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VOL. VIII. ROCKINGHAM, RICHMOND COUNTY, N. C., JULY 24, 1890. NO. 29.

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There are many accidents and diseases which affect stock and cause serious inconvenience and loss to the farmer in his work, which may be quickly remedied by the use of Dr. J. H. McLean's Volcanic Oil Liniment. Get it at W. M. Fowlkes & Co's.

Children will freely take Dr. J. H. McLean'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.

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**DOUGLASS & SHAW,**  
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Don't buy inferior machine made harness when you can get good, substantial hand-made harness.

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

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Have in store a

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

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### LIVER AND KIDNEY BALM

Its success in curing all ailments of the urinary organs is unparalleled. One dollar per bottle at drug stores.

Dr. J. H. McLean's

### LIVER AND KIDNEY PILLETS

(Laxative Pills). 25 cents a vial, one a dozen. Send two cent stamp for Almanac containing Storm Chart and Weather Forecast by Rev. H. H. Hicks, the "Storm Prophet," to

Dr. J. H. McLean Medicine Co.,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

**LOVE UNEXPRESSED.**  
 The sweetest notes among the human heart-strings  
 Are dull with rust.  
 The sweetest chords adjusted by the angels,  
 Are clogged with dust.  
 We pipe and pipe again for dreary music,  
 Upon the self-same strains,  
 While sounds of crime and fear and desolation  
 Come back again in sad refrain.  
 On through the world we go, an army marching,  
 With listening ears.  
 Each longing, sighing for the heavenly music  
 He never hears;  
 Each longing, sighing for a word of comfort,  
 A word of tender praise,  
 A word of love to cheer the endless journey  
 Of earth's hard, busy days.  
 They love us and we know it; this suffices  
 For reason's share.  
 Why should they pause to give that love expression  
 With gentle care?  
 Why should they pause? But still our heart-strings  
 With all the gnawing pain  
 Of hungry love that longs to hear the music  
 And longs and longs in vain.  
 We love them and we know it, if we falter,  
 With fingers numb,  
 Among the unused strings of love's expression,  
 The notes are dumb.  
 We shrink within ourselves with voiceless sorrow,  
 Leaving the words unsaid,  
 And, side by side with those we love the dearest,  
 In silence on we tread,  
 Thus on we tread and thus each one in silence  
 His fate fulfills.  
 Waiting and hoping for the heavenly music  
 Beyond the distant hills:  
 The only difference of love in heaven  
 From love on earth below  
 Is, here we love and know not how to tell  
 And there we all shall know.  
 —Constantine Fenimore Woolson.

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

**Dr. J. H. McLean's**  
**STRENGTHENING CORDIAL**  
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For many years this well-known remedy has been the mainstay of thousands now advanced in life and enjoying a "green old age," who owe their robust health to the strengthening and sustaining properties of this great medicine. It is sold in bottles at drug stores. Send 2 cent stamp for Almanac containing storm chart and weather forecast by H. H. Hicks, the "Storm Prophet," to the

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**THE ALABAMA**  
**MATCHLESS MINERAL**  
**WATER.**

**Nature's Specific**  
 FOR MANY DISEASES.

An absolute cure for Dyspepsia, Chronic Diarrhea, Diabetes, Gravel, or any derangement of the Urinary Organs, Sick and Nervous Headache, Ulceration and Hemorrhage of the Womb, Erysipelas, Rheumatism, Leucorrhoea, Gleet, Syphilis, Piles, Old Sores and Eruptions of the Skin, Blood Poisoning, Cancer, Eczema, Salt Rheum, Tetter, Ringworm, Sore Eyes, Chronic Sore Throat, Coughs, Catarrh, Bilious Colic, Warts, Bunions, Cuts and Bruises.

