

Rockingham Rocket.

R. W. KNIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

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JOB PRINTING.

LETTER HEADS, NOTE HEADS, BILL HEADS, STATEMENTS, ENVELOPES, CIRCULARS, DODGERS, POSTERS, RECEIPTS, INVITATIONS, &c.

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Office opposite the old postoffice.

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.

Metalic Burial Cases, CASKETS, Fine and Common Coffins.

A Fine Hearse which will be supplied when wanted.

W. T. HUTCHINSON, Wadesboro, N. C.

ATTENTION.

To Cash Buyers of General Merchandise.

Having just established ourselves in our new store, at the old stand, you will find our usual assortment of Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery and Glassware, Woodenware, Hats, Shoes, &c., complete and offered at prices that will.

Surely Astonish You!

Bought for cash, and to be sold for cash, only, we can offer you superior inducements, and, to verify our statement, invite you cordially to come and see for yourself and be convinced of unexcelled bargains.

Auction Sale Every Saturday

of all kinds of General Merchandise, in good order and sold from regular stock, which, if you don't want at my price, you can have at your own.

The only exclusive Furniture Store in the town. Special attention is directed to our elegant line of Furniture.

1889. NEW YORK LIFE Insurance Company.

346 AND 348 BROADWAY. W. H. BEERS, President. Organized 1845.

Cash Assets, \$193,480,181. Surplus by State Standard, \$13,500,000. Income, 1888, \$24,000,000.

B. F. LITTLE, Special Agent, Rockingham, N. C.

THE IRON BRACELET.

BY FRANK BARRETT.

From the Courier-Journal.

Hinton took the tickets as the train was running into the station; in hastily snatching up the change a half-sovereign slipped from his fingers. It took us a couple of minutes to find it then the train was lost.

"Three-quarters of an hour to wait in this hole," Hinton groaned. "Better walk over the hills to Chorley. The train is due there at 9:15; we can do it easily."

We did it a little too easily; the train was in sight before we reached Chorley. We leapt over the railings and ran along the line; the train passed us at the signal box and we overtook it as it came to a stop.

The last carriage was a third class; a young lady, leaning through the open window of the end compartment, looked toward us anxiously.

"Will you be good enough to open the door?" she asked, as we drew near. We both stopped. Hinton brushed past me to render the service; he was younger than I, his gallantry was boundless, and the present appeal to it was made by one of singularly prepossessing appearance. It was not a common face that smiled down on us, showing a long row dazzling teeth, a white, sensitive nose, an intelligent forehead, from which the hair was drawn back assertively, and a pair of dark gray eyes, capable of anything; not a common figure that stood revealed when the door was opened—tall, graceful, simply elegant, and dressed with faultless taste, and the first question that mystified me was how such a lady came to be traveling alone in a third-class carriage and at this early hour.

She stood in the open door in embarrassment that added a charm to her face. The platform did not extend to this carriage. The depth to the ground was considerable, the step awkward. She put out one neatly booted foot and drew it back hastily; all the time she kept her hands close in her muff, which made the descent still more impracticable. With a faint tinge of color in her pale cheek, and her fine eyes twinkling with vexation, she said—

"May I ask you to help me; I have hurt my hands; they are useless."

In a moment we were on the foot-board, one on each side, helping her to descend. As I glanced along her arm I caught the glimpse of a blueish-black metal inside her sealskin muff. She wore an iron bracelet!

Was it an eccentricity of fashion, or a surgical appliance, I wondered.

It was to Hinton she smiled her sweetest acknowledgment; and when in parting she bowed to us both, her eyes rested last and longest upon him.

We stood by the open door watching her as she walked up on to the platform with an elastic, graceful step.

"Now then, sir, are you going on?" called the guard with his whistle raised.

At that moment the young lady turned round, and seeing us still standing by the door, smiled bewitchingly, made a short step forward, turned again, and stopped, fixing her eyes on Hinton, who was scarlet to the roots of his hair. It was an invitation that my fiery young friend was not slow to accept.

"I shall come on by the next train, Jack," said he, and started at once to rejoin the fascinating lady.

The guard blew his whistle, and I stepped up mechanically into the carriage, closing the door, and never losing sight of my friend and the lady with the iron bracelet. He had his hat off, and was speaking to her as the train whisked me by. They were both so pleasantly occupied with each other that they took no notice of me. I continued to watch

them until the train was out of the station, and then I sat down and glanced around to see if there were any other occupant of the compartment.

