

Rockingham Rocket.

H. C. WALL, Editor and Proprietor.

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LIFE'S SUNNY SIDE.

"All evening time it shall be light."
Tell me not that I am now
On the shady side of life;
Till me not my turrowed brow
Speaks of restless inward strife.

I am on life's sunny side,
Where the western sun doth shine,
Where my Saviour doth abide
In this peaceful heart of mine.

Deck my hair grow white like snow?
'Tis a crown of glory bright,
Like a book whose pages glow
With its tales of joy and light.

'Tis a pledge and token true
Of a gain transcending loss,
Of that honor justly due
Those who long have borne the cross.

There's no death nor age, in truth,
For a soul to Jesus given;
I shall know eternal youth
Here on earth and there in heaven!

This weak body, too, shall rise,
Phoenix-like from its own grave,
Fit companion in the skies
For my soul which grace doth save.

Yes, I'm on life's sunny side,
Calm and restful are my days,
With an outlook grand and wide,
Full of hope, and joy, and praise.
—T. P. B.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

Correspondence of the Rocket.

NEW YORK, June 23.

In a large building on 23d street, just over the way from the Fifth Avenue hotel, one flight up, is this sign: "Lyceum School of Acting." The somewhat novel enterprise of which this sign relates is the product of the fertile imaginations of a half dozen wise men who speculate in the insanity of their fellow creatures. For that strangely infatuating impulse which causes young men and women devoid of histrionic talent to seek the stage is the most virulent phase of mental incompetency. The Lyceum School has never brought any one into distinction, to be sure, and never will; but then it is very popular with stage-struck young men and maidens who happen to have the needful, and plenty of it is required. They come from Maine to California; the school is overflowing, and nearly a thousand names are on the anxious list awaiting vacancies.

DIAMONDS-YET IN CHARCOAL.

We enter the passage-way and lounge about the entrance without attracting special attention. Here comes a red-haired girl, tall and angular. There is a fine dramatic frenzy in her eye which marks her as a student of "serious business." Imagine that awkward, stilted girl doing Ophelia, prancing about the stage decked with pansies and columbines, with that wealth of red hair streaming down her back like Vesuvius in a state of eruption! And here is an ambitious young Romeo. He wears tooth-pick shoes and lavender trousers, smokes a cigarette and has his hair parted in the middle. He smiles biliously at the coming Ophelia, blows a cloud of smoke straight in her face and passes within.

That fair damsel in pink and yellow, built from the ground up like a bank safe, is ambitious of distinction as Galatea. Think of such statuesque beauty in repose!

The girl with four binds of bangs and a wart on her nose was admirably fitted by nature, at least in the respect of appearances, for comedy. But the nickle-plated look of serenity and eyes upturned supplicatingly to heaven leaves us, in no doubt that she is an embryo artist in melodrama. We can picture her bending her fragile form forward at an angle of 20 degrees with mathematic precision, wildly, madly wringing her hands like an Irish laundress, in accents of burning anguish screaming, "Villain, avanti!" and then fainting dead away at the feet of that amiable-looking wretch, who smiles a patent Lyceum School villain smile, strikes a tragic attitude and casually remarks in high C: "Ha-a-a! I have thee now!" We can see those gallery gods get up and stamp and clap and howl in a frenzy of delight, whilst the maiden with the wart leads the mild-mannered

villain up to the foot-lights and the twain would smile for all they are worth in recognition of that generous applause. We can see that wart perched on her nose during the whole of those trying proceedings, calmly, serenely, philosophically; undismayed by the dark intrigues of that misguided man, unruffled by the frantic despair of its fair proprietor, unmindful even of the splendid plaudits of the gods enthroned on that lofty peanut Olympus.

THE UNION SQUARE VANITY.

If you care to pursue this interesting study further, go to Union Square, a great loafing place for the profession. Fully one-half of those neglected, seedy-looking individuals you see lounging about the benches of the parks or the lobbies of the hotel (when they are permitted to do so) are actors and actresses—about half and half. Many of them are college-bred, and some few no doubt are specially gifted. But the profession is full, and it is particularly difficult to get work at this season. That fellow over there destroying free lunch we happen to know. He has some little reputation, no later than last winter playing an important part in one of our standard theatres. The last time we saw him it was behind the footlights, as a lord, clothed in purple and fine linen, with gold lace and spangles. That is hardly three months ago. Now his coat is torn and faded, linen soiled, trousers bagging and boots unpolished. There is a week's growth of beard on his face, his breath smells strong of whiskey and he is putting away that free lunch with the air of a man who hadn't had anything to eat for a week and don't expect to again for a fortnight.

