

BY H. C. WALL. Office: OVER EVERETT, WALL & COMPANY'S. 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 14, 1886.

No. 2.

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. ALL THINGS A PENSIVE BEAUTY HAD. JOSEPH L. MAY.

At eventide the low, red sun Blushed thro' the murr'ring pine, And vapor in the humid air Bedew'd the lowly vine. Along the west, vast, purpling cloud Paused in its sudden flight; And in the east, no star appeared To gem the rayless night. In loneliness the long, gray hills Toward some brighter day, Beyond the hissing of the sky, Stretch'd silently away. Within the vale the limpid stream Flow'd gently to the sea; Yet with its sad, melodious voice, Its music gave to me. All things a pensive beauty had: In sorrow pass'd the breeze; The little birds that nestled near, Sang sadly in the trees. From out the far, far distant mead, And up the homeward lane, With solemn tread, the little flock Wound slowly home again. "What can this mean?" I softly said, "Far in this lovely wild? Can those sweet birds, that distant flock, Thus miss my dying child?" All suddenly a whippoorwill Perch'd by the window-pane, And dolefully, in shadow there, It voiced a weird refrain. Ah! well I knew its dismal notes: Dead lay my darling girl! I loudly wept—my tear-drops fell On each soft, raven curl. Yes, she was missed: the crystal stream Had smooth'd its printed sand; And in her dreams the sorrowing breeze Her sweet, rich beauty fann'd. Yea, oftentimes the lonely birds Had chirp'd at her command; And all the flock she loved so well, She petted with her hand. Long, in lament, I deeply sobb'd, And bade the morning come; Two suns had set, two nights delay'd Within my cabin home.

ONE LOOK AT WASHINGTON. A Story of the Revolution. BY NED BENTLINE.

Washington's Headquarters at Newburgh, N. Y., has been visited by 147,000 people in four years.—Daily Paper. On the last anniversary of Washington's birthday, I read the above paragraph to a very old man—one of the few left who remember well those glorious days when Washington, almost idolized, was truly regarded as the Father of His Country—first in war, first in peace, and first, last, and forever in the hearts of all true lovers of freedom and freedom's chosen land. "Well, well!" said the old man, in a tremulous tone. "That's good! It shows he is not forgotten. But if they could, like me, have only seen him! Ah! he was a sight. So noble, so grand, yet with a kind look in his eyes for the lowliest, a kind word on his lips for all who did right. I knew once, when one look at Washington saved a human life." "Tell me about it, Uncle Jared—do tell me about it." He did, and here is the story: There wasn't a better soldier or a finer looking young man in the Continental army than Burnett Fuller. He was with Mad Anthony Wayne when he stormed Stony point, and it was he who carried the colors ahead of 'em all. But he never got a commission in all the time, all through one fault—never went beyond the rank of sergeant till that fault, which more than once nearly cost him his life, was redeemed. He loved strong drink; and when he was most needed to battle for God and his native land, he would be under its influence and fit for nothing. That Burnett, so brave, so handsome, and so full of talent, should find some one to love him, was no more than natural. Rose Darling, the prettiest girl I almost ever saw, not only loved him with all his faults, but married him to prove it, though her own people were much against the match, so much so that they told her if she married him she must look to him and not to them for countenance and support. And she did, counseling him so sweetly that for a long time he kept sober, and his captain had even asked the colonel to name him for promotion whenever there came a va-

