

BY H. C. WALL.

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Rockingham Rocket.

H. C. WALL, Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS: \$1.50 a Year in Advance.

VOL. III.

ROCKINGHAM, RICHMOND COUNTY, N. C., SEPTEMBER 3, 1885.

No. 36.

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.

"WHAT TIME IS IT?"

Time to do well,
Time to live better,
To give up that grudge,
To answer that letter,

Time to try hard

In that new situation;
Time to build up
On a solid foundation;
To give up needless
Changing and drifting,
Leaving the quicksands
That ever are shifting.

Time to be earnest

In laying up treasure,
Time to be thoughtful
In seeking true pleasure;
Loving stern justice,
Of truth being fond,
Making your word
Just as good as your bond.

Time to be happy

In doing your best;
Time to be trustful,
Leaving the rest,
Knowing, in whatever
Country or clime,
Ne'er can you call back
One moment of time.

ON A WEDDING NIGHT.

The Strange History of a Kentucky Habitation Known as a Haunted House.

Correspondence Cincinnati Enquirer.

In Boone county, Ky., just below Petersburg, on the bank of the Ohio, and almost opposite the rolling-mill at Aurora, Ind., stands a deserted, vacant dwelling house, around which cluster various stories of ghosts, hobgoblins and spooks. It is known far and wide as the haunted house, or, as the darkies in the neighborhood say, the "hanted house," and all the money in Boone county would not induce a darkey who has grown up in that vicinity, or who has been there long enough to hear some of the stories concerning it, to enter the house after night, and some of them will not cross the threshold alone even in the day-time. They swear by Moses, Ham, and all the prophets that the house is "hanted;" that strange noises have been heard there at night; that a woman's screams and dying groans have floated out from the house upon the night air; that something in white has appeared at the windows, and mysterious lights have floated and danced about the old rookery for years past. In their imaginations they have peopled the old house with mysterious midnight ghostly beings, flitting about from room to room, dancing with noiseless feet over the barren, rotten floors during the dark and silent hours of the night, and vanishing at the approach of dawn. So many stories have been told about the house that steamboat pilots, when their boats are passing at night, watch it, as though expecting every minute to see a light flash from some of the windows; sturdy, weather-beaten and sun-bronzed fishermen, while passing in their skiffs, look upon it and talk about it as a "hanted" place, and the boys and girls from Aurora, while rowing for pleasure upon the river in the summer moonlight evenings, cease their singing and are inclined to pull away from the Kentucky shore when approaching the place, seeming to realize that there is something which repels them from, rather than invites them in, that direction. This uninviting, shunned, and mysterious house is a frame, two stories high, with two rooms below and two above. It stands above the reach of floods, some fifty feet back from the high bluff bank. The fence which once surrounded it has long since fallen down, and the yard is full of high rank weeds and creeping vines, where snakes and lizards live unmolested. The house is old and dilapidated, the windows are broken in, the weather-boarding decayed and dropping from the frame in many places, the doors either gone or hanging loose upon their broken or rusty hinges, the roof full of holes, letting in both the sunshine and the rain; the lower floor all rotten and crumbling away upon the ground, and the sides and ceilings of the

rooms, both above and below, presenting a patch-work of rent and cracked plastering and barren lath. In the evening hundreds of swallows fly out of the old brick chimney, circle around, and settle back into the dark funnel; bats fly in and out of the broken windows and half-open doors, and later in the night is heard the owl's dismal hoot from her perch upon the roof. The whole premises present a scene of utter ruin, decay, and desolation, and as one looks upon it, if he is at all inclined to believe in spooks, he can't help saying that here is their home, where they can hold their ghostly midnight carnivals undisturbed, for no one will care to invade such a gloomy abode. Grim, lonely, cheerless, deserted and forbidding, what has given it the name of "the haunted house?" This has been caused by several stories told concerning it, each of which is tinged with enough of bloody crime to give it its reputation and cause people to shun it, of which the following dark and mysterious tragedy seems to be the one most generally believed:

The house was built many years ago, with lumber and materials taken down the river from Cincinnati, by a young man named West, whose family were murdered among the pioneers of Boone county, all the members of which were prominent and respected citizens of the community at that time, young West being considered a very excellent young man and not known to have any bad habits or vices. The house was intended to be his future home, and at the time of its construction was regarded as the finest residence in that neighborhood, nearly all the others being log-cabins of rude construction. The young lady to whom he was engaged to be married, and whom he expected to occupy his new home with him as his wife was named Reed, and lived upon the opposite side of the Ohio, on the hills near Aurora. At that time Aurora was but a small place, and much of the surrounding country which is now divided up into beautiful farms was covered with dense original forest. Miss Reed was a very pretty young lady, though she would not be considered beautiful, and was possessed of more than ordinary intelligence for those times, highly respected and popular, and much admired in the community, and her friends, as well as those of her future husband, predicted that their married life would be very happy. In due time the marriage took place at the home of the young bride, and after the ceremony their friends accompanied the young couple to the river, and West rowed his wife over to the newly-built and furnished home, reaching there just at dark. Their friends watched them from the opposite shore till they entered the house, and that was the last time either was seen alive. Late the following morning relatives called, and failing to receive any reply to their repeated knockings upon the door, opened it and entered the house. Upon the bed in her night-dresses lay the bride of a few hours, cold in death, her face and throat showing that she had been strangled or smothered to death, and the furniture in the room giving proof by its disarranged condition that a terrible struggle had taken place in the chamber of death. The husband could not be found, and has never been seen or heard of. Whether he killed his wife and fled has never been known, but his relatives and friends asserted most positively that that could not have been the case, as there was no motive for such a deed. The most reasonable theory is that some third person or party murdered them both, the murderers having some grudge against them, and then either concealed the husband's body in the vicinity or carried it down with his clothing, and with rocks to hold them down, sunk them in the river. Why the wife's body was not similarly disposed of, some say, is because the murderers wished to leave it in the room, and the husband's body and clothes not

being found, the natural inference would be that he had murdered her and had fled the country, the perpetrators of the double murder taking this plan to divert suspicion from themselves. But be that as it may, and let whichever story told concerning it be true or false, the fact remains that the house has stood vacant for many years, gradually going to decay, covered with a shadow of mystery, shunned and avoided by all, and known as "the haunted house."

How Cluverius Stands His Life In Jail.

The balmy air of innocence and confidence which Cluverius has generally maintained remains with him to this day, and since his trial he has improved in flesh and strength, though the confinement in jail has taken from him the florid color that used to distinguish him. No man in the prison seems to have a less troublesome conscience. He talks, eats and sleeps like one who has a pleasant future before him. He still gets his meals from a restaurant; still receives regular visits from Mrs. Tunstall; still refuses to see visitors who are not personal friends; still declines to discuss his case or explain his movements on the night of the murder, and still says he feels sure of a new trial. If he gets that he will ask for a change of venue, and alleges several reasons therefor—among them, probably, that on the night of trial, before the verdict was brought in, and when it was known what it would be, the Court thought it judicious, to prevent a popular demonstration, to crowd the room with policemen, about half a dozen of whom were placed immediately about him, and that when the verdict was read some of the crowd in the street cheered. There is little doubt that Cluverius expects a new trial; but then his judgment is not the best. Soon after his arrest he told friends that he would be home in a week. He promised to explain everything at the trial. Yet here he is in jail—convicted!

Cluverius' mother was here three days. She visited the jail twice a day, and was as affectionate as she could be toward her son. His aunt, Mrs. Tunstall, stays here nearly all the time, and is constant in her visits and unremitting in her attentions to the prisoner. She has already expended, and without a murmur, a considerable portion of her fortune in his defence, and has not thought of withholding her purse as long as it can possibly avail.

Recently a lady preacher from Ohio got an interview with the prisoner and exhorted and prayed with him. He is, however, usually shy of strange visitors; people call to see him every day, but to all such Sergeant Lee or jailor Kerse say: "You can't see him. He will see nobody but personal friends."

"But can't I get a peep at him?" "No; he won't see you at all."

Such visitors are hard to get rid of. They oftentimes insist and insist up to the point of rudeness. Cluverius is popular among his fellow prisoners. He gives them portions of his food, and if one should want a postage stamp and asks him for it he is pretty sure to be supplied. The officers all speak well of his behavior, but they are not in the habit of judging of the guilt or innocence of prisoners by demeanor, as it is a notoriously unsafe guide.—Richmond Dispatch.

