

Rockingham Rocket.

H. C. WALL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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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

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THE EXILE'S DREAM.

Written for the Rocket. JOSEPH L. MAY. 'Tis moonlight on the magic shore; From the far fog bells, Delicous through the Exile's night, Lonely music swells.

will consent to wear." Mr. Brandmann, who has been twenty-nine years on the stage, and before almost all nationalities, says: "I unhesitatingly state that the state of the present theatre-going people of America, as a body, is of a coarse and vulgar nature. The Hindoo would turn with disgust at such exhibitions, which are sought after and applauded on the stage of this country. Our shop windows are full of, and the walls are covered with, show cards and posters which should be a disgrace to an enlightened country and an insult to the eye of a cultured community."

1,000 each have not been rare on Broadway. It is estimated that there are 2,000 women in these two cities who have expended on their personal array \$2,000 a year. THE TRAGEDY OF HUMAN CLOTHES. "What are the men to do in order to keep up such home wardrobes? Steal. That is the only respectable thing they can do! During the last fifteen years there have been innumerable fine business men shipwrecked on the wardrobe. The temptation comes in this way: A man thinks more of his family than all the world outside, and if they spend the evening in describing to him the superior wardrobe of the family across the street that they cannot bear the sight of, the man is thrown on his gallantry and his pride of family, and without translating his feelings into plain language he goes into extortion and issuing of false stock and skillful penmanship in writing somebody else's name at the foot of a promissory note, and they all go down together—the father to the prison, the wife to the sewing machine, the children to be taken care of by those who were called poor relations. Oh, for some new Shakespeare to arise and write the tragedy of human clothes!

two hours to arrange their apparel. After a few hours of that kind of absorption, which one of McAllister's magnifying glasses will be powerful enough to make the man's character visible? What will be left of a woman's intellect after giving years and years to the discussion of such questions? They all land in idioecy. CHOOSE BETWEEN IDOLATRY AND HEAVEN. "Give up this idolatry of fashion or give up heaven. What would you do standing beside the Countess of Huntington, whose joy it was to build chapels for the poor, or with a Christian woman of Boston, who fed 1,500 children of the street at Fanueil Hall one New Year's day, giving out as a sort of doxology at the end of the meeting a pair of shoes to each one of them; or those Dorcas of society who have consecrated their needles to the Lord, and who will get eternal reward for every stitch they take. O, men, women, give up the idolatry of costumes. The rivalries and the competitions of such a life are stupendous wretchedness. I have seen men and women of excessive costume die, and I never saw one of them die well. The trappings off, there they lay on the tumbled pillow, and there were just two things that bothered them—a wasting life and a coming eternity. I could not pacify them, for their body, mind and soul had been exhausted in the worship of costume, and they could not appreciate the gospel. When I knelt by the bedside they were mumbling out their regret and saying: "Oh God! Oh God!" Their garments hung up in the wardrobe, never again to be seen by them. Without any exception, so far as my memory serves me, they died without hope and went into eternity unprepared.

His Lessons. Youth's Companion. "If more fathers would take a course with their sons similar to the one my father took with me," observed one of the leading business men of Boston, "the boys might think hard at the time, but they'd thank them in after life." "What sort of a course?" we asked. "Well, I was a young fellow of twenty-one, just out of college; and I felt myself of considerable importance. I knew my father was well off, and my head was full of foolish notions of having a good time and spending lots of money. Later on I expected father to start me in business, after I'd "swelled" round a while at the clubs and with fine horse flesh. "Like a wise man, father saw through my folly, and resolved to prevent my self-destruction, if possible. "If the boy's got the right stuff in him, let him prove it," I heard father say to mother one day. "I worked hard for my money, and I don't intend to let Ned squander it and ruin himself besides." "That very day father came along and handed me fifty dollars, remarking, "Ned, take that money, spend it as you choose, but understand this much: it's the last dollar of my money you can have till you prove yourself capable of earning money and taking care of it on your own account." "I took the money in a sort of dazed manner, and stammered out, "I—why—I—I want to go into business." "Business!" exclaimed father, contemptuously, "what do you know about managing the merchantile business? Get a clerkship and learn the alphabet, before you talk to me of business." And father left me then to ponder on his work. And that fifty dollars was the last money my father ever gave me, till at his death I received my part of the property. "I felt hard and bitter then, felt my father was a stingy old fogey, and mentally resolved to prove to him that I could live without his money. He had roused my pride—just what he intended, I suppose. "For three days I looked about for a place to make lots of money. But I found no such chances, and, at length, I accepted a clerkship in a large retail store at four hundred dollars a year. "Another bit of father's "stinginess" at this time was demanding two dollars a week for my board through that first year. "At the end of my first year I had laid aside two hundred dollars, and the next year, my salary being raised a hundred, I had five hundred laid by. "One hundred cents meant more to me in those days than one hundred dollars had, previously. "At the end of four years' clerking I went to my father with fifteen hundred dollars of my own, and asked him if he was willing to help me enter business. Even then he would only let me hire the money, two thousand dollars, at six per cent interest. "To-day, I am called a successful business man. And I have my father to thank for it. Those lessons in self-denial, self-respect and independence which he gave me, put the manhood into me. "Years afterwards, father told me it cost him the hardest struggle of his life to be so hard with his boy. But he felt it was the only course to make a man of me. Many a time we've laughed over that two dollar board bill."

