## THE RANDOLPH REGULATOR.

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"REGULATOR" office, in the neatest style, and on reasonable terms. Bills for

## ONE WOMAN'S HEART.

to read the journal at the same time. had met Richardson at the picture gal- there is a drop of champagne in it." She was looking very charming in her lery that day. bull muslin dress, with pink ribbons at | Some magnetic influence in the gaze In his present frame of mind he felt as | made him bold. He put his arm around

She was not so much prettier than doz. of out the fire.

wise lawyer-wondered within himself ther present peril should be over.

So he sat and looked at her as she he sauntered into their room. the bright fleecy wood. Not that he smoking their cigars, and idling over good more than any earthly thing." thought of ever being anything more the morning papers. Their business to her than he was now. His love was hours had not commenced yet. As he ing the strange unsteadiness of his voice quiet yet-it had not reached that pas- entered he caught the name of Annie and the tremor of the hand he laid on

But there was something more to de- | "You see, Leigh Richardson was indulged in it, but certainly not now, is a charming girl. I never saw a bettimes, subdued and sad - so Etheredge | didn't get it!"

dull pain in his heart, for which he felt between us and it worked splendidly. think he would be glad to know it .- pretty arms, and making rather a form- insist that she should depart from sim-PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY half angry with himself. Surely he I gained possession of some of Leigh's Tell him just how it was, and ask him all courtesy. Then, catching up her plicity, and indeed in the absence of ought to rejoice that Annie would be handwriting and practiced writing like to forgive me if I was harsh with him." books and gatherng the scattered flow- all jewelry in her simple white robe she THE RANDOLPH PUBLISHING CO. so happy, for Leigh Richardson was it. I am an expert at that business;

rapidly in his profession.

on account of it-she did not even cared nothing at all for her, but was mope, as girls generally do when cross- enjoying a glorious flirtation. Of course ger advertisements liberal con- thy Mrs. Etheredge would have offered "This note, which was a most insult- edge put the blush and the portrait he can possibly be. Promise me, all of All kinds of JOB WORK done at the to no one. Sometimes she met Rich- to have dropped where Miss Annie pang pierced him. advertising considered due when pre- not even the ordinary ceremonious greet- more jolly than I had anticipated. She volled between them.

the throat, and looped back the brown of Etheredge made Annie look up .- if he could not bear it. He went home her, and drew her close to his side. She blushed under the serene lustre of and shut bimself up in his chamber .- "Annie, if you love another I must (l'cate as we may of the unimportance those dark-grey eyes, and her fingers for After all, Richardson had been true, give you to him; your happiness shall of dress, it more or less influence the got their cunning, and dropped the ball How bitterly he had been wronged! be secured to you though mine be shipdestiny of us all. Venus herself would of zephyr she was unwinding. It rolled Annie could repent and love him more wrecked. I did not mean to tell you, blue stockings, nearly finished, and hearing whom he had married, she fanbe ugly in a tattered gown, and only toward the fire-it was a genuine, old. than ever if she new the injustice she darling, but I love you so it almost her fingers flew like snow birds. imagine Apollo in a swallow-tailed coat fashioned wood fire upon the hearth- had done him. That was a womans kills me to think of losing you. Oh, with blass buttons! Annie Huntley and, in stooping to recover it, her light nature. She atones for wrong by giv- Annie! My little, lost Annie! knew the value of dress-and, what is sleeve dipped into the blaze. The ing love. Etheredge felt faint and sick. Her face grew rosy as the morning. more she knew how to attire herself in flames leaped up-Milton sprang for The future shut down dark and blank. She put her arm around his neck. just the manner most becoming to her, ward, caught her in his arms, and crush- And only an hour before he had dared "Not lost but found," she said softly.

ens of other young ladies, but every. She was frightened, weak and dizzy thing about her was in harmony, and with remembering what she had escap- it is not always easy to do one's duty. I saw you kissing? wild rose complexion, tolerably regular ider, her soft hair resting against his times the temptation beset him to keep her bosom and held it up to him. feature |, soft brown eyes, and brown | check. He pressed his lips passionate | his knowledge all to himself and win | He saw his own face. hair that was struggling continually to by to hers-he would have told her Annie for his own. She would never Milton Etheredge -- grave, silent. He would wait untill the excitement of happy! At least he knelt down and me-you are all."

