Of evening, as the sun-glow flies. The fragrant zephyr lives and dies, No evidence before the eyes Save but the wavelets dark and light Along the lake.

Thus passes oft before our eyes One, as a friend, we'd highly prize, A smiling face-a glance so bright An instant seen—the crowds unite, Now gone-'tis thus the south wind plies Along the lake.

THE RIDE FOR LIFE.

BY CHARLES ROLLIN BRAINARD. I left the timber for an all day ride across the prarie. . The estimated distance was sixty miles to the next timber. My horse was fresh, and as the sun looked over the eastern horizon, I mounted and turned his head in a southeasterly direc-Selecting a group of flowers in the distance as my first objective point, I set off at an easy ambling gait, and expected to camp at sunset at the foot of some of the giant trees that lined the banks of the Missouri. My horse had been my constant companion for three years He had formerly been an exceedingly vicious creature, but our long companionship had made us inseperable friends. I was kind to him and he was kind to me. He never bit me but once, and when he found he was not kicked for it he manifested surprise. Spurs were on my boots, for they were part of a rider's outift, but I never so much as scratched my horse's side with them. We had been in many a storm together, both in winter and in summer; and we had been in many a rugged place. He had acted as my guard at night, when I slept with the prarie flowers for my couch, and the stars for my covering, and he had never failed to give me timely warning of danger. With him and my trusty rifle I could feel secure,

and always did. It was a magnificent day in June, when we set out on our way for the sixty-mile jaunt, the last we were ever to take together. The verdure of the great area before us was rich in the extreme with the varied lines of countless flowers, blending imperceptibly as they receded in the distance, until lost in the common line of green that bodered the horizon.

One crest after another in the long line of inundations had been passed, the sun had reached the zenith and not a stream had yet been met, not a living thing of any kind had been seen. Neither buffalo nor antelope, neither covote nor rabbit had crossed my vision in all these hours. At occasional intervals I alighted from my faithful horse and walked along beside him, talking to him as if he were a human being. He surely was a companion in whose judgment I had most implicit confidence, and it was a pleasure to see his consciousness of appreciation. We were both thirsty, for since leaving our morning camp we had met no water. We could not expect to until night. Sixty miles on a June day across a prarie is a dong way, and required good nature as one of the elements of successful accomplishment. So we both kept it, for we believed in each other most thoroughly.

We were lightly loaded. My horse | ing. carried nothing but a saddle, a light I was dressed in shirt, trousers, hat munition.

suing.

Rockingham Rocket.

H. C. WALL, Editor and Proprietor.

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darted to the front, and horse in an aim so true that not more than get up. I bent down over him, statuesque attitude, straining every one Indian would get near enough knelt down beside him and patted power of vision, instinct and reason for a hand to hand conflict. If it his neck. Yes, there is no harm in in the direction of those specks on reached that point, the best fighter telling it, I put my arms around his ly appreciate the earnest efforts and the horizon. It was enough. There would win. was a snort, a sudden wheeling

away, and Cub began to paw. back, stripped off the saddle, tore up down, cut the girths, slipped the and take Charlie to camp, 'n Bill 'n some sod, and with the moist earth saddle from under me, and tossed it I'll take care o' things here." cooled his heated back, brushed it off among the flowers. clean, replaced the saddle, looked securely to the girths, seized my ri- a half a mile from the timber when fle and vaulted to the back of my there was a sudden shock, and I faithful animal.

had begun to grow larger and were I leaped to his head, and tried to aid coming directly toward us. They were Indians, and as eager to get the had struck in a hole of some sort. white man's scalp as we to keep it. and his leg was broken.

"Now, Cub, we'll see who gets to the timber first." The gentle ambling gait of the forenoon was changhalf day to the timber at the rate we Indian's rifle, and the ball sputtered this one had crawled away and had good thirty miles to the nearest puff of smoke from my rifle, and the complacently eating grass about a point. The Indians were square off Indian's horse went riderless. There to the right, but by a diagonal ride was a wild cry of rage as the next bent on horseflesh too when the could shorten the distance between came on and four balls sped on their wily Indian had fired on him. There to count now. Five distinct and well track across my wrist and was bu- between them, and the second shot mounted figures, and-coming near- ried in my shoulder, but I had load- had terminated the Indian's ability

then on he went, for he knew as heard a crash and felt a stinging reds."

