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Rockingham Rocket.

H. C. WALL, Editor and Proprietor.

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No. 14.

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.

Recent Discoveries in Arizona.

Not far from Prescott, the capital of Arizona Territory, there have been discovered and unearthed the ruins of cities long since buried, which furnish evidence of a numerous race of people living in comfortable dwellings; understanding how to manufacture pottery and how to make ovens for the cooking of food; having a religion, with rites and ceremonies requiring commodious temples and pyres for cremating the dead; with dams and irrigating canals of a useful, practical character, adapted to the cultivation of their lands.

Preserved Her Equilibrium.

There are persons possessed of such admirable serenity and self-possession that nothing can disturb them overmuch. Whatever may be the cause, they are indifferent to things that shock or grieve or anger other people.

An old lady was rescued by a fireman from the fourth story of a burning building. She did not scream, nor struggle, nor resist when he dragged her from her bed, pulled her through a window, and carried her down a ladder to the street below.

When he at last put her in safety on the sidewalk she gathered her clothes about her and said, calmly: "Much obliged; and if you could just run back, now, and get my duds I'd thank you kindly."

When told that her "duds," nor anything else, could be recovered from the building, which was now wrapped in flames, she coolly said: "Well, them as has must lose, an' my duds wahn't wuth much no-how."

Addition Making Shorter.

What word is that to which if you add a syllable it will make it shorter? Short. Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullen will shorten your cold and cure your cough.



TORPID LIVER

- 1. A feeling of weariness and pains in the limbs.
2. Bad breath, bad taste in the mouth, and torpid 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. Distension of the stomach and bowels by wind.
7. Depression of spirits, and great irascibility, with lassitude and 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 diseases. Simmons' Liver Regulator cures a most febrile 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 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 did me up for three or four days. Lately I have been taking Simmons' Liver Regulator, and I give me relief without any interruption to business." - J. Hugg, Middletown, Ohio.

ONLY GENUINE

Closing Out Water Stock, &c. Blakey is closing out to make room for Spring stock. Call and secure bargains in all goods in her line.

SUCH IS LIFE.

Oh! the hurry and the worry Of this ever-changing life! Pushing, crowding in the struggle, Fainting, falling 'mid the strife. Oh! the sighing and the weeping In the sad and broken homes, Where are hearts that once were joyous Now to them no gladness comes.

A CLOUD WITH A SILVER LINING.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

"It will make but little difference whether you continue teaching a few weeks longer, or stop at once; but you will find yourself obliged to give up."

A professional opinion, given in a professional tone, to an office patient, who, having put down the usual fee, quietly left the room.

She walked slowly through the cold, dreary streets, where the first fall of winter snow was melting in a noontday sun, and having gained her boarding-house went to her own room—a back room on the fourth floor, simply but comfortably furnished.

In a quiet, mechanical fashion she took off her bonnet and shawl, hung them up carefully, then refreshed her fire, and at last sat down to face with her position.

Her thoughts ran something in this strain: "My work is done! My life has virtually ended. For thirty years I have been a teacher, and I am too old to learn a new trade.

I have wasted my whole life. I shall not starve, for I have a little put by for old age, and I can still sew, keep boarders, or win my bread. But I, who always wanted to do something in this world of value to others, have done what? Slaved over a desk for 30 years, grinding geography, history and arithmetic into more or less unwilling brains.

Margaret Hansell, you have wasted your life!" "This room, did you say?" The voice, close to her own door, made Miss Hansell start, even before it was followed by a tap, asking admission.

"Come in!" she answered; and the door opened. A tall figure, in close mourning, stood in the doorway—expensive mourning, Miss Hansell saw at a glance—and when the heavy veil was lifted she recognized as quickly the refinement and high breeding in the delicate, aristocratic face it disclosed.

"Will you come in?" she said, courteously, placing a chair near the fire. But instead of taking it, her visitor crossed the room quickly, saying: "Do you not know me? I am Mattie Jessup—Mattie Leigh when you used to scold me for inky fingers and torn copy books. My dear, dear teacher, please say you are glad to see me."

"I am very glad!" was the cordial reply; and then, unnerved by her morning's experience, Miss Hansell found the tears rolling down her cheeks.

