

The Rocket Job Office
IS PREPARED
To do all kinds of Plain and Fancy JOB
PRINTING at Short No-
tice, and in
THE BEST OF STYLE.
WE GUARANTEE SATISFAC-
TION in work and price.
BLANKS OF ALL KINDS ON HAND!

Rockingham Rocket.

VOL. VIII.

ROCKINGHAM, RICHMOND COUNTY, N. C., JULY 10, 1890.

NO. 27.

The Rockingham Rocket.
(ESTABLISHED 1833.)
THE PUBLISHER GUARANTEES A LAR-
GER CIRCULATION
THAN ANY OTHER
NEWSPAPER
In Richmond County.
SUBSCRIBE FOR IT!
SHOW IT TO YOUR NEIGHBOR!
Only \$1.50 a Year.
SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS!
Six Months SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS!

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

JAS. A. JOHNSTON.

T. L. ELLIOTT.

JOHNSTON & ELLIOTT,



Steam Granite and Marble Works.

All orders for work will receive prompt attention.
231 and 237 West Trade Street.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

There are many accidents and dis-
eases which affect stock and cause seri-
ous inconvenience and loss to the farmer
in his work, which may be quickly
remedied by the use of Dr. J. H. Mc-
Lean's Tonic Oil Liniment. Get it
at W. M. Fowlkes & Co's.



J. A. McLENNY,
Practical Watch-
maker and Jeweler,
Rockingham, N. C.
Repairing neatly
and promptly done.

Children will freely take Dr. J. H. Mc-
Lean's Tar 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 Fowlkes & Co's Drug Store.

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

Will regularly attend the Superior
Courts of Richmond. Office in Pee Dee
House during the terms of Superior
Court.

NEW HARNESS SHOP.

Don't Buy inferior machine made har-
ness when you can get good, substantial
hand-made harness.

Just as Cheap

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

Single and Double Harness

cheap for cash. Repairing of all kinds
done promptly.

Y. C. MORTON,

Upstairs Everett Building.

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

Office on corner of Academy Square.

Burwell, Walker & Gulhrig,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

ROCKINGHAM, N. C.

Office opposite the old Postoffice.

H. S. LEDBETTER, R. S. LEDBETTER, JR.
Ledbetter Bros.

Have in store a

COMPLETE STOCK

—OF—

Groceries

OF ALL KINDS, AND

Farm Supplies

To which they invite the attention of the
public.

Meat, Meal, Flour, Corn, &c.,

RECEIVED IN

Car-Load Lots.

We propose to sell as cheap as any in
the market. Give us a call.

LEDBETTER BROS.

Dr. J. H. McLean's
LIVER AND KIDNEY BALM
Is success in curing all ill-
nesses of the urinary organs. It
is unparalleled. One dollar per
bottle at drug stores.
Dr. J. H. McLean's
LIVER AND KIDNEY PILLETS
(Little Pills), 25 cents a trial,
one a dose. Send two-cent
stamp for Almanac containing
Bowel Care and Weather Fore-
casts by Rev. Dr. H. Hicks, the
"Storm Prophet," &c.
The Dr. J. H. McLean Medicine Co.,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

A DESCANT.

When spring comes tripping o'er the sea
And grasses start to meet her,
The bluebird sings
With quivering wings
Brief rhapsodies to greet her,
And deems—fond minstrel—none may be,
The wide world over, blithe as he.
And where the brooklet tinkles by,
And the yellow snow-drop dances,
And wind-flowers frill
And bloodroots pale
Lift up appealing glances,
The flute-voiced meadow-lark on high
Sings, "None on earth is glad as I!"
Laughs Corydon, "Your hearts are bold,
Yet little ye can measure,
Poor, silly birds,
Spring's sweetest words,
Or guess at my proud pleasure,
When Phyllis comes, and all the world,
For sudden joy, buds into gold!"
—Florence Edith Coates, in Lippincott.

