

Randolph Regulator.

GOVERNMENT WAS INSTITUTED FOR THE GOOD OF THE GOVERNED.

VOL. I.

ASHEBORO, NORTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 7, 1876.

NUMBER 19.

THE RANDOLPH REGULATOR.
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY
BY
THE RANDOLPH PUBLISHING CO.
OFFICE—2 DOORS EAST OF THE
COURT HOUSE.

One Year, postage paid.....\$2 00
Six Months, postage paid.....1 00

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square, one insertion.....\$1 00
One square, two insertions.....1 50
One square, three insertions.....2 00
One square, four insertions.....2 50
One square, five insertions.....3 00
One square, six months.....5 00
One square, twelve months.....12 00
For larger advertisements liberal con-
tracts will be made. Twelve lines solid
brevier constitute one square.
All kinds of JOB WORK done at the
"REGULATOR" office, in the neatest
style, and on reasonable terms. Bills for
advertising considered due when pre-
sented.

An Experiment.

I knew he was a professional beggar
as I saw him working on the out-skirts
of the crowd. Professional beggars
are great liars; they have no sense of
shame; they are not grateful; they
study to deceive.

I thought I would experiment on this
beggar. It would do him no harm, and
it would help me pass away an hour.
One can't study human nature by tak-
ing a seat in a bay window and watch-
ing the faces of the people who pass on
the sidewalk.

The beggar had been rebuffed by
several, and I could see a look of dis-
appointment in his eyes as I threw
myself in his way and smiled blandly.
Coming nearer, he held out his hand
and said, in woeful tones:

"Mister, for the love of heaven, give
me some change! My wife is sick, I
have several small chil—"

I stopped him with a gesture, and
kindly answered:

"My dear man, here is a quarter for
you; I know about your wife. Poor
thing! I am afraid she will never re-
cover. And your seven children—Lord
bless their poor souls and bodies!"
It has been a hard trial for you as well,
and I don't see how you keep up such
good spirits. I wish I could give you
twenty-five dollars instead of twenty-
five cents."

I was watching his eyes and I read
him like a book. I was a stranger, and
and he reasoned that I had mistaken
him for some one else, and he hurried
away with the money without speaking
another word.

Keeping my eye on the man I saw
him rebuffed again and again, and
presently laid my hand on his shoulder
and asked:

"My good friend, didn't I hear you
ask that man for five cents with which
to buy a loaf of bread?"

He hesitated for a moment, and then,
thinking I did not recognize him, he
answered:

"You did—you did. I have a fever-
sore and can't work, and haven't tasted
food for two days."

"I have heard of your case before,"
I said, looking him square in the eyes,
"and I'm willing to help you all I can.
It must be hard for a man of your age,
after being familiar with luxury for
years and years, to be suddenly depriv-
ed of wealth and social position, cripp-
led by disease, and compelled to live
as you are living now. I should think
you would sometimes almost be driven
to the point of suicide."

"Well—ah—ahem—well," he stam-
mered as he took the second shiplas-
ter.

I walked clear around the crowd
before I found him again. He had
made a pretty good day's work of it,
and feeling more independent he was
selecting his victims, choosing men
whose liberality and innocence of mind
could be read in their faces. I stood
behind and heard him say to a kind
faced old man:

"My wife is dead in the house, and
I have no means to bury her."

The kind-faced old man hesitated,
even after putting his fingers into his
vest pocket, and said:

"Well, it's curious. I should think
that the overseer of the poor or some
other official would have authority to
bury your wife at the expense of the
town."

"They won't—I have been to them

two or three days," replied the beggar,
wiping his eyes. "You don't know
how hard it is to have a dead wife in—"

"Oh, well, here's ten cents," said
the kind-faced man, hanging over the
scrip, but speaking as if he doubted the
beggar's word.

As the impostor turned away I tap-
ped him on the shoulder, and said:

"My poor, dear man, how my heart
bleeds for you! I stood there and
heard you appeal to that flint-hearted
miser, and I saw him hand you a pal-
try ten cents. Can that man have a
heart? Can he feel for the sorrows of
others? Can he be less than a statue?"

The beggar's eyes betrayed his sur-
prise at seeing me again, and I plainly
saw that he was embarrassed.