Mrs. Jessup had one of those rare natures that are sympathetic by instinct, read trouble under the most plausible smiles, and feel in every sensitive nerve the sorrows of others. In a moment she had drawn a low chair close to the one she gently made her old teacher resume, and said, lovingly: "I am so glad to find you! They told me at the school when I went for you that you had not been well and was resting. But you are better, are you not?"

"No, my dear! For years I have been threatened with a permanent

trouble in my throat. It has come at last. To-day Dr. G— told me I must give up teaching. Well!" she sighed, "it may be I shall find other work. My life has been of little use so far."

Something in the sweet, loving face led her on to speak, to think aloud, for she said: "Yet it is hard, at fifty, to feel one's life has been a failure."

"You should not feel so," was the quick reply. "You, who have done so much good." "What good?" Any other well-educated woman could have done the same. And my knowledge is old-fashioned. Girls do not study now what I taught thirty years ago.

There was a moment of silence, and then Mrs. Jessup said: "Do you remember Julia Porter?" "Very well, indeed."

"I saw her about a year ago. She had a school in Ohio, a flourishing seminary. Of course, we chatted of our own school days, and then she told me that you had paid for her tuition, had lifted her from poverty and almost despair to give her an education, clothed and fed her. 'I owe everything to Miss Hansell,' she said to me, 'and more than all, I owe to her my love of my Saviour, the principle that I humbly try to make my life's standard, and impart to my pupils.' I heard not long ago from Mary Desmond, the baroness-scarum girl who was in the class above mine. She wrote to a friend of mine: 'I am so happy in my home, my husband's love, my dear children, but I know that Miss Hansell saved me from the butterfly existence of a fashionable belle. Whenever I wanted to waste my life, the memory of her face, her voice made me think.'"

"She was good-hearted, but impulsive," said Miss Hansell, "and she is married, you say?" "She married the man she loved, not the one her parents selected—an old man of immense wealth. There was a great deal of opposition, but she won her mother over, and she, as she writes, 'happy' with a limited income, a loving husband, and a clear conscience. Little Daisy Cutler is married, too. She was one of your special pets. You see I know all about it. I know who took her, abused and ill, from the miserable home where her drunken father made her life unendurable. I know who persuaded Mrs. Gates to give her a home, who taught her music when she discovered her wonderful talent for it. She has told me how her life brightened and was made sweet by your love and care. Oh, my dear teacher, I could sit here all day and talk of those who have become noble, true women under the old-fashioned ideas of womanly worth you taught them, by example and words spoken in season. I have often wondered why you were not in your own house the light and joy of some true heart that could appreciate you. Perhaps I ought to have said that."

"There is no harm done, Mattie. I am that exceptional old maid who is said not to exist, the one who never had a lover. It is just so, dear! My life has been one of almost unbroken routine. I was left an orphan at 12 years old, was a pupil teacher till I was 22, studying music and drawing, and teaching in payment after I graduated. Then I became a full teacher on and on, year after year, with no break save summer rest. I never knew the sweetness of a love that was alone. I never had a lover or even an admirer. So my work was my life; and so to-day, when I was told my work was at an end, I felt that mine had been but a cold, useless life at best. But you have cheered me, dear. Perhaps, after all, I have given my 'mite' in God's service."

"It is not perhaps, it is surely so. But now I want to tell you my errand—why I have sought you out. Why I have come a hundred miles on purpose to seek you."

"My dear, is that so? A hundred miles to see your old teacher?" "And to ask a favor of her. You

know, dear Miss Hansell, I am an orphan, too, my uncle's ward. I am rich, but very lonely."

"I married ten long years ago, and my husband died last spring. It may be I can tell you sometime the story of those ten years, but not to-day. I loved my husband, and he married me for my money, and very soon let me know that he had done so. You may guess what my life has been, but he is dead. I tried to do my duty, after my love was crushed and stifled. But to come to my favor. I have three little girls, and we live in S— in a handsome country seat. My income is large, and my life, as I said, lonely. I love my children, but I want the companionship of one I can respect and consult as well as love. And I hoped I might be able to coax you to come home with me, and to instruct my girls as you did their mother. You may think it is a narrow life after having a large school, but we need you so much. My children already love you. Will you come?"

"But my dear, your children should have teachers in the never branches of study."

