

THE NEW-YORK WORLD SAYS ITS GOING TO ELECT A Democratic President, —and— THE ROCKET WILL BE IN THE FIGHT FOR DEMOCRATIC SUPREMACY In the State, and especially in Richmond County. You can have both of these papers for \$2.26 IN ADVANCE.

# THE ROCKET.

VOL. X.

ROCKINGHAM, RICHMOND COUNTY, N. C., FEBRUARY 18, 1892.

NO. 6.

## THE ROCKET.

WE INVITE YOU TO COMPARE The Rocket With any other weekly in this section of the State. IT IS GROWING, AND ITS GROWTH IS BASED ON ITS MERITS. SUBSCRIPTION PRICE—\$1.50 Per Year.

**Dr. W. L. STEELE,**  
OPERATIVE AND MECHANICAL  
**Dentist,**  
ROCKINGHAM, N. C.  
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Rockingham and community, also to the citizens of Anson, Stanly, Moore, Montgomery and Robeson counties. He is well furnished with all the latest improved instruments.  
Teeth extracted without pain. Office over Miss Blakey's store.

**A Gold Watch and \$204.**  
That is what every Agent receives who gets up a club on our \$1 per week plan. Our 14-karat gold-filled cases are warranted for 20 years. Fine Elgin or Waltham movement. Stem wind and set. Lady's or Gent's size. Equal to any \$50 watch. To secure agents where we have none, we sell one of the Hunting Case Watches for the Club price \$28 and send C. O. D. by express with privilege of examination before paying for same.  
Our agent at Durham, N. C., writes: "Our Jewelers have confessed they don't know how you can furnish such work for the money."  
One good reliable agent wanted for each place. Write for particulars.  
EMPIRE WATCH CO.,  
48 and 50 Maiden Lane, New York.

**New Goods!**  
We are every day receiving fresh additions of  
DRY GOODS,  
NOTIONS, SHOES,  
TRUNKS, VALISES,  
CUTLERY AND  
WOODEN WARE,  
And all other articles belonging to a general stock.  
We also keep all the School Books recommended by the State Board of Education, which we sell at contract prices. Call and see us before purchasing.  
Respectfully,  
**J. C. WRIGHT & CO.**

**Don't Forget**  
THAT YOU CAN ALWAYS FIND AT THE STEWART STORE A FULL LINE OF GENERAL MERCHANDISE IN ADDITION TO A COMPLETE STOCK OF STOVES AND FURNITURE BOUGHT FOR CASH AND NOT TO BE UNDERSED.  
**Stewart Canning Co.**

**CANCERS CURED.**  
Dr. S. M. Wright, of Gibson Station, N. C., offers his professional services to the people of Richmond and adjoining counties. With a long line of successful experience he feels warranted in saying that the most obstinate cases, where cure is possible, readily yield to his treatment.

**Railway Schedules.**  
CAROLINA CENTRAL RAILWAY.  
OFFICE OF C. C. RY,  
ROCKINGHAM, N. C., April 5, '91.  
TRAINING GOING WEST, LEAVE—  
For Way Stations and Charlotte: 12:04 p. m.; 8:54 a. m.; 7:53 p. m.  
For Way Stations, Charlotte and Ruthersford: 12:04 p. m.  
TRAINS GOING EAST, LEAVE—  
For Way Stations and Wilmington: 3:55 p. m.; 2:57 p. m.  
For Way Stations and Laurinburg: 11:10 a. m.  
For Hamlets, Raleigh, Portsmouth and Potts North: 7:25 a. m.  
Office hours 7 a. m. to 6 p. m.  
Ticket office open 30 minutes before each passenger train.  
W. R. HAWKINS, Agt.

**W. C. DOUGLASS & THOS. J. SHAW,**  
**DOUGLASS & SHAW,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
CAROLINA, N. C.  
Will regularly attend the Superior Courts of Richmond. Office in Post Office House during the terms of Superior Court.  
**Surwell, Walker & Guthrie,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
ROCKINGHAM, N. C.  
Office opposite the old Postoffice.  
**JOHN W. COLE, FRANK McNEILL,**  
**COLE AND McNEILL,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.  
ROCKINGHAM, N. C.

