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No. 37.

THE SHOCK OF THE EARTHQUAKE.

Yesterday while I was locking...

While a sound like rumbling thunder...

Windows, doors and chairs were shaking...

Gradually that awful rumbling...

Never while life's torch is glowing...

While that strange, mysterious rocking...

W. A. MATHEWS. Danville, Sept. 1st, 1886.

A Review of the Facts.

Henry W. Grady in the New York World.

Let us discard the false stories, to begin with. There was no cross of fire seen above the doomed city.

First—The original shock, taking Charleston as the centre, lasted from 17 to 20 seconds, certainly no longer than 25 seconds.

Second—The shocks have been renewed at intervals for three days longer, with none of the fierce energy of the first shock.

Third—The earthquake was accompanied by a dull, roaring noise which outlasted the first shock by a half hour and returned with every subsequent tremor.

Fourth—The fissures in the ground are of irregular shape. Usually they discharge a brackish water, and fine sand, or water and blue mud, but not always.

When a man wants to find fault he will do so if he has to spend all his time looking for it.

pushed up from below. A gentle swell of white sand, perhaps a foot high, in the centre, glistening with moisture and crowned just above the crater with a pile of blue mud shaped like a bee hive—that is the usual appearance of the mound fissure.

Fifth—Prof. McGee's theory of the earthquake is generally accepted. Plainly stated it is that the Appalachian mountains are two great formations, the granite and the fragmental. The first extends from the mountains to about Columbia, and the latter from Columbia to the sea.

Going and Coming.

From the New Haven Register.

"Good-bye, father."

"Good-bye, my son; God bless you."

And the train starts, bearing the boy away to college.

There goes my boy to get an education. I tell you, sir, it's something to have a boy like that!

A year has gone by and the same wagon is standing in the same place, and the old man, with a radiant face, is waiting for the train which is bringing his boy home.

"Hello, gov'nor."

The old man says nothing; those careless words and that careless tone have struck him to the heart.

When a man wants to find fault he will do so if he has to spend all his time looking for it.

FROM THE HOSPITAL.

From the Washington Critic.

"Yes," said the Rev. Mr. Dibble, "I knew I could depend upon the hospitality of my flock to entertain this excellent young divine, seeing that my own household is in so disorganized a condition, owing to the exigencies of cleaning house. It will only be for a night or two, and we all know what is promised to those who receive the angel unawares!"

Mr. Dibble rubbed his hands and looked smilingly around upon the members of the Young Ladies' Aid Association, while a very perceptible murmur of assent rose up from this aggregated collection of curls, bangs, frizzed hair and crimped laces.

Not a damsel in the number but would gladly have extended her gracious hospitality to the Rev. Felix Armory, who was to preach a sermon in aid of "Home Helps and Missions" at the village church upon the coming Sunday evening.

"I'm sure," said Miss Lydia Larkspur, promptly anticipating the crisis, "papa would be most happy to receive the gentleman!"

While all the other ladies looked indignantly first at Miss Lydia, then at each other, and whispered: "Bold thing!"

"Most kind of you to propose it, I am sure," said Mr. Dibble, and so the matter was settled, not at all to the general satisfaction.

And Lydia Larkspur went home and issued orders that the parlor curtains should be washed and ironed, and a pound cake of the richest nature concocted.

While Kate Duer, the doctor's sister, who was as fond of young clergymen as Lydia herself, and would in no wise have objected to varying the monotony of her home life with a spice of ecclesiastical novelty, returned to her crochet work with a yawn and a general impression that life was a bore.

"We are to have a young lecturer from the city in the church on Sunday evening," she said to her brother, when he hustled in to dinner.

"Eh?" said Mr. Duer, swallowing his scalding soup; "are we? By the way, Kate, there's a new case of small-pox reported among those hands on the railway embankment."

"Dear me!" said Kate, who was compounding a refreshing salad in a carved wooden bowl. "I hope you will keep well vaccinated, Hugh."

"Oh, there's no trouble about that!" said the doctor; "only the other patients in the hospital object to such a case."

"I should think it very likely," said Kate.

"I must try to isolate him somewhere," said Dr. Duer, thoughtfully. "In one of those old stone houses by the river, perhaps. Old Mrs. Viggers has had the disease, I know."

And then Dr. Duer tasted the salad and pronounced it first rate.

Pitcherville was all on the quiver that day when the double shot piece of tidings flew, on the tongue of popular rumor, through the town.

