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H. C. WALL, Editor and Proprietor.

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ROCKINGHAM, RICHMOND COUNTY, N. C., JANUARY 26, 1888.

No. 4.

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.

A Haunted House in Raleigh.

Raleigh Cor. Richmond Dispatch. Raleigh is just now a little fluttered by a ghost story in which a New Berne, avenue residence and a Congressman's daughter figure. The residence belonged to a gentleman who was for years the secretary of the Democratic State Executive Committee. About twenty years ago his wife died, and it is said that her spirit haunts the house. Finally his family moved away, not caring to undergo the trial. Other families lived there, and all the members of each saw the ghost or apparition—saw fiery balls here and there like ghostly incandescent lights. These families left also. Then the congressman's daughter dwelt there.—The apparition—a woman's figure clad in a white garment with an old fashioned waist, with light-brown hair, and always with both hands held over the face—has been seen scores of times by every member of the family, walking in the rooms or sitting on the stairs. Not only have persons alone seen it, but it is visible to all the family. Very queer and wholly unaccountable noises are heard and lights are seen. Now the congressman's daughter is gone.—The house, a neat residence, not at all old-fashioned, is tenanted. All here stated is vouched for openly and plainly by all who have dwelt in the house. It is the best authenticated ghost story on record. Fully twenty-five persons vouch for all above stated. People living near by see the lights and hear the noises.—There is no alarm about the matter—the feeling on the part of those who left was simply that of annoyance. Such a story is quite out of place in this day and place, but lovers of the marvelous can get all the evidence they desire direct from the parties who vouch for it.

Intelligent Coroner's Juris.

From the Philadelphia Press. "Death from delirium tremens, resulting from accidental causes," was the remarkable verdict returned by a coroner's jury in this city the other day. This is not the only humorous specimen which Mr. Ashbridge can point to on the docket of his office. A young man in the last stages of pulmonary disease killed himself with prussic acid. Doctor Forman remarked at the inquest: "He only accelerated his death, which must surely have come from consumption in a very few weeks." The intelligent six good men and true in the jury box astounded the coroner by arriving at this verdict: "Death from consumption, accelerated by prussic acid."

A fine lot of extra bright dried fruit just received at Wishart's.



TORPID LIVER

Is known by these marked peculiarities: 1. A feeling of soreness and pain in the limbs. 2. Bad breath, bad taste in the mouth, and furred tongue. 3. Constipation, with occasional attacks of diarrhoea. 4. Headache, in the front of the head; nausea, dizziness, and yellowness of skin. 5. Heartburn, loss of appetite. 6. Distention of the stomach and bowels by wind. 7. Depression of spirits, and great melancholy, with lassitude and a disposition to leave everything for to-morrow. A natural flow of bile from the Liver is essential to good health. When this is obstructed it results in

BILIOUSNESS.

which, if neglected, soon leads to serious disease. Simmons' Liver Regulator cures a most fellious influence over every kind of biliousness. It restores the Liver to proper working order, regulates the secretion of bile and puts the digestive organs in such condition that they can do their best work. After taking this medicine no one will say, "I am bilious."

"I have been subject to severe spells of Congestion of the Liver, and have been in the habit of taking from 15 to 20 grains of calomel which generally laid me up for three or four days. Lately I have been taking Simmons' Liver Regulator, which gave me relief without any interruption to business."—J. Hogg, Middleport, Ohio.

ONLY GENUINE has our Z stamp in red on front of Wrapper J. H. Zeller & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

PAINLESS CHILD-BIRTH HOW ACCOMPLISHED. Every lady should know the BAKER BIRTH CO. Box 100 Buffalo, N.Y. PERSIAN BLOOD, Best Compound for Hair, Skin Care and Bleaching. Resistant to Lice. Send stamp for trial postage. Address as above.

Written for The Rocket. MY GARDEN PATCH.

