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How the Apostles Died.

From the Evangelist.

The following brief history of the fate of the Apostles may be new to those whose reading has not been evangelical:

St. Matthew is supposed to have suffered martyrdom, or was slain with a sword at the city of Ethiopia, in Egypt.

St. Luke was hanged upon an olive tree, in Greece.

St. John was put in a caldron of boiling oil at Rome and escaped death. He afterwards died a natural death at Ephesus, in Asia.

St. James the Great was beheaded at Jerusalem.

St. James the Less was thrown from a pinnacle or wing of the temple, and then beaten to death with a fuller's club.

St. Philip was hanged up against a pillar at Hierapolis, a city of Phrygia.

St. Bartholomew was flayed alive by the command of a barbarous king.

St. Andrew was bound to a cross, whence he preached unto the people until he expired.

St. Thomas was run through the body with a lance, at Coromandel, in the East Indies.

St. Jude was shot to death with arrows.

St. Simon Zealot was crucified in Persia.

St. Matthias was first stoned and then beheaded.

St. Barnabas was stoned to death by the Jews in Salamina.

St. Paul was beheaded at Rome by the tyrant Nero.

Give Them a Chance.

That is to say, your lungs. Also all your breathing machinery. Very wonderful machinery it is.

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

Call it cold, cough, croup, pneumonia, catarrh, consumption or any of the family of throat and nose and head and lung obstructions, all are bad. All ought to be got rid of.

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This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders.

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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

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H. C. WALL, Editor and Proprietor.

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VOL. V. ROCKINGHAM, RICHMOND COUNTY, N. C., NOVEMBER 10, 1887.

No. 45. And at Living Prices.

PROF. J. B. CARLILE'S ADDRESS.

Delivered Before the Richmond Literary and Temperance Society on the Occasion of its Thirty-second Anniversary.

The moral as opposed to the material forces of the world may be regarded as divided into two great classes: forces that promote the right and those that uphold the wrong; forces that defend truth and those that sow seeds of error; forces that spread light and knowledge and those that deepen the gloom of darkness and ignorance; forces that tend to strengthen the bonds of virtue and law and order and those that scatter the baneful germs of vice and crime, forces that broaden and deepen the grand principles that underlie society and those that undermine and subvert them.

These forces are continually at war. A bloodless war indeed it may be, but a war none the less real, none the less severe for that. And on one side or the other of this conflict are marshaled almost all the forces, latent and apparent, that human minds can originate and human energies direct.

I rejoice to know that I am to-day addressing an audience assembled to celebrate the 32nd anniversary of a society organized and conducted by the forces of right and virtue and truth; a society whose work is not circumscribed by the narrow limits of Richmond county or of North Carolina even, but a society whose work may be seen in adjoining counties and in a sister State; a society whose influence, like the silvery beams of night's fair goddess, has pierced through darkness mental and moral and scattered sunshine, gladness and joy; a society the results of which may to-day be seen in the high moral tone and enlightened public sentiment of all this section.

A literary society! A grand power for good and for the development and exercise of the intellectual faculties. Knowledge is power, a mighty power, and whatever agency or organization tends to the more perfect dissemination of knowledge—wholesome, elevating, God-given knowledge—should be encouraged.

But, much as I would like to dwell on this delightful theme; to speak of the bright gems that enrich our literature and of the pleasure and profit derived from a close study of the standard authors, I cannot do so now. Another theme none the less inviting and more important urges me on. Yours is not only a literary, but a temperance society.