He could not remember. Six years his course. He loved her with all his him. After that he rose and sat down ago she, had come to them -- the dying i soul; he should never care for anoth- by the window. For him there was no bequest of Mrs. Etheredge's best val | er woman. But he was not quite sure | more hesitation. If he could make An ued friend. This great lady had been of her heart. What if she still had a nie happy, what mattered it to him a mother to her ever since, and Milton lingering tenderness for Richardson? how it was accomplished? had played the part of a kind, elder He feared she might have. He had brother. Annie was eighteen when seen her kiss a picture which he felt about sunset. He knew he should find she came to Graymead-she was now mortally sure was his. Would he like Annie there. twenty-five. Yes, he was sure he had his wife to kiss Leigh Richardson's picloved her six years. She had made ture. It might be that the old dream She did not like the glare of the gas. everything so different. Her pretty could be forgotten in the new. At any There was a rich color on her cheek, ways of arranging curtains, and flow- rate, he would know before he slept, he over which the loose hair dropped low. ers, and books, and knick-knacks, had said, with a sudden resolution, and af. Milton Etheredge's heart leaped at the brightened up the stately old house ter breakfast he went down for a sight of her, but he stilled it down and wonderfully. Milton thought it was walk. He knew a few of the fellows took a seat beside her. strange how he and his lady mother belonging to the Franklin Club, and

sionate stage when it will not be sub- Huntley. Fred Orme, a reckless young hers. dued by any obstacles. He was old- dare-devil, was telling a story. Etherthirty at least and it would be child- edge reddened at hearing her name ish for him to hope she would ever link from Orme's lips, and was about strid. Go on. I am listening." her young, fresh life with that of a man | ing forward, to call him to account for whose hair was already getting gray on it, when Orme's next words arrested Leigh Richardson?" him and forced him to listen.

stroy the hope, if he had dared indulge dead in love with her! Never saw a in it. At one time, perhaps, he had fellow take it any harder. Well, she Annie | Huntley had her life romance for fitting glove and boot than she gets as well as other wemen. It had been on. Richardson is smart, but I never sweet at first-painfully bitter at the liked him since he won that silver cup last. It made her smile graver-her at the boat race. I mean: to have had

Annie and Leigh Richardson had "how you sweat, didn't you, Fred?". met under somewhat romantic circum- "It was hotter than the tropies, and then?" stances. He had saved her from drown. Leigh is one of the cool blooded ones. ing at Cape May, when she had ven- I said then I meant to be even with tured beyond her depth; and, after her him, and I have kept my word. Don't removal to Graymead, he had followed mind telling you the story, fellows, her there and located himself in the since it is such an old affair. Pass practice of his profession-the law. He that lemonade, Etheredge-von will be had been a constant visitor for two interested in it, because I've heard it years. People began to speak of them said that you're rather sweet in that as belonging to each other, and Mrs. quarter. Matters were going on swim- Leigh Richardson was loyal and true," self the honor to call on him to-mor- expiration of their honey-moon, Fred Etheredge had, with a woman's pecu, mingly, two years ago, between Leigh liar delight, begun to anticipate the and Annie. They'd have been married to Mr. Richardson about this mistake? ic Lane, at your service." entertainment given by the relatives of wedding supper and the bridal trows, before now if nobody had interfered.

every way estimable, and was rising and in a few days I could fairly beat

Richardson with his own weapons .-Suddenly, however, about two years So I wrote a letter to an imaginary before the opening of our story, his vis- chum of his, giving a description of its to Annie ceased, and he began a vio- Miss Annie, calling her a soft little lent flirtation with Nellie Seymore, the thing, telling him how she adored the will want to speak to him on the matbelle of the village. Annie did not die subscriber, and how the surscriber ter yourself."

her, quickly, and gave her confidence ing thing to any woman, we contrived had seen her kiss together. A sharp you, that you will not lisp one word ed her to one another. ardson, but they exchanged no words, would find it, and the result was even ing of mere acquaintances; they were mittened Richardson the next day, and cause I love another." as completely separated as if a ocean refused to listen to any explanation he could make. I always intended to pay This night, as Etheredge sat watch him off some way. My sister boarded detaining hand he laid on her arm. She was crocheting something out of ing Annie, and thinking of all this, he him at that time, and there was no sleep gers were white as the wool. Milton was a little paler, a little more quiet down his chamber all night. Aslittle torture me." Etheredge sat watching her, pretending than usual. He remembered that she more lemonade, and I don't care if

indulge such glowing dreams.

prayed over it. He always preyed over how long he had loved this little Annie. All that night he sat up thinking of those things which were too hard for

He went down to the sitting-room

Annie was sewing by a shaded lamp.

"Annie," he said, 'I am an old friend, had ever managed to live without her. for the want of something better to do, and think you will not be offended if I ask you a few questions. Not because made the shining steel flash in and out | There were only two or three present, I am curious, but because I desire your

She looked up in wonderment, notic-

"Offended with you, Mr. Etheredge?" she said, reproachfully. "Never that.

"Annie, you were once engaged to Her head drooped lower; the crim-

son came and went in her checks. "I was," she said in a low voice.

"You loved him, and he loved you? Was it not so, my child?"

