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The Story of Adam Lind.

BY FERGUS HUME.

From the Courier-Journal. Adam Lind, aged 25, handsome, gay, and to a certain extent clever, was a clerk in the Hibernian Bank, Melbourne, a situation of no great responsibility.

He received a salary of £100 per annum, and out of this was supposed to eat, drink, and pay his landlady, tailor, hatter and hosier on such economic principles that the balance would amply suffice for the luxuries of life, after paying for the necessities.

Being in this comfortable position, Adam Lind naturally added to his embarrassments by falling in love, but in this case there was method in his apparent madness, for he fell in love with a rich girl.

The lady in question, by name Lettie Darlington, was the only child of a rich Melbourne merchant. The lovers had met at the house of a mutual friend, and Dan Cupid being present, the result can easily be guessed.

When people, no matter of what age, arrive at this stage of insanity argument is useless, and as neither Lettie nor Adam confided the state of their minds to a third party, no advice could be given, and they dwelt in a fool's paradise of sugar and candy.

Quoth Adam: "I am poor, but I love you." To which answered worldly-wise Lettie: "What matters poverty to honest affection?"

Clearly these two fools had made up their minds to live on love, for certainly they had no more substantial hope of sustenance.

Adam, however, had a glimpse of common sense—not much, but still a glimmer—and he knew that an impetuous bank clerk could hardly have the impertinence to ask a wealthy man for his daughter's hand, seeing he could give nothing in return save honest affection, which is not a marketable commodity.

It was then that Adam felt like Tantalus—he was in a bank in an atmosphere of money—gold and silver, and pieces of paper representing gold and silver, were all about him, yet he could not take it for his own.

What a situation for a romantic man! Now, in Arcady, for instance but, then, we don't live in Arcady—there lies the whole problem of crime.

When a man is in trouble let him always go to a woman for advice.

Why? Because women, having a natural instinct of cunning, akin to that of a fox, can see their way out of a difficulty sooner than a man, therefore Adam, dull-brained and harassed, seeing no way out of his predicament, went straightway to St. Kilda, to confide his troubles to Lettie.

Max Darlington, Lettie's father, was the possessor of a charming house in St. Kilda, and having such a house, plenty of money, and a social soul—the last being most re-

quisite for genial hospitality—gave capital dinner parties, and on this special night, when poor Adam wanted to confide his follies to the woman who loved him, her father was giving a dinner to which Adam had been invited.

He arrived accurately attired in evening dress with a pleasant smile and a gay manner, all a mask, poor soul, for the hell which raged within him. Within week he would have to replace the stolen money, or face a judge and jury—horrible alternative, and yet he was obliged to smile and smirk blandly to hide the mental agonies which his crime was causing him.

Max Darlington, tall, stately, and wonderfully purse-proud, received Adam with courtesy, suave and smiling, never thinking that this young man had dared to raise his eyes to the daughter of a merchant prince, and that one himself.

Lettie was delighted on this night—fair haired, dark eyed, and vivacious—shallow as far as acquisitions go, for she was not a Girton girl, but wonderfully sharp in worldly matters. Not of the portico or of Athenian groves was the wisdom of Miss Darlington, but she had a shrewd Nineteenth century feminine knowledge, calculated to steer her course admirably through life.

Adam did not enjoy this dinner—how could he, when from the soup to the dessert Lettie was monopolized by a dark-haired seaman, who was the captain of a ship then lying at Williamstown. He was very attentive to Lettie; and she, alas, for the constancy of the female sex, seemed rather to like it.

Adam was very angry; this sailor captain, William Francis, by name, was handsome, though very haggard looking, probably due to dissipation, and he seemed to admire Lettie. No man likes another to poach on his preserves, so poor Adam waxed very wrath at this son of Neptune.

After dinner came his reward. The ladies retired to the drawing-room, Lettie throwing a bright glance to Adam as if to console him, for social neglect, and, as the gentlemen were chatting over their wine, Adam placed his chair next to Capt. Francis' and commenced to talk; an attention which that gentleman seemed in no wise to relish.

"What is the name of your ship?" asked Adam, fingering his cigarette. "The 'Pretty Jane,'" replied the sailor, in a rather surly tone. "London to Melbourne?" "With variations to New Zealand."

