

Rockingham Rocket.

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.

TWO MAIDENS.

(Horace P. Biddle, in the Current) In the lovely land of Aden, Where the very shrubs are laden With the sweets of fragrant flowers, And entwined in happy bowers— Where the spices scent the air, And the lotus blooms so fair:

There Aurora brings the morn— Laughing clouds and mists to scorn, And the sun takes up the day, With serene and brilliant ray, Bears it on to dewy eve, Then in splendor takes his leave.

In the lovely land of Aden, There resides a blooming maiden, Roses steal their fairest bloom, Zephyr fleches his perfume, And the bee his honey sips, From her blushing cheeks and lips.

On the rugged soils of Iceland, Far away from Aden's spiceland— Barren of a fragrant bush, Where the roses cannot blush, Where the flowers remain unblown, And perfumes are never known—

There Aurora slowly creeps O'er the ocean's chilly deeps, And the sun in tedious round— To the low horizon bound, Stings of his warmth and light— Saunters on the edge of night.

And in Iceland, too, there dwells A sweet maiden in the dells, She is happy 'midst the snows, With a ruddy cheek that glows, And a heart within her breast— Warm as cygnets in their nest.

Maiden in the land of spice, Maiden in the land of ice, Love alike, alike are good— Cold can never chill the blood. Thus true love has ever won 'Midst the snows and 'neath the sun!

In and around Houston, Texas.

Sam Miller in Hot Springs News.

The city of Houston was founded in 1836, soon after the battle of San Jacinto, which resulted in a glorious victory for the Texan army and decided the destiny of the Lone Star State, and is the only monument to perpetuate the memory of that wonderful man and gallant soldier, his grave being marked but by a simple head-stone. It contains a population of about 35,000 inhabitants and is running a tight race with Galveston and Dallas for the position of the first city of Texas in commercial importance. It possesses the advantage of being a railway center, ten railroads either passing through or terminating here, and handles more cattle by far than any other city in the State. Its cotton compresses are running night and day, and, by the way, I went to see one of them working. I have pressed cotton myself, but only after it had been manufactured into Mother Hubbards, etc., and this new method was a novelty to me. I have entertained some high opinions of my abilities in that line, but when I saw that twenty-five hundred ton "squeezer" reduce a bale of the new material to one-fourth of its original size at the rate of two bales a minute, I felt as small as the married man who conducted a mistaken flirtation with his mother-in-law.

Cotton and "cash" are synonymous terms in this country, which fact accounts for farmers preferring its culture to that of other "crops." They raise almost everything in Texas, though, including "Cain"; not the sweet variety, but the kind that "busts things wide open."

There is a man up in Bastrop county who raises camels and supplies circuses with these "imported at an enormous expense" animal. He also proposes to race his hump-backed earth skimmers against anything that runs, for "money, marbles or chalk." The temptation is great to say something about the camel always having his "back up," but I forbear. The history of the American camel is somewhat interesting. They were originally brought over by the U. S. Government for the transportation of mails across the sandy southwest before the railways penetrated that region, were pressed into the Confederate service during the unpleasantness, and finally became the property of the gentleman aforesaid, who seems to be handling them to good purpose

Yes, this is a great country, but it has its drawbacks, mules, etc. One of these, with which I have had some personal experience, is the Dengue, is otherwise known as the "Dago" or "Dang-you" fever. It enters your house with as little ceremony as the gas collector, and puts a couple of carpenter shops in your head, a boiler-making establishment in your back, gears a rip saw down each leg, pours turpentine over you and sets it on fire, and then gives you a parting leer, as much as to say, "Now, Dang you, enjoy yourself." And you do. You begin to wonder what kind of a place Sheol is, anyhow, and the belief that man may have a goodly share of it while in the midst of life and taxes is considerably strengthened. It is a "demon from Demonsville," and will enter a town and get up a bigger boom in the drug business in less time than any competitor. It rarely proves fatal, but is—well, "very unwelcome."

