

Table with advertising rates: 1 line, 1 mo. 3 mo. 6 mo. 12 mo. 1 inch. 75 2.00 4.00 6.00 10.00

These are net rates. All yearly contracts payable quarterly. R. W. KIGHT, Publisher.

THE ROCKET.

VOLUME IX. ROCKINGHAM, RICHMOND COUNTY, N. C., JANUARY 22, 1891. NUMBER 3.

To Do All Kinds of Plain and Fancy JOB PRINTING.

AND IN THE BEST OF STYLE.

We guarantee satisfaction in work and prices. Blanks of all kinds always on hand.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance.

Castoria.

Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children.

Castoria.

Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me.

Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria.

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

PARNELL is only forty-three years old. Ex-KING MILAN, of Serbia, isjourning in London.

QUEEN NATALIA, of Serbia, is writing her memoirs.

The Empress of Russia is now forty-three years old.

DR. HENRY SCHLIMMANN, the archaeologist, is dead.

BISMARCK is not a good conversationalist, and he is a worse orator.

EMPEROR WILLIAM, of Germany, is an ardent amateur photographer.

RIDER HAGGARD, the lurid novelist, is in Mexico driving after Aztec treasures.

A SON of the late Senator Riddleberger, of Virginia, has been appointed a page in the Senate.

JAMES PAXTON VOORHEES, son of the Indiana Senator, has written a drama based on his novel, "A Tale of Wealth."

THE French President and Mme. Carnot devoted Christmas Day to charity, distributing about \$3000 among the poor.

Mrs. SAMUEL J. RANDALL is living very quietly in Washington on Capitol Hill, her youngest daughter being her constant companion.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY, the Irish Home Ruler, literary man and novelist, is fifty-nine years old.

THE German Kaiser rises every morning at seven. He takes a cold shower bath, is shaved and shampooed, and by 7:30 is ready for breakfast with the Empress.

SERGEIUS SEPPIAK, the famous Russian revolutionary, exile and writer, arrived in New York a few days ago.

SIR JOHN POPE HENNESSY, who is now playing a prominent part in Irish politics, is said to be the original of Anthony Trollope's character of "Flintheart Finn," the Irish man-of-war.

SENATOR WARREN, of Wyoming, is six feet tall and his form is as straight as a Rocky Mountain pine.

THE Sultan of Turkey has conferred upon Mrs. Whiteley Reid, wife of the United States Minister, the highest Turkish decoration that can be given to a woman.

REV. EDWARD EVERETT HALL is sixty-eight years old. He was a newspaper man in his youth, and even now, if called on, he could set type or report a fire in an entirely creditable way.

STROY, the American sculptor, now living in Rome, has been chosen to design the statue of George Washington, which will be presented to France in return for the gift of the Bartholdi statue.

The famous Lafayette family, of France, has become extinct by the death of Senator Edmond de Lafayette, a grandson of the General.

NATHANIEL THAYER is called the Vanderbilt of Boston. He has a fortune of \$10,000,000 invested for the most part in Western railroads.

The marriage of Miss Virginia Schley, the daughter of the Commander of the cruise "Baltimore," to the nephew of the Earl of Wharfedale, is to take place on board her father's vessel in the Mediterranean next February.

The Grand Duchess Alexandrine is the only living sister of the late Emperor William.

Although eighty-nine years old she is active and strong.

She is very simple in her tastes and frequently drives about among the people in a plain little donkey cart.

A Magic Fish.

Make a very small hole in each end of a fresh egg, and after blowing out the contents close one end with a bit of sealing-wax.

Cut two pieces of cloth in the shape of the body of a fish, and sew them together on the edges so as to make a pointed bag.

The mouth of the bag must be exactly the size of the egg, which is to be fastened into it with sealing-wax or glue.

Form the head of the fish. Having prepared it in this way, paint two or three on the egg with black paint.