Good God! What was this at the other end, half on the ground, half on the seat? I started to my feet and drew near the dark mass with growing terror, as I perceived that it was a police officer who lay huddled together with one shoulder on the seat and his head dropped down upon his breast. His helmet had dropped off; when I raised his face I found it perfectly colorless; only the white of his eyes was visible through the half-closed lids. There was no sign of any wound, no blood upon hands or face. A white handkerchief lay upon the seat. It seemed to me that the man had suddenly fainted. I tried to raise him from his position, but the dead weight (he was a large man) was more than I could manage.

The carriage was open from end to end—the compartment divided simply by backs. There was only one other traveler in the carriage—a navy in the next but one compartment, with his back to me, and his head was out of the window that the short black pipe he was smoking might not be objected to.

I called him twice before he heard me, and then taking his pipe out of his mouth and holding it in the hollow of his hand, he looked at me in vacant surprise.

"Come over and help me," I called. "There's a policeman lying here dead."

He spat out of the window, rose, and leaning over the back of the compartment, said:

"Beg your pardon, mister; there's such a row. What did you say?"

I repeated what I had said. "A dead policeman!" he said, his little eyes rounding with wonder.

"Yes; come over and help me lift him up."

"Nought me," he said, his face settling with an expression of dogged objection. "I ain't goin' to have no truck we no dead policemen, no fear. I'm a poor man, I am, and they'd have me off to the station 'us soon's look at me, if I get messin' myself up in that job, no fear," and with that he turned his back on me, and sat down in an attitude of determined neutrality.

I made what efforts I could to restore life to the dead man, to call the attention of the guard, to rouse up my ghastly fellow-passenger I had to wait the end of the journey.

As the train ran into the terminus I called loudly to a porter on the platform. It took the fellow a couple of minutes to overcome his astonishment. Then he did as I bade him, and ran off for assistance.

Three minutes more passed before he returned with a couple of policemen. By this time the navy with a pick and shovel under his arm had staggered off, and escaped the perils that attend the poor man in such circumstances.

While they were getting the dead man on to the platform the inspector came over. After he had heard my brief explanation he took out his note book and pencil saying he must have my name and address. I gave them, and added that I was to be found during the day at Guy's Hospital.

"If you are a medical gentleman you may perhaps be able to tell the cause of death," he said.

"Heart disease, I should say."

"Where did you get in, sir?" "Chorley."

"Was there anyone in the compartment besides yourself?" "No."

"Anyone get out there?" "A lady."

"Did she say anything about this?" "No."

"No."

He put the pencil between his teeth reflectively.

"Something peculiar in his appearance may have frightened her," I suggested. "The jerk of the train

in starting may have caused the man to fall in the position I found him."

"There was no one else in the carriage?" he asked.

"There was a navy in the third compartment." I explained his behavior. The inspector smiled.

"He was right. I should have had to detain him. That would have been the loss of a day's wages, perhaps—couldn't let him off with his name and address. However, there's no sign of violence, and most likely what you say about heart disease is right. That will do, sir, thank you. I expect you will be summoned to attend the inquest."

The platform was empty; the ticket collector had come up to satisfy his curiosity. As I was going away he said, "Your ticket, sir."

I gave him my ticket; as I turned the corner by the barrier I saw him showing it to the inspector.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

His Faith Shattered.

The small boy had only been a day or two at the kindergarten when he approached his father, showing a great deal of indignation.

"Papa, that isn't a good school. I don't want to go to that school any more."

"Why, my boy?" "Well, do you know what the boys at that school say?"

"What?" "Well, papa, they say there ain't any Santa Claus; that it's not true; they ain't any such thing. Papa, there is a Santa Claus, ain't there?"

The father thought a moment. Then he concluded he would tell the child the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. So he took him on his knee and told him how it was a pretty fabrication made up by fathers and mothers who loved their children to make them happy, and the fathers and mothers were the real Santa Claus. The small boy listened in silence. This was a shock to him, because I suppose, like older and more inexcusable people, he felt he had been making a painful exhibition of his ignorance. He slid down from his father's knee and walked across the room to the door. He opened it and stood holding the knob for a moment in a kind of deep thought. Then he turned and looked at his father.

"Say, papa, have you been filling me up about the devil, too?"—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Judge's Courtship.

The shortest courtship I ever heard of was that of an eminent jurist. He was on his way to hold court in a town when he met a young woman returning from market.