Another foe to Christianity in Texas is the mosquito. He does more business in a minute than a book agent would in a week, and could make his scarcity as little mourned. They are always buzzing somebody, and their bills are all over them. They are as aristocratic as an ice man, and with good reason, as I am informed they have some of the best blood in the country in their veins. Like the poor, they "are always with you," and the only time they get left is when they try to disturb the serenity of a Senegambian. I have seen them settle on a negro's cheek and bore till the edge was off their drill, then pause for wind, rasp the drill to a fine point against their hind legs, spit on their hands, and try to sink the shaft through to blood rock, but they inevitably throw up the claim.

The Sunday law is strictly enforced in Houston, that is, regarding barber shops. Of course it does not effect beer saloons, cigar stores or other innocent enterprises and amusements. But all barberous occupations are prohibited upon the seventh day. In consequence of the city's piety, I have several times been compelled to borrow a razor at the corner grocery and sacrifice my feelings for the sake of appearances. It is when, with my eyes full of soap, vainly grabbing after a refractory hair, and a colony of mosquitoes, taking advantage of my helplessness condition, ruthlessly perforating my Mobile (Alabama) countenance, that I realize the beauty and force of the following lines:

"This world is but a wilderness, This world is not my home."

I must now load myself with some more quinine bullets—keen-keen, I believe is the high caste pronunciation—and shake a little. I forget to mention that when the Dengue gets through with you his partner, the chills, comes along, lowers the temperature to 80 degrees "below freeze"—thermometers to the contrary—and shakes you till you drop a few more dollars for keeneen. Circuses and theatrical troupes are flocking into Texas, and unless I am a false prophet, some of them will wish they had flocked in some other direction. Texas will need another good crop of cotton to put her on her feet, and meanwhile will yield but a meager return of shekels to strolling genius.

I am a Knight of Labor, that is I am doing no work beyond speculating what capital should do and organizing all day go-as-you-please matches of endurance between the caboose of my garments and a hard-bottomed chair.

The following item from the Christian "Advance" explains itself so that there need be no doubt that all can understand the situation: "Clara, in carriage with horse running away—'Do you think you can stop him with one hand, George?' George with teeth set—'I don't think I can stop him, but I can keep him in the road.' Clara, with perfect confidence—'Very well, try it for another mile, and then if he doesn't stop use both hands.'"

The Poor Lerner.

Wadesboro Intelligencer.

A gentleman of our acquaintance, who, for years has done an extensive lien business, and who holds mortgages on thousands of acres of land in Anson county, recently informed us that he would be forced to "close out" many a poor man, however much he would be pained in so doing. We questioned him particularly, relative to the lives and habits of his delinquents, and were not surprised to find that nearly every one is addicted to immoderate drinking. Out of the entire number whom he will have to press, as well as he could remember, only two were sober men, one of these being a negro, and the other a man whom misfortune had overtaken. This is a terrible showing, and we expect the same is true with every man who has a long list of delinquents who must at last be pressed. When the last unhappy day comes, and they see their effects under the hammer, let them not blame the unpropitious seasons, but, rather, their fondness for rum, and the habit of squandering in a few hours that which it has required them days to earn, and which should have been applied to relieving their property of its incumbrances. No man who is in debt, and has a mortgage ceaselessly eating up his all, can afford to drink and "treat" his friends, and the man who tries it is doomed to come to grief.

Alas! the poor lienier! Away will go his horse, cow, ox, household and kitchen furniture, and in many instances, the old home too, for the indulgent merchant, finding himself hampered, beleaguered, by his debtors, is bound to "squeeze blood out of a turnip," and save himself by swamping his creditors, who have at last gone to the end of their lines, and can go no further. There is a gloomy prospect ahead of many a poor man in Anson county, to-day, and how the "storm is to be weathered" is a mystery past solution.

Destructive Cyclone.

