

Randolph Regulator.

GOVERNMENT WAS INSTITUTED FOR THE GOOD OF THE GOVERNED.

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sented.

Good-Bye Sweet-Heart.

"And this is your final determination? Aimee, darling, consider well!"

"Remember it was your father's chief desire—his dying request!"

"Remember? O Ralph! If I could only forget! Does it not haunt me sleeping or waking—has it not made me so unhappy? But, Ralph,—and Aimee crept closer to the stalwart, dignified form of her guardian, Ralph Latham, as if secure, in the thought that he could shield her from all harm—you who are so much older, so much wiser, you surely would not counsel me to marry one I—"

"One you do not love," finished Ralph. "But, Aimee, child, do not ask me to decide for you; for, loving you so well, I could but counsel you to obey your father's request!"

"But Ralph, I do not love you—at least in that way. When my father asked me if I could love and respect you, I could but laugh; for did I not already love you very, very dearly?"

"But when he asked me to think of you as my husband, I shuddered at the thought; but still I promised—and Ralph, I have tried, Oh so hard,—but I can only think of you, as my dear old Ralph, who used to fondle and pet me as a child, and who has always been a true and devoted friend."

"O Ralph! Be true to yourself—to that voice that must whisper to you that nothing but misery could result from a marriage like this."

"I have thought it all over, Aimee, time and again, and only repeat my declaration that you alone can free yourself from this hateful marriage.—I cannot give you up; but should you refuse to obey your father's wish, you have only to make known your decision to your father's old lawyers.—Latimer and Morrow, and I can but acquiesce."

"But, Ralph, you will surely not leave me? You will still act as my guardian—still be my best and truest friend! O Ralph! I cannot give you up!" And Aimee remembering all she had lost, all that she was about to lose, wept in a perfect abandonment of grief and despair.

"Your best, truest friend," repeated Ralph Latham. "Always that, I trust, wherever I may be. But it would be impossible for me to remain here.—The programme we had agreed upon in the event of our marriage, shall be carried out—only I shall leave you behind when I commence my wanderings."

"But you will not stay long! You will return soon!" sobbed Aimee, as she endeavored to arrest his departure until he had given her one word of consolation.

"The future Aimee, is with God alone," answered Ralph, and the words sounded cold and comfortless.

Oh the dreary days that followed Ralph's departure! Aimee wandered from room to room, listless, dejected and unhappy. And when, in a few days, she received a letter from her father's lawyer, announcing his intention of an early visit to 'Idlewild' she could but know that her guardian had carried out his intention to the very letter, and that he had left her, perhaps forever, without one word of forgiveness.

When Richard Latimer followed his letter, a few days later, he could but be surprised at the great change

that had taken place in the once merry, light-hearted Aimee Atwood.—And it was not very long before the keen sighted lawyer had an insight into affairs, and deeming Aimee's grief to be caused as much by the absence of the living as her sorrow for the dead, he hastily indicted a letter to his friend telling him all his fears, and counselling a speedy return.

Ralph Latham smiled in quiet content when he received the letter dispatched in such haste from Idlewild; but deeming Aimee's sorrow at the surrendering of old ties as but natural, and to be expected, he consoled himself with the thought that as soon as time should reconcile her to the change she would thank him that he had placed a barrier to their future intercourse and association, at least until all the unpleasantness had been forgotten, and all the old wounds healed.

Nine months passed, and Ralph's wanderings had at last brought him to a quiet little village in Switzerland, and here he found peace and contentment if not happiness.

It was with feeling of half regret that he received one day a large package of letters that had followed him from place to place for months, and almost overcome by a feeling of languor and inertia he decided to have them unopened, when the sight of a familiar hand-writing caused his heart to thump as it had not done for many a day, and he was obliged to wipe away the mist that had gathered in his eyes, many times before the letters became legible.

Poor Aimee! Could he but have seen the wan, pitiful face that bent over that letter, and the trembling little hands that almost refused to guide the pen, his feeling of disappointment would have been lessened. For Aimee wrote only of Idlewild; of the changes great and small that had taken place during his absence; of everything—save herself. And yet, in the pathetic closing of her long letter lay the burden of her whole life.

"In a short time," she wrote, "I shall be nineteen. Who is it, dear Ralph, that I so often forget, eighteen years of happiness, to remember one of misery and trouble? Last year I had my dear father and my dear old Ralph; this year I will be all alone!"

Ralph read his letter over and over again, and when he at last folded it, it was to place it reverently next his heart; but he sighed to think he was so soon forgotten, and he quite resolved to end his days in this peaceful little village, forgotten and forgetting.

