

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

Advertising rates furnished on application.

Rockingham Rocket.

H. C. WALL, Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS: \$1.50 a Year in Advance.

VOL. VI.

ROCKINGHAM, RICHMOND COUNTY, N. C., MARCH 22, 1888.

No. 12.

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 Romantic Southern Story from Life Before and Since the War.

HAMPTON, GA., March 4.—In 1861 there lived in Henry County, near Sandy Ridge postoffice, an old lady named Swann, and with her a granddaughter, Elaine Marston, aged 16. Adjoining was a plantation of Judge Miller, the wealthy father of young Harry, the sweetheart of Elaine. Harry was two years her senior, and when the order for all of Georgia's sons between the ages of 18 and 50 years to go to the front came he began preparations. On parting with his sweetheart he promised to return and make her his bride. For a while letters came. Suddenly they ceased, and then came one written by a friend, telling of the capture of young Harry. Months of anxiety followed and then came the news of his death, brought by some "exchanges" from the prison in which he was confined. The grief of Elaine was terrible, but in a few years the image of Harry was but a dim shadow, and the girl had developed into a handsome, charming woman.

On December 26, 1869, eight years after the departure of her boy lover, Elaine became the wife of one of Henry County's most respected citizens.

Last week a man in the guise of an old tramp passed through Hampton. He beheld the face of his once promised bride, bright and happy with the love of a devoted husband, bright and interesting children and the many comforts of a beautiful country home. Returning here he took the cars for his home in the West, not as a tramp, however, but stout and hearty and with only a few silvery hairs upon his temples. He told of the false report of the marriage of Elaine, which nearly drove him crazy; of his wonderful business success in California, and last of the report that was brought across the continent that Elaine did not marry till 1869 and was now a widow.

The latter part of the story he did not know to be false until he begged bread at her door. He says he will never visit Georgia again; that his people are dead, his heart's love withered, and nothing remains for him but to spend the remainder of his life as best he can.

Ingalls Getting His Deserts.

From the Baltimore Sun. The recent bitter speech of Senator Ingalls in the United States Senate promises to involve him in lots of trouble. Several Grand Army posts have already censured him for his reference to Generals Hancock and McClellan as "allies of the Confederacy," and now his application for admission to membership in the Commandary of the Loyal Legion of the District of Columbia, according to dispatches from Washington, has come to grief. The membership of the Loyal Legion is selected with great care, the character and services of the applicants being closely scrutinized. Ingalls could not pass muster. Senator Blackburn had stated that the military services of the Kansas Senator consisted in being judge-advocate of a Kansas militia command, and that his principal employment was the prosecution of jay-hawkers for robbing hen roosts. So the committee appointed to examine into Ingalls' case reported that he was ineligible to membership in the first class for which he had applied, and the report was adopted. It is said that if Ingalls had been found eligible he would have been rejected by a large majority.

Following the Fire's Example.

From the Lowell Courier. Wife—Oh, dear! The fire will have to be built again! Husband—Is that so? That is too bad. Wife—Why do you suppose it goes out so often? Husband—Goes out to get something to keep it warm, just as I'm going to do. I'll be back in an hour or so. Send us your orders for job printing.

The Good Man's Part in Politics.

From the Real Christian Advocate, 7th.

There are some who will read the heading to this editorial and wonder that we venture to discuss politics at all. A religious paper, it is said, ought not to meddle with politics, and the same is said of preachers too. In reference to partizan politics this is true. Notwithstanding all this, editors of religious journals preachers of the gospel and other Christian men have a duty to perform in reference to the political government of this country and in reference to politicians, which we cannot shirk. It is a very easy matter to dodge this duty by saying we will have nothing to do with politics for fear of being damaged spiritually by it, but certain responsibilities are upon us, and when we dodge or shirk them we do it at our peril and to our discredit. The object of this editorial is to inquire as to what is the good man's part in politics and how he may best discharge the duties devolving upon him.

