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The Scoundrel.

From the Youth's Companion.

AFTER I had somewhat recovered, I lay quiet so as not to incur rougher usage. As it was, my first instinctive struggles had gained for me a savage kick in the head. The men knelt heavily on me, wrenching my arms back, as they twisted and tied the lashings.

Then they stepped back, and the Scoundrel said in Spanish: "Light the candle, Benito."

I heard the sound of flint on steel; a shower of sparks glanced in the dark, followed by a tiny flame; then the lighted candle revealed the house interior, and the two men looking at me with an expression that betokened anything but good will. They proceeded to search me, rolling me to this side and that, to facilitate the operation.

They emptied my pockets and sat down to appraise their plunder. They discussed the value of my watch, and the Mexican opened and shut the different blades of my pocket knife, which seemed to strike his fancy immensely. They showed ill temper at finding so little money in my pocket book, and the Scoundrel threatened to come over and kick me. Their humor improved on finding a whole plug of tobacco, but they cursed me for not having more matches. Having completed the valuation of my effects, the Scoundrel addressed me:

"Yer warn't enjoyin' yer night's rest 'n' war goin' to quit us without sayin' good-bye. We'll put yer ter sleep this time so yer won't git wakened no more."

The corners of his thin lips drew back in a cruel smile, as if the idea of "putting me to sleep" pleased him. The Mexican grinned responsively, with a flash of superb white teeth.

I had little doubt that my fate was sealed. The men had gone too far to stop now. What they had already done was a hanging matter in the ranch country. They would add nothing to their danger, but would help their safety by killing me.

"You bring up the horse, Benito," said the Scoundrel, "n' we'll saddle up just."

The Mexican led my horse to the door, and they carefully saddled him.

"Never fear," said the Scoundrel, scowling in at me as he tightened the cinch, "we ain't a goin' ter forgit ye."

The horse stood ready to be mounted, and I expected the crisis to follow without delay. But the two men came indoors, the Mexican holding the end of the lariat attached to the horse, and fell to discussing the route they should take.

The Scoundrel held my watch and commented on it.

"I reckon yer paid the price fer a pooty good time piece," he said. "I don't like the movement 'n' taint a stem-winder. Here's a better one."

He took out a gold repeater. "You've seen it afore. It's the one the East ern chap was showin' yesterday. He got lost 'n' we fell in with him 'n' left him on the prairie. We caught him nappin' just as we did you, and I killed him with his own pistol. I'm givin' you these things 'cause we're going to take mighty good care you don't go an' tell nobody."

Benito, his white teeth showing, was enjoying this badinage, the humor of which struck him as exquisite. He now put in a word, touching his knife as he spoke.

"He no tell! He no tell! Never!"

"Yer see that candle?" the Scoundrel went on. "There's about an inch on it left. I'll give yer to live just while that's burnin'." He was now filling my pipe. "It'll 'low us time fer a smoke, 'n' then we'll finish yer, 'n' go our way."

He lighted the pipe, first walking over to me and going through my pockets to see if there were any matches that he had missed in his first search. He went back to his seat, crossed his legs comfortably

and began to smoke. The Mexican, with a cigarette, sat on the floor.

The candle burned steadily down, measuring out the minutes I had to live. Benito finished his cigarette and looked toward the Scoundrel.

That gentleman, whose pipe was drawing well, was in no hurry. He had something further to say to me.

"I seen yer lookin' at us kinder cur'us at Van Sickle's," he said. "Mebbe yer'd like to know just who we are. I don't mind tellin' yer, seein' as yer sartin to keep quiet."

My name is Joseph Outhart, commonly called 'Reddy,' 'n' my friend here is 'Mexican Ben.' We're val'ble men, fur there's a reward of five hundred dollars apiece for us, dead or 'live. We don't like so much public attention, so we'r gittin' out o' the country. By daybreak we'll be a good twenty miles from here, 'n' we'll be in the mountains afore our friends know which way we've gone. We broke jail at Canon City just a week ago. We didn't have much outfit to start with, but we're gittin' 't'able well fixed."

My head throbbled and burned, and my arms and shoulders were painfully constrained, owing to the tightness with which I was bound, but in the excitement of greater peril I noticed this but little. Yet my senses were strangely excited. I heard and saw everything as I lay watching the candle. The drops of grease which ran down it flowed more freely on one side, owing to the flicker caused by a little puff of wind.

From the creek, 200 yards away, came to my ears clearly, the splash, splash of heavy animals—horses or cattle—crossing.

The candle burned low. The Scoundrel knocked the ashes out of the pipe.

"I 'low yer entitled to half an inch more 'o that candle," he said, "but we're in a hurry, 'n' I know yer wouldn't stand out about a little matter like that; 'taint much in a lifetime. We've no time to waste, waitin' on yer last minutes."