"Man proposes, but God disposes," is a trite, but true, saying. And Ralph Latham, prostrated upon a bed of sickness, was a very different man from Ralph Latham, well. His languor, and exceeding distaste for all mental exertion, could now be attributed to physical rather than moral causes, and the longing for home increased day by day. Oh, the passionate craving for the intoxicating odor of the honey-suckle,—for the ghostly rustling of the maple leaves, as they descended in showers of crimson light on the green sward of Idlewild. For the noisy buzzing of the honey-bee, as it flitted from flower to flower; for all the well-remembered scenes at home. He could now see in another and clearer light the events of the past months. How selfish and cowardly seemed his—desertion of what ought to have been to him a sacred charge! But he would return; he would once more be the friend and adviser of his little ward, and not by look or word would he recall the past.

Oh, the longing for health and strength sufficient for the journey!—But hope is a good physician, and Ralph slowly gained strength for an early departure.

Did time ever fly fast enough for anxious lovers? Ralph's impatience increased tenfold as he neared home, and when he at last reached the gate that led into the well-remembered grounds of Idlewild, it was with a light heart, and the buoyant step of youth.

Entering the house unannounced, he could but be conscious of the change that had taken place during his ab-

sence. How quiet and deserted the very grounds seemed! Surely some premonition of what he was to meet caused his hand to tremble as he essayed to open the door, and he stopped to stay the loud beating of his heart ere he at last entered the room. That a vision of loveliness he encountered! He could scarcely believe it was the last scene of Aimee Atwood's life enacted almost in the presence of Azrael—dark angel of death. How vividly bright was her lips and cheeks—how bright her lovely blue eyes! And when at the sight of him, she raised herself from the pillows with an exclamation of joy, Ralph could but wonder what had caused this grand transfiguration.

"Oh I knew you would come," sobbed Aimee, though they told me it was a forlone hope. O Ralph! I have prayed so fervently for this—and now I have only seen you say good-bye!"

"Why, Aimee, you must not talk so—you are not going to die. Surely, this is some horrid dream! And Ralph pressed his hands over his eyes, as if to exercise the fearful spell.

"Yes, Ralph, I have only a few moments to live. Doctor says so." Ralph then for the first time saw his old friend, standing near Aimee's dying bed, but he returned the look of agonizing appeal that met his in recognition with one of despair, and Ralph could only gaze into the face now settling with the peace of death with a perfect agony of horror.

Aimee passed her hand caressingly over the head bent beside her on the pillow and endeavored to soothe the loud sobbings, as Ralph at last realized the horrible truth that his repentance had come too late.

"Do you remember the words of that old song, Ralph—"

"I am wearing away 'Jean, to the land of the lea!'"

"I have thought of it so often lately," "To the land of the lea!"

The voice grew fainter and fainter, and Ralph, raising the slightly attenuated form in his arms, received the loud sobbings, as Ralph at last realized the horrible truth that his repentance had come too late.

"Closer, father! Hold me closer." And she fell asleep, to awake in his arms.

The grass seemed to grow greener, and the rain fall with a softer touch, on the little grave at Idlewild. And Ralph Latham, sorrow-stricken and remorseful, makes many a pilgrimage to this lovely shrine. But Aimee heeds him not. She is past all love—rapt in immortality.

MARRIAGE SUPERSTITIONS.

Since marriage became an institution, there have been certain signs and superstitions that have clung through its celebration through all ages and in all countries. Even to-day in the most civilized nations we have not entirely rid our minds of these superstitions, and we warrant there is never a bride but indulges herself in looking for some omen. Few people are dauntless enough to be married on Friday, and we all have the most unlimited confidence in that old shoe thrown after the newly-wedded pair. Nearly every bride of to-day wears about her when she is married some trifling thing borrowed from some lady friend, and all know that "Blest is the bride on whom the sun doth shine," and all are equally certain that

"To change the name and not the letter is a change for the worse and not for the better."

So on, quite indefinitely, it is wonderful how these ancient signs are handed down from generation to generation, and how impotent reason is to do away with their hold upon the human mind. Let us recall a few of the olden beliefs concerning marriage superstitions. In the earliest weddings we read of among the Jews, we find that the fourth day of the week was considered the unlucky day to wed and the fifth for widows. The Romans also believed that certain days were unfavorable for the performance of marriage rites, and these were the calends, nones and ides of every month, of February and May, and many of

the festivals. June was considered the most propitious month of the year for matrimony, especially if the day chosen were that of the full moon or the conjunction of the sun and moon.

