

Rockingham Rocket.

H. C. WALL, Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS: \$1.50 a Year in Advance.

VOL. V.

ROCKINGHAM, RICHMOND COUNTY, N. C., AUGUST 4, 1887.

No. 31.

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.

The fact that the President will attend the Piedmont Fair in Atlanta will boom the exhibition immensely, though not beyond the merits of the show. The exposition will in all probability be the fullest display of the products of the Piedmont region yet made and will be worth seeing and valuable to the South accordingly. The managers of the affair, we see, are sending invitations to the Union veterans who were in the battles between Chattanooga and Atlanta to visit the exhibition and join the excursions that are to be made through this historic region, seeking thus to join together still more closely the sides of the bloody chasms which are being sent through the G. which has been closed. The Invitational Army posts and the responses will be awaited with no little interest. It is announced, also, that excursion rates have been arranged at one cent a mile from every point in the north-west. We suppose similar rates will be made to apply to the rest of the country. Now, however, that the President has definitely fixed the time for his visit to Atlanta—and this is the point at which he has been aiming—we must by all means arrange to have him at our state fair either on his way South or on his return. He is disposed to visit us and will do so if he is guaranteed that he will suffer no loss of time. Let our agricultural Society officials take heart of the success of the St. Louis folks, and, continuing the efforts they have already made, decline to have no for an answer in the matter of securing the President's attendance. We are sure our chief magistrate will regret no time that he may spend in North Carolina. For our part let us see that we neglect no means of getting him to drop in on us.—News and Observer.

You can take out spots from wash goods by rubbing them with the yolks of eggs before washing.

Indispensable to the Toilet.

Darby's Prophylactic Fluid cures chafing, eruptions and inflammation of all kinds; cures inflamed or sore eyes; relieves pains from bites or stings of insects and sore feet; destroys all taint of perspiration or offensive smell from the feet or any part of the body; cleanses and whiten the skin. Used as a dentifrice it purifies the breath, preserves the teeth and cures toothache, sore gums and canker. A little of the Fluid in the water used in bathing is very refreshing and especially beneficial to the sick.



This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

BOOKS for SALE!

The "Prayer and Praise" is by far the most popular Song Book now in use among our people. I constantly keep it on hand and can furnish it at the following prices: Single copy, (shaped or round notes), .75 Per dozen, \$8.00 Per half dozen, 4.25 I keep on hand, and am continually receiving, an elegant line of GOOD BOOKS, BOTH RELIGIOUS and LITERARY, which I can furnish at very low prices.—BIBLES and HYMN BOOKS a specialty. Can get you any desired book on short notice, at publisher's prices. F. L. TOWNSEND.

LIFT THE BURDEN. Democratic Leaders on Tax Reduction--The Paramount Duty of the Party.

The St. Louis Republican (a Democratic newspaper) has secured letters from Hons. John G. Carlisle, of Kentucky, Samuel S. Cox, of New York, Benton McMillan, of Tennessee, C. R. Breckenridge, of Arkansas, Wm. C. P. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, Samuel J. Randall, of Pennsylvania, George D. Wise, of Virginia, John S. Henderson, of North Carolina, and P. A. Collins, of Massachusetts, on the subject of tax reduction. The questions which elicited these letters look to a suspension of hostilities between the Democratic majority and the Democratic minority in Congress and the union of both divisions of the party on a feasible measure of tax reduction which will pass to the Senate in spite of Republican opposition.

Mr. Carlisle writes in advocacy of immediate revenue reduction and the reconciliation of differences of opinion on a basis that will afford immediate relief.

Mr. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, agrees in this view, and indorses the plan of administration leadership and co-operation with the party in Congress.

Mr. McMillan, of Tennessee, advocates concessions and compromise by repealing the tobacco tax and reducing tariff taxes on the essentials of life.

Mr. Breckenridge, of Arkansas, knows of no concessions that could be made except such as have been unsuccessfully offered in the past.

Mr. Cox, of New York, "would by all means cultivate the graces of compromise" on a basis of equal reduction of tariff and internal revenue taxes.

Mr. Collins, of Massachusetts, believes that the successful measure must "necessarily strike at the internal revenue as well as the customs duties."

Mr. Wise, of Virginia, is opposed to the internal revenue system, but would "be satisfied with an equal cut of internal and tariff taxes."