"We called it love." "And you thought him false?" "As Satan himself."

"What if you knew that he was not color more fleeting - her manner, at that myself. Too confounded bad & false? that he was true to you always? That the contemptible letter which you lived? "So it was" drawled Ed. Harrison; read, purporting to have been written

> She was looking at him in mute sur prise. She drew a long breath. "Was it forgery?"

tory of it. An ill-natured acquaint- live." revenge, wrote the letter, and dropped bow.

"Is that all?" "That is all,"

"Annie!"

"Mr. Etheredge!" ject; but, if you still care for him, you

"But I do not care for him"

"You do not? Why, may I ask?" She blushed red as a rose. Ethere-

"Is it because you love another?"

"And that other."

She rose abruptly, and flung off the have coveted so long.

"You have no right to ask me that," soft scarlet and white wool. Her fin- noticed with a thrill of pain that she in the house for his tramping up and she said, hoursely. "Let me go. You son?"

"I torture you, Annie; I?"

What possessed him he did not know; Etheredge waited to hear no more, perhaps something her eyes said to him

"Annie," he cried, breathlessly, "do

people had fallen into the habit of call- jed, and for a moment she stood encir. There was a little struggle between his She laughed a little, and crimson corner, in search of books and papers, ing her beautiful. She had a clear, cled by his arms, her head on his shouls heart and his conscience. A hundred with confusion drew the locket from

"Forgive me, Milton. I got it of tified air. break into the curls and ringlets so then how dear she was to him, but know that Richardson was blameless, the artist, and have worn it these two something seemed to hold him back, and his great love would make her so years. Leigh Richardson is nothing to

## ONLY A COUNTRY GIRL.

BY JAMES LESTER.

graceful, unspoiled by admiration, a the Primmer, counting on her fingers, guiless, simple loving creature?"

she was as lovely as an angel, with the isn't that a good assortment?" best sense in the world, still if unskilled in literature and music, with no soul above churns, and knitting nees those who have been to school more,' tune."

Hidden by the trunk of a tree, she sat I am not to be outdone.

book. You are safe."

ease appearently unconscious that two Often, as he was wondering how

the liberty of asking if the young lady nality as for brilliancy. would inform him where Mr. Irving " If I should fall into the snare.

With an innocent smile the young will be worth trying." by him, was a vile forgery? What lady looked up. "Mr. Irving, the on- It is useless to combat the tender er," she said rising in a graceful and teet, figuratively speaking and confesscharming manner. "The large house ed his love for her. on high ground, half hidden by trees "I care not, Helen, only be mine," "It was. I have just heard the his- and thick shrubbery, there is where we was his invariable answer to her dec-

ance of Richardson's to gratify a petty Fred replied with a very graceful would appear in society."

it where you would be sure to find it. "Tell your father that I will do my from their wedding tour, as yet, at the "Annie, my dear child, shall I speak row. He will remember me-Freder was more in love than ever. At a grand

"If you please. I would like him to "Yes, sir, I will tell him," said Hel- the bridegroom, Helen looked still

ers she hurried home.

"Now, father, mother, aunt and the room. sis," exclaimed the merry girl bouncing into the room where the family were "Pardon me for pursuing the sub. at supper, so sure as you live, that Mr. Lane you spoke so much about is in the village. He will call here to-morrow, the finest specimen of a city-beau, as of course, he will be, all sentiment, notions, then I have a husband to be faultless in kid and dickey important bonored, and he shall be proud of his and self assured as one of the kind | wife." about music, reading and writing in his presence, because I have a plan. girl resplendent with diamonds, as she "Yes," she said, quietly, "it is be- Father will not I know, and if you, carled her lips, and passed by. The sis, will be quiet and ask no questions, observation escaped neither Helen nor

"Oh, that's my own business," said norant rusticity. Helen, dancing out of the room.

"You knit most admirably; are you - " Do you suppose she knows anyfond of it?

churn well."

"And do you read much?" Fred's of his eyes to every table, shelf and ing tone in her voice. but not a page, yellow or red, repaid checks blushing. his search.

"Oh, ves," said Helen, with a sanc-

"What books? permit me to ask." "I read the Bible a good deal," she said gravely.

"Is that all? "All! of course not-yet what do you not find in the Bible ? History, poetry, eloquence, romance, the most thrilling pathos;" blushing and recol-"You are mistaken; I would rather lecting herself, she added in a manner die than to marry a mere country girl." as childish as it had before been dig-"But, Fred, suppose her intelligent, nified: "As for other books, let me see full of natural poetry, tenderhearted, what I have got in my library; there's Second Clast Reader, Robbinson Gru-"O," said Fred, laughing, "choice soe, Nursery Tales, two or three eleselection of virtue and grace. Coun- ments of something, Biography of try beauties are always sweet, and so some person or other, Mother's Magaare country cows. No, I tell you if zine, and King William III. There,

Fred smiled.

