

Randolph Regulator.

GOVERNMENT WAS INSTITUTED FOR THE GOOD OF THE GOVERNED.

VOL. I.

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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.....21 00
One square, two insertions.....1 50
One square, three insertions.....2 00
One square, four insertions.....3 00
One square, six months.....5 00
One square, twelve months.....8 00
For larger advertisements liberal con-
tracts will be made. Two-line 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.

A SLIGHT IMPROVEMENT.

Mr. George Simpson, junior, might well have been described as a favored son of fortune.
The only son of a rich merchant, he had been educated at Harrow and Oxford.
Shortly after leaving college, he had fallen in love with a beautiful girl, the daughter of a business acquaintance of Mr. Simpson, senior. So that the two fathers had put their heads, or rather their purses, together, and had started the young couple in life.
Which same start took the shape of a handsomely furnished villa at Putney, and a liberal account at the banker's.
And yet Mr. George Simpson was not contented. In the midst of his comfort, with a lovely and accomplished wife, this Sybarite was not without the crumpled roseleaf to disturb his rest.
And what do you think, reader, was the thorn in the side that made Mr. Simpson imagine he was a miserable man?
Nothing more nor less than his hand-writing.
At Harrow he had been taught Latin and Greek, but writing was not deemed a necessary accomplishment for a gentleman; or, perhaps they considered that it ought to come intuitively.
At all events, he had not been taught the mysteries of the thin up stroke, and the thick down; the graceful curve, and the various other minutiae of the art of calligraphy.
At Oxford he had not found it necessary to perfect himself in penmanship; consequently he still retained a collection of strangely formed hieroglyphics which he honored by terming his "writing."
Mr. George Simpson, senior, was continually complaining about his son's "wretched scrawl."
His father-in-law, Mr. Manvers, never let pass an opportunity of expatiating upon the benefit of a plain commercial hand.
It was in vain George tried to persuade them that bad handwriting formed one of the outward and visible signs of a gentleman.
Even his wife added her mite to his misery. She wrote a beautiful hand, and perhaps, in hope of achieving a reformation, she often compared the two together.
At length, those constant comparisons made George so intensely wretched that he hated the sight of pen and ink and paper, and one evening after a particularly vexatious lecture from Mr. Manvers on the wickedness of wasting a business man's time, (which was his money) by writing what nobody could read, he went to bed fully determined to do something.
On the morning after arriving at this determination, and while he was still warm on the subject, he happened to be reading a paper at breakfast, when his eye fell on the following advertisement:

per advertisement, and then he would surprise her, and enjoy her amazement. Accordingly, after breakfast, he dressed himself and proceeded to town.
At length, however, he completed the prescribed course, and the triumphant professor, making him sign his name on a scrap of paper, compared it with a signature he had written before commencing his lessons.
And certainly the difference was wonderful; nobody would have believed them to have emanated from the same fingers.
George hastened home full of accomplishment, and found that his wife had gone out shopping. So, writing her a short note, he left it on the side table, and then withdrew to his smoking-room.
In about an hour's time, Mrs. Simpson came sailing into the room, swelling with indignation, and with her husband's note in her hand.
"George, dear," said she, "some impudent fellow has dared to write to me, and invite me to dine with him this evening!"
"Well, my love," replied George, "and shall you accept it?"
"I am surprised at you, George! Of course not. You ought to find out the writer and—and—thrash him!"
At the idea of having to thrash himself, George could retain his gravity no longer, but burst out into a hearty laugh.
And then in reply to Mrs. Simpson's look of wonder, he explained the apparent mystery, and to prove his words, wrote another note to the same purport in her presence.
The next morning, at breakfast, his wife said, "By the-by, George, I want a little money to settle the accounts.—Can you let me have any?"
"Very sorry, my dear," he said gravely, "but I've hardly any change left; but I'm going into town this morning, and I'll bring some back with me."
Accordingly, when breakfast was over, he walked down to the station, and taking the train soon arrived in town.
After making one or two calls and transacting some business, he proceeded to the bank to draw some money.
Upon entering, he made his way to the desk usually occupied by a clerk with whom he was on speaking terms.
But the desk was vacant. So presuming he was at dinner, he moved down to the next, which was occupied by the newly promoted cashier.
Taking out his check-book, George drew a check for one hundred and twenty-five dollars, and handed it in.
After he had returned his check-book to his pocket, he noticed that the cashier seemed to be comparing it with some other papers on his desk, and then he thought he stared at him rather rudely.
"So, to hasten him a little, called out, 'I'll take it all in gold, please.'
"One moment, sir," replied the cashier, who then beckoned the bank messenger over to him, and giving him an order in a whisper, turned again towards George.
"I'm really very sorry to be obliged to keep you waiting," said he; "but there is something not quite right, and I had to send for somebody to rectify it. Ah, here he is! Constable I give that man into your charge for foregery!"
And the next moment George was in the rough grasp of a policeman, brought in by the messenger.
Oh, how he cursed the man that first invented writing!
Then in a voice that trembled in spite of his knowledge that he was innocent, he said, "Oh, nonsense! This is absurd! I am Mr. Simpson. Let me see Mr. Chance, the manager; he will recognize me."
"Mr. Chance is away for his holidays," replied the clerk; "and as for the absurdity of the matter, here is a check signed by Mr. Simpson, and here is the one you drew just now.—Why anyone can see it's a forgery; it's as different as chalk and cheese."
"Now, young man," interrupted the constable, as George was again about to attempt to explain; "if you take my advice, you'll come along quietly and keep what you've got till you're before the magistrate; and remember