THE PIRATES OF BORNEO

From Singapore, situated at the ex-
treme end of the Malay peninsula, the
China Sea to the north for four hun-
dred miles is studded with islands.
They number, great and small, a good
hundred. Some of them are not more
than an acre in extent, and some are five-
teen miles long. A portion of these
islands are occupied by Malays, and the
remainder by Dyaks. The first come from
the peninsula, and the second from Bor-
neo. There is but little difference be-
tween the two races, but what there is
favors the Dyak. He is cleaner in his
habits and has more mercy on his cap-
tives.

Up to the year 1850 these islands in
the China Sea were the rendezvous of
pirates. The fellows made no secret
of their trade, but practiced it openly
and boldly whenever opportunity offered.
It was estimated by Lieutenant Cairn,
of the English navy, that they numbered
15,000 able-bodied men. With the
women and children and slaves the num-
ber could not have been less than 40,000.
I once saw a list of the ships captured
and destroyed by these pirates between
the years 1838 and 1850, and the num-
ber was over a hundred. As a rule every
body was put to death, but if exception
was made the captive was doomed to
labor as a slave. In 1850 the English,
with some assistance from other nations,
opened a crusade on the pirates and
cleared the islands. Those who got away
fled to the northern end of Borneo and
to the islands on the north, and for seven
or eight years remained very quiet. Then,
under the leadership of a Dyak called
Riker, they made three or four captures
in one year. England had her hands
pretty full at the time, and the single
man-of-war sent out to break up the
new colony accomplished nothing. There
was at this time some international dispute
about the islands, and John Bull fought
a war of complicated matters by opening
a war on people who even boasted that
they were pirates.

In this emergency the foreign traders
on the peninsula, assisted by others in
Siam and along the China coast, bought
the brig *Campo* of her Scotch owners and
quietly fitted her out as a man-of-war.
She was a large, stout and handsome
craft, and she was outfitted at Pehang.
She was armed with nine guns on a side,
with a "Long Tom" on a swivel, and
when she left Pehang she had 180 men
aboard. This was crowding her some-
what, but as she was a clean, new ship
and well provisioned there was no growl-
ing. Her crew had been picked up at
half a dozen different points, and were
all sailors and white men. I am quite
sure that the Captain and Lieutenant and
fourteen English sailors aboard were
quietly drafted from H. M. S. *Kildare*,
but the others were runaway sailors from
various American, French, German and
Russian ships. When the brig went out
of Pehang she was a match for anything
of her size ever floated, and no crew
were ever under better discipline. She
carried three extra boats, and, as I had
helped to stow her ammunition, I knew
that she had a great plenty.

There were men on the peninsula who
were in communication with the pirates,
and to begot them we ran off up the
Gulf of Siam until we sighted Cape Cam-
podia. Then we headed to the northeast, and at
once began the work of disguising the
brig. An old set of sails were bent on,
the paint pots brought out, and in the
course of twenty-four hours we made the
Relief, as she was called, look like a tea
barge or a trader. It was no use to hunt
pirates with a man-of-war. They were
altogether too sharp to be caught under
her guns.

We cruised up and down the China
Sea for a week, keeping well over toward
the Borneo coast, but met with no ad-
venture. Then we got the tail end of a
hurricane, which we rode out safely, and
after it subsided we lipped along to the
north with foretopmasts down and sails
torn and rent. A sailor looking at us
from a distance of half a mile would
have said that we had pulled through by
the skin of our teeth. A dead calm
usually follows a storm in that sea, and
as we were opposite Opokonoko, or the
westernmost island of the Philippines
group, we were not surprised to find
ourselves within five or six miles of the

