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FACE TO FACE.

PAUL H. BATES.

And mortal couldst thou but know
What truly it means to die
The wings of thy soul would glow
And the hopes of thy heart beat high;

I tell thee his face is fair
As the moon bow's shimmering rings
And the gleam in his unbound hair
Like the flash of a thousand springs;

In his eyes a heaven there dwells
But they hold few mysteries now
And his pity for earth's farewells
Half furrows that shining brow;

Through the splendor of stars imperaled
In the glow of their far-off grace
He is soaring world by world
With the souls in his strong embrace;

But beyond the stars and the sun
I can follow him still on his way
Till the pearl-white gates are won
In the calm of the central day.

GENERAL JOHNSTON.

What the Gallant Ex-Confederate Looks Like Now.

From the Chicago Herald.

There is much of the physical man yet left of General Johnston. He is almost six feet in height, weighs about one hundred and fifty or sixty pounds, is supple and quick as a boy.

General Johnston is a good natured and intelligent man, is very companionable and intensely popular. He developed during his investigation that he was an electrician during his early life, but he explained that his knowledge of the science was now of no more use than that of Dr. Franklin's because it was too antiquated.

The number of cattle now in the United States would make a column deep stretching from New York to San Francisco and back to New York.

Rockingham Rocket.

H. C. WALL, Editor and Proprietor.

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Much History in Few Words.

The following, written from an English standpoint, puts the salient features of our recent commercial history in compact form:

In 1865 the American civil war ended, and was immediately followed by a forced activity of trade, many joint stock companies were formed.

In 1866 there was an Austro-Prussian war of six weeks' duration, which considerably affected Continental trade. There was a financial and commercial panic, and among the failures was the celebrated firm of Overend, Gurney & Co.

In 1867 a bad harvest had something to do with dwindling trade, but in 1868, with one of the best harvests on record, stagnation was as bad as ever.

In 1869 there was a great extension of railways on the Continent, and business improved.

In 1870 and 1871 occurred the Franco-Prussian war, which, when peace was concluded, was followed by one of the most remarkable "booms" on record.

That led to an extension of our own capacity for production, and to a vast amount of over-speculation, from which we suffered for years; indeed, the North of England Iron Manufacturers' Association traces our present depression to the events which followed that war, for they say, in reply to the Royal Commission, "the origin of the depression from which we suffer, and which is now at the lowest point yet reached, seems to be to some extent a reaction from the coal famine period of 1872-74, and which was perhaps due to the inflation consequent on the Franco-German war in 1870.

The amount of capital then invested was out of all proportion to the subsequent requirements of the trade, and the demand has not yet overtaken the capacity for supply."

In 1874 the "boom" quickly subsided, and wages of workmen, which had gone up by "leaps and bounds" in the previous three years, fell off as rapidly, in spite of the strikes, which were now as unsuccessful as they had previously been successful.

1875 and 1876 were marked by many failures in the iron trade, and in 1877, when the Russo-Turkish war commenced, trade became more stagnant and the collapses of manufacturers more numerous than ever.

In 1878 fear of our becoming involved in a war with Russia had much to do with intensifying the depression of trade, and there was quite a restriction of credit in this country. This was the year in which the Glasgow Bank failed.

In 1879 business was exceedingly depressed for the first eight months, but suddenly there sprang up an unprecedented demand for iron in the United States, and prices again advanced by "leaps and bounds," though to nothing like the figures which prevailed in the year 1873.

In 1880 the American "boom" collapsed, and our exports thither began to fall off. Still, our trade went on increasing, money was cheap, our harvest fair, and our colonies were better customers. This was continued in 1881, when commenced the remarkable increase of activity in ship building, which continued over 1882 and 1883. Never had our shipyards been so busy. There was also in 1881 a vast extension of railways in the United States, which gave our rail mills plenty of work.

In 1882 trade generally was active, and wages of workmen went up; but in 1883 business fell off again, and 1884 and 1885 have been sorry years, not so much because of the decrease in the volume of our business as because of its unprofitable character. The harvests were good in each year, but political complications, and especially the fear of war with Russia in Afghanistan in 1885, kept business in a very unsatisfactory condition.

A National Bank has been established at High Point, N. C.

"Our Lines Fallen in Pleasant Places."

Fayetteville Observer and Gazette.

Sitting in a vehicle just on the outskirts of a large crowd assembled at one of our country churches not long since, we watched the ever-changing groups—old and young, staid and gay—and fell to moralizing upon the unreasonableness of human desires and the folly of nursing impatience and discontent at our lot in life.

