

BY H. C. WALL.

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No. 29.

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 PAST IS MINE.

O Memory! Oh Memory!
Adown thy paths I love to stray,
And view, now here, some lovely flower,
Now there, a bramble by the way.
For who may pierce, with backward glance,
The vista of the perished years,
And not discern some olden ill
That fills the eye with bitter tears?
With vines that twirl and thorns that wound,
The brambles may well typify
Those errors of impulsive youth
That cause old age the burdened sigh.
But then there comes the image fair
Of one who blessed our early days,
Whose presence seemed a spirit sent
From those who walk celestial ways.
The soft caress, the gentle voice,
That wooed the weary soul to rest—
Oh, how they thrill the older life
Now swiftly sinking to its west!
So late of ill, so filled with good,
Thy paths, though long, appear to me,
I fain would linger in their oft,
O Memory! O Memory!

—H. H. Newhall in Current.

HIS SHAVING BRUSHES.

There was upon the steamer on which we returned from Europe an elderly Jewish gentleman who freely told any one who would listen all his affairs. He was in business it was true, but he travelled simply for pleasure—this time simply for pleasure. He boasted a good deal of his money, and always exhibited his possessions with the statement of their cost. He told us how "expensive" his house was, and also the sealskin cloak of madame, his wife, who was not with him; but he was always polite and anxious to do those civil things which people can do on shipboard. I never saw him in any unpleasant mood, or uncivil to any one, but it appears that something about him irritated a passenger by the name of Barley, who had more than once shown signs of the fact that he had a furious temper and a private bottle. The fact had become the talk of the passengers, when one day a lurch of the steamer threw Mr. Moses violently against Mr. Barley. It was, as every one saw, an entirely unavoidable accident, but Barley chose to look upon it as intentional. The result was a quarrel, nearly all on one side, and before any one was prepared for such an event Mr. Moses lay on the floor, Mr. Barley kneeling on his breast with a pistol at his victim's temple.

The unoffending man seemed, though he was large and well developed, to have no power of helping himself. He had doubled his fists in a weak way just once during the quarrel; now his hands lay open on their backs at his sides, and he gasped violently.

"I've always wanted to kill a Jew," roared Barley, with his finger on the trigger; "and now—"

But I have grasped his wrist, and the bullet buried itself in the flooring of the cabin. Amidst the smoke and smell of gunpowder I dragged Barley to his feet and disarmed him, and others helped up Mr. Moses, and led him out of harm's way.

Before many minutes the captain appeared upon the scene and exerted his authority. Barley was—cabin passenger or not—safely locked up until he swore to keep the peace on the big Bible from the cabin; and Mr. Moses kept his room for two days. At the end of that time he re-appeared, and came to sit with us on the deck.

"Madam," he said to my wife, "your husband saved my life. I will not prove ungrateful. I was in danger. Moreover, the fact that it was prophesied by a fortune-teller that I should be murdered—shot dead—before I was 50 years old, took away my courage. It was an old nurse, Old Miriam, who foretold the event, reading it in the cards. This is why I have kept my room for two days. Yesterday was my fiftieth birthday. I am now safe from bullets; but you saved my life, and I desire to live. I have a very handsome wife, obedient children, a very expensive house, and a fine business. I am greatly respected by my friends, who think there is no one like me. I wished to live,

naturally. You, madam, think it quite natural, I hope."

My wife replied "that indeed she did," and Mr. Moses added: "Therefore my gratitude to you, sir, is eternal."

In due course of time we arrived at the port of New York. Our luggage was examined. Some of our purchases were dutiable. Mr. Moses had a few little things; a shall for his wife, a watch for one daughter, and a musical box for another. He paid cheerfully, and laughed at the idea that a dozen shaving brushes would cost him more than he could have bought two dozen for at home.

"I have ten sons," said Mr. Moses, "the eldest is beginning to shave. I shall give them one apiece. You see there is a portrait of a different opera singer on the end of each handle. They are of imitation ivory."

Finally we had lunch together, and said good-by.

