Advertising rates furnished on ap-

Written for the ROCKET. SHE AND I. JOSEPH L. MAY.

We were strolling—she and I— On the lovely Sabbath day; It was evening in the sky As we wound our gentle way,

She would gather, as I live, Holly and the lowly moss; She would count the points, and give It a graceful little toss.

We were talking—she and I— Of many a pretty thing; With a deep and yearning sigh, Yes, we chatted of the spring.

With a sweet, angelic voice, She would tune her lips and sing, Could we other than rejoice, In our happy wandering?

We were sitting-she and I-In the shadow of the mill: There I caught her raven eye, And my heart I could not still,

Then I viewed her face so fair, And her crown of beauteous hair, As I asked me in despair: "Will she ever know a care?"

We were looking—she and I— At the little ducks that swam O'er the sparkling waters high, From the cool and shady dam.

Twilight gathered o'er the pond, Ere our spirits wished to go; Yet upon the road beyond, In our smiling-ah, you know

We were kissing—she and I— As we whispered our "good-bye!" At the lightly swinging gate.

Oh, I'll ne'er forget the hours, With that dainty, sweet bouquet, Which, in blisses, called we ours On that lovely Sabbath day. Elizabethtown, N. C.

PURELY PROVIDENTIAL, BY CLYDE RAYMOND.

"She's a match-making old cat!" exclaimed Ruy Stuart, irreverently, as he strode out of his aunt's presence with a very flushed face and very angry blue eyes, "and I would not marry that girl now if she were as beautiful as an houri and worth her weight in gold besides.'

Whether his wealth aunt was an "old cat," or not, is spoint which we shall not stop to decide; but it was quite true that she was bent, heart and soul, upon match-making, and poor Ruy had been badgered to death for months with the name and virtues of Miss Ruby Dale constantly dinned into his ears.

Therefore it was no wonder that he had come to absolutely detest the girl, though he had never seen her in his life, and he most devoutly hoped now that he never should.

"Ruy, dear," said his aunt a few days later, in her most persuasive tones, "I wish you would run down to Sandstone next week and superintend the sale of my property there. I really haven't as much confidence in that agent as I'd like to have.-And then, you know, you can spend two or three weeks down there fishing. The streams near the place are very fine. Will you go?"

Ruy did not answer immediately. He did not quite trust that overgracious manner of his scheming

"Will you, my dear boy?" she re peated, after a moment's silence. "Is Miss Ruby Dale at Sandstone?"

he inquired, with grim suspicion. "Ruby Dale!" cried his aunt, with a guilty start. "Why, certainly not at least, not that I know of. What a question !"

But her embarrassed manner only confirmed his suspicions.

"I'll go, of course, aunt, if I can be of service to you." he answered. But to himself he added: "She is there in all the glory of a fashionable young lady's summer toggery, and they flatter themselves that I'm going to be entrapped by it. Well, I'll go, but I'll take precious good care that Miss Ruby Dale doesn't know I'm in the place."

Of course it never occurred to Ruy's masculine vanity to suppose that the other party concerned might as himself. Could he have looked into the parlor of a certain mansion felt quite so uneasy.

"I say, mamma, you may send me the idea quite as much as I do."

Rockingham Rocket.

H. C. WALL, Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS: \$1.50 a Year in Advance.

Opie P. Read.

fellow."

VOL. IV.

ROCKINGHAM, RICHMOND COUNTY, N. C., MARCH 25, 1886.

Le, the Poor Indian.

want to go one bit; but you never that you will never be willing to other similar causes, of the right or can make me marry that odious marry him?" Ruy Stuart. Bah! I'm getting sick of the very sound of his name."

had become the very bete noir of her he have been there to see it. existence.

"Now, Ruby, how unreasonable greatly amused. you are," murmuled Mrs. Dale, fretwith your going to Sandstone?"

"Everything, I believe," said the young lady with a decided pout; eyed amazement. "don't you suppose, mamma, that I know this is another plot between it?" she exclaimed. you and that rich old aunt of his? But you'll never succeed-never. I hate him, and I hope and trust that rily, taking both her hands in his as the overwhelming necessity for he hates me."

there," she thought, "I'll take anoth- selves into by trying to avoid each erable number of cases, involving er name, and he shall never know other! I am that same detestable two-thirds of the total body of workthat I am in Sandstone. No, indeed! Ruy Stuart whom you hate so bit- ers who are affected, organized labor When I marry it shall be for love, terly, and who, believing that he was has directly proffered, and apparentand I intend to be my own match- sent here on purpose to fall a victim ly in good faith, the plan of arbitramaker."

dark eyes full of fire and romance, it out!" and dressed so simply too, in pure white muslin. Wonder if I can manage an introduction?"

