

Randolph Regulator.

GOVERNMENT WAS INSTITUTED FOR THE GOOD OF THE GOVERNED.

VOL. I.

ASHEBORO, NORTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1876.

NUMBER 44.

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, 10c

One square, two insertions, 15c

One square, three insertions, 20c

One square, four insertions, 25c

One square, five insertions, 30c

One square, six months, 8.00

One square, twelve months, 12.00

For longer advertisements liberal

contracts will be made. Twelve lines solid

briefers constitute one square. At the

REGULATOR office, in the nearest

style, and on reasonable terms. Bills for

advertising considered due when pre-

sented.

THE MASQUERADE.

A brilliant reception! Such a crowd all shimmer of silk and blaze of gems. Two men stood together in a bay-window of a dim, unlighted room across the way, and looked out upon the carriages that came and went, depositing fair burdens at the foot of the broad brown stone steps.

"Am I keeping you at home, Dayton?" asked the elder of the two men breaking the silence suddenly, and turning to his companion. "Do not let me do it! Go over and enjoy yourself. Here are the evening papers. I'll turn up the gas and read for an hour or so, and then, if I grow sleepy, will go to bed."

"I do not like to leave you alone, uncle, now that you have just returned, but it is a masquerade and the host, Judge Proctor, is father of the sweetest lass that ever made the moments pass like sands of silver from the glass of envious time, down-shaken. She is only nineteen, but I have loved her three years, and it set me mad to see another man speak to her, or touch her hand. And yet I know how hopeless my love is; for her father, rich and proud, intends to match her delicate beauty with a wealth and pride equal his own. He knows I am poor, and that Aunt Ann, upon whose bounty I live, is as likely to cut me off with a shilling as to make me her heir. A thousand times I have sworn that I would rush away and leave it all, but I only creep back here and watch for a glimpse of her sweet face, a smile from her bright eyes."

"And is money the only trouble between you?"

"The only shadow, I can assure you, Uncle Paul. Her father knows I am faithful and ambitious at my work; he even helps me to a case now and then; but he told me plainly that it was foolish for a young man who had only his profession to depend upon, to marry a girl reared in wealth and luxury, just as though Rosie would choose wealth instead of love."

"I used to work shoulder to shoulder with Ralph Proctor years ago, and I fancy if money is the only barrier, that I can persuade him there is no use in letting you two children waste your lives in thus mourning for each other. But you want to go to the spot to-night?"

"Yes; only to see her face, uncle—only to hear her voice."

"Well, that is right. Let me see your gala-dress. Knight of some impossible order, I suppose!"

"No; wait a minute."

The young gentleman left the room, and ran up the broad stairs three steps at a time. Still the carriages came and went across the way, and glimpses of all queer people fitted about.

Presently there came a low rap at the parlor door, and a tall, fair lady entered, dressed in creamy satin, with a soft lace mantle draped about her shoulders, one long, graceful point of which was drawn over her head, shading the abundant coils and curls of golden hair, and falling like a coquettish veil half down her face.

Mr. Edgerly bowed politely, and said: "If you will be seated, madam—pray allow me—" and he pushed one easy chair toward her, and waited for her to speak.

"Hang it all, uncle, I don't know how to talk in this rig," said the laugh-

ing voice of Dayton Edgerly. "Didn't you really know me? Then I fancy the disguise will be difficult to penetrate. Hal Steivasant was to call for me, but I have borrowed the housemaid's water-proof, which I propose to envelop myself in, and then if you will support me across the way and bring the cloak back, it will make the mystification more complete. Hal's costume is up in my room, and Thomas will wait upon him when he comes. Now then, if you please."

With courtly grace and gravity, Mr. Edgerly offered the apparent lady his arm, while she gravely gathered her trailing garments up and strode away.

At the door of the guest thronged mansion some delay in the showing of tickets occurred, and one magical white card slipped, unnoticed, down the steps. Mr. E. picked it upon his way home, and wondered vaguely how he would feel mingling with such a gay throng as that he had just seen.

Seven years in Australia made him shiv about the ordinary demands of society, but the mystery of a masquerade filled his thoughts with queer interest.

A monk, hooded and cowed, stole quietly in among the maskers, and leaned against a pillar in the long arcade parlor.

Presently a little Sister of Charity came and stood beside him, resting her hand on his arm.

"I am tired of all, papa," she said in a low wery tone.

"Tired so early?" asked the monk, in a voice above a whisper. "It should all be delightful to you."

"Yes, but it is so strange, and no one takes any notice of me. You look more like a king than a capuchine; spite of your cowl—you have magnificent shoulders."

The monk smiled under his mask, and asked softly:

"Do you know—that is, do you recognize—many of the people here?"

