

Subscription Rates: One year \$1.50, Six months .75, Three months .40

Advertising rates furnished on application.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

A Storm-Swept Town. From the News and Observer.

WILKESBORO, N. C., May 28.

Our town, usually quiet, was shaken from its foundations yesterday evening at 7 o'clock by the heaviest cyclone of rain, hail and wind ever known here.

Another one was blown across Mr. Colin J. Cowles' front piazza.

Dr. H. Munk, Nevada, Iowa, says, Have been practicing medicine fifteen years, and of all the medicines I have ever seen for bowels, Dr. Biggers' Huckleberry Cordial is by far the best.

There Was Once a Minister.

From The Religious Herald. There was once a minister of the gospel who never built a church. Who never preached in one.

Children. Often need some safe cathartic and tonic to avert approaching sickness.

Children. Often need some safe cathartic and tonic to avert approaching sickness or to relieve colic, headache, sick stomach, indigestion, dysentery and the complaint incident to childhood.



TORPID LIVER

Known by these marked peculiarities: 1. A feeling of weakness and pains in the limbs.

BILIOUSNESS

which is attended with a feeling of oppression, a fullness in the stomach, a burning at the heart, a yellowishness of the skin, a bitter taste in the mouth, a bad breath, and a feeling of heat in the face.

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

Rockingham Rocket.

H. C. WALL, Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS: \$1.50 a Year in Advance.

VOL. VI.

ROCKINGHAM, RICHMOND COUNTY, N. C., JUNE 7, 1888.

No. 23.

The Mountain Creek Farmers' Club.

Correspondence of The Rocket. Mr. Editor: I see in your paper of a recent date a communication headed, "Some Misstatements Corrected," and signed, "Correctors," in which they renounce some statements in a recent communication in the Montgomery Vidette, signed "Corrigenda," and give me credit for having remarkable facilities for giving farmers wonderfully good advice, and say, I have "the greater advantage of drawing on a very fertile imagination for my facts."

Now, sir, allow me to say right here, in my article to the Vidette I meant no reflection on the honesty of the Agent of the Club. He is a gentleman so far as I know. I said, "The Club claimed to sell goods at Wilmington cost, freight added," &c., and they say, "claimed was not the way of it; we did it." Now, sir, if they "did it," how in the name of common sense can they pay the Secretary two hundred dollars per annum for his services and also pay the Agent for his labor, and all legitimate expenses? If they do that, can they afford to sell goods to their members at Wilmington cost, plus freight? If there is not a per cent. added to cover this salary and all the necessary expenses the members are bound to be assessed a certain amount to cover this bill, and what is the difference? Had they not as well pay it in one way as another? It will eventually come out of their pockets. Of course it is nothing but just and right that they should have pay for all of their work, but every one knowing the fact, why do they sell goods at cost, freight, &c., added? How can they afford it? Now, the question which should be of vital importance is, "Can the members of the Club buy their goods, pay the freight and all necessary expenses, and benefit themselves financially? If they can, I say it is all very good.

I stated in my article that I had been told that only a few were allowed to know the real cost of the goods. I had been so informed, and the majority of the people in this section were under the same impression. But if I am mistaken in that statement I am willing to give them credit for it. I am perfectly innocent of trying to do them an injustice. They say, "The fact is, any member who wants to know the real cost has only to ask and he is shown the bills without any reservation."

Now, sir, it is not possible for them to purchase the goods at a certain price and have them billed at that price and then be allowed a rebate of ten, fifteen or twenty per cent., or whatever per cent. they choose? Now understand me, I am not accusing them of this, but I say, is it not possible for such a thing to be done?

I stated further in my article that the Agent charged the goods just as he chose to do. Now, Mr. Agent, I will tell you where I got this fertile "imagination," which will account for the above assertion. The Secretary of the Club told me that he was a member of the Pee Dee Alliance, and said he "thought it would be better for the farmers than the Club, and that he was going to sever his connection with the Club after this year." I asked him if the Club was doing as much for its members at present as it had done in the past, and he said "it was not doing as much as it had done, nor as much as it ought to do, or as much as it could do." Now, Mr. Secretary, you cannot deny these words for you said it, or words that amounted to the same, notwithstanding you say the whole of the above assertion is absolutely untrue.

They say, "Perhaps we ought to have a few words with the person furnishing the items or dots to the Vidette correspondent." I can assure them they are very much mistaken if they think the one above referred to had anything whatever to do with the article in the Vidette. You can rest well assured that he knew nothing about it until it came out in the paper. I claim the authorship of it myself.