The maiden who had just tripped by so gracefully had cast only one sweet, lingering glance upon the young sportsman; but it was quite unaccountably.

"What a handsome fellow he is, suppose we shall never happen to claim the credit of the affair.

young fishermen-Charlie Reynolds forts to preventit. So let them boast, and obtain an introduction, after it was purely providential." which their little romance went | And Ruby was content to accept swimmingly along, with scarcely a her lover's logic and himself togeth-

single break in its perfect happiness. er. Charlie Reynolds was not mistaken in his first impression of Minnie Blanchard, the girl who had thus From the New York Star.

suddenly won his heart. She was really bright, charming and lovable-just the girl, he thought this date as a direct result of strikes to make him happy for life; and, before his departure from Sandstone tion of its figures enables the followhe told her all this, and then they discovered that they had really fallen in love with each other at first

They were both so unutterably happy that, for the time, they forgot everything else. Then, in a halffrightened manner, and covered with confusion, Minnie falteringly confessed that the name by which he had known her was not her own.

swer to his surprised exclamation, 23,600 men now idle in consequence sank slowly, keeping affoat some "I have been playing incognita for of acts on both sides that are certain- eight hours after the accident. Time the purpose of avoiding a gentleman | ly and readily susceptible of arbitra- was thus given the passengers and whom my friends are trying to tion. The reasons given for most of crew to avail themselves of such make me marry. But I was deter- the lockouts are simply disgraceful, means of rescue as were within easy mined he should never make my being devoid of a decent semblance reach. The accident occurring so acquaintance, for," she added, her of justice, and belonging to the spir- near the vessel's destination and in voice growing firmer and her eyes it of chattel bondage rather than of the track of a vast fleet of coasting flashing angrily, "I utterly abhor free labor. The movements started vessels fortunately help was close at him, and would not marry him for and sustained by the Knights of La- hand and promptly tendered. Had all the world."

"And your name is, then-"Ruby Dale."

be quite as averse to the arrangement ly increased elevation of her pretty, wages have, in the same pursuits, to the lunatic asylum. In last Sep-"tip-tilted nose;" "or, rather he been subjected to a reduction of tember an ear wig entered his ear; would be if he and I should consent about 23 per cent. The wages quesseveral hundred miles away at that to be mere puppets in the hands of tion then covers 18,615 workers. very moment, he might not have our scheming relations. I believe The remaining 10,395 idle persons burst at the temple. Twelve days and I also feel sure that he abhors regulations, the employment of non- But his sufferings have been so in- away.

off to Sandstone, though I don't "And you are positively certain against labor-saving machinery and mind is a blank,

"Never!" thought of the unknown man who crushed the despised suitor, could ganizations. The remaining 5,405

Charlie was beginning to feel

"And the name of this unfortunfully. "Nobody is saying a word ate fellow," he continued, watching jects of an enforced or voluntary about Ruy Stuart, excepting your- her expressive face with his misself. And pray what has he to do chief-sparkling eyes, "is Ruy Stu- cupations as follows: Railroad men,

art, is it not?"

"Why, what do you know about

Charlie laughed outright.

and kissing her flushed cheeks; wise and reasonable policy of adjust-"If they do persist in sending me | "what a scrape we have gotten our- ment and settlement. In a considto your wiles, determined to hide tion. himself uner another name. Great "What a charming girl!" thought was my relief at finding that Miss the handsome, blue-eyed fellow who Ruby Dale, my special aversion, was From the Philadelphia Times. sat on the bank of a silvery stream, not at Sandstone. And now to waiting so patiently for the unoblig- thinkthat we have both walked right ing fish of Sandstone to bite. "That into the trap that we have tried so the result of sending the schooner is the style of woman that I intend long and so hard to keep out of! Oh, to marry, let my aunt's money go Ruby, how our worthy guardians where it will. Lovely brunette- will triumph over us when they find

> Then, after watching her discomfiture a moment, he provokingly

to do about it?"

"It's a shame!" cried Ruby, spiritedly. "I have vowed a hundred enough to set his heart beating most times that I would never marry you. Let's declare the engagement off."