The weight of the sand in the bag must be such that the fish will float on the surface if left to itself, but so that a very light touch will cause it to sink.

Cover the jar tightly with a piece of india-rubber, or any other waterproof, flexible substance.

TOO BAD.

"You must write a regret, John. I can't go to the Bronson's dinner."

WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN.

When the sun goes down And across the fading sea, Like the crooning of a mother, Comes this murmur of the sea.

When the sun goes down And from out the glowing West The evening breeze comes shining, Like a whisper from the blest Come the little ones a-weary.

When the sun goes down Cries the troller o'er the sea, Sweet thoughts, by labor banished, Will come trooping back to me.

When the sun goes down Hushed is the voice of evil, And the selfish cry of greed; Then, happy, homeward footsteps Echo through the quiet town.

When the sun goes down On this busy life of ours, Perhaps the night that follows Will be better than the day.

When the sun goes down And the rest that surely cometh When the sun goes down.

TOM'S MONEY.

Mr. Laughton had found what she had been looking for all her life—the man under her bed.

Every night of her nearly thirty years of existence this pretty little person had stooped on her knees, before saying her prayers, and had investigated the space beneath her bed.

She had gone through the motions, however, for so long a time that they had come to be in a manner perfunctory, and the start she received on this night of which I speak made her prayers quite impossible.

What was she to do? She, a coward par excellence, known to be the most nervous of all sorts of imagined dangers.

"Yes, I see, you little hen-sparrow," his eyes coming back to her from a survey of the room.

"Do you mean to tell me," said he, "evidently wavering, and possibly inclining to doubt if, after all, she were not telling the truth, as no man in his senses would leave such a sum of money in the keeping of such a simpleton."

"I don't mean to tell you anything!" she cried. "You won't believe a word I say, and I never had anyone doubt my word before."

"You won't find anything but ribbons there. And when I felt as if I should go wild if I couldn't have a box of candy, I've made Tom give me the price of that."

"And when we were all out of apples, and Tom couldn't—'that's my laces, and I wish you wouldn't fidget them; I don't believe your hands are clean—' and Tom couldn't get anything to drink, I've made him put in the price of a drink, and lots of ten cent pieces came that way, and—"

"But I don't imagine you care to hear about all that. What makes you look at me so?"

"For the man had left his search again, and his glance was piercing her through and through."

"Oh, your eyes are like augers turning to live coals!" she cried. "Is that the way you look at your wife? Do you look at your little children the same way?"

"That lay won't work," said he, with another grin. "I ain't got no feelings to work on. I ate 'em up long ago."

"I'm sure that's fortunate," said Mrs. Laughton. "A family wouldn't have any peace of their lives with you following such a dangerous business."

"I must say I think you'd be a great deal happier if you reformed—I mean—well, if you left this business, and took up a quarter-section, and had a wife and—"

"Look here!" cried the man, his patient gaze. "Are you a fool, or are you blinding me? I've half a mind to knock your head in," he cried, "and find the house over for myself! I would, if there was time."

"You wouldn't find anything if you did," she returned, leaning back in her chair. "I've looked often enough, whenever I thought Tom had some money. I never found any. What are you going to do now?"

"I'm going to tie you hand and foot first—"

"Oh, how can you treat me so!" she exclaimed, lifting up her streaming face. "You don't look like a person to treat a woman so. I don't like to be tied; it makes one feel so helpless."

"What kind of a fool be you, anyway!" said the man, stopping a moment to stare at her. And he made a step then toward the highest of drawers, half bureau, half writing-desk, for a ball of tape he saw lying there.

"Oh!" she cried, remembering the tar-baby. "Don't! Don't go there! For mercy's sake, don't go there!" raising her voice till it was like the wind in the chimney.

"Oh, please don't go there!" At which, as if feeling morally, or rather immorally, sure that what he had come for was in that spot, he seized the handles of a drawer, and down fell the lid upon his head with a whick that jammed his hat over his eyes and blinded him with pain and fury for an instant.

