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DREAMS.

"Dreams are but interludes which fancy makes."

In the purple dream-land lying,
White-winged dreams,
Sleep with folded pinions fair
In the hearts of violets rare,
Where the yellow rose low sighing
Slumbering seems.

Soft gray clouds with sleep o'erweighted
Far are seen,
And each heavy-lidded star
Drifts through dream-seas still and far.
Mists of gold, with peace o'erfreighted,
Lie between.

Brooding wings stretch o'er the meadows
Purple-barred,
Swoopy lilies, faced with gold,
In their bosoms dreams unfold,
Where the night-wings cast their shadows
Golden-starred.

In the mist land dreams are dying
Full of peace,
Weary souls give up dark care
In the dream-land far and fair.
In the hearts of roses sighing
Sorrow's cease.

FANNIE ISABEL SHERRICK.

ASHAMED OF HER LOVER.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

Flora Mardyn was a very pretty girl. Not beautiful as was fated Cleopatra, but ripe and rosy, and violet eyed, with satin-smooth skin, tinged with flushes of delicious pink, and hair that glistened in the sunshine, as if it had been powdered all over with gold dust.

Yes, she was very pretty, and that was what Hugh Fordham was thinking, as he sat smoking his cigar on the piazza of the watering-place hotel, and watching her with absent, dreamy eyes, as she sat in the parlor, just on a level with his eyes, carrying on an animated flirtation with a young gentleman in undress uniform, who seemed to find it rather a laborious business to enunciate the letter r.

As Captain Lacy bowed himself out of the room, Flora rose and came toward the window, biting her lips. Hugh's face brightened; she was his sunshine, but she did not address him exactly in dulcet tones.

"I wish you wouldn't sit there staring at me, Hugh."

"Why, Flora?" he exclaimed in perplexity, "what's the matter?"

"And you're always doing it too!" pouted Flora. "You're so big, and so clumsy, and—"

"But I can't help that, pet, can I?"

"I wish you would stop calling me 'pet,'" snapped Flora. "We are not little children any more."

"It's the name that I always called you, Flora."

"But that's no sign you always should!"

"Flora," pleaded Fordham, detaining the little hand that was pettishly manipulating an ivory crochet hook. "You have treated me very unkindly of late—what is the reason; have I done anything to offend you?"

"N—no—not exactly!"

"What is it then?"

"Well—" hesitated Flora, "you tease me so."

"But how?"

"You're so tall, and you swing yourself about so, and you aren't a bit like the other gentlemen here—and you make me ashamed of you!"

The color rushed to Hugh Fordham's brown cheeks; Flora's words had stung him to the very heart.

"Ashamed of me, Flora? I beg your pardon, it shall not happen again!"

And before she could say aught to soften the cruel effect of the blow that had fallen with unintended force, he was gone.

"And I suppose he's mortally offended," pouted Miss Mardyn. "But there! I can't help it! One cannot always pick one's words! And I'm sure he must be as weary of that foolish boy and girl engagement as I was!"

"Ashamed of me," thought Hugh Fordham, pacing up and down the lonely walk by the river shore, with the red spark at his cigar end flaming like the eye of a friendly gnome. "Well, I am big and clumsy and awkward, just as she says, and I don't wonder that she compares me unfavorably with Captain Lacy and

Mr. Piercy and Harry Joubert, who seem created expressly to waltz and carry bouquets and hang over a lady's sofa to make the hours pass away with pleasant small talk. I never could succeed in that line, and yet I believe I should make as good a husband as any man among them all, to any woman who cares for me! Ay, there's the rub as poor Hamlet has it; she must care for me—and that is what Flora Mardyn does not and cannot do! And I had hoped so much. I had built up so many dream castles, with her for the fairy queen of them all. Well, it is over now; she shall have no further cause to complain of me!"

And Hugh Fordham paced up and down, up and down the green walk, like a mourner walking in the sad funeral procession of his own bright hopes and dreams.

He had loved Flora from a child; he had almost unconsciously connected her with all the aspirations of his future life, and it was all over now.