"I am poor," I continued, keeping
my eyes upon him, "but you are worse
off. Your poor dead wife must have a
Christian burial if I have to return to
Detroit on foot. Here is twenty five
cents. I am ashamed to offer you such
a beggarly sum but I can't spare any
more."

"I—ah—ah," he stammered as he
took the money.

"If you were a professional beggar,
I could detect it in your face," I said,
greatly enjoying his embarrassment.—
"You are not. One has only to glance
at you to see that you have culture and
refinement, and that you ask alms from
dire necessity. I feel deeply for you,
and I wish I could be of service in some
way."

He limped away without raising his
eyes, and I suspected that I had lost
him. He sat down on the steps of a
grocery store for about fifteen minutes,
and then, arguing with himself that I
had departed, he limped into the crowd
again. I followed him around and
heard him tell several different stories,
and at length tapped him on the shoul-
der. He turned quickly, and extend-
ing my hand, I inquired:

"How do you do, Mr. Grote?"

He held out his hand, drew it back
again, and refused to grip me when I
got hold of it.

"I heard about your house burning
down last night," I continued, looking
him in the eyes as earnestly as I could;
you have lost everything, while I, tho'
not wealthy, have much left. I have
been looking for you all the morning.
I want to give you a small donation in
cash."

He tried his best to look me in the
face, but he could not. He was con-
fused, ashamed and vexed. Even though
he was making money out of it. As I
released his hand to get at my wallet,
he slunk away, and after a long search
I found him seated on the wreck of a
canal boat, eating a decayed orange
and wearing a disconsolate look.—
Standing on the bridge, I called to him:

"Baxter! Baxter! I've collected
some money for you to buy another
cow with!"

He threw away the orange, muttered
something that sounded like "Kussin,"
and hurried off down the tow path.

As an experiment it was well worth
seventy-five cents.

STARTLING IF TRUE.—The Nashville
American states that "in Hartford,
Conn., last Friday evening, Senator
Wm. W. Eaton addressed an audience
of some twenty-five hundred. In the
course of his speech he made rather a
startling announcement concerning a
matter which he said had not been as
yet made public, but with which he was
"thoroughly conversant," and its sub-
stance was that when the New Orleans
whisky ring comes to be exposed, St.
Louis and other Western cases of this
class would seem insignificant; for in
New Orleans frauds would be traced
directly to the White House and to
President Grant, who was familiar with
all the facts. He claimed further, that
men who had gone there to ferret out
the facts had been killed, and that the
Attorney General had refused to take
steps toward punishing the murderers.
He knew this to be true, and he knew
that the Attorney General and Presi-
dent also knew it."

If Senator Eaton spoke by authority,
the American Republic has reached a
crisis in its existence which can only
end in regeneration or revolution.

Augusta Constitutionalist.

HINTS TO CENTENNIAL VISITORS

It will not be advisable to secure
lodgings in advance through agencies,
unless you are familiar with the city,
and have made up your mind as to the
quarter you wish to live in, or have
friends to choose for you. Otherwise
you may find yourself billeted off in
a hot and unsavory by-street at a long
distance from the exhibition and from
all other points of attraction. If you
intend to stay only a few days, the ho-
tels near the exhibition will be, on the
whole, the most desirable; but if you
mean to remain longer than a week, go
first to one of these establishments or
to one of the hotels in the city proper,
and then look up lodgings to suit you
in a private house. Do not come with
the idea that you are going to see an
enlarged State fair, that can be "done"
in a single day. Nothing less than a
week of steady application will suffice
for a rapid survey of the great show.
In the main building alone there are
eleven miles of aisles and passage-ways
between the lines of show cases. If
you are absolutely limited to three or
four days, you would better divide
your time as follows: Devote the first
day to taking a general look at the in-
teriors of the six principal buildings—
(in six or seven hours of hard tramping
he can get through them all)—then
make up your mind what department
you most want to see and devote the
rest of your time to seeing thoroughly,
so as to take home some clear and
lasting impressions. If you roam about
aimlessly your recollections of the
fair will be wholly chaotic. In case
you are fond of art, two days spent in
the art hall will be to some extent an
education in styles of the modern
schools, whereas, an hour or two of
hurrying from gallery to gallery will
leave in the memory only a jumble of
color and forms. If your special bent
is for machinery, or farm products and
processes, or mineralogy, or chemist-
ry, or ceramics, or whatever it may
be, after a general glance of the exhibi-
tion, stick to the department that
interests and benefits you most. "How
long will it take to see everything
thoroughly?" the reader may ask. At
least a month, and the time will be
well spent, too. At its conclusion
you will be familiar with the best arts
and industries of the entire globe.

