

SEND YOUR ORDERS FOR
Job Work
—TO THE ROCKET—
Satisfaction guaranteed in Price and
Quality of Work.

Shoes and Harness!
A. W. JONES has moved over the
store of J. W. COVINGTON,
and is doing first-class work in his
line. Boots, Shoes and Harness made and
repairs in the best possible manner and
at lower prices than they have ever been
known in this market. Good hand-made.
Wagon Bridles at \$1.00;
other bridles at corresponding low prices.
A full stock of Harness and Bridles always
on hand, and made to order on short notice
by skilled workmen.
A. W. JONES.

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 UN-
DERSOLD

Stewart Canning Co.

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

THE CLEVELAND GRAY.
A KETUCKY JACK
This celebrated Jack will stand the
ensuing season, commencing 15 of March, at
175 place on Mountain Creek. Terms,
\$2. cash and \$8. when Colt stands and
sucks. No pains will be spared to prevent
accidents but I will not be responsible
for any that occur. All wishing to raise
FINE MULES will do well to have him
serve.
Respectfully
JAS. A. INGRAM.

Notice of Dissolution!
Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, under the firm name of Leak & Steele, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. W. C. Leak assumes liability for all debts owing by said firm. All persons indebted to said firm are requested to make immediate payment to W. C. Leak, who alone is authorized to make collections.
W. C. LEAK & Wm. L. STEELE.

Notice of Copartnership!
We the undersigned have this day formed a partnership under the name and style of Leak Brothers, and will continue the business formerly carried on by Leak & Steele. Thanking our friends and the public for their past patronage, we hope to merit a continuance of the same.
W. C. LEAK,
J. P. LEAK,
J. W. LEAK.

Jesse - Korea.
This celebrated young Bay Stallion will stand for his first season at Rockingham and all parties wishing to raise Fine Blooded Stock will do well to call on or write to Wm. L. Steele, at Rockingham. The Pedigree of this Horse can be had on application.
L. S. WILLIAMS, Supt.

WATAUGA HOTEL
BLOWING ROCK, N. C.
4190 FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL
Highest incorporated town East of the Rocky Mountains. Average temperature at noon during June, July and August, 71° Fahr.
WATAUGA HOTEL, three stories high 110 feet in length, 610 feet of veranda, is situated on a plot of thirteen acres of ground, Large Front Yard, 240 by 600 feet well shaded. Six Double Cottages on Lawn.
Sunset Lake stocked with Mountain Trout free to guests.
Table First-Class.
Finest Dining on the Mountain, Temperature 48° Fahr.
Daily Stage Line from Lenoir via Blowing Rock to Cranberry. Two lively stables at Lenoir and two at Blowing Rock. For Rates apply to
L. S. WILLIAMS, Supt.

For Rent.
The Corner Store-room in Hotel Richmond building. Apply to T. C. Leak or B. C. Wall.

THE ROCKET.

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O TIME AND CHANGE.
W. H. HENLEY.
O Time and Change, they range and range
From sunshine round to thunder!
They glance and go as the great winds blow
And the best of our dreams drive under;
For Time and Change estrange, estrange—
And, now they have looked and seen us
O we that were dear we are all too near
With the thick of the world between us.
O Death and Time, they chime and chime
Like bells at sunset falling?
They end the song, they right the wrong,
They set the old echoes calling,
For Death and Time bring on the prime
Of God's own chosen weather,
And welles in peace of the Great Release
As once in the grass together.

BOURKE COCKRAN AS AN ORATOR.
Two Great Convention Speeches, in 1884 and in 1892.—An Extemporaneous Orator.
N. Y. Herald.

It was at the Chicago Convention of 1884 that Bourke Cockran was first introduced to the national Democracy. The same old rancorous spirit was at war in the New York delegation. Grover Cleveland was the bone of contention—it is as if so far strain physiological facts as to designate the ex-President as a bone—Tammany was the ballot and Bourke Cockran the premier high kicker. Cockran had an understudy in the person of Senator Grady, who prepared the way for him by an ill tempered speech that made the exposition building roar with the collective anger of the floor and galleries. The astute Manning and Oily Gamon Fellows handled the majority of the delegation, which was for the unit rule and for Cleveland. That majority embraced the elements and embodied the characteristics of old Irving Hall, and grim old John Kelly sat at the head of those against whom Cockran had formerly launched his rhetorical thunderbolts. Now, however, the great Irish orator and master of the English tongue was the accredited spokesman of Tammany.