His wandering air left him, his cold, gray eyes took on a deadly stare, and on his face I saw the instinct and hardihood of murder leap into expression.

He reached into the lower bunk and took up a heavy revolver which I had not before seen. The end was at hand.

"Hold the boss, Benito."

He looked at me with jaw set and lip compressed. He could not bear to bear one remark more; his lips curled in a fiendish grin, as he said tauntingly:

"This is Keswick's pistol, 'n' I shot him with it. I'll send ye off quick, so you can jine company afore he gets fur on his way."

The hammer click clicked as his thumb pulled it back; I looked straight into the muzzle of the pistol. Now—

A yell, a sudden commotion in the doorway, and a call from the Mexican staid his finger at the trigger and caused him to turn.

My horse was plunging to escape. The lariat was slipping through the Mexican's hands as he braced hard against the door posts.

"Quick! Quick, or we lose him!"

The Scoundrel sprang to his companion's aid, but before he could reach him the rope was jerked from the Mexican, who, in the attitude of a half closed jack knife, came backward with a jerk and sat down so hard as to shake the floor; tripping up the Scoundrel, who fell over him, so that the two most unwillingly rolled about like acrobats.

The pistol banged in the scuffle, and both men swore shockingly.

They gained their feet, enraged at the escape of the horse, and ready for a moment to fight each other. The loss of the horse would force them to go on foot. The Scoundrel looked at me.

"I'll do you up, anyway!" he said, and picked up the pistol, which had fallen to the floor.

He stooped—his eyes staring at the doorway—then staggered backward, and turning away covered

his face with his hands.

In the doorway stood Mr. Keswick, his face pallid, his hair and beard matted, his clothes disheveled. At the same instant came the tramping of horses' feet.

Benito gave one look at the figure in the doorway, yelled and plunged through the window, carrying the sash with him. There followed a rush of horses, shouts and shots.

The Scoundrel started up and looked wildly around. He took one step toward the doorway and again shrank back. He turned to the window, but a man on horseback was guarding the opening with a shot gun. Behind Keswick bearded faces came into the light, and there pushed by him a quick-moving man with sombrero and spurs, holding a cocked revolver in each hand. He gave a quick glance around and called:

"Throw up your hands!"

He added, "I am the Sheriff of Bent county, and I place you all under arrest."

The Scoundrel's terror at sight of Mr. Keswick, whom he had at first taken for an avenging ghost, gave place to rage and desperation. He still held his pistol.

"Throw up your hands, I tell you!" thundered the sheriff. "Ah! you would have it!" Two reporters crashed in the room, followed by a heavy fall, as both fired, the sheriff an instant quicker. The candle was extinguished by the concussion; when it was relighted it showed the outlaw dead on the floor. The sheriff was unhurt. Two of his men brought in the Mexican, who limped between them with a bullet hole through his leg.

I was soon untied, and told the sheriff the story of the night. Mr. Keswick was placed in a bunk; his wound was found not to be serious; the glancing of a ball on his rib had saved his life. The outlaws had left him for dead, but the coolness and rain of the night had revived him, and, guided by the light, he had slowly walked and crawled to the sleep camp.

The sheriff stood over the dead outlaw, looking not ill pleased with the result of his shot. "Just as well," he said, reflectively. "The reward reads 'dead or alive.'"

The early morning saw the sheriff's party traveling toward town with the dead and the living outlaw. A wagon and mattress came later, on which Mr. Keswick was taken to the home ranch. In a few days he was well enough to rattle to town, where he completed his recovery.

Keeping Well Together.

The Democrats in all the States stand together in this off year and assert their fidelity to their political faith.

The party, being Democratic, believes that all legislation should be for the good of all the people, and it opposes as undemocratic and unjust all taxation intended to lay burdens upon the masses for the benefit of a monopolistic class. It believes in tariff reform as a measure of simple justice and pressing necessity, and a year ago it said so with emphasis in its National platform.

Having a conscience as well as a conviction, the party stands by that declaration of truth in spite of the fears of the timid and the counsels of the corrupt.

In New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Maryland, Massachusetts, Iowa, in short in every State in which a Democratic Convention has been held this year, the platform has reaffirmed the utterance of the National Convention on this subject.

There is no "crawfishing," no cowardice, no turning backward. The party is not "getting together;" it is keeping together in defence of principle and of the right of the people as against the pretensions of monopolists.—New York World.

Need a tonic, or children that want building up, should take BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. It is pleasant to take, cures Malaria, Indigestion, and Anemia. All dealers keep it.

NOTES OF TRAVEL IN EUROPE.

BY H. C. WALL.