"Is that you, Fordham, stalking up and down like a ghost? Come; we're all going to the trout pool in Winfield's Woods; it's a splendid morning for the sport; will you come with us?"

"As well that as anything else," said Fordham, drearily, as he flung away his half-smoked cigar.

Truly, it made little difference to him whether he went now, or how he employed the waste of a life-time that lay before him. Mr. Piercy and Harry Joubert, and Captain Lacy might laugh and jest as they strode along; they had not been cut to the heart as he was.

The sultriness of the heavy summer atmosphere was ominous of a thunder-shower, nor was the omen unfulfilled. The piscatorial party were intent on their sport, when the pattering of big drops on the leaves around them warned them of the coming tempest, and they fled for shelter to a little cottage on the edge of the woods.

"I suppose some one lives here," observed Captain Lacy, as he shook the rain-drops off his bright black hair upon the porch floor.

"I suppose so, too, young sir," said a cracked voice from within.

"And as you have come hither for shelter, I can't very well turn you out. Walk in, gentlemen; my poor house is open to you."

And a bowed old man beckoned them into a barely furnished room, and withdrew.

"Here's a regular adventure," said Piercy with a laugh.

"At least," observed Fordham, "it affords us a shelter from the shower, and if our host is not specially disposed to be social, why, we cannot help it."

And he sat down composedly by the window to await the progress of atmospheric electricity.

But the four gentlemen, as it happened, were not the only persons who had sought refuge from arrowy lightning and rolling thunder-claps. In the next room sat a young lady, her bright eyes a little softened by vague fear, the curl nearly out of her golden tresses, and her white dress stained with rain—Miss Flora Mardyn.

"You're a good half-mile from the Warren Hotel miss," was the exclamation of the woman of the house, when Flora had timidly ventured to ask a question. "You've took the wrong turnin', that's all. You should have gone by the cross-roads instead o' comin' straight on. I'll send my little Michael with you when it quits rainin'; meantime you'd better set up to the kitchen fire and dry your petticoats."

The invitation, although not elegantly worded, was hospitably meant, and Miss Mardyn did not scruple to accept it.

"Who is that coming?" she asked, a little nervously, as her hostess stretched her head out of the window.

"Some fellers got caught in the rain, I reckon; and Nehemiah he's a askin' 'em in; but don't ye fret, he won't let 'em come in here. He

knows I don't like men folks round where I'm cookin'."

The scarlet dye mounted to Flora Mardyn's cheek as she caught the well-known accents of the voices; she almost held her breath. The partition was thin, a rude framework of boards, papered over, and the speakers might almost as well have occupied the same apartment as herself.

"And if we shouldn't reach home to-night," laughed Piercy's careless, insouciant voice, "the little Mardyn would be inconceivable."

"Bother Flora Mardyn!" contemptuously answered Captain Lacy. "She's nothing to me, one way or the other."

"Exceedingly convenient to flirt with, though," interposed Joubert, in a voice of cold, smooth scorn; for—

"Gentlemen, will you excuse me?" spoke up Hugh Fordham's voice; "but I must request that this style of conversation may cease. I have known and respected Miss Mardyn many years, and no one shall venture to speak slightly of her in my presence."

"If you could only hear her make fun of you, old fellow!" exclaimed Captain Lacy.

"That is very likely," Hugh answered, although she could detect the accent of pain in his tones. "I am quite aware that there is little in my manners and appearance to attract aught but ridicule, but she is too pure and lovely to be spoken slightly of. Nor shall I for an instant permit it."

His voice sounded clear and ringing, and for an instant the silence that ensued remained unbroken.

When the conversation was renewed, it was upon some other subject, and Miss Mardyn chose to hear no more.

"Will you allow me to go up to your room to arrange my hair?" she asked of good Mrs. Nehemiah Sparkles—and the woman wondered what made the young lady look so pale, as she stood before her six-inch glass, mechanically drawing the hair-pins from her bright tresses.

