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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 Coming Woman.

From the Echo. They say that there is to be an exaltation of the married woman of 30. They say that the debutante has had her day. They say that the romantic love of the youth for the maiden is to continue, of course, but that the world is no longer to turn on that axis.

In the fashionable society of the day, the young married woman is certainly coming to play a larger part, and for this reason: Inherited wealth is becoming a not uncommon thing. Young women frequently marry fortunes.

On a larger or smaller scale this is the course of things in all our cities. It is the inevitable result of the increase of wealth. The idea of two young people falling in love in the old-fashioned way and going off to be happy and make their fortune is looked upon as decidedly rustic.

The Verdict Unanimous. W. D. Sult, Druggist, Bippus, Ind., testifies: "I can recommend Electric Bitters as the very best remedy. Every bottle sold has given relief in every case."

LOVE-WITH RESERVATIONS.

Oh, if the world were mine, Love, I'd give the world for thee! Alas! there is no sign, Love, Of that contingency.

But being poor we part, dear, And love, sweet love, must die; Thou wilt not break thy heart, dear, No more, I think, shall I.

And what is to become of Oliver Benton? she asked, demurely. "Oliver Benton is nothing to me!" stormed her grandfather.

Mr. Ericson, who was rather fond of harmless little side-dishes and salads, jellies and creams, winced visibly. Grandpa Howard stared at the saucy little girl in blank wonder.

After tea Mr. Ericson sat down to a chat with Violet; but he had scarcely spoken a sentence before she rose. "Excuse me!" said she; "but I must go and see that the carpets are brought in from the grass and the whitewash pails covered."

Mr. Ericson came in the next evening's stage, complacently looking forward to country air, country rest, and country delicacies, after his long and dusty journey.

his expected visitor at the very garden gate. "Delighted to see you, I'm sure," said Mr. Howard, taking off his stove-pipe hat and mopping his brow with a spotless silk handkerchief.

"Don't, I beg of you, let me interfere with any of your household arrangements," said Mr. Ericson, whose idea of house-cleaning consisted of leaving a dirty room in the morning, and coming back to new curtains, fresh chair covers and polished furniture at night.

"Grandpa!" said Violet, with an injured air, "you know I have some ambition to be a good housekeeper—and how can I clean house properly and yet spend my whole time in the kitchen?"

Mr. Ericson, who was rather fond of harmless little side-dishes and salads, jellies and creams, winced visibly. Grandpa Howard stared at the saucy little girl in blank wonder.

He went, yawning, to his bedroom, at nine o'clock. It was rather stupid to sit by the light of a kerosene lamp and listen to old Howard's platitudes.

"Four times a year, sir," said Dorcas, promptly, "and oftener if she thinks the house needs it. She is a dreadful smart housekeeper, is Miss Violet."

and steamed away from him at this rate. "He woke up at the first dawn of the morning, stiff, sore, with aching pains in every joint.

"You are not going to leave us, Ericson?" cried his host. "I—I find important business will take me away this morning," unblushingly lied our venerable hero.

And away went Mr. Ericson. Violet Howard did not waste a single tear over her recent lover. She went merrily on with her spring cleaning.

Senator Colquitt, in an address delivered before a Farmer's Association a short time since, made an earnest protest in behalf of the great agricultural community against the injury done to the masses by class legislation, and he was particular to point out the effect of the tariff in the prosperity of the farmer.

It is encouraging to hear such words as these from a Senator of Georgia to the farmers of the South. There has been a systematic attempt to commit the people of the South to the continuation of the wicked and abominable system of tariff taxation.

The farmer is interested in seeing cities flourish and manufacturing interests flourish only when these cities pay him what he can get elsewhere for his products, and when these mills and factories will sell him supplies at rates as low as they can be bought elsewhere.

and bales his cotton. Iron is at the very base of their prosperity. Cheap iron is a boon inestimable. The first form of all his farming implements and most of his household utensils is "pig-iron."

When the farmer buys iron in any shape he pays this tax to the iron-maker. About 6,500,000 tons will be made in America this year, and the aggregate tax paid by consumers of this article amounts to \$43,680,000.

When newspapers and politicians talk to farmers about the home market, they are trying to get their votes under false pretenses. To test the sincerity of these men, ask them if they would favor a bonus from the Government of \$6.72 a bale for every bale of cotton raised.

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While prohibition is gaining importance as a live issue in one section of the country through the warm contest in Texas, the failure of the experiment in Rhode Island is so complete that the Providence Journal pronounces it "a miserable farce" that does not result in "any perceptible diminution of drunkenness."

This country can't go on wasting its timber and destroying the forests with impunity. The Gardener's Monthly reports Prof. Rothrock as saying that, in spite of the common belief to the contrary, this is not a timbered continent, only 16 1/2 per cent of the whole area remaining in timber.

From the Magnolia (Miss.) Gazette. "Stand where you are," says Goethe, "and move the world. This is well said by the great German. It is a nice sentiment. Indeed, it meets or approval; or, as a politician would say, "It shall have my vote."

Now and then comes a man whose nature is so royal, and whose aims are so high, and whose power of endurance is so grand, that he is able to move the world of living hearts which come under his influence, and men bless him for his work.

Some of our most prominent citizens have been cured of chronic rheumatism by that wonderful pain-banisher, Salvation Oil. Price 25 cents.

Why, Jones, what a ho(a)rse you have in your throat! "Yes, I raised it from a col(d) in my head. I've too much live stock." "Well, like cures like; Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will cure you. The Bull will quickly scare the ho(a)rse away."

Mr. Davis' review of the life of Calhoun in the North American Review will attract wide attention. He endeavors to show that Calhoun was national in his views and purposes, that he was devoted to the Union, meaning thereby the Union formed by the Constitution, and that his remedy for unconstitutional measures was to call "check" inside the Union by nullification, thus forcing a new convention of the States to settle points which were in dispute and which are not provided for in the Constitution.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure. This powder never varies. A marvel of purity strength and wholesomeness.

BOOKS for SALE! The "Prayer and Praise" is by far the most popular Song Book now in use among our people. I constantly keep it on hand and can furnish it at the following prices: Single copy, (shaped or round notes), .75; Per dozen, \$8.00; Per half dozen, 4.25.