What matter if the world's gay thought Go surging past in ceaseless flow? What matter if the day seem long So I but weed my garden row? My working-place is rough and rude; Ill weeds oft choke the flower-roots, And thorny briars will intrude 'Mong fragrant buds and tender shoots. My garden patch lies low, and I Would not have had such soil to till, But rather on some mountain high Where fancy fair might roam at will. But hidden here, obscure from all, The Master saw that it was meet My lot I'd tend till he should call To scan my work low at his feet. He gave it me to fence and till; He gives me seeds to constant sow; He'll sometime come when suits His will To view my little garden row. So water I, and weed and shield My little plants with tender care, While thinking of their autumn yield Of blossom sweet and fruitage fair. In happy hope I labor on In ceaseless toil and constant watch; The hiring's day will soon be done— The Master's hand be on the latch! Yes, hoping still I'll listening be With joyful heart that sound to catch; O, happy me, if he shall see No weed in all my garden patch! O, shall he find it sweet and clean? And hear me singing on my way Where flowers and fruits together lean And dew-drops glisten on each spray? O, joyful me, if, when he come, He find me "faithful in the least!" He'll smile "well done" and "welcome home" And lead me to His marriage feast. M.C.A.

Written for The Rocket. The Light in the Window.

BY H. The story I am going to relate is literally true in every respect. Although occurring many years ago, still the main facts dwell upon my memory as fresh as they did shortly after their occurrence. One thing only I withhold from the reader—the names of the parties figuring as dramatis personae and the exact location where the events happened, as that would be a clue to the persons themselves; and as one at least of the most prominent actors is still living you will see the propriety of my not giving names and locality to what I now relate. The winter of 1859-60 was noted for the severity of its cold. For weeks the ground remained frozen, and traveling by private conveyances was almost suspended. At that time the writer of these lines lived on a public road leading to a large market town whose scope of trade extended over four or five contiguous counties. It was on one of the coldest nights of the winter, in the latter part of December, a few nights before Christmas, when he retired to bed after shivering before a large black-jack fire. About midnight your correspondent was awakened by his wife, who was taken suddenly ill. After administering such remedies as his profession taught him were indicated and which produced the desired relief, and just as he was in the act of again retiring, his ear caught the sound of a faint groan proceeding from the yard in the direction of the public road.—Listening again, the groan was repeated, faintly but audibly, and clearly from some human in distress. Opening the door, I looked out. The moon was about full, riding high in the heavens—a brighter night I never saw. Ten thousand dew-drops sparkled on the shrubbery; the clear, twinkling stars in the cerulean vault looked cold and frozen. Again that groan of pain, and then I located it at my front gate, facing the public road. Hailing, and receiving no answer, I proceeded in the direction of the gate, astonished that I could see no one in such a clear moonlight.—On reaching the gate another groan, fainter than before, saluted my ears. Looking down on the ground I beheld the prostrate body of a large, athletic man. I called him, but a low, guttural sound was all the reply. Kneeling down, I placed my fingers on his wrist, and if I had touched a block of ice it could not have been colder. His breathing was faint—so faint that I saw at once that his spirit had almost fled. In

my examination I smelt the fumes of rum from his almost expiring breath. Hastily summoning some servants we lifted him up and carried him to my house. I did not take him into a room that had fire in it, as I knew it was a case of freezing I had on my hands, and it would be a long struggle to bring him back to life. I hastily threw some blankets down on the floor, away from the fire-place, had a fire built up, found his shoes and stockings frozen to his feet, had water drawn from the well, placed his feet in it, chafed his hands, and, by the greatest effort, forced between his clenched teeth a tablespoonful of strong camphor. All this time he remained rigid, with no perceptible pulse. Well, it is unnecessary to enumerate all the remedial agents employed to resuscitate the poor fellow, but during the time I had an opportunity of examining him critically. His physical development was simply perfect. This was a favorite study of your correspondent in years gone by, when the dissecting room afforded him ample opportunity to study and compare the muscular and physical development of a large number of persons. Nor did my love for this branch of science stop there. Often have I visited the Academy of Arts and gazed long and critically at the statuary that had sprung from a master's hand and seemed the very embodiment of life. After, with note book and tape in hand, have I measured these creations of the old masters, and then compared them with living friends. Pardon the digression. There before me lay the most perfect mould of a man, physically, my eyes had ever rested on. Apparently full six feet in height, and about one hundred and eighty pounds in weight. His face was covered with a black, silky beard; forehead high and broad; his neck sat upon his shoulders like a column of marble; about thirty years of age. There he lay before me. "A Hercules in strength, an Apollo in form," was my mental ejaculation. At last my labors were about to be rewarded. At the end of two hours he opened his eyes and whispered: "Oh, I am so cold!" "On you worked. Again he tried to rise up, and in a faint whisper said: "Let me get to the fire." I refused, but promised him he might in a little while. Well, to hasten on. By daylight he was sitting up, and asked me where he was and what was my name. I told him. He seemed perfectly bewildered. Asked where his wagon was. Told him his horses had been taken from the wagon and put in the stable and fed. (I will state here that when I went out to him I had seen his team standing in the grove in front of my house, hitched against a tree. I had sent some negroes to attend to them.) I then asked him his name. His reply startled me, for there before me sat a man whose name had become synonymous, in three or four counties, with dare-devil, who feared neither God nor man—linked with a score of crimes. A leader of all the law-breakers in his native county, backed by his confederates, his very boldness in crime awed the law-abiding citizens and gave immunity from arrest and conviction. I had never seen him before, but had heard of him a thousand times, although he lived in an adjoining county. A quizzical smile played over his rugged, handsome features, and he continued: "You have heard of me before?" I told him I had. His powerful constitution had aided my efforts so much that, after washing his face and combing his matted locks, no one could have told that he had just gone through such a terrible ordeal. Breakfast was announced. He sat down with the family, but ate very little. We walked out. He examined his horses; saw they had been carefully fed and groomed, and, turning to me with a tear trickling down his cheek, said: "People say Jack Briarly is the

