

The Torch-Light.

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

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NO. 10.

I Laugh and Set them Flying.

BY GUY HAMILTON.

Let those who will repine, at fate,
And droop their hands in sorrow;
I laugh when cares upon me wait,
I know they'll leave to-morrow.
My purse is light, but what of that?
My heart is light to match it;
And if I tear my only coat,
I laugh the while I patch it.

I've some elves, who call themselves
My friends in summer weather,
Blow far away in sorrow's day,
As winds would blow a feather;
I never grieved to see them go,
(The rascals, who would heed 'em?)
For what's the use of having friends
If false when most you need 'em?

I've seen some rich in worldly gear,
Eternally repining,
Their hearts a prey to every fear—
With gladness never shining,
I would not change my lightsome heart
For all their gold and sorrow,
For that's a thing that all the wealth
Can neither buy or borrow.

And still as sorrows come to me,
(As sorrows sometimes will come,)
I find the way to make them flee,
Is bidding them right welcome;
They cannot brook a cheerful look,
'They're used to sobs and sighing—
And he that meets them with a smile,
Is sure to set them flying.

RIGHTED AT LAST, OR THE DESTROYED LETTER.

BY H. B.

"How beautiful Belle Loclair looks to-night!"

They were sitting together at chess, Daisy Marsh and her hand-and-hand cousin, Romney Elting, while beyond the curtained box window, which sheltered their retreat, the parlors of the noble mansion were all in a glow of light and jewels. Daisy was a pretty creature, with fair hair and a pink and white complexion, as perfect and expressionless as a wax doll, while Romney was dark and strikingly handsome. Even as he spoke Daisy's hand quivered a little and her sleeve upset half a dozen chessmen.

"There they go!" laughed Romney. "Never mind, Daisy; you had very nearly conquered me, and we'll consider it a victory on your part. I don't like chess just now. See, Miss Loclair is passing again."

"Yes," said Daisy, who resented the least admiration of any other lady on her cousin's part, "she's a very stylish looking girl, only I don't fancy her gipsy sort of beauty, and—"

"She stopped short, for Romney's eyes were fixed on her with an expression very unusual.

"Daisy," said he, gravely, "I wish to speak to you on a subject of greatest importance to me—a subject that lies very near my heart."

Daisy's cheeks grew red and white alternately, while her pulses paused within. Could it be possible that the love she had so long secretly entertained towards her cousin, was at last to be rewarded? Did he really love her?

"I may trust you, my little cousin!"

"Of course, Romney," she answered, timidly lifting her eyes to his dark, earnest glance.

"Well, then, I'm in love!"

The scarlet tide suddenly suffused her neck, cheeks and brow, while her eyelashes drooped low with delicious shyness.

"Now don't blush so, Daisy; I'm not the first man that ever fell in love, nor am I likely to be the last. I haven't courage to await my doom from Belle's own lips, yet I must know before I sail for Europe, whether it is to be a rose

garden, or a dreary desert. Will you be my messenger, Daisy? Will you take this note to Belle Loclair, and bring me her reply?"

A statue could not have been whiter and colder than Daisy Marsh, as she listened to the concluding sentence, that fell like ice upon her heart. She could have plunged a dagger cheerfully into the heart of the woman who had won Romney's love. Anger, mortification, and keen anguish strove together for mastery in her heart, yet there was no outward symptom, save the deathlike pallor of her cheek, and the quiver of her lip.

"Will you, Daisy?" persisted Romney.

She nodded silently.

"That's my darling, little cousin! Give her the note to-night—you women know how to manage such things—and if she will be mine, ask her to send a line—one line will be all sufficient. But if not—"

He stopped and bit his lips, as if the bare contemplation of such a possibility were agony.

"If not, I shall understand her silence to mean no. Here is the note, *ma chere*. To think that a man's whole destiny should hang on a bit of paper like that!"

As he placed the folded note in her hand, it felt like ice.

"Daisy, you are not well?"

"Perfectly," she answered, in a constrained voice; "but I am a little tired. I will go up to my room, and see Miss Loclair when she leaves the parlor."

