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PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC TICKET.



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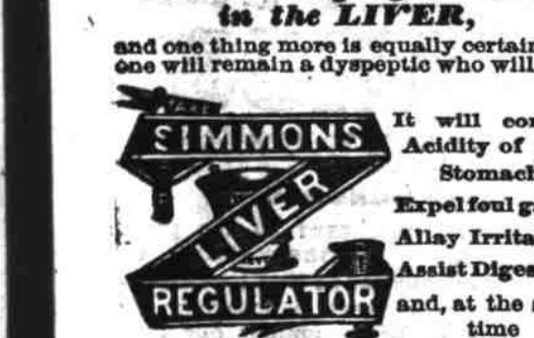
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That misery experienced when we suddenly become aware that we possess a disordered stomach, called a stomach. The stomach is the reservoir from which every fibre and tissue must be nourished, and any trouble with it soon felt throughout the whole system.



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The State Association of Democratic Clubs.

Letters are coming in mentioning preferences as to time and locality for holding the convention for the organization of a State association of Democratic Clubs. It is desired that every club in the State will at once write to H. H. Roberts, secretary of the central committee, and express their opinion on this subject.

Subscribe for the campaign Rocket.

Rockingham Rocket.

H. C. WALL, Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS: \$1.50 a Year in Advance.

VOL. VI.

ROCKINGHAM, RICHMOND COUNTY, N. C., JULY 26, 1888.

No. 30.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

Politics at the North—Who Will Lead the Contending Hosts—Deacon Shepard Prays for Harrison.

Special Correspondence of The Rocket.

In the naming of the generals who are to command the great political forces in this year's fight Pennsylvania comes proudly to the front. Senator Matt Quay, the commander of the Republican contingent, is accounted one of the most adroit political wire-pullers alive.

One of the most picturesque characters of the town is Deacon Elliott F. Shepard, who recently succeeded Uncle Cyrus W. Field as editor and owner of the Mail and Express.

Deacon Shepard is pious to the extent of introducing his editorial praise of the Republican ticket with verses from the Bible and praying for Harrison and Morton's election when asked to lead at prayer meeting. It was he who manufactured the Dewey boomlet which petered out so insignificantly at Chicago.

The truly good Deacon is a brother-in-law of the Vanderbilts, and immensely wealthy. Occasionally he lets himself out a bit just to show the boys that a rich deacon can be generous as well as good.

Ex-Senator Warner Miller is to lead the forlorn hope of the Republicans in this State. Whatever little uncertainty there may have been about it before was cleaned up by the meeting of the Republican State Committee Tuesday. The fine Italian hand of Boss Platt had traced his old antagonist's name on the machine slate and there was little for the committee to do but to certify it in a perfunctory way and send it in to the convention July 6. K'd. Saratoga, August 28, were named as the time and place for the holding of the convention.

All the more notable party leaders in the State were drawn to town by the committee meeting. The corridors of the Fifth Avenue hotel, where the Republican State headquarters are, presented a very animated appearance.

identified with that faction which has opposed whenever it could muster the energy and the courage to oppose anything. This to unthinking people may look like a "Half-breed" victory. But the Little Boss knows well enough what he is about. At least six of his seven henchmen on the committee are stalwarts of the Stalwarts, and they are powerful enough to run the machine as their master may dictate.

Cheering word of the progress of the national campaign comes from Indiana, New Jersey and Connecticut. The vigorous way in which Harrison's record is being assailed by the labor papers in his own State shows how unpopular he is at home with the laboring classes.

Chairman Barnum of the National Democratic committee, says that the party in his State, Connecticut, is admirably organized and that all the signs point to an old-fashioned Democratic majority. In New Jersey ex-Governor Abbot says the party has smoother sailing by far than it had four years ago when Cleveland received a very substantial plurality.

In New York the party is united as never before, and no one seems to think the Republicans have a fighting chance. The gamblers are taking all the bets they can get at odds of two to one in favor of the Democrats on the general result in the country, and are offering even greater odds on the State. The question of a union of the two big Democratic factions on a local ticket is not likely to be settled for some time.