The month of May was especially to be avoided, as it was under the influence of spirits adverse to happy households, and for centuries this superstition seemed to prevail in Italy against May marriages, and even to this day prevails in some parts of England and our country. In China marriages are positively prohibited at certain times and seasons on account of their being unlucky.

There was at one time a superstition current in England against marrying on Innocent's day, December 28th, a day of ill-omen, because it was the one which commemorated Herod's massacre of the children. And it is still thought unlucky to marry in Lent. "Marry in Lent and you'll live to repent." An old line also says: "May never was ye month of love." Another: "Who marries between ye sickle and ye scythe will never thrive." The old rhyme that we have all heard tells us to marry on

"Monday for wealth,
Tuesday for health,
Wednesday the best day of all;
Thursday for crosses,
Friday for losses,
Saturday no luck at all!"

At one time it was thought that all those who married on Tuesday would be happy. Among the Romans no marriage was celebrated without an augurer being first consulted.

In the middle ages it was considered an ill-omen if the bridal party, in going to church, met a monk, priest, hare, dog, cat, lizard, or serpent, while all would go well if a wolf, a spider, or a toad was encountered.

It is lucky if the initials of a wedded couple spell a word.

In the south of England it is said to be unlucky for a bride to look in the glass after she is completely dressed before she goes to the church; so a glove or some other article is put on after the last look has been taken at the mirror. Gray horses at a wedding are lucky. It is supposed to be unlucky if a wife does not weep on her wedding day.

In Scotland it is considered an unhappy omen if a couple are disappointed in getting married on the day fixed for that purpose.

In the Isle of Man it is believed that it insures good luck to carry salt in the pocket when going to be married.

At Hull it is considered unlucky to go in at one door and go out at another when a person gets married.

Whoever goes to sleep first on the wedding night will die first.

If there is an odd number of guests at a wedding, one is sure to die within the succeeding twelve months.

KILPATRICK'S VISIT.

General Judson B. Kilpatrick departed from our midst yesterday morning. He left by the earliest train for Washington, we presume. He came as a thief in the night; he departed like a detected criminal. He came—he saw—but, unlike Caesar, he did not conquer; he was killed. He sneaked into the city; spent the night with the carpet-baggers and the Governor; and then he shook the dust of Raleigh off his feet; nor did he stand upon the order of his going, but went at once.

It would be idle in him or his friends to attempt to conceal the object of this nocturnal visit. Its purpose was manifest—to devise some scheme by which we might be cheated out of our victory. Some sort of devious tactics were to be employed; some falsifying of the returns; some seizing upon technicalities; some buying up of those entrusted by the law with consummating the verdict to the people at the polls. Unquestionably, he was on mischief bent.

His mission failed. The prompt exposure of his designs, disconcerted his plans; and he has ignominiously fled to the tents of wickedness from which he came, with as much haste as characterized his flight in his night-shirt, when Wade Hampton charged him

through the woods near Fayetteville eleven years ago.

He seems to have not succeeded in capturing the Secretary of State, to serve his diabolical purpose. In a statement which we publish elsewhere to-day, Dr. Howerton denies that he was closeted with Kilpatrick, as we alleged on yesterday, and insist that he never saw him in his life, and that he knows nothing about any conspiracy, and has "nothing whatever to do with it."

We are glad to have this declaration from the Secretary of State. We did not believe that he would enter into any conspiracy of this nature against the liberties of the people of his native State. No evil designs against the returns can be carried into effect without Howerton's connivance. The returns involve the very life almost of the nation. They will be watched with unceasing vigilance from now until Tilden is seated in the Presidential chair.

Let the man, here or elsewhere, who even harbors the base thought of tampering with these recorded evidences of the people's will, beware! The day for quiet submission to wrongdoing has passed. We are free now to defend ourselves. We will not be robbed of a right—nor a privilege—nor even a single ballot. And it is well for the Kilpatricks to slink away. —Raleigh News.

The Heathen Chinese has found a defender. The Rev. W. H. H. Murray of Boston attempts to show that if we think we are at all superior to the almost eye race we are very much mistaken. In the first place, China is old, he says. So it is. That conceded, he goes on to say how carefully it has kept up its arts and its sciences; how it understood the circulation of the blood 2,300 years ago; how it has an aristocracy of brains and knows not the face of Veneering and the sword of the General Boum; and how it has a religion of pure rationalism, a religion beautiful, humane and ignorant of power of persecution. Which is a good deal for a clergyman of Puritan Boston to say. To the enlightened and virtuous people of such a country shall we send American profanity and office holders, Illinois, Arkansas, or even Texas ignorance, or as was done recently, three missionaries and 240 barrels of rum on the same ship? This is what the Chinese's friend, Mr. Murray, wants to know. These being civilization might better take care of itself before it goes to take care of the heathen. The trouble is, says Mr. Murray, we haven't reduced our religion to practice; what we need is not more ecclesiastical machinery but more piety. Here every one must sincerely agree with him, and heartily hope that his opinion will have a moving effect upon the Jellybys and other wild barbarians of America. —N. Y. Tribune.