But everything comes to an end in due time, even the thunder-showers, and at length, greatly to Flora's delight the sunbeams once more inundated the earth, the black clouds rolled away, and the foliage of the woods sparkled as if the green boughs were all heavy with jewels.

Miss Mardyn, safely ensconced behind the white curtains, trimmed with hand-made "ball-fringe," watched the four gentlemen depart, with a singular sensation of relief.

"There," said Mrs. Sparkles, "them men folks has cleared out, and I mean to ask Nehemiah to harness up old Doll, and take you to the village in the wagon, them paper-soled shoes o' yours ain't no good after a rain like this."

Hugh Fordham was sitting alone in the hotel parlor that evening, when Flora Mardyn came in, and walked straight up to him.

"Dear Hugh, will you take me back to your heart once more?" Now his face brightened up!

"Flora—my darling—do you really mean it?"

"From the deepest depths of my heart," she answered. "I have been cruel and coquetish, but I think I see my folly at last."

He folded her silently to his heart. "I never thought to have been so happy again, dear one," he murmured.

And when Messieurs Lacy, Joubert, and Piercy essayed their next little attempts at a flirtation, they were thunder-struck by the reception vouchsafed to them; truly Miss Mardyn was like a different person. She was ashamed now, not of her lover, but of herself.

In the treatment of rheumatism, gout, neuralgia, tic douloureux, semi-crania, sciatica, &c., Salvation Oil should be applied to the parts affected, and thoroughly rubbed in, so as to reach the seat of the disease. It kills pain. Price 25 cents a bottle.

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WEALTH.

Analytically and Critically Considered.

Hugh T. Brooks in Home and Farm.

Why is so much importance attached to riches? They are means to a great many ends, and for that they are sought after and prized. Besides there is a consciousness that they largely control the sources and supplies of life. Here is their power and their perversity—their strength and their weakness. Through all time most of the large accumulations of property were made by seizing God's free gifts to the human race and converting them to selfish and unjustifiable ends. Prompted by greed and favored by governments, men have obtained large landed possessions, acquired control of forests, fisheries, water-powers, mines of coal and other metals, and other natural agents, for the main purpose of levying tribute on their fellows, who must necessarily draw their support from these sources. "Whoever controls the means by which I live is master of my person and my life," and so it has always happened in the world's long and dreary history, that degradation and distress come chiefly from allowing a few to command the sources of supplies.

The regulation remark that "capital and labor are both indispensable, and should be very kind and loving, is not very instructive. It often seeks to cover up the potential fact that alleged "capital" is in large part the birthright of the people, wrested from them and hoarded, to the damage of "production" and the debasement of morals. What a man earns and acquires by the proper use of his fair share of the earth and the elements is rightfully his—the more he acquires in that way the better.

Wealth earned by legitimate methods, and employed for legitimate ends, is good, and makes for good continually. Most unfortunately great riches seldom come in that way, and are often used misused.

Property is often acquired by "sharp practices," crooked politics, "government contracts," big salaries poorly earned—not much should be credited to such acquisitions, nor to the enormous gains which come from buying property at forced sales, in periods of great financial depression—the buyers become millionaires, the sellers paupers, but the capital is not in better shape than it was before. A proper currency "redeemable in gold" is Wall Street's device for furnishing wreckers their opportunities—the contraction that inevitably follows a demand for gold enables them to "lay in stock" at satisfactory prices.

Corporate wealth is entitled to notice. In union there is strength.—Combinations of capital accomplish great results—sometimes beneficial, sometimes damaging. When it suits them to crush out competition, and then advance prices; when they subsidize the press and buy up legislators to secure valuable franchises and carry measures injurious to the public, they become damaging and dangerous. That public interests are jeopardized by the power which certain railroads and telegraphs have attained is self-evident, and that our moneyed corporations have gained a still more dangerous ascendancy over legislation and the organs of public opinion, is perfectly manifest.

Wealthy traders of fashion give employment to servants, artisans, and tradesmen; but they induce many to live beyond their means, encourage frivolity and display which ends in disappointment and disgrace.

