

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: One year, \$1.50; Six months, .75; Three months, .40. All subscriptions accounts must be paid in advance.

Advertising rates furnished on application.

[Written for The Rocket TO —

My heart was seeking a treasure, Some jewel to wear—mine own; I thought this prize I had met with, But find the sweet dream hath flown.

Like stream of sunlight, all glowing, Thy presence filled all with delight; Like mists of morning, thine absence Veils all in soberest night.

And all the music in nature Seems turning to minor strains; No bursts of melody sounding, No gay and gladsome refrains.

O, bright the rainbow that trembleth 'Cross dark, purple clouds of the sky, Yet fleeting the grace of its beauty, And transient its loveliest dye.

Thus God gives us glimpses of Heaven Along on our pathway so dim, But the brightest effluence of glory He keeps till we rest with Him.

My joy hath dissolved into sadness, As melteth the rainbow to tears, But yet that vision so lovely Leaves hope for the coming years.

For since this dawning of daylight Illumined the gloom of my sky, I think that perhaps some planet Shines brightly for me, near by.

'Twas only a misallusion To think that I'd found mine own; How could I have known that other So dear to thine heart had grown?

Yet had I have known more timely Thy hand no longer was free, I still could not have helped reaching For what was so tempting to see.

O, surely the angels that watch us And bear to us gifts of love Take tidings of human sorrow To whisper in courts above.

And surely they'll bring to me, waiting, My darling that is to be, To me she'll come from the Father, For all things ordereth He.

And this I know, when she cometh No stranger she'll seem to me, For I have seen her sweet shadow In all that is fairest to thee.

A bad cigar is like the small boy at school—always trying to go out.

Of all the vice in the world respectable vice is the worst. And how black it does look when it's found out.

If you want to get up a subscription for a broken head, just ask a policeman what his clubbing rates are.

"Is there any cure for snoring?" asks an exchange. We believe there is but one sovereign cure—namely, to keep awake.

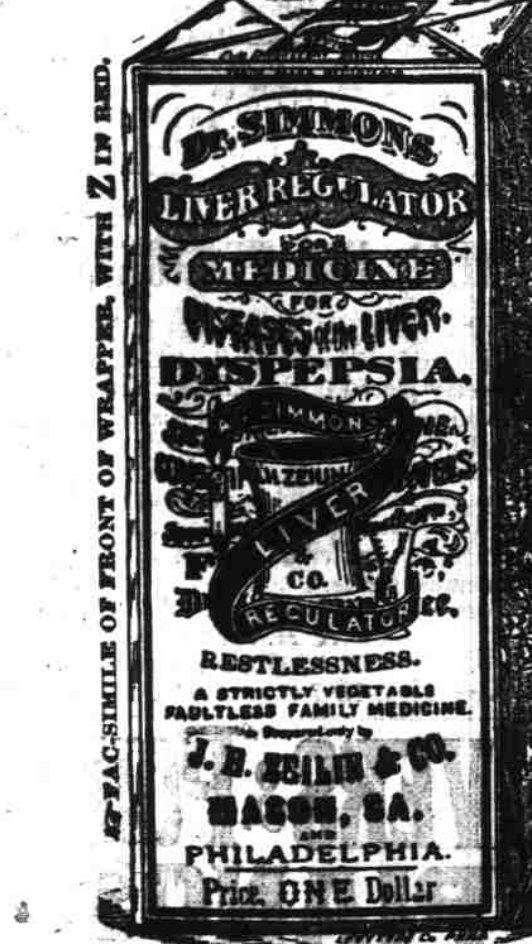
From a pretty woman's album: "A stupid fellow compliments a woman on her pretty teeth, but a clever one makes her laugh."

Of all dark traits that disfigure the human race, that of wishing to be little or degrade the character of another is the lowest.

Things are being changed. They don't come to the man who waits any more. The man who hustles gets 'em.

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

NO HOUSEHOLD SHOULD BE WITHOUT



The majority of the ill of the human body arise from a diseased liver. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People has been the means of restoring more people to health and happiness by giving them a healthy liver than any other agency on earth.

SEE THAT YOU GET THE GENUINE. PAINLESS CHILD-BIRTH. How many women suffer from the pain of childbirth? Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is the only remedy that will relieve the pain of childbirth without any other aid.

Read our 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 9, 1888.

No. 6.

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.

[Written for The Rocket. My Jeans Pants.