Now, gentlemen, show up your colors. I repeat, "Honor to whom honor is due." You say that you have goods in stock for the outside trade. Now do you not sell to any one wishing to buy? And do you not make a reasonable profit on those sales? Where does this profit go to? If you have goods in stock for the outside trade do you pay any merchants' tax? I am entirely in the dark in regard to these questions.

Original. THE MISERABLE YOUNG MAN.

Of all things else on top of the earth, That should excite a cold displeasure, Was that young man who, senseless to mirth, Made melancholy thought his treasure.

His way was rugged at best, I know, But, though a landscape loomed before him, His hopes were dashed with the taint of woe For fear that landscape would ignore him.

And let that prospect once deceive him, The world is all adverse, he would say; The charm was bright the more to grieve him, When out of sight and vanished away.

The REAL storm he shrank from breathing; The Fates, thought he, would overpower; While yet he gathered storm was resting He found himself disposed to cover.

He sat beside a cooling fountain; Upward he looked, but checked those yearnings That would ascend the rugged mountain Whose summit holds ambition's earnings.

And yet far above that misty height His reigning genius essayed a tilt, To regions bordering on the Light, Where castles in air are snugly built.

"I was not a sleep without a waking— The sleep that in one of these he sought, While Morpheus fled the dome was shaking— An instant more, the castle was nought.

His lone, drooping spirit, humbled, fell; (Nor miles through air did the distance seem), When he opened his eyes, himself to tell: "Verily, 'Life is not all a dream.'" H. C. W.

"JUST MY LUCK"

BY MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

"Just my luck!" Jack Mandel threw down the paper he was reading and began to pace the room gloomily.

"I might have known when I saw the moon over my left shoulder, but I went on, and invested that money in a wheat deal, and now wheat has taken a tumble and I will lose my \$500."

"Oh, Jack," said his patient little wife, "why didn't you invest that money in real estate? We could have bought a small lot with it, and that would have been the beginning of a home."

"That's all you know about it, Molly," answered Jack; "if I had invested in real estate land would have gone down to China. I tell you, it's luck that makes men rich. Heads you win, tails I lose. It is just the toss of a penny."

Mrs. Mandel talked and worked both. She was trimming a hat—not her own—she wore sonder black, but a gay little affair for a neighbor's head.

"Jack," she said presently, "there is not a bit to eat in the house."

"Warm it up! Make hash of it," said Jack, in an absent-minded way; "when we get the money on that lottery ticket we'll go boarding."

"Oh, Jack! have you bought another ticket? You promised me you would never be drawn into any gambling speculation again."

"Gambling, you innocent; there is no gambling about that. All the boys in the bank bought one. But Mollie if I draw a blank that ends it. I'll know then that luck is against me."

Mollie smiled faintly; then the troubled look returned to her face. Why was it that they were existing like beggars on an income that ought to keep them comfortable?

"I cannot understand it," she would say to herself. "Jack has a good situation in the bank, yet we have neither a home nor the comforts of a home. There is something wrong—what is it?"

Mrs. Mandel trimmed bonnets for her neighbors and helped in other ways. She would not admit even to herself that it was Jack's improvidence that caused all the trouble. That indefinable something which a constricting sorrow impresses on the character makes her face an interesting one. She wore mourning for a child who had died a victim to its father's carelessness. She had left the little fellow with Jack, who, in his usual irresponsible way, forgot to put on his wrappings when he took him out in the chill air.

"Just our luck!" he said bitterly, when the doctor told them the child must die.

Then his wife turned on him, her eyes blazing with righteous anger. "Jack," she cried, "how dare you? It is your fault alone—you are to blame—you his father—you—you!"

The doctor said it was hysteria, and when she flung herself into Jack's arms and begged him to forgive her cruel speech he did so in a thoroughly generous manner.

So her brief anger did him no good. And his belief in the fallacy of luck strengthened and grew until he became almost a monomaniac on the subject.

Over every door in his house he fastened a horseshoe to hold the good luck he believed was coming to him. And he tossed pennies for every move he made.

Talks Back.

From the Detroit Free Press.

Carlyle once said that one advantage of having a machine instead of a human being for a servant was that the machine could not talk back.

Up to date Mr. Carlyle has been about right. Machines—at least some kinds of machines—if not rightly used sometimes take a fearful revenge on their masters. But then so does a mule. A boiler, if crowded too closely, may scatter the stoker over a couple of townships. The mule will do the same thing exactly, but neither of them talks back. They do not talk as they kick.