Miss Lydia Larkspur, whose father did not believe in vaccination, and who had a mortal horror of the disease against which the famous Jenner waged so successful a warfare, was much troubled in her mind.

"I've always had a sort of premonition that I should fall a victim to the small-pox," sighed she.

"I only wish a pa would let me be vaccinated!"

It was on a sultry August evening, the sky full of lurid clouds, the air charged with glittering arrows of electricity and the big drops beginning to patter on the maple leaves, when there sounded a knock at Miss Lydia's door—a most mysterious tap, as she afterward declared.

"Excuse me," said this apparition, "but I believe I have lost my way. Might I ask shelter from the shower? I am a young man from the hospital."

"Certainly not," said Miss Lydia, closing the door abruptly in his face, with a little shriek. "Good gracious! have I stood face to face with the small-pox case?"

And then she ran for the servant and the camphor bottle, and then went into hysterics.

Kate Duer was standing in her doorway, watching the storm roll grandly over the mountain tops, when the weary and bewildered traveler opened the gate and came hesitatingly in.

"I beg your pardon," said he meekly, "but I think there must be something singular in my appearance. People seemed to shut their doors against me, and shun me as if I had the pestilence. And I cannot find the residence of Mr. Dibble, the clergyman. Would it be asking too much if I were to ask permission to rest in your porch until the storm is over? I came from the hospital, and—"

"Oh, I understand," said Kate quickly; "you are the small-pox patient. But I have been vaccinated and am not afraid of the disease. There is a very comfortable chamber in the second story of the barn, and you shall be carefully nursed and taken care of there, of—"

"But you are mistaken," cried the young man; "I am not—"

"Hush!" said Kate, gently. "Do not be afraid to confide in me. I am Dr. Duer's sister, and know the whole story. Sit here, rest a little and I will bring you some bread and milk until my brother comes."

"I am a thousand times obliged to you," said the stranger, "and the bread and milk will taste delicious after my long walk. But I do not know what leads you to think that I am a victim of varioloid. I have lost my hat in the wind, to be sure, and am compelled to wear this Syrian-looking drapery on my head, but I never had small-pox, and hope never to encounter its horrors."

Kate Duer turned red first, then pale.

"Then," said she, "if you are not the small-pox case, who are you?"

"I am Felix Armory," said the young stranger, "the young chaplain of St. Lucetta's hospital in New York. I am to preach in aid of the home and mission on Sunday next."

Kate Duer burst out laughing. "And every one has been mistaking you for the small-pox case!" said she. "Oh, Mr. Armory do come in. How could you have been so stupid! But you see, the minute you began to speak of the hospital—"

"I dare say it was very awkward of me," said Mr. Armory. "But it's the way I have always mentioned myself to strangers. St. Lucetta's you know—"

"Yes, I know," said Kate. "But to the good folks here there is only one hospital in the world, and that is the Pitcherville Institute."

Mr. Armory enjoyed his tea, sliced peaches and delicate "angel cake" very much as he sat tete-a-tete with Kate Duer, by the soft light of the shaded lamp, while the rain pattered without. And when the doctor came in it was cozier yet.

"The small-pox case!" said he. "Oh, that is safely isolated at Hope's quarry since this morning, and doing very well, too. Upon my word, Mr. Armory, I am sorry that you have had such a disastrous experience."

"All's well that ends well," said the young clergyman, leaning back in his snug corner, with an expression of ineffable content on his face.

Miss Lydia Larkspur was quite indignant when she heard that Mr. Armory was staying at Dr. Duer's residence.

"Just like Kate Duer," said she; "to maneuver to get that poor young man into her hands, after all. But if a man rushes around the country telling everybody that he comes from a hospital, what can he expect?"

Milking Cows.

From the Pittsburg Stockman.

