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This man must have soon sickened of his passion for solitude; for if he had really wanted to be alone he could have succeeded better than he did. But the parable is a rough lesson in political economy, showing that solitude is against the law of nature.

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Rockingham Rocket.

H. C. WALL, Editor and Proprietor.

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No. 42.

THE GREAT WEST.

INTERESTING SIGHTS WHICH MEET THE TRAVELER'S EYE.

Robert L. Steele, Esq., Tells More of His Recent Trip to Colorado and Beyond—Some Interesting Facts About Salt Lake City and the Mormons, &c.

Written for The Rocket.

After a sojourn of a few days in Denver's delightful summer climate, 5,200 feet above sea level, we left on the 7th of August for the "happy hunting grounds" in the mountains of northwestern Colorado, several hundred miles further west, where Thos. W. Steele had a hunting outfit consisting of horses, tents, blankets, bear traps, fishing rods, guns, ammunition, etc., awaiting our arrival.

We took the Denver & Rio Grande narrow-gauge railroad. The route was up Cherry Creek, a tributary of the Platte river. Nearly all the railroads in this part of the country follow the water courses. About fifty miles from Denver we came to a beautiful small lake on the top of the ridge, which divides the waters of the Platte from those which flow into the Arkansas River. On the way we crossed a number of streams in which there were no "living waters" to be seen—streams which flow only after a heavy rain, which does not often occur, or after the melting of snow in early summer. We saw some small crops of wheat, oats, alfalfa, potatoes and corn, all of which had to be irrigated by artificial means by taking the water from the creek in canals and ditches and flowing it over the fields. The soil is fertile and capable of producing fine crops of small grain and grapes if it had a supply of water. There are not streams enough to afford anything like a supply, and there can be only limited agriculture.

The great value of this vast country consists, principally, in its great mineral resources which, as yet, have hardly been touched.

There are now two railroads from Denver to Pueblo, Colorado, 120 miles south. There will soon be a third one, as another railroad is now in building which is being pushed at the rate of seven days in the week. We saw several large forces at work on the seventh day.

The scenery along the route is beautiful, sublime, and grand beyond description. On our left lies the prairies for miles and miles away, without tree or shrub, level, undulating and hilly—a vast ocean of land. On our right rise the Rocky Mountains, with towering peaks, precipitous craggy cliffs, immense solitary rocks of great height and fantastic shapes. Huge boulders, detached and some distance from the mountains, have the appearance of artificial structures in ruins, some of which remind us of pictures we have seen of castles, etc., in ruins in the "old country." The highest peak seen is Pike's Peak, named in honor of Lieut. Pike of the U. S. A., who was sent out to examine the (then unknown) country a few years after the purchase of the Louisiana Territory. It is a magnificent mountain peak 14,336 feet above sea level. Its foundations were laid in the rosy morn of Dame Nature's blushing girlhood; its frosty brow, white with perpetual snow, stands one of the beacons of the Rocky Mountain range, and has withstood all the attacks of "Old Time," with earthquake and volcano, snow and storm, frost, fire and flood "through all the years." It has nothing to fear but gold—"the Almighty Dollar." Should the precious metals be found in paying quantities in its make-up, the hardy miner, with pick, shovel and dynamite, will raze it to its red hot foundation stone and haul off the debris to the smelters of Denver and Pueblo; commerce will then distribute the shining dust among the nations of the earth, and the "Grand Old Sentinel" will be "numbered among the things that were." Otherwise it will stay forever, probably.

We passed several places of importance near Manitou Mineral Springs and Colorado Springs, places of great resort. On the road to Pueblo we saw, in great profusion, forests

of the cactus. This variety grew to the height of three feet or more, much like a rose bush, a single specimen of which would be a source of delight to our female flower fanciers—especially when in full bloom.

Pueblo is situated on both sides of the Arkansas River, and is nearly surrounded by bluffs or prairie hills, and on the 7th and 8th of August we found the weather quite warm, although the situation is 5,300 feet above sea level; population, including south Pueblo is said to be about 20,000 and is a place of considerable commercial importance. Here we met I. S. Thompson, Esq., formerly of Orange county, N. C., who married Miss Julia Martha Cole, of Tippecanoe county, Miss., a daughter of W. R. Cole, Esq., who left Rockingham for Mississippi about 1835. Mr. Cole is still living. Mr. Thompson is a wholesale merchant. We spent the evening at his house very pleasantly. Mrs. F. and daughter handle the keys of the piano with consummate skill.