**History of its Discovery.**  
 Near Greenville, Butler county, Alabama, is to be found one of the most wonderful mineral wells in the world. The discovery of this remarkable healing water was purely accidental. In digging a well at the depth of forty feet the workmen came upon a body of mineral through which seeped a small flow of water, which now yields about fifteen gallons a day. The water had such an astringent, sour taste that the well was abandoned until two years ago, when a sample of it was sent for analysis to E. A. Smith, Professor of Chemistry and Geology of Chemical Laboratory of the University of Alabama, and found to contain medicinal properties, as the testimonials from hundreds who have used it prove. I attach only two from gentlemen well known to citizens of this section:

**To Whom it May Concern:**  
 I took one bottle of the Matchless Mineral Water according to directions, and find that it is a good food for dyspepsia. It is a mild aperient gives tone to the entire digestive system, and when dyspepsia comes from constipation it operates to remove the cause.

REV. R. E. STACKHOUSE,  
 Greenwood, S. C., March 10, '90.  
 Mr. Z. L. GIBSON:  
 Dear Sir:—For years I have been a sufferer from dyspepsia. I have taken many preparations, but the beneficial effects were only temporary. Dr. T. C. Smith, of Marlboro county, S. C., knowing my condition, brought me one bottle of the Alabama Matchless Mineral Water, taken from a well in Alabama. I took it, and was so much benefited that I sent for more, and will never be without it if it can be procured. It suits my disease better than anything ever taken by me. It is a pure, harmless mineral tonic, and I heartily recommend it to the suffering public.

Respectfully,  
 F. L. GIBSON,  
 Gibson Station, N. C., June 16, '90

**DR. W. M. FOWLKES & CO.**

Have been appointed by me as my authorized agents at Rockingham. Any one desiring the water, or information concerning it, will please apply to them. By permission of Dr. T. C. Smith I refer all parties to him for information in reference to the water.

For circulars, testimonials, or other information address me at Gibson Station, N. C.

**Z. L. GIBSON**

Sole Agent for Richmond County.

cotton, tobacco, indigo, coffee, etc., and many trading vessels are employed in the traffic. His craft was manned by a mate and four sailors, and I found all of them to be Americans. When I came to express my surprise at this he explained: "You see, they are runaways from American war vessels, mate and all. I have picked them up one at a time, and as none of them has a wife back home they are content to stay with me. I've got a Chinese cook, but outside of him I want no truck with foreigners." I outlined my story to Captain Wheaton, as he introduced himself. He heard me through without interruption, and then quietly said: "Don't sound so very fishy, but I won't tell you what I think of it until I hear the heathen go over it himself. When I'm looking square if a man I can tell whether he's bamboozling or speaking the solemn truth." I made an appointment, and Semyo related his story in the presence of Captain Wheaton. When he had retired the Captain drew down his right eye, slapped his leg and whispered: "Colonel, it's a go! The heathen's talking straighter than a straight-edged board, and if we can come to terms, I'm in with the deal." There was very little higgling over the particulars. It was agreed that Captain Wheaton and myself should bear all the expense of the adventure, and if the treasure was secured each of the three should have an equal share. We gave Semyo money to get himself into decent shape and then looked to the furnishings of the brig. She was already provided with small arms and cutlasses, but we added to the stock, and then, at the Captain's suggestion, bought a caronade which had been lying in a warehouse for two or three years. With it we got a carriage and ammunition, and by the time the gun was aboard the brig was watered and provisioned and ready to sail. Her clearance papers were for Manila, in ballast, and the day of our sailing Captain Wheaton brought on board a short, squatly, bearded white man, who had just been turned out of jail, and who proved to be an English "cut-stick" from H. M. S. The Tempest. It turned out to be the luckiest thing in the world that we found him, for he knew how to manage our caronade and made it keep us out of an ugly scrape.

**BURIED TREASURE.**  
 In 1865 I went to Hong Kong in the interests of a certain English manufacturer, and it was a year and a half later when I one day received a strange visitor and a strange proposition. I was in charge of a large warehouse, and one of my Chinese employes brought in the stranger, and explained: "I told him you would have nothing to do with him, but he insisted on coming." The stranger was a half-breed of some sort, gaunt, ragged, and evidently hard up. As soon as we were alone he introduced himself as Semyo, and stated that he was from the Island of Luzon, one of the group composing the Philippines. He belonged to the native population, but had Spanish blood in his veins. He had once been a man of importance, but the Spaniards had robbed him of his power, and afterward feared his influence to such a degree that he had first been imprisoned and afterward banished. He had been carried on a native craft to Japan, and then left ragged and penniless, and had been more than a year reaching Hong Kong. While he had only a few shillings in his pockets, he had neither come to solicit charity nor a square to work. He had a straight, square business proposition to submit. If I approved of it, well and good; if I did not, then he would be no worse off. When he realized that Spanish influence was plotting his downfall, he made such preparations as he could to meet the inevitable. He was a very wealthy man, and he quietly went to work and converted everything he could into money, gold dust and jewelry. He had got about \$90,000 together when the ruling power pounced upon him, but not quick enough to get it. He had cached or buried his fortune, and though he was abused and threatened by the Spaniards for months he would not betray the secret.

