

The Torch-Light.

DAVIS & ROBINSON, Editors and Proprietors.

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

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NO. 13.

A Smile and a Kiss at the Door.
BY SHERMAN D. RICHARDSON.
No mansion is mine with a costly design,
Rising up with grand pillars and towers
But a cot by the way, unpainted and gray
Mid the vine-covered hedges and
bowers,
Yet I pass by the gate of the wealthy
and great,
With never a sigh for their store,
For I know I shall find at the cottage of
mine,
A smile and a kiss at the door.
Tho' weary my feet from the toil and
the heat,
As I labor on day after day,
Yet this my song when the shadows grow
long,
And the evening tints melt into grey;
"What care I for toil, or the weary tur-
moil
That the future may have me in store,
With my heaven on earth, with its love-
guarded hearth,
And a smile and a kiss at the door?"
No king on a throne has the worth that
I own,
Or pleasures that I can command;
For the gold-laden crown makes the
brow wear a frown,
And wealth strikes palsied the hand,
Then away with a life of contention and
strife,
Tho' the world should be waiting be-
fore;
Give me "love in a cot," and content-
ment my lot,
And a smile and a kiss at the door.

For the Torch-Light.
The Great Evil.

Why can't these party-going young men, who consider themselves the very soul of etiquette, the life of society, go to a party or any private entertainment of the kind without drinking—there we'll use the true term, without drinking. We do not condemn all that go, but there are some, as every one knows, who go not for the enjoyment of social intercourse but for the sole purpose of getting happy as they call it, over the bottle slyly passed around. To these chiefly we direct our remarks.
If it was right to use ardent spirits at all, why do you pollute the presence of ladies with your foul breath, why turn the house of your host into a Pandemonium. If you take it for your health's sake, go to your rooms and do not disgrace yourself before the world, but best not at all, for it contains a poison. You may say, "We only took a glass of wine to heighten our spirits, to awaken our vivacity that we may appear the more brilliant before the women."
And then the old story is enacted, one glass opens the way for another, and another, until your brain is clogged, you reel, and when consciousness returns, you suffer the mortification of having been carried out drunk, sunk lower than a brute, from the presence of those, whose respect and admiration you wished to win. Society is polluted by your presence. You sin against God when you abuse the faculties He has given you. Then why persist in it! Can't you leave home with the determination not to touch liquor for at least twenty-four hours? Haven't you strength? Has it such power over you that you are as a babe in the jaws of a lion? Exercise your manliness. Keep your true selves free from the contaminating cup, if not for all time, at least while thrown into the pure and untainted society of ladies.
But there are two sides to every case. It has been said and perhaps too truly that the ladies, or those who call themselves ladies, are the cause of much of this party drinking; that is, too few of them disapprove of it, and thus it is encouraged by its not being disapproved. Some will favor the at-

tentions of those flushed with wine, in preference to the sober and sensible man, regarding him as dull; when he is really ten times wiser than the wine-bibber. Ladies you who do this, is this right? Do you wish to marry drunkards and weep widows' tears over drunkards' graves. Why then do you nourish the plant that will ultimately, yea too soon, bear fruits more poisonous than the tempting berries of the Nightshade? You hold the magic touchstone. Apply it aright, and see as the result benefits both morally and socially.

QUEERUS

Built of Sea-Shells.

I've just heard of a very wonderful thing. The houses and churches and palaces of the big and beautiful city of Paris are almost all made of *Sea-Shells*! This is how it happened: Some hundreds of thousands of years ago, the waters of the ocean rolled over the spot where Paris now stands. Under the ocean waves lived and died millions and millions and millions of tiny sea-shell animals. By-and-bye, after a great many years, the ocean waters no longer rolled over this spot and the very, very big piles—I might say, indeed, the mountains—of dead shells were left for the sun to shine on, the winds to blow on, and the rain to fall on for many centuries more, till the shells hardened into rocks. Then, after hundreds, and hundreds of years more, men came and began to build houses. They dug in the earth, and found the sea-shell stone, with which they built the beautiful houses and churches and palaces for which Paris is so famous. And yet the poor little sea-shells that lived and died so long ago never get the least bit of credit for all that they did for the fine city. Perhaps, though, they don't care. At any rate, we will remember them, and that will be something.
While we are talking about this matter, it may be well to remember that a great many of the rocks in different parts of the world were made of sea-shells, and freshwater shells, in just about the same way that the stone of Paris came to be ready for the builders.