On the day after our arrival we visited the great Bessemer steel plant at south Pueblo, which is situated on the "plains" one or two hundred feet above and overlooking the city, and a much better location for a city.—They now have a large town laid off which is remarkable for its "magnificent distances" and its steel works. The steel works are said to be one of the largest plants of the kind in this country. They employ several hundred men and boys, among them a few Mexicans and two Negroes.—They make steel rails, car axles and wheels, bar and hoop iron and steel cut-nails, etc. We were permitted to go up on the elevator some 20 or 30 feet to a platform from which large quantities of ore, coke and limestone were dumped into the cupola of the great furnace. There we witnessed the process of converting the ore into metal. It was not long before it came out a flowing white mass of molten metal, which ran into a large caldron or vessel of several tons capacity, from which it poured into an immense retort in which the metal was refined by the removal of the slag, which was belched forth in a continuous hail-storm of metallic sparks, the carbon supplied, and, as soon as sufficiently refined, the boiling metal was poured into metal flasks and ingots formed, some five or six feet high by eight or ten inches square and weighing about one ton each. As soon as the ingots became solid enough the flasks were removed and the red hot metal was taken to another furnace and heated sufficiently to be rolled. When reduced in size to about six inches square it was cut into lengths for two rails—cut as easily by the powerful machinery, apparently, as if it had been a piece of cheese. It was then reheated and sent to the last process of rolling into railroad bars. Here it passed thirteen times between massive iron rolls, some 18 inches in diameter, coming out a ribbon of red hot steel—a heavy rail about seventy feet long, weighing sixty pounds to the yard; it was then cut with circular saws into two rails thirty feet long each.—While the hot steel was passing between the rolls small streams of water were continually running on the rolls to keep them from becoming hot. They soon became hot enough to convert a part of the water into steam. I noticed a part of the water would run on to the red hot rails and run along the groove of the rail until the end of the rail approached near the rolls and run off in a considerable stream without being converted into steam, while the rolls, at the black heat, converted it readily into steam. The excessive heat caused the water to assume the "spheroidal state" and it was not converted into steam but ran along in the hot groove as if it were cold. These works are located a thousand miles west of any other steel works, and have an abundance of fine ore, coal and all necessary material for making steel and iron, and have a market comparatively free from competition. We were much interested in what we saw at the steel works, and could have spent

much more time there very pleasantly.

The next day we took the train for the Utah. Our road ran up and along the valley of the Arkansas River for nearly fifty miles. We saw corn, oat and wheat crops, and, near the mountains, saw pumping machinery at work pumping oil from wells. We reach Canon City at an altitude of 5,340 feet, at the foot of the Sangre de Christo range of the Rocky Mountains. Here we enter the "Grand Canyon of the Arkansas," where the Arkansas River emerges from the mountains through a deep, narrow gorge, wide enough only for the narrow, rapid stream, with granite walls in places two to three thousand feet high and often nearly perpendicular. They have carved out of the granite walls a narrow track for the railroad, a few feet above the stream. For a short distance they had to suspend the whole road structure with iron rods from steel arches which span the river, the feet of the arches resting on the granite walls on each side of the stream. We continue through this gorge, with its varying grand and beautiful scenery, for fifty or sixty miles, up-grade, to the village of Salida, situated on both sides of the river in a beautiful valley 7,050 feet altitude. From this point on the grade becomes steeper and it is necessary to attach to our six coaches another powerful engine. Two engines, with six driving wheels each, take us from Salida, to the summit at Marshall's Pass, 25 miles, and 10,858 feet above tide-water. The track of the road is very crooked, often doubling over and above itself; the snow sheds for protecting the roads from snow-drifts are frequently seen above and below us at the same time, the steepest grade being 211 feet per mile. At many points the powerful engines puffed and blowed as if they were tired of the labor they were doing. At the summit of the Pass we released one of our iron horses which went skipping and sliding down the tortuous track right merrily, and we following in its wake as fast as proper regard for safety would allow. Marshall's Pass is on top of the "Continental Divide"; the waters running east flow into the Gulf of Mexico; those flowing west go into the Gulf of California through the Colorado R. ver. Soon after we began the descent of the mountains along the Gunnison River, which empties into the Colorado River, night set in and we were deprived of the scenery of the "Black Canyon of the Gunnison," which is said to be nearly equal that of the "Grand Canyon of the Arkansas," but of a more sombre cast. It is said that during the night we passed some very fertile and productive agricultural valleys. Morning found us in the Territory of Utah; we are again on the plains with undulating ridges, few streams and no timber. We traveled during the night and to breakfast over 300 miles; about 100 miles further west we leave the plains and again enter the mountains at an altitude of 6,100 feet. Going up a small stream, Price's River, we enter the mountain through a perpendicular fissure or chasm in the rock 500 feet high on one side the stream and 450 feet on the other side, less than 100 feet apart. We continue the ascent until we reach an altitude of 1,180 feet—at a station—"Soldier Divide." Here we begin the descent of this range and follow a small stream through the mountains, with constantly changing and pleasing scenery, until we reach the beautiful Utah valley in which we find luxuriant crops of wheat, oats, alfalfa, clover, corn, rye, apples, peaches, plums, apricots, &c., &c. The farms are well cultivated and yield heavy crops, producing some seasons 35 to 60 bushels of wheat per acre. The cattle and stock are of fine strain, houses neat, and everything looks thrifty and plenty. The soil is rich and fertile, but it all has to be irrigated artificially. The river Jordan furnishes most of the water, which flows from Utah Lake to the great Salt Lake. We soon arrive at