I advise the next very rich man who dies to copy Peter Cooper, and build a peoples' college, or still better, follow Peabody's example, and build homes for the poor, a kind of real estate which would be the most likely to exchange for "mansions in the skies."

Arkansas Traveler.

A dramatic society in Little Rock decided to introduce into one of their plays a rough character, whose business should be to terrorize everything in sight. The manager of the dramatic society said that he knew the very man who could make the character a brilliant success. He had his eye on a lank and grizzled man who had come down from the hills, and when the manager called at a wagon yard and introduced himself and stated his business, the "character," who said that his name was Luke Crenshaw, replied:

"Well, cap'n, I reckon you'll have ter excuse me. I never was no hand at that sorter biz'ness."

"Oh, but you can soon learn it. All we want of you is to come out dressed just as you are."

"I couldn't come no other way, for these is all the clothes that I've got. What will I have ter do?"

"Well, you see, there'll be a party of young ladies at little summer hotel. The company will be sitting in front of the house, when you come up. You'll take a seat a short distance away, under a tree. Pretty soon you'll haul out a bottle and take a drink."

"Drink uv what?"

"Oh, whiskey, brandy or whatever it might be."

"S'pose yer let it be Johnny red-eye."

"All right, we'll say that it's Johnny red-eye. You take a drink or two and then address yourself to the company. The ladies and gentlemen arise and are in the act of leaving the place when you compel them to sit down. Then you take two or three more drinks and—"

"Look a here, what is the size uv the bottle?"

"A pint bottle will be large enough."

"No, it won't. A pint wouldn't last me nigh that long."

"I am glad to see that you want to make it appear natural. You may take a quart bottle."

"Who pays for the whiskey?"

"Why, my friend, the bottle will not really contain whiskey."

"Good-bye."

"Hold on."

"I said good-bye."

"Say, in order to secure your services, we will let you have a pint of whiskey."

"Make it a quart."

"I am afraid you would not be able to play your part."

"You don't know me. Make it a quart or good-bye."

"Very well then, we'll make it a quart."

"I'm yer man. What else must I do?"

"Well, while you are talking to the ladies and gentlemen, a tax assessor comes up."

"Go ahead, fur yer air gettin' interestin'."

"You turn from the ladies and gentlemen, suffering them to depart, and address the tax assessor. You charge him with having assessed you too high, and he calls you a liar. Then you spring back, wipe out a pistol and shoot the assessor."

"Now yer air talkin'."

"Shoot the assessor, killing him instantly."

"That's fast rate. Say, I've got the best pistol in the land—fires every clatter. I've been wantin' ter kill a tax assessor sense I ken recollect. The law won't pester me fur killin' him, will it?"

"Why, my dear sir, you are not to kill him in earnest."

"Oh, don't pester yersef. It won't be nothin' but fun ter me. I'll put it to him between the eyes."

"You don't understand. You are to use a blank cartridge."

"An' not hurt him?"

"Of course not."

"Good-bye."

"Say, think over—"

"Good-bye."

The Countess Miraflore, the morganatic wife of the late King of Italy, is dead.

Wouldn't Play.

There is much uneasiness in the minds of many persons in regard to the fate of old unregistered deeds. The last Legislature changed the registration laws, and in effect required all deeds to be registered by January 1, 1885. If a deed is not registered which ante-dates January 1, '86, what becomes of it? The act is plain. There can be but one construction, notwithstanding the vast amount of excitement. After January 1, '86, the first registered deed holds the land in case there is no tenant in possession holding under and through an unregistered deed. Any deed can be registered now or at any time after January 1, subject only to prior-rights of innocent purchaser in case the party holding an unregistered deed is himself or by tenant in the actual possession of the land. The old law was that a deed when registered took effect from its delivery. The new law is that it takes effect from its registration.

Prior to this, if A made a deed to B, and B put it in his safe for ten years, and then A made a deed to C for value, still C, an innocent man, would not get the land. Now if A makes a deed to B—B to hold the land as against an innocent purchaser, must do one of two things; First, register the deed, or second, take possession of the premises. Either is notice under the law to the whole world, and if either is done there can be no innocent purchaser. We therefore conclude that no person need be uneasy in regard to present or old titles if they are themselves or if they have others in possession, or if their titles are registered.