### WHEN I GO HOME.

EUGENE FIELD.  
It comes to me often in silence,  
When the fire-light splutters low—  
When the black, uncertain shadows  
Seem wreaths of the long ago;  
Always with a throb of heartache,  
That thrilled each pulsive vein  
Comes the old, unquiet longing  
For the peace of home again.  
I'm sick of the roar of the cities  
And of faces odd and strange;  
I know where there's warmth of welcome,  
And my yearning fancies range  
Back to the dear old homestead,  
With an aching sense of pain;  
But there'll be joy in the coming,  
When I go home again.  
When I go home again! There's music  
That may never die away,  
And it seems the hands of angels,  
On a mystic harp, at play,  
Have touched with a yearning sadness  
On a beautiful, broken strain,  
To which is my fond heart working—  
When I go home again.  
Outside of my darkening window  
Is the great world's crash and din,  
And slowly the autumn's shadows  
Come drifting, drifting in.  
Sobbing, the night wind murmurs  
To the splash of the autumn rain;  
But I dream of the glorious greeting  
When I go home again.

### THE THEORETICAL MAN.

His Experiences With a Practical World.  
To be successful in life a man must sacrifice all the high and noble traits of his nature, and this is why you see me on this Christmas morn enjoying only a very small slice of the cake of prosperity.  
Yes, sir, I am a child of misfortune, and my greatest misfortune is in being obliged to live in an age which has no appreciation of intellectual greatness whatever, and will encourage and stimulate nothing that is not grossly practical. Look at my head, sir, my finely chiseled features and the expression of my eyes. Do they look as if I were cut out to do the menial offices of life? And yet, sir, my talent must be prostituted to just such base uses, or the necessities of life would not be forthcoming. It is humiliating to confess, but this mercenary, practical world will not support me in the sphere which nature intended me to ornament.  
What have I engaged in, sir, do you ask? Well, sir, I have tried to make myself useful in nearly every calling where I thought my genius might find scope. When I felt the fires of poetic genius burning within me I determined to earn for myself the title of "Poet of the New World."

My first poem was written in July. It was entitled "Beautiful Snow," but the publisher to whom I sent it declined to publish it, "because," he said, "the idea was not new, and, moreover, it was out of season." As if genius must be restricted and governed by the almanac! He advised me to get a position with some soap manufacturer and make my poetic muse do duty in extolling the merits of that gross commercial ware. He said that in order to make poetry pay it must be practical. So, sir, that satisfied me that to write poetry in such an age was to feed pearls to pigs, and I determined to try the professions.  
I thought of Socrates, how the people used to sit at his feet and drink in the words of wisdom that fell from his lips, how his name became honored and revered and was handed down to posterity as a great teacher.  
But, sir, when I obtained a position as teacher I was not treated as Socrates was. My pupils wanted me to degrade myself by ciphering out sums for them, and instead of sitting at my feet and obtaining knowledge, they would skulk behind the desks and manufacture paper wads, using my head as a target. Then they would sily put a crooked pin in my seat, just to see me rise with more agility than graceful. I gave them long lectures on moral philosophy, the origin, rise and progress of Egyptian hieroglyphics and the quadrature of the circle; but all that I got for my pains was a note from the directors, intimating that my resignation would be accepted, as they wished a vacancy for a teacher who was a little more practical. I indignantly resigned and sought another field