whatever you says now will be brought up against yer."
Oh, shades of Cadmus! And this was the effect of learning!
"But must I go through the streets like this?" appealed George in heart-rending tones.
"Oh, you, can have a cab," replied the guardian of the peace, "if you like to pay for it."
Accordingly, in few minutes, George, with his coat sleeve still in the grasp of the policeman, accompanied by the cashier who preferred the charge, entered a cab, and drove off to the police station. Upon their arrival, George was led before the inspector on duty.
The cashier stated his case, which was entered upon the charge-sheet.
As soon as the clerk had finished talking, poor George again commenced his explanations, asserting that he was Mr. Simpson, and, therefore, could not forge his own name.
"Ah! very fine," said the inspector. "Of course if you are Mr. Simpson, you can produce witnesses to prove your identity."
"If you will let me have writing materials," answered George, eagerly, "I will have my father here in an hour."
He was accordingly supplied with pen, ink and paper; and, in a few minutes he had written a note and forwarded it to his father's office.
Fortunately, Mr. Simpson was in when the messenger arrived; and, though considerably surprised at the tenor of the note, and the writing, he made up his mind to go to his son's assistance.
Just as he was leaving the office, he met Mr. Manvers—George's father-in-law—who agreed to accompany him.
Jumping into a cab, they speedily arrived at Vine street; and while the inspector was explaining the matter to Mr. Simpson, Mr. Manvers was shown into the cell where George was incarcerated.
"Ah, George, my boy," said he, "didn't I always tell you you'd come to a bad end if you did not learn to write a better hand? What could you expect?"
This was too bad after suffering as he had, although having improved his handwriting, to be bullied in that manner.
For a minute, the prisoner did not know whether to laugh or cry.
While Mr. Manvers was still holding forth, Mr. Simpson entered the cell, and his son explained how he had taken lessons, and what occurred at the bank.
After a hearty laugh, they all went before the sitting magistrate, and as Mr. Manvers happened to be acquainted with him, in few minutes George was at liberty to return to his wife.
The cashier, of course, made a handsome apology, and George hoped the matter was ended; but somehow or other, the affair became known to his friends and acquaintances, and it was many a long day before he heard the last of the consequences of his slight improvement.