STATE TREASURER JENKINS.—The Charlotte Observer, published at the home of State Treasury Jenkins, pays the following compliment to that honest and popular official:

"In retiring from office, Mr. Jenkins carries with him the good will of both parties. He has employed in his office able counsel and efficient clerks, without regard to party, to assist him in the management of the affairs of the State, nor has he ever advocated any extreme partisan measures for the oppression of his race and people. Personally, he is kind-hearted, liberal and courteous in all his bearings, and has many friends in this section with whom he has differed in politics."

No direct tax for the support of the poor is levied in France. The support of poor relatives is strictly enforced by the civil code; the obligation presses in the direct ascending line from the child to its grandmother, and a son-in-law or daughter-in-law must support a mother-in-law or father-in-law where no closer relation intervenes; such obligations are all reciprocal. An almshouse or hospital relieving a pauper belonging to another commune may sue the relatives to recover expenses.

THE QUAKER AND THE LAWYER.

"Friend Broadbrim," said Zephaniah Stratlace to his master, a rich Quaker, "thou canst not eat of that leg of mutton at noontide meal to day."

"Wherefore not?" asked the good Quaker.

"Because the dog that appertaineth to that son of Belial, whom the world calls Lawyer Foxcraft, hath come into thy pantry and stolen!—yes, and he hath eaten it."

"Beware, friend Zephaniah, of bearing false witness against thy neighbor. Art thou sure it was friend Foxcraft's domestic animal?"

"Yea, verily, I saw it with my eyes, and it was Lawyer Foxcraft's dog—even Pincham."

"Upon what evil times have we fallen!" sighed the harmless Quaker, as he wended his way to his neighbor's office. "Friend Foxcraft," said he "I want to ask thy opinion."

"I am all attention," replied the scribe laying down his pen.

"Supposing, friend Foxcraft, that my dog has gone into my neighbor's pantry and stolen therefrom a leg of mutton, and I see him, and could call him by name, what ought I to do?"

"Pay for the mutton—nothing can be clearer."

"Know, then, friend Foxcraft, thy dog, even the denominated Pincham, hath stolen from my pantry a leg of mutton of the just value of four shillings and sixpence, which I paid in the market this morning."

"O, then it is my opinion that I must pay for it." And he having done so, the worthy friend turned to depart.

"Tarry yet awhile, friend Broadbrim," cried the lawyer. "Of a verity I have yet further to say unto thee.—Thou owest me nine shillings for advice."

"Then verily, I must pay thee; and it is my opinion that I have touched pitch and been defiled."

A DIPLOMATIC SHOEMAKER.

You can't get an old shoemaker to blunder. The other day when a wealthy woman sailed into a Detroit shoe store and selected a pair of No. 4's and sat down to have them tried on, the shoeman saw that she wanted seven.—But he didn't tell her so, and start her out of the shop on a gallop. He smiled and softly said:

"Madam, all the aristocratic ladies are now wearing shoes three sizes too large for their feet, in order to have cool extremities, and of course you want to follow the style."

She smiled like a duck in reply to his smile and replied:

"You are in a position to know best, and I leave everything to your judgment."

When she went out she said she never had such an easy fitting shoe on in her whole life.

A new prison chaplain was recently appointed in a certain town. He was a man who greatly magnified his office, and entering one of the cells, on his first round of inspection, he with much pomposity thus addressed the prisoner who occupied it:

"Well, sir, do you know who I am?"

"No; nor I dinna care," was the nonchalant rejoinder.

"Well, I'm your new chaplain."

"Oh, ye air? Well, I has heard o'ye before."

"And what did you hear?" returned the chaplain, his curiosity getting the better of his dignity.

"Weel, I heard that the last twa kirks ye were in ye preached them baith empty; but I'll be hanged if ye find it such an easy matter to do the same wi' this aine?"

No friends have a perfect suitability to each other, and roughness and inequalities that are nearest us are most troublesome. That wonderful variety and contrariety of apprehension, interest, temperaments, occasions and temptations are such that, whilst we are scandalized at the discord and confusions of the world, we must recall ourselves, and admire that alluring Providence which keepeth up so much order and concord as there is.