On this feature in your work I desire to speak more especially and more at length. I need not speak to you of the origin and history of temperance societies, or of the motives that prompt their organization and control their general management. These are too well known to require any extended notice at my hands. It is one of the grandest attributes of our natures and one of the surest evidences of our once exalted station in the scale of being, mentally and morally, that we sympathize with a fallen brother, that we are touched by every wail of suffering and are ever devising and executing plans for reclaiming the erring one and bringing him back to the ways of virtue and happiness. Man was not made for himself alone. No; a tie of kinship binds all mankind together. A feeling of mutual sympathy and regard runs like a silver thread through all the history and actions of men, sometimes obscured by selfishness, sometimes darkened by avarice and meanness and cruelty indeed it may be, but it still remains and exerts a wholesome influence. To this, as a cause, may be traced such organizations as temperance societies. Temperance! There is something even in the name that suggests devotion to principle and right, something suggestive of heroism, of purity of life and grandness of character. And what a vast work has already been done by temperance societies and temperance workers! Scores, hundreds, thousands of grand men and women have lived and labored and died in the interest of the temperance cause. Seeing the

awful effects of intemperance, and pierced to the heart by the bitter wails of its almost countless victims, they have willingly, gladly laid their wealth, their influence, their efforts, their lives, their all, before the fair shrine of Temperance.

I know not the incidents of your history as a society or as individuals, but as I look over this vast audience and see the intelligence and interest and determination so clearly manifested, I must feel that you have been doing a grand work here. Fallen ones reclaimed, erring feet brought back, broken hearts bound up, weeping eyes dried, bitter wails hushed, sorrows and sadness driven away, sunshine and gladness scattered—all this you have done nobly, grandly, heroically. Guided by the light of imagination, I can look back over the thirty and two years of your history, and what a bright scene opens before me! No pompous pageantry to celebrate your deeds, no herald's trumpet blast to sound your praise, no poet's lyre to swell your glory, no marble shaft, polished and bright, to keep alive your memory; no, none of these are needed. Your history, in characters more lasting than marble, more shining than gold, more precious than jewels.

Your deeds and your glory stand all radiant and spotless as the sunlight of heaven, in the lives and characters of the men you have helped. A grand and important work you have already done, but a grander work yet awaits you. Bright victories you have already won, but brighter ones yet invite you! As a society you have been an important factor in the dissemination of wholesome sentiments—temperance sentiments—and in the diffusion of knowledge; but, my friends, your work is not done yet—the work of temperance men and women is not done. No; it has just begun. Intemperance, as a mighty giant, still stalks over our fair land—this land of sunshine and flowers; land of peace and plenty; land of sweet memories and hallowed associations; land of poets and orators; land of fair women and patriotic men; land of genius and greatness; land of freedom, home of liberty—over this bright land intemperance still sweeps, and at its dread approach virtue and happiness flee, flowers of gladness turn to thorns of woe, sunshine fades in direst gloom, and freedom furls her banner and resigns her sceptre. Its pernicious influence, like the noxious odors from some miasmatic pool, is poisoning the moral atmosphere of our land and sowing seeds of vice and crime.

Before its withering touch songs of joy turn to wails of anguish, the happiest homes become the pitiful abodes of sorrow and suffering, the brightest intellects are blighted, the most beautiful characters are wrecked, the largest fortunes wasted, and this fair land of ours, so Eden-like in its beauty, is transformed into a perfect pandemonium. In the contemplation of the horrors of this dread monster we stand appalled! The imagination in its wildest flights can never paint them. The fancy in its most exalted soarings can never reach them. Only the human heart can know them. They reach all classes. The rich, the poor, the learned and the unlearned are alike subject to the woe of intemperance. Go to the jails and penitentiaries, see the victims of vice and crime, all bloated and disfigured, all happiness gone from their lives, all hope from their breasts, all virtue from their hearts. Ask them the cause of their downfall and you will hear, "strong drink!" Go to our insane asylums, and there you will find that many of those whose reason is now dethroned, who stand as mental and moral wrecks, came to their present pitiable state through the influence of strong drink. Go to our court houses; behold the murderers, cut-throats, wretches, thieves, villains—a terror to the law-abiding and the bane of society—behold these, and you will see the victims of intemperance. Then come with me

—let us wander throughout the length and breadth of our fair land. * * * See all this, and you can realize the nature and magnitude of the adversary against whose forces you are contending. Oh, the evils of intemperance! All the ages have felt them; all the world knows them.