The cost of a month's stay in Phila-
delphia, with daily visits to the exhibi-
tion, will be as follows, supposing
the visitor to practice such economy as
is not inconsistent with comfort and
with the object of his visit:

Room in a private house for one
month.....\$25 00
Breakfasts and suppers, at 50
cents each.....\$30 00
Dinners on the grounds, at 75
cents each.....\$22 50
Thirty admissions to exhibition,
50 cents.....\$15 00
Street car fares.....\$7 50
Evening amusements.....\$10 00
Incidentals.....\$15 00
Total.....\$125 00

By taking regular board in a board-
ing house or small hotel, the cost of
living can be so reduced that the first
three items can be brought down from
\$72.50 to \$40 or \$50, and perhaps
even to \$30. A week's stay at a first
class hotel and daily visits to the fair
may be estimated to cost as follows:

Board seven days, at \$5.....\$35 00
Admission to exhibition.....3 50
Car fares.....1 50
Incidentals.....5 00
Total.....\$45 00

The maximum price for hotel board
is \$5 per day. There are plenty of ex-
cellent houses where the charge is from
\$3 to \$4, and in many good, comfort-
able hotels it is as low as \$2 or 2.50.
Boarding houses charge from \$6 a
week and up for rooms and meals. At
the granger's encampment, about seven
miles out on the line of the Pennsylva-
nia railroad, rooms in rough, shed-like
structures, are furnished for 50 cents a
night, and meals at an equally moder-
ate price. In short, there are all kinds
of prices for all kinds of people, just
as in other cities where there is no
world's fair.

A woman purchasing some cups and
saucers was asked what color she would
have. "Why, I ain't particular," said
she; "any color that won't show dirt."

We clip the following extracts from
a Congressional Speech on Music from
the Raleigh News, Mr. Harrison Ora-
ting:

Mr. Chairman, for fifteen long dreary
years at the other end of Pennsylva-
nia avenue the White House has
been occupied by a Republican, and
during the winter months, of evenings,
the Marine band has been up there at
receptions to discourse sweet music
for the delectation of a Republican
President has stood in a room receiv-
ing his guests, and his pet Republican
friends in white vests and white cravats
have stood behind him enjoying the
dulcet tones poured forth from the
silver throats of silvered instruments
by twenty-four gentlemen in scarlet
coats. For long years, of summer
Saturday afternoons, twenty-four gen-
tlemen in scarlet coats have caused
twenty-four silvered instruments, on
the green in front of the White House,
to belch forth martial music for the
delectation of a Republican President.

On the 4th of next March, sir, there
will be a democratic President in the
White House. Sir, is the democratic
President to have no music? [Laugh-
ter] I have been there at a presiden-
tial reception. I went in and I saw
my friends from the other side enjoy-
ing the music. I went through a
crowd of republicans with one hand
on my watch fob and the other on my
waller. I caught now and then the
notes of the music, but I could not en-
joy it. I was a stranger in a strange
land. I felt that I was one too many.
But next year, sir, it will be different.

Mr. Milliken. They will have their
hands on their watch-fobs then [Laugh-
ter.]

Mr. Harrison. Very good; but we
will be enjoying the music. [Laugh-
ter.] Why, sir, the other Saturday
evening I was out in front of the White
House among the canaille, the sans
culottes, the men and children without
breaches and shoes.

Mr. Townsend, of New York. Was
it a democratic meeting? [Laughter.]

Mr. Harrison. And there sat the
Chief Magistrate, the republican Presi-
dent, with his feet on the balustrade
and his Partaga in his mouth listening
to the Marine Band. His republican
friends were about him. Their feet
were on the balustrade of the south
portico, wreaths of blue smoke curled
up in balmy deliciousness from Parta-
gas fresh from the Flowery Isle.

I shook a mental fist in their mental
faces and whispered to myself that
every dog had his day, and I asked my-
self, "Shall this be ever thusly?"