"You look pretty, don't you?" said she. "Perhaps this was as much of a shock to the man as his appearance had been to her. He was not acquainted with the saying that it is only the unexpected that happens."

"Get up," said she. "I'd be a man if I was a man. Get up. I'm not going to hurt you. If the intruder had any sense of humor, this might have touched it; the idea of this little fairy-queen of a woman, almost small enough to have stepped out of a rain-lily, hurting him! But it was so different from what he had been awaiting that it startled him; and then, perhaps, he had some of the superstition that usually haunts the evil and ignorant, and felt that such small women were uncanny. He was on his feet now, towering over her."

"I swear, I don't know what to make of you," said he, rubbing his head, ruefully. "You can make friends with me," she said. "That's what you can do. I'm sure I've shown you that I'm friendly enough. I never believe any harm of any one till I see it myself. I don't blame you for wanting the money. I'm always in want of money. I've told you you might take mine, though I don't want you to. But I shouldn't give you Tom's money, even if I knew where it was. Tom would kill me if I did, and I might as well be killed by it as by Tom—and better. You can make friends with me, and be some protection to me till my husband comes. I'm expecting him and Julia every moment of my life."

"The man started to his feet. 'Do you see that?' he cried, holding his revolver under her nose. 'Look right into that gun! We'll have no more fooling. It'll be your last look if you don't tell me where that money is before I count three.'"

"She shut up her hand and calmly moved it aside. 'I've looked into those things ever since I've lived on the prairie,' said she. 'And I dare say it won't go off—mine won't. Besides, I know very well you wouldn't shoot a woman, and you can't make bricks without straw; and when I've told you I don't know anything about that money.'"

"You are a game one," said he. "No, I'm not," she replied. "I'm the most tremendous coward. I've come out here in this wild country to live, and I'm alone a great deal, and I quake at every rustle of the grass. And you don't know anything about what it is to have your heart stand still with horror of a wild beast or a wild Indian or a deserted—"

"A deserted soldier. There's a great Apache down there now, stretched out in his blanket on the floor, before the fire in the kitchen. And I came up here as quick as I could, to lock the door behind us and sit up till Tom came home, and I declare, I never was so thankful in all my life as I was just now to see a white face when I looked at you!"

"Well, I'll be—Apache!" cried the visitor. "See here, little one, you've saved your husband's money for him. You're a little double-headed of pluck. I haven't any idea but you know where it's hid—but I've got to be making tracks. If it wasn't for winking that Apache I'd leave Red Dan's handwriting on the wall."

And almost while he was speaking he had swung himself out of the window to the veranda-roof and had dropped to the ground and made off.

Mrs. Laughton waited till she thought he must be out of hearing, leaning out as if she were gazing at the moon. Then she softly shut and fastened the sash, and crept with shaking limbs to the door and unlocked it, and fell in dead faint across the threshold.

And there, when he returned some three-quarters of an hour later, Tom found her.

"Oh, Tom!" she sobbed, when she became conscious that she was lying in his arms, his heart beating like a trip-hammer, his voice hoarse with fright as he implored her to open her eyes; "is there an Apache in the kitchen?"

"The Black Teeth of Malaya. The Government of Burma has lately published an interesting report by Mr. Merrifield on the prospects of planting in Mergui, in the extreme south of Tenasserim, in the course of which he corrects the common error that the black teeth of the Malaya and Siamese are due to chewing betel mixed with lime. It appears that the black color of the teeth is due to a special process employed for the purpose, for no responsible Siamese would like to have white dog's teeth, like Chinese, Indians and Europeans. Coconut kernel is carefully charred, and then worked to a stiff paste with coccolite oil. When carefully and regularly worked over the teeth this produces the black varnish which is so much admired. Among some Malaya tribes it is considered the proper thing not only to blacken the teeth, but to file them down to points like sharks' teeth. A Siamese or Malay man or woman does not strike a European as beautiful when yawning."