A New Kind of Cotton.

From the Fayetteville Observer. We received last week a letter from Dr. John McCormick containing a few leaves and the silk of a new variety of cotton which he wished to place in the hands of a botanist for examination. The leaves are entirely different from either cotton or okra, and the Doctor thinks that it is a cross between the Traveler's silk weed and cotton. The lint which was taken from a boll of this year's growth was shown to several parties who pronounced it something wonderful, far superior to our ordinary cotton.

It is probable that the Empress Victoria will spend the summer in Scotland at Abergeldie Castle.

A TRYST.

M. S. BRIDGES IN JUDGE. Alone she waits for me, Oh, heart, be still! Only the field to cross And then the hill, And then her eyes' soft charm My eyes will meet With welcome glad and warm And chiding sweet.

Across the sunny road Long shadows lie; The birds sing overhead The breeze goes by Our tryst was made, With summer dreams! Sweetheart, how far and far The distance seems!

LENORE'S LOVER.

Lenore Alcott was enjoying life at the seashore as only a girl can who has been the family drudge at home. She was not a pretty girl, but there was an intelligent expression about her face that proved attractive to many, and Mr. Graham, the young clergyman, was not slow to find the charm of her sweet eyes.

One day a merry party went on a yachting trip. Among the number was Lenore, Mr. Graham and Miss Marcella. Everything was going smoothly until the boat turned toward home, when the sky became overcast and stormy.

"I am, a little," she said, candidly, looking up to see a look of love and longing in his dark eyes. Some one came up just then and further conversation was impossible, but Lenore thought to herself, "He loves me."

Lenore listened with a white face, and half an hour afterward she was begging her aunt to take her home. As Aunt Prunella smoothed back the brown hair she saw that her niece was in serious earnest, but surmising it to be some lover's misunderstanding, she asked no questions promising it should be as she wished.

Didn't Know all His Neighbors.

A distinguished clergyman once asked a gentleman to contribute money for foreign missions, and received the reply: "I don't believe in foreign missions. I don't give anything except to home missions. I want to benefit my neighbors."

"Well," responded the doctor, "whom do you regard as your neighbors?" "Why, those around me."

"Do you mean those whose land joins yours?" "Yes."

"Well," how much land do you own?" "About 500 acres."

"How far down do you own it?" "Well, I never thought of it before, but I suppose I own half way through."

"Exactly," was the reply. "I suppose you do, and I want this money for the Chinese, the men whose land joins yours on the bottom."

Naomi—"Henry, there was no rain-storm last night, was there?" "Not that I know of."

"Did you fall into the water?" "Certainly not. Why?" "I think papa must have been mistaken."

A Faithful Shepherd.

Gerhardt was a German shepherd boy; and a noble fellow he was, too, although he was very, very poor. One day as he was watching his flock which was feeding in the valley on the borders of a forest, a hunter came out of the woods and asked: "How far is it to the nearest village?"

"Six miles, sir," replied the boy, "but the road is only a sheep track, and very easily missed."

"My lad, I am hungry, tired and thirsty. I have lost my companions and missed my way. Leave your sheep and show me the road. I will pay you well."

"I cannot go sir," replied Gerhardt, very firmly. "My master pays me for my time, and he trusts me with his sheep. If I were to sell you my time, which does not belong to me, and the sheep should get lost, it would be just the same if I had stole them."

"Well, what of that?" queried the hunter. "They are not your sheep. The loss of one or more would not be much to your master; and I'll give you more money than you ever earned before in a whole year."

"The sheep do not know your voice and—"

"And what, can't you trust me? Do I look like a dishonest man?" inquired the hunter, rather angrily.

"Sir," said the boy, slowly "you tried to make me false to my trust, and wanted me to break my word to my master. How do I know you would keep your word to me?"

The hunter laughed, for he felt that the boy had fairly cornered him.

