

MORNING COMPLIMENT.

[From St. Nichols.] A light little zephyr came flitting, Just breaking the morning repose, The rose made a bow to the lily, The lily she bowed to the rose.

And then, in a soft little whisper, As faint as a perfume that blows: "You are better than I," said the lily. "You are fairer than I," said the rose.

Capital Punishment.

From Demorest's Monthly.

The different uses to which electricity is applied are innumerable. Every day we read of some new appliance that will be of value in the scientific world. The latest proposition is made by a number of eminent gentlemen, who are noted for their humane acts, to abolish the present mode of capital punishment and use electricity for putting criminals to death. They say that the old system is inhuman and barbarous, and that in a Christian age, such as this, it should not be used. Death by electricity is quick, and without suffering. Electricity is used for punishing criminals in Paris, and the investigations made by these gentlemen have been so satisfactory that they intend to make a report to the government and recommend its adoption in this country. Such a method of capital punishment, if the death penalty is to be enforced at all, would be preferable to the one now in use, for many reasons. It would be less expensive, for one thing, there would be very little suffering, and the old barbarous method would be relegated to obscurity.

As a prize fight between a pugilist from Chicago and another from Michigan City was about to begin in a saloon in Hessville, Ind., it was suddenly postponed by the action of Claude Kimball, a cowboy just from the West, who with a revolver in each hand, ran amuck through the crowd of a hundred sports present, and fired indiscriminately into the assemblage. For a few moments the saloon where the fist fight was to have taken place seemed a pandemonium; but Peter Reich, the saloon keeper, pulled a revolver on Kimball, and all hands eagerly watched the result of the impromptu duel. There was an exchange of shots, and Reich fell mortally hurt. Kimball then took to the woods.

If you select good and healthy food for your family, you should also look to the welfare of your baby. For all troubles of early childhood nothing is better than Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup. Price 25 cents.

Record of merit—the popular praise accorded to Laxador by reason of its wonderful worth as a household remedy. Price only 25 cents.

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



LIVER, KIDNEYS, AND BOWELS. AN EFFECTUAL SPECIFIC FOR Malaria, Bowel Complaints, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation, Biliousness, Kidney Affections, Jaundice, Menstrual Depression, Colic.

BEST FAMILY MEDICINE

No Household Should be Without It, and, by being kept ready for immediate use, will save many a hour of suffering and many a dollar in time and doctor's bills.

See that you get the genuine with red "Z" on front of wrapper. Prepared only by J. N. ZELIN & CO., Sole Proprietors, Philadelphia, Pa. PRICE, 25 CENTS.

PAINLESS CHILD BIRTH. NOW ACCOMPLISHED. Every lady should know how to manage her own labor. Dr. J. N. Zelin's Painless Childbirth. Read the new clubbing offers.

Rockingham Rocket.

H. C. WALL, Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS: \$1.50 a Year in Advance.

VOL. VI.

ROCKINGHAM, RICHMOND COUNTY, N. C., FEBRUARY 2, 1888.

No. 5.

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 Light in the Window.

BY H.

[Concluded.]

I might stop here and moralize on the chain of Providence that commenced that night and which had such an important bearing on my life afterwards. The sudden illness of my wife late in the night; my getting up and striking a light; this frozen wagoner seeing the light and trying to get to my house, and then my successful efforts to keep him from freezing to death; my refusal to take any compensation for my services, making it, instead, a debt of gratitude. Had I received his money he would have called it square and would soon have forgotten it. Placing it on the footing I did I struck the only tender chord left in a heart that had become callous and depraved by a long course of crime and lawlessness.

Well, now for the sequel. Another year rolled around, and the civil war burst upon the country. With thousands of others, your correspondent went to the front. The march, the tramp, the bivouac, the advance, the retreat—all these things you, Mr. Editor, are familiar with. It was there in the front, amid these scenes, when I, your senior, formed an attachment to the handsome, beardless boy (don't blush) that will last through life. The years rolled on; overwhelming numbers began to tell against Southern chivalry, and, with the enemy thundering at the gates of the Southern capital, the Confederate Congress passed the conscription act.