All last week there has been an exhibition at the Electric Club, New York, a couple of machines that talk back. Edison has at last finished his phonograph and it is now ready for a prolonged chat. It is ten years since Mr. Edison invented the phonograph, but it has been, as it were, crowded out on account of the press of other matter. As Mr. Edison used to work in the Free Press office, this paper naturally takes some interest in him and his numerous inventions as there is always a hope that when he gets a little leisure he will remember his former occupation and invent some means of ridding newspaper offices of exchange fiends and of people who ring up the telephone editor to find out what the base ball score is.

The phonograph seems to have become a complete success. It is as well for business offices to be prepared, for before long a table will have to be set beside the typewriter for the phonograph. The object of the phonograph seems to be to do away with the light-fingered person who at present writes short-hand.—The business man, instead of dictating his letters to a pretty young lady, who spends the rest of her time playing staccato sonatas on a typewriter, will confide what he has to say into the flexible rubber tube which carries the sound to the wax cylinder of the phonograph. Besides turning fifty revolutions a minute, the wax cylinder will cause a great social revolution. The most susceptible business bachelor will never think of marrying his phonograph and setting the social world agog. The supposedly staid married man will never create a scandal by clopping with an \$85 phonograph, table and all.

The machine is warranted quiet and steady, and of unimpeachable character. It is worked by an electric motor, which rests beneath the table. The current is switched on and off at pleasure. The business man pours into its sympathetic and revolving ear his business communications, one by one, as he feels like it. When everything is recorded on the wax cylinder a person who works a typewriter takes the phonograph, unscrews the speaking-tube and fastens on one to assist the hearing.—The ends of this tube are fastened to the ears by a strap over the head, and then the machine repeats exactly what has been told it; fast or slow, as desired, and this the operator works out on the typewriter.—The short-hand clerk must go. Instead of hiring a hall hereafter the talker will buy a phonograph.

Whether it was the crisis of the fever called living that was drawing near, or some actual disease that was working against him, no one knew. But Jack Mandel was very ill and his distraught mind went under a cloud that only lifted at the last to show the silver lining. Mollie, white and tearless, was bending over him when he was awakened from that long delirium. He looked up at her with the old hopeful smile.

"Luck has changed," he said gently, the light smiling his transfigured face. "I can see it all now. Heads I win—"

The silence was only broken by Mollie's sobs. This time Jack had won!

An Explanation.

What is this "nervous trouble" with which so many seem now to be afflicted? If you will remember a few years ago the word Malaria was comparatively unknown—to-day it is as common as any word in the English language, yet this word covers only the meaning of another word used by our forefathers in times past. So it is with nervous diseases, as they and Malaria are intended to cover what our grandfathers called Biliousness, and all are caused by troubles that arise from a diseased condition of the Liver which in performing its functions finding it cannot dispose of the bile through the ordinary channel is compelled to pass it off through the system, causing nervous troubles, Malaria, Bilious Fever, etc. You who are suffering can well appreciate a cure. We recommend Green's August Flower. Its cures are marvelous.

The reduction in the number of saloons in Philadelphia is eighty per cent. and the reduction in arrests for misdemeanors over 300 per cent.—Cold water never yet got a man into trouble.

"If you want your wife to be healthy, make her cry about once a fortnight," says a Philadelphia doctor.

Bill Nye Challenges John L. From the New York World.

To Col. John Lawrence Sullivan, Boston, Mass.: Sir: I see that at your testimonial last evening in Music Hall you guarantee to lick the next man you stand up against. I also notice with pain that for some time you have been unsuccessfully looking for your peer, and, like Goliath of Gath, walking up and down before the regular army and begging in loud and ungrammatical terms for some gentleman to come and tread on the tail of your coat.

The only sling I know anything about is your best weapon, and so I shall not name the sling. I want to meet you on equal terms, and so I propose only such conditions as shall be fair for both of us. I hate to see a man making a wreck of himself while waiting for some one to meet him, and so I have decided to challenge you.

I have only been waiting till I could get trained down so fine that removing my spectacles and the cotton from my ears would make half difference in my weight, and now that I have reached that point I yearn to get hold of you.

I now challenge you, John Lawrence Sullivan, late of England and France, but now of Boston, Mass., to meet me anywhere in the United States, or any foreign monarchy where fair play will be assured to both, either in a sixteen, twenty or twenty-four foot ring, with bare knuckles, to talk into a phonograph to a finish, for \$50,000 a side, the gate receipts and the championship of the world.

I select as my timekeeper a large four-pound Waterbury watch and name as my seconds Noah Webster and Lydia E. Pinkham.