"Yes, a good many. That handsome knight in purple velvet with the silver-hilted sword is Dayton Edgerly; and that woman with the satin dress is Mrs. Bryce—such an odious creature—she sings to him all the time."

"I guess you like young Dayton more than you have told me."

"I thought it was his place to tell you, only he does not dare to, because he is so poor. He knows you hate and despise poor men. But he is so good, or he always was until to-night. I don't see what makes him go on so with that Mrs. Bryce. She came and tried to talk with me, just to show off, but I would not speak to her, and he has not said a word to me."

"Perhaps he does not know you?"

"But he ought to know me. I recognized him the first thing. I knew he would be the handsomest man in the room; only I wish he would come and speak to me. You think he does not care for me, I know."

"Oh, no! He told me, not twenty-four hours ago, that he loved you."

"Told you? Oh, papa! And what did you say to him?"

"I told him that I thought if you loved him, and money was the only obstacle in the way of your happiness, you need not hesitate long about being happy."

"Oh, you dear, blessed papa—"

"Beware, sir!" hissed a voice in the ear of the monk. "Beware how you talk to that young lady! you are more than suspected here!" And the lady in the creamy satin dress swept by with the stride of an amazon.

"You precious old goodness," cooed the girl; "if it were not for that horrid cowl, I would kiss you here and now."

"Suppose I take it off and let you?"

And the monk, with playful gesture, raised his hand—a silver cross swung in sight, suspended from a chain of sparkling, dashing diamonds.

"Oh! oh! how lovely!" And the girl gave a cry of delight.

"What are they for, papa?"

"For you, my dear! for your wedding present on the day that you marry Dayton Edgerly. But run away now."

For he saw that they were attracting attention. "Go and entertain your guests, and promenade, and we will talk further by-and-by."

The girl pressed her face for a moment against his sleeve, and then went away.

"What were you saying to that girl?" demanded a fierce voice, and the monk smiled behind his mask, answered, deliberately:

"I was talking with her about being married."

"You—you villain! you villain! but you shall not escape me now, sir!"

The stately dame thrust one hand around upon her satin panner, as if reaching for a pistol pocket, but failing to find it, she only ground her teeth very hard to smother an outburst, and stalked away, blundering about with her train in the most ungraceful manner.

The time for unmasking drew near. A whisper as of some mysterious trouble ran among the guests.

Two policemen, stern-faced and quiet, stood near the door.

The sound of all laughter was hushed. The grotesque maskers were drawn up in two long tremendous lines of life, and expectation. A bugle sounded its sweet bird-like signal, the little Sister of Charity, still clinging to the monk with the magnificent shoulders, trembled as she saw the officers of the law hovering so near, and the masques were all removed.

The policemen stepped forward and put each a hand on the shoulders of the monk, to arrest him as their prisoner the lady, in creamy satin sprang out of line, regardless of her train, and the dignified host pulled off his cowl, and came to shake hands with his old friend, Paul Edgerly, who had just returned from Australia. The little Sister of Charity, blushing shyly, kept her own counsel; but when duly presented to Uncle Paul, she found courage to whisper:

"What made you guess I was myself?" and he answered, gently:

"I saw the quaint old ring on your finger that my mother used to wear. I knew whose love it pledged."

A BOY'S COMPOSITION ON PARENTS.

—Parents are born to be a great trouble to their offspring. When I was ever so little, I remember, I tried to hang up the kitten by my whip lash, and mother took the kitten away, boxed my ears, and went and drowned it herself the next day. So she had all the fun herself. And father's worse than mother. He told me to take care of the pennies and the dollars would take care of themselves; so I and Ben Smith formed an Anti-Swearing Club. We had a rule for every profane word we used we should pay a cent into the treasury. We had seventy-five cents in the first day, but when we divided, and I fetched thirty-seven and a half cents home, father said it was a bad business, whipped me and broke up the club. How is a fellow to know when he is doing right? If I had no parents to hound me round I'd beat George Washington all holler, for I'd cut down every cherry tree in the garden, and own it, too. If I was an orphan, I know what I'd do. Ben Smith and me would go straight to a desolate South Sea Island and stir up the goats and monkeys and things, fry toad-stools, eat oranges a spell then we'd make a ship and sail around the world. What's the use of drying up in one place? I told mother one day, when she wouldn't give me ten cents, that I meant to go a whaling, and I hoped a whale would swallow me, as one did Jonah, and then she wouldn't never see me again, for I can't swim. She said I would not be likely to make such a visit, for I would turn the whale's stomach mighty quick after I got there. Wasn't she bully? If I were a parent I know what I'd do—I'd keep still and mind my own business, and let my children have some fun. There's Tom Cutts lives with his aunt, and has a bully time. He goes wood-chucking on Sundays, has no best clothes, crawls under the canvas of every circus tent, earns money at the theatre, sleeps in the stable when he likes, and always has his pockets full of peanuts. He says he wouldn't be bothered with parents, if he could have 'em for nothing, and he thinks if I hadn't any it would be money in my pocket. Them's my sentiments.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Diligence is the mother of good luck.