"What is it keeps you busy writing so late in your study every night?" asked Mrs. Yerger of her husband. "I am writing the history of my life." "I suppose you mention me in it?" "Oh, yes; I call you the sunshine of my existence." "Do I really throw so much sunshine into your life?" "I refer to you as the sunshine of my existence because you make it hot for me."

War, famine and pestilence all combined do not produce the evil consequences to a nation which result from impure blood in our veins. Parson's Purgative Pills make new rich blood and prevent all manner of diseases.

MR. PRIMROSE'S TALK.

To the Farmers of Wake County—Some Things for Richmond Farmers to Think About—Tobacco Growing.

From the Raleigh Register.

Not all the speeches at Major Tucker's Farmers' Dinner were like the foam at the (beer) beaker's brim.—There was fun which sensible folk like and need, and sense which is needed and liked by sensible folk along with their fun. Mr. W. S. Primrose mixed a good deal of sense with his fun, and while the fun passed off with the foam, the sense will last—leastwise it made a lasting impression upon the "Register" reporter.

It has been thought, said Mr. Primrose, by quite a number of good business men who were raised in a tobacco country that the culture of tobacco in any particular sections undoubtedly built up the towns in these sections, but was of questionable benefit to the larger number of tobacco raisers. It has been frankly admitted that a limited number of farmers have made money from this staple, but alleged that a much larger number have lost money and impoverished their lands to a considerable degree.

Now let us take some good testimony on the subject. It is needless to cite the almost phenomenal growth of certain towns in this State which have, undeniably, been built up by the sale of leaf tobacco and the various manufactures connected therewith. Durham, Winston, Reidsville, and later, Henderson and Oxford, are remarkable instances of the case in point.

Ten years ago Oxford, comparatively speaking,

WAS A DEAD TOWN;

to-day, with the railroad and tobacco interest, it is a live town, with a bank, with good trade, with warehouses and manufactures, and with a good future before it. Only a few days ago I was talking with a prominent tobacco grower and curer of Granville county, and I referred to the present prosperity of Oxford, when he said, "If you consider that Oxford has improved, I can assure you that the country in the tobacco section of Granville has improved, in proportion more than the town of Oxford. Why," said he, "there has been as much as

\$100,000 LYING IDLE

in the little bank in Oxford, most of which belongs, not to the store men or warehouse men, but to the tobacco growers of Granville county."

Take another witness, this time a home man.

One of our best Wake county farmers tells me that on a recent trip through the tobacco section of Granville he saw improvement on every side as the order of the day; good dwellings, neatly painted, and evidences of thrift abounding on every side.

The county of Granville has a great reputation for producing the finest bright tobacco. This reputation is worth a great deal to her. I was credibly informed a few months since that included in the exhibit of a neighboring State at the New Orleans Exposition, as the product of that State, was some of the best yellow tobacco of Granville county, bought in Oxford.

Only as little as two years ago the farmers of Granville would have ridiculed the notion that

WAKE COULD RAISE BRIGHT TOBACCO.

Last year's crop in this county was brought to their attention. This season a number of their best growers have been over to look at our prospects and our lands, and they frankly admit that our chances are as good as theirs—in some respects better. For instance, much of the lands in Granville cannot make the best bright tobacco. Strips here and there must be selected, and it is candidly admitted that larger tracts of suitable land can be found in Wake than in Granville.

Every one knows the value of reputation; it frequently leads to fortune. If Wake county can be brought to share the great reputation of Gran-

ville, then success is assured at an early day.

Suppose we consider another leading crop for a moment. I have noticed that cotton is the one great crop,

LIENS AND MORTGAGES AROUND

in that section, and for the farmers to be in debt is the order of the day. In Forsyth, in Person, in Guilford, and in Alamance, liens are exceptions. On the contrary, in some cotton counties, to be free from mortgages is the exception. Mixed crops, cotton, tobacco, corn, small grain, and grasses make the best results. In this connection, I will venture a word

ABOUT THE STOCK LAW,

soon to go into effect in this county. A few weeks since I was in Mecklenburg county, and, in the southern part, near the South Carolina line, talked with some of the best farmers of the section. They maintained that while there was at first the usual opposition to this law, now it was supported on all sides; that it did not seem as if farming could be profitably carried on under the old system; in fact, to sum up, that Mecklenburg would practically be

IN A STATE OF MOURNING

were the old system to be forced upon them. In Wake, I am aware that for a while the carrying out of the law will bear hard upon the poor man, but its beneficial result will soon be seen. Time, money, and fencing material will be saved; the planting of grasses for hay and pasturage will be stimulated; cattle will appreciate in value as more care is bestowed in stock raising, and the whole occupation of farming will move a step forward.

