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### AN ADVENTURE IN CHINA.

The summer of 1876 was an unusually hot one in China. Residents of Shanghai passed their time in an artificial temperature produced by 'punkahs' hung over desks, dining tables and beds—indeed in every practicable situation. In the latter part of September came the first relief—cool nights, then at last some refreshing days. I was dressing one morning when my 'boy' announced "One piece gentleman wantee see you." Stretched on an extension chair on the veranda, I found my friend Manson, an individual with whom I had been particularly 'clummy' at college years before in the States—an odd chap, thoroughly blasé, and ever floating around without any apparent object in life except to pass away the time. Responding to my delighted and surprised greetings, he told me that he had suddenly made up his mind to visit the far East, and had just left the wrong time. He had been nearly dead with heat, narrowly escaped a sun stroke at Canton, and was caught in a typhoon between Manila and Hong Kong. I had a room made ready for him, and found him a good Canton servant.

In a few weeks I made up my mind to take two or three days' holiday and carry out a cherished plan of a boat trip on the Yangtze, and Manson agreed to accompany me. We had a large "house boat" of Chinese model and rig—a fair sailer, and very comfortable; and our two Canton boys, Ah Wing and Ah How, and our cook were sure to give us good living. I was obliged, on account of the illness of my old "lowdah" or captain, to engage a new one at short notice. I did not know much about him and did not like his looks, but I never dreamed of any trouble. There was a gun rack in the cabin, and I had put in a couple of Enfield rifles and two Sharps, thinking that we might compare their performance at a target.—Manson, to my amusement, added to the armory an elephant rifle, which he had brought from Ceylon, and his own old Kentucky hunting rifle, which he had been "backing," he said, against all others.

As we left the settlement behind I felt like a boy having his first holiday. We ran a long way before we anchored for the night. In the morning we were under way in good season, and bore for the North Shore. We had our coffee and toast, and were sitting aft, when Ah Wing, my favorite servant, came aft to speak to me.

"Master," said he, "jussee mi see two piece junk come, mi think he no good junk. Mi fear he b'long lalleloon (they are lardners or pirates). Mi askee that lowdah—his mouf no speakee ploppa (his mouth does not answer me properly). He say junk b'long he fien (is his friend). Mi welly fear he no good man."

I ran forward and looked at the two junks. We had changed our course and were running west, with the wind on our beam. They were coming toward us, but both considerably to the north, and one more so than the other. Their character was unmistakable, as was the expression on the lowdah's face. He spoke a few words of pidgin English, and on my telling him to turn, said with a grin:

"No wantee go back Shanghai." There was not a moment to lose.—I had not even time to explain matters to Manson. I jumped down the companion-ladder, seized a large revolver, loaded and capped, concealed it under my coat, and told Ah Wing to come forward with me. As I passed Manson, who was coolly smoking, and asked no questions, I whispered, "Stand by the helm, and wait for the word."

As mild a tone as I could command, I told the lowdah that I wanted him to turn around. He was off his guard, and replied in a rapid Chinese sentence, and with a chuckle.

"He talkee no wantee," said Ah Wing. I had backed up to the rail and could put my hand on a sort of belaying pin. I think I even calculated the force of the blow that laid him out on the deck, before that villainous grin was off his face. There were five men in the crew. One was steering, two I pitched down the little hatch, which I secured. The others, thoroughly frightened, did as Ah Wing, not a bad sailor himself, told them. Manson put the helm hard down, and in a moment we had come about, the sails were drawing, and we were well to windward, and under full headway. I gave my revolver to Ah Wing, with directions as to what he was to do. We dragged the lowdah aft, and pinioned his hands and feet, in anticipation of his coming to himself. Manson had the helm, and I asked him to give it to one of the crew. Ah Wing was then told to take the helm, and to the two sailors that they moved, except under orders, from the positions in which they were placed—covered by the revolver—they were dead men.

