

BY H. C. WALL.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: One Year, \$1.50; Six months, 75; Three months, 40.

All subscriptions accounts must be paid in advance.

Advertising rates furnished on application.

Rockingham Rocket.

H. C. WALL, Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS: \$1.50 a Year in Advance.

VOL. IV.

ROCKINGHAM, RICHMOND COUNTY, N. C., JANUARY 7, 1886.

No. 1.

Annual Statement, 1885.

Statement of allowances made by the Board of County Commissioners of Richmond county for the year ending November 30th, A. D., 1885, together with statement of county revenue and charges for the past year, viz:

Table listing names and amounts for the Annual Statement, 1885, including various individuals and their respective contributions or charges.

Table listing names and amounts for the Annual Statement, 1885, continuing from the previous table.

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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.

Recipes for Young Men.

Cultivate the respect of others, command your self-respect.

A good name is your best trademark. It can be equalled but not counterfeited.

Young man, honesty nowadays is rare, and those who believe in and practice it are rarer.

Look closely to the construction of an estimable reputation, and leave the esteeming of it for others.

Young men are often seen hunting for a reputation, but a reputation will never hunt for a young man.

If you will tolerate a liar to-day you will befriend him next week, if not sooner, and pose as one yourself soon after.

You can prove your pedigree by your parents, but your qualities will be recognized without any such evidence.

When finally you decide that you don't know much, the sooner you stop talking, sit down and look wise, the better.

If you will talk out of but one corner of your mouth at once somebody may suspect you of having ordinary intelligence.

Sam Jonesisms.

If you sow whiskey you will reap drunkards.

A man who will swear before his children is a brute.

The truth flows from a good man like molasses from a jug.

A good man is like a city set upon a hill—you can't hide him.

Some of you men have sowed enough seed to damn the world.

The gambler is invariably the son of a christian family. Why is this?

Most of you don't care if your neighbor goes hungry so you have enough.

Live so your children may put their feet in your tracks and be honorable.

The man who don't laugh needs a liver medicine. The moper and growler never goes to heaven.

The most beautiful sight in this world is to see a man leading his wife and children into the gates of heaven.

Preachers know a great deal more about their flocks than they dare tell. It might endanger their salaries.

"Whatsoever a man soweth he shall reap," is true, both in the Bible and almanac, whether God says it or not.

A clever woman has an original way of keeping money. She has a box marked "household," in which the money for the house is put; another marked "dress," and another marked "amusements."

Into the latter box the money received for gifts and all saved from the other two boxes is put every month and the cost of many a pleasant outing has been taken from its contents.

This person keeps strict accounts, and if the amusement box is not supplied with the necessary funds when a trip to the country is desired, the outing is not indulged in until the amount is in the box.

The New York "Times" thinks the Republicans could boss the political situation in that State if they would import about 20,000 negroes from the South, and put them to work on the farms, thus driving out as many white laborers who vote the Democratic ticket.

The "Times" has evidently not lost confidence in the man and brother, but it might find itself terribly fooled when it saw many of these negroes walking up to the polls on election day and voting the democratic ticket.

The colored man is becoming a very uncertain factor in politics.

The emigrant agents yesterday arranged to take two hundred colored people out of the city to-day on a special emigrant train for Kansas. Still the crop is not exhausted, for the Carolina Central train last night brought in a fresh colony.

lotte Observer, 30th ult.

LIFE'S LESSON.

[From the Current.]

"Which is the way to Temple Fame?" Enquired an eager youth, "And how to gain the honored name, And where the mine of truth?"

Through life he pushed the race begun As only genius can, To see full glory reaped by one Who toiled for bread and man.

C. G. BLANDER.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Correspondence of the Rocket.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 29, 1885.

Christmas day was celebrated in the usual way at the Capital. The Government Departments were closed and the clerks freed. There were whole forests of Christmas trees for the little folks, and charity was busy distributing good things and pretty things to the poor.

The inmates of the Soldiers' Home, Reform Schools, Hospitals, and similar institutions were supplied with the regulation Christmas dinner of turkey, celery, cranberry sauce and mince pie, given in many instances by the hand of charity.

Many churches were opened on Christmas day, and appropriate services, with elaborate musical programmes, were listened to by large audiences. The way in which these religious celebrations were attended, attested the fact that in this respect, at least, Christmas does not change with time.

