

**IN "GOD'S COUNTRY,"**

BY D. HIGBEE.

From Belford's Magazine.

**CHAPTER II.**

These exactions were in the majority of cases unconscious. The man who made them would have resented vigorously the imputation that he was pampered by the woman of his household at the expense of their own comfort. He invariably preserved the old formula. "Have this or that done," he would remark to his sister or daughter, oblivious of the fact that now there was no one to do it but the person addressed. Never at any time was there a glimmer of suspicion that there was anything in his behavior at variance with chivalric sentiments and grandiloquent oratory with which he would have responded to such a toast as "The Women of Kentucky." A single incident of Colonel Ransome's daily life will serve to illustrate the demand for personal attention characteristic of the Kentuckian of this period. His morning toilet was the event of the day, unless the repetition of it, which in warm weather always occurred at noon, might be considered of equal importance. The water for the bath had to be carried from the spring, which was nearly a quarter of a mile from the house. In order to get a sufficient quantity within a reasonable time several negroes were engaged in the transportation at once. The toilet proper was an elaborate process, performed always with the same deliberate precision, during which the master of the house was attended by half a dozen negroes of both sexes and of all sizes, in the various capacities of bootblack, purveyors of towels, shaving water, and fresh linen, not to mention the boy who saddled and held his horse until he was ready to mount, or those who served him as errand boys or bearers of messages to others beyond the reach of his voice.

A grateful relief pervaded the premises when the ceremony was finished, and "Mahs Wick," immaculate, glowing, and odoriferous from the lavish application of soap, passed out, leaving behind him a room so thickly strewn with limp towels and discarded linen that it looked like the track of a cyclone. A stranger would have supposed that so much bustling preparation indicated a trip to town, or at least a ride through the neighborhood, and would have been surprised when it was all over to see the Colonel mount his sleek gray mare, groomed as if for a premium show, and rack off to the field to superintend the hands, who accustomed to an overseer, worked only under his personal eye.

In addition to the numerous retinue that served about the house, there must be field-hands and stable-hands, and the habitual prodigality was displayed in the number employed. This extravagance was not, however, wholly without excuse. At least three negroes were required to do the work of one active, energetic white man. They had to be paid the same, and they ate just as much. When a man was hired to work on the place, he had to be furnished with a cabin to live in; his fuel came from the Colonel's woodpile or coal-house; his food from the Colonel's table; and it was seldom that he did not bring a family with him. Sometimes the women worked in the house; oftener they did nothing more profitable than to accumulate, with exasperating ease and rapidity, a worthless brood, that fed like grasshoppers, on the fat of the land.

Now that the negroes were free to choose their masters, they flocked where there was the fairest promise of good living; and they seemed to sniff from afar "Mahs Wick's" bonny and abundance. They were just as numerous around him as they had been before the war, and the only difference in their condition was an incredible increase in shiftlessness, raggedness, and impertinence. In spite of their small deserts, Col. Ransome, like all men who had owned slaves, had a weakness for the negro. Naturally generous, he treated them with an indulgence that a Northern employer could neither understand nor approve; in return for which they plundered his "truck patch" and clandestinely peddled the watermelons they were unable to consume. When his attention was called to the number of mouths fed daily from his store-room and smokehouse, he replied good-naturedly: "If you don't give them what they can eat, they'll steal it. You can't get out of feeding 'em, and you might as well have 'em where you can get some good out of 'em."

He liked to see them about him. Their presence in numbers accorded with the inherent tendency to pomp and ostentation that distinguished his class. They reminded him of "old times"; they helped him to forget the humiliation of defeat, the outrage of emancipation that was to him nothing more than a violent confiscation of property. It was some small consolation to be able to remark, as he frequently did, that, "In spite of their damned meddling, things were not so different after all."

**CHAPTER III.**

The remaining factor in the Colonel's destiny was the friends who, like the negroes, were numerous and

always with him. His dinners were famous in a land celebrated for its cuisine. Nowhere in all the blue-grass could a saddle of a Southdown mutton be found in such juicy perfection as on Wick Ransome's table. His cellar contained an apparently inexhaustible supply of native wine; and from a long, narrow closet in the dining room came forth, on special occasions, imported varieties selected with the discrimination of experience and a fastidious taste. His lavish hospitality, his love of good company, the seductive atmosphere of abundance ungrudgingly shared that surrounded him, drew about him the remnant of ante-bellum society that had survived defeat and loss. His house became the centre of the gay, brilliant coterie who found it possible to take up the old, luxurious life where they had dropped it at the sound of "boots and saddles," and this element was yearly re-enforced by the natural increase of the population, and the incursion of visitors from all parts of the country. In summer his house was a resort to which his city friends flocked, bringing horses, equipages, servants. Any man or woman entitled to the friendship of a gentleman was welcome to come and sojourn there indefinitely, and friends brought their friends. As a resort the place had many attractions besides the cellar, the well-filled table, and the debonair courtesy of the host. It was near enough to the Kentucky River for a party to drive down and back in a day, taking a picnic dinner in the midst of wild scenery of unrivalled picturesqueness; there was the Colonel's handsome daughter to preside over the festivities; the Colonel's horses always at the free disposal of his guests; his fish-pond from which, even in midsummer, could be drawn the savory perch and newling that nobody could fry quite so appetizingly as Old Cynthy, the Colonel's cook.

