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LETTER HEADS, NOTE HEADS, BILL HEADS, STATEMENTS, ENVELOPES, CIRCULARS, CARDS, DODGERS, POSTERS, RECEIPTS, INVITATIONS, etc.

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Notice. I will begin my school at my house on MONDAY, MAY 6th. Terms at the usual country rates.

M. J. K. McASKILL, Ellerbe Springs, N. C. April 22d, 1889.

Metallic Burial Cases, COFFINS, and Common Coffins. A Fine Hearse which will be supplied when wanted.

Organized 1845. NEW YORK LIFE Insurance Company. W. H. BEERS, President. Cash Assets, \$90,000,000.

THOSE CHURCH STEPS.

Written for The Rocket.

From the lobby, or vestibule, almost on a level with the sidewalk, opened, just in front of the entrance, large doors, of the Sunday-school and lecture rooms.

Now people will show character by the manner of entering and leaving church as much as in anything else. Some walk in quite naturally, as if unconscious of the observation of others.

Little Miss Timpkins, whose pew was just behind the Deacon's, came in like a March wind pursuing her. She walked as if on pees with bare feet.

When little Miss Timpkins was seated safely the sexton felt that his "coup" for the day was done. He had nothing to do with her getting out of church, and was thankful for it.

One little Miss stamped in as if fully two-thirds of the sacred edifice were her especial property. Many others of her age and sex came simpering and blushing, imagining that all others were looking at and criticizing them.

were ashamed of their appearance; in fact, all the boys who wished to escape special notice and yet see what was going on.

The orphans from the Church Home filed in, led by a sedate Mother-in-chief. The tiniest one walked by the Mother, holding her finger, the largest bringing up the rear with the Assistant Mother.

Leaving church is so different from entering. The thing is reversed, and in leaving this particular church in the city of L., at the date of which I write, many found themselves quite reversible in propria persona.

Then came the orphans, the little ones creeping close to the wall and the faithful Mother, on the side of danger, carefully holding on to the rail. Then the boys, who had missed getting down in time to range themselves in a row before the door.

There were screams and cries from the wounded and from the lady herself. "Oh, my!" "Ah-h-h!" "Catch her!" resounded on all sides.

She had escaped with only a few bruises on the callops of fat pillow-ing her figure on all sides. And Mr. D., fortunate young man, had, to call soon to enquire how the lady was, and his "best girl" was sweeter than ever since he had "saved Ma."

One of these bright maidens, with bronze hair and snowy brow, came leaning upon the arm of her companion. A boy was waiting at the door to escort her home.

Such performances were becoming too common. Deacon Shaw opened a subscription list for remodeling the entrance to that church.

Pleasant Homes.

Squire Jones, who was a very plain spoken old gentleman, used to go into the public loafing resorts about nine o'clock every evening, and after looking around inquiringly would say, "Well, gentlemen, what are you doing here? Are your homes not pleasant?"

Not Inquisitive.

There was dust on his back and the grime of two weeks' standing behind his ears, and as he stood on a corner yesterday, he was heard to remark that he was from Lansing.

Merit Wins.

We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well, or that have given such universal satisfaction.

Controlling Southern Elections.

In his article in the May number of The Forum Mr. E. L. Godkin discusses the negro problem in a candid and comparatively fair manner. He had studied the subject. It is a problem not easy of solution, and he recognizes the fact.

To these citations of authority we make no objection, but we must express our surprise to find Mr. Godkin admitting that Congress has the right to take charge of the elections for President of the United States.

Each State shall appoint in such manner as the Legislature thereof may direct a number of electors equal to the whole number of Senators and Representatives to which the State may be entitled in Congress; but no Senator, Representative or person holding an office of profit or trust under the United States shall be appointed an elector.

We are not theorizing. We are stating facts which ought to be known to all such men as Mr. Godkin. His ignorance of them is unaccountable. He must know that up to the year 1861 the South Carolina Legislature always met in session on the day of the presidential election as it is called and chose the electors of that State for President of the United States.

It can hardly be doubted that if they had had the power the Republicans in Congress, backed by President Harrison, would pass a law districting all the Southern States for the election of congressmen, and

placing all congressional elections under the control of Federal election officers. When the foundations of the republic shall thus have been removed, it will matter little whether presidential electors shall thereafter be chosen by the States or by the central despotism, as such elections will be a mere formality—a mockery of the people, who, if they are such fools as to intrust power to a party which would thus destroy our free institutions, will have merited the contempt with which they will ever afterwards be regarded by the whole civilized world.—Richmond Dispatch.