When she was alone in her own apartment, she tore the paper into tiny bits, with slow deliberation, and burned them one by one, in the flickering gaslight.

"There," she said, biting her lips until the blood started. "She shall never know he was fool enough to prefer her dark eyes and jet-black hair, to my blonde beauty!"

The same evening Belle Loclair unbraiding the masses of dark hair that had gleamed with pearls and opals, raised her dreamy Spanish eyes to the glass before her—eyes that were dim with unshed tears.

"He does not care for me," she murmured, "yet the world calls me beautiful. Ah! what care I for the world's admiration, as long as the only one for whose praise I sigh, turns coldly from me? I suppose he will marry that bright-haired, little cousin of his, and they will be happy, while I—"

"Well, Daisy?" eagerly asked Romney Elting, as he met his cousin on the stairs next morning.

"Well?"

"Was there no answer?"

"None."

The color faded from Romney's cheek, leaving a dull, deadly paleness behind. He clasped his hand involuntarily over his heart.

"So be it," he murmured, in a strangely changed voice. "And now, ho! for Europe; this country no longer holds a charm for me."

Daisy lost her cousin, yet she had the malicious satisfaction of knowing that Belle Loclair had lost something nearer and dearer still.

Three years after, Mr. Mordaunt's elegant drawing-rooms were brilliantly lighted one night, as Romney Elting paid his respects, with easy courtesy, to his pretty, silly, little hostess.

"I am so glad you came to-night, Mr. Elting. Your cousin, Miss Marsh, is to be here."

"Indeed! I haven't seen Daisy since my return; I—"

Romney Elting's tongue seemed smitten with sudden palsy at that instant. He had caught sight of a tall, slender figure in black, at the end of the room, with two or three children clinging to her.

"Who is that lady, Mrs. Mordaunt? That one sitting behind the piano! Surely not—"

"That? Oh, that is Miss Loclair, our governess. I believe you did know her once, before her father failed. Quite a nice creature—and the children are so fond of her."

Romney Elting walked straight across the room; there was a magnetic influence in the pale cheek and downcast eye of the fragile-looking governess.

"Miss Loclair, have you forgotten an old friend?"

"I do not easily forget the few friends I have left, Mr. Elting."

"I am glad to see you, Miss Loclair," he resumed; "more so than I ever thought I could be again."

"Why?" she asked raising her frank eyes to his face. She colored.

"Because, since you rejected me—"

"Rejected you, Mr. Elting?"

"Well, declined to answer my note, then—it amounts to the same thing."

"Your note! I have never received a note from you!"

"Did not my cousin give you a note from me the evening before I sailed for Europe?"

"Certainly not."

"Then, Belle, you did not know how dearly I loved you?"

"I never dreamed it, Mr. Elting."

"Some treachery has been practiced on us both," he muttered; "a treachery that has nearly cost me a life's happiness. Tell me, Belle, is it too late for me to plead my cause? for I love you more than ever, dearest."

The dark Spanish eyes filled with tears; the cheek grew crimson, and then paled again.

"Speak, dearest: tell me that I may hope."

"Romney," she murmured, "I have loved you ever since you went away; I love you still."

And then Miss Daisy Marsh entered, looking in her pale-blue dress like morning itself, she was surprised to see the perfect understanding which seemed to be established between her cousin Romney and Mrs. Mordaunt's pale governess.

"Romney," she whispered, at the first opportunity she found of exchanging a word with him, "you surely are not going to throw yourself away on that girl?"

"My dear Daisy," said Romney, serenely, "we have picked up the thread of affairs just where it was dropped, when you neglected to deliver my note, three years ago. Be easy, Daisy; your manoeuvring is all discovered, and further remark on your part is unnecessary, unless you wish your conduct exposed to the world."

Daisy cowered his stern glance, and when, two or three weeks subsequently, she received the wedding cards of Mr. and Mrs. Romney Elting, she consented herself by saying,

"Romney was always odd; but, after all, Belle is a very sweet girl!"