"A Literary Curiosity. The following poem of three stanzas of four lines each has often been alluded to as one of the most-unique of literary curiosities. Each stanza contains every letter in the alphabet except the letter 'e,' which all printers will tell you is one of the most indispensable of the letters, its relative proportion of use being 120 times to 'i,' 8, 8, 17 and 140. The one coming next to 'e' in number of times of use is 'a,' which is used eighty times while the letter in question is being used 120 times. The poem which has caused the above digression is entitled: 'THE FATE OF NASSAU.' Bold Nassau sits his caravan, A leafy mountain-grot to scan; Citrus juicy needs to spy his way, Doth tax his sight but far-doubt stay. Fine work of man and ape sports of child, Finds Nassau in that many wild, Last grow his joints, limbs toll in vain— Poor wight! Why didst thou quit this plain? Vainly for succor Nassau calls, Know Zillah that thy Nassau falls! But quarrying wolf and fox may joy To gnaw thy Arab bone.—Detroit Free Press.

"Philadelphia has eighty-six pawn-brokers' shops, New York 108 and Ohio eighty-four.

"The Rothschilds have opened another free hospital in Frankfurt-on-the-Main, Germany.

"The Rothschilds have opened another free hospital in Frankfurt-on-the-Main, Germany.

"The Rothschilds have opened another free hospital in Frankfurt-on-the-Main, Germany.

"The Rothschilds have opened another free hospital in Frankfurt-on-the-Main, Germany.

"The Rothschilds have opened another free hospital in Frankfurt-on-the-Main, Germany.

"The Rothschilds have opened another free hospital in Frankfurt-on-the-Main, Germany.

"The Rothschilds have opened another free hospital in Frankfurt-on-the-Main, Germany.

"The Rothschilds have opened another free hospital in Frankfurt-on-the-Main, Germany.

"The Rothschilds have opened another free hospital in Frankfurt-on-the-Main, Germany.

"The Rothschilds have opened another free hospital in Frankfurt-on-the-Main, Germany.

"The Rothschilds have opened another free hospital in Frankfurt-on-the-Main, Germany.

"The Rothschilds have opened another free hospital in Frankfurt-on-the-Main, Germany.

"The Rothschilds have opened another free hospital in Frankfurt-on-the-Main, Germany.

"The Rothschilds have opened another free hospital in Frankfurt-on-the-Main, Germany.

"The Rothschilds have opened another free hospital in Frankfurt-on-the-Main, Germany.

"The Rothschilds have opened another free hospital in Frankfurt-on-the-Main, Germany.

"The Rothschilds have opened another free hospital in Frankfurt-on-the-Main, Germany.

"The Rothschilds have opened another free hospital in Frankfurt-on-the-Main, Germany.

"The Rothschilds have opened another free hospital in Frankfurt-on-the-Main, Germany.

"The Rothschilds have opened another free hospital in Frankfurt-on-the-Main, Germany.

"The Rothschilds have opened another free hospital in Frankfurt-on-the-Main, Germany.

"The Rothschilds have opened another free hospital in Frankfurt-on-the-Main, Germany.

"The Rothschilds have opened another free hospital in Frankfurt-on-the-Main, Germany.

"The Rothschilds have opened another free hospital in Frankfurt-on-the-Main, Germany.

"The Rothschilds have opened another free hospital in Frankfurt-on-the-Main, Germany.

"The Rothschilds have opened another free hospital in Frankfurt-on-the-Main, Germany.

THE CLOUDS.

Suspended in the air Like the mountain cliffs up there, And wraps in the softest roseate hue, The clouds are heaped on high And streaked across the sky With fire embossed on the view.

How beautiful they sail, Robed in a morning veil, Like vessels on the placid blue, Ten thousand sunbeams tint, Ten thousand emblems hint, The good, the noble and the true.