We reached the crest of a long undulation. The Indians were on another about three miles away. We stood out equally well for each othother mile, and they were for a time didthey?" lost to view. Then we came to a for he was already doing all he dar-ly. ed to do. He had run before and alsome of his noble blood. I left him anything for this damned blood." to be the judge of his own powers. passed over and the easy way these five devils rode along close together. Their horses were evidently superior animals, the result probably of a recent raid, and if one wearied and fell back, there were yet enough to

keep up the race to the death. cool air came over the flower be- had laid bare the artery and tenspangled plain. Cub tossed his head dons, but while it bled profusely a to be done. and snuffed the breeze. We felt the strip from Hank's shirt was all the tempering influence of the timber. bandage it needed. as its long, dark line came slowly into view against the distant sky, no trouble but a little soreness, and shot, but don't ye mind it, fur ye It showed clearly and gave new life as it did not bleed much we paid no know it's best. I'll do it straight to the noble brute. He increased his further attention to it. speed, and seemed to be almost fly-

scanning the horizon to right and ered as he leaped forward. No need ready to take account of stock. left, I became suddenly aware of an for use of spur or rein. He was do- My friends appearing so unex object on the horizon, directly at ing his utmost. I patted his neck pectedly on the scene of combat right angles to the route I was pur- and softly and said, "Good boy, good were hunters. Their horses were in boy." His eyes flashed with an in- the timber, for having seen the race I must appeal to my horse, tensity of anxiety and eagerness while yet in the distance they had "Here, Cub, look," and I whirled that were unusual. The timber was come out on foot as less liable to him to the right face. I leaned for now plainly visible and if we could observation or being mistaken by ward, with one hand shading my reach it before getting within rifle me for reds. It was their intention eyes, the other extended, and point- range of the red devils, I felt sure to let me pass while they intercepted ing to the distant line of earth and they would never reach it. Once be- the Indians, but Cub's fall had in-

"Steady, boy!" I leaped from his horse's load, and now I reached "Here Tom, trot off 'n ketch a horse

was thrown headlong over Cub's erything became dark again. No time could be lost. The specks head. Quickly recoverying my feet, him in rising. It was useless. He a moment. There was a second shot.

"Lie down, Cub."

He straightened out on his side. ed into a lively gallop. It was yet a a puff of smoke from the foremost had been traveling. It was yet a in the grass near me. There was a us very materially. They were easy death mission. One made this white was no need for further introduction ed and was sending a ticket to ush- for further warfare. "Come, Cub, steady now," and I er another brave into the happy stroked his neck and carefully ex- hunting grounds. He received it with "we're not done yet. Here, Charamined my rifle. It never yet had my compliments and plunged head- lie, let me load yer piece; yer kinfailed me, and it would not fail me long from his horse. The remaining der blind yet, seein' as yer face is so three were at shot gun range and red in streaks. Mop the blood out Steadily, at a rapid gallop, we sped | yelling like fiends. It was a race as | yer eyes. Here ye are." on. Cub's head was low. He stud- to who should fire first. They had the at short intervals tossed up his but were separating and circling in present thought, but ran for Tom. head, threw back his ears as if indi- different directions so as to cover me well as I that our foe was the Indi- shock. I knew that I had fired, but an, and he also knew, as a dozen in the sense of confusion and darkwounds could testify, that an Indian ness that followed could not tell the

The first sound that greeted my

"I say, Hank, blowed ef 'taint er's vision against our respective Charlie. Hello, here, yer all right. horizon's, and were five to one. An- They didn't lift yer har this time.

dead level that seemed almost inter- myself surrounded by three white bloodless and Tom spoke with diffiminable. For two hours they had men, if the word can be properly culty. I took his hand. not apparently gained a horse's used with so small a number. One length upon me, except by the diag- was wiping the blood from my face: onal movement. I did not dare ride another was examining my wrist faster. I would not urge my horse, the third was feeling of me general- bury me-all right-won't ye?"

"Why, it's Hank Pryor, Nugget He had never failed, and I could Bill and Long Tom. We happened sured against any further sneak bultrust him now; still it was terrible to be in the timber 'n saw ye comin', lets, as Tom had called them. Bill to think of the distance yet to be and we kem out to meet ye. Gad, 'twas a reg'lar circus, wan't it?"