cancy. For a sergeant's pay was little enough to keep a wife on, and every one felt an interest in sweet Rose, who was so gentle, so good, if any one was sick or wounded. One day there was a drill by battalions, and Burnett, as sergeant of the color guard, was out. I trembled for him, for I loved him and his gentle wife, when I saw that he could hardly stand straight and that his cheek wore a purple flush; for our colonel was as strict as he was brave, and a braver man never rode a horse. Off duty, he could pardon a fault; on duty, never. We went through several evolutions, and I began to hope that Burnett would sober down by work and be safe. But all at once, when we were changing front, he stumbled and fell, and the regimental colors went down with him. When I saw the colonel ride forward, his face pale and his lips set, while they lifted Burnett and his colors from the ground, I knew that it was all up with my friend. I heard the colonel, in his stern, quiet way, say: "Tear off the chevrons from that sot's arms, and take him to the guardhouse. A court martial shall teach him and all that the colors of our regiment are sacred." A lieutenant of his company stepped forward to obey the order to remove the chevrons, but the moment that he touched young Fuller's arm, the latter drew back and struck him to the earth. "Oh, Heaven!" I groaned; for this was mutiny, and its punishment was death. In a second a half dozen men seized and overpowered the maniac, for he was nothing else, and he was dragged away to the guardhouse. Burnett Fuller was tried that very week, and of course found guilty. Every man in the regiment had seen his crime—it was no use to say we had not. He was sentenced to be shot on the next day but one. Not even Mad Anthony Wayne, who loved him for his courage, could save him. I saw poor Rose after the sentence was passed, when she had been on her knees to our colonel, to General Wayne, to all who could do anything, to beg for her husband's life. Oh, how utterly wretched she looked! She said that there was no hope; he must die, and she, too, would soon die upon his grave. Oh, how she cursed the liquor which had brought this deep blight on her young life! She prayed Heaven to curse them that brewed, them that filled the cup that he had drained; and I felt as if God would hear her prayer, and send down His withering curse on those who had helped to destroy. The sun rose clear on the day when he was to die. We were all at work burnishing arms and cleaning belts, for all were to turn out to witness the terrible example. At 10 o'clock the doomed soldier was to die. I saw Rose at eight. White almost as new-fallen snow, she moved like a spirit toward the guardhouse, to take her last farewell of him whom she loved more than life. Every one wept as she passed along, for neither she nor Burnett had an enemy in the ranks. An hour later we stood at arms, and regiment after regiment took its place in line. I never saw our colonel look so sad. He, too, had been at the guardhouse, and witnessed the affecting interview between Rose and her husband. Just then I heard guns firing from a battery down on the river, two miles away. I did not know but the enemy had come up the river in one of their war-ships and had got past West Point. But the guns went off slowly and regularly, and I knew it was a salute. The general in command rode up just then, and said to our colonel: "Gansvoort, let's hurry up this matter; the commander-in-chief is coming." I never will forget the look of the colonel as he replied:

"General, I hold the sentence and the order for the execution of Burnett Fuller, late a sergeant in my regiment. Both name the hour when he is to die—ten o'clock. At that hour the order shall be obeyed." He drew out his old silver watch—it was as big as some clocks are nowadays—and added: "It is now half past nine." The general turned away, evidently angry. What was a poor private's life to him? Twenty minutes more, and the death-escort came upon the ground, with Burnett Fuller in the center of the square. Poor Rose had fainted in the guardhouse, and there they left her. Oh, how bravely that young man came on to his death! He never was a coward. The escort drew where a coffin was placed by a recently dug grave. It lacked but ten minutes of the time, when an officer, riding swiftly ahead of ten or fifteen more, and followed by a company of light horse, rode upon the parade-ground. In an instant a shout rose all along the line: "WASHINGTON! WASHINGTON!" He raised his hat and smiled, but just then a shriek rang through the air louder than all the shouts. It came from the lips of Rose, who had heard the name, and who now flew, rather than ran, to where he reined in his horse. Her brown hair streamed in glossy curls over her white neck and shoulders and her eyes streamed with tears, as she knelt close to his stirrup, and pointing to her husband, moaned out: "Pardon! pardon!" And we all took up the cry, the colonel and all, and "Pardon, pardon," broke over every lip. Washington got off his horse, lifted poor Rose before us all, and after speaking one word to the colonel and getting his answer, he led the poor woman to where Burnett Fuller stood. "Young man," said he, in a voice which reached us all, we were so still, "be worthy of such a wife, and to serve a country that needs every brave man upon her soil." He was pardoned. Oh, what a shout rang over the hills where Newburgh now stands. Burnett cried like a child, and while he kissed the hand of Washington, he vowed never again to touch a drop of strong drink. He kept that vow, and when Yorktown surrendered, Colonel Burnett Fuller was present with his regiment. Rose was at home, the happiest little wife alive, tending as bright a babe as mother ever nursed. Its name was George Washington Fuller.

Died From Exposure.