Mr. Henderson, of North Carolina, favors "the total and unconditional repeal of the internal revenue taxes;" is willing to support a bill reducing equally the tariff and internal revenue taxes, but prefers a separate vote.

Mr. Randall, of Pennsylvania, declares that he is not a protectionist per se or a free trader per se, calls for the abolition of the internal revenue system and declares that reduction of the tariff rate of duties should be a matter of separate and distinct consideration.

Introducing Mr. Henderson's letter the Republican says:

"North Carolina Democrats are no less eager than the Democrats of Virginia for the repeal of the internal revenue taxes. They complain not only for relief from the tobacco tax, but are quite as anxious to get rid of the spirits also. Hon. John S. Henderson, representative from the seventh North Carolina district, is one of the notably able men in the House and the acknowledged leader of the element on the Democratic side which is so urgent in demanding the outright repeal of the internal revenue taxes."

Mr. Henderson's letter is as follows:

"1. I favor the total and unconditional repeal of the internal revenue taxes. If this shall be found to be impracticable, I shall support any measure which will ameliorate the harshness of this odious and undemocratic system of taxation.

"2. I am satisfied that the country is ready for the absolute repeal of the internal revenue taxes on tobacco. This proposition, if singly submitted to the House of Representatives; in my opinion, will pass by an overwhelming majority. The sense of the House will also be tested next winter on several other propositions relating to the reformation of the internal revenue system. The brandy taxes should be abolished and the retail license provisions should be eliminated from the internal revenue laws. I shall introduce several bills having the foregoing objects in view as soon as Congress meets. A bill drafted by me 'proposing to modify the internal revenue legislation' was introduced in the Forty-ninth Congress, and the vote of the House was taken thereon on March 4th, 1887. The vote stood: Yeas, 139; nays, 112. Two thirds not having voted in favor thereof, the bill failed to pass.

"3. I heartily favor a reduction and revision of the tariff taxes. This is a very difficult problem to solve, there being so many rival and conflicting interests to be considered and harmonized. But the country expects and demands that the Fifth Congress will solve the problem.

"4. I do not think any material reduction of taxation can be accomplished if no reduction is to be allowed except through the passage of a bill proposing 'an equal cut' of tariff and internal revenue taxes. I would cheerfully support such a bill, but I believe every scheme of this sort to be impracticable.

"5. I think the only sure way of effecting a reduction of taxation is by passing several independent bills relating to the subjects of the tariff and internal revenue. Each of these subjects should be separately considered. In conceding a separate vote on these questions I do not think any representative needs to feel that he is sacrificing a principle. These questions should be settled by the House of Representatives in accordance with the will of the majority, unrestrained by parliamentary technicalities and hindrances.

"6. It is possible that a caucus of Democrats might accomplish something by conferring together and freely interchanging views. I would be glad to attend such a caucus, but I do not anticipate much practical good to be accomplished thereby.—The rank and file of the party are all right. What is wanted is united leadership.

"7. The surplus in the treasury is a grievous burden to the tax-payers and should no longer be permitted. It is a fruitful source of extravagance, and is an evil which cries aloud for a remedy.

"Very respectfully,  
"JOHN S. HENDERSON."

Don't Complain too Much.

From the Orange Observer.

We all know that these are dull times, and that money is as scarce as feathers on an elephant, but all can do something to make them better. Don't complain. This seems to be an age of grumblers. Don't tell everybody you meet that times are hard—they all know it. Don't hide your money in old stockings—pay your debts. Pay cash for goods—you will get them much cheaper.

Work half a day if you can't get a whole day's work. This country needs more work, less loafing. Idleness is the mother of crime. Work is the prescription for "hard times." Work is the watchword—the Aladdin's lamp that transforms the loafer into a laborer. Go to work and stop grumbling. Be like a certain young man we read of recently. He was just starting in life and his father told him to "take hold of the first thing that turned up." He met a fair maiden on the street—she turned up her nose at the young man. He walked deliberately up to her and caught hold of that aristocratic nasal appendage, saying: "My father told me to take hold of the first thing that turned up, and I have done so." That fellow had pluck—and that's the thing to have these days.

A GIRL FOR ALL.