Three may keep counsel—if two be away.

The defects of great men are the consolation of the dances.

A bad young man is poor material for making a good old man.

When the winds of applause blow fresh and strong, then steer with steady hand.

The first proof of a man's incapacity for anything is his endeavoring to fix the stigma of failure upon others.

Perfect love has a breath of poetry which can exalt the relations of the least instructed human beings.

To write a good love-letter you ought to begin without knowing what you mean to say, and to finish without knowing what you have written.—Rousseau.

Opportunity is the flower of time; and as the stalk may remain when the flower is cut off, so time may remain with us when opportunity is gone forever.

If we had a keen vision and feeling of all ordinary human life, it would be like hearing the grass grow, and the squirrel's heart beat, and we should die of that roar which lies on the side of silence. As it is the quickest of us all walk about well wadded.

The growth of our perceptions depends upon our opportunities for using them. The intellect can no more pour out and make active its fullness in solitude, than can a bucket of water voluntarily empty itself. In solitude, the mind may gather its material. In society it puts its practice.—[The Golden Rule.

Language is properly the servant of thought, but not unfrequently becomes its master. The conceptions of a feeble writer are greatly modified by his style, a man of vigorous powers makes his style bend to his conceptions, a fact compatible enough with the acknowledgment of Dryden, that a rhyme has often helped him to an idea.—W. B. Chulow.

If any man possessed every qualification for success in life, it is probable that he would remain quite stationary. The consciousness of his powers would tempt him to omit opportunities. Those who do succeed, ordinarily owe their success to some disadvantage under which they labor. It is the struggle against difficulty that brings faculties into play.

Life consists not in a series of illustrious actions or elegant enjoyments. The greater part of our time passes in compliance with necessities, in the performance of daily duties, in the removal of small inconveniences, in the procurement of petty pleasures, and we are well or ill at ease as the main stream of life glides on smoothly or is ruffled by small obstacles and frequent interruption.—Johnson.

Who taught the parrot his 'Well come. Who taught the raven, in a drought, to throw pebbles into a hollow tree where she espied water, that the water might rise so as she might come to it? Who taught the bee to sail through a vast sea of air, and to find the way from a flower in the field to her hive? Who taught the ant to bite every grain of corn that she buried in her hill, lest it should take root and grow?"—Bacon.

Keep busy. The man who has nothing to do is the most miserable of beings. If you have no regular work, do chores, as farmers do when it rains too hard to work in the field. In occupation we forget our troubles, and get a respite from sorrow. The man whose mind and hands are busy finds no time to weep and wail. If work is slack, spend the time in reading. No man ever knew too much. The hardest students in the world are the old men who know the most. If you lack books there are free or very cheap libraries, at least in cities, at your command. The man who does not acquire some item of useful information between daybreak and bed time, must mournfully say, with the Roman Emperor, "I have lost a day."

TRYING THEIR HANDS.

Those who passed by a certain large dry goods house on Fayetteville street last night, witnessed an exhilarating sight. It was after business had closed, and the store was shut up. Every one of the clerks was in the store, and could be plainly seen through the glass doors, by passers-by. Each was trying to prove his superior capacity over the other, for hugging the subject being the wire woman on which specimens of goods are displayed. All grades of accomplishment in this line were exhibited, some approaching the woman and seizing her as if they were afraid of being slapped, others gripping her around the shoulders and blushing, showing that they did not understand their business, and others stealing their arms gently around her, while they looked into her face and smiled most sweetly. One young man who had recently come from the country, began his advances by laying one arm on her shoulder and setting the other upon his hip; but the one to whom the gazing public awarded its diploma, for superior grace, agreeableness and knowledge of what he was about, was the one who rested his arm on the counter behind her, then let it drop accidentally (?) on her waist, then jerked it away quickly and apologized.

"Boys will be boys."—Red. News.

BURIAL OF A COLORED MAN BY HIS WHITE FRIENDS.—A citizen of this place who has just returned from Danville, Va., tells us of a strange sight which he witnessed in that place a few days ago. A hearse passed through the street, followed by a carriage, in which were two or three colored people, and behind this walked 30 or 40 white gentlemen. Our friend asked some one for an explanation of the rather unusual scene, and learned that the deceased was the son of a prominent colored Democrat. The youth had died, and his father's colored neighbors had absented themselves from the premises. The white citizens of the place laid the remains out, purchased a coffin for them, hired the hearse and carriage and followed them to the grave. A colored preacher was present there, but stood off to one side, and would have nothing to do with the burial. A white minister said the service, and the white people committed the remains to the earth.

