

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.

BETTER THAN GOLD. FATHER RYAN.

Better than grandeur, better than gold, Than rank and titles a thousand fold, Is a healthy body and mind at ease, And simple pleasures that always please.

Better than gold is a conscience clear, The toiling for bread in a humble sphere, Doubly blessed with content and health, Untired by the lusts and cares of wealth, Lowly living and lofty thought, Adorn and ennoble a poor man's cot; For mind and morals in nature's plan Are the genuine tests of a gentleman.

Better than gold is the sweet repose Of the sons of toil when the labors cease; Better than gold is the poor man's sleep, And the balm that drops on his slumber deep, Bring sleeping draughts on the downy bed, Where luxury pillows its aching head, The toiler's simple opiate dooms A shorter route to the land of dreams.

Better than gold is the thinking mind, That in the realm of books can find, A treasure surpassing Australian ore, And live with the great and good of yore, The sage's lore and poet's lay, The glories of empires passed away; The world's great dream will thus unfold And yield a pleasure better than gold.

Better than gold is a peaceful home, Where all the friends characters come, The shrine of love, the heaven of life, Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife, However humble that home may be, Or tried with sorrow by Heaven's decree, The blessings that never were bought or sold, And centre there, are better than gold.

A HEROINE AT LONG BRANCH.

BY MRS. KATE CHRYSAL.

"She's glorious!" declared Aubrey Vanderlyn, who was much given to adjectives and enthusiasm, as eighteen is apt to be.

"Yes," languidly assented Harold Drury, "that point was decided long ago. There's not a woman at Long Branch to compare with Miss Trevallian—not one!"

"Physically," interpolated little Miller, who was the best waltzer at the Branch, and as light of head as he was of foot: "I agree, with you there. But as for the finer qualities which should distinguish a woman—pshaw! Just look at the life she has led—one of court, adulation, flattery, homage from her cradle. With beauty, high lineage, and at her command an almost exhaustless fortune, is it likely she is dowered also with unselfishness, or entertains an ambition loftier than a mere social triumph? No, for sheer heartlessness, commend me to Miss Trevallian!"

And he replaced his cigar betwix his teeth, with an emphatic nod of his little crooked head.

The remainder of the group gathered on the piazza glanced at each other with significant smiles. Teddy's helpless adoration of the lady in question had for some time past been a public secret.

"Was she heartless to you, Teddy?" Drury asked, with an air of child-like innocence.

It was a cruel thing to say, but Drury was very human when an opportunity to raise a laugh at the expense of another presented itself. Miller was quite sore on the subject, so he answered sharply:

"Not more than she was to you at Vienna last winter, Drury!"

The joke was turned on Harold. He colored and laughed.

"Well hit, my boy!" good-naturedly, "but I do not make a tragedy of my ill-luck. I know the simile of the moth and the candle is very hackneyed, but we must remember that Miss Trevallian is an exceedingly bright candle, and if we great clumsy moths can't keep our foolish wings out of the flame we deserve to have them scorched—that's all!"

"You're right," avowed Vanderlyn, boyishly suggestive. "Candle? Pshaw! she's a whole electric light! Here she is!"

There was a stir and murmur on the piazza, and a stampee of the men for chairs and hassocks as Miss Trevallian swept down the hall and out into the August sunset.

Only one man separated himself from the others at sight of her, and walked rapidly away.

He was a tall, splendidly proportioned young fellow, clad in pictu-

Rockingham Rocket.

H. C. WALL, Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS: \$1.50 a Year in Advance.

VOL. IV. ROCKINGHAM, RICHMOND COUNTY, N. C., JANUARY 21, 1886. No. 3.

FARMING AS IT IS--WAS--MAY BE.