"We'll do nothing of the kind," she said to herself, as she flitted past; said Ruy, decidedly; "I wouldn't "just my ideal of a hero! Wouldn't give you up now, Ruby, for all the it be delightful to have a lover like relations in the universe. But, after that? But"-with a little sigh-"I all, our would-be managers cannot must be one of those matches that But you may be sure that they did are made in heaven, Ruby, for it has meet again, and very often. The come just right despite all our ef--was sufficiently interested to seek dear, if they want to. We know that

The Industrial War.

It is estimated by Bradstreets tha there are 52,810 men out of work at and lockouts. A further examinaing classification to be made: The total number locked out is estimated at 10,200; the total out in consequence of employers discharging any more perils of a like nature. workmen because they are Knights of Labor is estimated at 12,600, which includes the 9,000 railroad men who steamers built in separate water-tight have tied up the southwest railroads. compartments are in no danger of There are 1,000 cotton factory oper- sinking. The Oregon was one of the atives out in consequence of fines most perfect of this type of steamers, imposed upon them for alleged "soil- but this fact did not save it from go-"No," she blushingly said, in an- ing of cloth." This makes a total of ing to the bottom. It is true that it bor are based on charges which have the collision happened in mid-ocean

"What!" ejaculated Charlie, with Of the remaining 29,000 idle workviolent start. Then a merry ers, 5,805 are out on a strike against twinkle came into his blue eyes, as a reduction of wages, and 12,810 are he smilingly inquired: "Is this demanding a higher rate. The avergentleman you speak of wealthy?" age demand will not be over 10 per

wrong of which it is not so easy to judge offhand. The employment of And the disgust and contempt ex- non-union hands has sent 5.710 per-And Miss Ruby Dale's red lip pressed upon Miss Ruby's piquant sons on strike. That is at all times curled very contemptuously as she face were enough to have utterly considered a direct blow at labor or-

workers on strike are so acting on

various grounds, but chiefly from

disputes on rules and discipline. This great body of workers, subidleness, are divided into various oc-9,000; nailers, 4,000; coal miners, Ruby stared at her lover in wide- 21,480; textiles, 10,330, and of boot and shoemakers, 4,075. The remainder are in a variety of trades and pursuits. These are interesting sta-

tistics. Their number and the cir-"Oh, Ruby, Ruby !" he cried mer- cumstances attending them, are such

The Sinking of the Oregon.

When a sailing schooner and immense steamer collide at sea, with

and all on board to the bottom instantly and of sinking the steamer a few hours later, it is pretty difficult for the public to judge as to who was to blame for the accident. The difficulty is not lessened if the officers of the big steamer decline to furnish "Well, Ruby, what are you going any information on the subject .-This seems to be about the condition of things at present so far as any definite knowledge of the disaster to the Oregon is concerned. The passengers were all in their berths at the time of the collision and saw nothing, the schooner and its crew have never been seen or heard of since, and the officers of the Oregon who were on duty at the time have not furnished any satisfactory state-

> ment as to how it happened. Whoever was to blame for the original collison, the officers of the foundered steamship deserve great credit for the coolness and skill displayed in transferring the passengers and crew to the pilot boat and schooner which came to the rescue All the conditions existed for a heartrending tragedy, and had the illfated vessel been in the charge of singular intrusion?" said Mr. Johnmen with less nerve and skill, a large proportion of the nearly nine hundred human beings who got off without the loss of a single life must have found watery graves. The escape was an uncomfortably narrow one as it was, and it may be taken for granted that the fortunate passengers and the members of the escaping crew will hope they may be spared

The sinking of the Oregon deals a staggering blow to the claim that possible result.

A Miserable Fate.

Spartanburg, S. C., Herald, 10th. On Monday morning Mr. J. Burton Smith brought his grown son to "Very," said Ruby, with a slight- cent., while, for three years past, Spartanburg to have him committed body! Who put such an infernal he suffered excruciating torture.-His head became so swollen that it slate before the proprietor's eyes. union men, against convict labor, tense that his intellect is gone—his

Mr. Johnson's Catastrophe. The Comet.

