

Rockingham Rocket.

H. C. WALL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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A PASSING PERFUME.

[Louis V. Pirsson, in the Current.]
Along the lake the soft wind sighs...

The fragrant zephyr lives and dies,
No evidence before the eyes...

Thus passes off before our eyes,
One as a friend, we'd highly prize...

THE RIDE FOR LIFE.

BY CHARLES ROLLIN BRAINARD.

I left the timber for an all day's
ride across the prairie. The estimated
distance was sixty miles to the
next timber...

It was a magnificent day in June,
when we set out on our way for the
sixty-mile jaunt...

> One crest after another in the
long line of inundations had been
passed, the sun had reached the zenith...

We were lightly loaded. My horse
carried nothing but a saddle, a light
bridle, and my blanket...

While watching my trail and
scanning the horizon to right and
left, I became suddenly aware of an
object on the horizon...

I must appeal to my horse.
"Here, Cub, look," and I whirled
him to the right face...

The proud neck arched, the ears

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darted to the front, and horse in
statuesque attitude, straining every
power of vision, instinct and reason...

No time could be lost. The specks
had begun to grow larger and were
coming directly toward us...

"Come, Cub, steady now," and I
stroked his neck and carefully
examined my rifle. It never yet had
failed me...

Steadily, at a rapid gallop, we sped
on. Cub's head was low. He studied
the ground most carefully...

We reached the crest of a long
undulation. The Indians were on
another about three miles away...

While watching them, a whiff of
cool air came over the flower
spangled plain. Cub tossed his head...

The Indians were nearly in the
direct rear now and noticing the new
infusion of life brandished their
weapons...

My friends appearing so unexpect-
edly on the scene of combat
were hunters. Their horses were in
the timber...

an aim so true that not more than
one Indian would get near enough
for a hand to hand conflict...

Five miles back I had thrown
away my blanket to lighten my
horse's load, and now I reached
down, cut the girths, slipped the
saddle...

We were probably not more than
a half a mile from the timber when
there was a sudden shock, and I
was thrown headlong over Cub's
head...

I dropped behind him. There was
a puff of smoke from the foremost
Indian's rifle, and the ball spluttered
in the grass near me...

I staggered to my feet, and found
myself surrounded by three white
men, if by the word can be properly
used with so small a number...

As soon as I possibly could I
blurted out: "I'm all right, boys.
Who the devil are you? I can't see
anything for this damned blood..."

"Are they all cleaned out?" said I.
"I reckon they be, but they kem
durned near cleanin' you out..."

The ball in the shoulder caused
no trouble but a little soreness, and
as it did not bleed much we paid no
further attention to it...

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edly on the scene of combat
were hunters. Their horses were in
the timber...

get up. I bent down over him,
kneel down beside him and patted
his neck. Yes, there is no harm in
telling it, I put my arms around his
neck and kissed him...

I was roused by a rifle shot. There
was danger, and I was on my feet in
a moment. There was a second shot.
It was given by Long Tom, and he
fired apparently at the grass...

"Come boys," said Hank Pryor,
"we're not done yet. Here, Char-
lie, let me load yer piece; yer kinder
blind yet, seein' as yer face is so
red in streaks..."

"I guess—boys—it's all up with
me. It's kind of hard—to be killed
—by a sneak bullet—but—ye'll—
bury me—all right—won't ye?"

"Charlie, ye may hear another
shot, but don't ye mind it, fur ye
know it's best. I'll do it straight
and sure and bring ye the bridle.
It's kinder hard, and ye better not
try to do it..."

Years have not seen and time
shall not see," the people sit down
quietly to suffer pain, when enter-
prise can afford such a panacea as
Salvation Oil...

Some Absurdities of Teachers and Patrons.

There are some people who high-
ly appreciate the earnest efforts and
hard labors of the faithful teacher;
there are others who have no idea
that any effort is required in teach-
ing school...

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..."

"I take occasion at this time to ask
the American people, as one man,
what are we to do to prevent the
spread of the most insidious and
disagreeable disease known as hydro-
phobia?"

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

Suppose one has an important case
in law; does he take it to a young
lawyer who has just "stuck up his
shingle," or does he seek the advice
of the older one who has proven
himself successful at the bar?

Then why cannot the poor grad-
ually taper off on dogs? They ought
not to stop all of a sudden, but they
could leave off a dog at a time until
at last they overcame the pernicious
habit...

I saw a man in St. Paul last week
who was once poor, and so owned
seven variegated dogs. He was con-
firmed in that habit. But he sum-
moned all his will-power and at last
said he would shake off those dogs
and become a man...

drawer of water," therefore he can-
not 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 cot-
ton, or any other product of his time
and labor...

Bill Nye on Dogs.
From the Boston Globe.

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and become a man...

The trouble about maintaining a
dog is that he may go for years in
a quiet, gentlemanly way, winning
the regard of all who know him, and
then all of sudden he may hydro-
phobe in the most violent manner...

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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
IN THE
BEST OF STYLE
And at Living Prices.

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 chil-
dren more. It would be a very,
very noble and expensive dog that
I would agree to feed with my only
son.

I know that we gradually become
attached to a good dog, but some
day he may become attached to us,
and what can be sadder than the
sight of a leading citizen drawing a
reluctant mad dog down the street
by main strength and the seat of his
pantaloon? (I mean his own, not
the dog's pants.) This joke will
appear in book form in April. The
book will be very interesting, and
there will be another joke in it also.
cod-td.

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 lead-
ing industry here, I would forego
the dog.

Perhaps all men are that way,
however. When they get a little
forehand 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 other-
wise bestow on them on some hu-
man 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 justly
celebrated virus into the person
of those only who kiss him on the
cold, moist nose, 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 Appropria- tion Bill.

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

The Editors of the above papers
are not enemies of Education or of
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
possible, but not by spoiling him
with unneeded and unnecessary
school expenditures. They are as
good patriots and as true North Car-
olinians as Ransom, Vance, and
the balance of the members of Con-
gress from North Carolina who favor
the Blair bill.

The Right Kind of Talk.

If the Democratic members of the
House of Representatives from North
Carolina vote for the Blair appropria-
tion bill, as it passed the Senate,
with the odious social-negro-equal-
ity provisions, there is danger of their
defeat at the next election. We ask
no favors from office-holders of any
sort—they can neither do us good or
harm—therefore we are independent
of them in every respect. The Char-
lotte Democrat is an old-line Dem-
ocratic paper, but not dependent on
any party or set of individuals for
support.