I needed pants, and, having a strong, hearty wife and a first-class sewing machine, I could not see why I could not get cloth and have them made at home, thus saving the heavy per centum usually paid upon these necessary articles of apparel. Accordingly I selected a stout piece of jeans and took it home. My wife did not seem overjoyed when she comprehended the situation. The contemptuous tone in which she uttered the single word, "Jeans!" was very suggestive of an aggravated state of mind; and I immediately concentrated upon the columns of the ROCKINGHAM ROCKET, which I had brought from the office. A few days later I ventured,—

"When can you make my pants?"

"Not till you get lining, thread and buttons."

"O, I forgot those."

"Men always do."

I subsided. Another week passed. Getting more and more in want of pants I procured the forgotten articles.

"Now you can make them," I said, chucking my wife under the chin to see if she was in good humor.

"How can I cut them without patterns?" she asked.

After some reflection I suggested that she might cut by some old ones.

"Very well," said she, "but they'll not fit."

But seeing that my wife's gowns fit a trifle better, to my eyes, than most other ladies of my acquaintance, I did not doubt her ability to make a success of this job. I was gratified next day to see her splicing away at the jeans, for I had set my heart on those pants. Finishing them off late Saturday night, I did not try them on; but, after being pressed, they looked so nice and store-like that I complimented my wife until she blushed, and I must have sunk to my slumbers with a smile of satisfaction wreathing my countenance. Next day there was preaching at the church near by, and I proceeded to don my new pants. I was unusually jolly. Notwithstanding it was the Sabbath, I surprised the family by prouetting about the room while pulling them on. Clapping my suspenders, I looked down.

"What's the matter!" exclaimed my wife, running for the campbor. I expect I did change color as suddenly as I changed feeling. I could make no reply at first, but only continued to look down at the pants.— My two legs looked like two large bells, so stiffly did the jeans stand out, my two feet answering for ill-shaped clappers. The wind seemed to gather in the unusual rotundity at my ankles and diffuse itself with chilliness all over my body. When I tried to walk the two bells struggled as to which could outdo the other, and made a sound as if some one was dragging a branch of holly across the floor. Finding voice at last I cried:

"What made you cut them so large at the bottom?"

"I cut them exactly by those soft flannel ones," said my wife, "the jeans is so stiff that it will stand out and look larger. I'll cut out a piece to-morrow."

I took them off and put on my old ones. Next day she ripped, out and fixed them, and, being called off on business, I thought I would wear them. Quite sure that they were all right this time I drew them on. They looked very nice about the ankles, and I proceeded to put on my coat. Taking a glance into the mirror as I finished my toilet I was dismayed to find the tails of my coat protruding out as if I had on the most unmitigated Langtry bustle. It did no good to try to smooth down the accumulation of fullness, for as soon as the pressure was removed it would spring out, like India-rubber, into high relief again.

"What's the matter now?" enquired my wife, seeing me trying to get out of them.

"Couldn't you take out a piece

behind?" I meekly asked.

"Oh, yes; but they'll never fit—the jeans is too stiff."

She fixed them again. Being invited, soon after, to a neighbor's to dine, I put on the pants once more. They seemed all right now, and our spirits rose to the occasion. We had a pleasant walk and enjoyed meeting our friends. After a half hour of pleasant chat I found that the bottoms of my pants' legs were half way up to my knees. I stood up, shook them down, and went on talking. Presently wife caught my eye and winked towards my feet. The pants had worked up again in the same surprising manner, and I believe they would have kept on and turned wrong side out over the top of my head had I not been at the pains of getting up and shaking them down every half hour during our stay. The thing became annoying, and we rose to go. As soon as we were out of sight—

"Wife," I exclaimed, "what on earth is the matter with these wretched pants? They must be cut too short."

"I cut them longer than the old ones," she replied, "tis the jeans; it is so rough it works up. I can put on a hem at the bottom."

So she put on a hem. When next I ventured to wear them the weather was severe and I took a cold which confined me to the house for two weeks. Wife said, "Tis those pants; I told you that cloth was half cotton." So it was the jeans every time; but as I recovered I continued to wear them. One cold evening in the winter I went to the barn to feed the stock, and, climbing up to the loft to get some fodder, my foot slipped and I would have fallen to the floor had not my pants caught by the waistband to a hay-fork which was sticking between the logs and hooked me so securely that I could not get loose. I let fall my armful of fodder and worked and tugged to extricate myself. My feet were dangling and my body swaying about in the most uncomfortable manner. All I could do I could not free myself, nor was there any one in hearing whom I could call to my assistance. I wished the pants would tear, but the jeans was too stout for that. I wanted them to rip, but they were too well sewed; neither could I induce a button to come off, or my suspenders to unclasp. It appeared to me I was hanging there for an hour. It was cold, and getting dark. What to do I did not know. At last I heard a step and a welcome voice:

"Hi! Dar he now! Hi, yo!"

