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H. C. WALL, Editor and Proprietor.

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VOL. VI.

ROCKINGHAM, RICHMOND COUNTY, N. C., MAY 17, 1888.

No. 20.

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 Duty of Preachers.

Correspondence of The Rocket. Mr. Editor:—Should you find my scribbling unworthy the notice of your readers, just deposit it in the waste-basket. I have been working in the church three years and I find there are only ten preachers in this circuit, and I thought we would like to have a general conference on the circuit, provided we could get corresponding laymen. Some of our churches have been preached to death, while some others have died for want of preaching. We can tell what kind of fruit is on a tree if we know what kind of tree it is. If it is an apple tree, we say apples; if a peach tree, we say peaches. But we don't understand why peach trees and apple trees should be planted merely for their shade, nor do we understand how it is that men claim the birth of the Spirit heirship to God and the call to the ministry, and only preach when it suits their convenience. Do not these trees cumber too much ground for so little fruit? And have they not forgotten about the axe? The demand for ministers for the first places was never greater in one denomination than it is to-day. If one of our leading pulpits becomes vacant the country is canvassed East and West for a worthy man for the place. We want men who are not for sale; men who are honest, sound from centre to circumference, true to the heart's core; men who will condemn wrong in friend or foe—in themselves as well as others; men whose consciences are steady as the needle to the pole; men who will tell the truth and look the devil right in the eye; men that never brag nor run; men that neither swagger nor flinch; men who know their duty and do it; men who know their places and fill them; men who will not lie; men who are not too lazy to work nor too proud to be poor; men who are willing to eat what they have earned and wear what they have paid for; men whose feet are on the Everlasting Rock and who are strong with divine strength, wise with the wisdom that cometh from above, and loving with the love of Christ; men who are trying to get men and women and children to have their names written in the Book of Life. W. A. SILES. Pegues, N. C.

Children

Often need some safe cathartic and tonic to avert approaching sickness or to relieve colic, headache, sick stomach, indigestion, dysentery and the complaints incident to childhood. Let the children take Simmons Liver Regulator and keep well. It is purely vegetable, not unpleasant to the taste and safe to take alone or in connection with other medicine. The Genuine has our Trade Mark "Z" in red on front of wrapper. J. H. Zeilin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.



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LIVER, KIDNEYS, AND BOWELS.

AN EFFECTUAL SPECIFIC FOR

Malaria, Bowel Complaints, Sick Headache, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Constipation, Kidney Affections, Jaundice, Mental Depression, Colic.

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

THERE IS BUT ONE

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

See that you get the genuine with red "Z" on front of wrapper. Prepared only by J. H. ZEILIN & CO., Sole Proprietors, Philadelphia, Pa. PRICE, \$1.00.

Do not place your orders for job printing until you get our prices.

Written for The Rocket. IN THE STORM.

"Let me lie in thy bosom, my Father, The storm is so fierce and wild." "Fear not; I am with thee in trouble— My arms are around my child."

"Oh, I tremble! the lightning is vivid, The thunder is loud and deep." "Fear not; there is nothing to harm thee, Lie still in my arms and sleep."

"But I hear in the forest the crashing— The wind leaves destruction behind." "Fear not; trust thy Father to guard thee, I hold in my fists the wind."

"Let me feel thy presence, my Father, 'I'll be no longer afraid." "Fear not; I am mighty to save thee— Close clinging till the storm is stayed."

"Oh, in danger and trouble be with me, Forever, as now, to save." "Fear not; I am pledged to redeem thee From every overwhelming wave."

"I would lie in thy bosom, my Father, Cry 'Abba' and hear thee reply." "Fear not; to my trembling spirit, 'Fear not' when terror is nigh."

"Till this life of probation be ended, Till sin and temptation cease, Till fearful no longer, my Father, I gaze on thy glorious face."

MARY MACKIE. Ellerbe Springs, April 25.

ROMANCE OF A SECRET MARRIAGE.

Twenty-Five Years Apart and the Wedding Ceremony Forgotten.

From the Chicago Tribune.

