

Rockingham Rocket.

H. C. WALL, Editor and Proprietor.

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No. 17.

Job Printing

Having recently purchased a first class outfit, we are prepared to do all kinds of

PLAIN AND FANCY

JOB PRINTING

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Educate the Coming Man.

From the Scientific American.

We have often referred to the importance of training boys in some systematic and thorough manner for the serious business of life. It should be urged for not only the mechanical pursuits, but also for those who propose to embark in the higher paths of professional work. Many an architectural student in this country, wisely says the Northwestern Architect, would be better prepared for the struggle for success in his profession had he been the recipient of a sound technical education before entering upon his pupilage. In the past the most of the hue and cry has been for the better technical education of the artisans, and it would be well for the architectural profession not to lose sight of the fact that the education of the master should increase in proportion to the advancement made by the workman.

We want a better and more widely diffused method of technical education for both artisan and master. It is, however, expensive business, and while some of our schools and colleges have provided laboratories and workshops, there is a wider range of general technical education than has as yet found lodgment in the west. We know of no country where the lack of good preparatory schools, into which the more promising pupils from the elementary grades could be draughted, is more severely felt than in this, and the endorsement of philanthropic gentlemen could not be better employed than by providing for this most necessary education. The benefit to the country would be so great that the establishment of the schools would become a matter of national concern, and if our country's prosperity is not to become a thing of the past, we must develop the latent resources of intellect and talent among our workmen to a greater extent than ever before.

term of office. A man of 300 winners will let his mind run to thoughts of love, as the youth of twenty does now. The future Sherman will not be compelled to relinquish command of the army at an age which, though now accepted as the limit of vigor, will in the future be regarded as giddy youth. There will be no old maids, no bachelors, for who could confront, say, a thousand years of loneliness, lovelessness?

Every house will have its own physician, who will be paid to keep its members in health, and not as now, to minister to disease. Years will mean honors, and young things of a hundred or so will be the darlings of society. Literature will be revolutionized, the poets will have to adopt new figures, and no one will know the meaning of Shakespeare's song:

Youth, I adore thee!
Age, I do abhor thee!

A Sad End, and a Lesson.

From the Charlotte Chronicle.

The Washington City tragedy talked about on the streets and written about in our foremost journals, and felt as a sensation throughout the land, is that of a young lady of eighteen summers, dead in her father's home, by her own hand. The story runs thus: A runaway marriage, weeks of weariness in distasteful abodes, days of chafing amid uncomfortable creature comforts, a husband who could not support her, a painful separation, a falling off of friends, increasing ostracism in social life, constantly augmenting grief, fatigue, prostration, despair, death! Such closes a life of little more than eighteen years duration.

The New York Herald says: "It cannot be too earnestly remembered that only a sound moral would propose an elopement to a young woman and only a fool would listen." It is undeniable that such episodes are in contravention of the scriptural law of family government. They are incontrovertibly antagonistic to the integrity of the marital relation. And whatever stands in the way of legitimately established and prosperously perpetuated families obstructs the upbuilding or tends to demolish, as the case may be, one of the two pillars on which the best social fabric rests.

Parents ought to share in the labors and responsibilities of matchmaking. They cannot be ignored in such transactions without peril. The father, the head of the family, may be stern and immovable, but he should be obeyed. Such is the law of duty. Let the lesson be learned and remembered.

She Was Not at the Feast.

"Why do you treat me so coldly, dear?" he asked. "If it is because I am later than usual, I can only say that I was unavoidably detained."

"George," she said, "and the girl's voice was thick and cottony. 'I know why you were unavoidably detained. I caught the odor of your breath the moment you entered the room.'"

"My dear," he earnestly assured her, "I haven't touched liquor for months."

"No, George; but you stopped on your way here and ate some vanilla ice cream."—Puck.

A Sound Legal Opinion.

E. Bainbridge Mundy Esq., County Atty., Clay Co., Texas, says: "Have used Electric Bitters with most happy results. My brother also was very low with Malarial Fever and Jaundice, but was cured by timely use of this medicine. Am satisfied Electric Bitters saved his life."

Mr. D. T. Wilcoxson of Horse Cave, Ky., adds a like testimony, saying: "He positively believes he would have died had it not been for Electric Bitters."

This great remedy will ward off, as well as cure all Malarial Diseases, and for all Kidney, Liver and Stomach disorders stands unequalled. Price 50c and \$1 at Doctor W. M. Fowkes & Co.'s Drug Store.

Attend your township convention next Saturday.

Damage on the Danger of Marrying a Tippler.

Here is an evil that men cannot stop but women may. Keep all such out of your parlors, have no recognition for them in the street, and no more think of allying your destiny with theirs than "gales from Araby" would consent to pass the honeymoon with an Egyptian plague. All that money or social position a bad man brings to a woman in marriage is a splendid despair, a gilded horror, a brilliant agony, a prolonged death, and the longer the marital union lasts, the more evident will be the fact that she might better never have been born. Yet you and I have been at brilliant weddings where, before the feast was over, the bridegroom's tongue was thick and his eye glassy, and his step a stagger as he clicked glasses with jolly comrades, all going with lightning express train to the fatal crash over the embankment of a ruined life and a lost eternity.