A BIG LYCHING PARTY. Another Brute Pays the Penalty of His Atrocious Crime. Charlotte Observer, 3rd inst. Passengers on the Air Line train yesterday brought us news of a very "largely attended and successful" lynching affair which occurred on the streets of Spartanburg at about dark on Monday evening. This lynching was conducted in a style that was somewhat an innovation upon the old custom. In arranging for the event, the people were very methodical in their actions. They went about it in a business-like way, set the hour for the execution to take place, selected the tree and issued verbal invitations to each other, and to the strangers in the city, to attend. And of the invited host, fully eight hundred were present. They needed no urging, for they were invited to witness the hanging of a brute who had been guilty of an outrageous assault upon a lovely lady, and thus expiate his crime at the hands of the relentless Judge Lynch. The victim of the lynching was a negro man whose name no one seemed to think it worth while to inquire, and the crime for which he was hanged was one of that character the recital of which never fails to arouse the most intense indignation of all good people, white and colored, against the perpetrator. The victim of this negro's violence is a very respectable, highly connected and highly cultivated married lady, who had been engaged in teaching school at a place known as Glen Springs, about four miles from Spartanburg. She is just 18 years old, and a great favorite among her acquaintances. The place of her residence is distant but a short way from the school house, and it was with a feeling of perfect security that she pursued her daily walks to and from her school, but one evening last week she met with an experience than which none can be more dreadful. She was waylaid by the negro, knocked down, dragged aside, choked and brutally assaulted. When at length she was abandoned by the fiend, she made her way to the house and told what had occurred. It was but a few hours until parties of men were searching the woods in all directions for the perpetrator of the deed, and after a lengthy chase, he was run down and captured. He was taken before his victim who identified him at once as her assailant, and he was forthwith marched to the jail in Spartanburg. His fate was a foregone conclusion, but there was to be no masked mob, and no secrecy about the business. It was arranged that the execution should take place at 10 o'clock last Monday night, but during that afternoon a report was received that the lady was dying from her injuries. This hastened matters, and shortened the life of the wretch by four hours, for at six o'clock he was brought forth, and in the presence of eight hundred people was swung up to a tree. After it had done its work, the rope was cut up into hundreds of pieces that found their way to the pockets of the crowd. Our information is that the lady is in a very critical condition, and though the report about her being in a dying condition was incorrect, fears are entertained that she will not survive her injuries. This is the third lynching for a like crime that has occurred in Spartanburg within the past 12 months. You seem to take a great interest in our Society for the Reformation of Discharged Convicts," remarked the president of the institution to an Irishman who had contributed five dollars. "I do, indeed, sir." "Ah! I suppose you were never so unfortunate as to be a convict yourself?" "Niver, sor, but I have a dear brother who is a New York Altherman and there's no knowin' what his fate will be."—Texas Siftin's.

