, sow seeds of religion there, and you will cultivate your face and make it radiantly beautiful, for the brightest glory that ever beamed from a woman's face is caught up in the sunbursts of the blessed religion of Jesus Christ. Yes, the beauty of holiness is the glory of Christ. It is the great attraction of his character. The angels in his presence are in a constant ecstasy of delight as they behold it, and it is the song of their heart day and night forever. Clothed with it they never cease to be inexpressibly happy. It is a beauty that never fades. The most beautiful things of earth are wilted by the blasts; but the beauty of holiness adorning God's children will retain its chastened splendor eternally. That which allures angels and saints to Christ himself will in their own character make them forever delightful to one another.

## A Broken Heart.

Good-by my little toopsie woopsie precious little sweetie, he said as he rubbed his nose against her alabaster cheeks and bit her caressingly on the upper end of her left ear. Esmeralda Higgins kissed her hand to Vivian Buckingham—the white, shapely hand that he had held so tenderly within his own broad palm the night before, as he stood in the hallway and whispered in her willing ear the words that told of his great love for her—whispered them softly, and with a tender cadence that added to their earnestness. He had come back this bright morning to see if she were still true to that love he had so freely given her—and she had told him again henceforth her very thought should be of the solemn tie that bound them together. When he had gone, Esmeralda entered the house, and taking a piece of chewing gum from the toe of a bronze figure of Mercury that stood in the parlor bay window, went about her daily duties with a feeling of intense peaceful joy in her heart, and a heelless shoe on her foot. "Yes, he will be mine—all mine," she said softly to herself. "I shall bask in the sunlight of his smiles, and taste the nectar of his rich clinging kisses. Ah! life for me will indeed be happy when a priest hath made me Vivian's wife, and seating herself at the piano, she ran her taper fingers carelessly over the keys, and then there rolled forth upon the fresh morning air the sensuous measures of "Pappa's Bunion's Better now." Suddenly she shifted the cut, and before Pansy Perkins who had entered the house unperceived and stood in the doorway, could speak, Esmeralda had glided into the weirdly beautiful symphony in J minor, "Since Terrace Joined the Gang." When she paused tears stood in Pansy's eyes—the tone poem in the second verse had been too much for her sensitive nature, "Do not play that again," she said, stepping into the room. "You know I am subject to fits."  
Esmeralda kissed her tenderly, and held out a piece of chewing gum. "Thanks, darling," said Pansy, "but I have sworn off." "Sworn off," asked Esmeralda, "and may I ask why?" The pink suffusion of blush stole into Pansy's cheeks. "Because Vivian asked me to," she replied. "Vivian who?"—the words came from Esmeralda quickly. "Vivian Buckingham; I am engaged to him you know." "You engaged to Vivian Buckingham?" said Esmeralda, an ashy paleness overspread her face, and may I ask since when?" "Why certainly," replied Pansy. "We have been engaged since last evening. He came to the house quite late and proposed. I ran over here on purpose to tell you about it." "I congratulate you said Esmeralda; but her voice was unsteady. "Well I must go now," said Pansy, and kissing Esmeralda just forward of the left ear, she departed.  
The stricken woman sat alone. All around her were evidences of the wealth that should make one happy, but her heart was desolate. "He's a daisy," she muttered slowly, "but he has broken my heart." Looking up she saw her mother standing in the doorway. "Can you find my crimping irons, ma?" she asked. "I think so," responded her mother. "Well, I want them. My heart is broken and I am going out to see if I can make another mash, for if I don't I will die with a broken heart."

## Gossip.

Gossip is always a personal confession either of malice or imbecility, and the young should not only shun it, but by the most thorough culture relieve themselves from all temptation to indulge in it. It is a low, frivolous and too often a dirty business. There are country neighborhoods in which it rages like a pest. Churches are split by it. In many persons it degenerates into a chronic disease, and is practically incurable. Let the young cure it while they may, for if they once get into the detestable habit of it, it will grow until every utterance becomes a stream of vilest slander, and bearing on its bosom everlasting blight and ruin.

## A Perfect Toast.

A woman's name the fairest boast  
That human lips can utter;  
Woman alone shall be our toast—  
We don't want any but her.

## Wasted Passion.

They sat on a bench with a wide-spreading tree  
Between them and the rays of sun,  
And he pressed his suit with the vigor of youth,  
While the big bugs flew hither and yon.  
His eloquence spoke of a heart nearly crushed  
In the jaws of a great gnashing woe;  
"Some time," said he sternly, "when gone from your sight,  
You'll regret you treated me so."  
"Some time," she replied, with exquisite scorn,  
As she looked bloody daggers at him,  
"I might listen with pleasure to what you have said,  
But now there's a bug on my limb."

## The Old Story.

She asked as they parted at the door,  
And he pressed a kiss on her beautiful brow:  
"Dear George have you ever loved before?"  
And he answered, "Never—as I do now."  
"And you," he said, as her lashes fell  
And almost curtained by eyes' deep blue,  
"Have you ever loved before? Pray tell—"  
And she answered, "Never—as I love you."

## Oh My!

"Will you be my wife, darling? Answer me now sweetheart; tell me will you crown my life with its greatest blessing, your dear presence. Answer me Sybil, will you marry me?" Lifting her blushing face, he continued, "Speak darling, come to my arms, your rightful resting place, my queen, come. "George, my love, I come." "At last," he said, "I can claim my own: these pure lips are mine, to crush with my caresses, O Sybil, it is worth a life to taste the sweetness of your pure mouth.  
Yes, but George I cannot say as much about you—you drink whiskey. Please let me go. I want fresh air.

## His Toast.

The other evening George was called upon to respond to the toast—Woman, God's best gift to man—and in his thrilling and soul electrifying burst of impassioned eloquence and burning oratory he got two lines of Pope on vice mixed with two lines of Scott on woman. He said:

Oh woman in our hours of ease,  
Uncertain, coy and hard to please  
But seen too oft, familiar with thy face  
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

## One Brief Year.

She—My darling, it seems such a little while since we entered this house to begin life together. The glad springtime had just begun, the air was vocal with birds and fragrant with flowers; yet, just think, it's almost a year.  
He—That's so. I received a notice from the landlord this morning that if I wanted to stay in this house I'd better come around and renew the lease. He's going to raise the rent on me, too. Yes, it's nearly a year.

## That Wood Shed.

They sat on the front steps. "Oh darling," he murmured sweetly, "don't you know that your presence would shed—would shed—"  
"Never mind the woodshed, Charles; but do go on with your pretty talk."  
No cards.

## Properly Punctuated Poetry.

The . is now at  
When ' like these  
In every § of the land  
d between the c c  
Come from the—ing scribe whose name  
No | has found,  
But he's an \* his fame  
Or o more renowned.