Now comes the brightest breeze With lulling notes of ease, And drives the azure flames apart, As stealing winds have torn And far away have borne Some cherished idol of my heart.

May trouble be as light, And virtue shine as bright, Within the fleeting life of all, As clouds at airy rest, With lightness, downy rest, Or floating at the Maker's call.—R. H. Hovener, in Times-Democrat.

PITH AND POINT.

A shady occupation—Making sawings. A cooper ought to be able to stave off disaster. Hides and pelts—The average boy in a snowball season.

Miss Fish—"Don't you think a veil is becoming to me?" Miss Claustric—"Yes, a heavy one."—Epitaph.

"When a 'whaling bark' is spoken of, we suppose of course it comes from a birch tree."—Boston Bulletin.

"Come out and take a walk." "No, the sky is gray, and gray is not becoming to me."—Philadelphia Blatter.

Attendant (in railroad waiting-room)—"Say, mister, no going to sleep here. This ain't no church."—Life.

This world is very odd.—But every eye Sees some dypsicoid soul Pose as a sage. Peasant (to his son)—"Say, Hans, how long will you have to study before you can wear glasses?"—Pittsburg Blatter.

Dead hens lay no eggs, because they are afraid; it can not be sung of them, "Each in its narrow cell forever laid."—Puck.

While the ordinary musician dispenses music by the measure the bass drummer gets off his by the pound.—Philadelphia Times.

It isn't strange that there is trouble when things go at "sixes and sevens." Sixes and sevens make thirtysix.—Chicago Post.

A peculiarity of the rooster is this: That though it was simple chicken on going to roost in the evening, in the morning it always turns to crow.—Philadelphia Times.

He—"May I take the liberty of calling on you this afternoon, or do you prefer other company?" She—"As far as that goes, no company is as desirable as yours."—Texas Siftings.

"I had a splendid time in my vacation this last summer. Meals just wuzup I wanted them, cold and warm but, capital wines, and no fees for waiting or porters." "And where is this ideal place, doctor?" "I stayed at home."—Pittsburg Blatter.

"Tea-to-tum" Cafe. The leading temperance advocates in London have been inspecting the new "Tea-to-tum" cafe, which was recently started in the East End of London by Mr. Buchanan, a wealthy tea merchant, and have come to the conclusion that one of the best possible methods of removing the fatal attractiveness of the public house would be the provision of good and cheap eating-houses in every quarter of the large towns of Great Britain.

The tea-to-tum cafes, as they are called, are intended to combine the advantages of a cafe and a club, and they are intended for the uses of the working classes. On the ground floor is a restaurant, and above is a room for bagatelle and billiards. Newspapers, chess and draughts are provided, and the rooms are well and tastefully fitted up. Better than all, the food is not only cheap but excellent. A satisfactory meal may be obtained at the cafe for four pence. A lady milliner recently opened a restaurant in the West End of London for shop girls, where an excellent meal can be obtained for a few pence, and there have been equally successful experiments in other large towns. If, like the "Tea-to-tum" cafes, they were clubs as well, so much the better, but good food is the prime necessity.—New York Star.

"A Literary Curiosity. The following poem of three stanzas of four lines each has often been alluded to as one of the most-unique of literary curiosities. Each stanza contains every letter in the alphabet except the letter 'e,' which all printers will tell you is one of the most indispensable of the letters, its relative proportion of use being 120 times to 'i,' 8, 8, 17 and 140. The one coming next to 'e' in number of times of use is 'a,' which is used eighty times while the letter in question is being used 120 times. The poem which has caused the above digression is entitled: 'THE FATE OF NASSAU.' Bold Nassau sits his caravan, A leafy mountain-grot to scan; Citrus juicy needs to spy his way, Doth tax his sight but far-doubt stay. Fine work of man and ape sports of child, Finds Nassau in that many wild, Last grow his joints, limbs toll in vain— Poor wight! Why didst thou quit this plain? Vainly for succor Nassau calls, Know Zillah that thy Nassau falls! But quarrying wolf and fox may joy To gnaw thy Arab bone.—Detroit Free Press.

