

# Randolph Regulator.

GOVERNMENT WAS INSTITUTED FOR THE GOOD OF THE GOVERNED.

VOL. I.

ASHEBORO, NORTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1876.

NUMBER 47.

## 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.....3 00

One square, five insertions.....4 00

One square, six months.....12 00

For larger advertisements liberal

contracts will be made. Twelve lines solid

or over 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-

sent.

### ONE WOMAN'S HEART.

She was crocheting something out of

soft scarlet and white wool. Her fin-

gers were white as the wool. Milton

Etheredge sat watching her, pretending

to read the journal at the same time.

She was looking very charming in her

half muslin dress, with pink ribbons at

the throat, and looped back the brown

hair.

"I hate as we may of the unimportance

of dress, it more or less influences the

destiny of us all. Venus herself would

be ugly in a tattered gown, and only

imagine Apollo in a swallow-tailed coat

with brass buttons! Annie Huntley

knew the value of dress—and, what is

more she knew how to attire herself in

just the manner most becoming to her.

She was not so much prettier than doz-

ens of other young ladies, but every-

thing about her was in harmony, and

people had fallen into the habit of call-

ing her beautiful. She had a clear,

wild rose complexion, tolerably regu-

lar features, soft brown eyes, and brown

hair that was struggling continually to

break into the curls and ringlets so

natural to it.

Milton Etheredge—grave, silent,

wise lawyer—wondered within himself

how long he had loved this little Annie.

He could not remember. Six years

ago she had come to them—the dying

bequest of Mrs. Etheredge's best val-

ued friend. This great lady had been

a mother to her ever since, and Milton

had played the part of a kind, elder

brother. Annie was eighteen when

she came to Graymead—she was now

twenty-five. Yes, he was sure he had

loved her six years. She had made

everything so different. Her pretty

ways of arranging curtains, and flow-

ers, and books, and knick-knacks, had

brightened up the stately old house

wonderfully. Milton thought it was

strange how he and his lady mother

had ever managed to live without her.

So he sat and looked at her as she

made the shining steel flash in and out

of the bright fleecy wool. Not that he

thought of ever being anything more

to her than he was now. His love was

quiet yet—it had not reached that pas-

sionate stage when it will not be sub-

dued by any obstacles. He was old—

thirty at least—and it would be child-

ish for him to hope she would ever link

her young, fresh life with that of a man

whose hair was already getting gray on

the temples.

But there was something more to de-

stroy the hope, if he had dared indulge

in it. At one time, perhaps, he had

indulged in it, but certainly not now.

Annie Huntley had her life romance

as well as other women. It had been

sweet at first—painfully bitter at the

last. It made her smile graver—her

color more fleeting—her manner, at

times, subdued and sad—so Etheredge

thought.

Annie and Leigh Richardson had

not under somewhat romantic circum-

stances. He had saved her from drown-

ing at Cape May, when she had ven-

tered beyond her depth; and, after her

removal to Graymead, he had followed

her there and located himself in the

practice of his profession—the law. He

had been a constant visitor for two

years. People began to speak of them

as belonging to each other, and Mrs.

Etheredge had, with a woman's pecu-

liar delight, begun to anticipate the

wedding supper and the bridal trows.

Etheredge had looked on with a

dull pain in his heart, for which he felt

half angry with himself. Surely he

ought to rejoice that Annie would be

so happy, for Leigh Richardson was

every way estimable, and was rising

rapidly in his profession.

Suddenly, however, about two years

before the opening of our story, his vis-

its to Annie ceased, and he began a vio-

lent flirtation with Nellie Seymore, the

belle of the village. Annie did not die

on account of it—she did not even

mope, as girls generally do when cross-

ed in love. She put aside the sym-

pathy Mrs. Etheredge would have offered

her, quickly, and gave her confidence

to no one. Sometimes she met Rich-

ardson, but they exchanged no words,

not even the ordinary ceremonious greet-

ing of mere acquaintances; they were

as completely separated as if a ocean

told between them.

This night, as Etheredge sat watch-

ing Annie, and thinking of all this, he

noticed with a thrill of pain that she

was a little paler, a little more quiet

than usual. He remembered that she

had met Richardson at the picture gal-

lery that day.

Some magnetic influence in the gaze

of Etheredge made Annie look up.—

She blushed under the serene lustre of

those dark-grey eyes, and her fingers for-

got their cunning, and dropped the ball

of zephyr she was unwinding. It rolled

toward the fire—it was a genuine, old-

fashioned wood fire upon the hearth—

and, in stooping to recover it, her light

sleeve dipped into the blaze. The

flames leaped up—Milton sprang for-

ward, caught her in his arms, and crush-

ed out the fire.

She was frightened, weak and dizzy

with remembering what she had escap-

ed, and for a moment she stood encir-

led by his arms, her head on his shoul-

der, her soft hair resting against his

check. He pressed his lips passionat-

ly to hers—he would have told her

then how dear she was to him, but

something seemed to hold him back.

He would wait until the excitement of

her present peril should be over.

All that night he sat up thinking of

his course. He loved her with all his

soul; he should never care for another

woman. But he was not quite sure

of her heart. What if she still had a

lingering tenderness for Richardson?

He feared she might have. He had

seen her kiss a picture which he felt

mortally sure was his. Would he like

his wife to kiss Leigh Richardson's pic-

ture. It might be that the old dream

could be forgotten in the new. At any

rate, he would know before he slept, he

said, with a sudden resolution, and af-

ter breakfast he went down town for a

walk. He knew a few of the fellows

belonging to the Franklin Club, and

for the want of something better to do,

he sauntered into their room.

There were only two or three present,

smoking their cigars, and idling over

the morning papers. Their business

hours had not commenced yet. As he

entered he caught the name of Annie

Huntley. Fred Orme, a reckless young

dark-devil, was telling a story. Ether-

edge reddened at hearing her name

from Orme's lips, and was about strid-

ing forward, to call him to account for

it, when Orme's next words arrested

him and forced him to listen.

"You see, Leigh Richardson was de-

stroy the hope, if he had dared indulge

in it. At one time, perhaps, he had

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