Then began a new era in the life of the writer. He was ordered by the Secretary of War to proceed to North Carolina and examine conscripts. He was appointed Surgeon of Conscription for—district, and commenced at once his duties. This is not the time to tell of the thousand and one experiences he had in this line of duty—some other time, perhaps, he will relate some of them. Let it suffice that he canvassed this district six times, traveling almost all the time in private conveyances, and all the time but the last tour with the enrolling officer of the district. The last year of the war—'64—was ushered in. The enrolling officer had been transferred to another district and your correspondent started alone in his buggy to meet his appointments at the different county seats.

In order to explain the condition of things in the district it becomes necessary to go back a year or so.—Ever since the first enrollment there was great dissatisfaction in certain counties. There was a lawless element scattered over these counties who possessed no spark of patriotism, and who took advantage of the turbulent times to commit many outrages upon law abiding citizens. This element was added largely to by deserters from the army who, returning to their homes, found sympathy with this class of people.—They formed an organized band of robbers and the civil authorities were powerless to check their depredations. From robbery they soon drifted into murder. Their principal rendezvous was in the fastness of a chain of hills where three counties cornered. From there they issued as occasion served, and when pursued either by the civil or military authorities, would reach their retreat without any trouble. They were aided greatly by the inhabitants of these counties. A civil officer riding through this region would hear horns blowing from every hill-top and hamlet as a warning, that they might escape, and at night beacon lights were built on prominent places to warn them that there was danger. Under these circumstances they became bolder and more defiant, until one fair day in the spring they fell into ranks, marched in the direction of one of the county seats, met the Home Guards, and had a pitched battle. They fell back in good order to a large factory, hoisted the U. S. flag, and finished the day

and night with dancing and revelry with the factory girls. They then swore allegiance to the U. S. Government and posted up proclamations to this effect in public places; also forbidding, under penalty of death, any further enrollment in the Confederate army.

Now, this was the condition of things when I started in my buggy, alone, to meet my appointments which had been sent out previously. I was warned by my friends that I would be assassinated by these outlaws. But what could I do? I was ordered by my superior to go, and I had either to resign and back out ignominiously, or go on. So I started, with painful misgivings of what my fate would be. I passed through the two first counties unmolested, but every day heard of the threats made by the outlaws against me. I was now to run the gauntlet through the disaffected counties and to pass close by their celebrated rendezvous. I left the county-seat of—after early breakfast to make a trip of about 38 miles to the next. I did what any wise man would do; made such precautions as would place me as nearly as possible on an equality with my would-be assassins. I placed two revolvers of Colt's navy pattern by my side, and with the top of my buggy let down, started on my perilous journey.

It was a lovely day; long stretches of road making a vista through the tall pines that stretched for miles in an almost unbroken forest. I had gone about ten miles, and was now approaching the rugged hilly section that afforded these marauders their retreat, and with eye alert and finger on trigger driving slowly along, for it was just ahead I had been told was the death trap set for me. I don't pretend to say I was not nervous—it was worse. I admit freely I was frightened. To think I was to be shot down by a gang of deserters. I regretted more than ever that I had left active service—where at least if I must, I could fall with "my back to the field and my feet to the foe." These meditations were disturbed by seeing far up the road a traveler on horseback. A thrill of joy swept over me—for this was the first person I had seen on the road since leaving the hotel that morning. As he approached near enough, I discovered he was in the cavalry service. His tawdry uniform bore evidence of having seen hard service in the field where glory was to be won. I was driving in a slow walk and his jaded horse was slowly picking up his feet, showing evidence of weariness. His rider was a large, powerfully-built man who rode with soldierly erectness; added to this was his accoutrements and equipments. When in a few yards of each other I involuntarily exclaimed:

"What a magnificent specimen of manhood! What a splendid physique!" He reined his steed to one side of the road and halted, as if he would like to speak to me. The feeling was mutual. I checked my horse, and, while looking intently at each other, suddenly I saw a look of astonishment sweep over his face and in an instant he was on his feet, rustling with extended palm to my buggy, exclaiming as he came:

"Great God, Doctor, is that you?" Grasping my hand in his iron grip, he asked:

"Don't you know me?" "Jack Briarly, by all the gods!" I exclaimed.