The National and State Conventions are to meet within a few months. The National Conventions are to nominate candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency of the United States. The State Conventions are to nominate candidates for the offices of Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, Secretary of State, Auditor, Treasurer, Superintendent of Public Instruction, Attorney-General, three Justices of the Supreme Court—one for the vacancy now filled by the appointment of the Governor, and two to take their seats in case the number of Justices shall be increased by the vote of the people, and of two Electors for the State at large—and for the election of Delegates and alternate Delegates to the National Convention. Also for the adoption of a platform of principles. It will be seen from this that the character of the National and State governments are to be largely determined by these Conventions. The National Convention will be composed of delegates elected by the State Conventions; the State Convention will be composed of delegates elected by township conventions in each county in the State; the county conventions will be composed of delegates elected by township conventions, and the township conventions will be composed of those who feel enough interest to attend.

Now, this brings us to our first duty in political matters: Every good man, in all political parties, ought to attend the township and county conventions, and see to it that good men are appointed delegates to the State Convention. In most of the counties in both parties there are a few men, generally of immoral character, who work up and control the appointment of delegates, and they see to it that men are elected who represent their views of morality. If good men stay away from the "Primaries," and from the county conventions, and allow a few immoral men to control things, when by their attendance and interest they might have it otherwise, these good men who stay away are to blame. Yes, if we can prevent an evil and fail to do it, we are responsible for that failure. In almost every county, the intelligent, good men could control these matters if they would only turn out and take any interest in them. We believe it to be their duty to do it, and it is the only way to get good men nominated for the various offices. It is highly important that we have good men nominated for these offices. We like the following from the Wilmington Star:

"In North Carolina it is extremely important that for State offices the right men should be selected. If a man has a bad record for sobriety, for integrity, for open, fair dealing, it will be bad work to select him. If he cannot have the 'light turned on' both his political and personal record he will not do for the electric light campaign of 1888. No man should be nominated for any office, including the Judiciary, who is addicted to excessive drink. There are thousands of sober, moral, even religious men in North Carolina, who

It will come sometime. There may emerge only an insignificant little beast; it may prove the magnificent pyrotechic of flame and lava, or it may be neither the one nor the other, but something between the two. I know not how it may be with others; I can only dip as the fountain pours, and let it go for what it is worth. Sulphur, alum, chalybeate, or whatever it may be, I offer only what bubbles up from the living spring, praying if it be not a panacea for all of nature's ills it may at least be a harmless draught to cool some parching tongue. O, what joy it would be if, instead of a child's balloon filled with gas, what I launch might prove an argosy of precious freight to some poor suffering soul! But when one feels within in the cranium the pressure of thoughts, like caged birds panting and struggling for liberation, no matter whether it be much or little, and no matter whether or not any other ever sees the result, some "out-put" must be had, some egress must be found. Write he must, or die of the scratchings and flutterings within in the brain-wires. Ah, so it is.

Pensions Again.

From the Lumberton Robesonian.

Once more the halls of Congress are resonant with eloquent appeals in behalf of the men who "fought, bled and died" in defence of the Union. The Grand Army of the Republic is on a grand march towards the National Treasury, eager to rid Uncle Sam of some of his surplus. Another pension bill is before Congress. This time especial care is being taken to rid it of every feature that could offend the President and cause another veto. It is estimated that its provisions will drain the treasury annually of \$150,000,000. Of this stupendous sum, the South, wrecked and plundered and impoverished by the war, will have to pay at least twenty-five millions. The toiling veteran of the "lost cause," who with maimed body and broken constitution is barely able to feed his helpless family, will have to be taxed to support in ease and luxury the very men who burned their fences, stole his horses and insulted his family. He cannot educate his children. He cannot buy good books or papers for them to read. He cannot even supply them with the ordinary comforts of life. But all this makes no difference. This iniquitous burden must be forced upon him. This is not just, but it must be done to placate the "Grand Army." Four hundred thousand men that immaculate army numbers and they all demand the passage of this bill. If they had kept all the property they stole from the South (those of them who belonged to Sherman's contemptible horde) they would hardly need pensions now.