Milking is nothing short of a fine art, and the farm hand who knows how to milk properly is more valuable to the careful dairyman than any help. Some can milk a dozen cows while others would milk half that number, but the careful manager is not so anxious for fast help as he is to employ those who are careful. The operation should never be hurried, but the milk should be drawn steadily as it flows. Some cows have tender teats and udders, and the rapid milker forgets this in his effort to make speed. A cow that is naturally impatient and fretful does not like to submit to rough handling, and her disposition is soon ruined by such treatment. As soon as the udder becomes distended with milk the cow readily submits to milking for the relief it brings. The constant practice of being milked at stated intervals impresses itself strongly upon her, and she will seldom resist without cause. If a cow that has been patient at milking becomes fractious the fault can always be traced to the milker. The careless dairyman is the only one who complains of his cows to keep up the flow, and bloody milk, garget and other evils are almost always the result of his own mismanagement. Another point demanding attention is allowing cows to stand a long time waiting to be milked. With cows that milk large it is painful when the udders are filled to the utmost and the milker is not on hand to relieve them, and they become at once exceedingly nervous and restless. This causes a cow to dry up prematurely, because nature revolts at her suffering. The cow should also be milked to the last drop; if the last portion of the milk, as claimed, is the best, the udder should be left with nothing in it. With regularity in feeding, milking and caring for the cows, and kind treatment at all times, the cows will not only become gentle and stay so, but will give milk longer and her season's product will be much larger. If a cow begins to give trouble in milking, proper attention in handling and management will mostly cure the evil.

But this was not Mr. Felix Armory's last visit to Pitcherville. He came in autumn, when the leaves were red, and then in the frozen beauty of winter. And the last time he asked Kate Duer "if she was willing to encounter the trials of a minister's wife." And Kate, after a little hesitation, said that she was willing to try.

And Miss Lydia Larkspur declared that "anyone could get married if they were as bold about it as Kate Duer."

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Some of our newspaper friends, who favor Cleveland's Civil-Service Rules, ask the question, if Gen. Cox in the Raleigh District, was beaten because he favored the Civil-Service Law, why was Judge Bennett, in the Charlotte District, beaten, as he was opposed to the Civil-Service law?

The question is easily answered. Judge Bennett was not a candidate for re-nomination, and was not, therefore, beaten. He had, two years ago, declared that he would not be a candidate this year for the nomination, and he stood by his word. Gen. Cox was beaten, and he was Cleveland's chief bugleman in the House in the Civil-Service quarrel. Judge Bennett was not beaten, because he was not a candidate—Charlotte Home-Democrat.

"Aurelia, darling?"

"Yes, Arthur."

"You know we are soon to be married?"

"Yes."

"And we should learn to be economical in small things?"

"Yes."

"Hadn't you better turn down the lamp a little?"

For good fare and comfortable rooms, stop at the P. D. House.

OUR MISSISSIPPI LETTER.

The Whites and Blacks—The Earthquake—The Crops, &c.

Special Correspondence of the Rocket.

DEAR ROCKET—"The 'Ruction on Yaller Crick," published in the Atlanta Weekly Constitution eight or ten days ago, was as fine a bit of burlesque of the negro insurrections that occasionally break out in Southern communities as could well be written, and it did much to allay the anxiety which the "note of warning," addressed to Col. Steele and published in your columns, might naturally arouse in the emotional bosom of your correspondent. Still, I was not entirely relieved of an apprehension that something might happen to disturb the peace of the good people of Richmond, until I received my copy of the Spirit of the South by last night's mail. It is gratifying to find it pronouncing the report as destitute of foundation, as must be the originator of it of discernment concerning the purposes of the colored brethren. "The Yaller Crick 'Ruction" turned out to have been a secret meeting of them to purchase from a Yankee slick a preparation for taking the kinks out of their wool, the said Yankee slick persuading them that it would not do for the whites to know it as they wanted them to stay in the kinks. May not the insurrection "in the upper end" have been merely a dark-lantern meeting where an Independent dispersed that oleomargarine democracy that enables a white Democrat to swallow a nigger Republican and a nigger Republican to swallow a white Democrat? The performance either by the one or the other is painfully offensive to genteel white folks, you know. Such meetings, at any rate, are not uncommon here, though they have ceased to create any alarm of insurrection. Indeed, we are now much of the opinion that it will require great provocation ever to occasion any body of negroes to raise arms against any body of white folks. They are a peaceable, docile race, with reference to superiors, and will remain so, no doubt, forever, notwithstanding the efforts of ambitious and unprincipled white politicians often to array them against us. One of the most remarkable instances of the growing disposition of the white people to protect them against the violence of injustice, I think, occurred in Hernando not many nights ago. A mob of sufficient force to entirely overpower the officers went to our jail to take out a negro man that had recently been committed on the charge of that crime for which men always take the law in their own hands and inflict summary punishment, but the jailer assuring them that the prisoner was where he could not escape from, and reminding them that Circuit Court and a trial were near at hand, prevailed on them to desist and leave him. I doubt if any mob in any country, entirely able to carry out their purposes, ever went for a prisoner supposed to be guilty of that crime and listening to reason, concluded to let the law take its course. Verily, Mississippi is de-throning Judge Lynch.