devil," and, pausing awhile, he continued, "and there is some truth in what they say, but if my life is spared I will remember your kindness." He then asked me, with his pocket-book in his hand: "What is my bill? What do I owe you?" I replied: "You owe me this much, and don't you ever forget it: when you find your fellow-creature in distress, relieve him; that is all you owe me." A look of profound astonishment swept over his face, a blush mounted to his eyes, his voice faltered, and he said: "What? What? Is that all I owe you? You have saved my life. I certainly would have died if I had not seen the light in your window. My limbs were fast failing me; my strength almost gone, when I fell at your gate. I remember no more till this morning. You fed my horses; you fed me. Now tell me how much I owe you; I have plenty of money." I merely repeated what I first told him. He caught me by the hand and said: "Good-bye! If there is a God, I will promise to do all you say; and I hope it may yet be in my power to repay you in that way." Little did I then think that the time would come when he would cancel the debt by saving my own life. [Concluded next week.] Why he Ought to be Pardoned. From the News and Observer. The Governor yesterday received a letter from a prominent and well-known gentleman of Davidson county with reference to an application for the pardon of a man who was convicted in that county last year on a charge of "retailing spirituous liquors by a measure less than a quart." After reciting the facts in the case, the letter says: "I reckon the man was guilty; he pleaded guilty; but for all that I would not be inclined to believe him guilty, for it is so unusual for anybody to want 'less than a quart' in this county. He is now at work on the public roads. He is truly, as stated in the petition, a poor man, and is not only poor, but very poor; and a poor man like him always has a house full of children. And withal, he is a remarkable looking man; he is bow-legged and is split nearly up to his shoulders; and his nose looks like a powder horn. It seems to me he has been punished about enough. His work on the road is not worth what it costs to the county, and he could assist his helpless family a little if he were at home. He can make rabbit guns, catch 'possums, make sassafras oil, and can climb as high after black haws and persimmons as 'any living thing.'" The Governor has made no official reply, but has answered the letter, saying that the reasons set forth were under full and laborious consideration; but since the festive persimmon and the seductive black haw did not predominate at this season of the year, the reasons of which these fruits were made a basis, must of necessity have little force. What am I to Do? The symptoms of Biliousness are unhappily but too well known. They differ in different individuals to some extent. A bilious man is seldom a breakfast eater. Too frequently, alas, he has an excellent appetite for liquids but none for solids of a morning. His tongue will hardly bear inspection at any time; if it is not white and furled, it is rough, at all events. The digestive system is wholly out of order and Diarrhoea or Constipation may be a symptom or the two may alternate. There are often Hemorrhoids or even loss of blood. There may be giddiness and often headache and acidity or flatulence and tenderness in the pit of the stomach. To correct all this if not effect a cure try Green's August Flower, it costs but a trifle and thousands attest its efficacy. White and pale shades of paint may be beautifully cleansed by using whiting in the water. A brass watch is a base time-server.