"I am living in Cincinnati," said Mr. Moses. "So we shall not meet often. But before I go, let me show you a little of my generosity. You have saved my life. I am a most generous man, and where one is grateful, why—of course"—he spread his hands abroad, and afterwards put one of them into his pocket. "I have but ten sons," he said. "One brush for myself makes eleven. I offer you the twelfth. See the portrait of Patti is upon the end. It is imitation ivory. Most ivory and bone shaving brushes have the handle screwed on, I think. It is thus convenient for packing in a short case; but this does not unscrew, you understand. I do not think the gift repays you. It is not value received. Life is priceless. That is your own opinion, I am sure."

He thrust the brush into my hand, almost embraced me—no other man can quite embrace an American man—and was gone.

We laughed a little that night over Mr. Moses and the "example of his generosity," and my wife hung the brush up and fell into a habit of calling it my medal, and speaking of it as the reward of my life-saving exertions. As I never shaved myself, but always confided my chin to a barber, I never used the brush.

Five years passed. They were trying years. I slid back two feet for every one I climbed. At last I did that maddest of all mad things—I endorsed a note for an acquaintance. The end was ruin.

I stood one day in an empty house, from which the auctioneer had that day sold every stick of furniture. The house also was gone; wife's mother had "asked us home." She was a widow, living—good soul!—on a tiny income just sufficient for herself, which she assured us, would "stretch." I was in that condition of mind which leads some men to suicide. I owed no man a penny, but I knew not how to begin the world over again. Suddenly—

"Papa," cried my little boy, "they didn't sell the shaving brush!" He pointed to where it hung on the wall, overlooked or uncared for by any one; and one of those sudden attacks of fury which lead us to wreak our wrath on inanimate objects, seized upon me.

I clutched the little brush, uttered what my boy instantly described as "a naughty word," and dashed it furiously upon the hearth.

As it fell, it broke into twenty pieces, and my wife, with a little cry, stooped to pick it up.

"Look!" she cried, as she raised her head. "Look! Oh, what does this mean?"

She held in her hand a little wash leather bag that had been hidden in the handle of the brush, and a bit of paper, on which, as we strained our eyes over it in the twilight of the empty room, we read these words:

"My PRESERVER—I have, in these twelve innocent shaving brushes, smuggled half a million in diamonds. Life is priceless. I am a generous man. These contained in this bag are worth ten thousand dollars—

will deal fairly with you. Go to him if you wish to sell them. Otherwise wear them for my sake, or let your wife wear them. It is not value received; it is a thank offering.

Yours ever, ISAAC MOSES. P. S.—I had these brushes made to order, as you see they do not, like most of the sort, unscrew from the handle. They invite no suspicion. The little pictures are welded in after the handles are filled. I am called very acute by my friends. I believe it myself.

I. M. Those diamonds saved me. I should like to tell Mr. Moses so, but I doubt if I shall ever see him again. I believe that he did not sail under his real name, but surely he sketched his real character. He was grateful, and I have had, indeed, a sample of his generosity.—New York Ledger.

THE WEDDING WAS A JOKE.

A "Bit of Fun" When a Girl Causes Trouble Later.

Miss Flora A. Hastings, who was married "for fun" at Alleghany Station, Va., Oct. 9, 1876, to James O. B. Kelly, has had the so-called marriage contract annulled by the courts. At that time Miss Hastings was about seventeen years of age, and Kelly was about one year her senior. While she was standing upon the station platform about to take the cars, Kelly said her, "Let us be married for fun." He represented that if she would consent to have the ceremony performed he would always regard it as a joke and would never claim that it constituted a legal marriage. Upon the strength of these representations Flora gave her consent to the marriage ceremony, which was then and there performed. She almost immediately proceeded upon her journey on the cars. Miss Hastings always regarded the ceremony as a joke and never lived with Kelly, who never contributed to her support. She did not see the young man from that time until June, 1883, although he was aware of her place of residence, and at that time she again visited Alleghany Station and saw Kelly. He instantly claimed her as his wife, and asserted that the marriage ceremony was legal.