To get that money by his own individual efforts was utterly impossible. The moment he set foot on Luzon he would be arrested. He must have a partner who would furnish a ship and crew, and he would go along to mark down the spot where the treasure was buried. I looked upon the man with pity and upon his project with contempt when he first began talking. When he was through I had agreed to think it over. There is a fascination about buried treasure or a sunken wreck that will enlist capital to the detriment of honest speculation. I was noted as being a conservative man, and the idea of my going into any such venture would have been regarded by my friends as evidence of approaching mental calamity. I went to the American Consul, and in a roundabout way he confirmed a part of Semyo's story. He had heard of him, and heard of his being despoiled and banished. Then I went down to the wharves, and almost the first man I ran against was the Yankee Captain of a brig called "The John," which was then having some repairs made. She had been running in the tea trade up and down the Yellow Sea, but now, queerly enough, the Captain informed me that he thought of taking a run over to the Philippines and try for a cargo on his own account. The products of the islands are ebony, logwood, gumwood, bamboo, coconuts, all sorts of fruits,

ceptation to prevent suspicion. We got down a topgallantmast, slacked away some of the rigging, got a stage over the side for the carpenter and appeared to be lying there for the sole purpose of making repairs. We were soon boarded by natives anxious to furnish cargo, and on the second day a Government gunboat passed us without seeming to take any interest in our case. Semyo had to lie concealed in the hold during daylight, as men were coming aboard who knew him well, and it was about midnight on the second night after our arrival that we pulled ashore for the treasure—that is, two men pulled Semyo off to the bank to see if it was all right, and it did not take him many minutes to make a disagreeable discovery. A party of woodcutters had encamped close to the ruin, with every indication of a long stay. Semyo was positive that he could not get at the cache without being discovered, as the party had two or three dogs in camp, and he was sharply challenged as he scouted around. Next day, after some conspiring on our part, the Captain and I went ashore to the camp to make a bold move. There was a gang of thirty natives under a Spanish boss cutting ebony, and they had a large lot all ready for shipment. This gang had been sent from the province of Zebu, where the owner of the tract resided, and an agent was daily expected to sell the output. The boss, we found to be an ignorant, good-natured fellow who could neither read nor write. While I claimed to be the real owner of the land on which they were then at work, the Captain offered to buy some logs on the sly. Between us we got him to remove his camp a mile away and to accept about \$60 for logs. We not only accomplished this during the day, but showed our friendship and good will by sending a keg of whisky to the camp, and by a night the boss and his gang were as drunk as lords. As soon as it was dark four of us pulled ashore with Semyo, and he led us a straight trail to the treasure. We were buried in two earthen jars against a bit of wall, and one of the captives of the gang had been built within ten feet of the spot. We had the jars out and on board the brig in half an hour, and an investigation proved that Semyo had rather figured under the actual amount. We had neither seen nor heard anything to alarm us, but it appeared that we had been observed pulling back to the brig by a native boat, and that its occupants were meddlesome enough to board a Government felucca lying six miles above and report our action as suspicious.

About 2 o'clock in the morning the felucca dropped down with the tide, came to anchor about two cable lengths away, and sent a boat to board us on the quiet. They were fooled in this by the anchor watch, who stood them off until the brig was aroused. The jars were placed in the cook's galley. Semyo secreted himself in the hold, and then the occupants of the boat were invited to come aboard. The officer in charge was a Lieutenant, and he was in high dudgeon over his reception. He demanded our papers, inspected the cargo, and pointed to the caronade as proof that we were suspicious characters. He went off to report, but was in no hurry to return, and soon after daylight we saw a boat with seven or eight men leave the felucca and pull up the river. The tide was still running and there was a fair breeze, and we determined to cut sticks. Semyo said the boat had gone to a village about four miles above, probably to consult civil or military officials, and that if we were seized it would be all up with all of us.