Written for The Rocket. A Picture From Life. From the Wadesboro Messenger. It is our purpose to occasionally present articles that relate especially to farms and farmers. Our Anson farmers must not suppose that this is done in any supercilious spirit, or with the assumption of superior intelligence. An experience of many years in any vocation gives opinions which may be expressed without the slightest arrogance. Among the many hindrances to agricultural success, is the neglect of farmers to keep posted on current events. On several occasions we have been told, by substantial farmers, "I like your paper, but I haven't time to read it." The sentiment expressed is unjust to the farming interests of the country. Agriculture is the foundation of our industrial system. Upon it rests all other honorable vocations, and the general good of the community, no less than the well being of individuals, requires that it be of the highest excellence. It is not enough that the farmer knows how to till the soil. He must know how to improve the quality of his lands, and how to adapt the various plants to different soils. He must see what invention has done to lighten labor, and learn what implements of husbandry are best suited to his own agricultural operations. He cannot acquire this knowledge from his immediate surroundings, he must enlarge his environment, and go into current literature, and learn the lessons taught by current events. He must see what the busy world is doing, and what relation it sustains to his own affairs. He must master the question of production and consumption—of demand and supply—as it relates to his special industry, and his individual case. He must solve the problem of manufactured goods and raw material, as it concerns him, and see whether it is best for him to sell the raw product or the manufactured article. He must acquaint himself with commercial highways and trade centers. He must know the markets, so as to be able to determine where to carry his produce and when to sell. The farmer ought to be the most independent of men. He is the owner of the land, and no ownership is so dignified and royal. The God he worships sends the glad sunshine, and the refreshing showers, that his fields may bring forth abundantly, and his own hands gather in the harvest. The cattle upon the hills are his. The fishes in the brooks swim for him; the birds of the air sing for him, and standing on his native heath he is "Monarch of all he surveys." But the farmer who knows nothing of current events, but depends upon his factor or his merchant for information, is the most dependent being on earth. If he is ignorant of values; if he knows nothing of markets, he is at the bidding of another, and the bread may be taken from his wife and children while before his dazed imagination are floating visions of wealth and luxury. Queer Taste in Neckties. From the Chicago News. A Judson Cole, who is the manager of one of the large Chicago wholesale houses in the line of gentlemen's furnishing, shows a novel necktie which he has just received from Texas. It is a rattlesnake skin made up in the form of a four-inch hand tie. The point rattle is set in the centre of the outer fold, to serve the purpose of a tie pin. As it glistens and shows all sorts of shifting colors in the sunlight or gaslight, it makes a very attractive, if not exactly conventional, tie. Mr. Cole says that it was sent to him as a sample, the sender saying that as the stock of rattlesnakes in his country was inexhaustible he can supply as many of these strange ties as the Chicago house may want. The Darwinian theory perplexes the multitude. They object to descendants from monkeys. But not even a baby objects to Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