One of those remarkable occurrences which read more like fiction than fact has taken place in this city during the last fourteen days, and the truth of which is well authenticated.

The commencement of this wonderful narrative in the lives of two persons dates back 25 years ago, when John L. Smith and Catherine Brady were secretly married in County Cavan, Ireland. Smith was a poor boy, while Miss Brady's father was a well-to-do farmer, owning his own jaunty car and putting on considerable style when he drove to town market day or to the parish church Sunday, while the Smith family had to content themselves with shank's mare. As may be easily imagined, Mr. Brady was furious when he discovered that his daughter Catherine had married without his consent, and still worse, to a man not her social equal. So enraged did Brady become that he refused to recognize Smith as his son-in-law or permit his daughter to live with the man whom she had married.

Smarting under this indignity, young Smith resolved to emigrate to the United States, and there by the sweat of his brow earn sufficient money to send for his wife and take her away from her hard-hearted father. With this object in view Smith bade good-bye to his wife and relatives, and sailed for New York. As, misfortune would have it, the vessel upon which he sailed was wrecked off New Foundland and a good many of the passengers were drowned, Smith's name appearing among those which were published at the time. But in this there was a mistake, as Smith survived and arrived at the haven of rest, Castle Garden. He lost no time after landing in finding his way into Erie county, Penn., where he obtained work on a farm. There he labored hard and saved money, in hopes of soon having sufficient to send for his wife. He wrote to her, but received no answer. This discouraged him, and after a year or two he came to the conclusion that she had been sufficiently influenced by her father to discard him. Consequently he learned to forget her, and after some years, considering himself a free man, he married and started West, settling in Oregon, where he owns a fine farm of land and quite a supply of live stock.

During all this time Miss Brady, or rather Mrs. Smith, had her trouble and trials. The letters written to her by her husband never reached her. Whether they were suppressed by her father or not she never knew. At all events, she came to the conclusion that Smith had deserted her, and to get away from her associates, who were accustomed to gibe her on being neither miss, maid nor widow,

she resolved to go to the farthest part of the earth, where no one would know her nor any of her troubles. Ascertaining that an emigrant vessel was about to sail from Ireland to New South Wales, she packed her trunks and started, arriving in Sydney, after a five months' voyage. There she went to work as a domestic at £1 a week. Being a fine looking, strapping young woman, she soon attracted an admirer named Vaughan, who held a good position in a surveyor's office. Vaughan and Miss Brady—for she still retained her maiden name, considering her marriage with Smith something like a dream—were married and lived comfortably on Elizabeth street, Sydney. After 12 or 14 years of married life, Vaughan, while on a surveying expedition in Queensland, was killed by the natives, leaving his wife childless and with but little means. In this condition she struggled along for several years, and finally came to San Francisco upon the advice of a Mrs. Randall, whom she had known in Sydney. On her arrival here she roomed with Mrs. Randall.

About two weeks ago Mrs. Randall, her son, a young man, and Mrs. Vaughan went to the Alcazar. On one of the side seats, close by where the trio sat, was a countrified-looking man with gray hair and a weather-beaten face. He watched the play during the two first acts with all the intensity of a farmer who but seldom has a chance to visit the theatre. During the intermission between the second and third acts, however, young Randall vacated his seat. This brought the country farmer in full view of Mrs. Randall and Mrs. Vaughan. The farmer saw Mrs. Vaughan's face, he paid attention to her voice, and heard her laugh at some remarks made by Mrs. Randall. After this the stage had no more attraction for him. He kept his eyes riveted upon the woman. He was magnetized. He watched and waited impatiently until the play was over. When the audience stood up to leave he kept as near Mrs. Vaughan as he could until the sidewalk was gained, when he excused himself to the ladies and boldly asked Mrs. Vaughan if her maiden was not Catherine Brady, and if she was not from the County Cavan, Ireland. She answered yes, but wished to know why he asked such a question. He said if she would give him her address he would call and inform her why he did so.