"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging," says holy writ. Socrates urged his followers to abstain from the use of ardent spirits. Plato deplored the woes of intemperance. Confucius and Mohammed taught temperance. All the heathen systems of religion inculcate temperance. But here in America, in this most favored nation of the world, with the best government the world ever knew, with the christian religion to illumine our sky with its glorious and brilliant beams, with all our republican and educational institutions, in this the garden spot of the globe, the light of the nation and hope of the world, nine hundred million dollars are annually expended for strong drink; for that which debases the mind, degrades the man, and destroys for time and eternity.

* * * Boys, young men, I speak to you as one of your own number. Let me urge you to be men. The duties and responsibilities of life will soon be upon you. You will soon have to meet and mingle in the conflicts of this wonderful age.

Where will you stand? Will you stand marshaled on the side of temperance, or will you stand among the followers of King Alcohol? Will you be men—grand, true, noble men—or will you be slaves? The world calls to-day for men. All lines of business and vocations call for men—the pulpit, men at the bar, men behind the counter, men on the farm, men as doctors, men as teachers, men as law-makers, men of noble purposes, of honest hearts—men who rise above the mists of deception, lying and villainy, and stand in the bright sunlight of truth and honesty; but above all, men of sobriety, who know how to say No when tempted to drink. These are the men who make up the strength of our nation; these are America's jewels; these are the men who are to meet and drive back the forces of evil at work in our country and render still more glorious this "land of the brave and home of the free."

Young men, be temperate men.—When tempted to drink, think of your mother, your sister; think of the millions of drunkards' homes, of drunkards' wives, drunkards' graves; think of the men who have been wrecked, and the lives that have been blighted. Think of all and decide never to take the first drink. * * * "Say, daddy, what is this tariff anyhow, that everybody is paying taxes on? How does it happen that everybody, even the niggers on our place, have got some tariff and can afford to keep it, and can make money out of it so as to pay taxes on it?" "Well, tariff, my son, is a penalty on our necessities instead of a tax on our wealth. The tariff is a tax we pay on the wealth of other men. The tariff fixes things so that when we want to buy anything we need, we must buy from somebody else the privilege of buying it. When we pay taxes, my boy, on our farm, our horses, our cattle, our interest in banks and railroads, these things that we pay on bring us money to pay with, but the tariff does not bring any money to anybody except the men for whom we raise money from those other things that are taxed. These make for us the means for using things we want, but the tariff makes us pay a fine for wanting a thing instead of helping us buy it." "Why, papa, why do the people want to be fined for using the things they need?" "It is a valuable help to the practice of self-denial and abstinence, my son."—Courier-Journal.

Mothers, you can relieve your baby of its discomfort without administering opium, that deadly drug, by using only Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup.

A Romantic Marriage.

The simple autograph, "T. N. Smith and wife, Goldsboro, N. C.," on the Augusta Hotel register last night held a pretty romance that was difficult in unravelling. To the eagerness of the reporters who craved an interview, Mr. Doolittle entered a flat denial. Mr. Smith had made himself the center of much attention by his quiet but unusual movements during the afternoon. After alighting from an incoming train he went to a barber shop on Broad street, and, after his toilet had been made, engaged his servant to accompany him on a journey out in the country, and proceeded to the livery stable of Mr. Thomas Murray and engaged a close carriage. They then drove out the Savannah where it crosses the A. G. & S. road, where a pretty young lady was waiting anxiously the arrival of the carriage, and she greeted its occupant fondly as he sprang out and assisted her to get in. They then drove to the house of an aged negro woman, where the young girl had secreted her clothing, and, after securing these, the party returned to the city and registered at the Augusta Hotel. And this was what whetted the appetite of the young army of reporters who hungrily stared at the tempting autograph.