> "I reckon they be, but they kem durned near cleanin' you out."

The rude services of the frontiersman surgeon soon stanched the blood. The wound in the wrist was While watching them, a whiff of trifling. It was on the inside, and

The ball in the shoulder caused

The last ball fired had plowed furrow across the scalp, and it was try to do it." The Indians were nearly in the this that knocked me over; but bridle, and my blanket. For my part, direct rear now and noticing the new while the skin was pretty well ripinfusion of life brandished their ped up, the matting of the hair soon and boots; but these, all told, weapons and rode like mad. Across caused a cessation of blood flow, and weighed less than my rifle and am. the gap between us now, not more all I needed was a strip of shirt given that ended poor Cub's pain. than a mile, I heard their wild vell, around the forehead. This was While watching my trail and Cub heard it too. His muscles quiv- quickly forthcoming, and we were

neck and kissed him. I felt a tear Five miles back I had thrown roll down my cheek and then I felt away my blanket to lighten my faint. Pryor raised me up and said :

I felt very weak for the moment, We were probably not more than but I suppose it was the thought that Cub had got to go. I tried to brace up, but it was no use, and ev-

was danger, and I was on my feet in he has an easy time, is making mon-It was given by Long Tom, and he toils that his less fortunate fellowfired apparently at the grass. One of the Indians who had fallen was not killed, but while we were wast-I dropped behind him. There was ing time instead of picking up the horses and attending to our safety, nearly reached the horses, which were half a mile away. Long Tom was

"Come boys," said Hank Pryor,

He handed me the rifle and seized ied the ground most carefully, and disadvantage of being on horseback, his own. We gave Cub no more

We saw him sit down. I yelled cating his desire to know the latest at different points. It seemed as if out: "Hank, take care o' Tom. Bill news from the lookout on his back, all our gun fired simultaneously. I and I will get the horses and the

> We were not long in securing the whole five. One of them had an ugly wound in the shoulder, but it would not unfit him for service. I mounted the best and leading three, started back to Pryor and Tom. Bill took the other and galloped off to visit the remaining Indians and make sure that we did not get any more stray shots. I hastened back to the two men. Pryor was holding I staggered to my feet, and found Tom up tenderly. The lips were

> > "I guess-boys-it's all up with me. It's kind o' hard—to be killed by a sneak bullet-but-ye'll-

He sank down. The brave fellow As soon as I possibly could I who had aided in saving me was ways won, although on a few occa- blurted out: "I'm all right, boys. gone. We laid him down tendersions a long-range bullet had drawn Who the devil are you? I can't see ly, and neither Pryor nor I spoke until Bill came. He had accomplished his entire task, and we were inon one of the horses, and gave it in-"Are they all cleaned out?" said I. to my care. We put the dead body of our comrade and friend on another horse, sitting in the saddle as if in life. Pryor mounted behind, and holding him up, rode slowly toward the timber.

It was a sad calvacade; but night was coming on, and there was much

Nugget Bill rode up beside me and

"Charlie, ye may hear another and sure and bring ye the bridle.

"All right, Bill; in fact it makes me feel sick to think of it."

He rode away, and in the gathering darkness the kindly shot was We pitched our camp that night about a quarter of a mile within the and bands dug a grave and laid poor Tom away. We cut a rude cross in the bark of the tree that stood as his sentinel, and with the hope that neither Indian nor coyote would discover him, we mounted our horses

"Years have not seen and time shall not see," the people sit down quietly to suffer pain, when enter-The proud neck arched, the ears could load and fire so fast and with Poor Cub! He was struggling to Salvation Oil.

at the dawn.

some Absurdities of Teachers and Patro Correspondence of the Rocket.