STARS AND LEADING PEOPLE.

To be sure there are very successful people in the theatrical profession, and when they do strike a rich lead it takes them on to fame and fortune in the biggest sort of a hurry. The Booths, Mary Andersons, Barrets, Irvings, Terrys, &c., make fortunes almost nightly. Leading people in the great theatres command magnificent salaries. Osmond Tensle, Wallack's right-bower, is supposed to get \$600 a week, and Rose Coghlan, his leading lady, nearly as much. The salary list at his new theatre last season footed up something like \$3,000 weekly. Robert Wantell left the Madison Square theatre, where he drew \$450 per week, for more at the Lyceum. Clara Morris played an engagement recently at \$600 for three performances a week. Ada Reban, Georgia Cayvan, Sarah Jewett, Annie Russell, Gilbert, Kelcey, Lewis, Houston, Raymond and dozens of other local favorites command princely salaries.

ABOUT THE PLAY HOUSES.

There are sixteen or seventeen reputable theatres in this city, affording the widest scope of stage entertainment. They vary as greatly in size and appearance as in character. The Metropolitan Opera House or the Academy of Music, rival houses for the production of opera, would very comfortably seat every man, woman and child within a radius of ten miles from the Rucker office; while the new Lyceum, which aims desperately to be the "tony" place, has only six hundred seats.

THE GORGEOUS CASINO.

So attractive in appearance are half a dozen of these houses, and of such different styles, that it is difficult to institute a comparison. The most luxuriously decorated is the Casino, with its chased and fretted bronze walls. The effect on entering is dazzling, the general magnificence of the place suggesting a prodigal outlay of money. If any fault be found with the Casino it must be that it is over-loaded with richness—Sunday duds every day in the week.

Parson's Purgative Pills make new rich blood, and will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take one pill a night from one to twelve weeks may be restored to sound health, if such a thing is possible.

CONFEDERATE HOME ASSOCIATION.

To the Sons and Daughters of N. Carolina.
At the annual meeting of the Confederate Home Association, held May 20th, 1885, it was determined to make one more effort to raise, in the State, the amount required to erect a suitable home for our indigent soldiers, before asking aid of strangers.

The success of this movement will depend on local organizations, through which we hope to collect at least fifty cents from each white voter in the State, and the same from his mother, wife, sister or daughter. In every community there still must be willing hearts enough who will undertake this labor of love and patriotic duty. We, therefore, in the name of everything dear to us as North Carolinians, appeal to them to meet, organize, and go to work at once by asking everybody for something and accepting everything offered, be it but five cents.

We appeal to the editors of the State to head a column "Contributions in aid of a North Carolina Soldiers' Home," and to publish weekly all contributions made in their respective communities. This would materially stimulate local organizations and contributions and be an additional proof of the willingness of the "The Press of the State" to promote any movement calculated to elevate North Carolina.

We appeal to our ministers to give full notice and to have special contributions taken up for this work.

The heads of colleges, seminaries and schools are requested to ask their pupils to aid us with contributions. We are confident such requests would receive a cheerful and generous response, for the young are always liberal towards needy and pleading old age.

The necessity of a home for the indigent survivors of "The North Carolina Troops" must be apparent to all who can appreciate the noble spirit which impelled these bent old men to brave the dangers of war and win glories sufficient which, if transposed into gems of worthy brilliancy, would encircle our State and create for it a perpetual day more superbly bright than those which come to us in summer's happiest time. True as are these inspiring facts, many of our soldiers have been allowed to die in poor-houses and many are still forced to resort to these abodes of woe. Is this right or just? Do you believe these heroes would have done so much to make North Carolina's war record so grand if they had known their State would desert them in their years of feebleness and want?

Alas! they never doubted their State, but, inspired by that love which shines in matchless splendor when devoted to a country's cause, they marched ever forward until the flag they were commanded to defend and follow was furled forever.