Through the diplomacy of one of the number, the affair turns out to be another verification of the old adage that "love laughs at locksmiths." The young man has been a miller near Mr. Crawford Rhodes' place at Brunner's Island. The young lady was Miss Louisa Dallas, but is now the newly-wedded wife of Mr. Smith. The course of true love did not run smooth, as the young man's suit was violently opposed by the mother, but about ten days ago, while the young lady was visiting at McBean, the couple were married by J. F. Starr, a magistrate at that place. The bride returned home but kept her marriage secret, and this account will be the first intimation of the true state of affairs to her many friends.—[Augusta Chronicle.]

A Queer Statement.

In his last Sunday morning sermon Rev. T. W. Smith made a statement which is very interesting, if not generally known. He said that it was a truth that there had never been a woman who was an avowed and open infidel, or one who claimed to be such. Though throughout the land there may be found men, few, however, in number, who go about in the language of the Salisbury darkey, "suashin' themselves aginst the Bible," the first woman who publicly denies the existence of a God is yet to be known.—Concord Times.

We are not dead sure, but somehow we are of the opinion that the most gifted woman, George Eliot, was such a woman; and the next greatest, George Sand, was ditto.—George Eliot was of the school of Darwin, Tindall, Huxley and Herbert Spencer, and they were her pal-bearers. If we are not mistaken, she was buried without religious ceremonies of any sort, on a lonely little hill away off from "God's acre," and on the slab which marks her mortal resting place there is no line which points to a belief in God, or a hope beyond.

Now, as a simple matter of fact, we doubt if there is one man living who, deep down in his secret heart, does not believe in a Supreme Power of some sort, even if his tongue giveth the lie to his soul's convictions, but there are many men who pretend not to believe, and there are also many women who pretend not to believe. We are personally acquainted with a number, and smart Mr. Smith should at least have heard of the two world-renowned females infidels whose names are above given.—Wadesboro Intelligencer.

The confidence of "womankind" is thoroughly grounded on the efficacy of Laxador, which has proved a remedy of undoubted usefulness in their peculiar ailments. Price only 25 cents.

The Right to Honor Our Heroes.

From the Wilmington Messenger. In his speech at Cincinnati, General Gordon put it just right. "It is charged that we cheered Jeff Davis. Does that mean going to war again? Let us reason. Suppose we didn't. Suppose we turned our back on this pale-faced, broken down old man. What did he do that I hadn't done?" That is it. What did the leader of the Southern movement do that the people who made him their leader had not done?

Gordon mentioned that Grant had said that he was willing to share in the dedication of a monument to the Confederate dead. The men who fought with honest purpose are willing to let the other side honor its own. The carrion crows only kick up a rumpus when the body of the hero is decently interred. The reason of their murmuring is plain, if judicious.

It is well for the country to understand the Southern people. The South means faith to the Union when it proclaims faith to the memory of its seemingly dead cause which lives, in all essential respects, in rigid observance by all sections of our Federal Constitution. The South wants no more war against brethren, if it hopes for a feeling of magnanimity which shall forever make it unnecessary to have fratricidal strife in this free federation of States.

The Guilford Battle Ground is attracting visitors every day, and the handsome little cottage on the ground, with its bright, cheerful colors, and the pretty little reception room, with its fine engraving of General Greene, and the elegant painting of the plan of battle by Mrs. John L. Goss, of Lincoln, daughter of Judge Schenck, are the admiration of all who see them. The contract was let for putting a beautiful marble basin in the spring and adorning it with the covering of a beautiful pavilion. Mr. Woodruff, our accomplished architect, will exhaust his genius upon the work.

The grounds will soon be famous as a park and picnic resort for all our people. It lies near the Cape Fear and Yadkin railroads, and President Gray, of this company, has fostered the enterprise in every way possible, and to him the company is much indebted for success.—Greensboro Workman.

Two Hundred Indians Escape.