In order to give all a chance to test it, and thus be convinced of its wonderful curative powers, Doctor King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, will be, for a limited time, given away. This offer is not only liberal, but shows unbounded faith in the merits of this great remedy. All who suffer from Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, or any affection of throat, chest, or lungs, are especially requested to call at W. M. Fowlkes & Co's Drug Store, and get a trial bottle free, large bottles \$1.

SHE RESTS IN HEAVEN.

BY ANNIE LLOYD.

She crossed the gloomy vale of shadows,  
Passed its murky waters o'er;  
And now her spirit dwells in glory,  
On an ever radiant shore.

The waning star that gleams and trembles,  
On the far horizon's brink,  
Shall rise again, although it seemeth  
In oblivion's waves to sink.

Methinks beyond the seraph's rapture  
Swells the saint's eternal joy;  
Christ's bleeding love their souls hath captured,  
Songs of praise their tongues employ.

The words, "I'm sick," shall never, never,  
Pass the lips of dwellers there;  
The Saviour dries their tears forever—  
Leaves of life perfume the air.

Ah! would you call her back to sorrow?  
To a world of sin and fear?  
The serpent's loathsome trail of horror  
Poisons every Eden here.  
—[Statesville Landmark.

As An Art Critic.

Bill Nye in the New York World.

Taking the World artist with me in order to know fully what I was talking about, I visited the Academy of Design a day or two ago for the purpose of witnessing some of the pictures of Paris which are now on exhibition there. Many of these pictures are large and beautiful, while others are small and onery. At the head of the stairs is a smallish picture, with a good, heavy frame and greenish foreground. It is not on the catalogue, so I will try to describe it briefly. About half way between the foreground and middle distance there is a cream-colored perspective, while above there is a rag-carpet sky, with lumps on it.

"And is there no way of removing these large lumps of paint, so as to give the picture an even appearance?" I asked Mr. McDougall.

"Oh, no, they don't want to do that," he said; "that is the impasto method of putting on the colors, which brings out the salient features of the painting."

So this impasto method, it seems, is still gaining ground, and this picture, with the soldier-overcoat sky and green chenille grass and gargety distance, would no doubt be worth in Paris \$13 or \$14.

No. 84 is a picture by Chas. Durand entitled "A Country Woman in Champagne." I was bitterly disappointed in this picture, for though the woman seems to be in good spirits the artist has utterly failed to grapple fully with the subject, and without the catalogue in his hand I would defy the most brilliant connoisseur to say definitely whether or not she is under the influence of liquor.

We next walk around to No. 168, picture by Camille Pissarro.

M. Pissarro has ten pictures in the Academy but this one is the best. It is made by the squirt system of painting, graining and kalsomining which is now becoming so a la mode and rouge et noir. The artist tells me that the colors are carefully arranged in a tin pail and applied to the canvas by means of a squirt-gun or Rembrandt stomach pump. This gives the painting a beautiful, yet dappled, appearance, which could not be obtained with a brush.

The picture is worth \$3 of any man's money, for the frame is worth \$2, and there is at least a dollar's worth of paint on the picture that is just as good as ever. The artist has handled the feet in a masterly manner, bringing them out so that they hang over the frame like a thing of life. If I could paint feet as M. Pissarro does I would not spend my life stripping buggies in a close room among coarse men with putty on their pantaloons, but I would burst forth from my humble surroundings, and I would attract the attention of the whole great world of art with my massive and heroic feet. Then from this I would gradually get so I could make pictures that would resemble people. There is no reason why Mr. Pissarro should not do well in that way, for he has painted No. 171, "A Woman at a Well," in which the most unkempt and uncultivated peasant can at once distinguish which is the woman and which is the well. He is also the author of

"Spring," a squirt study with a blue rash, which has broken out where the sky ought to be.

No. 126 is the "Execution of Maximilian" by Edouard Manet, a foreign artist. The scene is laid at the base of an old Mexican slaughterhouse. In the foreground may be seen the rear of the Mexican army, with its wealth of toupure and cute little gored pants. All Mexican troops have their trousers gored at the hips. Sometimes they also have them gored at the bullfighths which take place there. In the contiguous distance Maximilian may be seen wearing the hat which has evidently infuriated the Mexican populace. The artist says that Maximilian objects to being shot, but I pretend not to hear him, and he repeats the remark, so I have to say, "very good, very good," and then we pass on to No. 60, which is entitled "Dreams," by Previs de Chavannes.