The felucca, as we could plainly see, had two brass six-pounders, but we could not say that she would attempt to stop us. The minutes we began to make ready we saw an alarm on her decks. Before we had the anchor off the ground she sent a boat with the command that we must wait the return of our papers. We weighed, however, let fall and sheeted home, and while they were yelling at us we headed down the river. We were well out to sea when we espied the felucca following, and as she sailed two feet to our one she was within range before ten o'clock. If captured now the Spanish Government would hang us all for conspiracy. We cracked on everything in the shape of sail, loaded our caronade and paid no attention to the felucca until positively obliged to. Her gunnery was so poor that we wondered if her guns had ever been fired before. She had at least twenty shots at us, but the closest call was when a ball passed through the flying-jib. She wasn't over a quarter of a mile away when our English gunner sighted his piece and brought down her entire foremast, and everything with it. The mast was hit about six feet above the deck and broken off, and the felucca at once fell into the trough of the sea, and confusion reigned supreme. We kept our course, knowing that she could not follow us another foot, and when clear of the coast, headed up for Shanghai. Arriving there, the brig was repaired and renamed, her big gun

dropped to the bottom of the harbor, and no one could have mistreated her. I saw the "outrage" detailed in a Manila paper two or three weeks after it occurred, but if the Spanish Government ever investigated the occurrence, none of its movements came to my attention. We got \$32,500 apiece out of the little transaction, and the last I knew of Semyo he was a tea trader in Japan.—*New York Sun.*

**The Death Plant of Java.**  
 A magnificent kali mujah or death plant of Java, has been recently received here by Mrs. Madison Black. This specimen, which is the only living one that has ever been brought to this country, was sent Mrs. Black by her brother, Jerome Hendricks, who went out as a missionary to the island. The kali mujah is found only in the volcanic districts of Java and Sumatra, and then but rarely. It grows from two to three feet in height, with long, slender stems, armed with thorns nearly a inch long, and covered with broad satin-smooth leaves of a heart shape and of a delicate emerald on one side and blood red, streaked with cream, on the other.

The flowers of the death plant are large, milk white, and cup-like, being about the size and depth of a large coffee cup, and having the rim guarded by fine briar-like thorns. The peculiarity in this plant lies in these flowers, which, beautiful as they are, distil continually a deadly perfume so powerful as to overcome, if inhaled any length of time, a full-grown man, and killing all forms of insect life approaching it. The perfume, though more pungent, is as sickeningly sweet as chloroform, which it greatly resembles in effect, producing insensibility, but convulsing at the same time the muscles of the face, especially those about the mouth and eyes, drawing the former up into a grin. An inhalation is followed by violent headache and ringing in the ears, which gives way to a temporary deafness, often total while it lasts.

Other plants seem to shun the kali mujah, which might be termed the Ishmael of the vegetable kingdom, for it grows isolated from every other form of vegetation, though the soil about it may be fertile. All insects and birds instinctively seem to avoid all contact with it, but when accidentally approaching it have been observed to drop to the earth, even when as far from it as three feet, and, unless at once removed, soon died, evincing the same symptoms as when etherized.

Mr. Hendricks, who writes describing how he secured the specimen sent his sister, says he discovered it first by seeing a bird of paradise he was endeavoring to capture alive fall, stunned by the deadly odor of the kali mujah, and on examining the plant, though warned by the natives to let it alone, himself experienced the headache and convulsions which are its invariable results.—*Philadelphia Times.*

