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AN EARLY DANDELION.

C. G. BLANDEN.

Up springing from the chilly mold, Dear dandelion, opening gold.

What makes you, pray, so bravely bold?

Art not in fear, again the snow

Will come and lay thy beauty low,

And count as naught thy blooming so?

Brave must you be, with ample faith

In what the Spring-god promises,

E'en doubting not one word he saith,

Concerning early warmth and rain,

Oh, bless you, flower, and once again—

May your good faith be not in vain.

Why you live for many a day,

Until your head is old and gray,

Faith's symbol to the lonely way.

—Chicago Current.

A REAL MEISSONIER.

The Sharp Lesson of a Wife.

"Twenty pounds for a picture

frame! My dear Dora, isn't that

just a little extravagant?"

It was almost the first remon-

strance that George Carson had

ventured to utter to his wife, for

the glow of their honeymoon had

not yet faded from the matrimonial

horizon. But he was beginning to

think that his young wife's ideas

were a little too high-toned on such

a limited income as theirs was.

Mrs. Carson turned toward him

with a sad, moonlight sort of a

smile.

"My dear George," said she, "pray

excuse me, but you are quite igno-

rant of the subject. That picture

which dear Edith gave me for a

wedding present is a real Meissonier.

One of the great artist's earliest at-

tempts it is true, and perhaps lack-

ing the exquisite finish which char-

acterizes his latest productions, but

still a Meissonier. And no common

or tawdry piece of gilding would be-

fit such a gem of art as this. It will

light up our drawing-room as a jew-

el lights up some ocean cave.

So the expensive frame was or-

dered and the Meissonier was sent

home, encased in its splendor.

Old Mrs. Carson shook her head

when it was carried in.

"It may be a gem of art," said

she. "I'm no judge of such things

But I'm sure your business won't

support Dora if she keeps on at this

rate. Your grandfather's picture

that was done by a traveling por-

trait painter when we were first

married, for half a guinea was put in

a plain gilt frame that only came to

15 shillings."

"Oh, grandma!" cried Mrs. Carson,

despairingly, "can't you understand

that the world has altered since you

were a girl?"

"Oh, I know that well enough,"

said Grandma Carson, meditatively,

polishing her spectacle with the cor-

ner of her apron. "But I ain't alto-

gether certain that it has altered for

the better."

Grandma Carson, bless her kindly

old heart, had many doubts and

fears as to the way in which her

grandson and his wife were begin-

ning their career.

"Brussels carpets all over the

house," said she. "Kidderminster

herself. "I don't see as it's any dif-

ferent from any other picture."

Dora, however, thought differ-

ly. She toned the little drawing-

room satisfactorily to the key of the

Meissonier, and then issued cards for

"Wednesday evenings."

"Not regular parties, you know,"

she explained to her friends. "Just

evenings. And—and—music—a lit-

erary conversation, and all that sort

of thing.

Her husband looked doubtful.

"My dear," said he, "all that sort

of thing, as you call it, costs money.

And I am not sure that we can af-

ford it."

"Oh, George, don't be ridiculous!"

said Dora, with a petulant shrug of

the shoulders. "Afford! You are

always thinking of money. A few

slices of cake and a glass of wine or

so—what can it signify? And as for

my dress, I should have required

a new silk dress this winter in any

event."

Mr. Carson could say no more;

but by and by, when the bills came

in thick as "autumn leaves that

strew the books of Vallambrosa," his

face assumed a haggard and worn

expression—a troubled look that

went to grandma's heart.

"George," she said softly, "what is

it? Don't be afraid of coming to

granny, my boy! It was me that

bound up your first finger."

"Heart wounds are not so easily

healed, grandma," said the young

man, half laughing, half sighing.

"But I might as well be frank with

you. That Meissonier is ruining me.

I wish to goodness Miss Lawrence

had kept it to herself."

Mrs. Carson had invited some ar-

tistic friends that evening to look

at her picture. With these came a

famous connoisseur, whose manners

were as brusque as his judgment was

excellent.

"That a Meissonier!" he cried, ab-

solutely. "Why, it is the veriest dab

that ever was framed!"

"A copy!" cried Mrs. Carson,

growing pale.

"A copy," said the connoisseur,

"and a very poor one. It isn't worth

the room it takes up on your wall,

my dear madam."