Salt Lake City, the polygamous priest's paradise, the Mecca of Mormonism, the Latter-Day Saint's Rest.

We continued our journey that evening sixteen miles to the Great Salt Lake, to a very popular bathing resort—the Lake Park Bathing Resort—where we enjoyed a delightful bath in the waters of the Great Salt Lake. The waters are so highly impregnated with salt that it is impossible to sink, and you can lie upon the water on your back, with the head and feet sticking out of the water. Owing to its great buoyancy it is more difficult to swim in. There are no fish or living animals in it. The water contains 22 per cent of salt—Atlantic Ocean water not over 2 or 3 per cent salt. In our dressing room, after emerging from the "briny deep," we had a clear, cool, fresh water shower-bath to wash off the brine. We returned late in the evening to Salt Lake City in which we spent two nights and part of three days. Great Salt Lake is 100 miles long, 60 miles wide, average depth, 40 feet; 4,200 feet above tide-water. It has no waves, no surf and no tides; no fish, no living animals in it.

Salt Lake City is a beautiful city of 30,000 inhabitants—about seven-tenths of which are Mormons. The city is about three miles from the foot of the mountains, from which its water supply is obtained—clear, cool, clean and pure. The city is laid out with mathematical accuracy, the streets are 132 feet wide and cross each other at right angles, and follow the cardinal points of the compass; each block is 600 feet square. Shade trees line the sidewalks and small streams run on each side the streets. The houses are neat, well built and many are costly. The residences have neat yards, covered with grass, evergreens, and flowers, with hydrants for irrigation. The people dress well and seem cheerful and thrifty. There is no perceptible difference in dress or appearance between the Mormons and Gentiles. Before the introduction of Gentile women the Mormon women all wore "fly bonnets," and were simple in dress and manners. But they yielded to temptation, and neither the fears of Mormon anathemas nor the terrors of a "hotter climate" could prevent the Mormon women from adopting the silks, the hats, furbelows, flounces, flowers and furbelows worn by their more attractive Gentile sisters. Now the Mormon wife, owning only the one-half, one-third, one-fourth or one-sixth of a husband, appears as contented and happy as the Gentile wife with the "whole hog." It is a rare thing for one of them to discard her piece of a husband, and run the risk of obtaining a whole one.

The more noted buildings are the Mormon Temple, which is being built, of nearly white granite, and was begun in 1853. There are now 85 stone masons at work on it, and it will require ten years more to complete it. It has cost, up to the present time, three and a half millions of dollars. The Assembly Hall is an elaborate and handsome building 120 feet long, 60 feet wide, and cost \$150,000. The inside is elaborately finished; the ceiling overhead has a great many life size fresco paintings of Biblical characters—John baptizing Jesus, &c., &c., and one representing Joseph Smith being ordained to the Apostleship, by Peter, James and John. An elder of their church explained a great many of these pictures and gave us an interesting lecture on the Mormon religion.

The Tabernacle was the most interesting building seen. Its exterior is by no means prepossessing. The walls are of stone, with a great number of windows, and the roof is somewhat oval-shaped, covered with shingles. The building is 250 feet long, 150 feet wide, 70 feet from floor to ceiling, without post or pillar to support the roof. The building will seat 12,000 persons, and at one time 13,000 attended sermons in it. It has one of the largest and finest organs in the world. The building is

noted for its superior acoustic qualities. It is said there was no difficulty in hearing the preacher distinctly by any one in the large concourse of 13,000 hearers. Probably there is no building of its size in the world that equals it in this respect—certainly none that excels it. "Wishing to witness some of its remarkable qualities," we asked the elder who admitted us into the building, to give us an exhibition of it, which he kindly did. We were standing on the rostrum near the organ, which is situated in one end of the building; the elder took from his coat a brass pin of medium size, such as the ladies use about their clothing, walked to the far end of the hall, held it a little above his head and let it fall to the floor. We heard it strike the floor so distinctly that I thought there must be some deception in it, and so told my friends; and, in rather an elevated voice, I requested the Elder to repeat it, which he did, with the same result. I was still not satisfied, and asked him to permit me to take the pin and drop it myself. He readily consented and then proposed that I should go to the end of the hall and he would go to the rostrum, where my friends were standing, and drop the pin in their presence, which he did, and I heard it distinctly. I was astonished, gave it up, and hardly believed my own ears.