Northern Republican papers have much to say of intimidation and terrorism in the South, but they never mention a case of this kind.—Raleigh News.

It so happens that every twenty-eight years the 4th of March, the day fixed for the inauguration of the President, falls on Sunday. This occurs next year for the fourth time in the history of our nation, and following the precedent established by three of his predecessors, the new President will take the oath of office on Monday, the 5th of March.

The first inauguration on the 5th of March was that of George Washington on entering upon his second term. The next time the 4th of March fell upon Sunday was in 1821, when James Monroe was the President elect for the second time, and he, too, was inaugurated on Monday, March 5. The third occurrence of this kind was in 1849, when Zachary Taylor was inaugurated on Monday, the 5th of March. After next year inauguration day will not fall on Sunday again until 1905.—Patriot.

A worthy couple, during a violent thunder storm, were discussing the cause and effect of the forces of nature. "Who invented lightning?" inquired the lady. "Benjamin Franklin!" replied the husband promptly. At this astounding intelligence the lady paused awhile, as if reflecting upon the achievements of the inventor, and finally manifested her appreciation thereof by the exclamation, "Cursed fool, wasn't he?"

Mexican banditti have stolen two million dollars worth of cattle from Texas since Jan. 1st. An opening for Gen. Sheridan—better than the one he had in New Orleans last winter.

Any person may see the following things every day:

I saw a pigeon making bread; I saw a girl composed of thread; I saw a towel one mile square; I saw a meadow in the air; I saw a rocket walk a mile; I saw a pony make a flywheel out of me; I saw a blacksmith in a box; I saw an orange kill an ox; I saw a butcher made of steel; I saw a panknife dance a reel; I saw a sailor twelve feet high; I saw a ladder in a pie; I saw an apple fly away; I saw a sparrow making hay; I saw a farmer like a dog; I saw a puppy mixing fog; I saw three men who saw these too. And will confirm what I tell you.

A California paper says: A strange friendship has sprung up between two very dissimilar animals. A black rabbit came some three months ago and took up its abode with a couple of cows and a short time since the rabbit took up the strange habit of sleeping with one of these cows. It goes to the cows wanted place of rest, waits her coming, and when arrived the motherly cow licks the little protegee with much the same affectionate tenderness that would be bestowed on a calf, the rough tongue and tremendous licks nearly raising the little animal off its feet, and it meanwhile bracing itself with its four feet to withstand the pressure. Then little bunny puts its little nose up to the cow's nose, and appear to kiss it, after which the rabbit nestles up and goes to sleep. It is a singular befellowship, the tiny bundle of fur and ears of perhaps three or four pounds with the unwieldy carcass of six hundred.

THE NEGRO AND THE CHECK.—A colored resident, who is owner of a cast-iron horse and an old wagon, was hired to draw some dirt from a yard, and when his work was completed the owner of the premises handed him a check for \$7.50.

"Is dat a seven-dollar-and-a-half bill?" asked the colored man, turning the check over and over, and regarding it with great curiosity.

"That is a check on a bank," was the reply. "Take it down there, and you'll get your money."

"De fellow at de bank owes you, does he?" was the next query.

"I have money there, and he will hand you seven dollars and a half."

"I dunno 'bout dat!" slowly remarked the colored citizen. "Spose I go down dar, an' he says dis yere document is an order on a hardware store."

"Oh! it will be all right!" replied the citizen. And he started down, and left the negro looking at the back of the check. When he reached home at night his creditor was there, and waiting. Holding out the check, the negro said:

"Dis yere paper doesn't seem to be wort a cent. I took it down dar, and de fellow in de bank looked at it, an' den looked at me, an' den stuck up his nose and yelled out: 'What's yer name, an' what do you live?' I told him mighty straight. An' den he wanted me to write my name on de back, an' fool round; so I just picked up de manuscript an' walked out. De family is out ob 'laters, an' all dat, and I'd like you to settle dat 'count wid postage-stamps or shimplasters!"

HE WASTED BUTTONS.—A prominent citizen rushed into one of our large dry-goods stores and stopped at the button counter; he had a small sample of brown silk in his hand, and he asked the smiling clerk if he had any buttons to match that. "Plenty, sir," was the answer; "will you have them by the gross?" "No, sir," roared the citizen. "I want them by the bushel—cart-load—ton! I want them sent up in wagons and backed into my cellar, till it is full and running over. I'm sick of hearing 'J-o-h-n, did you match those buttons?' I am not going to spend the rest of my days running round trying to match impossible colors. There's my check, but I tell you I won't feel like myself till I've had in my winter supply of buttons."