Halloo! what in the thunder is the matter? I am being all shook up! The house is rocking! Away back in long yore, at Pompey Hill, Jim Covington would say, "Peace; be still, 'tis nothing but a nigger," but here and now, and shaking as I am, I verily believe there is an earthquake somewhere. Ah, it's all settled now—'twas but a moment.

The first of September dawns as a day fit for October, so cool it is. We have had nice rains during the past week, and crops hold up to their good reputation. Cotton has not opened much yet and very little picking being done.

Hernando is being religiously refreshed by a big Baptist meeting, and all nature hereabout seems to denote a coming Fall abundant in blessings.

FAL.

Hernando, Sept. 1, '86.

Tell your neighbors about THE ROCKET'S cheap campaign rates.

Job. Printing.

Having recently purchased a first class outfit, we are prepared to do all kinds of

PLAIN AND FANCY

JOB PRINTING

IN THE

BEST OF STYLE

And at Living Prices.

Notes of Travel.

Correspondence of The Rocket.

MT. GILEAD, N. C., Sept. 1, '86.

EDITOR ROCKET:—Having occasion to visit friends and relatives in Richmond and Marlboro counties, accompanied by my relative, Mrs. B. D., we left our homes in Montgomery on the 25th ult. and wended our way to Wolf Pit township, in Richmond county. In passing the Grassy Islands and ascending the long hill at E. N. Ingrams, I pointed out the beautiful scenery to Mrs. D. at that place, at which she was greatly delighted and longed for a photographic view of it; and on returning home we passed this point near sunset, and the shadow of old Sol being reflected brilliantly in the Pee Dee, the scenery was still more beautiful. I pointed out to Mrs. D. the little oak from which the noted Lee was hanged, and where he was buried, and, further down the road, where Lee had murdered poor Solomon Welsh; and Mrs. D. declared she would not return on that road.

We visited Messrs. Joe and Tom Diggs, in the southwest part of Richmond, whose hospitality and kindness we greatly enjoyed. They are model farmers, and have beautiful farms in fine culture, and I am glad to say their cotton crops are very good, though they lost their corn crops on the river.

Mr. Crosland's farm is adjoining, and I learn that his corn and cotton crops are splendid. Mr. Crosland is also an enterprising and model farmer.

We next went in the vicinity of Goodwin's store, in Marlboro county, S. C., and visited our relatives, Joe Liles and Thorougood Stubbs, who cordially received and hospitably entertained us. We reluctantly left these kind and clever gentlemen and their families. Mr. Liles is the treasurer and tax collector of Marlboro county, and is a very popular and competent officer.

On Monday we visited Mr. J. P. Gibson and family at Gibson's Station. We passed Boykin church, which is an ornament to that neighborhood. Here we saw the grave of an old and respected friend, Martin Hunsucker, formerly of Montgomery county, whose memory carried me back to the scenes of my younger days.

I found Gibson's Station quite a town, with elegant dwellings, good stores, two good churches—Methodist and Baptist—a flourishing school presided over by an old acquaintance, Prof. R. B. Clark, a very worthy gentleman. Around Gibson's Station is certainly the prettiest farming country I ever saw, and the corn, cotton and pea crops were just splendid, and the dwellings and improvements were handsome and showed thrift and culture. It seemed to me that everybody in that community was named Gibson.

J. P. Gibson and family made us feel perfectly at home. We never were more cordially received and hospitably entertained, and his wife is one of the sweetest ladies we ever saw. They have three promising little boys. On leaving Gibson's Station Pres went with us as far as the Gibson cemetery, about one mile from the Station, where rest the dead of the Gibson family, among them his father and his own sweet little Blanche. Here also rest the remains of Wade Hurley, whose parents live in Montgomery.

We then with regret bade farewell to Pres and made our way back to Montgomery, and that night reached the Grassy Islands. About 10 o'clock P. M., being asleep, we were awakened by the shaking and trembling of the house. We all aroused up and at intervals of about twenty minutes we felt four other shocks, accompanied by a roaring noise. The excitement in the neighborhood was immense; we could hear lamentations for miles, in every direction. We reached home next morning at 11 o'clock and found that the shocks and noise were heard in every direction, both far and near.

C. W. W.

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