more in accord with the aspirations of my genius.  
I finally made up my mind that I would be an editor. That, sir, I fancied was a position in which genius was given full scope. The press—the mighty engine which controls the machinery of nations—should disseminate the scintillations of my genius over the world, and I should be recognized as a leader more powerful, sir, than the president! I would be the champion of the people, and my battle cry would be freedom, justice and reform! Ah! sir, had I been permitted to carry out my plans this country would not be so sunk in wickedness and depravity. But no! This practical, grinding age was against me.  
I secured a situation on a paper, and what do you suppose was the first thing the editor-in-chief called on me to write up? A financial leader? A sweeping denunciation of crime in high places? A criticism on the foreign policy of the government? Nothing of the kind, sir! I was sent to write up a great commercial failure. I was particularly instructed to get a complete statement of the assets and liabilities, the causes of failure and the probable action of the creditors. Could my proud soul brook such treatment? No, so, I resigned at once, for such duties, it is needless to say, were too practical and groveling to claim consideration from me.  
The ministry? Yes, sir, I gave that profession my attention for some time. I studied the knotty points in theology, and after considerable effort I got the charge of a congregation. But my ill luck pursued me here, for the members of my flock were disgustingly practical and imagined it was a minister's duty to preach, pray, visit the afflicted and look after the souls of his charge. What time should I have had to devote to my other duties if I had yielded to their exactions? One impertinent member asked me one day if I had ever really experienced religion. Frankly, I couldn't say that I had, but what difference should that make to them? If a man directs you to a certain place, does it matter whether he goes there himself or not? No, sir, my ambition was to be a popular preacher; to have an assistant and a pair of fast horses; so take a vacation every summer to cure my sore throat; to make a lecturing tour every winter at a hundred dollars a night; to officiate at weddings in high life; to have a country residence; to write for the papers, and publish a novel. This was my idea of what my talents should demand, and with less than that my ambition should not be satisfied. But, sir, the flock and shepherd differed in their views, and those practical, low-minded sheep butted me out, as it were, into the cold, unfeeling world again. I think the ministry would have suited me if I could have educated the people up to my stand-point; but what can genius do, sir, when it has to battle against the prejudices of the dull, plodding, practical people? Why, sir, I preached a series of three sermons, and lengthened them out to twenty minutes apiece, on the metaphysical, physiological and aetiological dynamics of moral force, but I give you my word my congregation went to sleep under my ministrations, and they went so far as to request me to make my sermons a little more practical. But I couldn't come down to that, so ended my clerical career.  
The Stage? Well, yes, sir, I know I could make myself an honor to that profession if I only had a ghost of a chance; but when I made my application to a manager to be permitted to make my daybook in Hamlet, he ridiculed me, sir, and had the impudence to advise me to commence at the bottom of the ladder as supernumerary and work up. There it was again! That practical minded manager thought that acting consisted of learning stage tricks. But I wasn't to be brought up like an educated hog, and so my name is not in the firmament of bright dramatic stars, as it might be were it not for the grossly practical character of the times, which quenches the fires of genius.  
I finally gave up all thoughts of

following the professions. Not that I was not adapted to them, but because the age, sir, was not adapted to me.  
I determined to turn my attention to business. Money, sir, rules the world, these times, and a great financier is a mighty sovereign who holds the destinies of nations in his grasp. I was resolved to be a banker, to study the condition of the country, to watch carefully the financial policy of the administration, to analyze the statistics of the nations and shape my course according to unerring scientific data. That was the way to do business, sir! and yet you see I'm not a banker, for when I secured a position in a bank, was I given a desk in the office and requested to draw up my financial chart of future probabilities? Not a bit of it, sir! I was given a great ledger with long columns of figures to add up! When I expostulated they told me that they thought I came there to learn the business, and that was the only way to get a practical knowledge of it.  
So on all sides I was saluted with the same cry—practical, practical, practical! Now, sir, I have made up my mind to this: The age wants no theories or philosophies which are not ground out of the mill of hard toil. It is my firm conviction that in order to succeed in these degenerate times, a man—no matter how great his abilities may be—must commence at the bottom of his business and learn every little practical detail. He must not have any theories which will not bear the test of practice, and must learn to labor and wait with a meekness and patience which would have done justice to Mr. Job, whose blood wouldn't boil when his body was covered with boils.

I am firmly convinced that the country appreciates producers of bread and beef more than it does poets, and approves philosophy only when it can be made to serve a practical use. So, sir, you see how my genius is fettered and hampered by the grinding, practical exactions of the times. Every day I must perform duties which my proud spirit loathes; but there is no help for it, and if—going are you? Wait a moment! Couldn't lend me half a dollar until to-morrow, could you? Bank's closed, you see, and I changed my pants this morning. Thank you, sir. Good day.