There is a staidness of manners about a big London hotel that makes one feel ill at ease. I found it eminently so at the Holborn Viaduct. Not that there is any strained "putting on of airs," either on the part of proprietors, porters, or even the hotel clerk, that character which stands so altitudinous in all American hotels that you can hardly approach him. It was not the *genus homo* that we encountered in this capacity—it was a dignified young lady who graced the position of clerk and book keeper and evidently understood her duties thoroughly.

The registering of names, assignment of rooms, &c., was done so orderly and silently—no questions asked, even—that I felt at a loss to know whether our party was at all "welcome" to the hospitalities of the house. Just that sort of "air" pervaded the whole establishment, not offensively, of course; but on the part of the entire management, even down to the luggage man, was that reserve manner and quiet dignity that made one sensible of his own importance to an extent that was absolutely tiresome. That simply is the explanation of the staidness of manner referred to; the guest is recognized and treated as such, and the apparently cold and formal demeanor observed by the whole management towards him is only expressive of a courtesy that they would deem outraged by an exhibition of manner even bordering on familiarity. I confess to a liking for an atmosphere that dispels at once that stiffness of feeling; and if the hall porter should see fit to greet me with "Hello! how are you this morning?" I would like him all the better and feel that he had not disgraced his office nor disparaged the guest of his establishment. I would prefer less style—if you call it so—and more of the easy-going ways that make one feel at home. The female clerk furnished us cards promptly with numbers of room, respectively, and the price of lodging. That is, for occupying a room only the charge was 3s. 6d., or 87c. cents, per day, without service. Attendance of a servant—or "service," they call it—makes additional charge to the extent of the service which you demand. You are at liberty to engage and pay for a room only, with or without service, and get all of your meals at a restaurant. If you "book" regularly at a first-class hotel and take your lodging, service and three meals, you will not get off at less than three or four dollars a day. Your "Table d'Hôte" breakfast will cost you 3s., or 75c. cents; luncheon 3s. 6d., or 87c. cents, and dinner 5s., or one dollar and twenty-five cents. My party struck the golden mean and got along with from \$2.50 to \$3.00 per day. The place of rendezvous for the visiting delegates in London was at 56 Old Bailey, nearly opposite the famous Newgate prison whose history dates back through hundreds of years. It was here that the programme was arranged for attending in a body the "reception" to be given the delegates by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, at the Mansion House. This took place on Monday night, July 1st. It was simply a gorgeous occasion and brilliantly appointed in all its effects. The Royal Swiss Bell Ringers, as did also a string band of fifty or sixty instruments, supplied the music. The Lord Mayor addressed words of welcome to the Sunday-school representatives of all countries here assembled. He was responded to by Dr. A. C. Dixon—a North Carolinian—of Baltimore, and by Dr. Martin, of Canada. Then followed addresses by Lord Kinaird, of London, and Count Bernstorff, of Germany. The "tar-heel" orator easily carried away the palm as speaker of the occasion. A magnificent repast was then spread in the large dining-hall, accustomed to be graced by the presence sometimes of sovereigns and often by that of

testesmen, Bishops and Arch-Bishops; and old-fashioned democratic manners and social intercourse, in which the Lord and Lady Mayoress and their most distinguished guests participated, were indulged to a late hour in the evening.

The World's Sunday-school Convention assembled in Memorial Hall on Tuesday morning, July 2nd. There were a thousand delegates present. Mr. Belsey, one of the Aldermen of the city of London, was selected as the permanent President and Mr. B. E. Jacobs, of Chicago, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the International Sunday-school Union, was named among the Vice-Presidents. Mr. Jacobs, in the chair as temporary chairman, made some characteristically happy speeches, always eliciting great applause. Mr. Jacobs, by the way, impressed the foreigners as no other American did. He was readily and universally endorsed as the leading spirit of the Convention. He is a man of extraordinary versatility of talent, full of push and energy, and has consecrated his whole being to the Sunday-school work. He could easily have had the place of permanent chairman but, for proper reasons, that honor was awarded to England. The English enjoyed him on every occasion; and while the Press was disposed to lash him, good-humoredly, for his fondness for anecdotes and want of dignity, as shown in his plain republican style, yet he commanded their attention and admiration whenever he chose to speak. The next in prominence among Americans were Drs. Theodore Cuyler and John Hall, both of New York. For zeal they are like burning coals from the altar and big brain was manifest in all they had to say. It was early found that the Convention was too large for the place of meeting, hence on motion it was adjourned to the City Temple, the church of the famous Dr. Joseph Parker. Here the entire series of meetings was held, except that the last meeting on Friday was held in Exeter Hall when Mr. Jacobs thrilled the vast concourse by an eloquent speech.

In a communication of this scope it need not be expected that I will attempt a report of the Convention proceedings. Reports submitted show the status of Sunday-school work throughout Europe and America as follows: In the United Kingdom of Great Britain, Scotland and Ireland, No. of Scholars 6,695,389—teachers 704,286; Continent (embracing about a dozen kingdoms) 1,007,423 scholars, and 55,511 teachers, while the United States comes up showing nearly 10,000,000 scholars and 1,500,000 teachers. Our British cousins take pleasure in according to the United States the honor of leading the world in Sunday-school work.