It was Dan, a neighboring negro, and glad was I to see him. "H'yar! h'yar! h'yar! How you git dar, boss?"

I could not blame him for laughing; I could almost have joined him now that there was a prospect of relief.

"Can't you help me to get down from here, Dan?"

"I'll do dat, sure, boss. I 'speat you is tired 'of bein' in dat fix."

By piling some barrels for my feet to rest on, and then climbing up the side of the house, he managed to pull the fork from the firm hold it had in my clothes. The jeans jerked off, like skin from an old shoulder of meat, and as I eased myself to the floor I inwardly vowed I would forever discard those unlucky trousers and bestow them upon Dan as a reward for his timely aid. I also vowed that the next venture I undertook in home-made pants should not be in jeans, and I have kept my vows—to the great satisfaction of my in-jean-ious wife.

Scarlet Fever and Diphtheria are spread by contagion, by the transfer of living matter from the skin, the membranous lining of the mouth, nose and throat, and from the intestines and urinary organs. Disinfect promptly and thoroughly with Darby's Prophylactic Fluid, the great germ destroyer. Prof. H. T. Lupton, of the Vanderbilt University, Tenn., says: "As a disinfectant and detergent Darby's Prophylactic Fluid is superior to any preparation with which I am acquainted."

Information Wanted. From the Wilmington Messenger. We print this morning an editorial article from the Washington National Republican. We have no desire to create any undue alarm as to present political conditions in North Carolina. We simply conceive it to be our duty to let the people know what others think of us, and what the plans of the enemy may be as outlined by their newspaper organs, and divulged by their own spokesmen.

Here is one assertion made by the Republican which we challenge it to support by the proofs. Our contemporary says that it has "positive assurances from many leading Democrats in North Carolina that they will unite cordially with the Republicans on the industrial issues between the two parties." It then announces that "one of the most prominent gentlemen of North Carolina" has written it the following letter:

"If the leaders of the Republican party pledge themselves unequivocally to the repeal of the internal revenue system, I am ready to go with them, horse, foot and dragoons. If the necessities of the Government are such that all cannot go at once, then let tobacco and fruit brandy be relieved at once, and whiskey afterwards. I can take an active part in the campaign next fall with gloves off, and, so far as I can see, we can hope for no help save from the Republicans."

Now this reads as though it might be genuine, so we shall not go so far as to intimate that our contemporary is endeavoring to deceive its readers through a false statement. But the ways of the average organ of the Republican party are deeply and desperately dark at times, and the tricks which it performs are rich in the deceitfulness of vanity. Of course we do not impeach the statement of the Republican in advance, but we challenge it to prove that the "prominent gentleman of North Carolina" who wrote the foregoing letter is a Democrat. Certainly the man who writes so frankly and unreservedly to the public, for one of the most admirable characteristics of the North Carolina Democrat is his manliness and his indisposition to work by "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain." So be candid in your dealings with us. Give us the name of your Democratic correspondent or else refuse and thereby admit that he is no Democrat at all, but simply an invention of the fertile editorial imagination, the wish of the organ adroitly manufacturing the alleged fact.

There are several reasons why we do not believe that the correspondent of the Republican is a Democrat. First of all and chief of all is the fact that his Democracy is limited absolutely to the repeal of the internal revenue system. In no other respect does he seem to be interested in the principles of the party, and because, as he says, there seems to be no hope of repealing the internal revenue laws, except through the Republican party, therefore he is willing to quit the Democratic party and go over to our old time enemy the Republicans, "horse, foot and dragoons." These are not the sentiments of "one of the most prominent gentlemen of North Carolina," if that gentleman is a native of the commonwealth and has been a citizen and genuine Democrat for the past twenty years. For while we know that the repeal of the internal revenue is dear to the hearts of nine-tenths of the Democracy of this State, while we know that the party is an unit in desiring, demanding and laboring for the repeal in question, yet we also know that opposition to the internal revenue is not the only principle of the party in this State, otherwise the Democracy were miserably impoverished in its issues and its measures. Oh! no, Bre'r Fox, the Democratic party is going to abolish the odious system which your party foisted upon us and which it has perpetuated with all its vicious and cruel practices.