"Where are you going? Why are you wearing a surgeon's uniform? I thought you were a captain of infantry in the army." These questions were fired at me in quick succession, while he still held my hand with a grip like a vise. Before I had time to answer him he turned loose my hand and exclaimed in a loud, passion-stricken voice:

"I have it; I see it all now! The scoundrels! The d—d deserters! The cowards!" and other such complimentary epithets, larded and interspersed with profanity of the deepest

blue. Turning to me suddenly he remarked, in a more subdued tone: "You are the examining surgeon of this Congressional District?" I assented.

"Yes, yes; I see it all now. Now I believe in a God. You saved my life four years ago and I have never forgotten what you charged me. I have yearned since then to pay the debt. This is our first meeting since, and God has sent me just in time to save yours. If you had gone a mile further before meeting me you would have been a dead man."

And turning and pointing the way he came he said:

"Do you see that range of hills yonder? There is a branch just this side that crosses the road. In a thick cluster of bushes, not twenty steps from the road, are lurking three men with loaded rifles in their hands, watching for you. I have just had a talk with them, and they told me their business, but never told the name of the doctor they were waiting for. They are old antebellum comrades of mine. We have been together in many a wild raid, and I left them, not caring much about their private grievances. I have enough of my own to attend to. I belong to the cavalry service and have just obtained a twenty day's furlough to go home and see my family. Five days have expired, but I'll be d—d if I don't lose it all and go back to my company before a hair of your head shall be hurt. Now, Doctor, I will pay you that old debt. Follow me."

He mounted his horse, told me to keep about fifty paces behind him, and on we started to the ambush.—On getting about one hundred yards from the branch he told me to stop.

"I will go on," he said, "and have another talk with the miscreants. They know Jack Briarly, and they will stick their heads in the fire sooner than disobey my orders." I did as he told me, and he rode on at a more rapid gait. I saw him rein up his horse and, in the same instant, I saw three men emerge from the bushes on the branch, and with their guns in their hands, rapidly approach him. Of course I was too far off to hear what was said; but there he sat on his horse and pointing his finger back towards me, and then his rapid gesticulations showed the earnestness of his purpose. Occasionally his voice was raised sufficiently for me to hear something that sounded "mighty like an oath." His interview with them lasted about fifteen minutes, when I noticed they shouldered their guns and started in a different direction whence they came. He turned in his saddle and motioned me to come on, and I drove on to where he sat on his horse.

"You are safe from those scoundrels," he said, "but the danger is not over yet. Ten miles from here they tell me there is another ambush, and I will go back with you there. It will take a day from my furlough, but I am glad of the chance of showing my gratitude."

As we rode along he told me what occurred when he went back and had his talk with the three men.—He told them if they dared, then or afterwards, to hurt a hair of my head he would desert from the army and come home and kill the last villain among them. He told them to tell their leader, B—O—, the same thing, and, says he:

"He knows me, for I twice beat the life nearly out of him."

We rode on. At the place he expected to find them we observed the same tactics as before. The same thing occurred again. He told these men what he had told the others, and they yielded as meekly as they did. He then told me I had nothing to fear, and repeated:

"They know me, and they had rather fall into the hands of the devil than Jack Briarly's. Now, Doctor, good-bye. I have paid the debt I owe you."

It is needless to say what my reply was. I shook him by the hand and drove on, feeling a perfect se-

curity, as I had seen on that day, on two occasions, his power over these lawless men.

My story is done. I will only add a line or two. I finished my tour in perfect safety, and was transferred to a distant part of the State where I remained until the close of the war.

After the war I settled in one of the prettiest villages in North Carolina, in the same county in which I had formerly lived; and four years from the time I had left Jack Briarly I met him one day in the village street, as glad to see me as when we last met; and, strange to say, he was an honored preacher of the gospel and a highly respected citizen of his county.