There are some people who highhard labors of the faithful teacher: there are others who have no idea that any effort is required in teaching school. This clan of ignoramuses seem to think that one decides to teach in order to escape work, for their idea of work can ascend no higher than what manual labor involves. They seem to envy the man who can sit in a comfortable seat, hold a book, and ask questions for I was roused by a rifle shot. There the pupils to answer. They think ey at a grand rate, and escapes the creatures have to endure to procure a livelihood. I grant that there are some who are called teachers who do little else than this, and they deserve that failure which is sure to

overtake them, sooner or later. There is another class of teachers. however, who deserve even more odium than these, for while the one may err from weakness and inability, the other goes in deliberately to "deceive the people." They gener- them, when a vampire is sucking ally select some little place, where their very heart's blood and "laughthe masses are uneducated and ing in his sleeve" at their gullibiliwhere there are but few persons of ty. any general information or literary taste. They come with "great swelling words," and give out that they are something wonderful, "fresh from college and have all the latest methods," &c., &c.; pay some county paper to give a perfect cyclone of gas age in the wilds of Africa, or it was "revealed in a dream!" Like a thistle-bloom, they last one season, then wilt, die, and scatter to parts unknown. Is it not surprising that people have not sense enough to weigh the pros and cons better than

Those who send their children to American citizens? them are sure to get awfully sold have to pay their money for naught. and are left, like a discarded lover, "with his finger in his foretop." It does seem that, in this nineteenth century, people have means enough to inform themselves better than to hug to their breasts any such boldfaced cheatery, that comes along the alien dog of Paris? flaunting red flannel in their eyes. Suppose one has an important case

shingle," or does he seek the advice tions be? of the older one who has proven packed the guns and accoutrements himself successful at the bar? Or, if a dear one is dangerously ill, why do we procure the attendance of a physician whose experience in practicing medicine is worth more than what he acquired in the study of the science? The young man may have a talent for teaching, as he may for law or medicine, but how do we know that until he has proved it? is much yet that experience alone can fession, vocation or occupation in habit. life. You will find that the clearminded, the sober-thinking, the wise men always patronize a school that It's kinder hard, and you better not is well established and of good stand- firmed in that habit. But he suming. They have no use for an epheparting of knowledge to their pupils. health. A good teacher must keep abreast with the times; he must examine timber, and there with our knives the latest publications, read educational papers, think over the best methods and means of advancing those under his charge, and even study the characters and dispositions of his pupils in order to adapt All this involves much mental labor, and the faithful performer of these as hard as any "hewer of wood or and bite a beautiful young lady in support.

drawer of water;" therefore he cannot afford to undertake the instruc tion of a pupil for half pay. It is as unreasonable to expect him to do so as it is for the cotton buyer to refuse a farmer the usual price for his cotton, or any other product of his time and labor. If the farmer wants a good article he will be most apt to get it at a well-known house of long years' reputation for integrity and honest dealing, but he must expect to give for it a fair equivalent. He son. will not get it for half price. What is good is worth paying for. What inflict upon their offspring. Others do not seem to care much about it. They "give them a chance," as they say, but never think whether the chance is a good or bad one. So they do not have to pay much money to the teacher it is all right with

Ellerbe Springs, N. C.

From the Boston Globe.

I take occasion at this time to as the American people, as one man what are we to do to prevent the in their favor, and the "motley crew" spread of the most insidious and imagines that they can perform ex- disagreeable disease known as hydroploits in teaching as far ahead of phobia? When a fellow being has others as Hercules' feats excelled to be smothered, as was the case the those of all other mythological he- other day right here in our fair land. rocs. They remind one of patent a land where tyrant foot hath never medicine advertisements. They trod nor bigot forged a chain, we 'learned it all' of some ignorant sav- look anxiously into each other's faces and inquire, what shall we do?

Shall we go to France at a great expense and fill our systems full of dog virus and then return to our glorious land where we may fork over the virus to posterity and thus mix up French hydrophobia with to patronize such palpable humbugs? the navy-blue blood of free-born

I wot not.

If I knew that would be my last wot I would not change it. That is just wot it would be.

But again.

What shall we do to avoid getting impregnated with the American dog and then saturating our system with

It is a serious matter, and if we do not want to play the Desdemona in law; does he take it to a young act we must take some timely prelawyer who has just "stuck up his cautions. What must those precau-

Did it ever occur to the averagethinking mind that we might squeeze along for weeks without a dog?-Whole families have existed for years after being deprived of dogs. Look at the wealthy of our land,-They go on comfortably through life and die at last with the unanimous consent of their heirs, dogless.