Quite a number of Senators and Representatives went to their homes to spend the holidays. A few accepted an invitation by the Baltimore & Ohio lines for a trip of a week with their families to New Orleans, and not a few members of the House remained in Washington to work for committee places.

The undignified manner in which some members proceed in their application for these places cannot be too severely remarked upon. They even file letters of indorsement and back up these indorsements with personal pleas in which they dilate upon their own merits.

Speaker Carlisle is spending his holiday time in making up his committee, but he is not a man to be influenced in his judgment by mere testimonials of ability and good will, such as those presented to him by Members in their canvass for preferment.

A number of new Members do not seem to recognize the fact that there is an unwritten law connected with the make-up of House committees. It has never been customary to give any new Member the chairmanship of a committee.

To displace Members from their old positions, where they have had experience, would disarrange routine work and create confusion.

Speaker Carlisle has had such large experience in the House that he is personally familiar with the qualifications of all the old Members, to whom he will give the leading places. Having no friends to reward or enemies to punish, the only thing he desires to know from Members is where they prefer to go.

Beyond that, personal pleading will have no effect upon him.

The President is spending the holidays busy as usual. He received several hundred Christmas cards, and several fat turkeys from Cleveland joined Secretary Manning's home circle on Christmas day and ate their Christmas dinner.

On the following day all the Hendricks mourning drapery was removed from the public buildings, and Mr. Cleveland's first New Year's day reception will be the next event at the White House.

The first of January is the inauguration day of the social season. Start aright with the new year.

A Soft Answer.

Peck's Sun.

"A soft answer turneth away wrath."

How true. What a pity it is that the world's supply of soft answers is so insignificantly small in proportion to the vast amount of wrath that is daily developed.

As I moralize thus, an incident in my own checkered career, illustrative of the beneficent effect of a soft answer, is brought to my mind.

One bright summer's day a few years ago I stood on the platform of the depot at a popular summer resort on the shores of Lake Winnepesaukee, engaged in a protracted collar-and-elbow-tussle with one of the patent, steamed-pressed, fire-proof, cigars, for which that section of the country is justly famous.

On the north-east corner of the west fractional one-half of my right foot, a gigantic bunion reared its jagged crest toward the heavens.

The reader will doubtless fail at first to divine my object in thus mentioning this apparently trivial circumstance, but it will be made clear as the plot thickens.

As I watched the stream of pleasure-seeking humanity that poured from a recently arrived train, eager to taste the forest-scented air, and wrestle with the lissome misquito of the mountains, an elderly female tourist, weighing not less than two hundred pounds, sprang from the car opposite me and struck my pampered chiroptic favorite with a dull thud.

Alas, for my early training! In a moment's time the best fruits of years of careful study of all the standard manuals of decorum and hand-books of etiquette vanished like a dream.

"What in the name of jumping Judas H. Priest and Samuel J. Beelzebub are you about?" I yelled in the lady's ear.

She turned around her motherly good-humored face toward me with a look that plainly showed that she was in blissful ignorance of the fearful pain she had wrought.

"Excuse me, dear," she said with the voice of an angel and the smile of a saint, "but I'm a trifle deaf—what did you say?"

I looked at the dear old soul whose beaming countenance spoke of conscience void of offense toward God and man, and my iron heart melted. There was such a boundless wealth of womanly kindness and good will shining through her gold bowed spectacles, such a limiting bonanza of Christian charity lurking in every fold and dimple of her ample face, that I couldn't have uttered another harsh word, if she had knocked my whole, unshaved aggregation of bunions into the middle of the ensuing week.

"Nothing, madam—er—that is to say—er—er—very sorry—er—got in your way, you know," I replied, and I venture the assertion that my face attested the truth of my words.

"Don't mention it, dear—it's not of the least consequence," she said soothingly.

And as she stood looking into my troubled eyes with a smile that seemed like the benediction of Heaven, I lifted my hat with my customary Chesterfieldian grace, and silently drifted away.

Rachel Verbel, of Owingsville, Ky., died the other day, and the attending physician says there is no doubt but what she went to her grave the victim of tobacco poisoning.

She had been a slave to the weed all her life, and even on her death-bed her last words were: "O, give me another pull at my old pipe."

This should be a warning to tobacco consumers, and it is to be hoped that those who read of the sad fate of the above mentioned lady will profit by it. It might be well to say, before closing, that she was 101 years of age when she departed this life.—Peck's Sun.

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