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THE ROCKINGHAM ROCKET.

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[ESTABLISHED 1883.] The Rocket is printed at home and guaranteed a larger circulation than any other newspaper in Richmond County. Subscribe to it. Show it to your neighbor. Only \$1.50 a year.

VOL. VIII.

ROCKINGHAM, RICHMOND COUNTY, N. C., April 17, 1890.

No. 16.

Be Sure

If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a peculiar medicine, possessing, by virtue of its peculiar combination, proportion, and preparation, curative power superior to any other article. A Boston lady who knew what she wanted, and whose example is worthy imitation, tells her experience below:

To Get

"In one store where I went to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla the clerk tried to induce me to buy their own instead of Hood's; he told me their would last longer; that I might take it on ten days' trial; that if I did not like it I need not pay anything, etc. But he could not prevail on me to change. I told him I knew what Hood's Sarsaparilla was. I had taken it, was satisfied with it, and did not want any other."

Hood's

When I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I was feeling real miserable, suffering a great deal with dyspepsia, and so weak that at times I could hardly stand. I looked, and had for some time, like a person in company. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me so much good that I wonder at myself sometimes, and my friends frequently speak of it." Mrs. ELLA A. GOFF, 61 Terrace Street, Boston.

Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. 100 Doses One Dollar

W. C. DOUGLASS. THOS. J. SHAW DOUGLASS & SHAW, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Carthage, N. C.

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JOHN W. COLE. FRANK McNEILL COLE & McNEILL, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, ROCKINGHAM, N. C.

Office on corner of Academy Square.

Burwell, Walker & Guthrie, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Rockingham, N. C. Office opposite the old postoffice.

J. A. McLENNY. Practical Watchmaker and Jeweler, Rockingham, N. C. Repairing neatly and promptly done.

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, Wooden ware, Hats, Shoes, etc., 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. Bedsteads from \$1.50 up; Mattresses, \$2.50 up; Chairs, \$3.50 per set up; Cane and Split-seat Chamber Suits, 4 marble bureau \$17.00. Other suits from \$12.50 up. Wash-stands, Window Shades, Curtin Screen, Table Oilcloth, all latest designs. Toilet Sets, Hat Racks, Cradles, Safes, Tables, Pictures, Picture Cord and Nails, Rugs, Mats—in fact, nearly every article in the Furniture and Upholstery line, all at bottom prices.

A. P. STEWART.

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—FOR—

CLOTHING, HATS,

Ladies', Men's and Children's

SHOES,

of the best make; Hose, Half-hose, Ball Thread and Spool Cotton, Flannels, Sheet-ings, Piece Goods, Bleached Domestic, Table Linen, &c.

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

Groceries.

Also Wagon Harness, Saddles, Collars, Hardware, Crockery, Wood and Willow-ware, Glassware, Candles, &c. All goods offered will be as represented. sep2304

Send \$2.00 and get The Rocket and the Atlanta Constitution 1 year.

The Bullet Hole.

"If I do not return," she murmured blankly, with a shudder. "If I do not return," she repeated.

The sight of that white envelope seemed to irritate her. She picked it up, and threw it hastily into the drawer of the secretary, locking it and placing the key in her bosom. Then she sat down on the sofa again. Her eyes roamed here and there about the room. She saw on the wall portraits of her husband and herself in a roccoco frame. The picture had been painted during their honeymoon, three years before. A handsome couple, people had said, and now—she turned her face away and closed her eyes.

She saw that face in a changed light. It was pallid and contracted, and on the broad, white forehead there was an awful stain of blood. And then the closed eyes opened, and a wavering finger pointed toward her, while the cold lips uttered one awful word.

She screamed, and fled from the room to her own, where she locked and bolted the door. It seemed to her as if that shadow which her brain had conjured up was following her, and its rolling eyes were turned with sad intent upon her, while the lips mumbled that terrible word in her frightened ears.

She stumbled toward her dressing case and took a bottle of some brown fluid out of a little drawer. When the cork was withdrawn, it emitted a strong, sickening smell that filled the room. She looked behind her with a furtive shudder, hesitated a moment, then lifted it to her lips. When she laid the little bottle down it was half empty. Keeping her eyes steadily away from the door she moved slowly toward the sofa and lay there, face downward, her head buried in the cushions.