No one enjoyed these annual invasions of his premises more than the Colonel. Each member of the throng that gathered around him felt a sort of proud proprietorship in "Wick."

His fine, commanding figure, his handsome face radiating good-fellowship, his identification with the cause lost but reverently remembered, endeared him to them. He was a splendid expression of the type of manhood they admired: he was one with them in their pride of ancestry, their race prejudice, their views of government; he represented them in every phase of their life, social and political. This feeling was made apparent to him in a thousand fatalities—open and insidious. He lived in an atmosphere of adulation, gratifying to his inborn love of supremacy, that finally became as necessary to him as the attendance of his servants.

The worm in the bud of this gay, impetuous life was the mortgage and the debts that every year became more and more of an incubus. Colonel Ransome could not understand how it was that, with four hundred acres of the best land in the State, yielding abundantly every year, and the annual sale of stock, from which he realized thousands of dollars, he could not "make both ends meet." Why the profits of his farm and stable did not cover the expense of his establishment was a problem with which he grappled in vain. It would be just as far from practical solution on the last day of his life as in the hour it first confronted him. If he saw the necessity for curtailing expenses, he never found the precise time or place for putting on the brakes. If it occurred to him that the negroes who drained him and the friends who visited him were partially responsible for the inadequacy of his income, he turned wearily from the thoughts as from an evil without remedy. If it was bad getting on with the negroes, getting on without them was impossible. The alternative of restricting himself to a rigid schedule of economy that would exclude his friends from a free participation in his abundance and his pleasures was so repulsive to his feelings, his taste, his conception of hospitality, that he did not entertain it for a moment. The few friends who thought they discerned, beneath the purple and fine linen of high life, the spectre of impending bankruptcy, remarked commiseratingly to each other that "it was a pity Wick did not manage better," and came down the next summer and preyed upon him as usual.

Years ago the Colonel had cast a hopeful eye on young Beverly Johnson, whose ample estate joined his own. If Beverly should marry Lydia, he could save her inheritance from the hammer; and for a long time her father had been unable to see any other way out of the slough into which he had been steadily plunging since 1865. The thing had come about as he desired—in a perfectly simple and natural way, and without any interference on his part. Beverly and Lydia had grown up together, had seen each other every day of their lives, except when she was at school and he at college, during which period they had carried on a mild amatory correspondence. The brief courtship that followed their return ended in a formal proposal by Beverly, who, from the first moment of their reunion, had been in a condition bordering on dementia, and its acceptance by Lydia, who made up for any lack of demonstrative fervor by a steady graciousness of demeanor.

**J. W. GRIFFIN & COMPANY'S New Drug Store.**



We have a nice and well selected stock of Pure Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Varnish and everything usually found in a First-Class

**DRUG STORE.**

Our trade has steadily increased since first opened on May 1st, 1889, and we intend to convince the people of Rockingham and our country friends where to buy their Drugs and Medicines at reasonable prices. Come see us and be convinced. Our Prescription Department is complete and in charge of an experienced Pharmacist. We have been very much encouraged since we opened, and hope by strict attention to our trade, and politeness to customers, to merit and receive a liberal share of your patronage. Residence Covington's dwelling.

J. K. McLENNY, Manager.

**Louis Weill's New Livery, Feed and Sale Stables.**



Full supply of New Vehicles of all kinds. Canopy-top spring wagons for pleasure parties, picnics, drummers, etc. Hack line to the depot to meet all trains. Horses boarded by the day, week or month at lowest rates. Also dealer in Buggies.

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My stock is now complete in every respect, viz: Bedroom Suits, Parlor Suits, Beds, Mattresses, Safes, Tables, Lounges, Chairs, and everything in a first-class Furniture House.

Goods sold on the installment plan, weekly payments. Coffins, Caskets and Burial Robes. [The oldest Undertaking House in the city.] Prepared to conduct funerals in the very latest style and at the lowest price. Embalming either in or out of the city. Orders promptly attended to day or night. Night Call—Central Hotel or 410 N. Poplar.

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WILL exchange new sewing machines for old ones.

With advantages possessed by no other house in North Carolina, and unexcelled by any in the South, we are destined to do the leading Piano and Organ trade in this section of this State and a part of South Carolina.

We have direct access to manufacturers, and less expense at home and can sell the Best goods for smaller profits. And on easier terms than those who are subjected to city expenses and a team of traveling men. Besides, we are not dependent upon this trade for a living. Our large Sewing Machine business supplies that.