left wheel horse had borne up the whole weight of the stage behind and the weight of the three horses before for a moment or two, which enabled all to escape; for, just as Mrs. Parsley got out, the stage went foremost and stage and horses fell full fifty feet into a ravine. I got a light, sent the driver after help and went down and relieved one horse, the faithful fellow, but was unable to do more until help came. I think only one of the horses is fatally injured, but how they are to be gotten out of the ravine I cannot tell. Mr. Nutt was stunned in his fall and could not render me any assistance."
We were glad to meet Mr. Nutt, one of the "survivors," on our streets yesterday, looking as if nothing had happened to disturb his usual calm equilibrium. He says, however, that he has not yet got over the effects of the adventure, for whenever he thinks of the narrow escape and the imminent peril to himself and friends, of that fearful moment on the brink of the yawning precipice which threatened to engulf them, a thrill of horror passes through his frame which it is impossible to suppress. The whole party certainly have cause for great thankfulness and gratitude at their wonderful escape. Wilmington people seem to be given to such hairbreadth escapes, as instance the almost miraculous rescue of Mr. S. W. Vick from the wreck of the steamship *Atlantic* off the coast of Halifax, when so many of his fellow passengers were drowned, and the no less wonderful preservation of our three Wilmington boys on the occasion of the recent disaster to the steamship *Rebecca Clyde*.—*Wil. Star*.

A CHINESE PARABLE.

Fohi, in the course of his wanderings, coming to a village, knocked at the door of a rich woman and begged permission to enter. "What?" said she, "do you think I receive into my house every roving vagabond? No, indeed; it would be unbefitting a respectable woman! Go your way!"
Then he went to the cottage of a poor woman, who at once kindly begged him to enter. She set before him the only food she had, a little goat's milk, broke a piece of bread into it, and said, "May Fohi bless it that we may both have enough."
She then prepared for him a conch of straw; and, when he fell asleep, perceiving that he had no shirt, she sat up all night and made him one out of some linen she had made by her own labor. In the morning she brought it to him, begging he would not despise her poor gift. After breakfast she accompanied him a little way, and at parting Fohi said: "May the first work you undertake last until evening."
When she got home she began to measure her linen, to see how much was left; and she went on measuring, and did not come to the end of it until the evening, when her house and yard were full of linen; in short, she did not know what to do with all her wealth. Her rich neighbor, seeing this, was sorely vexed, and resolved that such good fortune should not escape her again.
After some months the traveler came once more to the village; she went to meet him, pressed him to go to her house, treated him with the best food she had, and in the morning brought him a shirt of fine linen, which she had made some time before, but all night she kept a candle burning in her room, that the stranger, if he awoke, might suppose she was making his shirt. After breakfast she accompanied him out of the village, and when they parted he said: "May the first work you undertake last until evening!"
She went her way home, thinking the whole time of her linen, and anticipating its wonderful increase; but just then her cows began to low.—"Before I measure my linen," said she, "I will quickly fetch the cows some water."
But when she poured the water into the trough her pail never emptied; she went on pouring, the stream increased, and soon her house and yard

were all under water; the neighbors complained that everything was ruined; the cattle were drowned, and with difficulty she saved her own life, for the water never ceased flowing until the setting of the sun.—*San Francisco Call*.

BETTING ON A CERTAINTY.

Hiram Robinson was a rick and jolly bachelor. During the Summer, with several of his friends for company, he kept bachelor's hall in the country.— One afternoon as they sat smoking after dinner, Jim Clark, one of Hiram's guests, commenced on the beauty of a new dining-table which the latter had recently purchased.
"It's the finest black walnut I ever saw," said Jim, "and the only fault I have to find with the table is this—it's just a little too high. Don't you think so, Hiram?"
"No, I don't," said Hiram. "On the contrary, if anything, I consider it a shade too low."
"You're mistaken, my dear fellow. I've got an excellent eye, and I'm sure I'm right. A table shouldn't exceed two feet five, and this is at least one inch higher."
"I'll bet you," said Hiram, "that it's only twenty-nine inches high."
"Don't bet, Hiram—I'm sure of it; for my eye, as I have reason to know, is always correct."
"I'll bet you fifty dollars, Jim, that it's only twenty-nine inches high."
"Oh, if you're willing, Hiram, I'll make the bet; but I tell you beforehand that I'm certain the table is at least thirty inches high."
Hiram left the room to get a yard measure, and when he returned, Jim laughed and said:
"Hiram, you may save yourself the trouble of measuring. I warned you fairly that I bet on a certainty, so the bet must be binding."
"Of course, Jim; if you're right, I'll pay the money at once."
"Well, then, fork over the coin. I measured the table this very morning, and it's thirty inches high," and Jim burst into a fit of laughter.
"I know you did," said Hiram, "for I saw you do it, and knowing what a penchant you have for practical joking, I immediately suspected your object, and as soon as you left the house I sent for a carpenter and had an inch sawed off of every leg; so you see, my dear friend Jim, that the biter has been bitten. Hand over the cash."
Jim paid Hiram fifty dollars, amid the laughter of everybody but himself.