He was furnished with the address, and true enough he called the next day and made himself known. It was then discovered that the young couple who were married in Ireland 25 years ago met, as it were, by providential means in this city. Smith being a widower, as his wife died about two years ago, and Mrs. Vaughan being a widow for a number of years, a second marriage was not deemed necessary, and the old ties were simply renewed. Mr. and Mrs. Smith are now upon their ranch, where no haughty father can step between them, and where they can entertain each other for some time recounting the story of their lives and vicissitudes.

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 shown by a slight tickling-sensation in the throat and if allowed to continue their ravages they extend to the lungs producing 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 a cold to go without attention is dangerous and may lose you 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.

A Good Showing.

From the Wadesboro Intelligencer, 10th. Sheriff Crowder on Monday last settled with the County Commissioners, in the sum of \$9,138.14. Taxes returned as insolvent, 1,000 polls; property, 64 cents. This is the first time since the war that any sheriff has settled promptly with the Commissioners at the time required by law. The amount of taxes collected, insolvent polls allowed, and only 64 cents on property, is, perhaps, without a parallel not only in Anson county but in all North Carolina, from time immemorial. Such a showing should put men to thinking. It shows more than is here expressed. Search the records and see if it be not so.

"For I am declined into the vale of years," she said a little sadly, but indeed I don't much mind it since I can get Salvation Oil for 25 cents.

Stand by Your Colors.

From the Wil Messenger. It possible, by arrangement with the Republicans or without it, by change of rule if they are obstreperous, the Democratic tariff bill should pass the House of Representatives before the 5th of June. The Republicans, by insisting on an extended general debate, have delayed the progress of the bill and should not be permitted to further obstruct its passage. That party cannot wisely put itself in the attitude of opposing action on a measure which so large a proportion of the people of the United States demand. Nothing would so assist the Democratic plan of campaign as a filibuster against the tariff bill.

But lest the adroit Republican leaders succeed in making delay inevitable without a filibuster on the main question, thus seeking to transfer the blame to their adversaries, for not giving them time to consider amendments, the Democratic caucus which is called to meet this evening should agree upon such amendments as will solidify the party's strength. Members from all the States should yield personal and local preferences to the general good, and rise to the height of the great occasion. Either we can pass the tariff reduction bill or we cannot. If, with a decided Democratic majority, we do not pass it, some persons who call themselves Democrats will be responsible for the failure. No mere local consideration should interpose to endanger the party and the country. In North Carolina we desire the repeal of the internal revenue laws. But as a partial repeal and a wholesome modification are included in the details of the Mills bill, no North Carolina member would be justified in casting a vote which would imperil that beneficent measure or in refusing to cast a vote which would save it. We wanted and still want amendments, but these ought to be obtained from our own political family. We should accept no favors from those who are not of the household of faith, and whose only purpose in offering us aid is to compass our destruction. "Beware of the Greeks bearing gifts."

The Democratic National Convention meets on the 5th of June, and it is highly important that there shall be no hitch in the party programme. The House can pass the tariff bill by the end of May or beginning of June in time to have the Democratic platform declare with certainty the formula of its doctrine. Already the small anti-Cleveland element is hushed as to the man, and only busy in efforts to tone down the platform on which they, too, unanimously concede he is to stand. Let there be no fooling about it. The Democratic party is either to win or to lose. If it win it must deserve success by its moral courage to proclaim the truths believed by Democrats. If it lose, it will be because it skulked in the hour of conflict. The President and the leaders in the Congress have planted the ensign high. Who will be so base as to desert his colors? Who will be so blind as not to see them?

A Picturesque Spot on the Pee Dee.