But doubtless they think that their valor saved the Union, and therefore the Union and everything therein are theirs by right of preservation. Poor and disabled soldiers on both sides ought to be pensioned. But these pensions should not be given to Northern soldiers, while Southern survivors are entirely neglected. The Southern people fought for principles which they conceived to be just and right, and now since the war is over and our law makers are legislating for the whole people, they ought to rise above the narrowness and meanness of sectionalism, and give pensions, if they must give them at all, to all survivors, whether they wore the blue or the gray. This would show a patriotic and magnanimous spirit—a spirit worthy of the nineteenth century and of the great American people.

Simmons Liver Regulator is what the name indicates a "Regulator" of that most important organ, the liver. Is your liver out of order? Then is your whole system deranged, the breath offensive, you have headache, feel languid, dispirited, and nervous, no appetite, sleep is troubled and unrefreshing. Simmons Liver Regulator restores the healthy action of the liver. See that you get the Genuine, prepared by J. H. Zeilin & Co.

man there is a peculiar attractiveness in it. There are so few things a woman can do; I mean so few things that make any show for the trouble. A bright woman will attempt anything. She does not always succeed in her enterprises. Eve was bright. We all know that she attempted to make herself as wise as the Creator. Continual reminders of her miserable failure does not always deter her daughters from similar mistakes. It seems to take a long time for such follies to evolve out of our race. When a female takes to writing it becomes a disease. It grows, multiplies, strengthens and rages, in fair weather and in foul; it is more ineradicable than malarial fever, or even leprosy. There is no specific for it but death. Marriage modifies it, both subjectively and predicatively, as in the case of Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson, but it cannot be considered a radical cure. It breaks out at intervals even in the midst of the severest ordeals incident to a union of hearts.

Two hearts do not always "beat as one" on this subject. One heart will sometimes insist on repressing the heaven-born yearning for penmanship. "Be more practical," says one heart to the other, "attend closely to house-cleaning, chicken-raising, milking and churning. We'll take some school-boarders by way of giving you healthful exercise," and the other heart has to pack up the stationary, tuck on a factory check apron, "advance and give the countersign," and rusticate among the camp-kettles until furlough time arrives, at the end of the session.—may be as beneficial to health as calisthenics or the regular "constitutional," but it is a species of exertion that just perambulates diagonally crosswise the taste of the average "she." And then it is rough on one's clothes; it frazzles out the hems, so, and it makes one recklessly extravagant in aprons. To keep decent, one must have a pile of them, described geometrically, of great extension in length, breadth and thickness. I don't like the domestic kind of calisthenics anyway; I prefer something foreign in this line. Then, too, such exercise is dreadful on the hands. Ah, don't talk! This is the "unkindest cut of all," for a lady does like to have nice hands. It is just rustification, ruination, nullification and every other bad thing on the hands. When "off duty" and one has occasion to don a French mull or a diaphanous India muslin gown, how mortifying to flesh and spirit to look down on hands about as tender and velvety as an old eagle's claws, and on digits about as fair and pinkish as those of a Nile mummy! After flattening out on a rolling-pin, and muscle-ing over a churn-dasher, one will have to advance her number of kid gloves to about a gentleman's eight. Oh, horrors! What is the use of manicure sets if one has to soak her hands in dish-water three times a day! I write feelingly. Deep feeling is born of bitter experience. As long as it lasts, taking boarders is nearly as good a cure for the scribbling disease as there is.