Vegetable Puns.

Why should the bean keep ahead of all other vegetables? Because it has its pole—Lowell Courier.
The bean has its pole, but in the vegetable race the cabbage is always sure to come in a head.—Boston Advertiser.
Hold! Don't you know the carrot is never beat—Boston Herald.
It might not have beat if it had not have been pulled up suddenly. But as the whole thing is likely to be run into the ground, we shall wait for something else to turn up.—Boston Advertiser.
Such jokes are too cumbersome for health this weather. Let us have peases.—N. Y. Herald.
If this thing goes on much longer the whole vegetable race will exclaim, lettuce alone.—New Bedford Standard.
Re garden such jokes, it may be said they are getting to be like digging potatoes—up-hill-work.—Advertiser.
Then squash them and be done with it.—Congregationalist.
The truth will sometimes leak out. We own the corn—we are beet.—Rural Messenger.
It is thyme this vege-table subject was ended—as it is a green one.
Dogs, beat dentist. They insert natural teeth.
Pay the printer.

An Unwelcome Bedfellow.

I wandered about the town the rest of the day watching the lazy negroes and did not return to my house till after dark.
I struck a match and set fire to a torch to go to bed by, and casting my eyes about to see if anything had been disturbed noticed something glittering and shining under my *akeko* or low bamboo bedstead. I did not pay much attention to the subject, which did not seem important by the dim light of the torch, till, just as I approached the bed to arrange it, I saw that the glitter was produced by the shining scales of an enormous serpent, which lay quietly coiled up in two feet of me. My first motion was to retreat behind the door; then I bethought me to kill it.
But, unfortunately, my two guns were set against the wall, back of the bed, and the snake was between me and them. As I stood watching and thinking what to do, keeping the doorway fairly in my fear for a speedy retreat, I noticed that my visitor did not move, and finally mustered up courage to creep along the floor to the bedside and quickly grasped one gun. I placed the muzzle fairly against one of the coils of the serpent, fired, and then ran out. At the report there was an instant rush of negroes from all sides, eager to know what was the matter. They thought some one had shot a man and then ran in the house for concealment. Of course, they rushed in helter skelter and as quick rushed out again on finding a great snake writhing about the floor. Then I went in cautiously, to reconnoitre. Happily, my torch had kept alight and I saw the snake on the floor.
My shot had been so closely fired that it cut the body fair in two and both ends were now flopping about the floor. I gave the head some blows with a heavy rod and thus killed the animal, and then, to my surprise, it disgorged a *dnck*, which it had probably swallowed that afternoon and then sought shelter in my hut to digest it quietly.
A pretty sleeping companion and eighteen feet in length. I must confess that I dreamed more than once of serpents that night, for they are my horror.—*Adventure in Africa.*

Thirty Centuries Old.

The oldest relic of humanity extant is the skeleton of the earliest Pharaoh, encased in its original burial robes and wonderfully perfect, considering its age, which was deposited about three hundred years ago in the British museum, and is justly considered the most valuable of its archaeological treasures. The royal mummy was inscribed with the name of the occupant, Pharaoh Mykerimus, who succeeded the heir of the great builder of the pyramids, about ten centuries before Christ. Only think of it! The monarch whose crumbling bones and deadly integuments are now exciting the wonder of numerous gazers in London, reigned in Egypt before Solomon was born, and about eleven centuries or so after Mesriam's grand-son of old Father Noah, and the first of the Pharaohs, had been gathered to his fathers! Why, the tidemarks of the deluge could hardly have been obliterated, or the gopher wood knee timbers of the Ark have rotted on Mount Ararat, when this man of the early world lived and moved and had his being, and the date of the crucifixion is only about midway between his era and ours.