When Grady had been howled down effectually Cockran pushed him aside and stalked down the center aisle to the chairman's rostrum. Passing through the reporters in front he stepped upon the dais like some courageous bulldog plunging into a swarm of snarling spaniels. Practically the entire convention was against him, delegates and spectators, for he represented nobody but himself and Tammany, and there was little sympathy for Tammany there. It had made war to the knife against Cleveland's nomination and it was turning the same shining blade upon the convention itself by trying to break the Democratic tradition of the unit rule. From the time Cockran started for the tribune to the time he reached it and faced his angry audience there was a continuous clangor from twelve thousand lusty throats. Ten thousand excited men rose as one man and shook their fists and yelled at him in horrible unison. When he took his leonine lead and began to speak it seemed as if a thousand blood vessels, over strained with rage, would burst, or that the howling mob would plunge upon him headlong from the galleries and tear him limb from limb.

Yet he stood there with feet planted solidly apart and clenched hand upraised, as if he was a statue of bronze, I could have touched him with my pencil as I sat at his feet. I could feel his presence. I could see his fiery Irish blood suffusing his great neck and face and the Irish soul leaping from his eyes. Yet he had perfect self-control. Then for the first time I knew the man was great. And then burst forth the burning words of eloquence from the glowing lava bed of his heart. He brushed the storm of groans and yells and hisses away, not with gentle, diplomatic language, but as the street sweeper goes at the dirt, driving over it and rolling it contemptuously and roughly into the gutter of confusion. His victory of speech was the victory of brute force. And having trampled disorder underfoot he launched his vocabulary upon it until the heated human particles became cemented in a silent whole. It was a triumph of physical force. His voice was leonine in strength and round and resonant of sound. His rapidly spoken words fell clear cut from his lips and could be heard

to the uttermost parts of the auditorium. When he finished the applause that followed him was fairly extorted by the man himself and by his masterly and masterful effort. His plea for Tammany they held in contempt—for his attack on the character of Cleveland they hated him. But they did what they had come there to do, and went away knowing who Bourke Cockran was and glad that they had heard him.

Such was Cockran at Chicago in 1884. In the last convention he played a similar role and under in some respects similar circumstances. The similar circumstances were that he spoke for Tammany and against Cleveland's nomination, and against the angry protest of the overwhelming majority of his audience. He spoke in the face of the storm and certain defeat. But those who heard the two speeches recognize the difference. The orator has trimmed down his rough edges. He has cultivated more of the graces of speech and diplomacy of bearing. His English words and Irish tongue are more sweetly gulling. For sledge hammer invective he has taught himself winning words and ways. Instead of shouldering his way rough shod over all opposition, he edges gently and firmly along, and is through before you begin to realize how he got there. Instead of letting his vessel thump among the breakers, he pours oil on the waters and steers across as easily as possible. That is the difference between Bourke Cockran in 1884 and Fourk Cockran in 1892. In other words, he is becoming more finished; he is rising.

As an extemporaneous orator William Bourke Cockran probably stands ahead of any living American. This statement is in the broadest sense. The mere gift of gab is not the indication of the orator. The happy faculty of saying pleasant things in a pleasant manner after dinner is an accomplishment, but it is not oratory. A man may write a splendid speech and, committing it to memory, recite it well upon occasion. That is called oratory, but it is not strictly within the definition. For the great occasion may suddenly arise when such a man is unprepared for it and thus he fails. No amount of preparation can fit a speaker to possibilities. The vital element of real oratory is that which is in touch with the living, passing moment, not the arrangement of words that will read well next week. The fitness to grasp possibilities, therefore, is nature's gift. But there are various qualities necessary to oratorical greatness besides the quick wit and readiness of tongue. Physique, force of character, magnetism, courage, education, mental breadth, the power of logical analysis—these are some. And these Bourke Cockran possesses in a marked degree. An orator may have all the rest but physique and fail. The strong, robust and commanding figure, coupled with a baritone voice of extraordinary range and volume, Cockran has for a foundation.