The gathering was just such as can be seen frequently during the year in scores of communities of the Cape Fear section. A very large majority of those present had never passed the limits of their native State, except here and there a man of middle age with weather-beaten face and hair just turning gray, perhaps a cripple now and then, who had left his home to do his part on Virginia's battle-fields a quarter of a century ago; few of the comely matrons and fair girls who gave beauty and color to this charming rural picture knew aught of the wonders of great cities and the refinements of metropolitan life—theirs was the grace born of modesty and virtue, the loveliness which God and nature gave; few of the stalwart men, the conscientious supporters of that humble church and the potent factors in the quiet community in which they were born and reared, knew aught of stocks and bonds—not one, we will venture to say, counted his wealth in six figures. Over the hills, across the valleys and along the roads diverging from this place of meeting lay their homes—no stately mansion with the adjuncts of luxury and affluence, but modest homesteads characterized only by thrift and comfort.

And yet how happy should they be! Realizing what are the trust of God's blessings in this life, how favored the people of such a community! Those gray old tablets in the country churchyard tell where the ashes of their fathers rest; generation after generation have heard the truths of the living God proclaimed from that rudely-fashioned pulpit, and infidelity and skepticism have never dared to pass the threshold of the sacred edifice; their sons and daughters gather perhaps no laurel wreath or trophies of fame within the walls of the village academy and the district school, but they learn to be honest men and pure women, growing up to be good citizens and faithful wives—and not all the world's wealth and polish and refinement can fashion a better type of manhood and womanhood; "by the sweat of the face they eat bread," and the earth grants no great fortunes and boundless riches to their labor, but a generous providence gives its bounties to the daily board and withholds none of the comforts of life; water as pure as that which slaked the first human thirst in the garden of Eden and a climate unsurpassed by that of any quarter of the globe fill youth's veins with health and gladness, strengthen the sinews of manhood and lengthen the evenings of old age—and when at the home fireside they read of the devastating storm, the destructive earthquake, the wasting famine and the consuming pestilence of other lands, it is a story to gain their pity and compassion, the horrors of which are far away from them and theirs. If it is their lot to enjoy nothing of the splendor and glitter of the life of great cities, neither are they cursed with their wickedness and crime; if their quiet streams echo not to the buzz of machinery and the hum of factories, neither are their peaceful neighborhoods invaded by the violence of strikes and the lawlessness of discontented, unemployed labor; in a word, standing outside the arena of the busy world, if their pathway catches naught of its light and glory, neither do their feet go down to the shadow of its darkness and gloom; "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife," their sober wishes never (learn) to stray, Along the cool, sequestered vale of life They (keep) the noiseless tenor of their way.

The great change is to come, and not long, at that; we shall have passed away, but our children will be

here to lament the "good old times," gone never to return. The posterity of the men who long for a place midway in the tide of humanity's restless strife will be plunged into its very vortex—and that, too, before our names shall have faded from the gravestone, though they may be faint, indeed, in the memories of men. The world is already realizing that it is too small to allow men elbow room; and here—yes, here, in this tranquil rural section of the globe—cities will in time dot the hill-sides and fill the plain; our pellucid waters will be stained with the grime of the foundry and machine-shop; and the railroad iron and telegraph wire will lay a net-work over all our broad acres. Will our people be better and happier when this climax of progress shall have come to pass?

RAINBOW PARTIES.

The Very Latest Fancy of Society.

From the Chicago News.

The latest society novelty is what is known as the rainbow party. Already it has assumed the proportions of an epidemic, although it made its first appearance in this city only a few weeks ago. Old bachelors and young men who have always lived lives of single blessedness are generally the fortunate ones at these parties. The rainbow party cunningly serves to illustrate the helplessness of man, and also displays in no dim light the advantages of being married.

All the young ladies in attendance wear neat little aprons of such design and color as the taste of the wearer may suggest. The bottoms are all carefully left unhemmed.—Every young lady has a number, and duplicate numbers are kept in a box, which is generally placed in the neighborhood of the gentlemen's cloak room in charge of two young ladies. The gentlemen buy tickets which entitle them to a draw from the box. The purchaser having drawn a number, at once sets out to find the young lady wearing the duplicate number on her apron. The tickets are generally \$1 each, but at a South Side party given a few nights ago they brought \$5 each.

After all the young men have found their aprons, or rather their young ladies wearing the proper aprons, the master of ceremonies announces the conditions. The young men are to hem the aprons, and the one doing the neatest, quickest and most careful piece of work is to receive a prize. The young ladies supply their escorts with thread and needle, and at the call of time the fun begins with the efforts of the contestants to thread their needles. Young ladies are strictly forbidden to thread the needles of their escorts, and a violation of the rules compels the recipient of the favor to forfeit all claims to the prize.

The young ladies enjoy the contest immensely, and it is, indeed, a pretty sight to watch a score of smiling young misses leaning back in their chairs and watching with merry eyes the struggles of the clumsy-fingered swains before them. After the needles are threaded and the young men are at work the scene is none the less inspiring. At last time is called and a committee judges on the work. The prizes are sometimes quite valuable. At a West Side party recently the young man who was most handy with needle and thread carried home an elegant French mantel clock.