Then why cannot the poor gradually taper off on dogs? They ought And even if he has the talent, there not to stop all of a sudden, but they could leave off a dog at a time until give him command of, in every pro- at last they overcame the pernicious

I saw a man in St. Paul last week who was once poor, and so owned possible, but not by spoiling him seven variegated dogs. He was conmoned all his will-power and at last | good patriots and as true North Ca:meral teacher; they prefer those said he would shake off those dogs olinians as Ransom, Vance, and whose experience has made them ripe, and become a man. He did so, and the balance of the members of Connot only in scholarship, but in the to-day he owns a city lot in St. Paul, gress from North Carolina who favor methods of adaptation and the im-

The trouble about maintaining a dog is that he may go for for years in a quiet, gentlemanly way, winning the regard of all who know him, and then all of sudden he may hydrophobe in the most violent manner. Not only that, but he may do so while we have company. He may **Printing**

Having recently purchased a first class outfit, we are prepared to do all kinds of

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the parquet or on the ear. It is a solemn thing to think of, fellow-citizens, and I appeal to those who may read this, as a man who may not live to see a satisfactory political reform-I appeal to you to refrain from the dog. He is purely ornamental. We may love a good dog, but we ought to love our children more. It would be a very, very noble and expensive dog that

I would agree to feed with my only

I know that we gradually become attached to a good dog, but some one gets for "next to nothing" is apt day he may become attached to us, to prove worthless. The minds of and what can be sadder than the somechildrenare disturbed for life, or sight of a leading citizen drawing a allowed to run to waste, by the poor reluctant mad dog down the street instruction they get or by some ex- by main strength and the seat of his perimental methods of a quack .- pantaloons? (I mean his own, not Some parents are little aware of the dog's pants. This joke will what injury and injustice they thus appear in book form in April. The book will be very interesting, and there will be another joke in it also.

> I have said a good deal about the dog, pro and con, and I am not a rabid dog abolitionist, for no one loves to have his clear-cut features licked by the warm, wet tongue of a noble dog any more than I do, but rather than see hydrophobia become a national characteristic or a leading industry here, I would forego the dog.

Perhaps all men are that way, however. When they get a little forehanded they forget that they were once poor, and owned dogs .-If so, I do not wish to be unfair. I want to be just, and I believe I am. Let us yield up our dogs and place the affection that we would otherwise bestow on them on some human being. I have tried it and it works well. There are thousands of people in the world of both sexes who are pining and starving for the love and money that we daily shower on the dog.

If the dog would be kind enough to refrain from introducing his justy celebrated virus into the person of those only who kiss him on the cold, moist noise, it would be all right; but when the dog goes mad he is very impulsive, and he may bestow himself on an obscure man. So I feel a little nervous myself.

Papers Opposed to the Unjust Appropira-

Charlotte Home-Democrat

The following papers in North Carolina, whose Editors all will acknowledge as good and true men, have opposed that bad and dangerous measure known as the Blair Educational bill: Wilmington Star, Salisbury Watchman, Scotland Neck Democrat, Clinton Caucasian, Pittsboro Home, Fayetteville Observer, Elizabeth City Falcon, Troy Vidette, Monroe Enquirer, Goldsbore Argus, Concord Register, Asheville Citizen, Carthage Gazette, Newton Enterprise, Louisburg Times, Battleboro Headlight, Tarboro Southerner. Rockingham Rocket, and Charlotte Home-Democrat.

The Editors of the above papers are not enemies of Education or ot the negro, but they oppose a scheme that tends to ruin the negro as well as the white people and enslave the States to the Federal Government. They are ready and willing to help the negro financially in any way with unneeded and unnecessary school expenditures. They are as

The Right Kind of Talk.

Charlotte Home-Democrat.

If the Democratic members of the House of Representatives from North Carolina vote for the Blair appropriation bill, as it passed the Senate. with the odious social-negro-equality provisions, there is danger of their defeat at the next election. We ask himself to their mental requirements. also bite our twins or the twins of no favors from office-holders of any our warmest friends. He may bite sort—they can neither do us good or us now and we may laugh at it, but harm-therefore we are independent tasks has no time to bestow on oth- in five years from now, while we are lotte Democrat is an old-line Demer matters. His work as a teacher delivering a humorous lecture, we unfits him for any other. He labors may burst forth into the audience any party or set of individuals for