Woman, join not your right hand with such a right hand. Accept from such an one no jewel for finger or ear lest that sparkle of precious stone turn out to be the eye of a basilisk, and let not the ring come on the finger of your right hand lest that ring turn out to be one link of a chain that shall bind you in never ending captivity. In the name of God and heaven and home, in the name of all time and all eternity, I forbid the bans! Consent not to join one of the many regiments of women who have married for worldly success without regard to moral character.

If you are ambitious, O woman, for nobler affiancing, why not marry a king? And to that honor you are invited by the Monarch of heaven and earth, and this day a voice from the skies sends forth: "As the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride so shall God rejoice over thee." Let Him put upon thee the ring of this royal marriage. Here is an honor worth reaching after.

To Live as Long as One Likes.

From the New York Star.

While loose thinkers, and barren idealists are wasting brain power over the bootless problem, "Is life worth living?" exact science is striving to answer the more important question of "how to live forever." If, as we have been taught to believe, death came into the world through sin, there must have been a time in the history of man when the flesh as well as the spirit was immortal. At first glance it might be supposed that this condition could be resumed by abolishing sin; but, as that has been proved impossible, science very sensibly applies itself to a resumption of those physical causes which enabled the patriarchs to walk the earth, as in Methuselah's case, nearly a thousand years.

Dr. Hammond has intrepidly undertaken the discussion of this momentous possibility. His arguments are both ingenious and persuasive. He asserts broadly that the secret that Dr. Faustus sought in diabolic intervention, and Ponce de Leon in an elixir of nature, is easily surmounted in a perfect knowledge of the human organism. This doctrine of earthly immortality has been more or less clearly outlined by soothsayers and sorcerers in every age of the race. Nero was promised a thousand years of life by Apollonius, the wizard physician of Apollonia. It was in search of a fabulous skin whose possession rendered a mortal invulnerable to death that the Macedonian Alexander pushed his conquests beyond the Tigris. The virtues and legends of the skin are set forth in Balzac's wondrous tale, "Le Peau de Chagrin," in which a young suicide becomes possessed of the bit of leather which insures him eternal life by limiting his desires.

Impossible as the tale appears, it is almost an anticipation of Dr. Hammond's thesis. For as the supernatural skin diminished with each wish of its possessor, so Dr. Hammond's theory goes to show that our years are cut off by indulgences and lack of knowledge of the things essential to the preservation of our tissues and organism. Cagliostro, Dr. Mesmer and the empirics who set France in an uproar during the years immediately preceding the French Revolution, taught the possibility of indefinite prolongation of life. Catherine de Medici, Pope Alexander and countless other sovereigns, as well as the great Wallenstein, kept astrologists at work for years perfecting the science which was to result in emancipation from death.

While, therefore, Dr. Hammond cannot, and probably does not, claim originality for the idea of lengthening life, he attacks the problem on a scientific and rational basis not heretofore acknowledged by the searchers for the absolute. He begins by showing that under more enlightened conditions—sanitary, hygienic and the like—the duration of life has been increased within a generation by an average of six years. Raising his calculations upon this scientifically buttressed fact, he argues that, as enlightenment goes on, the average may be increased indefinitely; that with a knowledge of himself a man may live just as long as he wants to. Bearing in mind what science has extracted from the inorganic forces of nature, this does not seem an unreasonable or impossible outcome of the application of mind to matter. The brain, it is clear, depends upon the body; if the body be kept in health the brain will perform its functions to the last pulsation of a healthful organism, as we see in cases of surprising longevity.

The bewildering transformation in mankind that the solution of this problem will bring about offers vast scope for speculation. The changes wrought in laws, moreover—in fact, all the conditions of life—will make the twentieth century as fabulous as the times of Noah seem to us. There will then be no limit of age to the

The School Tax.

From the Chatham Record.

Taxation for public school purposes is becoming a very serious matter in North Carolina, and many persons think that the taxes paid by the white people should be used in educating only the white children, and the taxes paid by the colored people should be used in educating the colored children. This proposition is being discussed in many portions of the State, and it is possible that a resolution will be introduced into the Democratic State convention, on the 30th of May, advocating an amendment to our State constitution so as to accomplish this object. Few persons are aware of the amount of money expended in this State for public schools. For several years it has been over six hundred thousand dollars a year—a sum equal to that expended for defraying all other expenses of the State government. At least three-fourths of the poll tax, and a property tax of 12 cents on the one hundred dollars valuation, are applied for school purposes. Every tax-payer may know from this statement how much he pays every year for the equal education of the white and colored children of the State. Of course the great bulk of the taxes collected for school purposes is paid by the white people, and yet generally throughout the State the terms of the schools for colored children are much longer than the terms of the schools for white children. The Superintendent of Public Instruction says that over 20,000 colored pupils, liable to taxation, are not listed. It is no wonder that some dissatisfaction exists among the white tax-payers, and that they should wish that their money be used in educating only their own children.

Cleveland's Message the Platform.

From the Washington Post.