green coast and without sighting way.
This was the state of affairs at sunrise on
a very sultry morning, and as the tide
set shoreward we drifted in for a couple
of miles and then let go our anchor in
forty feet of water. The Dyaks
not only had as good marine glasses
as any ship carried, but they had
erected platforms in the tops of tall
trees, and could see as far out over the
ocean as a man at our masthead could see
inland. We knew that they infested
that island, and had no doubt we should
soon be an object of scrutiny. For this
reason, all but a dozen men were sent
below, and those remaining on deck
were dressed as merchant sailors. There
was a man or two in the rigging, appar-
ently engaged in making repairs, but
really to watch the coast, and at about
high noon it was reported that a sampan
was approaching. The craft is a sort of
Indian canoe made of bark, and in this
case there was but one occupant. He
was doubtless coming as a scout to see
how matters stood. He came straight on
until within half a mile of us, and then
halted and took a long survey. Our
ports were up, yards askew, a lot of
raffle hanging over the stern, and it did
not take him long to determine that we
were a merchantman in distress. To
further this idea we waved a white cloth
at him, as if inviting him to come on
board. He came no nearer, although he
stood up and waved his arms, as if say-
ing that he would return to the shore
and bring us help. Back he went, pad-
dling with all his might, and then we
felt quite sure that the game was in our
hands. The crew were called to quar-
ters, shot, shell and grape passed up, and
when cutlasses and pistols had been
served out we were ready.

As the tide was setting inshore, the
brig's stern was toward the island. We
quietly tailed on to the spring which had
been set and brought her starboard
broadside to bear. This manœuvre might
have aroused the suspicions of the Dyaks
had we not taken so much pains to dis-
guise the brig. As it was, they doubt-
less argued that it was for the purpose of
assisting us in our repairs. At any rate,
at about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, we
caught sight of their fleet coming out.
The sea was smooth and glassy, and we
could see the craft almost as soon as they
left shore. There were five of the native
craft called prahns. These are clumsy-
looking affairs to a European, but, as a
matter of fact, are light, buoyant, and
quite safe in a heavy sea. None of those
approaching us had masts or sails, but
were propelled by rowers. Each had a
small iron cannon mounted on the bows,
and the rowing and steering was done
from behind a screen or partition, which
crossed the boat about a third of its
length from the bow. As they came
nearer we could count about twenty men
in front of each screen. Some had mus-
kets, and all had the sword-like weapon
called a kris.

While our guns were loaded and the
ports ready to be dropped, the most of
our crew were out of sight behind the
bulwarks. The prahns came on in line
until about half a mile away, and then
they formed in a line the other way.
That is, each was now bow on to us,
with an interval of not more than ten
feet between them. You would have
thought they would play the hypocrite's
bit and try and get aboard of us without
any fighting or loss of life, but that isn't
Dyak nature. They didn't mean to spare
a soul of us, and they probably hoped for
a little shindy to make matters more ex-
citing. They got it, sure enough. At a
given signal each one of their howitzers
sent a solid ball whizzing at us. Every
man raised a yell, and the five prahns
dashed forward to board us. We let
them come within a quarter of a mile be-
fore we dropped the ports and ran out
nine guns, loaded with short fuse shell
and grape. "Bang!" "bang!" "bang!"
went gun after gun, the muzzle of each
depressed for the short
range, and, although we could
see nothing for the smoke, we heard
enough to satisfy us that great havoc had
been wrought. While we waited for the
smoke to lift some object dashed against
the brig, and next moment we were be-
ing boarded by about thirty Dyaks. They
belonged to a prahn which had escaped
injury, and you can judge what manner
of men they were. While they must
have realized that they had caught a
Tartar, and while our broadside had
sunk or disabled the other craft, this
solitary one hoped to carry us by a dash.
She'd have done it, too, had we been a
merchantman, for she reached us under
cover of the smoke, and no sooner had
we left the shock of contact than twenty-
five or thirty swardy fellows were on
the rail. We opened on them with our
pistols and then sallied in with the steel,
but before we had overcome them they
had cut down three men and wounded
two more. One fellow, who seemed to
be a leader, kept six of us away from
him for four or five minutes, and the
way he handled his kris would have done
honor to a fencing master.