Poor Daisy! It was very hard for her to sink into old maidhood, while Belle Loclair was a happy wife; but, there seemed to be no help for it.

Business is lively in Princeton. A dry goods merchant there, in a fit of somnambulism, arose from his couch, nearly cut the bedquilt in two with his pocket scissors, and then asked his terrified wife if he could not show her something else.—*Boston Post.*

The strike among the wheelwrights produced some fine orations. Wheelwrights are good spokesmen.

A Noble Revenge.

The coffin was a plain one—a poor, miserable pine coffin. No flowers on the top, no smooth ribbons about the coarse shroud. The brown hair was hid decently back, but there was no crimped cap with neat tie beneath the chin. The sufferer from cruel poverty smiled in her sleep—she had found bread, rest and health.

"I want to see my mother," sobbed a poor child, as the undertaker screwed up the top.

"You cannot get out of the way, boy—why don't somebody take the brat?" "Only let me see her one minute!" Thus cried the helpless orphan, clutching the side of the charity box, and as he gazed into the rough box, agonized tears streamed down the cheeks on which no childish bloom ever lingered. Oh, it was painful to hear him cry the words: "Only once; let me see mother, only once!"

Quickly and brutally the heartless monster struck the boy away, so that he reeled with the blow. For a moment the boy stood panting with grief and rage—his blue eyes distended, his lips sprang apart, fire glittering in his eyes as he raised his little arm, and with a most unchildish accent screamed: "When I am a man, I'll kill you for that!"

There was a coffin and a heap of earth between the mother and the forsaken child—a monument much stronger than granite built in the boy's heart to the memory of the heartless deed.

The court house was crowded to suffocation.

"Does anyone appear as this man's counsel?" asked the judge.

There was a silence when he had finished, until, with lips tightly together, a look of strange intelligence, blended with haughty reserve upon his handsome features, a young man stepped forward with a firm tread and kindly eyes to plead for the erring and friendless. He was a stranger, but at the first sentence there was a silence. The splendor of his genius entranced—convinced.

The man who could not find a friend was acquitted.

"May God bless you, I cannot," said he.

"I want no thanks," replied the stranger.

"I—I believe you are unknown to me."

"Man, I will refresh your memory. Twenty years ago, this very day, you struck a broken-hearted little boy away from his dead mother's coffin. I was the boy."

Nicknames of American Cities.

The principal cities in the American Union have from time to time received various nicknames. For example, New York is called Gotham; Boston, the Modern Athens, also the Hub; Philadelphia, the Quaker City; Baltimore, the Monumental City; Cincinnati, the Queen City; New Orleans, the Crescent City; Washington, the City of Magnificent Distances; Chicago, the Garden City; Detroit, the City of Straits; Cleveland, the Forest City; Pittsburg, the Iron City; New Haven, the City of Elms; Indianapolis, the Railroad City; St. Louis, the City of Mounds; Louisville, the Falls City.

Oxford, the "City of Beautiful Girl."

The Worcester Press speaks of a contemporary who hires a small boy to come in at intervals with a step ladder and dust off the tops of his ears.

Another Jug Broke.

In a certain village lived an old lady, whose husband was a regular old toper, and who frequently took a drop too much. Staggering into the house one evening, he attempted to take a drink from the vinegar jug, but somehow in getting it to his mouth the jug slipped, and falling to the floor, was broken to pieces.

This seemed to trouble the old lady more than a little, and she lectured her husband soundly for breaking her favorite jug.

Now, it so happened that the lady in question was a regular church goer, and sometimes when the minister was tedious, would indulge in a short nap.

The next day after the accident to the jug, the old lady was in her favorite seat in church, hymn-book, spectacles and all.

As usual, she was sound asleep.

While in that condition a bunch of keys, which she generally carried, slid from her lap to the floor, making considerable noise.

Starting up quickly, she electrified the congregation by exclaiming: "Cuss it—Sal, there's another jug broke."

Cured at Last.