From the Wadesboro Intelligencer. Diggs' Fishery is one of the most picturesque points on the Pee Dee, and the very place for a picnic. A number of islands, in the course of ages, have been formed, some of them several acres in extent. On one of them—where the picnic was last Saturday held—there are grape vines a foot or more in circumference, and hundreds of feet long. We venture that almost any good variety of grape would there grow to the fullest perfection, and suggest to Mr. Diggs, who owns it, that he try the experiment. Grapes sell readily in Wadesboro at five cents a pound, and if he had a vineyard on that island, unless indications are deceptive, the superiority of his grapes would give him a monopoly of the business in this market. It is withal a very remarkable place, and something remarkable happened there in July, 1886, which we would like for some wise man to explain. On this island Mr. Diggs had placed a number of cows to graze. In July of that year there came a heavy freshet which submerged every part of the island to the depth of eight or ten feet, and it remained submerged for a day and a half. All of the cows, except one, swam to the main land and were saved. The other cow Mr. Diggs gave up as lost, but when he went to the island several days after the flood subsided, imagine his surprise in finding "old brindle" quietly grazing, as though nothing had happened. How she managed to take care of herself for a day and a half, when the land was covered with water to such a depth, is one of the mysteries.

A school teacher recently asked her class the question: "What is a pilot?" The smart boy answered: "It is a lot where they grow pie-plant," and was sent to the foot of the class.

Local Option in Georgia.

From the Savannah News. There is no doubt that local option has done a vast amount of good in Georgia. The testimony in behalf of it is strong and convincing. It is doubtful if a county can be found, outside of the large cities, where prohibition has been adopted that has not been largely benefited. County townships, in which, a few years ago, there was neither thrift, prosperity nor contentment, have, under prohibition influences, become thriving, growing places, showing unmistakable evidences in their pretty homes and cultivated gardens that their people are prosperous and happy. On the plantations and turpentine farms, and in the lumber districts in which prohibition has been adopted, there has been a marked change for the better in the condition of labor.

A prominent Savannah cotton factor said recently that in the earlier years of his business career he advanced money regularly every season to fifty or sixty farmers who all lived in the same section of the State. They were always in debt to him, and apparently had a hard time to make a living, and that not a very good one. About all of them spent a great deal of money for strong drink whenever they came to this city or went to their county town. Their laborers also spent a large share of their earnings for whiskey. They were not drunkards, of course, but their heads were not always as clear as the heads of successful farmers should be. A few years ago a strong temperance agitation was started in their locality and prohibition was adopted. The result has been wonderful. The fifty or sixty farmers still do business with the cotton factor in question, but he does not make advances to more than a dozen of them. They are out of debt and pay cash for what they want. They are prosperous and getting rich. They do not hesitate to attribute their prosperity to prohibition. In the face of this striking illustration of the benefits of prohibition, who will say that it does not prohibit?

A Judge of Horses.

From the Detroit Free Press. A City Hall official who has owned a bay horse for the last seven years has been talking of buying another to match him, and the other day some of the boys went up to the barn and brought his equine down and hitched him in front of the building and then had the owner to come out and look at him. "That beast," he said, as he looked into his mouth, "is all of twenty years old. I also notice that he is spavined and weak in the back." "Oh, you are mistaken, sir," replied the seller. "I warrant him as sound as a dollar." "Don't attempt to jockey me!" said the owner. "I wouldn't give you \$75 for him. Talk about a match! Why, he's three shades lighter, 200 pounds heavier, and looks like an old cow beside my horse! You'd better make a dicker with some expressman."

Are Married People Happy?

Do you think married people are happy, Uncle Jake? "Dat ar pends altogether how dey enjoy derselves; if dey hab chilluns an' Dr. Biggers' Huckleberry Cordial dey ar sartin to be, for hit will cure de bowel troubles and de chillun teething."

Gen. W. P. Roberts for Auditor.

Cor. Statesville Landmark. Before the convention meets to select our standard-bearers for the approaching campaign, allow a private in the ranks to make a few statements and suggestions about the office of State Auditor.

The people of North Carolina have frequently in the past selected men to legislate for them whose mental capacity did not equal that of Solomon, the wise; but they have always exercised great care in selecting men who were to handle their money, and to this fact as much as any other we must attribute the honorable name we bear in the financial world.

The office of Auditor is one of the most important connected with the State government. Every dollar that is paid into or paid out of the State treasury is paid upon his warrant. He settles with everybody who owes the State and everybody the State owes. His duties are multifarious and exacting. He must understand the exact financial situation of the government and be familiar with all laws appropriating money or levying taxes. Many of his duties can only be learned by long study and experience. Put an inexperienced man in this office, no matter how honest he may be, he is apt to commit errors and make mistakes to the detriment of the party.