Having said so much about their places of worship, probably it will not be amiss to say something about the Mormon faith, or religion. The founder of Mormonism, or the "Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints," Joseph Smith, Jr., was born in the town of Sharon, Vermont, on the 23rd of December, 1805. When ten years old his family removed to Palmyra, New York—thence to Manchester. In the year 1823, while at prayers, he was told by angels "that all religious denominations were believing in incorrect doctrines, and that none of them were acknowledged by God as his church;" that the covenant which God made with ancient Israel was at hand to be fulfilled; that he, Joseph Smith, was chosen to be an instrument in the hands of God to bring about some of his purposes in this glorious dispensation;" and also "when there were deposited some plates on which were engraved an abridgement of the records of the ancient prophets which had existed on this continent." After many visits from the angels, "On the 22nd of September, 1827, the angel of the Lord delivered the records into my hands; these records were engraved on plates which had the appearance of gold; each plate was six inches wide and eight inches long, and not quite so thick as common tin; they were filled with engravings of Egyptian characters and bound together in a volume, as the leaves of a book, with three rings running through the whole; the volume was something near six inches in thickness, a part of which was sealed." This book informs us that America was first peopled by a race "directly from the Tower of Babel." About 600 years B. C. this race was destroyed and a second race came "directly from Jerusalem they were principally descendants of Joseph, and the Indians of the present day are their descendants, &c.

"The religion of the Latter-Day Saints consists of doctrines, commandments, ordinances and rites revealed from God in the present age. They are not taken from the Bible, but nevertheless are in complete harmony therewith.

"We believe the Bible to be the word of God as far as it is stated to us correctly; we also believe the Book of Mormon to be the word of God." Selah!

"They believe in a plurality of wives, but not a plurality of husbands." Their plea for this part of their Creed is ingenuous, so "child-like and bland"—that it carries conviction with it. They say "every virtuous woman should have the opportunity to be married, and that to a good man whom she would prefer

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above all others. This, in many instances, would involve plural marriage, and if encouraged would prevent brutal and corrupt men from obtaining control of the sensitive and chaste women, and render less frequent ill-assorted and misery-breeding unions. How disinterested, how noble—entirely for the benefit of the "virtuous women."

This plurality of wives, is one of their leading doctrinal points, and it seems that Joseph Smith must have had some trouble in his household on the plurality business. To infer that his wife Emma did not like it, for Joseph procured a special revelation on this point which was intended to quiet Emma—Joseph knew what was needed and got it accordingly. A part of the special revelation of July 12th, 1843, "given through Joseph the seer, on the eternity of the Marriage Covenant, including the plurality of wives," reads thus: "And let mine handmaid, Emma Smith, receive all those that have been given unto my servant Joseph, and who are virtuous and pure before me, saith the Lord God."

"And again verily I say let mine handmaid forgive my servant Joseph his trespasses. And again I say let my servant Joseph put his property out of his hands lest an enemy come and destroy him, for I am the Lord thy God, and he is my servant."

Emma no doubt desired to leave her liege lord Joseph, and had desired him to allow her alimony—she wanted a part of the property.

But the wily Joseph procured just such "revelation" as would suit the case. They also preach and practice immersion for the dead—"their living friends are therefore permitted to take their names and be baptized in their stead, the ceremony being duly witnessed and recorded on earth and accepted and ratified in heaven."

"This ordinance must be administered in a place purposely prepared in a temple built according to a divine pattern." "The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints is financially sustained by tithes and offerings." "The law of tithing, in its fullness, requires the surplus property of members coming to Zion to be paid into the Church as a consecration, after that one-tenth of their interest, or increase, or earnings annually."

This will give you some idea of Mormonism. As I attended only one lecture, of course I am not thoroughly indoctrinated, and will refer the reader who desires a more extended account of their faith, to the Book of Mormon.

ROBERT L. STEELE.

[Concluded next week.]

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That is to say, your lungs. Also all your breathing machinery. Very wonderful machinery it is. Not only the larger air passages, but the thousands of little tubes and cavities leading from them.

When these are clogged and choked with matter which ought not to be there, your lungs cannot half do their work. And what they do, they cannot do well.

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There is always something wrong. Now there are not enough hogs in this section of the State to eat up the big corn crop, and apt as not our people will have to call on the West again next spring for bacon. The cholera has been among our swine.—Statesville Landmark.

"The moon of Mahomet rose, and it shall set," says Shelley; but if you will set a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup in some handy place you will have a quick cure for croup, coughs, and colds.

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