At a breakfast, given the delegates in the basement of Exeter Hall on Saturday morning, the honored George Williams, founder, in 1841 of the Young Men's Christian Association movement, was present and made an address. Although now nearing the age of 80, he is still in the harness of active work for the benefit of the children and young men of London. Beloved old man! What a lesson has been his life for the encouragement of the younger generation of all lands!

A farewell reception was given the delegates by My Lord and Lady Aberdeen at their residence near the city on Saturday afternoon, at which Mr. Gladstone was invited to be present, but important engagements prevented.

Out of respect for the editor's space, I reserve observations on London for another time.

We are willing to bear personal testimony to the efficacy and value of Hood's Sarsaparilla, which we have been advertising some years in our paper, having used it for blood impurities with great success. It is a preparation of standard merit, made of perfectly pure ingredients, and thoroughly effective in cleansing and purifying the system. For eruptions, boils, etc., it can be relied upon every time. Our own experience with it has been most gratifying, and we are glad to give it this endorsement.—Athol (Mass.) Transcript.

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Sam Jones in Durham.

From the Durham Globe.

A man who is prospering in business doesn't hide the fact. You say he looks like a well-to-do man. A man who is prospering in religion can no more hide it than he can put out the sun. He shows it in his family, in his business and in his amusements.

Brethren, I don't know how many of you have kept the faith since I left you. I know some have been benefited and remained true to your promise to Christ, but I didn't guarantee any of you then. I don't guarantee a man until he's dead and in heaven and the pearly gates are locked hard and the fence too high for him to jump out. Then I'll guarantee him."

"Now the bull dog is a cleaver in the genuine sense of the word. You can't kick him off, you can't cuss him off and you can't beat him off. You can only choke him to death. He's a cleaver. He's there to stay. Every member of the church ought to have a grip on God so you can't kick him loose and only when clammy, both seals his eyes will he loose his hold."

"A man came to me once and said, 'Jones, I never saw such meetings in my life. They are grand, but don't you fear a reaction?' I said to him, 'You have been holding prayer-meetings regularly once a week for the past six months; have you had a convert, yet?' 'No,' he replied. 'Then,' I said, 'you have had no action, therefore you can't have a reaction. You fellows go around here talking about reactions, but it's the best sign there's been an action. You are the safe old fellows.'"

Matters of Opinion.

One of the most valuable lessons which the impoverishment consequent upon the war has taught the Southern people has been that they had the ability to work, and with the realization of this ability the willingness to labor has come—slowly, it is true, but it has come. To speak plainly, so far as the towns are concerned, the thinning out of their negro population would amount to getting rid of an unmitigated nuisance. With the exception of a few old servants of "ante-bellum" skill and experience, who are mostly too old and feeble to do as they are still willing to do, our town household "help" is shiftless, idle and unreliable.—Fayetteville Observer.

The reading of the account in the Sunday's Messenger of the deliverances at the Mormon Conference suggests the idea of a huge farce.—Can it be possible that men of some talents and education can really believe what they uttered—that they were the oracles of Jehovah and spoke under Divine illumination, and that their polygamous concern was established by God and its progress assured? To suppose them sincere is a stretch of marvellous credulity. In the meantime there is some prospect that polygamy will have to go if the concern of Smith continues. The laws of the country should be enforced against so much marrying. The Mormon concern seems to be a sort of political propaganda.—Wilmington Messenger.

Ready to Begin.

Jones went to house-keeping on Saturday. Early in the morning, when he started for the office, his wife gave him a list of things which she needed very badly. As he entered the house in the evening she met him with a kiss and asked: "Did you bring the roast for dinner?"

Jones' face fell. "No, Mollie," he replied. "Fact is, I forgot it."

"Got the coffee and sugar all right, of course?"

"N' no," he stammered; "forgot them too."

"And the loaf of bread and the vinegar and the oil; surely, Henry, you didn't forget them?"

"Y-y-yes, Mollie, I'll be blanked if I didn't. But, and here a smile that would have illumined heaven swept over his face. "I did bring the quart of whiskey and the box of imported cigars."—Inquirer.

A Joke on Jay Gould.

A New Yorker just arrived from Saratoga tells this story on Jay Gould. A Saratoga clergyman in making parochial calls on the guests of the United States Hotel asked Giovanni Morosini, Gould's old Italian partner, if Gould was a moral man. "Does Mr. Gould keep the Sabbath?" asked the clergyman. "Gould keep ee the Sabbath, shry, Gould, he keep ee anything he lay his hands on, you try 'n'."

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