Charlotte Observer. Open air life, starvation and exposure to the elements, is beginning to get in its work on the colored people who have congregated here, awaiting shipment to Arkansas.—The average number daily in camp on the old field near the Trade street depot has been 200, for the past two months. The field has been trodden under foot until it is as barren as a circus ring looks the day after the circus has left, all the loose rails in the surrounding country have been gathered and burned as fuel, the coal cars have been raided for the same purpose, and the emigrants now in camp find that they are really in the midst of a famine of fire and food. They are but poorly supplied with clothing, and are totally unprotected from the rain, save at such times as the railroad company happens to have an empty box car handy for them. A large majority of these emigrants are women and children, and their sufferings are many and severe. One of the emigrants, a colored woman named Susan Johnston, from Lilesville, last week contracted a severe case of pneumonia, which resulted in her death last Sunday. Her body was interred at the expense of the county. Somebody sends us a circular which begins, "Are you troubled with fullness in the stomach?" And this to an editor. Ye gods!—Evansville Argus.

VANDERBILT'S WEALTH.

What Could be Bought With the Money. Boston Globe. It is just as easy to say \$200,000,000 as it is to say \$200,000, or 200,000 grains of sand, but to persons who haven't that amount of ready change by them and do not expect to fill the full quota in 1886, and perhaps not before 1888, the bare name does not and cannot give the full significance to the term. For the sake of seeing how far it will go we will take \$200,000,000 in our vest pocket and go out on the street and see what we can do with it. Two hundred millions! Enough to buy 2,000,000 seal skin sacques, which would clothe every woman in New England. Enough to buy 4,000,000,000 loaves of bread, giving every man, woman and child in the United States 80 loaves, and every inhabitant of the earth four loaves each, making a pile of solid bread higher than the tallest mountain on earth. Enough to buy 40,000,000 barrels of flour at \$5 each. If these barrels were placed end to end they would reach around the earth on the parallel of Boston, or they would fence in every State in the Union. Enough to ride 8,000,000,000 miles at the usual two and a half cents per mile railroad fare, or forty times from here to the sun and back; so far that if a man rode at the rate of sixty miles an hour it would take him 15,000 years to use up \$200,000,000 in railroad fares. Enough to buy 80,000,000 pairs of boots or shoes at \$2.50 a pair, which would keep every resident of the United States in shoes for a year. Enough to buy 1,000,000,000 lbs. of beefsteak at twenty cents a pound, more beefsteak than is on the face of the earth to-day. Enough to buy 4,000,000,000 yards of calico at five cents a yard, making 400,000,000 calico dresses of ten yards each, which would give every woman on the earth who is over 15 years of age a new dress. Enough to give every man, woman and child in the United States a \$4 dinner at Parker's. Enough to support 120,000 workmen and their families forever; so much that it would take a laborer, working Sundays and all at \$2 a day, 273,000 years to earn it, or more than 16,000 men could earn in a life time. Enough to make nearly 6,000 tons of solid gold, more than 1,500 horses could haul through the streets of Boston. Enough to buy 800,000,000 pounds of coffee, 400,000,000 pounds of tea, 4,000,000,000 pounds of sugar, 100,000,000 barrels of apples, 36,000,000 tons of coal, 80,000,000 cords of wood, or 2,000,000,000 ten-cent cigars.

Patents Granted.

Patents granted to citizens of the Southern States on Dec. 22, 1885, as reported expressly for the Rocket by C. A. Snow & Co. Patent lawyers, Opp. U. S. Patent Office, Washington, D. C. J. A. Alexander, Monticello, Arkansas, Hame fastener. W. S. Brown, Pine Hill, Kentucky Swing. E. Burkholder, Glendale, Kentucky, Corn planter. B. J. Curry, Huntsville, Alabama, Hay press. W. T. Suit, Wilson, N. C., Leveler. H. Harding, Tuscaloosa, Alabama, Automatic dam. A. H. Hebbard, Knoxville, Tennessee, Target trap. H. Higgins, Newport, Kentucky, Back stay for carriage tops. R. B. Holt, Guthrie, Kentucky, Circular saw mill. J. B. Law, Darlington, South Carolina, Wagon body. C. D. McClellan, Rhodes, N. C., Curing tobacco. J. B. Parker, Memphis, Alabama, Seed planter. R. E. Simril, Newnan, Georgia, Corn planter. N. Wilson, Hutte, Texas, Curtain holder. Subscribe for the Rocket.

FIDELITY TO DUTY.