Several years ago Miss Hastings brought an action in the Supreme Court of this State against Kelly, asking that the alleged marriage ceremony be annulled and declared void. She contended that it was the intention of Kelly at the time the ceremony was performed to falsely represent it as a joke and thereafter to claim that it constituted a legal marriage, and that he had procured her consent to it by false and fraudulent representations. The case was referred to Abraham King, as referee, to take testimony and report with his opinion to the court. Upon the reference the following facts were brought out:

In 1872, when Miss Hastings was about thirteen years old, her residence and that of her parents was in San Francisco, Cal. She was an attendant at the Notre Dame Academy at Baltimore, Md., and was taken by her mother to spend her vacation at the Sweet Chalybeate Springs in Virginia, where she became acquainted with Kelly. She spent her vacations yearly at this place, always stopping at the residence of Kelly's father, with his sisters, one of whom was a schoolmate of Miss Hastings. She went there in May, 1876, and remained until about Oct. 9.

On the evening of that day Miss Hastings, in company with Kelly, his two sisters and a priest, the Rev. Wm. Walsh, left the house and in an open carriage proceeded to the railroad station, some nine miles distant. They arrived there between 8 and 9 o'clock in the evening.

During the drive Kelly, in a jocular way, suggested a marriage, but nothing further was said until their arrival at the station. While waiting for the cars Kelly took Miss Hastings' hand and said that it would be lots of fun to get married. The priest was standing alone on one side of the station platform, and Kelly

escorted Miss Hastings over and asked him to marry them. The priest inquired: "Jim, do you want to marry Flora?" Jim laughed and said "Yes." Father Walsh then said to Miss Hastings: "Flora, do you want to marry Jim?" Her reply was, "I don't object," and he answered, "All right, yes." This appears to be all that occurred at the time, and after it had happened Miss Hastings asked the priest if it was a real marriage, and he replied, "Nonsense."

Miss Hastings bade Kelly good-by at the station and in company with his sisters took a train for Staunton, Va. Upon arriving there she went to a hotel and occupied a room with Kelly's sisters. The next morning she met him at the breakfast table at the hotel, he having arrived at that town by the same train with Miss Hastings, but without her knowledge. He made no reference to the marriage ceremony, and left the hotel that same afternoon and returned to Alleghany Station. Miss Hastings departed for Baltimore, Md., to attend to her school, and continued to pursue her studies for several years later. Kelly did not during that time claim her as his wife, and made no efforts to see her. She was always known by her maiden name.

Subsequently Miss Hastings returned to San Francisco to her parents, and on April 25, 1878, she was married to Mr. Winfield Scott Keyes, by the Archbishop, at the Cathedral there. It being rumored that Kelly claimed her as his wife, Mrs. Keyes visited Sweet Chalybeate Springs, Va., in 1883, where he resided, to learn the character of the rumors. She had an interview with him in the course of which he told her that he considered his marriage with her a legal one, but would write to the priest and ascertain if it was legal. He did write and said that he had received no reply.

On July 17th, 1883, Mr. Keyes brought an action in the Superior Court of San Francisco against his wife to annul their marriage upon the ground of her alleged previous marriage with Kelly. In that action he also asked the court to award him the custody of their only child. It was on account of this suit that Mrs. Keyes visited Kelly to learn whether he would insist that she was his wife. Referee King recently made a report in favor of Miss Hastings, or Mrs. Keyes. If the alleged marriage is to be considered in connection with the statutory requirements of Virginia, the referee says, it is manifest that when the young and inconsiderate couple, in utter disregard of the provisions of the statute, without a license or the consent of their parents, and without the presence of witnesses, entered into this form of ceremony, at a railway station at night, they did not consummate or lawfully join in marriage. The defendant's conduct in inducing the plaintiff to enter into this mock marriage and subsequent claim upon her after the lapse of many years must be deemed a fraudulent one, and the plaintiff is entitled to relief in equity from the alleged contract by which her reputation and her child have become involved. The referee found that the alleged ceremony did not constitute a legal marriage contract. The report of the referee has been confirmed by Judge Andrews.—New York World.

One pound of green copperas, costing seven cents, dissolved in one quart of water and poured down a water closet, will effectually concentrate and destroy the foulest smells. On board steamboats, about hotels and other public places, there is nothing so nice to purify the air. Simple green copperas, dissolved under the bed in anything that will hold water, will render a hospital or other places for the sick, free from unpleasant smells.

Tailors ought always to be able to please their customers, because it is their especial business to suit people.

DARING DAUGHTERS OF DIXIE.

Who Was the New Berne Heroine?