Should such men be allowed to exist in poor-houses and fill pauper's graves? Will you longer permit such fates to come to them and still continue to boast of a peculiar chivalry and renown—the plain result of their soldierly bearing and devotion?—Until this Home is built and provided for, all such boastings should cease, for they cannot sound save as heartless mockery!

Will you give and gather the pittance we need and must have to make our object a success, or will you decline, and thereby, force the historian to draw around your claims for magnanimity, generosity and charity the dark and dreadful lines of palpable neglect and merciless ingratitude? Believing your answer will be such as North Carolinians should make when their needy and pleading defenders ask shelter, support and mental ease, we hope fully submit this important question and imperative duty for your consideration and action.

W. F. BEASLEY, President.

Bill Nye on El Mahdi.
This great heathen and full-blown prophet was once a poor boy, without a dollar in his pocket. Years ago when little Mahdi used to snare suckers along the White Nile, no one thought that to-day he would be the champion heavy-weight prophet of the known world. It shows what can be done by a brave, courageous little boy even in a foreign land.

In appearance he is a brunette of about the style of the successful merchant pipe. He does not dress as we do, but wears a white turban that looks somewhat like an Etruscan hen's nest. On chilly days he adds other articles of apparel to his turban, though, during the summer months that is sufficient for evening dress. In the morning he puts on his turban, buckles a six-shooter around his waist and he is dressed. It doesn't take Mahdi long to make this toilet.

Years ago he decided that he would retire to a lonely island in the Nile and put himself in training for a prophet, so he crawled into a cave and lived there on whatever he could get hold of. While others were down at Khartoum, having a good time at the skating rink, Mahdi remained in his gloomy cave, setting up the pins to go into the prophet business and murder the king's English.

Some people began to hear of El Mahdi, and as he put a card in all the morning papers of the Soudan, he at once had all the prophesying he could do and had to hire an amanuensis or assistant prophet to help him out. During the holidays, when trade was brisk, the Mahdi had to sit up and prophesy till 10 or 11 o'clock at night.

His real name is Mohammed Achmed, and he is the son of a petty sheik, whose name I have forgotten. This man was an inferior person and a very ordinary sheik, I am told—just such a sheik as you could go in and find on the ten-cent counters of the Soudan anywhere.

Mohammed Achmed for a time showed one of the prevailing characteristics of a tramp, and so they began to educate him as a fakir. A fakir is a man who has permission to ramble through the country chiding people out of money and groceries in the name of religion. He is a sort of Oriental gospel bum, whose business is to go around over the country weeping over the sins of people who are too busy to be hypocrites. These fakirs are always devout, hungry and sad. They yearn for a bright immortality, but they are in no great rush about acquiring it. They are perfectly willing to wait till the Egyptian pullets run out. I am glad that we have no fakirs in America.

By and by Mohammed Achmed got a call to rise up William Riley and gather the clans of the Soudan together. He went to them and told them in confidence that he was the only genuine, all-wool prophet on the Nile, and if they wanted some fun to get their double barrel shot guns and join the gang. They did so. None of them ever did anything at home to obtain a livelihood, so they could go away on the warpath all summer and their business would not suffer at all.

They then proceeded to murder the king's English, who had come there to conquer and acquire their sand pile.

The Arabian style of warfare is peculiar. It consists largely in drinking alkali water on their part and in requiring their enemies to do the same for ninety days. So it becomes simply a question of who has the firmest and most durable Bessemer steel bowels.

No one but a Bedouin would have thought of such a style of warfare. It is not, therefore, a question of courage or everlasting justice; it is a question of who can drink concentrated lye all summer and take his alimentary canal home with him in the fall.

In the battle, the Arab charge is peculiar in the extreme. The Arab does not stand up in line of battle

for an hour, while the commanding officer gallops up and down the line on a "heavy" horse and the enemy pours a galling fire into his ranks. He sails up towards the enemy, waves his Oriental night shirt in the Egyptian air, shoots some one and goes away. When the battle-ground is examined on the following day it is discovered that eight hundred brave and handsome English soldiers are killed and one tooth-eaten Arab has stepped on his Gothic shirt tail and sprained his ankle.