The Blair Bill. Charlotte Home-Democrat. People who think that the passage, by Congress, of the Blair Educational Bill, will relieve them of paying a County and State School Tax, will find themselves very much mistaken. In order to get a portion of the Blair fund each State will have to raise a certain amount from her citizens by taxation for school purposes. Where is the consistency of people who favor a distribution of about \$70,000,000 from the public treasury for school purposes, talking about abolishing the Internal Revenue tax and reducing the Tariff, when the fact is well known that if the distribution Bill passes the Internal Revenue tax must be continued and the Tariff tax kept at about what it is. If the Blair bill becomes a law it is useless to expect relief from taxation of any sort—State or National. In opposing appropriations like that proposed by the Blair bill we know very well that we are in the minority, and think it will pass as a matter of course, constitutionally or unconstitutionally—when money is to be scattered, Constitutions are not regarded as much in the way! But those who favor the Bill know they are in the majority, and many members of Congress who will vote for the bill are too much afraid of that majority to vote against it, although they know in their hearts that the scheme is a bad one and tends to damage the true interests of the country. We shall not have much more to say about the matter, as it seems useless. A Boy Who Understands Them. Detroit Free Press. The other morning a boy about 14 years of age knocked at the door of a house on Brush street, and asked the woman if she didn't want the snow cleaned off the walk. "How much?" she cautiously inquired. "Thirty cents." "I won't pay it. If you want to do the work for ten cents you can go ahead." He leaned on the handle of his snow-shovel and looked thoughtful, and finally she asked: "Well, what do you say?" "It's just as that woman round the corner told me," he replied. "I shoveled off her snow, and she gave me fifty cents. I told her I was coming to ask you, and she said—" "I don't know her. What business is it to her?" "Yes, but—" "What did she say?" "She said I'd get left. She said that any woman who wore a plush saccue and passed it off for a \$300 sealskin would be mean enough to go out at night and shovel off her own snow." "Boy!" whispered the woman, as she turned white clear around her neck. "I want you to clean off the snow. When you are through I'll give you a silver dollar, and I want you to go around and tell that woman that any one who buys and wears dollar-store jewelry and seventy-five cent shoes hasn't got sense enough to fall off a bob-tail car!" Tom Anjerry, a student at the University of Texas, applied to Professor Snore for permission to be absent. "I would like to be excused from my geography lesson this afternoon, as I want to take my sister out riding," said Tom. The old professor, who is no fool, looked at the young man over the top of his spectacles, and said, very slowly: "Want to take your sister out riding in a buggy, eh? Is she related to you?"—Siftings. "Sarah Jane, what book is that you are reading so intently all the time?" "It's a novel by Dumas, the elder." "You don't tell me! Dumas, the elder! What church could he be elder in and write novels, I should like to know."

EVIL EFFECTS OF IMPROPER DRESS. "I am going to set for the evil effects of improper dress or an excessive display of costume. It is a simple truth that you all know, although the pulpit has not yet uttered it, that much of the womanly costume of our time is the cause of the temporal and eternal damnation of a multitude of men. There is a shamelessness among many in what is called high life that calls for vehement protest. The strife with many seems to be how near they can come to the verge of indecency without falling over. The tide of masculine profriggity will never turn back until there is a decided reformation in womanly costume. I am in full sympathy with the officer of the law who at a levee in Philadelphia last winter went up to a so-called lady and because of her sparse and incompetent apparel ordered her either to leave the house or habituate herself immediately. It is high time that our good and sensible women make vehement protest against fashionable indecency, and, if the women of the household do not realize the deplorable extremes of much of the female costume, that husbands implead their wives on this subject and that fathers prohibit their daughters. The evil is terrific and overshadowing. I suppose that the American stage is responsible for much of this. I do not go to theatres, so I must take the evidence of the actors and managers of theatres, such as Mr. John Gilbert, Mr. A. M. Palmer and Mr. Daniel E. Bandmann. They have recently told us that the crime of undress is blasting the theatre, which by many is considered a school of morals and indeed superior to the church and a forerunner of the millennium. He says Palmer says: "The bulk of the performances on the stage is degrading and pernicious. The managers strive to come just as near the line as possible without flagrantly breaking the law. There never have been costumes worn on a stage of this city, either in a theatre, hall or 'dive' so improper as those that clothe some of the chorus in recent comic opera productions." He says in regard to the female performers: "It is not a question whether they can sing, but just how little they