This is the law stated in plain terms. That it is a good law no one who will for a moment consider the question can deny. Titles must be settled. Land owners must be in actual possession or register their deeds. They can do either or both.—Ashville Advance.

He Forgot Something, After All.

From the San Franciscoan.

Bloomsby, who is out on the road a great deal, is quite forgetful. When packing his valise to go away he is pretty apt to leave something whose loss sometimes causes him not a little inconvenience. The last time he went out his wife told him to think of the articles he wished to take, and then to tie the strings around his fingers to represent each one. As fast as he put an article in his valise he could take off a string—so if any strings were left he would know in time that he had forgotten something. He concluded to follow her advice, and the articles he wished to take and the strings on his fingers corresponded exactly.

"This time," he said proudly, as he laid down his valise to go to breakfast, "I have the satisfaction of knowing that I haven't forgotten anything."

An hour later he was well on his way to Kankakee. Suddenly it struck him that he had forgotten something. He thought a moment and then groaned. He had neglected to bring his valise.

"Oh, mamma," said the landlady's daughter, "Mr. Dumley has just paid me such a compliment!"

"Indeed," replied the landlady, severely. "I wish he would pay me something. What was the compliment?"

"He said that the picture of the brace of quails which I have just finished for the dining room is done so artistically that the very sight of it gives him an appetite."

"H'm! You take that picture down at once and hang it in my room."

Angry purchaser—"You told me the horse wasn't balky."

Seller—"No, I didn't."

Angry purchaser—"You certainly did. You said that when it came to pulling that horse was there every time."

Seller—"Yes, that's what I said. He's there, but the trouble is he stays. I used to build a bonfire under him."

Old Deeds.

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What Great Authors Think of Women.

Woman is the crown of creation.—Herbert.

He that takes a wife takes care of his Frankin.

Women teach us repose, civility, and dignity.—Voltaire.

All that I am my mother made me.—J. Q. Adams.

I wish that Adam had died with all his ribs in his body.—Boswell.

Women forced out of their natural character become furies.—Wm. Hazlitt.

No man can either live piously or die righteous without a wife.—Richardson.

Women detest the serpent through a professional jealousy.—Victor Hugo.

All the reasonings of men are not worth one sentiment of women.—Voltaire.

Learned women are ridiculed because they put to shame unlearned men.—George Sand.

A woman, the more curious she is about her face, is commonly the more careless about her house.—Ben Jonson.

For where is there any author in the world that catches such beauty as a woman's eyes?—Shakespeare.

It is easier for a woman to defend her virtue against men than her reputation against women.

Senator Vance does not believe in the present methods of civil service reform. The New York Times does. Mr. Vance has introduced a bill in the Senate providing for the repeal of the Civil Service law, and the Times, anticipating a speech from him on the subject, declares, with a remarkable claim to foreknowledge, that "it will contain much vulgarity, and much that a Senator of this generation ought to be ashamed of, but it will not be dull." This is mngwumpury run mad. What excuse can this public journal give for branding beforehand as vulgar a speech not a line of which has ever come under its eye? If Mr. Cleveland's recent letter, so denunciatory of newspapers, had been properly modified in justice to many newspapers in the country, it might still have included the Times, which seems so fond of hurling jagged phrases at those whose opinions happen to differ from its own. * * * But civil service reform does not mean the retention in office of Republican partisans simply because they happened to hold places when a Democratic President was installed. Yet some of those who have been loudest in advocacy of reform have been those who have sinned most grievously against it.—Richmond State, Dem.

Hip disease, fever sores, ulcers, blotches, pimples, and many loathsome diseases originate in impure blood. Parson's Purgative Pills make new rich blood and will change the blood in the entire system in three months, taken one a night.

King Alfonso left his widow and child \$10,000,000, saved in eleven years from the Spanish civil list allowances.

Miss Cleveland always speaks of her brother as "the President."