SELMA, ALABAMA, Nov. 9.—Friday night one of the most terrific and destructive storms ever known in this State passed over the section of country just north of this city, washing away bridges, railroad beds, growing crops, and leveling forests and houses for miles. The cyclone which was accompanied by torrents of rain and appalling electric discharges, started on the Cahaby river, and passed through Dallas, Perry and Bibb counties, leaving a dead waste of forests, plantations, houses and villas. Exploring relief parties say the track of the cyclone was half a mile wide. They have gone over 40 miles picking up the dead and wounded, and do not know how much longer the track is. Thirteen persons have been found killed outright, and forty or fifty dangerously wounded. A number of persons cannot be accounted for. Bales of cotton were blown from gin houses and burst and scattered everywhere. No two locks of lint were left together. A man driving with cotton to this city has been lost. The cotton and wagon were blown a quarter of a mile and the man and mules carried off and cannot be found. Growing crops of potatoes, etc., were torn up from the ground, and trees and cotton stalks were barked. Relief parties are searching for the dead and dying, and everything is being done to relieve the destitution. The negroes are nearly frightened to death, and huddle about together, or squat alone unclad in brushes and under fallen trees, stupefied and speechless with fear and superstition, unable to tell where any of their household is. The city is being canvassed for money subscriptions, to bury the dead and relieve the wants of the destitute.

No family in this broad land should undertake to keep house without Johnson's Anodyne Linctament; many have tried to but failed. It is worth more to a family than a whole medicine chest.

The Administration and the Tariff.

Washington Special to N. Y. World.

A high official of this Administration was asked to-night by the World correspondent: "What will be the tariff policy of the new Administration in its recommendations to Congress? Have you gentlemen yet arrived at any agreement?"

He replied: "The tariff policy of the Administration will be a very plain and direct one. It will recommend a modification of existing tariff laws and the reorganization of the tariff upon a revenue basis with incidental protection."

"Will Mr. Manning prepare a bill to be submitted to Congress?"

"I do not know. It is hardly probable that anything more than a general proposition will be submitted to Congress. It is not usual for an Administration to present a bill of this kind, although the tariff of 1846 was prepared by Secretary Walker and practically adopted by Congress without much change." This gentleman went on to say:

"The Democratic party has never been a party of absolute unity.—There has always been a strong minority in it which contended with the majority upon matters of policy, but in the main the majority view has prevailed without losing the allegiance of the minority. There is no question that the great majority of the Democratic party favors a modification of the tariff laws and their adjustment upon a purely revenue basis, with such incidental protection as may be necessary for the proper protection of our industries. The Democrats who are opposed to this view will either have to succumb or go outside of the party. The time for any serious compromise has passed. The Republican party is the party of protection. The Democratic party is the party of revenue reform. You will find the Administration adhering pretty closely to the tariff doctrine of the Chicago platform; that is to say, its construction of that platform."

This important declaration will make a stir in political circles, for none of the members who have come here thus far have been able to find out anything about the future tariff policy of the Administration. The revenue reformers will find a great deal of encouragement in the fact that the President is to assume this position in his message to Congress, but before they take too much credit to themselves they must call to mind that Mr. Randall has been studying this subject all summer with a view to advocating tariff reform this winter. The Administration, therefore, will be in harmony with all of the leaders in the House upon this question. Mr. Carlisle had a number of interviews with the President during the summer, but he had very little talk with him upon this subject. It is only recently that the matter has been taken up by the President and discussed with his associates.

The majority of his Cabinet advisers are strong revenue-reform people. Mr. Bayard is a pronounced low-tariff man, and has even advocated approaching as soon as possible to free trade. Mr. Garland is a revenue-reformer. Mr. Lamar is a pronounced free-trader. He doubts very much whether protection has ever been of any advantage to this country, and questions seriously whether the manufacturing interests would not have been better off if they had never had any artificial assistance. Mr. Vilas is a theoretic revenue reformer. Mr. Whitney and Mr. Manning are supposed to be more conservative. Although Mr. Manning is one of the most sincere believers in the necessity for a reduction of tariff, he probably would not go as far in actual detail as would Messrs. Bayard, Lamar and Garland. It is not known whether Mr. Endicott has any views on the subject, but he is understood to be a revenue-reformer also.

The tariff subject will probably be taken up early in the session. Mr. Carlisle is expected here about the 20th of this month. He will have a

number of interviews with the President and his advisers before their final reports go into Congress. The general line of policy, however, has been officially agreed upon, and now is a mere question of detail as to what will be said. That is a matter which will probably be left to the discretion of the Secretary of the Treasury. It is understood that Mr. Manning believes in enlarging the free list so as to admit the raw materials necessary to the principal manufactures of the country. He believes in a reduction of taxation. The present tariff is practically the tariff of the war. The necessity under which it was passed has gone by, and the reduction must be made in order to fulfill the pledges of the Chicago Convention in its nomination of reform candidates.