They engaged a new porter at the Lahr House last week. He was an active young man with Hibernian type of countenance and large. horny hands about the size of hams. Everybody liked him, he was so cheerful, so obliging and rigorously and scrupulously exact in carrying out every order given him. In fact At a sign from the judge a deputy his predecessor was discharged on account of carelessness, and when Thomas was engaged, Mr. Weekly, for a fish under a rock, and, seizing the proprietor, delivered a short but an Indian, said: "Come out, old impressive lecture on the necessity of attending strictly to duty. This seemed to sink deeply in Thomas'

The clerks gave him the necessary pointers about answering the office bell, juggling baggage, and calling folks for trains, and he entered upon his new duties with a gusto and zest that was really exhilarating. Nobody overslept themselves after Thomas' deafening knock and deep voice, "Six O'clock, Sor!" and the tender way he fondled a Saratoga made the drummers smile all around | der." their necks.

Mr. Johnson, is a very dignified and polished gentleman and extremely particular about his room and ser-

"It does the house good to have such men as Mr. Johnson stopping here," observed Mr. Weekly to the clerk that evening, "and I wish particularly that you would cater to his comfort and convenience. By the way," he added, "it seems to me that the air is a trifle raw this evening. Be sure to see that his room is properly warmed."

"Certainly, sir," replied the clerk, "you can depend on me doing my best to make him feel at home.".

That evening a very extraordinary thing occurred. Some say it was about ten o'clock, others place it as low as 10:30. At any rate, somewhere near that time Mr. Johnson was amazed to see the door of his room open and a man step in.

"Who the devil are you?" said Mr. Johnson.

"Oi am the porter," replied the stranger, deliberately removing his coat and rolling up his sleeves.

"Well, what is the meaning of this Thomas did not reply. He spit

upon his hands, executed a rapid and fantastic jig, and leaped suddenly upon the astonished guest. "Help! Murder!" bellowed Mr.

Johnson, "crazy man killing me!" "Shut up, ye dirty spalpeen!" exclaimed Thomas, obtaining a firm grip upon the bust of his trousers and propelling him rapidly out of the room, "it's none of the loikes of

ye that's wanted in a dacent house." "But, my good man," gasped Mr. Johnson, his words coming by excited jerks, "there is some mistake! Let me explain !"

"Niver a ward, ye hoodlum! rushing him toward the stairs, "we are onto ye! The house has had ve

The next instant the guests in the corridor were amazed to see two figures, one spluttering and kicking and the other grim and determined, shoot down the stair-case, plunge through the lobby and disappear into the outer darkness. In a few moments Thomas returned, panting and rolling down his sleeves.

"What in the name of heaven were you doing?" asked Mr. Weekly, when he recovered sufficiently from the shock to speak.

"I was a firing that dhirty blackguard, Johnson," replied Thomas. "Firing him ! Hold me, some idea into your head?"

"Here she is," replied Thomas with an injured air, holding the

"By-the-great-horn-spoon!" his aunt's will depends upon that, are standing out on matters of shop the putrid little viper from his ear. gasped Mr. Weekly, and swooned

This was what he read: "No. 40, fire at 10:30."

Printing. Job

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

PLAIN AND FANCY

PRINTING JOB

IN THE

BEST OF STYLE

No. 12. And at Living Prices.

Jackson's Favorite Horse Dies.

Richmond Dispatch.

I was in Fort Smith during a session of the United States court, some time ago, and was amused at the manner in which the proceedings were conducted. The court room is immediately over the prison, and the prisoners, when wanted, are brought up through a trap door .marshal raised the trap door, reached down, felt around as if "grabbling"

"How did you know that you had caught the right one?" I asked.

"Oh," replied the deputy marshal "I couldn't make a mistake; for you see it dosen't make any difference which one I get. They've all got to be tried."

"Yes," said I, "but some are charged with mnrder and some with misdemeanor."

"I know that," he replied. "Then, a man guilty of misde-

meanor might be convicted of mur-"That's all very well; but there's

On last Tuesday Mr. Johnson, the just this about it: About half of Vice-President of the Omaha Chilled | them must be hanged-it makes no Plow Works, put up at the hotel. difference which half, and the sooner we get through with the work the sooner the court will be prepared to take a much needed rest."

A Literary Difficulty Overcome

Detroit Free Press.

"I want to ask your advice abou novel I am writing," she confidently remarked to a Woodward-avenue bookseller yesterday.

"I shall be happy to give it." "The hero of my story is wounded by Indians and comes home with his arm in a sling."

"That's good." "My heroine meets him with joy and he clasps her in his arms."

"Perfectly proper; I'd do it my-"Yes, but don't you see that one of his arms is in a sling? How could

he clasp?" "That's so. And yet he must come home wounded?'

"He must." "And she must be clasped?"