The aprons are raffled off after the prizes are awarded, and when a jealous young man attempts, as is often the case, to outbid a rival for the possession of a pretty girl's apron the prizes brought by the innocent little aprons are amazingly large.—At one rainbow party the sales amounted to \$72.

The proceeds of the parties may go to any charitable purpose which the ladies may elect.

The Christian religion is the only means that God has sanctified to set fallen man upon his legs again, to clarify his reason and to rectify his will.

An Example of Heroism.

Correspondence Richmond State.

In a late newspaper was the following notice: "Died, March 23rd, 1886, Robert Allan Kean, in his 22nd year."

Little does the foregoing paragraph tell of the manly courage and Christian fortitude which enabled this youth—for he was just twenty-one—to meet death at the very threshold of man's estate. If among the ancients examples of heroic conduct were constantly held up for the imitation of peoples, and tended to strengthen their character and impress them with courage and nobility of purpose, surely in this age, when the press wields all this powerful influence for good or for evil, the brief story of this boy's death, published to the world, can but result in good.

He was the son of a physician of ability, who was himself the son of Dr. Andrew Kean, the friend of Thomas Jefferson, to whom the latter twice tendered the chair of Medicine in the University of Virginia, when he was rector of that institution. His mother was the niece of the late Judge Allen, president of the Court of Appeals.

When about fourteen years of age, and a promising boy, while walking under a building which was in process of erection, a brick fell from a scaffolding above, and striking him upon the head knocked him senseless. He recovered, however, and all fears of permanent injury were for a time still. But in a few years alarming symptoms appeared, which gradually grew worse. Eminent surgical advice was sought, and it was ascertained that the skull had been fractured, and a fragment was pressing upon the brain, and his condition was rendered more and more critical by the growth and development of the part affected. Upon the one hand there was the probability that, without an operation, although he might live for some years, he would be a helpless invalid, menaced with the prospect of loss of mind; upon the other, there was a chance of relief and permanent cure by means of surgical operation. But he was told that the chances were ten to one against him, as the brain had grown up around, and probably had adhered to, the fragment of bone, rendering an operation hazardous and doubtful in the extreme. Yet he did not for a moment hesitate. He would take that one chance, and endure all the torture incident to the operation rather than be a burden upon his friends. He would either put himself in a condition to help his widowed mother, and relieve her sleepless anxiety, or he would show her that he was worthy of her pride and devotion. His determination could not be shaken, and the necessary preparations were made. When the surgeons sent for him to undergo the ordeal, recognizing the imminence of his peril, he calmly bade adieu to those around him and sent messages of love to absent friends; and then cheerfully and without flinching, submitted to the knife.

It was a bold operation, even in this age of daring surgery, but it was performed by Dr. McGuire, it is said, with consummate skill and dispatch. It seemed at first that it would be successful. The patient revived, and for a time all symptoms were favorable. But owing to certain conditions of the human body, which sometimes baffle the almost exertions of human skill, inflammation set in and was followed by dissolution. But that life, though young, cannot have been in vain, which closed with such a beautiful example of true heroism.

Commerce links all mankind in one common brotherhood of mutual dependence and interests, and thus creates that unity of our race which makes the resources of all the property of each and every member.

Few consider how much we are indebted to government, because the few can represent how wretched mankind would be without it.

Undertones of Scripture.

Prof. Marcus D. Buell.

Now, just because the Scriptures are no cunningly devised fable, but full of the truth of life, they are also full of life's own evanescent phenomena; phenomena as elusive of analysis as a smile, a flush, a glance of the eye, an intonation of the voice. There are in every New Testament book, as in any chapter of real life, fervors, sighs, heart-tones, tears half-discernible, laughter unmistakable, plays upon words, deft and delicate rilleries and ironies, the impress of which the Greek tongue, plastic as Pompeian ashes, has preserved. Translate them? Well, yes; when you can dig the fly out of the amber, and write out on paper the song of the sky-lark!

Did I say these untranslatable trifles are important? Yea, verily! As important, as intalibly in place and necessary, as any transient minor third in the heart of a Beethoven symphony, modifying, modulating, sweetening all that went before and all that is to come after. The whole heart of Christ was in that brief but intense look at Peter during the trial, quite as much as in the prolonged and towering denunciation of the Scribes and Pharisees. And just so there are peculiar eddies in the main flow of Greek expression, incidental flashes of meaning as quick and as vanishing as the lightning of the human eye, but almost as emphatic and effective as whole chapters. You remember, for example, that the sighs which the two sisters uttered over their dead brother at the foot of the Lord, are identical to a syllable in our English version. And even in the Greek, Mary's lament only differs from Martha's in the position of a single word, the possessive "my"; but it is obvious enough how that simple transposition discloses the whole contemplative and affectionate side of Mary's nature. Trifles? Nay, the very central fire of the Scriptures sometimes flames out into these changeable photographs of feeling and fancy, that enswathe the rigid and literal orb of truth.

