

Rockingham Rocket.

R. W. KNIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

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

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Exactly So.

Mr. J. M. Dickinson, of Nashville, Tenn., made an admirable after-dinner speech before the Bankers' Association of Chicago recently.

A Safe Investment. Is one which is guaranteed to bring you satisfactory results, or in case of failure, a return of purchase price.

That Was His Way. "See that old man, who just went out?" asked the cashier of a Chesnut street restaurant.

Physicians Use It. One great argument in favor of Dr. Westmoreland's Calisaya Tonic is that physicians never hesitate to use it in their practice.

The Time for Action. "Say, mister," said a small boy, as he climbed the fence to meet the wagon that came lumbering up the road.

The Verdict Unanimous. Wm. D. Sult, Druggist, Bippus, Ind., testifies: "I can recommend Electric Bitters as the very best remedy."

IN "GOD'S COUNTRY,"

BY D. HIGBEE.

From Belford's Magazine.

Meanwhile Karl, who had in the nick of time seized another sapling and thus achieved a safe but precipitous descent, was leisurely climbing back to the top.

CHAPTER VI.

A noted Kentucky turfman who late in life sought refuge in the bosom of the church was frequently heard to remark, with the moisture of deep feeling in his eyes, that he confidently expected to run his favorite thoroughbred in the green pastures of the hereafter.

The question came softly and with the touch of tenderness sufficient to betray his thought. Her face changed instantly.

"It was enough to frighten anybody," she replied. "And what a perfectly ridiculous thing it was to do!"

He held out the blue flowers mutely and with a penitent face. She hesitated a moment, then took them and put carelessly in her belt.

On the way home she sat up rigidly in the phaeton and did not speak to him, and bitterly resented the fact that Karl, though silent and thoughtful, seemed oblivious of her displeasure.

That night in the room over the kitchen a young man, with head bared to the caress of the fragrant summer breeze, leaned out of the small square window into the moonlight and hummed snatches of a melody in the intervals of a fragmentary soliloquy.

In the white-curtained room at the front of the house sat Lydia, rocking vigorously, looking out upon the moonlit garden, glancing occasionally at the window at the end of the porch, upon the sill of which she thought a head rested.

It was the first week in July, and the afternoon, though breezy, was hot. Lydia had an engagement to drive, or, as he would have phrased it, "to ride" with Beverly, who a few days before had matched the bay trotter that had been for some time his especial pride.

taken down the bluff, and the sensation that accompanied it, delicious and yet full of vague terror; and a thrill that was like the echo of it passed over her.

at once. Three negroes idling in the stable lot turned at the sound of wheels, and, recognizing Beverly, engaged in a frantic foot race for the privilege of holding the horses, with an eye to the tip that would be forthcoming at the end of the vigil.

"Meriky, go see if yo' Miss Lyd's ready," he ordered, and then went out on the porch to wait. In a few minutes the Colonel came around the corner of the house, blowing from the fatigue of a short walk.

"Hello, Bev!" "Good evenin', Kunnel." "Whew, but it's hot!" exclaimed the Colonel, as he came up the steps.

Outside a community laboring under the delusion that a man cannot move on less than four feet, it would have appeared that the Colonel's weariness was absurdly out of proportion to his exertion; but they were men of one mind, and Beverly merely inquired whether there was anything the matter with the gray mare.

Meriky now appeared with the message that Miss Liddy would be ready in a minute. "Have a jolly while you are waitin', Bev?" asked the Colonel. "B'livee I will, Kunnel."

Colonel Ransome walked to the end of the porch, near which a dark mass of rags and glistening black limbs was tumbling about on the grass. "Mose! Elic! Gabe!" he called, in quick succession.

"Gabe, you go tell Meriky to bring some cracked ice an' some glasses." Gabe flew in another direction. "Elic, go run that chicken out yo' Miss Lyddy's flower-bed, an' then go back where you b'long. I'll whale the life out o' you black devils if you don't keep off my grass."

"The worst of it is," remarked Bev, "they eat just as much as the grown ones, and they are no earthly account." "Well, I don't begrudge any of 'em what they can hold; but it does rile me to see them that's old

enough eat my victuals all the year round an' then vote the Republican ticket every chance they get."

"What's their freedom wuth to 'em?" queried the Colonel, explosively. "They are a million times wuss off—a million times raggeder, dirtier, lazier than they've ever been since the first ship-load of the damned war-breedin' devils was landed at Jamestown. Freedom!" finished the Colonel in a burst of bitterness.

"I know," replied Bev, soothingly, "but they can't see it that way. They can steal as much as they want now without gettin' thrashed, an' that's wuth a good deal to 'em. Their bein' free wouldn't make so much difference after all if we could only get rid of 'em an' forget how it was done."

Here Meriky appeared with the water containing the ice and the glasses, and a moment later the penetrating odor of bruised mint heralded the approach of Mose. The Colonel took a bunch of keys from his trousers pocket, and produced from the long, narrow closet in the dining-room a cut-glass decanter half full of an amber-brown liquid that ran like oil.

When the elastic feminine minute had stretched to half an hour, Lydia appeared on the porch in a dress of white muslin, soft and voluminous of drapery, with a superabundance of sash that, as she moved, rose and floated behind her like a cloud. The leghorn hat with trim fantastically bent, framed her face picturesquely.

The effect upon Bev was simply stunning. It seemed that a cool, fleecy cloud had floated down to his feet from some region of perpetual snow—a cloud penetrated by one palpitating, rosy gleam, from the midst of which looked out at him the fairest, freshest, brightest face he had ever seen.

"Say, mister," said a small boy, as he climbed the fence to meet the wagon that came lumbering up the road "what have you got in that wagon?" "Shingles." "Fur this house?" "Yep." "Come on Jimmy. Get the blankets and the buffalo robes, and the side meat out of the wood shed. We may as well start West now."

People who love to hear themselves talk ought to find a great deal of gratification in the phonograph.

Gov. Lowery's Message.

JACKSON, Miss., Jan. 9.—Gov. Lowery's message consumed an hour in reading. It touched upon many matters of interest to the State; condemns severely the carrying of concealed weapons, and recommends stronger laws than at present exist, to remedy the great evil.

All kinds of industries show an increase, especially that of stock raising.

A Distiller Shot.

SHELBY, N. C., Jan. 7.—B. O. Jenkins, owner of a government distillery near Earl's Station, nine miles from here, was shot through the body and mortally wounded by J. H. McNeilly, storekeeper and gauger at the distillery. The cause of the quarrel is not known.

A Bad Blunder.

Bradstreet has made a big error, and one about which there will likely be a question of damages. That authority reports Hall Brothers, of Hickory, as having assigned, while that firm is to-day, one of the soundest in the State.

It is believed that Bradstreet fell into the error of putting Hall Brothers, of Hickory, in place of Hale Brothers of Halifax.

A telegram correcting this impression that might have been made by the publication in Bradstreet's, was received in Charlotte to-day from Mr. Hall. He says that the report in Bradstreet's is utterly without foundation.

Physicians Use It.

One great argument in favor of Dr. Westmoreland's Calisaya Tonic is that physicians never hesitate to use it in their practice. The formula is furnished to physicians asking for it. The following is proof positive as to its merits.

The Time for Action.

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The Verdict Unanimous.

Wm. D. Sult, Druggist, Bippus, Ind., testifies: "I can recommend Electric Bitters as the very best remedy. Every bottle sold has given relief in every case. One man took six bottles and was cured of Rheumatism of 10 years' standing."



ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure.

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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.

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