Now, the point I wish to make and impress upon my fellow citizens is this: that it is sometimes best to let well enough alone; that our present Auditor, Gen. W. P. Roberts, is a gentleman of the highest character and intelligence; that he has made and is now making a model officer, attentive to his duties, scrupulously correct and honest, and looking after the people's money as closely as if it was his own.

This man Roberts has a record that should please every white man in the State. When the war began it found him, though a beardless boy, in the saddle as a private in the Second North Carolina Cavalry. When it ended it found him still in the saddle but with the stars of a brigadier-general on his collar, which were won by the most intrepid and daring gallantry on half a hundred battle-fields. After the war was over he did not sit down to bewail his fate or wait for "something to turn up," but went to work between the plow handles for a living, as hundreds and thousands of his brave companions did all over the South. And he stayed between the plow handles until the voice of the people, recognizing his modesty and worth, called him to the honorable and responsible office he now fills. While the people should not choose their public officers because they belong to this or that profession or calling, and while all good men should deprecate any attempt to array class against class, or to put men in office for any cause except fitness, yet the fact that Gen. Roberts is now and always has been a farmer should not be against him in the Democratic party, nine-tenths of whose voting strength is from men belonging to that honorable and honored calling.

As a soldier Gen. Roberts was a success; as a farmer he was and is a success; as a public officer he is a model—kind and courteous to all people, obliging and affable to those who have business with him and exceedingly careful and pains-taking with all matters which concern the people's money. In the east where he is best known he is a popular favorite and will add much to the strength of the Democratic ticket. In the interest of the Democratic party and honest government (for the two, as we all know, are inseparable), we should unite in keeping this tried and faithful servant in the office he fills so well, and old Ireddell should help to keep him there.

IREDELL VOTER.

The School of Patience.

My dear boy, if a man can only cultivate patience and strength, it seems to me he will be a good neighbor, a pleasant man to do business with, a safe man to trust, and the kind of a man the world loves, even though he lack wisdom, and hath no genius, and can't tell a good story or sing a note.

How much does the fretful, restless, hurrying old world owe to the patient man, who finds his strength "in quietness and confidence," who can be patient with our faults, our fancies, our wickedness; who can be quiet when the softest word would have a sting; who can wait for storms to blow over and for wrongs to right themselves; who can patiently and silently endure a slight until he has forgotten it, and who can even be patient with himself.—That's the fellow, my boy, who tries my patience and strength more than any man else with whom I have to deal. I could get along with the rest of the world well enough if he were only out of it. I can meet all my other cares and enemies bravely and cheerfully enough. But when myself comes to me, with his own follies and troubles and sins, somehow he takes all the tuck out of me. My strength is weakness and my patience is folly when I come to deal with him. He tires me. He is such a fool. He makes the same stupid blunders in the same stupid way so many times. Sometimes when I think I must put up with him and his ways all my life, I want to give up. And then the next time he comes to me with his cares and the same old troubles, he seems so helpless and penitent that I feel sorry for him and try to be patient with him, and promise to help him all I can once more. Ah, my dear boy, as you grow older, that is the fellow who will try you and torment you and draw on your sympathy and tax your patience and strength. Be patient with him, poor old fellow, because I think he does love you; and yet, as a rule, you are harder on him than any one else.

A Woman's Discovery.

"Another wonderful discovery has been made and that too by a lady in this county. Disease fastened its clutches upon her and for 7 years she withstood its severest tests, but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent. For 3 months she coughed incessantly and could not sleep. She bought of us a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and was so much relieved on taking first dose that she slept all night and with one bottle has been miraculously cured. Her name is Mrs. Luther Lutz." Thus write W. C. Hamrick & Co., of Shelby, N. C.—Get a free trial bottle at Dr. W. M. Fowlkes & Co.'s Drug Store.

That which we acquire with difficulty, we retain the longest; and those who have earned a fortune are usually more careful of it than those who have inherited one.