Someone was bending over her, she was sure. Her husband with his livid face stood before her, with that dreadful wound on his brow. His cold lips were close to hers; slowly his rigid arms were reaching toward her. She screamed aloud and beat upon the walls with her hands. The diamond rings he had given her seared her fingers; the stones had become coals of fire. She drew them off and flung them from her. Where was that music? In the street? No, in the room. How soothing it sounded in the quiet room! She did not turn to see whence it came, lest this magic music might cease and the spell be broken.

Her terrors had been deadened by these delightful melodies. They revived all that was beautiful in her life, with none of its distress. The light drives away the darkness. No longer that terrifying figure of her husband stands before her. It is her lover kneeling by her side, and in his eyes there is a divine light that is not of earth. His kisses burn her lips and fill her with a glorious exhilaration. He leads her away, and the walls melt before them into thin air. They pass through jeweled-studded colonnades into a wondrous garden where all is musical and bright, and where iridescent birds fit here and there by waving palms and tinkling silver streams. And lulled by the perfumed air in this Lethian land she lays down dreamily by a glistening pool among fragrant blossoms, that fall in rosy showers from the tree above her head. The balmy breeze caresses her floating hair. Above her head a bird with jeweled wings pours out its soul in song, as sweet as if the very spirit of love inspired each glorious note. Lapped in this atmosphere of perfume, love, and song, she rests her tired head upon her arm and drifts away into oblivion's sea.

CHAPTER III. THE RECKONING.

The night closed in with sleet and snow. Marion stood by the window peering out between the curtains on the street. She had lit all the lights in the chandelier and the candles in the sconces on the wall, it was so much more cheerful to banish all the shadows from every corner. Oh, if there were only some light to dis-

pel the shadow from her heart that was bearing her down! She listened, but no one came. Once a man paused in front of the house, but he passed on through the snow. Few carriages were abroad, but every one that passed sent a shudder through her heart, and she would lean faintly against the wall and press her hands tightly against her breast that seemed full of burning pains. But the carriages passed by, and the hours, and no one came. She had eaten nothing all day, and at last she found herself too weak to stand longer by the window and watch.

Her untasted supper lay on the table where the maid had left it. She must have strength for what was certain to come. She dragged herself forward by leaning on the chairs, and lit the spirit-lamp to heat up the tea in the samovar. The sight of food was repellant to her, but she managed to force a few mouthfuls down, and the tea warmed and strengthened her. Only her heart was as cold as ice, and throbbing as though it were forcing its way through her breast, panting for freedom. Was that a step? Someone in the hall? The dainty Sevres cup crashed on the plate as she felt a hand seize her arm with a cruel grasp. She shook it off, and without daring to turn her face, crawled toward the corner of the room with averted eyes.

"Who is it? Who is it?" she asked herself in a fever of doubt. "Oh, if I could only speak—only speak."

It was her husband! She felt a ringing in her ears, a sudden numbness seize her as if she were losing consciousness.

He laughed, and walked toward her slowly. "Look me in the face," savagely catching her sleeve and dragging her close to him. "Look at me, I tell you," raising her head toward his.

She could not help seeing that his features were contracted, and that where he had bitten his lips there was blood that had trickled down on his white shirt. He looked as if he were going mad. She could not turn away, he held her in such a grasp.

"Why are you not glad to see me?" he asked, with a terrible smile. "I can see you have spent the day in tears on my account, and now that I have returned safe and well, having settled everything satisfactorily, why do you not fly to embrace me, to weep over me? Why? I ask you why?" with an awful laugh.

She reached out her hand toward him with a wretched attempt at fondness in her eyes, and the phantom of a smile on her lips.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, with a gesture of disgust, pushing her from him. "Duped once, but never again."

She made a feeble attempt to rise to crawl toward him.

"No lies," he snarled. "The insult," with sneering emphasis, "has been avenged." He took a paper from his bosom, talking nervously the while. "You thought you were safe. You trusted in his skill with the pistol. I had faith, for I was armed with the right. Listen to me," shaking her savagely by the arm. "I will not detain you long. He agreed to the duel. We each made out a statement that we were tired of life and wanted to end it with suicide. This paper was to be found on the body of the one who fell, in order to quiet suspicion. I shot him dead. What! are you going to faint? There—there, I shall be through in a minute. This letter I found in his bosom. It was addressed to you. The bullet had passed through it, stamping it with a crimson seal. Look at it; kiss it, thrusting the paper in her face with a ferocious gesture; "kiss it, woman! it is red with his blood! I have read it. It is a touching epistle. He asks you to come to him, for you are free!"