And from deep down in my heart came
a reply, "No! No! never!" I will see
a democratic President in the White
House. He shall receive his friends to
music of twenty-four silvered instru-
ments, filled with the breath of twenty-
four gentlemen in scarlet coats.

The Marine Band shall play true dem-
ocratic music for a democratic Presi-
dent, [laughter;] and out there on that
south portico I want to see a democrati-
c President sitting with his feet on the
balustrade listening to the music pour-
ed forth by the Marine Band, and I
hope to be one of his friends; and I
will sit there with my feet on the balu-
strade enjoying one of his Partagas.

But they wish to abolish the Marine
Band. Think of this being done, dem-
ocrats, before the democratic Presi-
dent goes into his position. We have
many men who we feel are fit to fill
that position. In my mind's eye I see
them now marching on from Saint
Louis to the White House. Let me
name them as they come in sight.
They come first from the East.

Why, there is one from the great
Emre State that we know is greater
than Alexander was, for Alexander only
cut the Gordian knot with his sword;
but the Gordian knot was made of
nothing but a hempen string; but this
man with his fist smashed a ring of
adamantine steel, cut and destroyed
the canal ring. He may be in posi-
tion, sir; and I want the Marine Band
there to give him music. He is a man
of purity; ay, of virginal purity. Per-
haps he may wish to lead a bride into
the White House. Shall we say the
Marine Band shall not play for him

the wedding march? Shall we refuse
to let the Marine Band fill with sweet
music the bridal chamber? [Laughter.]

[Here the hammer fell, amid loud
cries of "Go on!" "Go on!"

The chairman. Is there objection to
the gentleman from Illinois proceed-
ing?

Mr. Lewis, I must object.

[Cries of "O, no!"

Mr. Kasson. I move to strike out
the last word, and yield my time to
the gentleman from Illinois.

Mr. Harrison. We have other men.
There may be one from a smaller
State who would grace the Presidential
chair as it has not been graced for
long, long years past; one who in char-
acter as in name resembles the peerless
knight who was sans peur et sans re-
proche. Sir, this almost faultless man
may be there. Are you to deny him
music from the Marine Band? Never
sir; never! NEVER! I will never con-
sent by my vote. [Great laughter.]

We have them from Western States

Mr. Kelley. Bill Allen. [Laughter.]

Mr. Harrison. From the Buckeye
State; a man at the other end of the
Capitol who never speaks but he utters
words of wisdom; who is ready on
every subject and makes no mistakes.
Are we to have no music for him other
than that which he himself gives
forth in his own red bandana? No sir;
never! never! [Great laughter.]

MUST HAVE A CHANGE.
Mr. Frank W. Bird, a leading Re-
publican of Massachusetts, whose
views on the political situation he
quoted to some extent yesterday, is
emphatic in his belief that Republi-
canism has no possibility of usefulness
left in it. In the dark and troubled
night that is upon us he sees but one
star of hope—the united Democratic
party of the United States. In the
following comprehensive paragraph he
sums up the whole matter of the sit-
uation and the duty to the country of
all who are in earnest about bringing
it back to a better condition:

"It is my profound conviction that
the worst Democrat whose nomination at
St. Louis is possible is safer for the
country than the best Republican whose
nomination is possible at Cincinnati.—
The imperative, solemn need of the coun-
try is a change of the national admin-
istration." A new set of books must
be opened at Washington. Every
department of government, from the
White House to the custom house must
be purified.—*Columbia Register.*

**INDEPENDENT DISORGAN-
IZERS.**

Our level headed contemporary, the
Wilson Advance, lifts up its voice a-
gainst independent candidates and
spares not. The Advance "sincerely
hopes that the Democratic party will
"be spared the infliction of independ-
ent candidates and disorganizers
"in the great political struggle before
"us. The issues involved in the cam-
"paign are too mighty, and there is
"too much at stake to tolerate disor-
"ganization of any kind. There never
"was much of an excuse for an inde-
"pendent candidate—in fact, we al-
"ways regarded the name a misnomer;
"for what sort of independence is it,
"to be independent of your own party
"friends, and dependent chiefly on
"Radicals and negroes for support.—
"That is what we consider the most
"abject dependence."