NOW TO RETURN TO TOBACCO.

I congratulate the farmers of Wake that a great future awaits them; that our lands are found adapted to raising the best bright tobacco, in the handling and sale of which the farmer has greater possibilities than in any known crop—a crop that will enrich the farmer as well as the city dealer. Raleigh to-day has the best opportunity for rapid, substantial growth of any city in the State. A few years since, regarded as outside of the tobacco belt, now it is found to be in the midst of a great tobacco country. All hail to the spirit of industry in merchant and farmer, which will lead to the development of this great resource of this good section of North Carolina!

The old General is nearing his end and should part in peace with the land of shadows. And the people of the South who followed General Toombs into secession and its consequences do not relish his depreciation of Gen. Lee "asleep in glory." It may be that the people of the South were not worthy of their cause. It may be that "great battles fought beyond the stars" were not wisely guided upon the earth. But on Lee's sword there is no stain, and, whatever mistakes Jefferson Davis committed, he at least preserved the military honor of his section.

"Be it so, though Right Trampled be counted as wrong, And that be called Right which is Evil Victorious, Here, where Virtue is feeble and Villainy strong, 'Tis the Cause, not the fate of the Cause, that is glorious!"

—Augusta Chronicle.

A good old Kentucky Democrat, who has been waiting twenty-five years for a post-office, owns a fine dog, which is his constant companion. The other day the dog had been having a run in the sunshine, and was resting on the porch, with his tongue hanging out. "That's a boss dog," said a traveling man who had been selling the old man a bill of goods. "You're right, he is," said the old man, proudly. "What makes him stick his tongue out that way?" "Politics!" "Politics! How?" "Why, sir, that dog knows that Cleveland is elected, and he knows I want a post-office; and he's got his tongue out ready to begin licking the stamps."—Argonaut.

Sam Jones' farewell Sermon at High Bridge, Kentucky.

When Rev. Sam Jones preached his farewell sermon at the High Bridge, Ky., camp meeting there were fully 8,000 people present. The trains brought crowds from Cincinnati and elsewhere. Mr. Jones spoke with unusual earnestness and power. In his remarks on the liquor evil he said:

If I have been charged with anything, it is exaggeration. They say Sam Jones speaks in hyperbole, and Jones exaggerates. They charge me with that frequently. I will tell you what I will do: I will go to some homes in Kentucky and some grave yards in Kentucky, where the poor drunkards are buried, and I defy earth and hell to exaggerate the picture. Will words paint anything darker and more fearful than that? Things have happened in Lexington in the last ten years that I have referred to; are they exaggerated? Take that husband in his downward course and see him as he progresses to ruin. He loses all his self-respect, his love for his wife, and then see the wife's feet gradually being brought to the grave day by day, and see the wife's heart, as the blood trickles from it drop by drop, hour after hour, until its last crimson drop is exhausted and she sinks into the grave; see the little children brought to shame and desolation and want, and see that whole family, and, when you have, bring it and throw its shadow into one picture, before your eyes—a ruined man, a ruined soul, a broken-hearted wife and beggared children and hope blasted forever. Is there a word painter in the universe of God who can exaggerate that picture? The only difference between the man who has done that and you, brother, is that he is gone a little further than you. You have got the same disease, and unless it is arrested in its course you will reach the same point.