El Mahdi is not a bad looking man at all, and the report that he has lost his teeth, so that when he gives his orders he has to gum Arabic, is not true.

BILL NYE.

The D. D.'s and L. L. D.'s.

All our State male colleges have had their commencements for this year and, with one exception, have conferred neither of the above honorary degrees on any one. While the University, Davidson, Wake Forest and Trinity Colleges remained silent on this subject this year, Rutherford College, true to her custom, did hand out these titles of honor to two or three. A powerful rebuke is this and a fact which indicates the growth of a healthy sentiment relative to the conferring of these degrees.

Who are the D. D.'s and L. L. D.'s of our State? Some are men of unquestioned ability and merit, while others are mediocre wearing a title too large for them. So great have become the number by the unwise administration of college trustees that by common consent neither of these degrees is a reliable indication of either natural ability or great accomplishments.

A D. D. was once a Doctor of Divinity in reality, a minister well versed in theology and the doctrines and teachings of the Bible, but no such is surely the case now, which makes men, deserving the honor, hesitate to accept it when conferred upon them.

An L. L. D. was once really a learned Doctor of Laws whose mind was ripe with a thorough knowledge of every statute and its meaning, and had risen to a point of dignity that commanded the respect of every one, but now often the devotee of device and trickery, through the medium of family influence or some other minor consideration, is the L. L. D. that we are called upon to consider a dignitary whom history will be proud to honor.

For these reasons we think it high time to call a halt, and let the hand of Time brush off a few of the "highly honored" before these degrees can be brought back to their former balance of honor.

A majority of our colleges are now in the right track, and may they remain there till every glittering degree of honor will indicate the real gold of merit.—Laurinburg Exchange.

"There," said a woman to a tramp, "is a nice dinner, but I shall expect you to saw a little wood for it."

"Certainly madam," politely replied the tramp, attacking the dinner with both hands, "but you will pardon me, I trust, if I venture to correct your English."

"My what?"
"Your English. Some modern authorities claim that grammar is played out. I know better. The word 'saw' is a verb, in this case, singular number and imperfect tense. You cannot say, 'I shall expect you to saw wood.' 'I shall expect you to see wood' is correct. If you will indicate the pile to me I will now look at it as I pass out.—New York Sun.

Mr. J. G. W. Cobb, formerly a citizen of our town but now of Bennettsville, was in town some time ago soliciting signers to a petition for a position in the Signal Service of the United States, and has met with success, as he has received news of the approval of his petition and gone to Washington to take choice of two positions offered him. We are glad Mr. Cobb has succeeded, because he is both disposed and competent to discharge his duty.—Laurinburg Exchange.

Important to Justices of the Peace.

By chapter 288 of the laws of 1885, it is enacted:
1. That all appointments of justices of the peace by the general assembly shall be void, unless the persons so appointed shall qualify within three months thereafter.

2. That all unfilled appointments occurring under the provisions of the preceding section in the office of justice of the peace shall be filled for the term by the appointment of the Governor.

The election of justices by the late general assembly was on the 11th day of March last, and the three months in which they were required to qualify expired on the 11th day of the present month.

It is probable that the attention of the justices elect was not called to this act inasmuch as the laws have but recently been published; and, relying upon the provision in the Code which permitted their qualification at any time prior to the commencement of their terms, to-wit: the first Thursday in August next after their election—doubtless many of them have allowed the three months to elapse without qualifying, and the offices are now vacant.

The Governor has caused the matter to be examined by the attorney general, who has given an opinion that the Legislature had the authority to pass the act referred to, and that the Governor had the power and it was his duty to make appointments to fill the offices made vacant by the failure of the persons elected by the general assembly to qualify.

It is understood that his Excellency will in all instances where they will qualify, unless some good reason be given to the contrary, when called upon, appoint the persons selected by the general assembly; and where the persons so selected decline to qualify, he will make appointments upon recommendation from trustworthy sources. It is desirable that the county authorities throughout the State shall give the matter speedy attention.—News and Observer.

A Peep Into the Bed Room of a New York Millionaire's Daughter.