Rightly spoken, adds the Wilming-
ton Star: There is no reason in the
toleration extended to men who for
the love of notoriety or the spoils of
office present themselves to be voted
for by a few faithful friends and nearly
or quite the whole body of the opposi-
tion party. Toleration of such men
as Conservatives is political treason.
It works disastrously, breaking up the
Conservative organization, encourag-
ing the enemy, and promoting a spirit
of selfish office-seeking, which is doing
much to undermine our system of gov-
ernment. Office is honorably won and
worn. But there is too much love of
office. The good of the people is lost
sight of, and office-bearing from a duty
becomes a wanton pleasure and a mor-
al degradation.

We hope, with the Advance, that we
shall not be afflicted with independent
candidates this year in North Carolina,
at least to any considerable extent.—
Heretofore in nearly every campaign
there have been good party opportuni-
ties lost by these pests of Egypt—
plagues—and abominations—who cov-
er themselves in the thinnest of dis-
guises, but who are yet dangerous
when operating among the unlight-
ened and unwary.—*Sala Watchman.*

There has been some doubt in the
public mind for some time past, wheth-
er Gov. Vance would accept the nomi-
nation for Governor, if tendered him.
The Charlotte Observer published in
his own Town says he will. From
what we see in our exchanges, we
think, the indications very strong that
he will be the man. The Observer has
the following paragraph upon the sub-
ject:

"Very much interest is beginning
to be felt throughout the State as to
the probable course of this gentleman
in the coming campaign. From in-
formation which we have received from
authentic sources, we are authorized
to say that Gov. Vance will not allow
his name to be run in opposition to
Mr. Ashe the present incumbent, as a
candidate for Congressional honors in
this District. Should Mr. Ashe with-
draw and leave the field open he would
accept the nomination of the Conserva-
tive party of this district, but as Mr.
Ashe has already announced himself,
Gov. Vance must be regarded as out
of the field. If the nomination for
Governor be tendered by the Conserva-
tive convention which meets in Bal-
eigh on the 14th of June, Gov. Vance
will accept the position and its respon-
sibilities, and make such a canvass of
the State as has never been made be-
fore.

Knowing him as we do, we believe
there is no man in the State who can
get a larger vote than Vance, and as
he has never been beaten after a long
and successful political career, we have
no hesitation in saying that his nomi-
nation will be most opportune."

THE CONTEMPT CASE.

In the matter of contempt against
T. M. Argo and J. E. O'Hara, practis-
ing lawyers, for an affray in the court
room, the respondents appeared before
Judge Henry on Thursday afternoon
and were heard through counsel.

The counsel handed his Honor a
paper signed by the members of the
bar attending Halifax court (with one
or two exceptions) giving their views
upon the question of contempt. This
was in response to a request for their
opinion, previously made by his Honor,
and merely reduced to writing, the
substance of the views expressed by
them orally on Thursday.

It was their unanimous conclusion
that the respondents were guilty of a
contempt and should be punished there-
for. But it was also suggested that
the action upon the part of both the
respondents was unpremeditated, and
not intended to show any want of re-
spect for the court. It was urged upon
his Honor not to inflict, for the impu-
sive word and act of a moment, any
punishment which would rankle here-
after.

The Judge imposed a fine of \$200 on
each which seemed to meet with gen-
eral approval.—*Roanoke News.*

The New York Tribune has dropped
Bristow and is veering around to Blaine.
It says:

"We do not doubt, and have not at
any time these six months, that upon
a popular vote of the Republican party
Secretary Bristow would receive the
nomination for the Presidency. He is
undoubtedly the popular favorite to-
day. The phrase may mean much or
little. That it is a fact will not be dis-
puted by any impartial person who
moves at all among the people, or is
familiar with the currents of public
opinion. But it must be admitted that
while some of the ablest and purest men
in the country welcome this indication
of a popular reaction from the rule of
the machine politicians and the dicta-
tion of Caucus and Ring, and gladly re-
cognize the yearning of the people for a
more salutary political condition, there
is still a falling of hesitancy with regard
to Secretary Bristow and his ability to
meet all the requirements of the situa-
tion. It arises of course from his lack
of experience in public affairs, and the
limited opportunities that have been af-
forded him for showing his capacity in
more than a single direction."