

The Torch-Light.

DAVIS & ROBINSON, Editors and Proprietors.

VARIETY IS THE SPICE OF LIFE, THAT GIVES IT ALL ITS FLAVOR.

TERMS—\$1.50 per Annum, in Advance.

VOL. 1.

OXFORD, GRANVILLE COUNTY, N. C., TUESDAY MORNING, MAY 12, 1874.

NO. 21.

Don't Stay after Ten.

TO YOUNG MEN WHO PROLONG THEIR CALLS TO UNSEASONABLE HOURS.

I've just a word to say to you,
When me you come to see,
You know that none in all the world
Is half as dear to me.
'Tis this I would request of you,
That when you come again,
To see me in the even' time,
You won't stay after ten.

For after ten as moments fly,
I tremble o'er and o'er,
Lest papa's visage I should see
Come peeping at the door.
He's there to execute his threat,
He said he'd surely come,
(If e'er you stayed so late again),
And tell you to go home.

And so though your society
Makes heart and pulse throb warm;
I make a sigh of vast relief
At your retreating form.
You know that you are welcome, aye,
Oh! best-beloved of men;
But many a scolding you have caused,
By staying after ten.

Since we have thought it over,
We don't think we'll call again;
If so much "time" is made
By staying after ten.—EDS.

BE CHEERFUL.

BY M. QUAD.

Nothing lightens one's burdens so much as a cheerful spirit, and one cheerful person in a house will make shunshine for all the other inmates. Don't go through the world imagining that you are a pall bearer, but have an encouraging word for your fellow mortals, and a cheerful smile for all you meet.

If you come upon a boy who is wailing over the pain of a stubbed toe, tell him its lucky he didn't break his neck, tickle him under the arms and ask him if he doesn't like raisins, putting your hand in your pocket. If he says he does, tell him to be a good boy, save his pennies, and that he'll some day have enough to buy a whole pound. Take your coat tail and wipe his tears away, chuck him under the chin, and he'll brighten up like a tin pan rubbed with a woolen rag and brickdust.

If you meet an old man carrying a sad face as he looks around upon the world and reflects that it will soon know him no more, slap him on the back, tell him to brace up, and ask him to go out with you next night and hook harvest apples. If he replies that his days of usefulness are o'er, and that the embers of the dying year will cast their dark shadows on his coffin, smile the harder and laugh the merrier, you can bring him out of his sad mood if you try, and he'll go home so good-natured that he won't ask where in thunder his spectacles are, nor maul his grandchildren with a club because his rocking-chair faces the east instead of the west.

If you find a young man sitting on a goods box looking melancholy and down-hearted, give him your hand and tell him that you'll be his friend for life, inform him that you haven't got a water-melon patch of your own, but that old Saunders has melons by the cart-load, and that, according to your unbiased judgment, it's going to be a dark night and Saunders has a sore eye and can't shoot worth shucks. That young man will get rid of his depressed spirits in about a York minute, and you can count on his friendship forever.

If you know of a fellow who is courting a girl, and her folks are down on him, take him by the hand and bid him have hope for the future. Advise him to get up an elopement, and help to plan

one; in a few minutes his sad smile will disappear behind his ears, and he'll relish plug tobacco for the first time in a month. You'll see his shirt bosom begin to heave and toss, his ears to work, and he'll declare, with tears in his eyes, that your encouraging words have saved him from destruction.

If you meet the father of the girl whom the above young man is courting and intends to elope with, hit him on the back and ask him why that furrowed brow, those care-lines and that mournful eye? Tell him all about the plan to steal his daughter away, and his mournful eye will be gone in three seconds, while his face will smile like a duck pond cow-slip. He'll invite you to be on hand to see the fun, and you should encourage him by standing under the pear tree while he catches the lover and mops him over the horse-radish bed.

Life is short, and it is a duty we owe our fellow-men to be cheerful. Even if a man wants to borrow a dollar of you until he can see his brother Sam and get what Sam owes him, you can smile as you reply that you are dead-broke, but that Tompkins has a hundred dollars in his pocket which he is hankering to lend, and thus soften the mans disappointment a great deal.