But the representative North Carolina Democrat will not "go horse,

foot and dragoons" into the Republican party until he has a greater inducement than the past record of that party or its present achievements. There is everything in the party which our Washington contemporary represents to make it odious to the people of North Carolina. The internal revenue laws constitute one objection to that party, but not the only one, and our Representatives in Congress will, we believe, secure the abolition of this monument of Republican rule and tyranny. To put North Carolina under Republican dominion would be, as in the past, to subject it to the worst government conceivable in State affairs, as well as, in Federal matters, to revive and strengthen the myriad abuses which existed during the whole time it was in power up to Mr. Cleveland's election.— These are the sentiments of North Carolina Democrats; and now, that we have spoken our minds so freely, give us the names of your prominent Democrats.

Senator Bowen, of Colorado, talks very infrequently.

Some of the silent Senators can't talk; others won't talk.

Senators Faulkner, Turpie and Bate will be mum for some time.

Senator Gorman must be rated as one who talks less than the average.

Senator Matthew S. Quay, of Pennsylvania, does not talk yet, but it is expected that he will.

Senator Sabine did not say a word last session. He has the look of Logan, but not his talent for public speaking.

Henry B. Payne, of Ohio, paces up and down, up and down the Senate chamber, but never talks. They say he can't.

Senator Berry, of Arkansas, bulges the pages of the Record only once in a very long time with quotations from his tongue or pen.

Senator Manderson, of Nebraska, makes but few speeches. He made a feeling oration on Logan, and sometimes talks on military affairs.

Senator Stanford is a poor talker, though he once or twice a session reads from a roll of manuscript a set speech on some Pacific Coast question.

Senator Hiscok will say little and keep in the background for Mr. Evarts, and when he does give voice to his sentiments he will not be very forcible.

Philetus Sawyer is the dumbest man on the Republican side; he has been in the Senate six years and has not said a word in favor of or against any measure.

Senator Farwell, of Illinois, is modest, and his friends expect him to say but little; but he will pull wires with quiet energy. He isn't a Blaine man either.

Senator Ingalls has been silent for nearly a year, and his position in the chair will enforce him to continue so. He used to talk readily, and was fond of an epigram or a bit of rhetoric.

Senator Stockbridge is not likely to make a reputation as a Senatorial orator, his education not having been in that line. However, Stockbridge can work and will.

Senator Palmer talks very seldom and when he does he has something good to say and says it well. He is one of the class who can speak but won't. Outside the Senate he makes many good speeches.

Don Cameron is among the disabled speakers. Even when he reads from manuscript his voice is so low and he mumbles so monotonously that the stenographer can't hear him and no one else tries to.

Senator Ransom, of North Carolina, comes pretty near going on the invalid list. His physical habits are good, and with his black coat closely buttoned about him, his iron-gray hair pushed back from his forehead, and his chest thrown out, he is fond of striding up and down the space in the rear of the seats.

Senator Hearst has been bashful ever since he made that famous eulogy in the Senate on his dead col-

league Miller, in which he mixed death, the moon, picturesque scenery and a moral all up together. However, if he can't talk he can count his silence as very golden, with \$4,000,000 on the right side of his ledger.

Mr. and Mrs. Bowser.

BY MRS. BOWSER.

From the Detroit Free Press.

The other afternoon an expressman delivered at the house several strange packages, and when Mr. Bowser came up in the evening he explained that they were fire escapes.

"What for?"

"For the house, of course."

"But we don't need any fire escapes in our house, Mr. Bowser."

"Don't we? Well, we shall have them just the same. If you want to be burned I have no objection, but I propose to die some other way."

"You never said there was any danger."

"Because I didn't want to make you nervous. As a matter of fact I haven't felt safe any night for a year."

"And now the danger will be obviated?"

"It will be reduced to the minimum, certainly. Even if we wake up and find our bedroom on fire we shall be able to escape with only a scorch."

After supper he carried the parcels upstairs. There were several bottles and a couple of wire racks, a hand fire extinguisher, and a rope and pulley and other stuff.

"Where would a fire be likely to start in the house?" I asked Mr. Bowser as he was fixing a hook in the casing of our bedroom window.

"Down stairs, probably."

"Well, we have a front and back stairs, and here are three chamber windows opening out on veranda roofs. Couldn't we escape by some of these ways?"

