

BY H. C. WALL.

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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.

Written for the Rocket. DROWNING CREEK AND LUMBER RIVER, FROM TORY HOLE TO RUSSELL'S BRIDGE. A Summer Idyl. BY ERYCLOUND.

Old Dick, the robber "runaway," Once round this bridge held horrid sway; A house where dwelt a lovely bride Was burned upon this river's side—

The river high, the wagon full, The mules had all that they could pull. Of darkies, pots and household goods. The bridge broke—all were in the floods!

But yonder stand our dog and deer, Now for our homes, by moonlight clear. The first stage past, we close our sail. And wait late autumn's cooler gale.

THE END. "CATO'S" APOLOGY ACCEPTED.

And "H." indulges in some interesting Reminiscences of Cheraw.

Correspondence of the Rocket.

To "CATO," GREETING: "An' here's my hat, my trusty friend, An' gie us a hon' o' thine; We'll take a right gude willie waught, For days of Auld Lang Syne."

"H." truly regrets that he had occasion to correct "Cato," but, for the "truth of history"—and you know the rest,—and thinking perhaps it would interest the readers of the Rocket to know the facts about the "epitaph," he wrote his article; and now he promises "Cato" if he will take another "sentimental journey" that he will not correct any statement he may make, but will enjoy it, as he did the first one.

There were others raised in that little town whose names will never die—one especially, to quote a line in the "epitaph," "who far excelled all other men," that I may tell you about some time. But enough for the present.

Thanks for your compliment you pay me in bringing out the truth about the illustrious dead. In thinking over the glorious past of that old town of Cheraw, there comes trooping before my mind a long list of illustrious names who left their impress upon State and church.

Cotemporary with the great Thornwell, whose brief career I sketched in my last, was one of the foremost men of the age, and afterwards won renown in his church that will gild its history for ages to come.

About the time that young Thornwell first made his appearance in the Academy of Cheraw there lived in that town a mechanic, who was the sole Roman Catholic resident there.

When nearly grown their lives were parted—Thornwell to go to the South Carolina College to complete his education; the mechanic's son to Rome to drink from the very fountain-head the pure waters from her classic streams.

Years rolled by. Thornwell returned wearing the brightest laurels his Alma Mater could bestow. The mechanic's son also returned, crowned with the brightest garlands that could be gathered from the Eternal City, having graduated in the Propaganda in a class of fifteen hundred students, from all parts of the world, with the highest honor.

You know the rest of Thornwell's history. But let me follow the ascetic warrior. He was called to a church in Charleston and soon stood in the very front rank of pulpit orators. He frequently came to his old home, where your correspondent heard him preach. He was over six feet tall, a perfect athlete in form, with the most massive head I ever saw; eyes so black and piercing as to almost make you shudder when he stood on the rostrum and fulminated his anathemas on Protestant heads.

On this particular afternoon she was seated alone on a rustic bench, making a sketch of a prostrate tree that lay just at the water's edge. "There!" she murmured, laying down her book. "That's the prettiest thing I've done this season."

He had a big, bushy brown beard, and, with his gray slouch hat pulled over his eyes, he might easily have passed for a villain. As he caught sight of the dogs, he put a silver whistle to his lips and called them. Still he advanced toward Millicent, and she took a backward step, with half a mind to run away. "I am very sorry the dogs frightened you," he said, lifting his hat politely. "They don't understand the courtesies."

Gout, a painful disease affecting principally the fibrous tissues about the smaller joints, has various names, according to the parts affected, as podagra when in the feet; chivassa, when in the hands, &c.; but whether the attack is first felt in the feet, the hands, or some other part, rub with Salvation Oil at once. It annihilates pain. Price 25 cents a bottle.

The melancholy days have come.

Written for the Rocket. THE PHANTOM OF THE SHORE. JOSEPH L. MAY.

Last night my Spirit left its home: It hurried through its midnight door; And, sweeping o'er the white sea-foam, Sought refuge on its native shore.

In loneliness it pondered there, Upon the white and ghastly shell; Then up the mystic hills of Veir, It sought my gentle Zula Bell.

It thursty spake in plaintive tone, Yet ne'er unmasked its spectral form, But vanished, with a sigh and moan, Amid the shadows of the storm.

This morning, from the hills of Veir, My Spirit came; the world was glad And full of joy, but it was heir Of grief—ah! now, is pale and sad.

In vain I asked it o'er and o'er: "When shall thy shadow cease its sighs? To seek the phantom of the shore?" A voice within me thus replied:

OUR SKETCHING CLUB.

We were off to the woods on a kind of esthetic picnic, or what Jule called a "sketching jamboree." Our party was a large one, but, though there was always more or less of a scattering out of doors, Millicent Leigh was the only one who had a trick of slipping off by herself in quest of beauties which no one else could discover.