"At your leisure," said a cool voice, "perhaps you will tell me what this is all about," and Manson lighted a fresh cheroot. I explained to him that we had barely escaped destruction by treachery, and were even then in a fire strait. We could not expect to sail as fast as the pirates, and our only hope was in their being so far to leeward, and in the range of our rifles. I was perfectly sure of my man, and there was positively none in my whole acquaintance whom I would so readily have with me as my old friend, the blasé, indifferent, dilettante Manson. He shook me by the hand, and said in a cheery voice, wholly unlike his ordinary one:

"All right, old fellow, we'll beat them."

A more impetuous, though equally brave man would have been far less efficient. The rifles, six in number, were brought up and laid side by side on top of the cabin. Ah How told me that he 'sabe loadee that gun,' and to my great surprise, our old fat cook, (Buddha, we used to call him, as his countenance expressed the idea of eternal silence and rest), volunteered his services in this line as well.—Then we settled down to our work. Could we keep those junks out of jingal range until we reached a place of safety? They had high sterns, and the steersman could be plainly seen. Manson took his Kentucky rifle, knelt down away aft and aimed slowly and carefully. Almost simultaneously I succeed in 'drawing a bead' on a large man in the bow of the junk nearer to us. Just as the rifles cracked she fell off visibly and lost way before the dead steersman could be replaced.—Nor was the large man again visible.

"I am afraid I can't do as well with the elephant rifle," said Manson, "but I can try. Let us both fire continually at the steersmen." We did so, with varying success. The junks were heavily manned and could quickly supply the place of those whom we shot. They also arranged some kind of protection for the helmsmen, although we pierced it more than once. I began to feel terribly wolfish, and so filled with rage at our antagonists that I could only with difficulty con-

trol myself sufficiently to aim deliberately; but my friend never showed signs of an acceleration of his pulse. As regularly as clock-work he took the gun from the Chinaman, and never fired a second before his aim was perfect. We rested a short time at last to take a survey of the situation, and could not disguise from ourselves that it was serious. The junks were nearer, and we were still quite a long way from the shore. It was nothing for it but to go to work again, and we did. For ten minutes or more we kept up an incessant fire, and, although we evidently did much damage, the distance between us and them had been perceptibly lessened. We must soon expect to hear the report of jingals. It came in a moment more, and we clung to our posts, still cheery and cool.

"I believe there is a foreigner there, said he, 'who is directing and inspiring them. He has escaped us thus far. If I can get a sight of him and can hit him, I believe we shall get rid of this junk. Since you picked off that last steersman, the hindmost one, she has fallen off decidedly." Well, that is not so bad, he continued, as a jingal ball struck the mast. He asked Ah How to let him load the Kentucky rifle himself, and measured out the powder, wrapped the ball in a scrap of buck skin and rammelt it carefully home. Then he knelt down and watched his chance. All this time Ah Wing had kept his eyes and the revolver on the steersman, and our boat had done her best. The jingal balls were getting uncomfortably frequent, and it was only a small Enfield bullet through the head of one gunner, just as he was raising his sight. All at once I heard the report of Manson's rifle and the quiet remark from him, "Habel!" I saw the junk fall off, saw manifest confusion on board, saw an opening for two or three good shots, and had seized a fresh gun, when I heard Ah How cry, "Master, hab got steamer, welly near," for half an hour. It was with a strange feeling of relief and satisfaction that I saw H. M. gunboat Pentant pulling along toward us.—In five minutes she was alongside, and I saw my friend Lieutenant Graham's jolly face over her rail.

"What the deuce is the row, old fellow?" he asked in a perplexed way.—I explained as briefly as possible, and told him that I thought we had almost finished the job, but he was welcome to the rest of it. He could hardly wait for me to finish my story.

"You won't come with us then?—Well, good-bye, old fellow. See you in Shanghai. Full speed ahead!—Beat to quarters! Look sharp now, and clear away the bow-gun!" In less than five minutes we heard its report, and saw the shot crash into the junk's side. We had fighting enough for that day and concluded to push on for home. The junks had gone about, but we knew that they were doomed, and the roar of the broadside soon informed us that it would be quick work. Ah Wing never moved. He would have kept that revolver pointed at the Chinamen until doomsday, had I not told him that he might put it away.