Causes of Present Depression--Remedies. Cor. Augusta, Ga., Chronicle. We ask a candid and unbiased hearing in the statement of a few facts. To some our views may, on casual survey, be displeasing, but bear with us. The picture, though dark in one aspect, has yet a bright light, rendered the more striking by contrast. It is with a single desire for the amelioration of the condition of our class that we make this presentation of a few undeniable facts as to the status of the average Southern farmer of to-day, as a class? You answer, "We vote,"—yes, and in common with every Arab on our streets. Apply the only true test—that of finance. What is the farmer in the financial world? As a class, almost a blank. And yet agriculture is the great industry of our section. Why is it thus? Don't answer that the tiller of the soil was doomed to bear the sweat and burden of the day. The curse is universal. It seems, however, as if the farmer of the south is trying to make a monopoly of it. There is a reason, however, briefly given in the fluctuations in the price of cotton. Hoping that it would stand at a good figure we devoted all our time and capital to the staple. The vast west, with its virgin soil gradually opens, attended by a great increase in yield without corresponding demand, prices fall, our land the while ridden of its fertility by the wasting system of cotton culture until at last we have an average yield of something like 15 bales to the acre, with 81 cents as quotations for middling grades. With these figures before us, it is a useless waste of time to state our condition. Poor, wasted, denuded soil; wretched, tottering cabin; slow, bony, antiquated mule; a few head of cattle and swine, if any at all, that cast no shadow from leanness; half-filled or entirely empty barns.—With such for inspiration, no barn of our southland can ever sing in the strains of Scotland's son: "With joy unfeigned brothers and sisters meet And each for other's welfare kindly spiers: The social hours, swift-winged, unnoted fleet. Each tells the news that he sees or hears, Anticipation forward points the view, The mother, 'er her needle and her shears, Gaze auld class look anixt as well's the new, The father mixes a wi' admonition due." The rural hearth, proverbially the abode of peace and plenty and happiness is, alas, too often but the scene of squalid misery and almost despair in our fruitful sunny land. The very comparison with cold, black barren Scotland should stir our blood and arouse us to a determination to turn to profit our rich heritage of sun and rain, soil and climate. Few countries are favored like ours, did we but avail ourselves of our natural advantages. We know our statements appear paradoxical, but bear us out. Just here we would beg you bear in mind that we are discussing the condition of the farmer; we have not to deal with the financial state of our section. We are not attempting an answer to the question, "Does farming pay?" If asked, we might return an affirmative answer to that question, but would reply, "Who does it pay?" Look at the wealth, yea, affluence, of every country town as compared with the poverty of our dilapidated country homesteads and the answer is given. Why this great difference? Why is the producer poor, the middle classes wealthy? To answer briefly, we exchange too much, attended as it always is by friction and expense. We raise too much cotton. I have stated but one evil when I mention expense incident to exchange. Another that ranks high is the necessity for rotation. It is contrary to the theory and practice of all scientific or well directed agriculture to grow the same crop successively for years together on the same soil. The perfect system would be a change every year. I don't dis-

be a change every year. I don't dis-

course on the price of cotton, its over-production, &c.; that is too vast a question; its culture extends over too wide an area. To say that we could get as much for five as for six millions of bales would be a waste of breath. We will be more than gratified if we can show how the cost of production can be materially lowered in our section. The answer is in the adage, "Live at home," and by so doing meet the demands of common sense, nature and political economy. By so doing you lessen the expenses, and so the cost of production. If we are tedious, bear with us. It is our sincere desire to offer our mite to the betterment of our condition. We are of the class. Every blow given—if such any of our remarks be deemed—fell equally on our head. Let us be led no longer by the deceptive sophism that so much cotton means so much net cash. Your children, your land, nature, economy protest its fallacy. Following the present system we will sooner or later learn to judge our indebtedness rather than wealth by the number of bales we make. Do you then advocate no cotton? By no means.—After making a bountiful supply of provisions for your family and stock strain every energy, and nerve, to make every lock of the staple you can. Then will we have a "land of equal laws and happy men."