"Philadelphia has eighty-six pawn-brokers' shops, New York 108 and Ohio eighty-four.

"Philadelphia has eighty-six pawn-brokers' shops, New York 108 and Ohio eighty-four.

"Philadelphia has eighty-six pawn-brokers' shops, New York 108 and Ohio eighty-four.

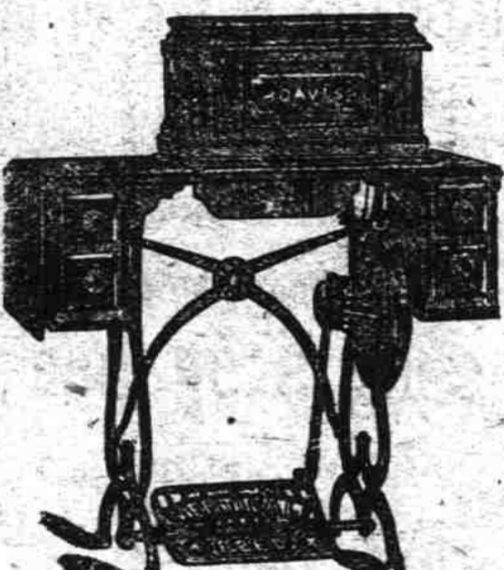
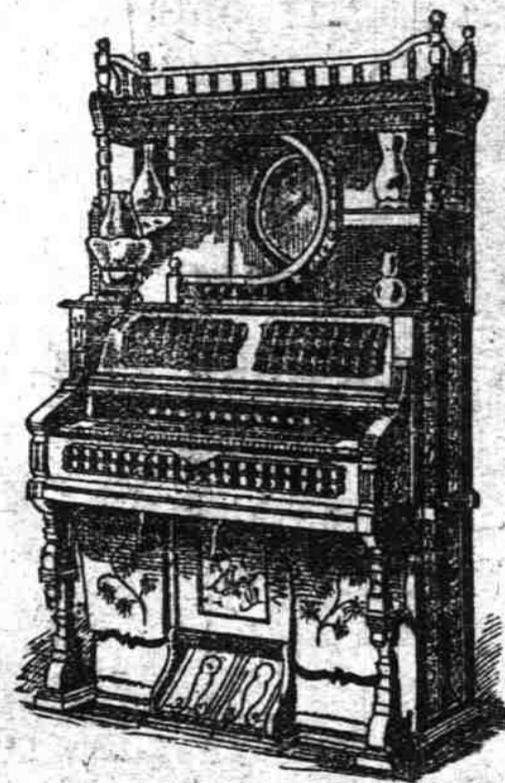
"Philadelphia has eighty-six pawn-brokers' shops, New York 108 and Ohio eighty-four.

"Philadelphia has eighty-six pawn-brokers' shops, New York 108 and Ohio eighty-four.

"Philadelphia has eighty-six pawn-brokers' shops, New York 108 and Ohio eighty-four.

"Philadelphia has eighty-six pawn-brokers' shops, New York 108 and Ohio eighty-four.

Pianos, Organs, Musical Instruments, Sewing Machines, Needles, Oils, Attachments, Parts and Repair. The "Davis" Has No Equal.



WHEN YOU WANT Any of the above named goods be sure to get our prices before buying.

J. A. WRIGHT & BRO., ROCKINGHAM, N. C.

PHARR & LONG,

ONE-PRICE - CLOTHIERS,

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

JOHNSTON & ELLIOTT,

Steam Marble and Granite Works.

ALL ORDERS FOR WORK WILL RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.

283 and 287 West Trade Street, CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Economy is Wealth.

And the way to economize is to first find out what merchant sells goods the cheapest, and the way to find that out is to fry the market.

B. NICHOLS, No. 17 West Trade Street, CHARLOTTE, N. C.