"I see, my lad, that you are a good faithful boy. I will not forget you. Show me the road and I will try to make it out myself."

Gerhardt now offered the humble contents of his satchel to the hungry man, who coarse as they were, ate them gladly. Presently the attendant came up, and then Gerhardt, to his surprise found that the hunter was the grand duke, who owned all the country round.

The duke was so pleased with the boy's honesty that he sent for him shortly after and had him educated. In after years Gerhardt became a very rich and powerful man; but he remained honest and true to his dying day. Honesty, truth and fidelity are precious jewels in the character of a child.

Knew the Trick.

From the Texas Sittings. He wanted a position in the bank. The president was satisfied with his credentials, but before engaging him put him through a little Civil Service cross examination.

"Suppose, now, a man was to come in here and deposit \$20 in one dollar bills, how would you count them?" "I'd wet my fingers and lift up each bill until I got to the last one."

"Why would you not lift up the last one?" "Because there might possibly be one more bill under it, and if the depositor was to see it he would want it back, but if the twentieth bill is not lifted, and there should be another bill in the pile, the bank makes it, don't you see?"

"You will do," said the bank president. "You have been in the business before, but I didn't suppose you knew that trick."

A HEALTHY GROWTH.

Acker's Blood Elixir has gained a firm hold on the American people and is acknowledged to be superior to all other preparations. It is a positive cure for all Blood and Skin Diseases. The medical fraternity indorse and prescribe it. Guaranteed and sold by Dr. W. M. Powikes & Co.

A jubilee statue of the Queen, to be erected in Bristol, weighs four tons. It is by Mr. Boehm.

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Duckery Overrated.

From the Wilmington Star. Before the campaign ends in November the people will know more of that august personage, Colonel Duckery, than they know now. His record will be overhauled thoroughly and his opinions will be ventilated. Duckery was a sort of politician in his Chapel Hill days. Some of the boys thought him a demagogue then. His graduating speech was political if we catch on to the record. The boy was father to the man. He is not without talents, but he is very inferior to popular estimate. He has got credit from the Democrats for much more than he really is. If he were to debate with a really strong man he would fare badly. In the hands of a man like the late Henry W. Miller he would be a baby in the hands of a giant. He can write a speech in pretty fair and vigorous English. He is not without gifts in that line. With no one to reply to his threadbare sophisms, his absurd theories, his poor attempts at statesmanship and his bold, reckless assertions, he is formidable, and only because people are ignorant. He can get off palpable nonsense with a *ore rotundo* flourish and make "the gazing rustics ranged around" believe that it is great wisdom.

Put a close debater after him and his thin sophisms and solemn nonsense and political platitudes all evaporate and disappear under the touchstone of reply. We would ride a mule a mile or two, provided he would allow us to do so, to hear a debate between Duckery and Governor Bragg, or Abram Venable, or John Kerr, or Josiah Crudup, or a half dozen other canvassers in the past we could name.

Duckery was in the last Constitutional Convention. He did nothing but read a well prepared eulogy of Governor Graham. But the negro Smythe, from Wilmington, fairly eclipsed him in that line. He cannot debate in a deliberative body. Duckery is only formidable at a distance.

A Brutal Stabbing Affair.

From the Charlotte Chronicle. News reached the city yesterday of a very serious cutting affray in Union county, near the South Carolina line, between a Mr. Owens and a man named Hayward Miller, in which Owens was terribly hacked. Mr. Owens's baby was crying and Miller, who was in the house, professed to be annoyed by it. Miller finally made some insulting remarks and a fight ensued between himself and Owens, during the progress of which Miller drew a knife and attacked Owens most ferociously. Owens was stabbed and gashed in 14 places, some of the cuts penetrating the abdominal cavity. It is said that Miller returned a short time afterwards, and finding Owens still living, tried to get at him a second time for the purpose of finishing him up, but was prevented by parties who had gathered. Miller made his escape. Owens is believed to be fatally injured. He has a brother, Mr. Spurgeon Owens, living in Charlotte.

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 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.