The Wise Choice of a Wife.

He that findeth a true wife, findeth a treasure whose beauty and lustre not even the shadow of death can dim. It has often seemed strange to me that men are so blind in their choice of companions. In this they sometimes seem to be the weaker sex, for they yield to deliberately planned schemes, and in the face of an unhappy lot, take painted dolls or artful women to share the "better or worse."

And yet, after all, as the responsibility rests more on him, it may be a harder thing than we are aware of, to find one whose price is above rubies. There exists such an artificial state of society. Beauty is ranked so high, and the graces are so indispensable, that homely in-door life loses its chief charm, and woman becomes a creature of waywardness and prettiness, that must be dressed and petted, in order to keep her in smiles and decent humor.

Most young men think of an establishment, and somebody must preside of whom they are proud. They love to hear their friends say: "Well, L—has a fine wife—a woman worth having; she plays and sings, she talks agreeably, and altogether makes a sensation."

But when trouble comes, where is the strong helper—the courageous spirit! Those modest home bodies, who seem so timid and backward—who oversee the humble household, and ask no praise but that of a husband's heart—who shine but little at parties, but are the stars of home—these are the wives for the trials of earnest life. Their love is the rock never shaken by the tempest.

A Lost Love.

"She loved him for himself." Perhaps that wasn't her fault. But the fact was he had nothing else to be loved for. She married him. And still she loved him for himself. He gave her not so much as a single dollar to aid on her love. Last week he returned home full of whiskey as a barrel, and undertook to assert his manly sway in too violent a way. In fact, he deliberately punched her in the eye. This was what turned her love to gall and made her take up the wash-board, on which she earned her own and his support, and belabor him with it until there was very little of the board left; and his head looked like a pumpkin which boys had been using as a foot ball. Now he earns a living for himself and wife. Such are some of the inconsistencies of the humane feminine.

A Beautiful Prayer.

A poor Irish woman asked a wealthy lady, the owner of a beautiful flower garden in Detroit, for a flower or two to put on the coffin of her dead child. The good lady invited her to be seated, and very shortly brought a magnificent cross and wreath. The afflicted one was overcome, and as soon as she was able to express herself she said most fervently, "May our blessed Redeemer meet you at the gates of heaven with a crown of flowers more beautiful than these"—a most touching prayer, in which many will join the afflicted mother.

Can't Afford it.

Some men can't afford to take their county paper—yet they can spend the amount of a year's subscription in liquor for themselves and their friends in one day. How's that!

A Chance for Saving.

"A penny saved is a penny earned," is one of poor Richard's proverbs, worth remembering by everybody. Any of our readers, when tempted to form the habit of smoking, will do well to think how much they can save by keeping out of the habit. Here is a moderate estimate of the saving: A young gentleman of my acquaintance concluded to commence smoking cigars on his twentieth birthday thus resolved, that he would never exceed eight per week, nor pay more than ten cents each for them. I asked him to reckon how much money would be saved by the time he was sixty, if he should place the eighty cents per week in the savings bank every six months, and let it lie there, drawing seven per cent. interest. Being quick at figures, he made the calculation, and found the amount to be *eight thousand three hundred and eleven dollars*. "Put that in your pipe and smoke it," young man.

Sharp Wit.

Lord Chesterfield and Voltaire were two of the most brilliant wits and talkers of the last century, and both of them indulged their wit at the expense of the ladies, when absurd fashions ruled in dress and in painting.