A NOBLE BOY.

A crippled beggar was striving to pick up some old clothes that had been thrown from the window, when a crowd of rude boys gathered about him, mimicking his awkward movements, and hooting at his helplessness and rags. Presently a noble little fellow came up, and pushing through the crowd, he helped the poor crippled man to pick up his gifts, and placed them in a bundle. Then slipping a piece of silver into his hand, he was running away, when a lady, leaning from an upper window, said earnestly, "God bless you for that!" As he walked along, he thought how glad he had made his own heart by doing good.— He thought of the poor beggar's grateful look; of the lady's smile, and her approval; and last, and better than all, he could hear his Heavenly Father whispering, "Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy."
Little reader, when you have an opportunity of doing good, and feel tempted to neglect it, remember the noble little boy and the crippled beggar.—*Piedmont Press*.

WHAT THE AMENDMENTS WILL DO FOR EDUCATION IN NORTH CAROLINA.

Under the constitution, as it now stands, the moneys coming in from fines, penalties and forfeitures are all required to be paid into the State Treasury and securely invested as a permanent fund, the interest on which is to be divided among the several counties in proportion to the number of school children living therein. It matters not how much a county may have contributed to the principal of this fund, it can only receive its proportional part of the interest. For example, from "fines, penalties and forfeitures" the county of Edgecombe, in five years, paid into the State Treasury the sum of \$2,496.17, while the county of Craven during the same period paid in from the same sources the sum of one dollar; yet when the interest on that amount came to be paid out for the support of schools, the county of Craven, having about the same number of school children living in it that Edgecombe had received about the same amount. In other words Edgecombe paid in very near twenty-five hundred times as much money as Craven did, but for all that she took out of the fund no more than Craven did. The county of Brunswick paid into this school fund three times as much as did the county of New Hanover, and yet New Hanover drew out near four times more for its share of the interest than Brunswick did.
A system that permits such gross inequalities as these is manifestly wrong and ought to be broken up, and this the amendments will do. If they shall be ratified, all the fines and penalties annually collected will remain in the several counties, and the whole amount, not the interest merely, but both principal and interest, will be expended in the support and maintenance of the public schools in that county. And when this shall be done we may expect county commissioners and school trustees to be more vigilant in seeing to it that clerks and magistrates make prompt and honest returns.
This change alone, it is estimated, will save the people of North Carolina each year at least \$25,000—and will be the means of furnishing instruction to about 25,000 more of the children of the State than are now being taught in the public schools—and whites and blacks will be equally benefited. The annual saving in money alone by this amendment, will well-nigh pay for the cost of the Constitutional Convention, to the immense advantage it will be to the State, that there shall be taught and educated so many children, who otherwise would grow up in ignorance and only too surely in vice.
All good citizens—irrespective of race, color or previous condition—who wish their children to have the privileges of an education, and who have the prosperity of the State at heart, will consult both their interests and the good of the State by voting for the amendments.—*Wil. Journal*.

HE WANTED HIS WIFE.

A negro man has just applied to a Milton magistrate to know how to get his wife back. Milton is only separated from the Virginia line by a small creek, and it seems the woman's brother had run her off from her husband and taken her across the creek.
"How can I git her boss, un what de law in Virginny?" asked the negro.
"The cheapest way," said the magistrate, "is to have no law about it; just go across the creek and overpower her and bring her home."
"I'll sho do it boss," said the negro; a hard winter is sett'n in, no wood an' no nuffing; but dat gal weighs 200 an' she gibs out heat like a stove, d'only time a wife's a comfort." He waded the creek with a steer whip in one hand and a long rope in the other.—*Ral. News*.

An epitaph in the old churchyard at Bellington, reads:
Poems and epitaphs are but stuff;
Here lies Robert Barass, that's enough.