**Asylum Candidates.**  
Men who in a republic like this would coolly and deliberately propose that the government go into the railroad business and own all the railroads in the country, show eminent qualifications for the insane asylum, for certainly, no unaffected brain would ever have conceived such a colossal, absurd and impossible scheme as that. Such a scheme might do for Russia or some other centralized despotism, and they who advocate such a policy in this country are, whether they know it or not, if successful, simply paving the way to a centralized despotism in this country, which would be the practical effect of the party which might be in power could have control of the 160,000 miles of railway in this country and of the 700,000 men who are constantly employed on the railroads. Give a party in power the post-offices, the internal revenue machine the custom houses, the railroads, and telegraphs, which would naturally follow, and there is not power enough on earth to overturn it by the ballot. And that is exactly what these foam-brained "reformers" propose to do. They pose as friends and representatives of the farmers of this country.—Press and Carolinian.

**Bucklen's Arnica Salve.**  
The best Salve in the world for bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, etter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, 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. Fowler & Co.

**Rev. J. A. B. Scherer,** the first Lutheran missionary from the United States to Japan, sailed for that country week before last.  
Perfectly sure, perfectly pure, perfectly harmless is Simmons' Liver Regulator.

**Do Something.**  
Raleigh Advocate.  
It seems to be the idea of some that the chief end of life is to keep out things, to hold care and hard work at a distance, to shun the burden of responsibility, to get away from self-denial, to shelter themselves from all painful and trying experiences, and spend their days on some quiet island in the great stream of life. But it should be understood that those holding out and acting out such a theory defeat the very end of life. Man is made not for ease but for action. "Go work" tells what he is made for. As a ship is made, not to lie anchored in a quiet harbor, but to sail out on the stormy sea, buffeting waves and riding over towering billows, carrying the wealth of one nation to another, so man is built by the Hand Divine to work, to endure, to carry blessings to his less fortunate brother. Ruin and stagnation come upon him when the ship of his life lies harbor-bound. The ship is made for the sea, and the sea is made for the ship; man is made to work, and work ennobles and makes him a man.  
Suppose an acorn had mind, and should pray to be put in a snug little box, and the box locked up in a quiet closet, and there to spend its days, would you, if you could, answer its prayer? Why, no; kept in such a quiet place it would be nothing but an acorn for hundreds of years, if it didn't crumble to dust before that time. Its love of do-nothingism would defeat the very end of its existence. It was made to be planted out in the open field, to lie under the cold ground till sprouted into a twig, then to grow year by year taller and thicker; and grow by wrestling with the snows of winter, with the piercing winds of March, and the dark-browed storms of the summer. Now look at it, when having reached its maturity; what a sturdy trunk it has, what widespread branches glistening in the glory of the summer's sun, how the birds hop and build in its branches, how the panting cattle rest under its cooling shade; and then probably its tough timber may be converted into a ship to carry the flag of a great nation around the world. And so great possibilities are folded up in men, but it takes work and trouble to bring them out. Don't shun the very thing that will develop you.

**The Growth of Christianity.**  
Press and Carolinian.  
If we sum up the encouragement to hope, founded on the Christian work, the figures are as follows:  
Three centuries after Christ there were 5,000,000 Christians.  
Eight centuries after Christ there were 30,000,000 Christians.  
Ten centuries after Christ there were 50,000,000 Christians.  
Fifteen centuries after Christ there were 100,000,000 Christians.  
Eighteen centuries after Christ there were 174,000,000 Christians.  
Now there are 450,000,000 Christians.  
The followers of the three religions, Confucianism, Buddhism and Taoism, all combined, are less in number than the Christians alone.  
Including the latest division of Africa among the European powers, about four-fifths of the land of this world is under Christian control.

**The Doom of the Young Man.**  
St. Louis Republic.  
One-eighth of the population may be put in the category—that is, there are 7,000,000 young men in America. Only 15 in every 100 go regularly to church. Out of each 100 some 75 never go. Only five per cent of the total number are christians, viz., 375,000. In our jails are 150,000 prisoners, 70 per cent of whom are young men. Only one-fifth of the active criminals are ever in jail at one time. This would make our criminal population number 750,000, of which total 590,000 are young men. These are appalling statistics.