Lord Chesterfield happened to be at a ball in France where Voltaire was one of the guests. The former was gazing about the brilliant circle of ladies, when Voltaire accosted him with—

"My lord, I know you are a judge,—which are the most beautiful, the English or the French ladies?"

"Upon my word," replied his lordship, with his usual presence of mind, "I am no connoisseur of painting."

Some time after this, Voltaire, being in London, went to a nobleman's ball with Lord Chesterfield. A lady in the company, prodigiously painted, directed her whole discourse to Voltaire, and entirely engrossed her conversation. Chesterfield came up, and tapped him on the shoulder saying—

"Sir, take care you are not captivated."
"My lord," replied the French wit, "I scorn to be taken by an English vessel under French colors."

The Nineteenth Century.

In 1807, Fulton took out the first patent for the invention of the steamboat.

The first steamboats which made regular trips across the Atlantic Ocean were the *Sirius* and the *Great Western* in 1838.

In 1813 the streets of London were for the first time lighted with gas.

About the year 1832, the first railroad in the United States was completed.

In 1840 the first experiments in photography were made by *Daguerre*.

The anthracite coal business may be said to have begun in 1820. In 1836 the first patent for the invention of matches was granted.

In 1844 the first telegram was sent. The first successful trial of a reaper took place in 1833.

In 1845 *Elias Howe* obtained a patent for his first sewing machine.

"Johnny, what do you expect to do for a living when you get to be a man?" "Well, I reckon I'll get married and board with my wife's mother."

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Making the Best of it.

An infuriated father, whose daughter had eloped with the man of her choice, followed the couple to Portland, Oregon, and finding them at a hotel went for his son-in-law tooth and nail. The young man hit back, and in the encounter that followed the old one got the worst of it. On the principal that man never knows how to appreciate his opponent until he is trashed by him, the father-in-law picked himself up and acknowledged that he had obtained a son after his own heart. In the presence of a goodly number of persons, who had been attracted to the scene by the unregulated screams of the young wife, the old man shook the young man by the hand, took his children in his arms, and as beautiful a denouement was presented as green baize curtain ever descended upon.

Hints to Farmers.

Don't buy a piano for your daughters while your sons need a plough.

Don't let your horse be seen standing at the tavern door. It don't look right.

Don't give the merchant a chance to dun you. Prompt payment makes independent men.

Keep good fences; they promote good feelings between neighbors.

Decent and substantial clothing for your children makes them think better of themselves, and keeps the doctor away.

Don't starve your land, if you do it will grow lean.

Do not keep more live stock on your place than you can keep well.

Women.

"It is an exploded theory," says one who speaks with knowledge, "that women dress to please men. They dress to please or spite each other. Any girl of sense and experience knows that it is easy to break a man's heart in a \$2 muslin, neatly made up, as it is in a \$500 silk costume made by a millinery." It is, in fact, a great deal easier. That natural charm of a young girl is often destroyed by excessive dressing. Men like tasteful, and no extravagant toilets; and the rivalry in dress among women is not to catch a beau, but to mortify an enemy.

A Cheese Store.

Will Capleton, the author of "Farm Ballads," lectured at Hudson, Ohio. At the lecture was to speak upon domestic themes it was thought best by the committee, out of compliment to the subject and the leading industry of the place, to make a splendid display of their leading domestic product. Accordingly, as there were no chairs in the hall, it was seated with a thousand large-size cheese boxes, tastefully arranged in quadruple rows; the platform was garnished in like manner, and to cap the climax of domestic appropriateness, a pyramid of solid cheese was improvised for a table, and a seat for the speaker and officers of the evening; also for the band. This arrangement gave a peculiar pungency to the atmosphere in that part of the hall where he spoke.

Now is the time when the gentle rhubarb is in bloom and pies sauce from it are in order. The housewife's recipe is to "put in twice as much sugar as there is rhubarb. Then put in as much again and shut your eyes, and shovel in as much more as your conscience will let you."