Written for The Rocket. Higher Type of Americanism. James Russell Lowell. Personally, I confess that I feel myself strongly attached to Mr. Cleveland as the best representative of the higher type of Americanism that we have seen since Lincoln was snatched from us. I think we have all recognized in him a manly simplicity of character and an honest endeavor to do all that he could of duty, where all that he would was made impossible by difficulties to the hourly trials and temptations of which we have fortunately never been exposed. But we are not here to thank him as the head of a party. We are here to felicitate each other that the presidential chair has a man in it, and this means that every word he says is weighted with what he is. We are here to felicitate each other that this man understands politics to mean business, not chicanery—plain speaking, not paltering with us in a double sense, that he has had the courage to tell the truth to the country without regard to personal or party consequences, and thus to remind us that a country not worth telling the truth to is not worth living in, nay, deserves to have lies told to it and to take the inevitable consequences in calamity. If it be lamentable that acts of official courage should have become so rare among us as to be noteworthy, it is consoling to believe that they are sometimes contagious. "So shines a good deed in a naughty world." As courage is pre-eminently the virtue of men, so it is the virtue which most powerfully challenges the respect and emulation of men. We thank the President for having taught a most pertinent object lesson, and from a platform lofty enough to be seen of all the people. We would be glad to think, though we hardly dare to hope, that some of the waiters on popular providence whom we humorously call statesmen would profit by it. As one of the evil phenomena which are said to mark the advance of Democracy in the decay of civic courage, we should be grateful to the President for giving us reason to think that this is rather one of its accidents than of its properties. What ever be the effect of Mr. Cleveland's action on his personal fortune, let us rejoice to think that it will be a stimulating thorn in that august chair for all that may sit in it after him. Would that all our Presidents might see and lay to heart that vision which Dion saw, that silent shape of woman, sweeping and ever sweeping without pause. Our politics call loudly for a broom. There are rubbishy heaps of cant in every corner of them that should be swept out for the dustman. Time, to cart away and dump beyond sight or smell of mortal men. Mr. Cleveland has, I think, found the broom and begun to ply it. If You Would be Happy Beware of the man of two faces. Persevere against discouragement. Take a cheerful view of everything. In all promised pleasures put self last. Trust in God and mind your own business. Pray for a short memory as to all unkindness. Do not talk of your private, personal or family matters. Give your tongue more holiday than your hands or your eyes. Put not your trust in money, but put your money in trust. Cultivate forbearance until your heart yields a fine crop of it. Examine into your own shortcomings rather than those of others. Act as you expected to live 100 years but might die to-morrow. Be content to do things you can and fret not because you cannot do everything. Never reply in a kind of sharp or angry word—it is the second word that makes the quarrel. Make the best of what you have and do not make yourself miserable by wishing for what you have not. Subscribe for THE ROCKET.

From the Wadesboro Messenger. It is our purpose to occasionally present articles that relate especially to farms and farmers. Our Anson farmers must not suppose that this is done in any supercilious spirit, or with the assumption of superior intelligence. An experience of many years in any vocation gives opinions which may be expressed without the slightest arrogance. Among the many hindrances to agricultural success, is the neglect of farmers to keep posted on current events. On several occasions we have been told, by substantial farmers, "I like your paper, but I haven't time to read it." The sentiment expressed is unjust to the farming interests of the country. Agriculture is the foundation of our industrial system. Upon it rests all other honorable vocations, and the general good of the community, no less than the well being of individuals, requires that it be of the highest excellence. It is not enough that the farmer knows how to till the soil. He must know how to improve the quality of his lands, and how to adapt the various plants to different soils. He must see what invention has done to lighten labor, and learn what implements of husbandry are best suited to his own agricultural operations. He cannot acquire this knowledge from his immediate surroundings, he must enlarge his environment, and go into current literature, and learn the lessons taught by current events. He must see what the busy world is doing, and what relation it sustains to his own affairs. He must master the question of production and consumption—of demand and supply—as it relates to his special industry, and his individual case. He must solve the problem of manufactured goods and raw material, as it concerns him, and see whether it is best for him to sell the raw product or the manufactured article. He must acquaint himself with commercial highways and trade centers. He must know the markets, so as to be able to determine where to carry his produce and when to sell. The farmer ought to be the most independent of men. He is the owner of the land, and no ownership is so dignified and royal. The God he worships sends the glad sunshine, and the refreshing showers, that his fields may bring forth abundantly, and his own hands gather in the harvest. The cattle upon the hills are his. The fishes in the brooks swim for him; the birds of the air sing for him, and standing on his native heath he is "Monarch of all he surveys." But the farmer who knows nothing of current events, but depends upon his factor or his merchant for information, is the most dependent being on earth. If he is ignorant of values; if he knows nothing of markets, he is at the bidding of another, and the bread may be taken from his wife and children while before his dazed imagination are floating visions of wealth and luxury. Queer Taste in Neckties. From the Chicago News. A Judson Cole, who is the manager of one of the large Chicago wholesale houses in the line of gentlemen's furnishing, shows a novel necktie which he has just received from Texas. It is a rattlesnake skin made up in the form of a four-inch hand tie. The point rattle is set in the centre of the outer fold, to serve the purpose of a tie pin. As it glistens and shows all sorts of shifting colors in the sunlight or gaslight, it makes a very attractive, if not exactly conventional, tie. Mr. Cole says that it was sent to him as a sample, the sender saying that as the stock of rattlesnakes in his country was inexhaustible he can supply as many of these strange ties as the Chicago house may want. The Darwinian theory perplexes the multitude. They object to descendants from monkeys. But not even a baby objects to Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.