When those left in the prahn saw how
the fight was going they backed her off,
but a solid shot was clanged into one of

the guns; the muzzle depressed at the
right moment, and the shot sunk the
craft as if she had been loaded with
stone. Two of the prahns were streak-
ing shoreward, though badly battered,
when Long Tom was turned loose on
them and finished the job. A dozen
sampan had come out at the opening of
the fight, some carrying one and some
two men, and these picked up a few
stragglers and took them to shore. As
was afterward known, the number of
warriors who came out was 143. Of
these only eleven escaped death at our
hands. We had no sooner disposed of
the prahns than four boats were dropped,
each filled with well-armed men, and
then we pulled for the beach. The
anchor was lifted, and the brig drifted in
after our soundings until she brought
up in four fathoms within musket-
shot of the beach. Then we lay off for
half an hour, while she piled the woods
with her shells, and when we landed it
was to meet with a scene of devastation.
There had been a good-sized village just
opposite the brig, and such of it as had
not been knocked to pieces by her shells
was now on fire. We found about thirty
dead bodies, men, women and children,
and in the mouth of a small river were
three prahns and about twenty sampan.
These were destroyed, and after the brig
had turned her shells loose again as a
good-bye we went on board. The forest
was now on fire in twenty places, and the
flames were not extinguished until they
had burned every tree and bush over a
space twenty-five miles long by fifteen
broad.

At about sundown we got a land breeze
and made an offing. We were not yet
through with the pirates. We had sim-
ply dosed one batch of them. Standing
to the northward all night under a light
breeze brought us at daylight about op-
posite Arator Bay, on the coast of this
same island. We still held to our dis-
guise, and as day dawned we hoisted a
flag of distress. This bay was known to
be a piratical stronghold, and it was soon
plain enough that we were going to bag
more game. A man sent aloft with the
gale reported a large village on shore,
with a great crowd of natives running
about in great excitement. We sailed in
to within half a mile of the beach, and
then dropped anchor with a spring on
the cable. We could make out a great
fleet of prahns riding at anchor off the
beach, but these pirates had more tact
and policy than those further down the
coast. They did not come rowing out to
give us battle the first thing, but a sam-
pan in which were four men came out
until within easy hail, and then one of
the men hailed us with:

"What you ship want here?"

He was informed that we had met with
rough weather and lost four of our crew,
and was then asked if it were possible
for us to ship half a dozen natives to
help work the brig across to Saigon. He
replied that he would see, and the sam-
pan returned to the shore. After about an
hour the same crew returned with the
message that we should all come ashore
in our boats and surrender as prisoners.

He said that they had six guns in a
battery on shore trained upon the brig,
and that if we did not obey the summons
the would be sent to the bottom where
they lay. Our First Lieutenant did all the
talking for us, and now he answered back
that we refused to surrender. The natives
had perhaps expected this answer, for at a
signal from the spokesman in the sampan
a battery of six-pounders did open on us
at close range. Their gunnery was so
poor, however, that only one shot struck
the brig in their half hour's cannonade.
We wanted to reply, but the orders were
to wait. Wait we did, and by and by
the battery stopped firing and four big
prahns and as many as thirty two-
man sampan came sweeping out to us.
The fellows were yelling and screaming
and beating tom-toms, no doubt expect-
ing an easy victory, and they were within
canister range when we dropped the ports
and began blazing away. Such men as
were not needed to work the guns used
muskets, and in ten minutes we had the
crowd thoroughly loked. It seemed as
if the surface of the sea for acres in
extent was covered with black heads and
the wrecks of their prahns and sampan.
Plenty of the fellows were shot as they
drifted about or swam for the shore, and
when no one could longer be seen in the
water the brig opened her guns on the
town and the island. For two good
hours she whaled away at them, driving
every living thing beyond reach of her
guns, and when she went out of the bay
everything on land seemed to be ablaze.
It was a knockout blow for the strong-
hold, as the entire fleet and upward of
100 men were destroyed. —New York
Sun.

It is said that German is the language
spoken in the royal nursery of England,
as well as used exclusively in the Royal
Family when they are among themselves.

Builders calculate that the weight of
an audience closely packed exerts a
strain of eighty-five pounds per square
foot upon the floor.

AN INDIAN FIGHTER.

THE ADVENTUROUS CAREER OF
GOVERNOR ROSS, OF TEXAS.

Thrilling Stories of His Conducts
With the Comanches by the Execu-
tive of the Lone Star State—An
Escape From Scalping.