Her Brother.

Words of Cheer. A handsome, stately youth of 16 years passed one day through the playground of a public school.

"There goes brother Robert," called out a little girl in the midst of a group of scholars. "Isn't he handsome?"

"Why? Why?" cried out several voices at once.

"Oh, he is so good! He never swears, nor chews or smokes tobacco; neither does he ever drink any liquor. I am so glad that I have such a brother."

The children all looked again with admiration upon the youth, when one of them earnestly remarked: "I hope my brother will be like him."

The next day two young men drove rapidly past the same children in a buggy.

One of them had a cigar stump in his mouth, and was so drunk that he could hardly sit up.

As the buggy went by the children heard him utter a terrible oath.

"That is Will Burton," said one of the children; "he tends in a saloon and is drunk the greater part of his time. I would be ashamed to have such a brother."

No one noticed that a little girl ran away and hid herself. In a few minutes her playmates missed her. They soon found her, weeping and sobbing as if her heart would break. She refused to tell the cause of her trouble, but it was clear to all of them, as a little girl whispered to another:

"That drunken boy was her brother."

Boys, see that your actions and lives are such that your sisters may be proud of you. Never give them cause to be ashamed of you.

Sherman Angers the Colored Folk.

Baltimore Sun.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 8.—The announcement by Senator Sherman of the purpose of the Republican party to insist upon the disfranchisement of the colored voters of the South, unless their votes are all credited to the Republican party, is having an effect most probably not at all foreseen by Mr. Sherman. This new Republican policy, as outlined by Mr. Sherman, has attracted the earnest attention of representative colored men here who are in communication with the leaders of their race in the South. They say that the increased Democratic majority in Virginia and the carrying of Republican counties in southern Maryland by the Democrats are due in no small degree to this threat of Senator Sherman. They are indignant that they are put in the attitude of life chattels of the Republican party, and express the belief that Mr. Sherman, by this declaration of his, has done more to divide the colored vote than all other causes combined since the date of their enfranchisement.

The most contemptible fraud that has been practiced upon farmers and others in the last few years is the selling of immense packs of worthless horse and cattle powders. There is only one kind now known in this country that are unadulterated and those are Sheridan's. Small packs of 25c. large cans \$1.00.

A Word to the Boys.

St. Nicholas.

The trades in our country, of late years, have been almost monopolized by foreigners. The American boy, however, when he does take a trade, goes straight on to the top of the ladder. It seems as if our boys would rather be fourth-rate lawyers or physicians than earn their living by working with their hands. Only the other day I read in a New York newspaper of a young lawyer in a distant city, whom I knew some years ago when I resided in that section of the country, who literally starved to death. He made scarcely any money, was too proud to tell of his want, lived as long as he could on crackers and water, and was found one day in his office dead from lack of nourishment. He should never have entered the legal profession, for he had no ability in that direction. As a farmer or mechanic he might have lived a long, useful and successful life.

No boy, of course, should enter a trade unless he feels himself fitted for it; but on the other hand, he should not, it seems to me, let the false pride against manual labor which now prevails to such a wide extent in our country, prevent him from endeavoring to do better work with his hands than in his inmost thoughts he knows he can do with his head.

In Luck.

Raleigh Visitor.

Just after the close of the war, and during the occupation of Raleigh by Federal troops, Mr. Henderson Reeves, of this city, wrapped a twenty-five cent gold piece in what he supposed to be a \$1,000 Confederate note, and laid it away for safe keeping. He was thus cautious in preserving the gold piece, because they are scarce of that denomination. The piece has remained hidden from public view, until a few days since when a gentleman passing by Mr. Reeves' store on East Martin street, was told of the circumstance. In order to show his treasure, Mr. Reeves handed the note to him for the purpose of examination. When the gentleman looked at the bill, he was astonished to find it a \$1,000 greenback, which Mr. Reeves had mistaken for a bill of the "Lost Cause." The public can imagine Mr. Reeves' astonishment and joyful surprise. We got this from what we consider good authority, and "we tell the tale as 'twas told to us."