Bitten by a Mad Horse.

We learn that on last Monday Mr. Harrison Honeycutt, of Stanly county, was bitten by a horse which was supposed to have the hydrophobia. On Monday morning Mr. Honeycutt noticed that the horse appeared to be sick, and instead of putting him to work as usual, turned him loose in the pasture.

Life in Oklahoma.

Rafe Thimbleigger paid us a pleasant visit yesterday and told us that he had just won a fine quarter section at a shooting match with a tenderfoot. He paid the funeral expenses himself. Rafe is a gentleman.

Coroner Goosefelter is so far behind in his work that he requests us to inform his patrons that he is doing the best he can. His friends will oblige him by not making efforts to increase his business at this time.

Jim Triggers called on us yesterday and traded us a nickel-plated derringer for a year's subscription to the Boomer. He got the derringer from a man who died suddenly after calling Jim a horse thief. Come again, Jim.

There will be a faro game and a Sunday-school running in this town tomorrow. All are invited.

The new cemetery south of town is meeting with general favor.

If any reader of the Boomer sees anything that he doesn't like in this paper we will gladly take it back in our next issue.—Kingfisher (Oklahoma) Boomer.

March April May

Are the months in which to purify the blood, as the system is now most susceptible to benefit from medicine. Hence now is the time to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, a medicine peculiarly adapted for the purpose, possessing peculiar curative powers. It expels every impurity from the blood, and also gives it vitality and richness.

"Is the howling dog always followed by death?" asked a little girl. "Not always, my dear; sometimes the man that shoots at the dog misses him." But when a New Home Sewing-Machine is left with a lady on trial it is a sure thing she will buy a New Home when she buys a Machine.

Cyclone at Warsaw.

A fearful cyclone visited the town of Warsaw, Duplin county, on the line of the Wilmington and Weldon railroad, yesterday afternoon about 4 o'clock. Reports to the Star say the destruction was very great, but particulars were not given, except that the Presbyterian and Methodist churches were blown down and scattered to the winds, only the pulpit and one chair of the Presbyterian church being left on the ground.

The storm came from the northwest with tremendous force, but fortunately its width was only about half a mile. Scarcely a chimney is left standing in the town, and many trees and telegraph poles were prostrated. On the outskirts of the town a few small houses occupied by colored people were destroyed, but no loss of life is reported.

The storm was accompanied with hail which covered the ground to a depth of two inches and caused much damage to crops, especially strawberries.—Wilmington Star, 2d.

Expensive Quail Shooting.

A prominent member of the Philadelphia Club who has been quail shooting in the South during the season was asked: "What does it cost for a trip such as you made?"

"Well, we were gone about ten days. It took three days each way to get to the shooting ground and in the four days that we shot we got about 100 birds. Taking everything into consideration I should say the trip and outfit would cost about \$1,000. Your dog will cost \$250; your gun \$300, your hunting suit \$50 more, your boots \$40, tips to farmers for shooting privilege, railway fare, ammunition, etc., will foot up to about \$1,000."

"That made your birds cost, then, about \$10 each?" "Yes." "And what did you do with the birds?" "Gave them away to the farmers," was the reply.

A pretty expensive sport is quail shooting.

When it is remembered that newspaper editors have no opportunity of rewriting their articles, and frequently have not the time even to read them over after writing them, it is astonishing that they make so few grammatical or other mistakes and that their style is often so clear and correct. Those who write books often spend months and sometimes years in rewriting them, and yet one frequently sees a newspaper article written in the hurry of the moment and under pressure, which, in brilliancy of diction, cogency of argument and elegance of style, is the equal and sometimes the superior to anything we find in most books. Indeed, the Press is most powerful for good when in the hands of intelligent and conscientious gentlemen, and is doing much good, and the wonder is that any man who can read or who has children that read will go without it.—Warrenton Gazette.

A Phenomenal Well.

There is a well on the old Adam Clark place in Lilesville township, this county, that has peculiarities that the people living in the neighborhood would like to have explained by some competent authority. This well is 40 feet deep, and up to the time of the earthquake in 1886 always had (winter and summer) 7 feet of good water in it. It had never been known to go dry, but on the morning after the earthquake it did not have a drop of water in it, and since that time in dry seasons the well has been perfectly dry, but during wet spells it gets so full that it sometimes runs over. The well has been known to be full of water at night and the next day found perfectly empty. It is a walled well and no surface water runs into it. Who can explain this phenomenon?—Wadesboro Intelligencer.