If any of your readers are interested in the fate of B—O—, I will state that, having been hunted by the militia, and three companions from the regular army, he was at last wounded and captured, placed in jail in—county, just as Sherman was sweeping across the State. Some of the citizens informed Wheeler's scouts, who were hovering on Sherman's flank, of his character and crimes. They broke open the jail and hung him in the edge of the town.

Back Swamp, N. C.

Showing that Some People are Born Mean.

From the Cincinnati Telegram.

A most remarkable case of juvenile depravity was developed in room 14 of the Second district school, on Sycamore street, last Friday. For several days prior to that the hat of one of the pupils, a little girl, aged 11 years, kept mysteriously disappearing. The teacher made every effort to ferret out the mystery. It was evident to her that some one of the pupils was hiding the hat, and failing to fix the deed upon some one she resolved to punish the entire room by keeping them in after hour of dismissal. There are 41 pupils in room 14, and those 41 pupils were kept in almost an hour, until the hat would be found by some one, every evening for nearly a week. The hat was never found twice in the same place, and it was always found in the very oddest places. The little girl whose hat was missing seemed so unconcerned about her predicament as to be almost listless. Several times she was asked if she had any idea who hid her hat, and she replied in the most guileless way that she had not. Staying an hour late every evening soon became a burden to the life of the children in that room, and some of the boys resolved to investigate. They suspected the girl, and kept a close watch on her action. Friday one of them saw her slip something behind the coal box. That evening the hat was missing again. The teacher, however, dismissed the school after making some inquiries as to "who hid the hat," and the little girl went home hatless. After the girls, who are always dismissed first, were gone, the boy who had noted the girl's actions told his teacher he saw the girl stick something behind the coal box, "just as school was taking up." The teacher looked, and there was the hat, just where she had herself hid it. And this little girl had been quietly enjoying the misery she was inflicting on 40 of her school mates every day for a week.

Save Your Corn.

From the statistics issued by the Department of Agriculture at Washington, the present corn crop of the United States amounts to 1,353,000,000 bushels, which is shorter by two millions of bushels than last year's crop, and shorter than any crop since 1881. The crop in this State is unusually large. It behooves the farmers of North Carolina to guard well their corn supply. The price must be greater the coming summer, and necessarily higher than at present.—A word to the wise is sufficient.

JOHN ROBINSON, Commissioner of Agriculture. Subscribe for THE ROCKET.

Consideration for Parents.

The subject which heads this article is one that in every age and generation has been kept before the minds of the young. All right minded parents try to instill into the minds of their children respect and veneration; yet, sad it is to say, we see constantly around us a great lack of that thoughtful care and kindly feeling which should characterize our every action for those who have so fondly loved and cared for us from the moment we came into existence. How often have we heard the remark: "Oh, they are young and thoughtless; they will do better after awhile." This is no excuse. No one should be so given up to their own pleasure and enjoyment as to be regardless of that which gives pleasure to others, and especially to our parents.

They have toiled and struggled, perhaps, to fit us for a life better and brighter than theirs, and now as their steps are getting slower, their brows once so smooth and fair as ours, so seamed with care, their hair sprinkled with the sands of time—all prove that they are passing away. We should think of this, and every act of our life should prove to our parents that we love them, that the more we can do to lighten their burdens and brighten their pathway, the greater pleasure we enjoy; and when we look upon their shrouded forms for the last time, and kiss the lips that can give no answering kiss, how sweet it is to feel and know we tried to do our duty to them—we tried to make them happy; on the other hand, should we fail, many and bitter the pangs of remorse that shall gnaw at our heartstrings as a canker, destroying our peace with the sad refrain, "I might have done for my parents that which I can never have the opportunity of doing."