The following incident was first related by the writer in a memorial address delivered in New Berne, N. C., many years ago. The name of the lady has never been divulged for prudential considerations, but it has been placed on record that her descendants may know who she was, and, if worthy of her, be proud to claim their descent from so heroic and daring a daughter of the South. The South was full of such heroines, and it is due to them that their deeds be published. The writer trusts that the narration of this fact will cause hundreds more to be written. The "boys in gray" were not alone in glorious deeds; their mothers, wives, sisters, daughters and sweethearts vied with them in devotion to the cause, and their good works should be preserved and handed down to posterity.

In November, 1862, news was received at headquarters, Kinston; N. C., that two generals of the Federal army, one of them commanding in North Carolina, would on a certain day pass from Morehead City to New Berne. It was desirable, in view of certain contemplated movements, to capture the train and secure the officers. At 10 o'clock p. m. I received orders to proceed at once to Trenton, take a detail from Major Nethercutt's command, and, if possible, capture the train. At 2 a. m. I reached Trenton, to find Major Nethercutt absent on one of his usual scouting expeditions. Awaiting his return at daylight I made myself comfortable, and was about to indulge in a morning's nap when the clatter of the feet of a horse at full gallop caused me to step to the door of the courthouse, of which I had taken possession for the night, to see what was in the wind. The sentinel on duty had halted the rider and was receiving from him a paper to be delivered to the officers in command. To my astonishment the note bore no address, and upon being opened the blank page of half sheet of letter paper met my eye.—The rider, an elderly countryman unknown to me, was breathing his jaded steed preparatory to return.—He could give me no other information than this: About 1 o'clock a. m. he was aroused from his slumbers and going to his door found a lady on horseback, who gave him the note and told him to take it with all speed to Trenton and give it to any Confederate officer he should find on duty there, as it contained important information. The rider was known to be a good confederate and his statements were entirely to be relied upon. In a few moments thereafter I was in the private room of a citizen of Trenton, and his kind wife was warming an iron for my use. Applied to the seemingly blank sheet of paper, heat soon enabled me to see what I desired. Gen. Foster had returned to New Berne two days sooner than anticipated, and was to leave that very morning with a force, most accurately detailed on the sheet before me, on an expedition having, in my opinion, the railroad bridge at Weldon for its objective point.—The object of my expedition being thus frustrated, I returned immediately at full speed to Kinston, and gave the information procured, thro' the intrepid daring of one of New Berne's daughters, to the officer in command. Steps were promptly taken by the officer commanding the department, and such an array of troops was placed in front and on the flanks of the Federal General as caused him rapidly to retrace his steps. The lady's name appended to that note has never been told—her secret has been locked in my breast; my superior officer, respecting my motive in desiring to keep it, only required my pledge that the writer was worthy of credit. I am sure she never knew into whose hands her note fell, or the good it accomplished, till she heard me, several years thereafter, relate the incident. She was sitting in front of the speaker's stand, and a gleam of pride passed over her face as the in-

cident was told, and she knew the good work her night ride had accomplished. When I state that she was a young lady, tenderly reared, and then in the very morning of maidenhood, her ride at midnight, at great personal risk, to convey such useful information, can be properly appreciated. S. D. POOL.

GOVERNOR HENDRICKS.

Tells Bostonians of Real Reform.

I hear a great deal said, and I take a great deal of interest in it, about civil service reform. I think I understand the subject—(Laughter)—and with your permission I will speak of it but a moment. I had, when a younger man than I am now, occasion to judge upon that question as an honest man, as a man whose ambition was involved in the proper construction of it. Franklin Pierce, one of the staliest and noblest of our great leaders of the past, without solicitation on my part, in an autograph letter addressed to myself, asked me to take charge of the General Land Office at Washington. I accepted the appointment, and for nearly four years I stood at the head of that office—an important office—and its affairs did extend far beyond the reach of many a man that takes a limited view of this question of civil service reform. The surveys were then extending beyond the Missouri, beyond the mountains, along the valleys of California, and the settlers were going out from the old Bay State and from Maine, and finding their homes on the lands that were then being surveyed. When I took charge of that office, with 180 clerks, I found the business four years behind. The patents that ought to have gone to the people living upon the lands were four years behind date. I said at once, "This will not do. The man who has purchased the land of the government has a right at an early date to his patent, so that he may sell it, so that he may obtain his rights, whatever they may be." I said at once, "There must be reform in this office." My ambition was connected with the reform. I could not well afford to take that appointment and go out of that office without having brought the work up to date; so I did commence the work of reform seriously and very earnestly, and very soon I became acquainted with all the clerks in the office. With some I became acquainted by conversation, with some by reading the letters laid before me for my signature, with others by considering the records that they made upon contested cases, and in a short time I knew them nearly all. And very soon I knew the clerks that would be able to help me with the work that had to be carried through, and very soon those that limped or were unwilling or indifferent did step out. (Applause.) The "hickory broom" of Jackson, that represented Democratic reform, was the sentiment and emblem of the reform that I sought to bring about and in the stead of the men who had to step out, there came in young and earnest fellows that were willing to do the work, so that by one general order I required that the work done at each desk should be twenty-five per cent more than had been before these men came in and took their share readily, and cheerfully and cordially. And when I left that office, nearly four years afterward, it was only four months behind in the delivery of the patents to the men who had bought the land. (Applause.) From four years it came down to four months, and that was as close as it was practicable to bring the work. That, I thought, was reform.