In case we are broken up by the police before the contest is finished, the purse shall go to the one having the best of it at the time of the interference.

As my bottle-holder I select ex-Gov. St. John, of Kansas, and as sponger I shall bring an acquaintance of mine who borrows my umbrellas and sells them.

It shall also be a part of the agreement that the press be fully and freely represented, each correspondent or reporter to have the expenses paid to and from the contest by the losing party, whether the place selected be in this country or in Europe.

All kinds of talk shall count. Everything goes—slang, blow, bluster, old lectures, second-hand responses to toasts, italicized wind, old Fourth of July orations, contempt for other pugilists' and impassioned appeals for some one to lick will score. Each man shall strip at less than 185 pounds and be allowed a bale of tin foil and a box of bronchial troches.

The free list shall be suspended, with the exception of members of the press, the Prince of Wales and such of your favorite wives as you desire to furnish with tickets.

The time occupied shall be six days, or to a finish, straightway or catch-as-catch-can. No profanity to be allowed and no language to be used which the press shall consider improper for publication.

Each contestant shall be entitled to a copy of his remarks made during the encounter and may copy-right same for publication in book form afterwards.

I am no pugilist, but when pugilism gets within the reach of a common Conversationalist and Conservator of Gab, I think it is a shame that you have remained unchallenged so long. I may be no match for you, but if you will meet me on the above terms and the boys will guarantee that I will make it interesting for you; and that so far as I am concerned it shall be no hippodrome.

BILL NYE.

Sam Jones says that the Lord takes notice of those people who can't be kept from the theater by a shower, but will stay away from church at sight of a black cloud.

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.

Bill Nye Challenges John L.

From the New York World.

To Col. John Lawrence Sullivan, Boston, Mass.:

Sir: I see that at your testimonial last evening in Music Hall you guarantee to lick the next man you stand up against.

I also notice with pain that for some time you have been unsuccessfully looking for your peer, and, like Goliath of Gath, walking up and down before the regular army and begging in loud and ungrammatical terms for some gentleman to come and tread on the tail of your coat.

The only sling I know anything about is your best weapon, and so I shall not name the sling. I want to meet you on equal terms, and so I propose only such conditions as shall be fair for both of us.

I hate to see a man making a wreck of himself while waiting for some one to meet him, and so I have decided to challenge you.

I have only been waiting till I could get trained down so fine that removing my spectacles and the cotton from my ears would make half difference in my weight, and now that I have reached that point I yearn to get hold of you.

I now challenge you, John Lawrence Sullivan, late of England and France, but now of Boston, Mass., to meet me anywhere in the United States, or any foreign monarchy where fair play will be assured to both, either in a sixteen, twenty or twenty-four foot ring, with bare knuckles, to talk into a phonograph to a finish, for \$50,000 a side, the gate receipts and the championship of the world.

I select as my timekeeper a large four-pound Waterbury watch and name as my seconds Noah Webster and Lydia E. Pinkham.

In case we are broken up by the police before the contest is finished, the purse shall go to the one having the best of it at the time of the interference.

As my bottle-holder I select ex-Gov. St. John, of Kansas, and as sponger I shall bring an acquaintance of mine who borrows my umbrellas and sells them.

It shall also be a part of the agreement that the press be fully and freely represented, each correspondent or reporter to have the expenses paid to and from the contest by the losing party, whether the place selected be in this country or in Europe.

All kinds of talk shall count. Everything goes—slang, blow, bluster, old lectures, second-hand responses to toasts, italicized wind, old Fourth of July orations, contempt for other pugilists' and impassioned appeals for some one to lick will score. Each man shall strip at less than 185 pounds and be allowed a bale of tin foil and a box of bronchial troches.

The free list shall be suspended, with the exception of members of the press, the Prince of Wales and such of your favorite wives as you desire to furnish with tickets.

The time occupied shall be six days, or to a finish, straightway or catch-as-catch-can. No profanity to be allowed and no language to be used which the press shall consider improper for publication.

Each contestant shall be entitled to a copy of his remarks made during the encounter and may copy-right same for publication in book form afterwards.

I am no pugilist, but when pugilism gets within the reach of a common Conversationalist and Conservator of Gab, I think it is a shame that you have remained unchallenged so long.

I may be no match for you, but if you will meet me on the above terms and the boys will guarantee that I will make it interesting for you; and that so far as I am concerned it shall be no hippodrome.

BILL NYE.

Sam Jones says that the Lord takes notice of those people who can't be kept from the theater by a shower, but will stay away from church at sight of a black cloud.