Mixed Things.

Two items in an English paper, one describing the presentation of a gold-headed cane to the Rev. Dr. Mudge, the other describing a patent pig-killing and sausage machine, got as badly mixed in "making up" as if they had been run through the machine, thusly: Several of the Rev. Dr. Mudge's friends called upon him yesterday, and after a brief conversation, the unsuspecting pig was seized by the hind legs and slid along a beam until he reached the hot-water tank. His friends explained the object of their visit, and presented him with a handsome gold-headed butcher, who grabbed him by the tail, swung him round, cut his throat from ear to ear, and in less than a minute, the carcass was in the water. Thereupon he came forward, and said that there were times when the feelings overpowered one, and, for that reason, he would not attempt to do more than thank those around him for the manner in which such a huge animal was cut into fragments was simply astonishing. The doctor concluded his remarks when the machine seized him, and in less time than it takes to write it, the pig was cut into delicious sausages. The occasion will long be remembered by the doctor's friends as one of the most delightful of their lives. The best pieces can be procured for tenpence a pound, and we are sure that those who have sat so long under his ministry will rejoice that he has been treated so handsomely.

If your mother's mother is my mother's aunt, what relation would your great-grandfather's nephew be to my elder brother's son-in-law?

When traveling in Vermont, if you meet a stranger, it is not safe to ask him, "whose patent churn are you selling?"

Do but the half of what you can, and you will be surprised at the result of your diligence.

"I see through it," as the washerwoman said when the bottom of her tub fell out.

He who is learned and does not teach is like a myrtle in the desert.

THE OLD PICTURE.

BY SILVER STAR.

There it hangs, so illustrative of past episodes and so descriptive of the mighty revolutions of time. Had it the power of speech it would exclaim, "I have seen better days!" Many years ago a family resided here; happiness reigned supreme. But alas! pleasure is but momentary and resembles the uncertain sunshine of an April morning, for trouble is always lurking behind to sooner or later exercise its terrible facilities. The picture is of a beautiful girl. The countenance expressive of the mildest disposition. The large hazel eyes seem to penetrate to the very depths of the soul, but a lingering look will unfold to the observation a troubled expression, augmented perhaps by misfortune. At last there came a death, then another, and the parents were laid in their graves. The old place changed hands while the children wandered off to seek their fortunes in a more productive region, every article of furniture was replaced, but when the strange possessor stood facing the engraving and was about to remove it, a singularly unaccountable feeling crept over him while a voice whispered, "touch it not." He turned obstinately away with the intention of letting it remain unmolested. Therefore it has occupied the same position on the wall ever since it was first placed there by my father. And after almost a life of peaceful avocations abroad, I have once more returned to the scenes of my childhoods joys and stand gazing upon the dejected countenance of the "old picture." With the shock of electricity it spreads out before my mental vision the reality of lifes vicissitudes. The house that used to be kept in such princely style now speaks forcibly of decay. But as it is almost engulfed in ruins, it possesses for me charms unknown to others. I have reached that period in life, the tendency of which is downward. The mournful sighing of the wind and the desolate aspect tell me that I must soon embark on a voyage which all must make alone. I imagine myself as standing by the river of death. I can hear the splash of the oar but the hand that plys it is invisible.

Fashion Notes.

In straw hats for ladies the Rabagas is the correct thing.

Gold arrows in the feminine ears are something new.

The newest sashes are of brocade silk with long fringed ends.

Rubber jewelry is becoming fashionable again. Some of the new designs and patterns are very pretty.

All kinds and styles of fans are shown in the shops where fancy goods are sold, some of which are new and pretty.

White chip bonnets trimmed exclusively with black lace and French flowers, are the handsomest seen thus far.

Brides are gradually coming back to white tulle for their wedding dress—prettier than silk and more appropriate.

They are throwing artificial flowers to actresses now. This is awfully mean, because the bouquet cannot be re-solid.