"Perhaps I do not know as much as dles I would not marry her for a for- she added, as if disappointed at the mute rejoinder; "but in making bread, "Ha, ha!" laughed Helen Irving. churning butter, and keeping house,

reading within a few feet of the egotist. The young man felt more in pity In another moment the young lady than in love, but his visits did not al came in sight. Fred's face crimsoned, ways so result. He began to feel a and he whispered in visible trepida- magnetic attraction, and he mainly attion, "do you think she heard me?" | tributed it to Helen's beauty: but the "No," rejoined the other audibly, truth is, her sweetness and artless "She has not even looked from her character, engaging manner and disposition, quite won the city bred aristo-Leaning on one white arm, the old crat, Fred Lane. There was a freshoak tree in the background, flowers ness about everything she said or did strewed around her, she sat quite at 'She perplexed as well as delighted him.

handsome young men were near her. some homely expression would be re-Approaching with a low bow, upon ceived in society, some beautiful sentiwhich his mirror had set the stamp of ment would suddenly drop like a pearl faultless elegance. Fredric Lane took from her lips, as remarkable for origi-

thought, he. "I can educate her; it

ly one living in the village, is my fath- passion; so at last he fell at Helen's

laration of unworthiness, "how you

They were married, had returned Fisherdge had looked on with a Rut Dennis and I got up a little plan know that he is clear in my eyes. I'en, tucking her sleeves around her more beautiful. Her husband did not ing," and not really working.

was by far the most lovely creature in

As she entered the great saloon blazing with light, her heart faltered.

"Shall I love him as dearly," she asked herself, if I find he is ashamed of me? I can't bear the thought; but should be overcome all conventional

How she watched him as he present-

"Simple," whispered a magnificent I will give you that work-box you her husband. She looked at him. He smiled, and drew her closer to his side. Why, on that condition, I'll be as Many in that brilliant gathering pitied still as a mouse, but what's the rea- poor Fred, and wondered how he had martyred himself on the shine of ig-

The young bride stood near her hus-\* band, talking in a low tone, when a Helen sat at the open window, where new comer appeared. She was a beauroses thrust their blushing buds, mak- tiful, slightly-formed creature, with ing both shade and sweet fragrance. haughty features. Ill-concealed scorn The canary overhead burst forth every lurked in the brilliant eyes whenever moment in wild snatches of glorious she glanced at Helen. Once she had music. Helen was at work on long held sway over the heart of Fred, and cied her time had come.

thing?" whispered a low voice.

"Yes, quite; I like it better than Helen's eyes sparkled; her face anything else-that is, I mean I can flashed indignantly. He was gone at a distance with a friend.

"Do you play, Mrs. --- ?" asked He saw his duty clearly enough, but not deceive me? What of the picture glance had traveled from the corners the haughty belle. There was a mock-

"A little," answered Helen, her

"And sing?" "A little," was the half reply.

"Then do us a favor," exclaimed Miss Somers, looking askance at her companious. "Come, I myself will lead you to the piano."

Hark! whose masterly touch? Instantly was the half spoken sentence arrested; the cold ear and head were turned in listening surprise. Such! melody! such breadth, depth and vigorous tones. Who is she! She plays like an angel!

"Who can she-"

She turned from the Piano, and the unknown was his wife.

"How well she talks! Who would have thought it? He has found a treasure." was whispered all around the

"Tell me," said he, when they were alone, 'what does this mean? I feel like one awakened from a dream." "Only a country girl," said Helen,

then folded in her husband's arms, she

added, "I am that little rustic that you

had rather die than wed."

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.-There is a good story, and a true one withal, relative to Mr. Gill, long a reporter of the Boston Post, and well known as a "fellow of infinite jest." He was reporting a dinner of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Battle of Bunker's Hill. The dinner was a splendid affair, and everybody was patriotic.-Gill, when the excitement was at boiling point, whispered to a friend, one of those gentlemen who are always "happy" in speech-making, that his father was engaged in the battle of Bunker's Hill. The orator arose, made a brilliant speech, alluded to Gill's health, which was drank with the usual honors, and one or two more. There were shouts for "Gill! Gill!"

in the usual manner, and said: "But my learned friend omitted one fact-an important fact-of which he might have been unaware. My father was in the battle of Bunker's Hill, but he, unfortunately, fought on the Brit-

and he made a speech, returning thanks

There was not quite so much enthusiasm after that, and Gill has not indulged in speeches since.

The moment one's eternal Christian activity out runs the life grown within that moment he becomes hollow, insincere and in a degree hypocritical. He is playing a part, he is "act-