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**Shoes and Harness!**

A. W. JONES is still at his old stand and is doing first-class work in his line. Boots, Shoes and Harness made and repaired in the best possible manner and at lower prices than they have ever been known in this market. Good hand-made

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HAVING THIS DAY duly qualified as Administrator on the estate of George Woodard, deceased, before Z. F. Long Clerk of the Superior Court of the county of Richmond, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the estate of my said intestate to exhibit the same to the undersigned duly authenticated as the law requires on or before the 15th day of October, 1890, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to my intestate's estate will please make immediate payment.

A. S. McNEILL, Adm'r of George Woodard, deceased. October 7, 1888.

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SCHOOL BOOKS AND STATIONERY. Rubber Belting—6, 8 and 10 inches—Gum Packing, Crackers, best Cream Cheese, Canned Goods, Flour, Meal, Lard, Meat, Molasses; in fact, a full line of

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**Boyne & Badger,**

Leading Jewelers and Opticians, Opposite Central Hotel, Charlotte, N. C.

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Have in store a

**COMPLETE STOCK**

— OF —

**Groceries**

OF ALL KINDS, AND

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to which they invite the attention of the public.

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A young lady, a graduate, who has had some experience in teaching, desires a situation as teacher, either in a school or family. She teaches the English branches usually taught in colleges, with music. Best of references given. Address EDITOR ROCKINGHAM ROCKET, Rockingham, N. C.

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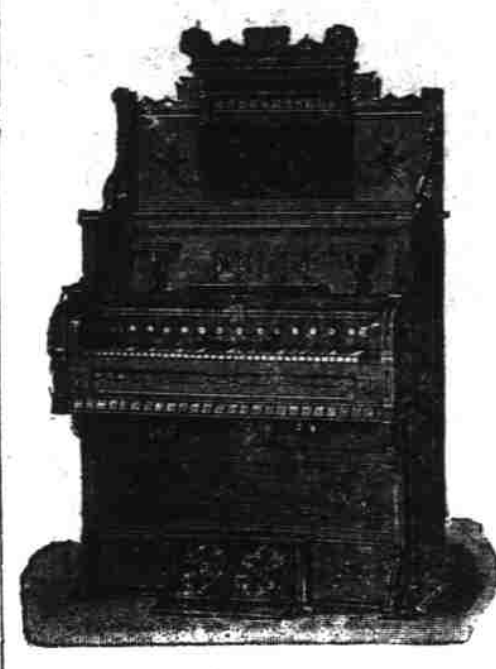
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"DIADEM" brand of Flour, "COOK'S DELIGHT," and other lower grades constantly on hand at the lowest cash prices.

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All kinds of Blanks for sale at this office.

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or daughter an ORGAN or PIANO. Now is the time to fulfill that promise, as I am selling Organs \$5.00 cash and \$5.00 per month; Pianos \$25.00 cash and \$10.00 per month.

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or cheaper, right here at home. I will make you, for wagon or buggy,

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Yours truly,

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Subscribe for the Rockingham Rocket.

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**Condensed Time Table.**

To take effect Oct. 21st, 1889. TRAINS MOVING NORTH.

No. 1.	Passenger and Freight Mail.	Accommod'n.
Le Bennettsville,	4:20 a.m.	6:15 a.m.
Ar Maxton	5:35 a.m.	8:35 a.m.
Ar Fayetteville	7:35 a.m.	2:05 p.m.
Ar Sanford	10:00 a.m.	12:55 p.m.
Ar Greensboro	1:45 p.m.	8:00 p.m.
Ar Mt. Airy	6:00 p.m.	5:00 p.m.

**TRAINS MOVING SOUTH.**

No. 2.	Passenger and Freight Mail.	Accommod'n.
Le Mt. Airy,	3:35 a.m.	5:30 a.m.
Ar Greensboro	7:30 a.m.	1:15 p.m.
Le Greensboro	9:55 a.m.	7:00 a.m.
Le Sanford	1:25 p.m.	2:15 p.m.
Le Fayetteville	3:35 p.m.	7:45 a.m.
Ar Maxton	5:35 p.m.	1:05 p.m.
Ar Bennettsville,	6:50 p.m.	3:40 p.m.

**TRAINS MOVING NORTH.**

Leave Millboro,	7:25 a.m.
Arrive Greensboro,	9:00 a.m.
Leave Greensboro,	10:10 a.m.
Arrive Millboro,	12:30 p.m.

**TRAINS MOVING SOUTH.**

Leave Madison,	1:45 p.m.
Arrive Greensboro,	4:10 p.m.
Leave Greensboro,	4:45 p.m.
Arrive Millboro,	6:30 p.m.

Passenger and mail trains run daily except Sunday.

Freight and accommodation train runs from Bennettsville to Fayetteville Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays; Freight and Accommodation Train runs from Fayetteville to Bennettsville on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays; from Fayetteville to Greensboro on Mondays Wednesdays and Fridays, and from Greensboro to Fayetteville on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays; from Greensboro to Mt. Airy on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays; from Mt. Airy to Greensboro on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

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W. E. KYLE, General Passenger Agent.

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