**Enterprise of California Miners.**  
 The enterprise of California mining men seems unlimited, and, nothing daunted by repeated failures, their perseverance overcame all obstacles. The machinery now in use in the different branches of mining is unequalled, and every idea suggested by experience has been worked in a practical form, which has established a reputation for the State that is appreciated the world over. In quartz mills the reduction of ores has been brought down to a science, and the gravel miner thinks nothing of turning a river miles out of its course or working its bed with wing dams, which ever seem most feasible at the moment. The feats of engineering skill encountered on all sides through the principal mining districts of the State are in themselves sufficient proof of the indomitable grit of the successors of the typical pioneer miner, who revelled in the gold panner's up with comparative ease on the banks of the Sacramento in the palmy days of '49. Water has often to be brought in from great distances, requiring at times great engineering skill to overcome topographical difficulties. Great storage reservoirs have been built in the Sierras, commensurate with the magnitude of the hydraulic operations. The reservoirs built in the Yuba, Bear, Feather and American Rivers have an aggregate storage capacity of about 80,000,000 gallons. There are in all about thirty main ditches in Placer, Nevada, Butte and El Dorado Counties, the cost of construction ranging from \$100,000 to \$1,000,000.

In conveying the water many original devices have been employed. None more so than the bracket flume, which has been constructed in Butte County along the face of precipitous cliffs to avoid the erection of lofty and expensive trestle-work. In this case the line of ditch was run some 300 yards up the canon, abutting against a perpendicular wall of basaltic rock, along the face of which, 118 feet above the bed of the ravine and 233 feet below the top of the cliff, the flume was carried in brackets for a distance of 486 feet. The brackets are made of T-rails, bent into the form of an L. The brackets are eight feet apart, and were tested to sustain a weight of 144 tons. The flume is four feet wide and three feet deep (inside measurement) and has a capacity of 3000 inches.—*New York Times.*

Sooner is the combustion of joy and grief.

**Riparian Accretions.**  
 The rule that the owners of land bounded by running streams are entitled to the additions to their land formed by the current of the river is not changed or modified by the peculiar character of the Missouri River, which frequently causes sudden and sometimes material changes in the adjoining land. The rule is applicable to lands adjoining that river and to changes suddenly made the same as if such changes were the result of slow and imperceptible accretions.—*Practical Farmer.*

**The Worst of All Bucking Bronchos.**  
 Buffalo Bill when preparing his Wild West show came to Texas to engage bucking bronchos and cowboy riders. He had headquarters at San Antonio and made known that he wanted the wildest horses and the boldest riders. Mr. Wheatley went with half a dozen ponies, one of which he had trained himself to a demoniac sort of skill in throwing his rider. He sought out Buffalo Bill and that distinguished citizen, accompanied by all the cowboys in town, went over to the race course to look at Wheatley's ponies. Five of them were brought, and tried by various riders. They gave satisfaction and were purchased. The black came in last but acted so outrageously that he could be neither saddled nor mounted, and consequently could not be disposed of.

Buffalo Bill offered a heavy bet, first that Wheatley could not himself saddle the black pony, and secondly that he could not ride him. The wager was the talk all over San Antonio in cowboy circles. The next day the untamed beast appeared again on the track, with a large number of spectators and a good deal of money staked on the result. The odds were strongly in favor of Buffalo Bill.

The first thing that Wheatley did was to teach Buffalo Bill's men, whom he quietly said—the genuine Texas cowboys hold in a sort of contempt as not by any means the centaurs they affect to be—to teach them a new trick. He placed first upon the fiery black a jacinora, or hind-stall, with a nose piece that prevents the animal biting. There was still much to do to get the saddle upon the beast and to mount him. Wheatley applied the lasso barichecko, another trick new to Buffalo Bill. It infallibly quickens an obstreperous horse, though nothing but a bit of twine in a loop knotted around the horse's upper lip, the other end stretched and made fast to his ear as if to a belying pin. Kept cool by the lasso barichecko, the black suffered himself to be saddled and Wheatley mounted him, thereby winning the first particular portion of the bet. When fairly in the saddle the lasso barichecko was removed and the black pony began a course of unparalleled antics to throw his rider. The Texas people declare they never saw the like, but Wheatley held his seat and conquered. Buffalo Bill offered to buy the black at double price and to pay Wheatley double salary, if he would go with him to Europe. The offer was declined and, as Bill would not buy the horse, he was taken out and shot as being useless to any other person.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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