There are so many more rooms to sweep and dust, so many more beds to make, more lamps to fill, etc., in infantum. With all this, one's ideas get disconnected and dissipated, chopped up with the bacon and greens, mixed with the bread and butter of life, or perchance, brushed out along with the trash and dust, to be wafted off on the passing zephyr or trodden to earth among the gravel-stones. But when the tempest is past and vacation has come the sweet dove of peace again folds her wing in the home; and the average "she," so tired of the autocracy of the dining-room, plucks a quill from sweet columba's repertory and rests herself royally in her loved employ, while gentle cooings lull to soft repose. The old malady returns. Writing is one of my chronics. At times it may be repressed, but it is always there, in a latent state, slumbering like a volcano or imprisoned like the mouse in Aesop's mountain fa-

Written for The Rocket. AUTHORSHIP VERSUS COOKERY.

Mary Mackie "Gives Herself Away."

She Loves to Read and Write, but Despises Household Drudgery.

There is great gratification in reading in print an article which we can acknowledge as our own production. It is like meeting one of our children who has been away from home, but to make the welcome perfect it must not seem too common-place beside a half-dozen other pieces on the same page. When asked, "Did you write that?" one must be able to answer, "Yes," without blushing for shame. An article in print does not read as it did in manuscript.—Print bears somewhat the same relation to manuscript that "Sunday clothes" do to "every-days." I like the Sunday ones best, and I reckon every one else does, if they fit comfortably. Some people look like their best clothes made them feel uneasy; it must be because they pinch somewhere. I like nice things to wear, nice things to read, and nice things to eat, too, if I don't have to cook them myself. I can hardly relish a chicken I prepare myself—I cannot get rid of the intensely chickeny smell and taste. My light bread always tastes and smells, to me, of the yeast. I might cook all my days, and I am certain I could never rival "Aunt Kizzy," our old black ante-bellum cook in Virginia, whose egg-rolls, roast fowls, pastries, etc., were as near perfection as eatables ever get to be. But suppose I could, by laborious painstaking, arrive at her standard of excellence in that line, it would still appear, to my way of thinking, (allowing that in mental complexion I was perhaps as many shades fairer than she is in the physical—this to start with—and also considering the four or five years I parsed and parlez-vous-ed at one of the best city Academies of the times and, moreover, enjoyed the best society of the "Old Dominion,") not only a waste of material but a species of ingratitude to both parents and teachers to rest satisfied, as to profession, on equal footing with "old Aunt Kizzy." She was "as black as a stack of black cats," and with her red-and-yellow bandanna headkerchief folded cornerwise and tied under her chin, the vandyke points flaunting to the breeze as she dragged her lame foot along, she was a character, and a notable one of her kind.

I may be glad to be found on the same level with her "when we stand around the great white throne;" for I believe she was a genuine Christian. But now, and here, I cannot feel much conscience-stricken when, instead of being infatuated with her occupation, I feel more taste for the exercise of pursuits involving more intellect and less sleight-of-hand. I had rather read, write, or converse with a sensible friend. Next to people, I love good books and good music, and I also dearly love to write. I never could help scribbling. When I was sixteen and in love I wrote many yards of verses. Later, I invoked volumes just because I could not help it. Why should one who finds so much pleasure in such innocent amusement be relegated to the cook-room to sputter and spat over a stove three times a day for three hundred and sixty-five or six days in the year? How much nicer instead to order meals from a first-class restaurant. Why lay aside a delightful pastime and sit at a sewing machine making calico skirts and aprons, "sewing seam and gusset and band, and band and gusset and seam," while blood-red ideas are thronging the brain and threatening to burn through the forehead and single all the hair off the top of the head? There is enough ready-made clothing to be had which fits better than any I can make, and I could manage to tack up the rips now and then by way of recreation. Just think! Ready-made clothes and meals handed in already cooked! O, son of Medusa, wouldn't my pen fly! There is something absolutely charming in authorship. To a wo-

Written for The Rocket. LOVE SONG—"LUSCIOUS THIRTY."