I have been very strong in my denunciations of some things. I denounce a thing in proportion as I see it is an evil, as I see it ruin humanity. I denounce it in that proportion. I have said in the pulpit that no one but an infernal scoundrel would sell and no one but an infernal fool would drink whiskey. That is strong language. They say: You ought not to say it. The liquor dealers at Chattanooga said "damn it, he insults a man to his face," and have cursed promiscuously about what I said in the pulpit, and I have been cursed about as much as discussed, too. I told them, too, the next time they heard me, to meet me the next morning and go down a certain street with me until we arrived at the desolate home and see that pallid woman and see themselves what a horrid wreck their trade has made of a once happy home. See the wrecked fireplace, the wretched children on the floor, and then ask that woman who was her father and how she was raised, who she married and what has become of her husband, and then place your ear to her heart and hear the blood dripping, dripping from it and then see the besotted form and bleared eyes of the bloated man lying drunk on the floor in the back room and then say if I exaggerate. It looks like a fellow is a fool that will tamper with such stuff. Things are happening every day in Kentucky that is a demonstration of the fact that a fellow who drinks is a fool of the first water. Yes, he is. I'll tell you another thing. Nineteenths of the sin in Kentucky is made by whiskey. Every one of your gambling houses is founded on your bars, all your licentiousness floats upon the river that flows from the worms of the still. With the country debauched with whiskey, what do you? "Sin, sin."

I never meet a staggering drunkard but I look him in the face and say: "Poor fellow, sin has wrecked you." I never see a woman, a pallid, wretched woman, walking the streets of a city, but I: "Poor woman, poor blighted, ruined creature

sin has doomed you forever." Our country is degraded, and the reason I fight whiskey is because whiskey is my enemy, and I am going to fight for those wives, mothers and children as long as God will let me stay above ground. Yes, I am in full range of all the guns of this bluegrass region. [Laughter.] I will tell you, from the worms of the stills of Kentucky there is not as much water floats down yonder Kentucky river as you pour out on this world in whiskey. It is not only throwing its awful arms around your own state but it is trying to grasp other states around you and send them to hell and perdition with you. Yes, it is time you are awakened.

Shot Through the Heart.

LANCASTER, S. C., August 24.—B. F. Welsh, a merchant of this place, with a pistol shot and killed W. C. Moore, another citizen of this town, on Saturday night between 9 and 10 o'clock, on Main street, near the Catawba House. The parties, it is said, were very close to each other when the shot was fired. The doctor before the coroner stated that from the way in which the garments of Moore were burned the muzzle of the pistol must have been touching the clothing of Moore when the shot was fired. There appears to have been one witness present only, and he was a colored man named Mill Howie.

The relations between the parties have been uniformly friendly, and the affair seems to be somewhat a surprise to the friends of each. They had in the morning a falling out and passed some rough words back and forwards. Howie says that Moore was very much under the influence of whiskey and asked him to take him home and passed the Catawba House when Mr. Welsh came up beside him and called to Moore, saying that he insulted him in the morning and he desired him to apologize; that Moore refused to do so; that the shot was soon fired when they seemed to be together tussling. Mr. Welsh claims that Moore was striking him with a stick at the time he fired. The ball, it is thought, passed through the heart and Moore fell almost instantly and expired within three minutes. Moore leaves an interesting widow and two small children.

Our First Tobacco Barn.

We had the pleasure on Tuesday of examining the first tobacco barn, perhaps that was ever built in Union county for the purpose of curing tobacco as a permanent feature of agricultural industry. It was on Dr. I. H. Blair's farm, situated about a mile east of town. It was full of tobacco just cut, and the fire had been placed in it in improved iron flues, and the work of curing in process. An experienced curer from Rockingham county was in charge of the tedious and delicate work. The work of cutting, housing and curing is very interesting and entertaining to any one who has not seen it, and a trip out to the farm for inspection, we venture to say, would prove to such a pleasant and profitable excursion. Only one barn has yet been cut off three acres of the weed that would not be considered inferior tobacco in the most highly reputed tobacco sections. This departure is an experiment. We are sure that enough has been demonstrated already to evince that our lands in Union county are susceptible of being used successfully for the growth of tobacco. We hope to see more of it planted in the county, and a tobacco manufacturing establishment built up in Monroe.—Monroe Express.

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A pall of gloom hangs over the community. The body of the deceased was interred here to-day. The funeral rites were conducted by the Rev. J. D. McCollough, of the Episcopal Church of Spartanburg, and were attended by a very large concourse of people.

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Cold steal—the ice man's bill.