The beading mania continues. Every thing is beaded now, from sunshade to shoes. The fashion is decidedly overdone.

When Jones heard that there was a touch of malice in a certain great author's smile he said he took sugar in his.

THAT INSURANCE AGENT.

I told him that I didn't want any of his life insurance—his blasted life insurance, I believe I said—but it don't make any difference with him. He followed me down the street, smiling as good naturedly as if I had promised to remember him in my will, and he said:

"Better take out a policy now—terms low—Mutual Company—thirty-two dollars—note at sixty days—class 'A'—Benjamin Franklin advised life insurance."

He let me alone for a day or two, or, rather, I remained in the house to avoid him, but he was waiting on the corner to seize me, I replied that I didn't want any life insurance; that I wouldn't have any; that if he insured me I'd go right off and commit suicide and defraud his company; that I carried a pistol to shoot life insurance agents; but his countenance never changed in the least. There was the same plaintive appeal in his left eye, and the same good-natured smile on his face as he took my arm and said:

"Rates going up—big dividend to policy-holders—company established an 1840—surplus three millions—a christain's duty to look out for his widow."

I didn't see him again for two days, and was hoping that he had been run over or had come down with the small-pox, when he suddenly called at the office. He said he'd dropped in to see about that little insurance matter. It told him that his grandfather was a horse-thief: that all his uncles had been hung for murder, and that all his aunts were mormons, but it didn't move him. He said he had a policy with him and would not charge a cent commission to make it out, though he knew of fellows who charged two dollars. I told him that he might go to Texas; that I could lick him in three minutes; that I'd knock his head off if he didn't get down stairs; but that smile was just the same as he said:

"Took thirteen policies yesterday—sound company—best men in town—every policy holder is a stock-holder—rates as low as any reliable company—George Washington was insured with us."

I hired a fireman to waylay him, but he got away. I sent an insane man to his house and hoped he'd mangle him, but he mangled the lunatic instead. It wasn't three days before he called at the house, instead of waiting to take me on the street.

I dragged him off the steps and jumped on him and gouged his eye, and told him that I'd be hung for his murder if I ever caught him in my street again. He didn't even get out of patience, but mildly inquired my age, occupation, nativity, and date of marriage, and wanted to know if my father or mother died of consumption. I called for the police, and kicked him again, and set the dog on him, but as he wandered off up the street I heard him saying:

"Offer better rates than any reliable company—mutual dividends—take no risks on old men—doing a safe business—Michigan agents hiring steam engines to help write out policies."

I don't know what I shall do with him. I sometimes wonder if Noah allowed the life insurance agent, the book-cavasser, the man with the patent weather-strips and the boy with the hat-rack to enter his Ark, and if he did why he didn't throw them overboard in the water four hundred feet deep.—Exchange.

Never open the door to a little vice, lest a great one should enter.

Kondensed Milk.

Men talk about drinking rum to drown their sorrows. It is cheaper and a much surer cure, to drown themselves in a mill pond.

Temptashuns are necessary, a man kant even tell whether he iz honest or not, until he haz been tempted.

A perfectly natural man iz generally a perfectly honest one.

Munny will buy almost enny thing a man wants except virtew, helth and kontentment, these 3 artikles ain't in the market.

Anger allwuss hurts us more than it duz the thing we git mad at.

To beleaf nothing is just about az much an evidence of wisdom as to believe everything.

Next to doing a man an injury in point of meanness, iz to do him a benefit and then continually remind him of it.

When a man finds fault with himself, he expects you will kontradikt him, not koinside with him.

The man who haz the most merit iz the quickest to see it in others.

A good character is allwuss gained bi inches, but iz often lost in one chunk.

To be strong a man should hav a plenty of friends and a plenty of enemies, too many friends weakons him, and too many enemies makes him a vagabond.

"Sometime."

It is the sweet, sweet song, wabled to and fro among the top-most boughs of the heart, and filling the whole air with such joy and gladness as the song of birds do when the summer morning comes out of darkness, and day is born to the mountains. We have all our possessions in the future which we call "sometime."