"I suppose you have a large crew?" questioned Lind. "The captain looked fierce. 'Yes,' he replied, shortly. 'Sailors run away sometimes,'" remarked Adam, with a view to keeping the ball rolling.

The effect was peculiar, inasmuch as the captain turned pale, then, recovering himself with great effort, laughed somewhat uneasily. "Sometimes," he assented; "in fact, one of my men, a Swede, Peter Jensen, left me yesterday, and I can not get him again—I wish I could; I'd make an example of him."

"I'm sure I hope you will find him," said Adam, politely, and shortly afterwards they joined the ladies.

In the drawing room—babies and scandal. Lettie being a maid, only conversed on the latter subject; but not liking the topic, returned to the piano and the "Lieder Ohne Worte."

This is not calculated to entertain one's guests, but with scandal and babies Mendelssohn is superfluous. Consequently Lettie's guests were not bored. The gentlemen entering the drawing-room were received with a sigh of relief by the ladies, scandal and babies both being played out—wonderful to relate—as the former is eternal.

Flirtation and soft nothings. Serious business on Adam's part—later on—on Lettie's. Then said Lettie not expecting trouble: "You seem dull to-night, Adam, what is the matter?" After this came the deluge—a woman statuesque and pale, seated under the green leaves of a palm, and an excited man striding up and down and talking rapidly in a low voice.

"I'm a fool—my God, what a fool! I love you, Lettie, more than I can tell you—believe me or not, as you please. I am poor. You are rich. I thought, and still think, your father would not receive me as his son-in-law, and I was anxious to make money. I speculated and lost—lost—all—lost."

Not tears exactly, but very near. "But if you have lost the money you will soon get it again. You can at present live on your salary, and later on get your money back again."

He laughed bitterly. "My money—no—you do not in the purity of your soul—understand—my money—no—it was not mine—it was the bank's."

Strong drama. "What do you say?" "I have taken £300." "From the bank funds?" "Yes."

"You were in a position of trust and you abused it." "God help me, I did—to win you."

The reservation was flattering to a woman's vanity. "You despise me?" said Adam. "No. God forbid I should do so—I know you yielded in a moment of temptation. We are weak when the trial comes, but—"

"I must save you." "Impossible—how?" "By replacing the money."

"You can not." "I can—the manager of the Hibernian Bank is a friend of my father's, and of mine. I will pay this money back to him and you will be saved."

"Lettie! Lettie—I can not accept this sacrifice."

"It is no sacrifice—I love you, and what is money compared with the happiness of my life?" "You despise me?" "Let him who can cast the first stone have the right to despise you—not me—not me."

"Good-bye, Lettie," kissing her violently. "Where are you going?" "Anywhere."

"Stop, or I will alarm the house." "Good-bye." Adam disappeared out of the window of the conservatory, and Lettie fell back in her chair in a dead faint.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

A Johnstown Survivor in Raleigh.

A survivor of the Johnstown flood arrived in the city this morning. His name is Mr. Clark. His description of his escape is marvelous and graphic. He said he was in a house when a man rode wildly through the street crying, "Run for the hills." He and eight other, instead of going to the hills, climbed to the housetop, and had not reached the top before the flood, a great wave of water 30 feet high, struck the house and carried it down against the great stone bridge. While there, all his companions left the house on a raft which they constructed and tried to reach the land. He saw them suckled under one of the stone arches of the bridge and never saw them more. He alone remained on the house for two or three hours when he was rescued. Once or twice he was engulfed by the water but held on and thus saved himself.—Raleigh Call.

Louisa Moller and Rebecca H. McIntosh are the first women to graduate from any Chicago dental college. They have just graduated at the American College of Dental Surgery.

Mt. Gilead Correspondence.

Editor of The Rocket: I am glad to know that dear old Rockingham is to have a new Academy, and now for a good teacher, or teachers, and prohibition, and we shall look for enlarged prosperity. Banish the saloons, and we promise to come over and throw up our old hat with hearty congratulations. We have seen the effect in Lumberton, and now in the whole of Montgomery county, and the change for the better is evident beyond controversy. It is true that Prohibition does not prohibit absolutely—perhaps it never will; but the improvement morally, financially and intellectually is so apparent where the saloons are closed that there is no room for indifference.