"Arthur!"

"Yes, free! I tell you so. Go to him; he has called for you from the dead. Go!"

And he went down the stairs with that terrible laugh on his lips.

[THE END]

Subscribe for the Rocket at once.

A Democrat Mayor.

KANSAS CITY, April 9.—The semi-official returns from every precinct show the election of Holmes (Dem) for Mayor by about 1,900 majority. Peake (Dem) elected over Case (Rep) Treasurer. Frazier (Dem) defeats Quinby (R-D) for City Attorney. Michael Boland, noted as a member of the Cln-na-Gael triangle, was the Republican candidate for Peace Judge. He was defeated by Wheeler (Dem.)

The Republicans elected Bishop, Auditor, and Cannon, Speaker of the upper House. Fourteen members of the upper House were elected. Seven of these are Republicans, and seven Democrats. Four Aldermen were elected from the wards, including the recently annexed territory to the city; of these two are Republicans and two Democrats. This is the first time in four years that the Democrats have elected their candidate for Mayor.

A Terrible Tragedy.

LEXINGTON, Ky., April 8.—Menifee county came to the front yesterday with a bloody tragedy. Two desperate factions, headed respectively by Albert Barnes and Will Barnesly, have been keeping the county in a turmoil. Yesterday afternoon a party accompanying Will Barnesly were in a train on the Mount Sterling coal road. They had to pass Chamber's Station and as it was known that the other party awaited the train at that place, and as there was a certainty of a fight, the conductor rushed his train by the depot at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour. The party fired on their enemies on the platform, who returned the fire. For a minute there was a regular fusillade. When matters quieted down it was found that on the train there were two killed—Will Barnesly, the leader, and Kelley B. Day, a passenger not in any way connected with the factions. At the station Geo. Stevens fell as if dead. There is great excitement at Mt. Sterling, as it is feared that yesterday's tragedy will result in another mountain war.

Louisville's Vitality.

The vitality of Louisville has been fully illustrated in the last few days. Business was never better than it has been here this week. Main street from one end to the other has been crowded, and merchants are making heavy shipments of goods. In the devastated district the ruins will be entirely cleared away in a few days, and many firms which had scarcely a wall left standing are attending to regular business. The general feeling was well expressed by one of them, a self-made and comparatively young man, the heaviest financial sufferer among the storm, who said:

"If God spares me life and strength I will earn it all back again." The bank clearings last week were much ahead of those for the same days the week previous or a year ago. All financial and trade circles are full of activity.

Never was the value of a co-operative and brotherly spirit more fully shown. The city has given magnificently to her own sufferers, and if no other lesson could be drawn from this disaster it would teach our people how to work together and to help each other.

Louisville's courage and self-sustaining spirit have exacted admiration everywhere. There is scarcely a merchant on Main street who has not received from his Eastern and Northern correspondents words of the warmest praise and commendation of this city.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Dutiful Son.

Is a pleasure to any parent. He brings joy to the home of the old people and in every way seeks to make it cheerful and to make easy the faltering feeble steps of age. This son was a wise one:

VIRGINIA, TENNESSEE & GEORGIA R. R., Office of Western Agent, Atlanta, Ga. Gentlemen—My father, who is in the eighty-second year of his age, has been materially strengthened and relieved from suffering by the use of one bottle of Dr. Westmoreland's Callisaya Tonic. Please forward to his address (Johnathan Welsh, High Point, N. C.) six bottles of the same and send bill for the amount to me. Very Respectfully,

M. M. WELSH, West Agent. Dr. Westmoreland's great Tonic and blood renovator can be bought from Druggists at 50 cents and \$1.00 a bottle.

Their First Quarrel.

Mr. Newlywed—Fanny, Uncle Tom's will is to be read to-morrow, and as I always was a favorite of the old gentleman's I am sure to come in for something.

Mrs. Newlywed—Oh, how nice, Will! Then we can give up this horrid flat and build a sweet little Queen Anne house in the country, and—

"You mean a brick house up town."