Ah How and 'Buddha' took the guns below, and made everything tidy, and we had hardly rounded Pao-shan Point when Ah Wing came up and said, "That cook makee inquire what thing you likee chow chow (eat). We had a jolly dinner the next night, at which Graham and a couple of his officers joined us. They had handed the survivors of the junks' crews over to the Chinese authorities, in whose care our rascally lowdah also was. They had made short work of the fight, and met with no loss.—When the cloth was removed I tried to get Manson to make a speech, but the only thing I could get him to say was that he had never been less bored in his life than during the skirmish."

New Haven turns out 3,000,000 co-sets annually, half of the country's supply coming from there.

### FOUND WANTING.

"And you really fancy yourself in love with this fair little shop girl?" Mr. Meredith, a tall, noble featured man of fifty, looked rather sadly at his enthusiastic young nephew.

"Fancy, uncle? That is hardly an appropriate word to use. I am quite certain of the fact." "I suppose you will consider me a fool if I tell you that I like her little cousin's dearest face best. Believe me, Harry, there is more real stamina in Ruth Durr than in her pretty cousin Rachael."

"There, sir," answered Harry resolutely, "is there I must beg leave to differ with you." "That she earns her own living behind the counter of a fancy store—that they both do is no drawback in my eyes. Independence and self-reliance are to me cardinal virtues, and even though your wife will be raised into an atmosphere of comparative wealth, a few lessons taken beforehand in the impartial, school of worldly experience will be of incalculable use to her."

Harry Meredith sat long that night, before the snug bright fire in his snug little bachelor apartment, musing over his uncle's words.

He had met the two cousins, Rachael and Ruth Durr, at a quiet little birthday gathering at the house of a friend, and instantaneously felt drawn toward the elder one—elder by eighteen months. She was a beautiful blonde, while the other was rather of the brunette type. During the three months which had followed upon his first introduction to the cousins several times a week, and consequently fell deeper in love with the golden-haired lassie even while he was quite conscious of Ruth's deeper character and stronger intellect.

Sometimes he was almost tempted to waver in his allegiance toward the elder, and then betook himself with very unnecessary sternness to talk.

To-night, however, he passed the whole of the past few weeks in view before his memory, and decided that inaction was the worst policy in the world. "This suspense must be put an end to," ejaculated our hero half aloud, and then smiled mischievously to himself, as an idea came into his head.

"I'll do it," he thought, biting his lip. "Of course it's only for the fun of the thing. I have not the shadow of a doubt that she is all she seems—"

He was silent for a few minutes and then arose to prepare for slumber.

"They are polite enough to me, as a favored child of luxury. Now I will take measures to learn whether this courtesy is genuinely from the heart, or merely born of empty form and adulation to wealth."

So our hero, lying his head on his pillow, dreamed of private masquerade parties all night long.

Rachael Durr and her cousin Ruth were shop girls in Savery & St. Clair's great fancy store.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Rachael, one morning as she took off her bonnet in the little dressing room at the back of the store, and shook down her golden shower of curls, "how tired I am of this horrid drudgery. How I wish Harry Meredith would propose if he's going to."

Ruth laughed as she smoothed down her satin brown hair and tied the bow of crimson ribbon at her throat.

primly. "You are fully five minutes behind time, and it was just so yesterday."

Rachael pouted, and went to work labeling a box of newly arrived ribbons. She and Mrs. Wicks had never agreed very harmoniously, nor did she affiliate with the show girls. "A stuck up impertinent thing" they called her, while she from the serene heights of the possibility of her one day becoming a rich and powerful woman, treated them with a disdain that was anything in the world but agreeable.

In vain were Ruth's remonstrances. Rachael had always been wilful and inclined to superciliousness, nor would she listen to her cousin's mildly proffered advice now.

"It's all very well for you, Ruth, you've got to spend all your days here, but," she said, curling her pretty lips, "but I shall soon be lifted out of this groveling atmosphere."

"It is by no means a certainty." "Yes it is," laughingly answered Rachael, blushing like a damask rose.

And Ruth would sigh softly, and think how brightly the future was unrolling its vast map before her pretty little cousin.

Rachael Durr waited rather languidly upon one or two customers or morning. Evidently her heart was not in her work, and Mrs. Wicks, from her lurking place behind the cash box, cast several venomous glances toward her, premonitory of a coming storm.