It may be impossible at present, but by patient waiting and working sentiment will change and the conflict will be comparatively easy. It must and will come, and shame on the moral or christian man who has not the moral courage to use his best endeavors in the inevitable fight, which, if fought intelligently and at the right time, will terminate in favor of the lovers of decency and religion.

The thought that success is impossible in the near future is alarming as well as profoundly humiliating. The time for action—in creating public sentiment, if nothing more—has come, and the dangers to which our boys and young men are exposed calls for personal and organized efforts to remove, so far as we can, the rock on which so many have wrecked their happiness for time and eternity.

If there was no hell to which the unfortunate inebriate is rushing on with unbridled appetite, it is positively painful to witness the sons of intelligent and rich men, as well as of the poor and illiterate, walking around with bloated faces, red noses, and the language of the grog shop on their lips.

There is not a legalized saloon in Montgomery county, and in the six months I have been here I have not heard an obscene or profane expression. Doubtless many are guilty who guard their words in my presence, but with a grog shop in every village and at every cross roads it is not likely I could write so much of old Montgomery. Do you ask how we got rid of them in this county? Answer: The County Commissioners, with W. S. Ingram to lead, refused to grant license, just as they ought to do in every county. When applications are made and they have to prove a good moral character, W. S. Ingram, Esq., has the moral courage to say: "No man who wishes to sell whiskey is a moral man."

Others—members of the church—may do so, but he does not propose to stultify his conscience by becoming part of a joint-stock company to legalize the whiskey traffic. I know some one will say: "Well done!" and so do we. Suppose my official act, or my vote, would close the saloons in Rockingham and I refuse to act or vote, what is my relation to the whiskey dens? And how far am I responsible for the boys who are ruined? Answers are in order. In the meantime, "well done" for Wadesboro.

MORE ABOUT SCHOOLS. Many of our people are wide awake on the subject of mental development, and the interest still growing. The return of five young ladies from Greensboro, two from Charlotte, one from Raleigh, one from Salem; also two young men from Trinity, one from Vanderbilt, and numbers from schools of high grade, may be mentioned in evidence. The school at Mt. Gilead is good and will, we think, be better this Fall. Board cheap; place healthy. Come or send.

The crops are small but healthy. Wheat was unusually good, and on the whole the outlook is encouraging. Come up and see us, and get subscribers.

Be sure you help in the railroad, from any point so it points this way, or you may feel the weight of our influence. Let us build one from Rockingham via Mangum or Little's Mills to Mt. Gilead and on—some where. J. SANDFORD.

An Open Letter to the People of North and South Carolina.

OFFICE SOUTHERN INTER-STATE IMMIGRATION BUREAU, Raleigh, N. C.

I wish to call your attention to the fact that the Southern States are putting forth a greater effort than at any time heretofore to induce into her borders desirable men with means, who will buy part of our idle lands and aid in establishing factories, open up mines and develop our resources. In bringing in capital and people we lessen our burden of taxation, and increase the comforts of life.

I have been appointed to a position in the Southern Inter-State Immigration Bureau, and it will be not only my duty but a pleasure to aid in the work of developing and up-building in every Southern State. Therefore I am lending my aid in the move to have in the City of Raleigh, in North Carolina, a great Industrial Display, where will be invited the people of the North to come and see what the various sections of North and South Carolina have to offer to those seeking investments.

This is going to be one of the best opportunities for your people to advertise your county to the home-seeking people who have means to invest; and I advise you to make no delay in collecting grain in the sheaf, and every variety of grass, and send to the Secretary at Raleigh. There will be no cost on the shipment. Send one-half dozen of each variety of wheat, oats, rye, barley and other grain in the sheaf; one gallon of threshed grain; one bundle of each variety of clover and cultivated grass, and also a bundle about the size of wheat-bundle of all kinds of native or wild grasses. People from the North are more attracted by the grain and grass productions than by any other one thing; therefore I urge upon the people of North and South Carolina to take this matter in hand while the grain and grass crop is so fine, and get up the collections at once and forward without delay so as to be sure your county will be represented.