"No, dear, a Queen Anne cottage with gables and—"

"Queen nothing, pet! I couldn't bear to live in a cottage, you know. What we want is—"

"Nothing of the sort, Will! I want a cottage, and I can't live in an up town, stuffy—"

"Stuffy, eh? I'd like to know what can be more stuffy than a little, squeezed up one-story—"

"Will, you mean thing! You are so unreasonable, and—"

"Unreasonable, is it? I'd have you understand, Frances, that I am a very reasonable man—"

"No, you are not! You never do anything I want you to, and you always try to displease me. You are—"

"Look here, madam, that will do! I took you when you were without a cent, and you promised to obey me, and now, when I have a plan to make you happy, you—"

"Happy! I could never be happy with such a brute! If I had only known what you were, I never would have married you!"

"I wish you had, then, for you are no wife for a young, sensible man, who likes to be peaceful and—"

"Peaceful! Who started all this dispute, I should like to know?"

"Why, you did!"

"I didn't!"

"You did!"

"You know I didn't, so—"

"I repeat, it is all your fault!"

"Oh, boo hoo! hoo! I am going home to my mother!"

"Go, and be—"

[slams the door.]

Mr. Newlywed (next evening)—Fanny, Uncle Tom didn't leave me a cent!

Mrs. Newlywed (kissing him)—I am so glad!—Lawrence American.

Conversational Immoralities.

The April number of the North American Review contains a very interesting article on the Immoralities of Conversation, by Mrs. Amelia E. Barr. She says:

"The prostitution of the ear is a fact whose solemnity is too lightly regarded, for a girl who will listen to impure talk will also do impure things. And in respect to our private intercourse we are a loose-minded, free and easy generation. Women talk with each other, and also with men, on subjects which 50 years ago were scarcely spoken of, except in 'asides' and allusions; and young girls have familiarity with the names and likelihoods of sin which the maidens of past generations were absolutely ignorant.

* * * * * Pure, refined language is one of the many charms of noble womanhood."

One of the causes of immoralities of conversation is the theatre. Ladies go to a theatre and listen to plays in which the vilest things are spoken and acted, while they would not tolerate the same things in private conversation. The recent production of Faust at Charlotte Opera House was one of the most indecent plays that ever disgraced the stage. We defy the devil to invent a play more likely to suggest impure thoughts. Yet respectable women lend their eyes and ears to the humblest, demoralizing spectacle.

Another source is the sensational matter which crowds the columns of the modern newspaper; details of divorce trials, and other criminal proceedings. The lives of criminals and prostitutes are pictured in glowing colors, and these papers are brought to the fireside of good people to poison the minds of the young and innocent.—Charlotte Messenger.

Persons who lead a life of exposure are subject to rheumatism, neuralgia and lumbago and will find a valuable remedy in Dr. J. H. McLean's Volcanic Oil Liniment; it will banish pain and subdue inflammation. Sold at Fowkes & Co's drug store.

When Girls are Engaged.

You have a little band around the third finger of your left hand in which is set a turquoise, and when it was put there you remembered that the Hindu said: "He who hath a turquoise hath a friend." Now, that's what you have in the man you love best, and whose wife you are going to become—a friend! He is your sweetheart, your lover it is true, but because to you his heart seems best worth having, his love, the richest gift you can possess, you will not vulgarize, as many girls do, the tie that binds you. It is true you go with him alone to hear some wonderful music, or look at some fine pictures, but I hope it is not true that when you are at a party, or in your own home, you two pair off and make yourselves the objects for silly chatter and idiotic jesting.

He can love you with his whole heart, but he must not make you an object of ridicule. He can think you the most unselfish girl in the world, but he must not show his own selfishness by expecting you to devote your evenings exclusively to him, ignoring those who are at home.

Let him come in and be one of them. There's a dear five minutes when he can kiss you on the lips that he knows are only the gates to sweet, pure speech, and when he can whisper the lovely nothings that mean so much to you both. Then, too, don't let him feel that he must give up all his friends for you; don't accept valuable presents from him, and don't assume an air of proprietorship with him. Tell him nothing about your family affairs, for the secrets of the household do not even belong to the man you are going to marry. Guard yourself in word and in deed; hold his love in the best way possible; tie it firmly to you with the blue ribbon of hope, and never let it be eaten away by that little fox who destroys so many loving ties and who is called familiarity.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Happy Hoosiers.

Wm. Timmons, Postmaster of Idaville, Ind., writes: "Electric Bitters has done more for me than all other medicines combined, for that bad feeling arising from Kidney and Liver trouble." John Leslie, farmer and stockman, of same place, says: "Find Electric Bitters to be the best Kidney and Liver medicine, made me feel like a new man." J. W. Gardner, hardware merchant, same town, says: "Electric Bitters is just the thing for a man who is all run down and don't care whether he lives or dies, he found new strength, good appetite and felt just like he had a new lease on life. Only 50c a bottle at Dr. W. M. Fowkes & Co's Drug Store.