Dr. Talmage Says It Has Much To Do with the Duration of Life. New York World. As an introductory to his sermon yesterday morning Dr. Talmage announced that, beginning with next Sunday, he would preach a series of sermons on the "Marriage Ring." The series would include, he said, clandestine marriages, elopements, divorces, the women who marry and those who do not, boarding houses and hotel life, the influence of the sister over the brother, etc. The reverend gentlemen began his sermon by a reference to the new year and the flight of time. All men and women are now discussing the shortness of life. "Fidelity to duty," he said, "has much to do with the duration of life. Religion has always been considered as connected with sickness—with chlorine and carbolic acid. Religion cannot be mentioned without a sepulchral air, a sound of a chisel at work on the tombstone. It is compared to a hearse carting the dead away, while in reality it is a chariot rolling on to eternal glory. Religion is full of sanitary, curative and hygienic properties. The time will come when it would cease to be associated with our demise, with melancholy and mourning. The fact is men and women die too soon, and it is high time religion and medical science joined hands in the interest of longevity. Adam lived to be over 900 years old, Methuselah outstripped him, and even in the reign of Vespasian, a hundred men lived to the age of 135 years. In the sixteenth century Peter Carsin lived to be 185 years of age. "Of course, I do not mean to say that religion would take us back to antediluvian longevity, but it will lengthen life. Isaiah said a child should die at the age of 100 years, and why, therefore, should not a man or woman live for 500 or 600 years? The Christian religion will prolong life, because a religious man will not indulge in dissipation and subject his body to those evils only the worldly and irreligious practice. Smoking the nervous system into fidgets, eating away the coating of the stomach with logwooded and strychnined wine, wearing thin shoes on a cold day to make the foot look delicate, are things the practically Christian man or woman will not do. God made our body as the receptacle of an immortal soul and gave us brains for its government. Any infringement of his laws will be visited by retribution. "I know a hundred good old men, but I don't know a dozen old bad ones; they die off early. Byron died at the age of 37, at Missolonghi, his own Maseppa, riding on his passions to death; Edgar Allan Poe passed away in Baltimore at 48, the raven on his chamber door, delirium tremens, "only this and nothing more;" Napoleon went the way in his prime, killed by his own snuff-box. "Many a man has died who, in order to save the feelings of his family, the physician said was killed by congestion of the brain; but the blue flies and the snakes on his pillow told what it really was. Religion is sunshine and peace, and with those two health-giving principles life is prolonged. "Mother," said a little Rockland girl, looking up from her book, "what does transatlantic mean?" "Oh, across the Atlantic, of course. Don't bother me—you made me forget my count." "Does trans always mean across?" "I suppose it does. If you don't stop bothering me with your questions, you'll go to bed." "Then does transparent mean a cross parent?" Ten minutes later she was resting in her little couch.—Rockland Courier Gazette. "One fire burns out another's burning," and most pains suffer more to be cured, but Salvation Oil is painless and certain. It costs only 25c.

He Was Convinced.

A rural schoolmaster in Indiana asked a pupil named William Scott, the other day, which was the longest river in the world, and William persisted in crediting that honor to the Wabash. As a result, he went home with a tanned jacket. As another result, a stranger appeared and knocked on the door. "Is this the skule teacher?" he pleasantly inquired. "He ar!" "Are you the critter as licked Bill Scott fur sticking up fur the Wabash?" "The same, sir." "Wall, Bill happens to be my son, and I've come fur to gin you the awfulest whalin' ever writ down in geography." "Can you wait until I am through with the class in spelling?" asked the teacher. "Oh! I s'pose so, but under the circumstances I hope ye'll cut it as short as possible. Haven't got my corn husked, ye know." "Certainly. I never keep a gentleman waiting when I can help it. Sit down on the wood-pile, Mr. Scott. I'll come out and pulverize you in just nine." At the end of the appointed time the teacher reappeared and at once rushed upon the waiting Mr. Scott and blacked his eyes, broke his jaw and flattened his nose. By and by Mr. Scott said he had all he wanted and added: "Which is the longest river in the world?" "The Amazon, sir." "Am-a-zon. Please write it down in me first-class style, and when I git home and git my paws onto my son Bill he'll come to believe that there ain't nuff water in the Wabash to wash his mother's feet with! Am-a-zon. Good bye, critter!"—N. Y. Star. Bad on the Dear Girls. "That ring," said the jeweler, as the reporter picked up a seven-stone cluster diamond, "will cost you \$12. If you return it within six months you will receive a rebate of \$6." "What? Only \$12 for a cluster diamond ring?" exclaimed the astonished scribe. "I said \$12," was the calm reply. "Here," lifting out another tray, "is the mate to it—price \$180." "Enlighten me," pleaded the reporter. "I will; although it is odd that you haven't caught on this little game. The American is a hustler in all things. If he falls in love he goes with the same rush that would characterize a business transaction. He wants to be engaged and have the day set, but in perhaps three cases out of ten his ardor cools before the fatal day arrives, and he "throws" the match. He was mistaken in the girl, or in the strength of his own feelings, and he breaks the match." "I see." "He has given the girl an engagement ring. He can scarcely muster up cheek to ask for its return, and the chances are that he wouldn't get it if he did. This cluster diamond ring at \$12 fills a long felt want. The gold plating will wear for six months, and the paste diamonds will sparkle and glisten for about the same length of time. If, at the end of six months, he discovers that his feelings have changed, he breaks off the match and is little or nothing out of pocket. If time has only welded his love the firmer, so to speak, he gets the spurious ring from her to have their initials engraved on the inside, and comes here and exchanges it for the Simon pure. See? It is a little trick of our own, but the jewelers of Boston, Philadelphia, and other cities are catching on and stealing our customers."—N. Y. Sun. Hold on to the truth, for it will serve you well and do you good through eternity. Hold on to virtue, it is beyond price to you at all times and places. Hold on to Dr. Bull's Couga Syrup, for there is nothing like it to cure a cough or cold.