Governor Ross, of Texas, is about six
feet tall. He has a gray mustache and
goatee, and his hair is also silvered. His
face is full and his eyes light blue, with
a mild expression, but reserved force is
plainly marked in his features. He was
born in Bentonsport, Iowa, September
27, 1838. His father moved to Texas
the following spring. Since that time
Governor Ross has been a Texan. His
father settled at Waco, McClellan County,
and Waco is still the Governor's home.
In 1858 he returned from Wesleyan
University, at Florence, North Alabama,
just as Major Earl Van Dorn, command-
ing the United States forces on the
frontier, was about to start on an ex-
pedition against the Comanches.

Young Ross mustered in 235 friendly
Caddo and Waco Indians and reported to
Van Dorn. The Governor himself gave
me a graphic account of the first engage-
ment while we chatted together at the
Fifth Avenue Hotel.

"It was on October 28, 1858," said
he, "that our expedition came upon a
large Comanche village on the False
Wichita River in Indian Territory.
There was a sharp conflict and our forces
killed some ninety of the Comanches and
captured their town, their supplies and
most of their horses.

"During the contest Lieutenant Van
Camp, an honorary aide on Van Dorn's
staff, a Second Regiment cavalryman
named Alexander, one of our Caddo In-
dians and I found ourselves separated
from our command. While we were con-
sulting, a large number of Indian women
and children came running by, one of the
squaws dragging with her a white girl
about nine years old. I told the Caddo
to seize the white child, and he started to
do so just as a band of about twenty-five
Comanche warriors came whooping down
upon us.

"As the savages rushed forward they
delivered a volley of arrows, one of which
pierced Van Camp's heart. He fell mor-
tally wounded.

"Meanwhile, Alexander, the cavalry-
man, had been fatally shot, and the In-
dian, grabbing his gun, shot me, and I
fell across Alexander. The next instant
a huge Comanche chief towered above
me with a scalping knife. I recognized
him at once as Mobe, one of the fiercest
of the Comanche captains. Before the
knife could descend there was a tremen-
dous uproar on the outskirts of the mob
of yelling Indians, and suddenly Mobe
turned and with the other braves took
to his heels.

"Lieutenant James Majors, of the
Second cavalry, had charged and put the
Comanche warriors to flight. The Caddo
was then discovered untouched, with the
young white girl clutched in his arms.
"General Winfield Scott, then Sec-
retary of War, sent an autograph letter to
me commending me for my services and
offering to help me to a place in the
regular army, should I desire it. I be-
lieve this is the only case of the sort on
record, and I was only an unknown
Texas boy at the time.

"The young white girl was sent to my
home in Texas and I afterward adopted
her, calling her Lizzie, after Miss Lizzie
Tinsley, who became my wife. Lizzie
Ross married a man who is now a wealthy
merchant at Los Angeles. She died there
about two years ago."

After this campaign young Ross re-
turned to college at Florence, Ala.,
where he was graduated with honors a
year later. He returned to Waco, and
on application to Governor Sam Houston
received a commission to enroll fifth
rangers and give what relief he could
to the settlers harassed by the confeder-
ated Comanches. He established a post
at what is now Fort Belknap, and then
determined to invade the Indian coun-
try.

Leaving twenty men to guard the post,
he obtained from Captain N. G. Evans,
of Camp Cooper, twenty of the old Sec-
ond cavalry and started on the trail.

"We marched into the Indian coun-
try," said he, telling me the story of the
campaign, "and on December 15,
1860, came upon a large Comanche vil-
lage at the head of the Peace River. We
at once assaulted the village, killing a
large number of Indians and capturing
their horses and supplies.

"During the fight, while the Indians
were running in all directions, I saw one
large buck with a younger Indian
mounted behind him, making rapidly
toward the foothills on horseback. Fol-
lowing them on another horse rode
another large Indian. Lieutenant Kelli-
her and myself, both well mounted,
gave chase. Kelliher overtook the In-
dian that was riding alone and I pursued
the two ahead.

"As I came up within a few paces I
fired at the younger Indian, intending to

kill both at one shot. The ball struck
the younger one in the back and pierced
the heart, but the big brave was un-
touched. In falling from the horse,
however, the younger one dragged the
chief off at the same time, and before I
could rein in my horse I was almost upon
him. He proved to be the noted Peta
Nocona, one of the bravest of the Com-
anches. As my horse came plunging
forward Peta fired rapidly at me with
his arrows. My horse reared so violently
that I could not take accurate aim, but
while hanging from the pommel of the
saddle I let fly a random shot, which
struck Peta in the right elbow, render-
ing the use of his bow impossible.