"How deep is the creek and what did you get for your butter?" asked the Judge.

"Up to the knee and nine-pence," was the answer, as the girl walked on. The judge pondered over the sensible brevity of the reply, turned his horse, rode back and overtook her.

"I liked your answer just now," he said, "and I like you. I think you would make a good wife. Will you marry me?" She looked him over and said: "Yes." "Then get up behind me and we will ride to town and be married."

She did get up behind and they rode to the court house and were made one. It is recorded that the marriage was a pre-eminently happy one.

THE REMARKABLE CURES which have been effected by Hood's Sarsaparilla are sufficient proof that this medicine does possess peculiar curative power. In the severest cases of scrofula or salt rheum, when other preparations had been powerless, the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla has brought about the happiest results.

The case of Miss Sarah C. Whittier, of Lowell, Mass., who suffered terribly from scrofulous sores, that of Charles A. Roberts, of East Wilson, N. Y., who had thirteen abscesses on his face and neck; that of Willie Duff, of Walpole, Mass., who had hip disease and scrofula, so bad that physicians said he could not recover, are a few of the many instances in which wonderful cures are effected by this medicine.

An Opportunity for Sam Jones.

A little incident which took place in Wesson is being told on every street corner here. It is about as follows:

It seems that Sam Jones was trying to draw a line between the man that goes to heaven and hell, and in his remarks refers to his grandfather and grandmother in the following manner:

"My grandfather was a good man, as good as ever breathed the breath of life, and he went straight to heaven. My grandmother was a bad woman; she never attended church, and did not take any stock in the Bible, and I know she went to hell."

About this time a young man left his seat and started toward the door.

This did not please the reverend gentleman, and he remarked: "Yes, there is a young man who is going to hell, too."

This young man proved to be a commercial drummer, and, whirling around, politely answered: "Well, if that is the case, is there any message you wish to send to your grandmother?"—Summit Enterprise.

Four Lives for a Watch.

LINCOLN, Neb., July 17.—Four men lost their lives in this city under peculiar circumstances this afternoon. A watch was dropped in a cesspool and the men were endeavoring to recover it. They dug a large hole at the side of the pool and one man stood on a ladder above the water and made an opening into the pool. The foul air and gas rushed out and overcame him and he fell into the water.

A friend went to his assistance and was likewise overcome. One by one seven men fell into the water, which by this time was full of muck and slime from the vault. Three men were rescued, some by men who afterward perished in attempting to save others.

Electric Bitters. This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing 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. Fowkes & Co.'s drug store.

A Negro Lynched in Mississippi. MEMPHIS, Tenn., July 15.—Yesterday morning Swan Bures, a negro charged with the murder of a young white man named Whitehurst, was lynched at Luka, Miss. A mob of 100 men forced the jailer to give up his keys, and took Bures a short distance away and hanged him to a tree.

One night last May, young Whitehurst started from Tusculumbia for Burnsville, on a freight train. The conductor and his two brakemen raised a difficulty with Whitehurst, which resulted in his death, the proof showing that the conductor and Bures, one of the brakemen, shot Whitehurst and then threw him off the train, where the wheels would pass over his body, that they might conceal their crime.

Are you made miserable by indigestion, constipation, Dizziness, loss of appetite, yellow skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. Dr. W. M. Fowkes & Co.

Time For Action.

Miss Georgina Gotham—I understand that Chestnut street, Philadelphia, is to be widened.

Miss Phyllis McClick—Yes; and it's high time. Why, there is now only fifty feet of distance between the people who live on the fashionable side and the folks on the other side.—Puck.

Her Life Saved by a Snake.

A Constrictor Gives Timely Warning of the Peril of its Little Mistress.

Councilman C. D. Sawyer, of Oklahoma City, Ok., is authority for the following story about a snake:

Mr. Sawyer, with his wife and little girl, about two years of age, moved to Oklahoma from Stella, Neb., when the regular influx took place. Some months before leaving their home Mrs. Sawyer was almost frightened to death one morning to find coiled up in her baby's cot a huge black snake. She was afraid to kill the snake and too badly frightened to pick up the baby, who by this time was awake, and in a sweet, innocent way, was patting the ugly reptile on the head and crowing with babyish delight at her pretty plaything. Mrs. Sawyer was surprised to notice that the snake, instead of resenting the advances of the child, seemed rather to enjoy them, and as the baby continued the reptile made some soft, purring not unlike to a cat. She, however, watched both and backed to the door, when she screamed out for her husband, who at once heard her and rushed into the room. He saw the situation and at once proceeded to snatch the child away from the snake, which at once crawled out of the cot. Mr. Sawyer was anxious to see what the thing would do, and hesitated for a few moments to kill the intruder, which meanwhile had crawled back into the cot, manifesting no signs of fear and apparently looking for the baby.