A Grand Flip-Over.

CHICAGO, April 8.—The Tribune (Republican) which for nearly two years has been trying to stand on its party's protection platform, is out to-day with strong arguments for free wool and free raw material generally. Its arguments are all that pronounced tariff reformers could wish, showing conclusively that while protection has enhanced the cost of clothing, etc., it has materially reduced the wages of mill operatives, and is responsible for the present prostration in the woolen industry and the decrease in wool growing.

Remarkable Rescue.

Mrs. Michael Curtin, Plainfield, Ill., makes the statement that she caught cold, which settled on her lungs; she was treated for a month by her family physician, but grew worse. He told her she was a HOLESSES VICTIM OF CONSUMPTION and that no medicine could cure her. Her doctor suggested Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption; she bought a bottle and to her delight found herself benefited from the first dose. She continued its use and after taking ten bottles, found herself sound and well, now does her own housework and is as well as she ever was.—Free trial bottles of this Great Discovery at Dr. W. M. Fowkes & Co's Drug Store, large bottles 50c. and \$1.00.

A Good One.

Justice Lamar, of the Supreme Court, who never accepts a pass or a present of any kind, tells of himself, this one: "Down in the locality I call my home lives old John Dillard. Some years ago John presented me with a very fine Alderney cow. I said: 'John I never receive a present.' 'Well' he replied, 'Lamar, just give me your note, and, as you will never pay it anyway, you will be nothing out and a cow ahead.'"

Divorced in a Church.

The author of "Reminiscences of a Literary and Clerical Life," himself a clergyman, narrates an amusing anecdote which his reverend grandfather used to tell about an ignorant young couple in his parish. The old minister had married them, but the marriage had turned out to be ill-advised and after a while things came to a desperate pass.

The couple had vast undefined ideas of what a rector could do, and it entered into their foolish minds that he might be able to undo their foolish marriage.

So they asked him if he could not take them into church again and perform some service that would set them free, as they had been before. The rector meditated for a moment.

"Yes," he said, "I think if you come to church I can put you in the way of becoming unmarried. But it is a curious kind of business, and instead of coming to the altar, as before, you will have to go into the belfry."

The unfortunate pair readily assented, and at an appointed hour, went to the church, where the rector marched them into the belfry.

"You see these two trestles," he began. "The husband will have to stand on one of them and the wife on the other."

With much wonderment the man and woman followed his instructions.

"Now each of you take a bell-rope in your hand." This was done.

"Now then, tie the rope around your necks and jump off the trestles."

"Good luck, sir!" said one of them, "we should be hanging ourselves!"

"Exactly," said the minister, "that is just what I mean. The only way in which you can unmarry yourselves in church, is by hanging yourselves in the belfry."

The young couple dropped their ropes in haste, and the minister proceeded to give them a lecture upon mutual forbearance and affection, it is to be hoped with good results.—Youth's Companion.

FILES! FILES! ITCHING FILES!

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging, most at night, worse by scratching. If allowed to continue, tumors form which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT, stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists or by mail for 50 cts. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia.

The Day of the Licentious Press is Past.

We are told that the Republicans intend to establish at Raleigh a "campaign paper," which will indulge in very strong language, and the intimation is that it will pay very little regard to courtesy and the other decencies and amenities of the profession. We do not call such a piratical publication a campaign sheet a newspaper and it has no claim to admittance to the brotherhood of newspaper men. The Greensboro North State and the Winston Republican are reputable newspapers, whose editors appreciate their duties and responsibilities and are bound by the rules of mutual forbearance. The respect that they claim for themselves at the hands of their contemporaries they scrupulously reciprocate. Any editor, regular or irregular, who attempts to establish a newspaper in North Carolina, which shall disregard the rules that govern gentlemen in their intercourse with one another, will find himself severely boycotted and sent to country by the self-respecting newspapers of the State, Republican and Democratic.—Lenoir Topic.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for bruises, cuts, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, sores, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Dr. W. M. Fowkes & Co. Children will freely take Dr. J. H. McLean's Ter Wine-Lung Balm; unlike cough syrups, it contains no opium, will soothe and heal any disease of the throat or lungs quicker than any other remedy. Sold at Fowkes & Co's drug store.