Know All About Horses.

From the Chicago Herald.

"I've handled 'osses all my life," said the bragging passenger from Burlington, "and I know all about 'em." There can't nobody tell me nothin' about a hoss. I knows 'em from the tips 'o their noses to the last hairs in their tails. Why, down in our section when they want an expert on a hoss, they send a boy right up to my house. Guess I've been called in fifty times as an expert witness in lawsuits 'bout hoss trades. But I'll tell you what makes me mad, and that is to meet one o' these book larned fellers who think they can tell all about a hoss from what they read. Only last week I met one o' that kind, and the way I mixed him up 'bout 'bout the anatomy and diseases of the hoss, made him wish he had never set eyes on me."

"By the way," said an old man in the next seat, who hid a pair of roguish eyes behind a pair of huge spectacles, "I'm a little interested in the horse business, purely from a scientific standpoint. I never handled horses—I'm a professor of anatomy in a college down East, but there is one point I've always wanted settled. You are just the man I have been looking for, and if you'll be so kind—"

"Certainly, sir; certainly. I kin tell you anything about a horse. Will be glad to settle the point you are mixed up on, sir."

Thanks. Please tell me how a horse walks. What is the motion of his fore legs in relation to the motion of his hind legs? That is what has puzzled me."

"That's easy enough," replied the expert in a tone of confidence. "The hoss picks up his right fore leg and his left hind leg simultaneously, and after they have been set down he picks up the left fore leg and the right hind leg at the same instant." "Bet you \$10 he doesn't!"

Job Printing.

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

PLAIN AND FANCY

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IN THE

BEST OF STYLE

And at Living Prices.

"Wh—what's that?" queried the expert, as if the breath had been knocked out of him by this sudden proposition; "what's that?" Do you mean to say I don't know how to talk 'bout? Do you know 'bout knowledge?"

"Money talks." The expert was in for it to face the music. The money was put up in the hands of the conductor and at the next station all hands adjourned to the platform, where a pair of 'bus horses were started on a walk to settle the novel wager.

"Well, I swear," exclaimed the discomfited expert, as he saw the conductor hand the stakes to the old man with the spectacles; "who'd I thought that a walkin' hoss picks up one foot at a time? I never did like these infernal book-larnin' chaps, anyhow; darn the darn luck!"

Sam Jones to the Women of Chicago.

Wives, above all things in the world, let me say a word to you about temperance. We will never put the bar-rooms out of the city, we will never put down the cans of whiskey, as long as wives keep it in their homes or allow it to be kept there. Let us tell you, I know women who have kept whiskey at their homes and had their wine entertainments, and they have gone on in spite of all the advice that could be given, and I've had these same women to come to me after service at church, and take my hand and look me in the face with tears streaming from their eyes and say: "Pray for my husband. He hasn't drawn a sober breath in five years, and the poor fellow is well-nigh to death and damnation." And those women started their husbands and let them along until they were poor, helpless drunkards. Thank God Almighty my wife never gave me a drop of whiskey in her life, and never would suffer it to be brought into her home. You may say, "Oh, my husband is never going to make a brute of himself." How do you know? Your husband never had any more will-power than I did; he never had any more wushed in him than I have, but fire, fire, fire, like that don't ask any kind of material any odds; put that down. If you will keep wine and whiskey in your house, if your husband and boys don't die drunk it won't be your fault.

The Blair Educational Bill, as well as the Willis Bill, died among its friends in the House of Representatives this week, and the mobsters are now "going about the streets" and capital building with very few sympathizers. The friends of the Blair Bill need not mourn, for if the thing had become a law with all its outrageous provisions, a firm and influential demand would have been made on the next Legislature to cut down the school tax to one half its present rate, say to about \$250,000, so that, with the aid of the Blair fund, the school money in this State would not amount to more than it is now, about \$500,000 or \$600,000. Let the dead bury the dead.—Charlotte Home Democrat.

The committee on labor have since reported a substitute for the Blair bill. Through the efforts of Congressman Reid, of N. C., the latter bill has been placed on the calendar of the House with the hope of having it discussed and voted on at last.—Epj.

An eminent London physician remarked in the course of a recent lecture, that fifty years ago a patient could command no anesthetic to induce insensibility to pain, no antiseptic to promote the healing of a wound, no chloral to produce sleep, no antipyretic in general use to control fever. He showed that in the past forty-five years the mean duration of male life in England and Wales has been increased by twenty years, and that of women by one and a half. The increase in the duration of life is due to the fact that in childhood and young manhood