In this picture a weary man, who has worn himself out sleeping in haystacks and trying to solve the labor problem, so that the great curse of industry may be wiped out and the wealthy man made to pay the taxes while the poor man assists in sharing the burden of dividends, is lying on the ground with a pleasant smile on his face. He is asleep, with his mouth slightly ajar, showing how his teeth are fastened in their places. He is smiling in his slumber, and there is hay in his whiskers. Three decalcomanie angels are seen fastened to the sky in the form of a tableau. One is scattering cookies in his pathway, while the second has a laurel wreath which is offered at a great reduction, as the owner is about to leave the city for the summer. These are the new styles of wingless angels recently introduced into art and now becoming very popular.

Mr. Chavannes is also the mechanic who constructed a picture numbered 61 and called the "Poor Fisherman." The history of this little picture is full of pathos. The scene is laid in Newark Bay, New Jersey. A poor fisherman and his children go out to spend the day, taking their lunch with them.

"O, papa, let us take two or three cucumbers with our lunch," says one of the children, in glee.

"Very well, my child," exclaims the thiefster, with ill-concealed delight. "Go down to the market and get one for each of us."

The artist has chosen to make his study of the fisherman a short time after lunch. The father is engaged in regretting something which it is now too late to recall. Cholera infantum has overtaken the younger child and the other is gathering lobbelia for her father. The picture is wonderful in its conception and execution. One can see that he is a poor fisherman, for he has not caught any fish, and the great agony he feels is depicted in his face and the altitude of his hair. The picture might have been called a battle-piece or a French interior, with equal propriety.

Manet has several bright and cheery bits of color, among them No. 147, "Spring at Giverny," which might be called Fourth of July in a Roman candle factory without misleading the thoughtful art student.

No. 156, "Meadows at Giverny," by the same man, is a study in connecting the foreground and background of an oil painting by means of purple hay and dark-blue bunches of bonset in such a way as to deceive the eye.

I have always bitterly regretted that while I was abroad I did not go to Giverny and see the purple hay and navy blue tansy and water cross which grow there in such great abundance. How often we go burying through a country, seeing the old and well worn features shown us by the professional guides and tourists, forgetting or overlooking more important matters, like a scene in France, No. 142, entitled "Women Bathing." I presume I was within three-quarters of a mile of this view and yet came home without knowing anything about it.

No. 123, "Diana Surprised," is no doubt the best picture in the whole collection. The tall and beautiful figure of Diana, in the middle distance, in the act of being surprised, is well calculated to appeal to any one with a tender heart or a few extra clothes. Diana has just been in swimming with her entire corps de ballet, and on coming out of the water is surprised to find that some one has stolen her clothes. The artist has very happily caught the attitude and expression at the moment when she was about to offer a reward for them. This picture is so true to life that I instinctively stammered, "Excuse me," and got behind the artist who was with me. The figures are life size and the attitudes are easy and graceful in the extreme. One very beautiful young woman in the middle foreground, about seven and one-half inches north of the frame of the picture, with her back to the spectator, crouches at Diana's feet. She has done her beautiful and abundant hair in a graceful coil at the back of her head, but has gone no further with her toilet when the surprise takes place. The idea is lofty and the treatment beneficial. I do not know that I am using these terms as I should, but I am doing the best I can.

We often hear our friends regret that their portraits, dressed in clothing that has long since become obsolete, are still in existence, and though the features are correctly reproduced, the custom is now so ridiculous as to impair the de trop of the picture and mar its aplomb.

Jules Delfevre has overcome this great obstacle in a marvelous manner, and given us Diana and her entire staff, surrounded by an atmosphere that time cannot cloud with contumely or obscure with ridicule. Had the artist seen fit to paint Diana wearing a Garibaldi waist and very full skirt, with large hoops, and her hair wrapped around two large "rats," he might have been true to the customs and costumes of a certain period in the history of art, but it would not have stood the test of time. As it is he has wisely chosen to throw about her an air of hauteur which will look just as well in a hundred years as it does now.

The picture has a massive frame, and would brighten up one end of a dining-room very much. I was deeply mortified and disappointed to learn that it was not for sale. Action is the party who surprised Diana. He is regarded in history as a very unpopular man.