It is necessary to have for general distribution printed information concerning your section. Such information should embrace in brief the advantages of climate, soil, manufacturing, the social, religious and school privileges, &c. I have advised the editors in each town to get up a special edition of their papers containing such information, and print from one thousand to ten thousand extra copies for distribution at the Exposition. To do this will be quite an outlay to the editor, but not as much as getting out a pamphlet, and it will certainly be of much more benefit; for besides the distribution of the ten thousand extra copies, the write-up will go in the numbers of the regular edition. I urge upon every business man and subscriber to lend their financial aid when the editor shall ask assistance in getting out the special edition. Do not be contented with helping only one paper if there is more than one in your place. A special edition of every paper printed in your county should be issued. They can be distributed to great advantage.

Very truly, J. T. PATRICK, Chief Dep't Improvement Association for the Southern States.

Is Consumption Incurable?

Read the following: Mr. C. H. Morris, Newark, Arkansas, says: "Was down with Abscess of Lungs, and friends and physicians pronounced me an incurable Consumptive. Began taking Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, am now on my third bottle, and able to oversee the work on my farm. It is the finest medicine ever made."

Jesse Middlewart, Decatur, Ohio, says: "Had it not been for Doctor King's New Discovery for Consumption I would have died of Lung Troubles. Was given up by doctors. Am now in best of health." Try it. Sample bottles free at Dr. W. M. Fowlkes & Co.'s drug store.

A nasal injector free with each bottle of Child's Catarrh Remedy.

POOR ZEB VANCE.

The Old Woman Began Him as a Bad Man.

The Washington Post's talking machine grinds out the following on our Zeb: "When Senator Zebulon Vance, of North Carolina, was younger than he is now, he used to travel extensively over the State on an easy going pace, making stump speeches and keeping in touch with his constituents. His kinsman, Robert B. Vance, followed a similar course, but made a specialty of playing the camp-meeting and church people, while Zeb was looked upon as a lost sheep and a dangerous person generally. One day Zeb was riding up a mountain path, when he met a country woman riding down.

"Howdy, General Vance," said she. The gallant Zeb responded in his most effective style, and the dame immediately launched into a long discussion of the "bush meetin'" she had been attending, telling of the numerous brands plucked from the burning and the various trials and tribulations which are the lot of Christian souls.

"My good woman," interrupted the Senator, "you evidently take me for Bob Vance."

"Why sartin?" "Well, I'm Zeb."

"Lord goddumity! Git up! Git up!" screamed the poor woman, as she lay down on the horse's neck and larruped him into a dead run down the mountain, scared half to death at the thought of being alone on the road with the notorious Zeb Vance.

Birth and Death.

How quickly one generation of men follow another to the grave! We come like the ocean wave to the shore, and scarcely strike the strand before we roll back into the forgetfulness whence we came. "There is a skeleton in every house." Aye, in some, many. We can stand upon the corner of any street, and looking back, we shall see that all houses have changed occupants in a very few years. The old men have gone, and a generation that knew them not has taken their places. Yet while we look, we ourselves grow old, and pass on to join the great caravan, whose tents are almost in sight on the other side. In youth the world seems a great way off, but later we feel and realize that it is close at hand; and what is better, nature does the preparatory work for passing into it, so that we can easily grow into it—are born into it.—Exchange.

Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters give the same song of praise. A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove Pimples, Boils, Salt Rheum and other affections caused by impure blood. Will drive Malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all Malarial fevers. For cure of Headache, Constipation and indigestion try Electric Bitters—entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. Price 50 cents and \$1 per bottle at Dr. W. M. Fowlkes & Co.'s drug store.

A Superstition Exploded.

Another absurdity is exploded in the present year's abundant yield of wheat. We have been told from a time whereof the memory of man knoweth not, that in order to raise a good wheat crop the snow fall of the previous winter must be heavy and of long duration. Last winter no snow fell in these parts, or next to none, and yet the wheat crop is better than for many years. There is more certainty of a crop from putting wheat in properly than from snow. We have noticed that the man who is careful to prepare his land and put his wheat in well always makes some. And the same plan works well with every other crop.—S. S. T. T.