BILLINGS, Mont., Nov. 2.—After watching the Indians for three weeks the military allowed 200 of them to make their escape for parts unknown Monday night. They are supposed to have come toward this place, and considerable uneasiness is felt here for the safety of the people along the Yellowstone and also at Junction City. The action of the defiant Indians about confirms the belief that all is not right. It is noticed that all are well armed and can make a long struggle. Many stockmen, who have cattle on the reservation, are sending out men for their protection. Just now they are fat and many will surely be killed by the turbulent reds. The citizens here are greatly incensed to think that the Indians were allowed to escape to make trouble when they might have been captured. News has just reached here that 150 Nes Perces have arrived on the Crow reservation. They say they came to trade with the Crows, but as their nature is well known by the settlers, many think that their coming bodes no good. Fears for the safety of the settlers increase as time advances, and there is talk of organizing for defense.

The Speed of Heat and Cold.

It has been asked which travels faster, heat or cold; and answered heat. Because any one can catch a cold. It therefore follows that every one should keep Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullein, which will cure coughs, colds and consumption.

Send us your orders for job printing.

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.

Currency.

From the Detroit Free Press.

When trains are stove in they should have their stoves out.

Powderly in still in the ring. Terence is a terror to his opponents. Snarville is a place in Canada. A very good name for some villages.

A theatre runs by means of its footlights, a locomotive by its head-light.

Henry George thinks of starting a paper. That will settle his anti-poverty gains.

The Osage Indians have \$7,000,000 at interest. Wonder some white men haven't made a raid on them.

Now they claim that the President plagiarized every word he uttered from Mr. Webster's dictionary.

Mr. Blaine has a valet in Europe. His name is De Place. Mr. Blaine likes the valet and the valet likes de place.

Who says that literary men are poor? The "literary fellers" of London propose a \$200,000 monument to Chas. Dickens.

"Does marriage change a man?" asks the San Francisco Chronicle.—It certainly takes from him all the change he's got.

We never appreciated the goldenness of Train's silence until he began to palm off on us the silver of his recent speeches.

The man in Kansas who shot a fellow who whistled was unanimously acquitted. That man would be welcomed in any community.

"Trust companies" is the latest name of "corner" swindlers. "Positive no trust" should be the motto of this country.

Chauncey Depew says he will not be a candidate for the Presidency.—The Chauncies are that Chauncey is right not to Chauncey it.

The Winnipeg Skandmaske Canadianesserwon is an esteemed cotemporary. We would say more about it if we could read it.

Let's all go to Dakota. You can go out in the fields in the forenoon and dig all the coal you want for winter. No coalings or short weights there.

Elias Wayman, of York State, is 104 years old, and has used tobacco for 94 years. He fears it will be the death of him yet if cannot break off the habit.

Charles Dickens says the pictures of American life painted by his father have become antiquated. They were a trifle antiquated at the time the brush was put on.

Train went to Chicago, so he said, prepared to be shot and mangled.—The moment the Mayor said "boo" at him Train skipped out. That's the kind of fast train he is.

Five thousand shoemakers are on strike in Philadelphia. More pay is where the shoe pinches. The men have staked their awl on the fight, and are sure to win at last if they keep pegging away.

G. W. Childs gave that memorial to Shakespeare so that he could get some of his obituary poetry cut in stone. Childs is beginning to fear that his newspaper fame as a poet is somewhat ephemeral.

A Chicago woman paid \$10 for the napkin Mrs. Cleveland used.—Doubtless the President's wife would be glad to sell out her own assortment for such a price. There is a precedent for it. Gladstone asks seventy-five cents each for the chips he cuts on his farm.

Personal.

Mr. N. H. Frolichstein, of Mobile, Ala., writes: I take great pleasure in recommending Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, having used it for a severe attack of Bronchitis and Catarrh. It gave me instant relief and entirely cured me and I have not been afflicted since. I also beg to state that I had tried other remedies with no good result. Have also used Electric Bitters and Dr. King's New Life Pills, both of which I can recommend.

Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, is sold on a positive guarantee. Trial bottles free at Doctor W. M. Fowkes & Co's Drug Store.