A Horrible Death.

From the Chatham Record.

Mr. Nathan Brewer, of this county, met with a horrible death on last Friday. He was threshing wheat on that day at Mr. Josiah T. Dark's, in Matthews township, and, in attempting to step over the rod that connected the horse-power with the threshing, the end of his pants was caught and the rapidly revolving rod threw him down, and, before the machinery could be stopped, he was fatally injured. One leg was broken in two or three places and the other was pulled off, besides severe injuries to his body. He lingered in great agony for three or four hours before death relieved his sufferings. The deceased was a son of the late Amos Brewer, and during the war was a gallant Confederate soldier (being a member of Co. E 26th N. C. Regiment) and was wounded at Gettysburg.

Evil by Her Sex.

Is the fate of every lady with a bright, glowing countenance, which invariably follows the use of Doctor Harter's Iron Tonic.

"And I wish further to state explicitly that Mr. Gould has acted throughout the transaction in a perfectly straightforward manner."—(Cyrus W. Field after the Manhattan deal). "He knocked me down, but, I—hips, I have to admit that he did it according to Marquis of Queensbury rules."—(Paddy Ryan after the Sullivan-Ryan prize fight).

A slow match.—Susan B. Anthony's.

Crush Out Lawlessness With Education.

From the Wilmington Messenger.

There is no reason whatever why there should be these continued outbreaks in Kentucky. The State is rich; it has all the machinery of government; it has an abundance of resources, and yet its condition today, in some counties, is worse than that of the far West.

The disorders cannot be attributed to anarchists this time. There is no foreign element entering into the disturbances. Those who created disorder, who bring about bloodshed, who defy the law and all properly constituted authorities, are Americans, native and to the manner born. The problem, therefore, is simple enough. It presents only one question, "What shall be done to preserve the law?"

There is no man of kindly instincts who is not averse to turning cold steel and directing shot and shell against his brethren. His very nature revolts against such a stern recourse. And it may be questioned whether it is the use of force that is so urgently required in Kentucky to-day as education.

The Rowan county war, which ended in the extinction of the Tolliver faction, was in many respects the result of lawlessness that resulted from ignorance. The people there were in dense darkness, and it is a well established fact that where ignorance is wide-spread contempt of authority, or at least an unwise defiance of it, is one of the inevitable concomitants.

Just at present the only missionary in Kentucky seems to be the sheriff. When England began her mission work in the East and in Africa her missionary carried a bulldog pistol in one hand and a Bible in the other. The Kentucky sheriff carries the revolver to be sure, but it is not on record that he also takes any literature with him, not even the "offices for the dead," to be read over his converts. He is a man of war, and his armament is always maintained for prompt service in the field. If he doesn't get his converts into a more blessed state, he at least gets them out of this world in a hurry; unless, indeed, they turn the tables upon him, and usher him into eternity.

But is this method of proselytizing never to cease? Is it not possible to put down the lawless element in Kentucky? Nobody believes that in any county of North Carolina these little wars would be allowed to break out periodically, and to endanger the existence of the constituted authorities, as well as to imperil the lives of peaceable and well-sposed citizens. Napoleon urged grape-shot as the remedy for mobs. We do not go as far as this, but we do believe that the State authorities of Kentucky ought to deal firmly and sternly with the law-breakers. They ought to be stamped out, if they will not yield to authority.—And with the sheriff should go the school teacher. One of the most effective means by which the law can be enforced is to teach the ignorant what the law is, the blessings which attend its observance, and the absolute equality of every man before the law. The pedagogy is the missionary most needed in Kentucky just now, and until his gentle rule is established the law will have to be enforced with the iron hand.

Give Them a Chance.

That is to say, your lungs. Also all your breathing machinery. Very wonderful machinery it is. Not only the larger air passages, but the thousands of little tubes and cavities leading from them.

When these are clogged and choked with matter which ought not to be there, your lungs cannot half do their work. And what they do, they cannot do well.

Call it cold, cough, croup, pneumonia, catarrh, consumption or any of the family of throat and nose and head and lung obstructions, all a bad. All ought to be got rid of. There is just one sure way to get rid of them. That is to use Boschee's German Syrup, which any druggist will sell you at 75 cents a bottle.—Even if everything else has failed you, you may depend upon this for certain.

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