Love, thou hast been late in coming, O!t have I looked out for thee, Days have oft had weary evenings, Mornings off-been sad to me.

Often have I turned to meet thee, How'ring near me, faint to rest; O!t stretched my hand to greet thee But to see thee fly my breast.

Yet I must not now reproach thee Fearing lest thou fit again; Richest blessings thou hast brought me, Quite eclipsing former pain.

Stay! O stay! sweet gift of heaven— Sweetest e'er bestowed on me; Many days have I been trying To prepare my heart for thee.

Leave me not, until life leaves me, For so dear thou hast become; Life and love must pass together Up to the Eternal Home.

He Figured on It.

From the Detroit Free Press.

"Got a pencil?" asked a farmer on the market the other day of a citizen. "Now, then, let's figure a bit."

"What on?" "Well, I come in most every day with something, and generally start for home about dusk. One boy in particular up Grand River avenue has bothered me a great deal by "bitching on." The other night I thought I'd give him a lesson. When he got on I grabbed his cap."

"And the boy?" "He sat down on some bags of oats I hadn't sold and was taking back home, and didn't seem to care much about it. He rode on about a mile and then got off without his cap."

"But what about the figgers?" "I'm coming to them. He threw out six empty bags worth 35 cents each. He slashed into three bags full of oats with his knife and a net 'em run out. He threw away a new tea kettle which cost me eighty cents, and he dropped overboard a horse blanket for which I paid \$1. Add up these sums, subtract a two shilling cap and see how much I came out ahead."

DONT

let that cold of yours run on. You think it is a light thing. But it may run into catarrh. Or into pneumonia. Or consumption.

Catarrh is disgusting. Pneumonia is dangerous. Consumption is death itself.

The breathing apparatus must be kept healthy and clear of all obstructions and offensive matter. Otherwise there is trouble ahead. All the diseases of these parts—head, nose, throat, bronchial tubes and lungs—can be delightfully and entirely cured by the use of Boschee's German Syrup. If you don't know this already, thousands and thousands of people can tell you. They have been cured by it, and know how it is, themselves." Bottle only 75 cents. Ask any druggist.

DYSPEPSIA.

It is a misery experienced when we suddenly become aware that we possess a digestive apparatus called a stomach. The stomach is the reservoir from which every fibre and tissue must be nourished, and any trouble with it soon felt throughout the whole system. Among a dozen dyspepsias no two will have the same predominant symptoms. Dyspepsia is a general term and a bilious temperament are subject to sick headaches, brown, fleshy and phlegmatic have constipation, while the thin and nervous are abandoned to nervous forebodings. Some dyspepsias are wonderfully forgetful; others have great irritability of temper. Whatever form Dyspepsia may take, one thing is certain,

The underlying cause is in the LIVER, and one thing more is equally certain, no one will remain a dyspeptic who will



It will correct Acidity of the Stomach. Expel foul gases, Alleviate Irritation, Assist Digestion, and, at the same time, act on the bowels. Start the Liver to working, when all other troubles soon disappear. My wife was a confirmed dyspeptic. Some three years ago by the advice of Dr. Steiner, of Augusta, she was induced to try Simmons Liver Regulator. I feel grateful for the relief it has given her, and may all who read this and are afflicted in any way, whether chronic or otherwise, use Simmons Liver Regulator and I feel confident health will be restored to all who will be advised. —Wm. M. Kansas, Fort Valley, Ga. See that you get the Genuine, with red Z on front of Wrapper, PREPARED ONLY BY J. H. ZEILIN & CO., Philadelphia, Pa. Closing Out Winter Stock at Cost! Miss Blakey is closing out to make room for Spring stock. Call and secure bargains in all goods in her line. "THE CURRENT" CHICAGO. The greatest literary and family journal of our time. Clean, perfect, grand! Contains 600 brilliant contributions. 14 yearly; 5 mo., \$2.50. Buy it at your power-claimer—good 10 cents for sample copy.