Time went on. The snake was not killed, but, like many others of its kind, became a pet with the family, and when the move to Oklahoma was made the snake accompanied the crowd in a box made especially for its benefit.

The curious part of the story follows. A few days ago Mrs. Sawyer was sitting in front of the house sewing, when she was disturbed by something tugging at the bottom of her dress. She looked down, and there was the snake with the hem of her garment in his mouth, retreating toward the rear of the tent. Mrs. Sawyer tried to shake it off, but was unable to do so, and, becoming alarmed, and thinking the reptile meant harm, she rushed to the rear of the lot, where she supposed her husband to be. He, however, was not there, but, on hearing a cry, she rushed to a pit about 12 feet deep, dug as a depository for sewerage. She looked down and saw her little girl there, having fallen in while at play.

The little girl was taken out unharmed, and now the snake is a greater pet than ever in the family, as both Mr. and Mrs. Sawyer firmly believe that the sagacious reptile had instinct enough to tell them that the little one was in danger, and had taken the means described to notify the child's parents of the accident that had happened to their little one.

Mr. Sawyer is a reliable gentleman. Whether the affair was a coincidence or a wonderful exhibition of snake sense he can't say.—Wichita Journal.

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy—a positive cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria and Canker Mouth. Sold by Dr. W. M. Fowkes & Co.

In Strange Company.

Blooms—Did you notice how embarrassed Fitzgibbons seemed at the party last night?

Crumley—That is easily explainable; he was ill at ease on account of the lady constantly by his side. Blooms—Who was she?

Crumley—His wife.—Chicago Globe.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to the taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, colic, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

A Charge on Strikers.

BRAHWOOD, Ill., July 15.—About 7,200 miners, formerly employed at Godley mine, went to work Saturday morning. The sheriff received word early that a hundred or more of the strikers were on the way to intercept the men started for the scene. With a posse, coming upon the strikers, he called upon them to disperse, and on their refusing, the posse fired their revolvers. One striker had his skull grazed by a ball, and another received a serious scalp wound. The deputies then charged the crowd and put them to flight. Witnesses of the affair claim that the sheriff was too hasty, but that officer says he intended his men to fire in the air. It is understood the troubles of the miners and operators will be submitted to arbitration to-day. Some bloodshed is feared as a result of Saturday's shooting.

The Printer's Courtship. "My darling," said the printer, fondly, as he encircled her fairy form, "does your pa object to my setting up with you?"

"No, Jeff," she said sweetly, "not if your intentions justify it."

"Well, Em, in this case I think they do. Do you love me darling?"

"Haven't you had proof of it, Jeff?"

"Yes, my precious. At least, so you have lead me to believe. Will you allow me to press you to my heart and imprint a kiss upon your lips?"

"I'm rather out of sorts this evening, Jeff; but if you can make up your mind to do so, we won't squabble over it. As a rule, you printers are too bashful."

"I wouldn't care at all if this lasted all night," said Jeff, overrunning with rapture.

"Well, I would," said the old man, suddenly appearing in the doorway. "Hain't you better be making ready to get off? I'm inclined to believe you are imposing upon good nature."

Jeff sadly took his cap, and while the old man was locking up he gave Em another kiss as a token of farewell and set off.

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, and now on my third bottle, and able to oversee the work on my farm. It is the finest medicine ever made."

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

A Samoan Wardrobe.

Mrs. E. T. Woodward, wife of Commander Woodward, who has just sailed from San Francisco for Alaska, has received from her husband a package of Samoan fabrics in the shape of a native robe and a sash. These were brought from Samoa by a United States vessel just before Commander Woodward left San Francisco and are very novel souvenirs. One of them is about 7x15 feet in dimensions and is figured in a very curious and barbaric pattern. They are said to be made from the inner fibre of a species of the mulberry tree. The last one is of a lighter fabric and softer and finer than the toga or robe. Mrs. Woodward takes great pleasure in showing these goods, but she says that she does not propose to have them "made up" for wear this season.—Daily Saratogian.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED. TO THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their express and post office address. Respectfully, T. A. Slocum, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.