WHERE THE RESPONSIBILITY LIES.

I want to tell you another thing, gentlemen. When you men that give your votes at the election and pay your money to the tax-gatherer want to understand the particular point at which civil service can be brought about, I will tell you. It is not with the President in detail; it is not with the secretaries in detail; it is with the bureau officer that has to do directly with the work. (Applause.) I am not personally very much acquainted with the bureau officers employed by the Secretaries at Washington. I know some of them in the Interior department. I know the Commissioner of the Land Office. I know the Commissioner of Indian Affairs. I know, by reputation, the excellent gentleman who is in the Office of Patents. I believe they, by their own judgment and force, will bring about civil service reform in their own departments. (Applause.) I think I am safe in saying that I know they have already taken steps in that direction; that the people will not be sold out by them. (Applause.) That is my own history about civil service reform. It may be of no account, but it is mine. (Applause.) And that administration, whenever and wherever it shall be, that will fill all the bureaus in Washington city, with capable men at the head, and tell them that the work devolved upon them, and hold them responsible, will bring about certain and prompt reform. I think we are going through all right. It was a good while that the Democrats were kept out, a quarter of a century; the sentiment of the country had been enforced with cruel proscription—the Democrats shall not share in the honors of the public offices of the country. (Applause.) It was a cruel proscription, such as never advocated toward the opposite party, for I know there are honest men among them, and I would not today, if I could do it, take the charge of this entire government away from the opposite side. They pay their taxes, they contribute to the support of the country, they help to fight the battles when horrid war comes upon us, and it is but fair that they should share honors. But it is not fair, and never has been fair, that they should clutch them all and say to the young men of the Democracy—"You are not to be trusted; you shall not share in them." (Applause.)

The Artillery of the Printing Case.

In a letter to the printers of Raleigh many years ago, ex-Gov. Holden used this language, not heretofore published:

"* * * Go on, gentlemen, in your efforts to improve and elevate the craft. You have a right to 'look up and be proud in the midst of your toil.' Those little weapons, with their nicks, are more potent than all the bayonets that glitter on the battlefields. The rattle of the type and the click of the composing stick, in the quiet office, give forth a sound in the domain of mind more impressive, more beneficent, and more efficacious to good ends, than the roll of all the drums. The 'lightning of the Press' is no chance flash from the passing summer cloud. It pervades the whole atmosphere of thought. If it sometimes consumes, it also purifies. It is indeed that ever-present, all-pervading element which animates and controls society and government, and without which even our blessed Christianity itself would be impeded in its progress.—We cannot too highly estimate this power. It is to mind in all its developments and explorations, as in all its efforts of whatsoever character, what the sun is to the material worlds that glow in his light and heat. You, gentlemen, constitute a portion of that power. Honor then to him that handles the stick, and makes up the form, and works the press, and sends off the sheets innumerable by which the world is made wiser, and better, and happier!"—State Chronicle.

"What's that you have in your hand?" asked Mrs. Gimlet of her husband as he brought home a roll of manuscript.

"Brains, madame," replied Mr. G. pompously. "Are you surprised at that fact?"

"Not in the least," she replied, "I knew you didn't carry them in your head."—S. Y. Graphic.