"But you must draw a little, or we won't admit you." "But what if I can't?" Mr. Halleck queried.

"Miss Leigh will teach you," Jule hastened to say; "she sketches much better than any of the rest of us. Indeed, she is not altogether an amateur. She has had two pictures at the Academy."

"I'm afraid you will never be a Raphael or a Titian, Mr. Halleck," Millicent said one afternoon, three or four weeks later, as she sat looking over some of his recent distortions in the way of landscape.

"I am going to walk over to the farmhouse myself," said the stranger. Obviously, if he were not learning

So they started, all three together, Mrs. Poindexter and the rest of us were already seated on the broad old-fashioned piazza when they came hurrying up out of the rain.

"Not being a prey to alarm, we could judge dispassionately of the gentleman's appearance, and all of us thought him decidedly good-looking—in short, quite "sketchable."

"I shall be happy to do so. Shall I stand or sit?" Mabel was so confused that she could not answer. "Sit," Jule replied good-naturedly; "if it is not too much of a bore."

"You know the name, then?" queried Jule, as he set us the example of getting out our pencils and books. "It is the name of my best friend, Anthon Poindexter, of Boston."

"I had a letter from Anthon this very morning," he said, handing it to Jule, who read it with much pleasure. It proved to be in the warmest terms of familiar friendship, and was so strong an evidence of the stranger's good character, that he was at once received with open arms.

"The posing was forgotten in the cosy chat which ensued. "Are you going to stay at Scalp Level all the summer?" Mrs. Poindexter asked; and when Mr. Halleck assented, she added: "Then, of course, you must join our sketching club. Perhaps you object to dabbling in art?"

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to draw he was learning something else. Millicent fluttered the leaves of the book glancing ruefully at its contents. As she did so, a piece of paper fell out on the grass. Mr. Halleck reached out his hand for it; but Millicent had picked it up and was looking at it in astonishment. It was a leaf off a water-color tablet, and contained an exquisite little sketch of herself.

"Did you do it?" she asked in surprise. "Yes—no!" he answered hastily. "Let me see it?" "No, you can't have it!" she cried holding it high above her head. "It doesn't belong to you, I am sure. You never could have done it. It is perfect in its way, but is entirely too flattering. Who painted it Mr. Halleck?"

"I did," he said snatching the hand that held it. "I painted it under an inspiration. You know such things happen occasionally. Give it to me Millicent; I want both the sketch and the original."

"I must," he said in a low tone. "I cannot live without you. Darling!" But then Jule's voice was heard near, calling: "Miss Millicent! Miss Millicent! Here! Mother said you were to read this right away."

It was signed, "Your son, Anthon," and began: "MY DEAR MOTHER:—I have just returned to Boston after a three weeks' absence at Mount Desert. Hence my delay in answering yours from Scalp Level. I am delighted to learn that you have met Halleck. He is one of the best fellows I know, and is considered by the Boston critics and the Society of Artists one of the rising stars of this country. He has exhibited in Paris and London, and carried off a medal in the latter place. The Athenaeum says he is destined to found a distinct school of art in America," and so on over several pages of eulogy.

"You—you deceived us!" she cried in a choking voice. "You allowed me to—to attempt to teach you. Oh, what a fool I've made of myself!" She burst into tears of vexation, and covered her face with her hands. "Don't be angry, darling," he whispered, gathering her in his arms. "I did not mean—"

"Let me go!" she cried, passionately; "I cannot endure the sight of you." His face paled for an instant, and he would have released her, but he changed his mind, and drawing her closely to him he said: "Don't be foolish, Millicent. I had no thought of deceiving you at first. It was only when it was suggested that you should teach me that I snatched at an excuse for being always near you. Surely you can't forgive such a subterfuge. I love you, Millicent. Tell me that you are not angry with me. I cannot bear your displeasure."

For a few moments Millicent struggled feebly in his arms, but his eloquence quieted her at last. It was more self-shame than any other feeling that overpowered her. She had told him that he had not the temperament of an artist, that he never could learn to draw well; that he had no eye for color, etc., etc.

Never once had it entered her head that he was the young Boetian about whom the art world was in ecstasies. "Forgive me, darling!" he begged.

"What a silly thing you must think me!" she sobbed. "I think you are an angel!" he answered warmly. "And as for talent, dearest, you have quite as much as I have. It only needs cultivation."

"Perhaps this mollified her, for she dried her tears—or allowed him to—and smiled, as she said: "To think you were making all those absurdly crooked trees on purpose. It's too ridiculous!" He laughed. "But you haven't told me," he said. "Will you marry me, Millicent?"

The Small Boy.