"That will come in time. I want a friend, one to whom I may come for loving counsel. My children are very young. Will you help me to make true, good women of them, to train their hearts as well as their minds, to win them to love what is good and pure and to do right?"

"I will, God helping me." "Then to-morrow I will come for you. It is well, is it not, you can leave the seminary?"

"Yes; I was planning my letter of resignation this morning, for my throat was very painful. It will not prevent such duties as you require, but I knew I could teach no more in a large school."

"Good-bye, then, till to-morrow." Alone again, Margaret Hansell knelt in fervent prayer, and the heavy cloud that had obscured the morning light was lifted to show her its silver lining.

The Farmer in Politics.

From the Progressive Farmer. If you want good men in office you must attend your primary meetings and nominate them. It is the imperative duty of every good citizen, whether he drives the plow, the jack-plane or wields the hammer at his anvil, or sits at his desk, or deals out wares to the people, or teaches or preaches, to see to it that the reins of government are placed in the hands of good and true men, from the lowest to the highest office. It is as much the duty of a man to vote as it is to plow—but his first duty is to see to it that the very best men in his party are nominated. To do this he should stop his plow in the furrow when the time comes and go to the primary meeting and aid the true and good citizens to select delegates who will go to the county conventions and who will truly and faithfully represent their needs and their wishes in the selection of candidates for county officers, and who will see to it that such men are sent as delegates to the State convention to select the best men for State offices. These delegates should be men of character, men who are not for sale, men in whose judgment and patriotism they can confide; and above all, men who have the moral manhood to dare to do right. Do this and you will soon hear less of corruption in party politics. If your party is corrupt this is the only way and the sure way to purify it. Go to your primary meetings and select such men and stand by them.

A New Pepper from China.

The new pepper from China, which has been christened "Celestial Pepper," is one of the most ornamental varieties grown. Up to the time the pods are fully ripe they are of a delicate creamy yellow hue, and when fully grown change to a vivid scarlet. This striking contrast in color renders the plant a beautiful object as well as a useful one.

Is Consumption Incurable?

Read the following: Mr. C. H. Morris, Newark, Ark., says: "Was down with Abscess of Lungs, and friends and physicians pronounced me an incurable Consumptive. Began taking Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, am now on my third bottle, and able to oversee the work on my farm. It is the finest medicine made."

The Wonderful Healing Properties of Darby's Prophylactic Fluid. Its prompt use will invariably relieve pain, promote healing and prevent Erysipelas, Gangrene, or Pseudomembrane. Owing to the cleansing and purifying qualities of the Fluid, the most obstinate Ulcers, Boils, Carbuncles, and Running Sores are rendered pure and healthy and speedily cured, no other application being necessary.

The Value of Eggs.

From the London Standard. Eggs are a meal within themselves. Every element necessary to the support of man is contained within the limits of an egg shell, in the best proportions and in the most palatable form. Plain boiled, they are wholesome. The masters of French cookery, however, affirm that it is easy to dress them in more than 500 different ways, each method not only economical but salutary in the highest degree. No honest appetite ever rejected an egg in some guise. It is nutriment in the most portable form and in the most concentrated shape.

Whole nations of mankind rarely touch any other animal food. Kings eat them, plain as readily as do the humble tradesman. After the victory of Muldorf, when the Kaiser Ludwig sat at a meal with his burggraf and great captains, he determined on a piece of luxury—"one egg to every man and two to the excellently valiant Schwebperman." Far more than fish—for it is a watery diet—eggs are the scholar's fare. They contain phosphorus, which is brain food, and sulphur, which performs a variety of functions in the economy. And they are the best of nutriment for children, for, in compact form, they contain everything that is necessary for the growth of the youthful frame. Eggs are, however, not only food—they are medicine also. The white is the most efficacious remedy for burns, and the oil extractable from the yolk is regarded by the Russians as an almost miraculous salve for cuts, bruises and scratches. A raw egg, if swallowed in time, will effectually detach a fish bone fastened in the throat, and the white of two eggs will render the deadly corrosive sublimate as harmless as a dose of calomel. They strengthen the consumptive, invigorate the feeble, and render the most susceptible all but proof against jaundice in its most malignant phase. They can also be drunk in the shape of that "egg flip" which sustains the oratorical efforts of moderate statesmen. The merits of eggs do not even end here. In France alone the wine clarifiers use more than 80,000,000 a year; the Abolitionists consume fully \$8,000,000 in calico printing and for dressing the leather used in making the finest of French kid gloves. Finally, not to mention various other employments for eggs in the arts, they may, of course, almost without trouble on the farmer's part, be converted into fowls, which, in any shape, are profitable to the seller and welcome to the buyer. Even egg shells are valuable, for allopath and homoeopath alike agree in regarding them as the purest of carbonate of lime.