Agents have been delivering trees here this week that were grown in Pennsylvania nurseries. There are millions of fruit trees grown in Guilford county that are just as good, if not better, and much cheaper, as those propagated in Pennsylvania and it is a mystery why some of the people in this community will patronize Northern nurseries in preference to those at their own doors.—High Point Enterprise.

During the war Mr. Winship Upchurch, a son of Mr. Sims Upchurch, of this county, was captured by the Federal troops and carried to a Northern prison, and did not return home until last week. After the war closed he went out west, but for several years past he has lived at the Sandwich Islands, from which far distant place he has returned to his old home on a short visit.—Chatham Record.

A school teacher, becoming disgusted with the prevaricating abilities of one of her scholars, found it necessary to reprimand him and try to shame him before the whole school. She closed with saying: "Ernest, I believe you are the biggest liar in Brooklyn."

"Hub!" exclaimed the boy. "You ought to hear my father."

"One must be poor to know the luxury of giving." That may be so, but we think anybody can enjoy the luxury of giving his fellow-sufferer a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup to cure his cough.

Importance of Minor Industries.

One of the foremen of the Baldwin locomotive works stopping before a little exhibit of steel punches at the Novelties Exhibition said:

"All our great industries are largely dependent upon smaller industries, that to the casual observer appear of very little importance. Here for instance is a display of punches. They are used simply for punching letters or numbers on the parts of a machine to guide workmen in setting it up, but they are absolutely essential and it is very important to have them of good quality. Although quite delicate in line, they must be clearly formed, of good face, hard enough to be used on iron or steel, and yet not so hard as to be brittle. They require a high degree of skill on the part of the workmen who make them, and yet they appear to the ordinary visitor as of very little importance. Our locomotives are taken apart and shipped to all quarters of the globe, and if it were not for the marks upon the parts made by these little punches it would be an exceedingly difficult job for even our own workmen to put them together again. I enjoy an exhibition of this kind, chiefly because it brings to light so many of the quiet workers whose fame is unsung."

Dime Novels.

New York Herald.

A youth brought up on novels is pretty sure to have an over-stimulated imagination and no common sense. To walk up the steps of marble palaces and come into contact with heroes and heroines of phenomenal virtues and vices is apt to unfit a boy for splitting wood for the kitchen stove or doing chores about the house. After spending the evening in consuming the dime novel and breathlessly following the fortunes of women with saintly faces and men with overgrown mustaches every day life seems a bit insipid, and it becomes hard to crawl out of bed at five o'clock in the morning with the mercury at zero and go to the office to sweep the office for two dollars and a half a week.

What our boys need is less spice and more corned beef. Good solid reading which makes them feel that they are in their glory when they are burrowing the brass on the shop door because it is the first step in the upward climb, is what they ought to have. A single book which makes drudgery delightful because it is a good beginning is better than a thousand which inflame the fancy and render real life tasteless. The dime novel is the right bower of the devil when he is playing for a boy's heart and heart.

The Revenue Office at Newton.

Lincoln Press.

The removal of the office of Collector of Internal Revenue from Statesville to Newton was accomplished last week, and Hon. C. Dowd, the Collector, and his force are now comfortably located in their new and convenient quarters in the Gaither building. The removal has caused much dissatisfaction among those directly interested in its remaining at Statesville, but we believe those having business with the office will rejoice at the change as Newton is unquestionably more convenient and accessible to the revenue tax-payers of the district. However we may view the location of the office, certainly no unprejudiced mind can blame Maj. Dowd for the change. He made the move in obedience to the orders of the Commissioner, and any charge that Gov. Vance acted in bad faith toward any body or any place is too ridiculous to be entertained.

Lawyer to witness—"You say you saw Pete when he threw the rock at Jim?"

Witness—"Yes, sah."

"And the rock struck Jim in the abdomen?"

"No, sah, boss, it struck him in the pit of de stomach. You don't ketch dis nigger deviating from de plain 'traf."