A far more diverging personage is your "boy," the irrepressible, universal boy. I often come upon him grazing in a most promiscuous manner upon the heath. I do not know what the birds think of it, his wholesale consumption of their hips and haws and blackberries. He goes about with a stick whacking the bushes and carrying his juice-smudged face in front of him as if he was within his rights. His brown hands are all cobwebbed with fine scratches, and down his cheek runs a centipede scrawl, showing where the bramble had sprung back. Not that he cares much for such accidents; they are all in the day's work, and he strides along marauding with a fine assertion of natural rights which is very diverting. He is human, of course; but all the same, he moves in a queer little world of his own. Grown-up folk in general he regards as a discipline, and not friendly on the whole to his personal interests. His parents are necessary; so much is obvious to him. But they have extraordinary ideas of right and wrong; theorize preposterously on wet feet and holes in trousers, and hold unaccountable opinions about school and the washing of faces and hands. He submits to all this as far as he must, and consoles himself with the reflection that some day he will be old enough to do without parents, and then he will not wash his face oftener than he chooses, nor go to school. In the meantime he plays truant as frequently as he can, and especially when autumn, with her mellowing fingers, has been busy among the wild fruit, he is found afield. What a happy little wretch it is! Everything about him excites him to activity; everything affords him pleasure. Whistling, throwing stones, chasing butterflies, eating blackberries, he wanders about, a thoroughly careless, irresponsible, gladsome urchin. Nothing hurts him. He triumphs over the miscellaneous food he crams himself with; comes up smiling after every accident. His body is all elastic and hinges, and it does not matter much how he tumbles. I saw some time ago an account of a boy who sat on the blow-hole of a stranded whale, and was suddenly snorted off by the indignant Behemoth fifty feet up in the air and as many yards out to sea. I do not say the story is true, but I hope it is. So, too, quite recently, a boy going along in a field in Cornwall was suddenly snatched up by a whirlwind and whisked over the hedge. But in each case he came back quite unharmed. There is one catastrophe, however, to which he seems particularly liable, and that is the wasp. Where he finds so many it is difficult to say, but the fact remains that he has a positive genius for getting stung. This demoralizes him altogether, and he has been known to run prodigious distances to report the calamity to the domestic circle, roaring all the way. For one thing the wasp is like the boy, a rummager in hedgerows; for another, it is very fond of blackberries. Moreover, it is given to concealing itself, especially in fruit, and as the urchin, with sweet trustfulness in things in general, seems to think it a reflection upon Provi-

dence that he should examine what he is going to eat before he puts it in his mouth, he does not as a rule detect the insect upon a berry or inside the plum till it is too late, and the wasp has made its protest. The boy's confidence in nature is so complete, so generous, that he disdains anything that has the appearance of caution, and when one sees him in the middle of a bramble-bush, picking with both hands, and popping in the berries without the least examination, it is perfectly awful to think of the entomological odds and ends that he must consume in the course of a day's debauch.—Contemporary Review.

Why Some Farmers Fail.

They will not make compost. They breed to and from scrubs. They do not curry their horses. They have no shelter for stock. They put off greasing the wagon. They are wedded to old methods. They give no attention to details. They have no method or system. They see no good in a new thing. They let their fowls roost in trees. They weigh and measure stingily. They leave their plows in the field. They hang their harness in the dust. They take no pleasure in their work. They never use paint on the farm. They prop the barn door with a rail. They milk the cows late in the evening. They starve the calf and milk the cow. They think small things not important. They let their gates sag and fall down. They do not keep up with improvements. They don't know the best is the cheapest. They do not read the best books and newspapers. They think the buyer of a successful neighbor's stock at good prices is fool, and the seller very "lucky." They sell hay, grain and straw off the farm instead of turning them into meat, cheese and butter, and increasing their stock of manure.—Rural Record.

Too Professional.

In a Western city lives an undertaker, by name Brown, a great wag, and always ready to play a joke; also a doctor who is a joker, and is always ready to tell on himself, and a "monument maker" who is of the same kidney. One day the doctor was driving at full speed down a business street when Brown spied him. Brown was in his wagon with the sign of his profession on the side. Whipping up his horse, he came as close to the doctor as possible, and glancing round, he spied the monument-maker. Calling to the monument-maker to hurry up, Brown called out: "Go on doctor, go on; we're coming."

The doctor looked round, and dismay was pictured on his countenance. He whipped up his horse, but all to no purpose, the undertaker and the monument-maker following closely. At last the ridiculous part of the thing struck him, and leaning back in his buggy he gave vent to his laughter, in spite of the thought, "What a sign for a prominent physician this is!"—Harper's Magazine.

A Hard Case.

Several years ago there lived in Little Rock a bright young man, but who, like many bright young men of his day, was sadly addicted to the excessive use of whiskey. One day his brother went to him and said: "Brother John, I see that you are determined to kill yourself drinking, so I propose to rent a room, put a barrel of whiskey and a barrel of water into it and shut you up in it, until you kill yourself."

"Brother William," the young man replied, "never mind the water; put in two barrels of whiskey."—Arkansas Traveler.