WHAT IMODEST APPAREL MEANS. "The parlor and drawing room are now running a race with the theatre and opera bouffe. They are now nearly neck and neck in the race, the latter a little ahead, but the parlor and drawing-room are gaining on the others and the probability is they will soon be even and pass the stand so nearly at the same time that one-half of Pandemonium will clap its hands because opera bouffe has beaten and the other half because the drawing-room has beaten. Let printing press and platform and pulpit hurl red-hot anathema at the boldness of much of womanly attire. I charge Christian women neither by style of dress nor adjustment of apparel to become administrative of evil. Show me the fashion plates of the time of Louis XVI., of France, and Henry VIII., of England, and I will tell you the type of morals or immorals of that age or that year. No exception to it. Modest apparel means a righteous people. Immodest apparel always means a contaminated and depraved society. It is not only such boldness that is to be reprehended, but extravagance of costume. This latter is the cause of fraud unlimitable and ghastly. It was an effort to support too expensive establishments that sent prominent business men to the watering of stocks, and life insurance presidents to perjured statements about their assets and some of them to the penitentiary, and has completely upset our American finances. But why should I go to these famous defaults to show what men will do in order to keep up great home style and expensive wardrobe, when you and I know scores of men who are put to their wife's end and are lashed from January to December in the attempt? Our Washington politicians may theorize until the expiration of their terms of office as to the best way of improving our monetary condition in this country. It will be of no use and things will be on better until we learn to put on our backs and feet and hands no more than can be paid for. There are clerks in stores and banks on limited salaries, who, in the vain attempt to keep the wardrobe of their family as showy as other folks' wardrobes, are dying of muffs and diamonds and camel's-hair shawls and high hats, and they have nothing left except what they give to cigars and wine-suppers, and they die before their time, and they will expect us ministers to preach about them as though they were the victims of fearful piety; and after a high-class funeral, with silver handles at the side of their coffin of extraordinary brightness, it will be found out that the undertaker is cheated out of his legitimate expenses! Do not send me to preach the funeral sermon of a man who dies like that. I will blurt out the whole truth and tell that he was strangled to death by his wife's ribbons! The country is distressed to death. You are not surprised to find that the putting up of one public building in New York cost millions of dollars more than it ought to have cost, when you find that the man who gave out the contracts paid more than \$5,000 for his daughter's wedding dress, Cashmeres of

THE Foe OF ALL ALMS-GIVING. "Extravagant costume is the foe of all christian alms-giving. Men and women put so much in personal display that they often have nothing for God and the cause of suffering humanity. A Christian man cracking his Palais Royal glove across the back by shutting up his hand to hide the one cent he puts into the poor box! A Christian woman at the story of the Hotentots crying copious tears into a twenty-five dollar handkerchief and then giving a two-cent piece to the collection, thrusting it down under the bills so people will not know but it was a ten-dollar gold piece. One hundred dollars for incense to fashion—two cents for God! God gives us 90 cents out of every dollar. The other 10 cents, by command of his Bible, belong to him. Is not God liberal according to this tithing system laid down in the Old Testament? Is not God liberal in giving us 90 cents out of a dollar when he takes but 10? We do not like that. We want to have 99 cents for ourselves and one for God. Extravagant costume is distraction to public worship. You know very well there are a good many people who go to church just as they go to the races, to see who will come out first. Extravagant costume belittles the intellect. Our minds are enlarged or they dwindle just in proportion to the importance of the subject on which we constantly dwell. Can you imagine anything more dwarfing to the human intellect than the study of dress? I see men on the street who, judging from their elaboration, I think must have taken

THE MOST GHASTLY OF DEATH-BEDS. "The two most ghastly death-beds on earth are the one where a man dies of delirium tremens, and the other where a woman dies after having sacrificed all her faculties of body, mind and soul in the worship of costume. My friends, we must appear in judgment to answer for what we have worn on our bodies as well as for what repentances we have exercised with our souls. On that day I see coming in Beau Brummel, of the lost century, without his cloak, like which all England got a cloak; and without his cane, like which all England got a cane; without his snuff-box, like which all England got a snuff-box—he, the top of the ages, particular about everything but his morals; and Aaron Burr, without the letters that down to old age he showed in pride, to prove his early wicked gallantries; and Absalom, without his hair; and Marchioness Pompadour without her titles, and Mrs. Arnold, the belle of Wall street when that was the centre of fashion, without her fripperies of vesture."

An Honest Thief. Port Jervis Union. "Did you ever see an honest thief?" asked Mr. Carpenter, the Front street marketman. "Well, I have. A man came into the store Monday morning and asked me if I had any pickler. I opened the fish-box and he picked out a fair sized one. "How much do you want for this one?" asked the man. "I'll weigh it and see," I replied. I did so, and told him he could have it for forty cents. "I stole a pickler from your stand out there last Saturday night and I want to pay you for it. It was nearly as big as this one you've just weighed for me, and I had you weigh this one so I could find out how much the other one was worth. Now, I am willing to pay you double for it. I don't know what made me steal it, for I never did such a thing before, and I passed a most wretched Sunday on account of it." A child tossing in its sleep indicates work. An army of them are at work eating the vitals away. One dose of Shriver's Indian Vermifuge will destroy them and save its life.

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