Dora cried herself to sleep that

night. In the morning, when she

came down, Meissonier had broken

the cord, and lay prone on the

mantle.

"Dear me what a pity!" said grand-

ma.

"It is the best thing that could

have happened!" said Dora, bitterly.

That very afternoon sheriff's offi-

cers took possession of the house,

and the family slept in dingy lodg-

ings in a back street in Bloomsbury.

Dora went to her husband next

day.

"Ah, George," she said, "what

should I ever have done without

that darling old grandmother of

yours? I may as well confess it all.

I was just going to take a dose of

laudannum and end all my shame

"Oh, yes, quite," said Dora, giving

the old lady's withered hand a little

squeeze.

"Well, then," said old Mrs. Car-

son, "I will tell you a little secret:

there are two thousand pounds in

the bank which I have been saving

up for George to begin business

again."

"Keep it there!" said George,

promptly. "I am satisfied with be-

ing a clerk."

"And what does Dora say?" ask-

ed the old lady.

"Dora says the same," declared

the young wife. "She is quite, quite

satisfied."

Grandma Carson smiled. The les-

son of adversity had not been in

vain.

"The picture that I can see at sun-

set from this back window is lovel-

ier than all the Meissoniers in the

world," said Dora.

"I think so, too," said George, but

in his secret heart he believed that

the happy light in Dora's eyes was

a fairer and sweeter picture still.

The Labor Problem.

By R. D. O. Smith.

Political economy is abstruse, be-

cause it is entirely speculative, de-

riiving its arguments pro and con

from experiences, the true causes

of which are often unknown or mis-

understood. To my mind, the chief er-

ror is fundamental. It is in the sup-

position that the subject has such

magnitude that it cannot be treated

in an individual way. That as it

concerns a vast aggregation of indi-

vidualities, the springs of action in

the mass are different from the

springs of action in the unit.

What is right for an individual to

do among his neighbors, is right for

a county, for a state, or for a nation.

The rule of equity is the same, whic-

ever may be the power or the num-

bers of those affected.

In this country we boast our lib-

erty of person and property. A man

may do as he pleases with his own,

on his own ground. When he steps

off his own ground he subjects him-

self to an obligation to his neighbor.

It seems as though nothing could

be clearer than the absolute neces-

sity of this immunity from restraint

to secure that liberty of which we

boast and feel so proud; for nothing

can be clearer than this: when a

man's treatment of that which is his

own, on his own domain, is subject

to the will of another, he no longer

has liberty, but is a vassal, and prac-

tical ownership passes to him who di-

rects.

The facts of the condition are not

changed by putting communities or

states in the place of individuals.

Down to this point I venture to

say no reader will dissent; and will

any dissent if I ask, are the facts

changed when a manufacturer is

commanded to manage his property,

not in accordance with his own re-

sponsible intelligence, but in accor-

dance with the irresponsible behest

of an alien power?

in a single day, if it suits them to do

that in order to confer upon some

individual rights which he never

possessed. A single current instance

will suffice, though every reader will

know that the number is now almost

legion.

In the McCormick Reaper Works

some seventeen hundred men were

out of employment, and a consider-

able number of them are now living

on the earnings of other men, be-

cause the proprietor chose to em-

ploy five men who are objectionable

to the molder's union, merely be-

cause they do not belong to that

union, and do not choose to be idle

because the union may so direct. The

trades organization demand that

these men shall be discharged; and

it is reported in the papers that "ev-

ery man in the hall, except two or

three, voted against returning to

work if Mr. McCormick insisted on

his right to hire non-union men, if he

wanted to!"

Now, when it turns out that this

means that the same power prohib-

its the railroads from carrying Mc-

McCormick machines or materials, and

prohibits all other men from selling

to him or buying from him, it is

easy to see that it means, run the

shop under dictation of the trade

union, or shut up permanently. It

means that those who by hard work

and capacity have accumulated the

plant and built up this great indus-

try, must surrender it into the hands

of those who earn their bread there,

or be ruined. It means that no more

great industries shall be built up. It

means that we shall return to the

days when no workshop had more

than a single pair of hands in it,

and there were no trade unions;

when no workman had more than

one suit of clothes, and that of the

meanest, and when his food was