In compliance with the inexorable demands of the financial situation, President Cleveland, in his third annual message, strenuously urged upon the attention of Congress the imperative necessity of reducing the national revenue. In accordance with the creed, traditions and pledges of his party he urged a reduction of tariff taxation rather than the repeal of internal taxes. Circumstances which no man or set of men created, but which occurred in the natural order of political events, have made Mr. Cleveland the candidate of his party for re-election long before the assemblage of Congress. The message, therefore, became as soon as delivered the platform of the candidate and party in the presidential campaign. It became so irrevocably and was thus accepted by the country. The Post believes that Mr. Cleveland, in the matter and in the manner of that message, demonstrated that he possessed great political sagacity and comprehensive statesmanship.

"Mother: 'And do you really feel so bad, Bobby?'" Bobby: "Yes, ma. I ain't quite sick enough to need any medicine, but I'm a little too sick to go to school."

THE BORE.

Again I hear that creaking step!
He's rapping at the door;
Too well I know the boding sound
That ushers in a bore.
He reads his newspapers through
Before I've seen a word;
He scans the lyric (that I wrote)
And thinks it quite absurd.
He calmly smokes my last cigar
And coolly asks for more;
He opens everything he sees
—Except the entry door!
He talks about his fragile health
And tells me of the pains
He suffers from a score of ills
Of which he ne'er complains;
And how he struggled once with death
To keep the fiend at bay!
On themes like those away he goes
But never goes away.
I mean to take the knocker off,
Put crepe upon the door,
Or hint to John that I am gone
To stay a month or more.
I do not tremble when I meet
The stoutest of my foes,
But heaven defend me from a "friend"
Who never, never goes!

JOHN G. SAXE.

The Bed-Time Stories.

From the Christian Intelligencer.

An enthusiastic young lady, on her introduction to my mother, exclaimed:—"Oh, I am so delighted to know you. I have heard about you for years as the lady who is always telling such wonderful stories to children, and they invariably turn out to be Bible stories. How do you do it?" "Very easily," replied my mother; "the Bible stories are the most wonderful stories in the world." So, dear Aunt Marjorie, when you ask me how I have taught Harry so much of the Bible, the question must be referred back to the "Grandmother Lois." I never thought the Bible anything but interesting, and to this day think my mother's stories better than all other tales. I began telling Harry the Bible stories younger than many mothers think worth while, and I used to put his chubby hands together and say his little prayers months before he could lip the words after me.

My practice has always been to go up with him at night, oversee the undressing, and then, after he is tucked in bed, tell the story. I do not believe in telling the stories at hap-hazard, and from ancient and hazy recollections. I carried the boy (quite unconsciously) through a regular plan of Bible history; and I used to spend a little time every morning in getting up the story. The more knowledge the mother has, the more dramatic the story can be made. I must say (if I speak frankly) that I think the reason why so many children find the Bible so dull, is because they have had it taught to them by a lazy intellect. Dullness is a crime sometimes. No indolent and heavy mind can interest and entertain a bright, wide-awake child. I think also that the great time to make this glorious and lasting impression of the charm of the Bible is before the child is seven. The things told them take on wonderful hues. Does morning or midday ever give us colors like the early dawn? I like the "Bible Story Book" very much. I have read that aloud three times to my boy. There is nothing in all the world, after the Bible, like "Pilgrim's Progress." I feel sorry for the mother who has never read herself and her children with the wonderful melody of Bunyan's dream.

Many mothers don't believe in telling stories to children after they are in bed. I do. Have the children go to bed half an hour earlier, if necessary, for the privilege.

The trouble so many times, Aunt Marjorie, is with ourselves. We make studying the Bible a duty and keeping Sabbath a burden. I think Sabbath afternoon ought to have more privileges than any other day of the week, and I think the time of hearing the Bible ought to be a little cosier than any other hour.

An ignorant young mother talked to me once, in great dismay, about her boy, who often refused to say his prayers. The result would be a pitched battle between the two, and a compulsory repeating of the prayers. "Don't ever let that happen again," I entreated. "If you see the battle coming, focus it on another point. A good general chooses his own battle field if possible. Then

Acute Rheumatism is an Inflammation of the Joints, marked by Pain, Heat and Redness.

With these symptoms apply Salvation Oil, the great pain-cure at once. Price 25 cents a bottle.

An Exchange wants to know "why it is, with so many negroes dying, nobody ever sees a black ghost?"

It is for the same reason that, with so many white people dying, nobody ever sees a white ghost.

A Warning.

The modes of death's approach are various, and statistics show conclusively that more persons die from diseases of the Throat and Lungs than any other. It is probable that everyone, without exception, receives vast numbers of Tubercle Germs into the system and where these germs fall upon suitable soil they start into life and develop, at first slowly and is shown by a slight tickling sensation in the throat and if allowed to continue their ravages they extend to the lungs, causing Consumption, and to the head, causing Catarrh. Now all this is dangerous and if allowed to proceed will in time cause death. At the onset you must act with promptness, allowing no cold to go without attention, and dangerous and may lose your life. As soon as you feel that something is wrong with your Throat, Lungs or Nostrils, obtain a bottle of Boschee's German Syrup. It will give you immediate relief.

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