We hear the whisper of many to the effect that the story you tell is old, hoary with age. We will attempt to make some specific suggestions to relieve the generality which always falls unheeded. We cannot be as specific as we should like, owing to the fact that circumstances govern cases, the best mode of procedure varying with every change of conditions. In general terms, we would say that we should always look upon cotton as the most expensive crop on the farm, requiring vastly more human labor than almost if not any other. We would strongly advise the large sowing of small grain—wheat and oats—time of sowing to be determined, in a great measure, by the seasons, of course. Safe to have oats in before the middle of October; if not then, in January. If seasons favor, put in some in August. Try and get at least ten acres sown to the mule before Christmas. Sow, say, four acres in wheat to the family in November. Manure both these crops as far as you can. Don't sell your cotton seed, but put them on small grain. Economy points to manuring of grain in the South, rather than cotton, because it is broadcast—cheaper than drill manure; further, the certainty is much greater of an increased yield both in bushels of grain and in vegetable matter, which our soil, above all else, needs. I know your oats have been killed. So have ours.—Whose fault was it? Yours, generally. Rushing after cotton we neglect the sowing of grain at the proper season, and it has barely time to sprout and show itself above ground before a killing freeze carries it off. Especially is this case in lands long run in cotton and so divested of every vestige of vegetable matter. Did you ever note that grain is rarely killed after corn? So when you, by rotating, incorporate vegetable matter in your soil, you will rarely, if ever, have grain killed. "To them that hath shall be given, and they shall have abundance, but from them that hath not shall be taken even that which they have." In general, then, we agree to sow 15 acres to a mule in oats—4 in wheat may be considered too much—had better err on this side. We have then made provision in the main for food for mule and flour for self.

According to our conditions we can supplement the provision crops with peas, sorghum or cane, chufas, groundpeas, potatoes, a few acres of upland and bottom corn. The peas, chufas, &c., are for the hogs. Every family should raise at least 600 to 800 pounds of meat. This we can do at a nominal cost. We know cholera visits us occasionally, but

not often, when proper attention is given. Sorghum is exhausting, but is a large and certain yielder on almost any soil. The seed are worth as much as corn on poor land. Several neighbors could have a mill, which is cheap, together. The early amber cane ripens in August, before the cotton is ready for picking. If you have natural advantages of pasturage keep some good stock—cows or blooded mares—both will pay if properly treated. Sow half an acre in drill or broadcast, if the land is rich, to mule, in corn for forage. Supplement this with all the hay, fodder and pea-vines you can save. Be sure to have an abundance of long food if you wish your stock to thrive. Can plant peas after your grain is harvested, and in the fall you will have a fine stand of oats on the ground. Think what a cheap crop this is.

Oats will cost us about 15 cents per bushel, and yet we have given as high as 60 cents for oats and \$1.00 for corn; thankful to get it at all. You may object to oats, owing to the fact that they have to be harvested at the busiest season of the year. It interferes with the working of the cotton. Learn to say: cotton interferes with harvesting. When we learn that lesson we will be a more prosperous people. With very little difficulty we can prepare our land for the reaper. A club can buy one. Use your brood mares for this purpose. Let the mares rest, except during the busiest plowing seasons, spring and fall, and while harvesting. The colt will more than pay for her food if you make it, and you will have her when, without extra help, you would suffer. After due attention is paid to food crops, devote your time to cotton. You will find that you can work from 20 to 30 acres in cotton with prospect of from 6 to 8 per cent or more, according to grade of land.

With barns well filled, bountiful provisions for man and beast and eight bales of cotton to your credit in bank, certainly this is not a picture of starvation, nor are the facts overdrawn. What I have said applies especially to the small farmer. Think on it. It is no dream of a wild visionary, but the sober reflections of common sense.