Would you like to see how a New York belle of millionaireism sleeps? I can gratify you so far as to describe, with literal exactness, the bed room of a young woman whose name is printed as often as anybody's in the society reports. I never saw a more beautiful, cosy, in every way delightful place than the sleeping room of this young princess of fashion—this eldest child of a many-millionaire. The wall paper was of pale gold on faint slate color. The gilt bedstead was pushed against a plaited silk of pale gold, with slate-colored silk bows at the corners. Just such another square of plaited silk rose to the ceiling above the washstand. On that were only pitcher, bowl, soap-dish and so on, because water is presumed to invite sewer gas, but all of the choicest wares.

A great sheet of beveled looking glass, six feet high, swung on brass rods above the floor in one corner for the young woman to see her whole attire in. She had also a handsome folding glass to reflect her ears, back hair and neck. There was an open fire place, besides the hot-air register; a dressing stand laden with pretty toilet boxes and bottles; an ivory clock like a bird-cage, in which ivory canaries trilled sweetly as each hour began; easy chairs and a rocking-chair to match the wall paper and furniture; a pretty little prie-dieu for the young woman to say her prayers upon as fashionably as possible, and a wealth of little elegancies, completing a general effect that was exquisite, dainty and inviting beyond computation. Opening out of this room the young millionaire had another apartment where she wrote and painted and "worked," so to speak, but I did not see it.

Letter in a California Journal.

Crop prospects continue good.

Not a few of the diseases of which so much complaint is made are diseases of habit. All of the vital organs get into habits of acting in a certain manner at certain times, and it is no easy matter to break it up.

Coughing is often nothing more than a habit; so may spitting be, yawning, laughing, crying, cracking the fingers, scratching the head, squinting, or rolling the eyes, lolling the tongue out, biting the finger nails, picking the ears or nose, the repetition of words, feigning surprise and horror, and many others. It is well known among physicians that the stomach and liver are both given to forming bad habits, and very bad ones too. These are more difficult to break up than acute attacks of disease.

Mankind is subject to a great deal of silly habits, or at least the little ones which do no special harm, and are productive of no good except as far as pleasing the individual for the time being. These often become second natures, and there are few persons but have more or less of them.

There was Ben Johnson, who could not rest in his bed, much less go to sleep, unless his shoes were placed heel to toe in a particular corner of the room. He had accustomed himself to doing this for a short time, during which it became a habit and finally became a necessity. This seems like a very silly thing for an intelligent man to be guilty of, but habits of less consequence than that will make men miserable.

Just recall those of your acquaintance whom you know to have little peculiarities of their own, and see how easy it is to trace them to some habit which was considered too trifling to merit even a passing notice. In looking for these in your neighbors and acquaintances you may find some in yourselves which may be lopped off without injury to the body.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Drink and Work.

"I drink to make me work," said a young man; to which observation an old man replied thus:

"That is right! You drink and it will make you work. Hearken to me a moment, and I'll tell you something that will do you good. I was once a prosperous farmer. I had a good, loving wife and two as fine lads as ever the sun shone on. We had a comfortable home and we used to live happily together. But we used to drink ale to make us work. Those two lads I have laid in drunkard's graves. My wife died broken hearted, and she now lies by her two sons. I am 72 years of age. Had it not been for drink I might have been an independent man; but I used to drink to make me work—and it makes me work now! At 72 years of age I am obliged to work for my daily bread. Drink! drink! and it will make you work!"

There is a powerful warning in this incidental anecdote that ought to be heeded by every boy and young man. And it is forced home as a true outcome of dabling in strong drinks. They will beat you in the end.

Mrs. T. M. Watson, who has been in feeble health for some time, died at her home near Montpellier church on Wednesday evening, June 17th, 1885. This noble lady was the kind and affectionate daughter of Mr. John Johnson, who died several years ago, and will be always remembered for her many kindnesses by many young men now who were boys then, and knew her as Miss Cattie Johnson when they boarded with her father and attended school at Spring Hill in the distant years of the past. We were of that number, and it behooves us to say that though silent in death she still speaks to us, and it will ever be a boyish heart with the sweetness of her disposition that has ever living fond memories. Rest in peace, thou departed one.—Laurinburg Exchange.

Farmers are laying out their corn, but the rain keeps things heavy in the cotton patches.