A great many Democrats are in favor of Hill because they think he is the most available man and would be sure to lead the Democratic party to victory in the forthcoming contest. But Cleveland is still in the ring and will make a vigorous fight. Of the two Cleveland would be our choice.—Sanford Express.

**Shot from the Rocket.**  
Salem celebrated her 126th anniversary last Sunday.  
Sallisbury has a knitting mill that turns out 100 pairs of socks, daily.

**LITTLE LIGHTS.**  
J. H. Williamson, colored, editor of the Raleigh Gazette, announces himself as a candidate for Congressional honors in his district. His platform is that the United States government should reimburse the slave holders with the worth of their slaves at emancipation.

**Clinton Caucasian.**  
A politician said to us not long since, "are the farmers of North Carolina going to seriously insist on the absurd ideas of the Ocala platform?" We told him that they would speak for themselves about the time the conventions were being held next summer, but that unless we are badly mistaken they would insist very seriously and fight for the reforms to the last ditch. "But," said he, suppose the Democratic party refuses to agree to having your reforms engrafted into the State platform?" To his amusingly simple question we simply remarked that the majority could always control if it saw fit to assert its rights and power. That the majority of the party were in favor of these reforms, and that the minority would hardly be able to dictate. This reminds us of what George Stephenson, the inventor of the first locomotive, said when asked what would he do, if a cow got on the track in front of his engine and would not get off. He simply replied, "so much the worse for the cow."

**Why the Judge Resigns.**  
Greensboro Workman.  
The State has lost in the past few years a great many of its best equipped men on the Bench. And the inquiry is, why is this? In a majority of cases it is on account of the small salary paid for their services. The Judges are compelled to travel a great deal under the present system of rotation and at the end of the year there is not much in the exchequer. Before the passage of the bill creating the Railroad commission a number of the judges used passee over the railroads. This was a great help to them and since this has been cut off, railroad fare and other expenses about eat up the meagre salary paid by the State.  
PEELS! PILES! ITCHING PILES.  
SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; warts by scratching. If allowed to continue in 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 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia.

**Hunger in Russia.**  
New York Herald.  
We have now an official estimate of the extent of the Russian famine. Minister Smith, at St. Petersburg, has forwarded to Washington some statistics which will make the sympathetic people of this well fed country heave a sigh.

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**A North Carolina Inventor.**  
The Charlotte News Says: Mr. Jeff. D. McAnully a plain and honest farmer of Cabarrus county, will take a stand among North Carolina's noted men. He has just completed a new cotton-gin that is destined to eclipse even Whitney's most extravagant dreams. It is a double saw gin; that is, a forty-saw gin of old style would be an eighty-saw gin in McAnully's improved. The saws are crescent shaped, and dress themselves with each revolution they make. The feeder is entirely different from anything ever yet given the world. Instead of feeding from the top, the cotton-reaches the saws from the bottom, and all sand, gravel, nails or matches are excluded and allowed to fall down with seed instead of passing over the saws, with great danger of fire that necessarily attends.

**Occasion for Restraint.**  
Philadelphia Record.  
"Easy, my dear," he said, as she smuggled against his manly breast. "You're a selfish thing," she responded pettishly. "You're afraid of my crushing your hateful old cigars."  
"No, my dear. I have a ten-dollar bill in my pocket, and I'm afraid you might break it."  
"I had to be away from school yesterday," said Tommy. "You must bring an excuse," said the teacher. "Who from?" "Your father." "He ain't no good at making excuses, ma catches him every time."  
So many have been cured of rheumatism by Hood's Sarsaparilla that we urge all who suffer from the disease to try this medicine.  
John B. Royster who murdered John P. Epps at Suffolk, Va., some time ago has been captured in Martin county, N. C.  
And now it is given out that Mr. Jeter C. Pritchard of Madison county, will be the Republican candidate for Governor.  
So easy in its action, harmless and effective in relieving is Simmons' Liver Regulator.  
Savannah will erect a \$12,000 monument to Father Ryan, the Confederacy's poet-priest.  
"How to Cure All Skin Diseases."  
Simply apply "Swayne's Ointment." No internal medicine required. Cures itching, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, etc., leaving the skin clean, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for Swayne's statement.