Beautiful flowers and singing birds are there, only our hands seldom grasp the one, or our ears hear the other. But oh, reader, be of good cheer, for all the good there is a golden "sometime," when the hills and valleys are all passed; when the wear and fever, the disappointments and sorrows of life are over, then there is a place and the rest of God.

Oh, homestead, over whose roof falls no shadows or even clouds; and over, whose threshold the voice of sorrow is never heard; built upon eternal hills, and standing with thy spires and pinnacles of celestial beauty on high, those who love God, shall rest under thy shadows, where there is no more sorrow nor pain nor the sound of weeping—"sometime."

—Prentice.

Please Stop my—What?

"Times are hard, money scarce, business dull, and retrenchment is a duty—please stop my—whiskey." "O, no; times are not hard enough for that. But there is something else that costs me a large amount of money every year, which I wish to save. Please stop my tobacco. No, no, not these; but I must retrench somewhere; please stop my—ribbons, jewels, ornaments, trinkets! Not at all; pride must be fostered, if times are ever so hard; but I believe I can see a way to effect quite a saving in another direction, please stop my—tea, coffee, and needless and unhealthy luxuries! No, no, no, not those, I must think of something else. Ah! I have it now. My paper cost one dollar and a half a year! I must save that. Please stop my paper! That will carry me through the panic easily. I believe in retrenchment and economy, especially in brains."

THE FARM.

WEEDS.

BY BART.

Poetically speaking, tobacco is a weed and filthy too, by the devil sowed for men to chew; it stains the lips of the belle that dips, and spoils the nose of the smoking beanx. The weeds most obnoxious to the farmer, however, are those noxious ones that spring spontaneously from rich soil and cumber the arable fields. These often grow in the richest profusion and may be fitly described as most unprofitably gay. In this respect do they somewhat resemble those mourning weeds that fall in flowery folds over the comely form of the bewitching widow. Whatever may be said against weeds of any kind, they are but the frail creatures of a summer's sun. Soon they wither and with the leaves of autumn fall to the earth and pass away. Such is the fate of the widows weeds. To married men with pretty wives, there must be something sadly suggestive in the easy grace and becoming manner with which the young widow wears her fashionable weeds. It may be that he too will be thus remembered when he is gone. If there is anything that can reconcile him to that final parting it must be the reflection that his memory will gradually fade first from colors of the darkest hue to lighter shades of mourning; then melt into the softened shadow of a sober grief; and finally merge into bright and lovely tints of gay attire.

To bachelors the contemplation of widows weeds must ever be a dangerous occupation. Like "Jack with a lantern" or "Will o' the wisp," they often lure him into miry ground where many a poor wretch gets stuck fast for the rest of his days. When we consider the unseen dangers that await the victims of those who know that it is irrain to spread the net in the sight of any bird, it is impossible for us to look with any degree of composure on the the subject of matrimony. It is a risky business and, at best I fear it is little better than a lottery, presided over by the fickle goddess of fortune. To the most deserving of our sex are doubtless allotted those women whose price is far above rubies and who are more fully described in the last chapter of Proverbs, beginning at the 10th verse.—There be husbands also who are not seen sitting amongst the elders in the gates; and doubtless some bachelors are warned by their example to heed the wisdom of St. Paul.

Old bachelors contemplating matrimony would concur in my views it is highly probable that the dashing young widows would not monopolize the matrimonial market to the exclusion of the prim old maids. If there be one danger more dangerous than other snares that beset the pathway of the unwary bachelor it is the sweet young widow smiling through her tears. The senior Mr. Weller in his advice to his son Sandeuses in one short sentence more wisdom than can be found in a whole page of Chesterfield.

"Beware of the vidders, Samivel, beware of the vidders."

What is the difference between an old hat on a stick, and money since the panic? One scares crows, the other grows scarce.

Did the man who plowed seas and afterwards planted his foot upon native soil, ever harvest his crop.