Let us resolve once for all to be no longer in the hands and power of another. Let us assert ourselves as our class should and have a Heaven-born right to do. Let us be industrious, frugal, thoughtful, independent. If so we act, posterity will call us blessed, as our class will then not only be the sinew of the nation, but a most important element in the world of finance. Then will we have a head in a cabinet minister—we will no longer ask but dictate terms.

John Henry, the masher, stood on the corner with one of his kind, waiting for a girl to come along, whom he might crush. At last, a thin young woman from the rural districts came by, and John Henry thought he had found her. As she passed he said something about her being bony but he went after her, and catching up said:

"Good afternoon, Miss."

"Good afternoon," she replied, sitting him up as if she was going to put a price on him.

"Ahem, Miss, ahem, I ah—," he hesitated.

"Well," she continued coolly, "why don't you bark?"

"Bark! Bark! I don't quite understand," he said inquiringly.

"Oh, you don't? Well I might have known better than to have given you credit for so much intelligence, but in our country a puppy that has had an advantage of training, always barks when it finds a bone."

Since that date John Henry is a changed man.—Merchant Traveler.

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment is one of the few really valuable external medicines which we can use with pleasure in calling it is both a

Job

Having received a class outfit, all kinds of

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He is

Detroit Free Press.

"What a good e

have to smuggle,"

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Sidors in Detroit but

Windsor and cross

three or four times a

"Ah!" was his dry

mittal exclamation.

"Aren't you sometin

"No, sir! At least n

"Then you were once

"See here! I'll tell y

get rid of you. Year

smuggled ten yards of silk

wife wanted a shade

find in Detroit, and I

smuggle it over. When

to start for Detroit the s

der my suspenders, with

and coat buttoned over it

all the custom officers well

wasn't one chance in a m

my being detected."

"And you weren't afraid,

"Not until I reached th

wharf. The officials on th

side had nothing to do with

ter, of course, but my guil

science was on the alert.

them called to me and detain

ten minutes while he relat

particulars of a man being tra

for smuggling a shawl. I felt

self turn all sorts of colors, and

clare that my knees seemed to

right out."

"Yes—I've been there."

"On the boat I saw a stran

watching me very closely and I m

up my mind he was a spotter. I

have thrown the silk away then, b

there was no opportunity. When

reached the American side I felt lik

a prisoner about to be sentenced. I

didn't know whether to land at once

and hurry off, or to take my time

and effect a coolness I was mighty

far from feeling."

"Exactly. I felt the same way."

"Well, two women were arreste

right in front of me for smuggling

straw-braid, and the second officer

came up and slapped me on the

back and called out:

"Hello, Jim; got anything on you

that ought to pay duty?"

"He was in fun, of course, but my

heart jumped into my mouth and

choked me, and I came near wiltin

I managed to fish up a cigar and

hand it over with a forced laugh,

but I'd have given \$10,000 to have

been a mile away."

"What's the matter, old boy?" he

asked as he saw how perturbed I

was.

"N—nothing!"

"Come, now, you don't feel well."

"Oh, y-yes, I d-do, except that I'm

a little s-ick!"

"Come with me!" he ordered, and

he put one hand on my back, ex-

actly over that silk, and led me off

that boat. I had no other idea but

I was caught. Visions of courts,

finer, newspaper articles and a weep-

ing wife rose up before me, and I

was about to throw myself on his

mercy and offer to pay any sum he

might name, when he steered me

into a saloon and called out:

"Here—give Jim a brandy sling

to brace his stomach!"

"With that he went out, and I

just sank down on the first handy

chair and came near fainting away.

When I had put half a mile between

me and the wharf I came to a halt

and said to myself:

"Jim, you are a confounded idiot,

you are."

"You bet!" Jim replied.

"Don't you never try that again."

"I never will—never!"

"You'd better pay \$3 per yard for

silk in Detroit than to pay seventy-

five cents on the other side."

"You're shouting, old boy."

"Take this silk home and tell your

wife that you sent to Chicago for

and never let anybody know

that you've made a fool of me."

"I'll do it!"