Presently a new customer hobbled in, bent and creaked, and made his way directly to the counter where Rachael and Ruth were standing. A huge cotton umbrella protruded in a garlike manner from beneath his arm, hands, which were tucked under his coat, concealed by his bent and hobbled form.

"My goodness, Ruth, what a figure!" ejaculated Rachael, in a very audible voice.

"What can that bundle of second hand clothes want here?" "Hush!" said Ruth, almost sternly, "he will hear you."

"And what if he does? What do I care?"

"He is old and infirm, Rachael, and his age should render him sacred in your eyes."

Rachael tossed her head sneeringly.

"Ruth, you are too absurd for anything. I won't wait on him."

But the old man steered resolutely for Rachael herself.

"I want to buy some gloves, Miss," he said in a feeble, croaking voice.

"You'd better go somewhere else," said the young lady, superciliously; "our store doesn't keep cheap goods."

"Please let me see the article." Rachael tossed the box down on the counter; the old man bent his spectacled eyes down to survey the goods.

"How much are these?" "A dollar a pair."

"But I am a poor man, Miss; have nothing cheaper?"

self will make up the difference to the store. You are an old gentleman, and I am young and able to work."

"But am nothing to you, Miss." Ruth folded the gloves neatly in a piece of paper, and handed them to him.

"For the sake of dear father, who died a year ago, old age can never be nothing to me, sir. Please don't thank me; indeed I deserve no gratitude."

And Ruth drew blushing back, while Rachael burst out into a laugh.

"Upon my word, Ruth, you are the greatest fool I ever saw!" she cried, while the old gentleman hobbled out of the store.

"I would have seen the old gentleman in Jericho before I would have given him anything! Why does he not go to the poor house?"

The days crept on, and one day Mr. Harry Meredith astonished little Ruth Durr very much by asking her to be his wife.

It was as if the gates of Paradise had suddenly opened to her—the modest little girl, secretly worshipping Harry Meredith in her heart of hearts, had never dreamed of the possibility of such good luck being in store for her.

That evening she told her cousin; Rachel listened in silence. The prize had been very near her grasp once. But somehow it slipped away.

"I think you must be mistaken, Ruth," she said, acrimoniously. "I think Mr. Meredith never would—"

She checked herself, for that instant the door was opened, and Mr. Meredith was announced.

"Well, Rachael," he said pleasantly, "are you ready to congratulate me on the sweet little wife I have won?"

Rachael muttered one or two formal congratulations, and then, "I have something to show you."

He put a tiny parcel in her hand. She opened it and out fell a pair of worsted gloves.

She looked wistfully in his face, then the whole tide of memory came upon her heart.

"Harry! were you the old man?" "I was the old man, my dearest."

And then Rachael knew why it was that the ship frightened with all her hopes had drifted away, when it was so near the haven.

What an Old Man has Noticed.

I have noticed purses will hold pennies as well as pounds.

I have noticed that all men are honest when well watched.

I have noticed that silks, broadcloths and jewels are often bought with other peoples money.

I have noticed that in order to be a reasonable creature it is necessary at times to be downright mad.

I have noticed that whatever is, is right with few exceptions—the left eye and the left leg, and the left side of a plum pudding.

I have noticed that the prayer of the selfish man is, "Forgive us our debts," while he makes everybody that owes him pay to the utmost farthing.

I have noticed that money is the fool's wisdom, the knave's reputation, the poor man's desire, the covetous man's ambition and the idol of them all.

I have noticed that he who thinks every man a rogue is certain to see one when he shaves himself, and he ought, in mercy to his neighbor, to surrender the rascal to justice.

Louisburg will celebrate its centennial on July 4th, and Senators Ransom and Vance are to be invited to speak on the occasion.

The number of members of Young Men's Christian Associations in the State is said to be 330. Greensboro has 100, Chapel Hill and Winston 50 each.

Goldshoro Messenger: The revival at Thompson's Chapel has been brought to a close, and we learn that over twenty persons have become converts to Christ.

According to the French newspapers there is general distress in the provincial manufacturing districts.