"She ought to be." "Yes, that's so; but you must look out for the critics. How would it

do to have her clasp him?" "Wouldn't it look immodest?" "Not under the circumstances and you can add a foot-note that the joy of seeing him carried him off her balance for a moment. Yes, let her clasp and take the consequences. If you get the right kind of

much about what is inside." "Very well; my heroine shall clasp. I thank you. Good-day."

covers on a book you needn't care

Seven Wonders of a Young Lady.

1. Keeping her accounts in prefer

ence to an album. 2. Generously praising the attractions of that "affected creature" who

always cuts her out. 3. Not ridiculing the man she secretly prefers-nor quizzing what she seriously admires.

4. Not changing her "dear, dear friend" quarterly-or her dress three times a day.

5. Reading a novel without looking at the third volume first; or writing a letter without a postscript or taking wine at a dinner without saying "the smallest drop in the world;" or singing without "a bad cold;" or wearing shoes that were son,s shop, called out: "Good mornnot "a mile too big" for her.

to it and kissing it.

7. Carrying a large bouquet to an evening party, and omitting to ask her partner "if he understands the language of flowers."

Hill White, a negro who has been

a faithful employe in the foundry department of the Shops here for at brings honor, cowardice saves no least sixteen years, dropped dead man from his fate," says the Caliph last Monday morning. Hill was of Omar; but Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. a quiet disposition, and truly can has saved millions from an awful the epitaph, "He attended to his own business," be written over his grave.-Laurinburg Exchange.

OLD SORREL DEAD.

"Old Sorrel," Stonewall Jackson's war-horse, died at the Confederate Soldier's Home, near this city, at 6 o'clock yesterday morning. He was Jackson's favorite steed, and often had he carried his master on forced marches; often had he borne him to battle; often had he been in the midst of whirring bullets; often heard the crash of cannon and the roar of musketry; often had he felt his mane stroked by the great chieftain; often been led with Stonewall's own hand and seated on his back on the evening of the fateful May 3, 1863, Jackson received the wounds which closed a wonderful career and gave to the Confederacy a shock from which it never recovered. The horse survived the rider nearly twentythree years, and fittingly closed his life at the Soldier's Home, where he was petted and nursed as tenderly as a child; where war-worn veterans wept at his death, and where his form, when passed from the taxidermist's hands, is to remain and long be an interesting link in the history of one of the greatest of the world's soldiers.

Pleasant Paragraphs.

The lawyer's advertisement-Give me a trial.

When Fogg heard the below stairs pounding the be he remarked that Mrs. Brown was tendering a banquet to the boarders

A friend of ours, absent on a tri to Washington, writes that he has been all through the national capital and considerable of his own.

"Yes," replied Brown, "you al-

ways find me with a pen in my hand. I am a regular pen-holder my boy." "Let's see," said Fox, musingly, "a pen-holder is usually a stick. isn't it?" Boston Record: A Kansas man

sawing wood in the navy-yard at Washington. Thus the unexpected happens. He went there for a postoffice commission, and, up to date. can only say: "I came, I saw." So witty a compliment is rarely made as that of Sidney Smith to his

'Ah! there you are—the cuff that every one would be glad to wear, and the tie that no one would loose!' Chicago News: "What? Women

friends, Mrs. Tighe and Mrs. Cuffe:

overworked? Fudge! Think of the

"Ah, but think of the old saying, 'Woman's work is never done." "I know it, and that's the reason she ought not to complain. Now, a man has to do his work or lose his

inquisitive youth, "what is the difference between a broker and a banker?" Papa is puzzled, but brings experience to his aid. He finally tells

Boston Record: "Papa," said an

the difference: "A broker is one who breaks you to pieces by degrees. A banker takes

you in at a gulp." A scotch "greenhorn," calling at a photographer's shop, the photographer, who was fond of a joke, produced the portrait of a young donkey, saying: "Oh, man Jamie, here is your photograph!" Turning it over, Jamie replied quickly: "Man, it canna be me, for yer ain name is

on the ither side." A physician passing a stone-maing, Mr. D. Hard at work, I see. 6. Seeing a baby without rushing You finish your gravestones as far as "in memory of," and wait, I suppose, to see who wants a monument next?" "Waal, yes," replied the old man, "unless somebody's sick, and you're doctoring him, and then I keep right or

"Fear brings disgrace, bravery

For good fare and comfortable. rooms, stop at the P. D. House.