"If I thought we could would I be fool enough to go and throw away \$30 on this apparatus?" he angrily demanded.

"I—I suppose you know best."

"Mrs. Bowser, when I don't know best I will resign. While you have never given the subject of fire-escapes one single thought, I have devoted long years of study to it. Take our wall-eyed darling and go down stairs, and when I want you I will call.

In about an hour he called. He was in great good-nature. He had the hook firmly in place, and hanging to it was a rope and some sort of harness.

"It isn't much of an ornament to our bed room," I ventured to observe.

"What has ornament got to do with fire escapes? Isn't your life worth more to you than the daily presence of a tea-store chromo?" The escape now is ready."

"For what?"

"To escape by, of course. Here is the situation: It is midnight. The cook, while rummaging about in search of her lost quid of gum, has dropped lighted matches under the front and back stairs. The flames have been smouldering for hours. They now break forth with sudden fury, cutting off our escape from either stairs."

"And we crawl out on the veranda roofs."

"Do we? Not much! We start to do so, but we find that all the verandas have fallen to the ground, the supports having all been heaved out by the frost."

"Well?"

"Well, we awake with the crackle of flames in our ears. While you wring your hands and declare that we are lost, I calmly secure all the money, jewelry and valuable papers and coolly make preparations to escape. I calmly pull down the rope and harness, seat you and the baby therein, and the next moment you are landed on the ground. I follow just as the engines arrive, and the papers of the next morning chronicle my wonderful self possession in the face of a awful danger."

"And don't they say anything about me?"

"Not a word, or, if they do, it is to remark that you were in a dead faint and your feet never looked so large."

"And can you go down by that rope and harness?"

"Can I? Can you chop wood with an ax? What is it for except to go down on?"

"I would almost as soon be burned up as to try it. I don't believe you would dare to go down on it."

"Mrs. Bowser, what a wife believes and what husband knows are two different things. Is it likely I would purchase this apparatus and put it up here if I didn't dare use it? Shove up that window!"

"But I wouldn't try it. You are rather clumsy, you know?"

"Another insult! Shove up that window!"

I put up the sash and he seated himself in the harness, sat down on the sill and grasped the rope over his head, and with a look of disdain in his eyes he swung himself off. A wild howl rent the air, followed by the thud of something striking the earth, and I looked out to see Mr. Bowser lying in a heap below the window. I ran down and out as soon as possible, and after seven or eight minutes he was able to limp into the house with me.

"Mr. Bowser, are you much hurt?" I asked.

"He glared at me but did not reply. "I am sorry you tried it."

"Some more glare."

"I told you I thought it was dangerous."

"Mrs. Bowser!" he huskily began as he lumped down on the sofa, "this is the beginning of the end!"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean you have made the last attempt on my life you'll ever have a chance to! You hounded me for weeks and weeks to get this fire-escape, and you meant my death by a fall!"

"Why, Mr. Bowser!"

"Say no more! I saw it in your eye as you pushed me off the sill! To-morrow we separate!"

But when the morrow came he sneaked up and removed the apparatus and pitched it into the alley, and fire-escapes haven't been referred to since.

Trusts Must Be Abolished.

From the Charlotte Chronicle.

Representative Isador Rayner, of Maryland, has introduced a bill in the House to prevent the formation of trusts, pools and combines. This is a practical step which will receive the endorsement of the people. Some radically remedial measure like this is popularly regarded as a necessity. If something of the kind is not done with promptness, it is obvious that not a few of our most important departments of industry and commerce will be absorbed by these trusts that demolish every one who does not surrender to them. The bill has a fair prospect of passage. It appears to be the almost unanimous opinion of the House that a bill of this character should be passed. It is very clear to every intelligent and unbiased mind that these trusts must be rooted out. Congress must do it, if it is done. The acquiescence of the country in the adoption of the Inter-State Commerce Law by Congress as a necessity, is a concession on the part of the country that the States are unable to throttle and extirpate the engines of oppression and foes to the material welfare of our country. It is plain that the States of the Union cannot exercise jurisdiction over a corporation outside the domain of its sovereign authority.

Why let the baby suffer and perhaps die, when a bottle of Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup would at once relieve it and effect a cure. Only 25 cents a bottle.

Persons of sedentary habits, and overworked, find in Laxador a specific for want of appetite, palpitation, debility, constipation, and many other ailments. At all drug-gists. Price 25 cents.