Bill Nye and the President.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 23.—President Cleveland to-day received two distinguished guests at the White House—Bill Nye and Charles Dickens. They were introduced to the President by Major J. P. Pond. President Cleveland accorded them a private interview in the Red Room. At its close he personally escorted his callers all through the Executive Mansion, explaining the different rooms and giving a succinct history of each. Bill Nye's modesty shone on the occasion as conspicuously as his bald head. He was delighted with the reception. In speaking of it afterwards he said:

"I was never more agreeably disappointed in any one man than I was with Mr. Cleveland. He is truly a fine man. What surprised me above all things was his thorough simplicity, unaffectedness and frankness. For a man holding his position he is astonishingly ingenuous. It is seldom that I rub my knees against greatness, and I have seen so little of the world and the great things in it that I was at a loss to talk to the President in that free and easy way that I desired and that he would have appreciated. I found to-day the truth of the remark made by some great man in the hazy past that the man who can say a smart thing to-day cannot say a smart thing to-morrow. After I left the President there were a great many smart things that flooded my mind, as it were. If I could only have thought of them at the proper time I know the President and myself would have had a pleasanter time. But for the moment I was tongue-tied."

Others who were present, however, tell a different tale. They say that William captivated the President at the outset by his quaint witticisms, and that the interview was prolonged by Mr. Cleveland the more to enjoy Bill's original remarks.

Uncles Fat Wife.

Why is the letter P like uncles fat wife going up hill? It makes ant pant (aunt), and cooling off too soon produces coughs and colds. Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullein will cure her.

SORGHUM AS A PROFITABLE CROP.

How It May be Utilized by the Thrifty Farmer.

Sorghum growing, says a correspondent in the Practical Farmer, should receive the attention of every farmer who grows corn. Although a source from which sugar may be obtained, sorghum is also profitable for its fodder and seed alone, and when the farmers begin to realize the value of the ground seed as food for stock it will be a regular crop wherever it can be produced. Dr. Collier, formerly Chemist of the Agricultural Department, states that sorghum can be grown in any climate, or on any soil that produces corn, and, while corn produces seed and fodder, sorghum produces seed, fodder and syrup. The system of cultivation is the same for both corn and sorghum, though at the time of putting in seed sorghum demands less labor. The quality of sorghum seed is nearly the same as that of corn, but is valuable in a dietary point of view, while a mixture of ground corn and sorghum seed is superior to either when fed alone to stock. The yield of seed per acre is about the same as that of corn and is as easily harvested; but a little more labor is required in order to separate the seed in the barn. The fodder is sweeter than that of corn, possessing, therefore, a greater proportion of nutriment, and will keep in a green or succulent condition much longer than corn fodder, which is a very important item.

It is not necessary to strip the stalks early, nor is there a loss of saccharine matter by allowing the fodder to mature, as the most available syrup is obtained after the seeds are thoroughly ripe. Then the stalks are stripped of the leaves and the fodder bundled and cured under the system known as "blading." It makes the cleanest and best provender known and even after the stalks are ground and pressed they may be utilized for feeding purposes, as it is impossible to completely deprive them of their saccharine matter. In making syrup the common method now pursued is for farmers to combine and procure the necessary machinery, or for a farmer to procure such for himself, and charge a commission to his neighbors for grinding the cane and extracting the syrup; or, as it is done with the threshing machines, there are those who make a business of extracting the syrup, the cost of making the syrup varying from 12 to 25 cents per gallon. Each gallon of syrup yield is about six pounds of sugar, but as experiments are annually cheapening the cost of manufacture, in a short time the expenses will be but very little.

We do not, however, value sorghum for its sugar alone, but also for its syrup. In the South, during the war, sorghum syrup was a common article, and proved an excellent substitute for molasses. There was no difficulty in its manufacture, for on every farm was a rude mill which pressed the juice from the cane, and this was in a few hours boiled down to the consistency of syrup. No sugar was made, however, as the method of crystallizing the saccharine matter from sorghum was then unknown. With the improved methods and machinery of the present day there is no reason why every farmer should not grow his own syrup and at a small expense.

Personal.

Mr. N. H. Frohstein, 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 Pill, 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 Dr. W. M. Fowkes & Co.'s Drug Store.

Current literature—receipts for puddings.