Seismic Disturbances in Mexico.

NOGALES, Ari, March 27.—The recent seismic disturbances and subterranean noises along the Pacific slope in Mexico have terrified those who remember the earthquake of last May. The people are moving out of the dangerous localities by hundreds. Ever since the first severe shock, on May 3rd, 1887, the noises and tremblings have continued with increasing violence. The indications of the coming of a serious earthquake or of the bursting forth of a volcano are shown by the peculiar posture of the earth and the appearance of hot springs which usually precede such disturbances. Wide seams and cracks are numerous in the mountains, and several streams have been turned from their courses into these chasms. The violence of the most recent shocks has been such that several land slides have occurred, and here and there the whole side of a mountain has come down. Between Batapeto and Fronteras the ground has opened and then settled and the configuration of the country has entirely changed. In one spot the ground rolls like the waves of the sea and steam and boiling water are thrown up. The crust of the earth is very thin and an eruption of volcanic matter is expected at any moment.

The Mexican scientific expedition, which made a careful examination of the scene of the old earthquakes, has returned and reported exhaustively on its discoveries. The belief is that the earthquakes will continue with increasing force until a volcano breaks out. It was found that the region of disturbances had been almost deserted. There are a few persons still living in the once popular town of Bavispe, but they are in extreme destitution for lack of food and clothes. The State Government of Sonora has sent a commissary to the old town, and private subscriptions for clothing have been received.

Uncle Ben's Buts.

From the Arkansas Traveler. Good habits are as easily contracted as bad ones, but some would-be Solomons have asserted to the contrary. If life is worth living, it is worth living truthfully, honestly, and well; but some people don't like to think so. It is easier to go down hill than up, but the difference in atmosphere is worth more than the difference in exertion. Wit is the honey, wisdom the bread, and work the meat of human society, but it takes all three to make a square life meal. A pound of hope is worth more than a cart-load of despondency, but there is more real comfort in an ounce of contentment than in either.

No Time to Read.

From the Labor Advocate. We dislike very much to hear a laboring man say he doesn't have time to read, because nine times out of ten we know he utters a falsehood when he says it, and nine out of ten of the men who have no time to read spend their evenings loafing on the street or around the beer counter and billiard table. The cases are very rare, indeed, where a man has not time to read one or even three or four weekly papers each week if he wants to. It is because he has not interest enough in his own welfare to read and post himself on the events that are transpiring for or against him. He is content to let others do his reading and thinking for him. The class of men that claim they do not have time to read are the curse of the community in which they live. They have no mind of their own, and, being as ignorant as a Hottentot, they are used by the sharpers of their town and neighborhood to help them carry out schemes to thwart the will of the educated and respected citizens. The man who doesn't have time to read is usually a loafer. The successful man has plenty of time to read and post himself on matters pertaining to his business, and that is one reason why he is successful. The educated laboring man finds plenty of time to read, and without neglecting his work either. He is the man whom you will find at home evenings with his family. The nail keg in the grocery store is never kept warm by him while he listens or tells smutty stories to an ignorant crowd of gaping loafers. He who cannot find time to read never finds time to be a man, but always is the tool of some man who does read. When we hear a man say he doesn't have time to read one paper a week we always pity his wife and children to think they have such an indolent, ignorant, do little kusband and father.

The constant habit of saving small sums will ultimately lead to a comfortable surplus, but great expectations are likely to result in a disappointed fortune. No one can be said to be truly wise unless he can see his own faults with more clearness than those of others, for they are nearer by, but a distant view is more pleasant. Children are the buds, women the blossoms, and men the grains of the human plant, but in order to have fair blossoms you must grow perfect buds, and in order to have good grain you must grow beautiful blossoms. "Trifles light as air" are of more consequence to the individual than earthquakes and cyclones, for the former are taking place continually, but the latter are ages apart.

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