"I dismounted and demanded his sur-
render. He refused, and walking back
to a small tree began to chant a wild,
weird war song, when a young Mexican
shot him dead. I took his shield, lance,
bow and arrows and beautiful headdress
of eagle feathers as trophies.

"Returning to Lieutenant Kelliher, I
found him cursing his luck because the
Indian that he had captured had turned
out to be a squaw.

"Why, Tom," said I, looking at her,
this is no Indian squaw, but a white
woman. You never saw an Indian squaw
with blue eyes."

"And she did indeed turn out to be a
white woman, and a no less famous one
than Cynthia Ann Parker, who had been
captured by the Indians at Parker's Fort
massacre, in Limestone County, nearly
thirty years before. The State had offered
a ransom for her, and the case was a cele-
brated one. The Parkers are still promi-
nent in Texas, Quana Parker, Cynthia
Ann's son by Peta, now being chief of
the Comanche Indians in Texas.

"This battle ended the Comanche
troubles and compelled them to sue for
peace. Shortly afterward the whole
Comanche confederation was broken up."

In 1861 young Ross joined the Con-
federates as a private, and was soon made
Major, then Colonel, and then promoted
to be Brigadier-General in 1862. He
commanded the Texas cavalry in the
Army of the West under General Bedford
Forrest and General Stephen D. Lee.
He was in 185 engagements and had
seven horses shot under him, but was
never wounded in the Civil War.

Before being elected Governor of
Texas he was Sheriff of McClellan County,
and was also a delegate to the Constitu-
tional Convention and a member of the
Texas State Senate. —New York World.

A Great Aqueduct.

The Nadra aqueduct in India carries
a canal 150 feet wide or thereabout across
fifteen arches of 60 feet span. In an ac-
count by the correspondent of *Engineering*,
it is stated that the foundations,
which are on circular wells, all go down
some 55 feet below the bed of the river
which the aqueduct crosses. The fifteen
arches are divided by abutment piers into
groups of five spans each, the abutment
piers have each two rows of wells, and
the single pier one row. Thanks to the
simple expedient of building the work
in a pit dug out of dry land through
which the river was subsequently di-
verted, the work of sinking the 268 wells
went on without interruption throughout
the year. It is probable that no other
well-sinking job has been so systematic-
ally carried out—and, indeed, in the beds
of active rivers there is no such chance
of careful administration; for as the river
rises and falls, the conditions to be dealt
with change completely. The aqueduct
carries the Lower Ganges Canal across
what is known locally as a muddle, i. e.,
a watercourse that draws its water supply
from the plains of Hindostan, and not
like what are here known as the rivers
proper from the mountains. The canal
that goes over the top draws, in ordinary
years, a revenue from the land it waters
of some \$250,000 a year, and a work
that secures that revenue at a cost of
\$1,500,000 has much need to be pushed
on with the utmost expedition. For-
tunately, owing to favorable rainfall dur-
ing the four years that the aqueduct was
under reconstruction, the loss of revenue
actually experienced was but a tenth of
the total. Had the case been the other
way, the loss of food crops in even one
year would have far overtopped the price
of the work.

The Cauliflower.

The cauliflower is one of the most deli-
cate of the cabbage family. It thrives
best in the moist air of the seashore,
and suffers quickly from drought in the
dry seasons. It requires also generous
feeding. It is probably for these reasons,
as well as from the fact that sea-kelp is
an excellent manure for all the cabbage
family, that the farmers of Suffolk
County, on Long Island, have been very
successful with this vegetable, producing
some \$200,000 worth yearly. They are
sent to New York, Boston and various
other New England cities for a market,
and very many are used for pickling, for
which they are highly esteemed. —Mass-
achusetts Ploughman.

Stanley, in his address to the Royal
Geographical Society, describes a forest
of 284,000,000 acres and 10,762,000,000
trees.