Three Important Decisions.

Statesville Landmark. Three important cases were decided by the Supreme Court last week, as is learned from the Raleigh "News and Observer." The question of the constitutionality of the drummer's license tax was raised and argued in a case from Buncombe, and the Supreme Court affirmed the judgment of the court below, thus affirming the constitutionality of the law imposing the tax. The case of Miller, from Mecklenburg, which has also been decided, presents much the same points. Writing to Messrs. Key & Co., of this place, State Treasurer Bain says of this decision: "The Supreme Court has not decided the law, as to drummer's licenses, unconstitutional. The law is sustained so far as it applies to resident or non-resident salesmen who travel and solicit orders. The case of Miller from Mecklenburg, involves one point, viz; "liability for the sale of one cargo of goods consigned to him and sold in the city of Charlotte, where he resides." Miller was indicted, as a drummer, for offering these goods for sale on the streets of Charlotte. He won his case. The Supreme Court decided in a case from Sampson that the school tax in excess of the constitutional ratio is unconstitutional—that is to say that the county commissioners cannot lay a poll tax which will exceed the tax on \$300 worth of property. In a case from Gaston the Supreme Court has decided the "Dortch bill" unconstitutional. This bill provided that any township or corporation might levy taxes for school purposes and apply the tax raised from each race to the education of that race. This decision knocks up all graded school bills, like that passed by the Legislature for Statesville, which proposed that the tax raised from the whites should go to the support of a white graded school, and that raised from colored people should go to a colored graded school. The money raised by tax for school purposes must be distributed uniformly, per capita, between the races, according to this decision. The President, if reported aright, has qualified his remarks about the newspapers considerably. He says that while he did not overstate the offense of many journals in the regard spoken of in his letter, he should not be understood to refer to all newspapers and all correspondents. He recognizes as fully as anybody the power and influence of honestly conducted newspapers and appreciates their support and approval. "I don't take anything back," he is reported as saying, "I know what I said was not exaggerated. I want the newspapers that the letter fits to apply it. The only qualification I would make, if any is needed, is that I do not include all newspapers, for all do not deserve it, nor cast any reflections upon careful and conscientious correspondents, who are known to be such by everybody." Still the utterance was a very unfortunate one on the President and we regret it very much for his sake. He has doubtless been justly provoked more than once by the exaggerations and false colorings of irresponsible penny-a-liners, but he should have restrained his ire or kept it at least out of public sight. He will hardly be permitted to forget his indiscretion. —News and Observer. It is said that cabbage contains an alkaloid that will cure delirium tremens. Now we know why they rush so many carloads of cabbage into Chicago just after a big political convention.—Exchange. "The market reports say that butter is stronger," remarked Brown to Hemford, who is a produce dealer, one morning at breakfast table. "Is that so?" "Well, I don't see how it can be much stronger," remarked Hemford, as he declined that which the landlady passed him, and then wondered why his room was wanted at the end of the week.—Palmer Journal.