A lady acquaintance read the following paragraph in paper: "A young wife once cured her husband of a disposition to absent himself from home at night by providing a good dinner, and saying to him afterwards 'George, if you find a sweeter spot than our home, describe it to me, and I will rival it or die in the attempt.'" A kiss and a few tears completed the victory." This lady acquaintance tried the game on her husband. He wasn't melted a bit; he merely said: "When you can get the boys to come here and smoke cigars and talk politics, and you set up a keg of lager, you can count me in. I like the company of boys, I do." Our lady saw that sentiment had no effect on him. So she didn't throw herself on his neck, and wet his paper collar with her tears, but she took a saucer and fired at his head, and followed it up with a cup, and ended it by slinging a dish of strawberries on his shirt bosom. Since that time he has been an exemplary husband. Yet he does seem anxious for her to visit her dear mother as often as four or five times a week.

A Queer Postoffice.

The smallest postoffice in the world is kept in a barrel, which swings from the uttermost rock of the mountains overhanging the straits of Magellan, opposite the Terra del Fuego. Every passing ship opens it to put letters in or to take them out. Every ship undertakes to forward all letter in it that it is possible for them to transmit. It hangs there by its iron chain, beaten and battered by the winds and storms, but no locked and barred office on land is more secure. It is not in the track of mail robbers.

All the cares of the day ought to be laid aside with our clothes. None of them must be carried to bed with us; and in this respect, custom may obtain great power over the thoughts. It is a destructive practice to study in bed, and read till one falls asleep.

Did you ever pause a moment where gang of laborers were at work without being asked by one or more of them, "Boss, what time is it?"

Childish Joys.

Happiness emanates from the guileless heart of a child, as perfume rises from the flowers. Then why should we ever try to check their innocent capacity to enjoy? The sombre shadow of decay—the lowering clouds of sorrow will soon enough rest upon their young hearts, and in a measure destroy this sense of unconsciousness of the existence of trouble. The childish heart seems to enjoy involuntarily—spontaneously gladness gushes forth like the forest bird's carol, a hymn of grateful praise. But alas! for how brief a season this blessed artlessness lingers. In a little while childhood merges into youth, youth into maturity, when how often every joy is buried in the grave in infancy; for with each added year, cares, trials, temptation and sin, comes to many, taking away the bloom of existence, destroying the rich perfume of innocence which the heart gave forth. Then in Heaven's name allow children to enjoy their childhood while they may, ere the dust of life's prosaic cares collect upon the heart, until no soft zephyr, however fragrant or refreshing, can blow the ashy body away. Even if their childish glee annoys you in your solemn moods, do not check their joyousness rudely, for remember the time may come when not all the gold of earth can purchase back the lost happiness of their innocent joy.

Shall we pity the hardened hearts from whom sympathy with childish pleasure—toleration for them—has departed, for it speaks the absence of every kindly feeling, and tells plainly that their finest chords of the spirit have become voiceless.

A tall, green-looking youth, stepped into a village grocery where they keep something to drink as well as to eat. After peering about a little he spied some ginger cakes, said he to the grocer:

"Them's mighty fine cakes, what's the least you'll take for one of 'em?"

"Ten cents."

"Well, I believe I'll take one, if you'll wrap it up right good."

The grocer wrapped up the cake and handed it to him. He looked thoughtful at it awhile and said: "I don't believe I want this cake after all. Wont you swap me a drink for it?"

"Yes," said the grocer, as he took back the cake and handed him a glass of something.

The young man swallowed the liquor, and started off.

"Hold on," cried the grocer, "you havn't paid me for your drink."

"I swapped you the cake for the drink."

"But you havn't paid me for the cake."

"You've got your cake."

The last retort so nonplussed the grocer that he stood and scratched his puzzled head, while the young man made good his retreat.

A greenhorn sat for a long time very attentively musing upon a cane-bottom chair. At length he said, "I wonder what fellow took the trouble to find all them ar'holes and put straws around 'em?"

This is the season in which women put their heads out the parlor windows and tell their neighbors how many flies the chased out of the dining room before dinner, and how many they swept off the floor before breakfast.

Life's greatest enjoyment is made up of anticipation.