And yet the real greatness of the orator was not so much in what he said as in what he refrained from saying. The temptation of the spectacular would have turned the head of a Summer or a Conkling. The provocation to the coarse and vituperative was painfully present. The yells and insults that hurled from every quarter of the auditorium would have sorely tried the temper of men less great than Cockran. But he accepted these testimonials of partisan rancor as mere incidental details, and was not for a moment rattled or diverted from the one great object in hand. There was a crime when Bourke Cockran was not thus able to rule his own spirit, but he was then young and now is rising. The unfortunate temper forever bars the way to oratorical greatness. Cockran ruled his own spirit and by so doing subdued the turbulent spirit of the political mob. His words are insinuating and his disagreeable statements are put in a pleasantly serious way. His satire is well rounded and oiled down. But he was the attraction of his last Chicago speech lies in its succinct simplicity and in its perfect adaptation to the subject and the hour. Out of such a time rises an Irish lad, but a few years ago unknown,

to beguile and charm us with the simple power of extemporaneous speech. Born in county Sligo, Ireland, educated in France, a young and penniless emigrant, a dry goods clerk, a schoolmaster, a poor law student, living practically from hand to mouth always, so short a time ago that it seems to those who know him but yesterday, he stands now at the head of the New York Bar, rich, the lawyer of big cases and big fees, the idol of the governing power of New York and an orator whose name and fame are coequal with the length and breadth of the land.

Such success is enough to turn the head of anybody but an extraordinary man. But Bourke Cockran is an extraordinary man, and his head is still well balanced. He is yet young, being only thirty-eight, and what is left of the great world for him to conquer is still ahead of him. He was turned seventeen when he came to this country, so he is but twenty-one years an American. He was being educated for the priesthood at Lille, France, when he concluded that he would rather be an American citizen and take his chances with Americans than by a pillar of the Church. He is a thorough classical scholar and speaks Parisian like a native.

Two Stories of Juris.
One of the Tucker jurors, who was especially disgusted with the illogical and warped verdict on which he and eleven others had compromised told the following story in the criminal court room ten minutes after the verdict was returned, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer:

"Years ago an elderly and truculent jurist from Sandusky used to hold district court here, and on one of these visits a beautiful young woman was tried before him, and a jury on a charge of stealing \$85 from a man. She was clearly proved guilty but the jury, impressed by her youth and beauty, found a verdict of not guilty. 'Mr. Clerk,' remarked the old judge, 'pay the \$85 to the prosecuter witness, it having been clearly proved in this court, that the defendant stole it from him; and you may also pay these twelve d—m fools their fees and let them go.'"

The story was capped by one concerning another jurist in whose jury court was tried a case on an account. The plaintiff made a clear case that the money was owing, but nevertheless the jury found for the defendant. Turning to the counsel for the plaintiff the judge observed: "It is, of course, your intention to file a motion for a new trial?" "It is, your honor." "Consider it filed. It is granted and this verdict is set aside. Gentlemen of the jury. I'd have you to know that in this court it takes thirteen scoundrels to cheat an honest man out of his dues: Report to the clerk and get your pay. You are excused from further service."

Are You Helping 'em.
Maxton Union.
We notice that the North State and other Republican newspapers are beginning to giggle over the political outlook in the State. Say what you will, but when the time comes to vote these Republicans will all be found in their own camp, however much pretense they may make of aiding the Third party. Democrats of North Carolina, are you going to give them such a walk over and return to the bayonet days of '69 and '70? The time for trifling is past. The bugle notes call you to action in behalf of good government. You cannot afford to be a renegade or a laggard.

Consumption Cured.
An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent free by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noves, 320 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Start Well.
Rev. T. L. Cuyler.
Much depends upon a cheerful start for the day. The man who leaves his home with a scowl on his brow, and a snap at his children, and a tart speech to his wife instead of a kiss, is not likely to be pleasant company for anybody during the day; he will probably come home with the temper of a porcupine. Wise plans should be laid for every day, so that it be not an idle saunter, or an aimless bustle to and fro. Yet to make good speed on the right track we must not start over-loaded; not too many things to be undertaken, lest they prove heavy lotchwork. The journey is not made in a cushioned car, but on foot, and the most galling load is vexations and worrying care. One step at a time is all that the most busy Christian can take, and steady walking ought not to tire any healthy body or soul. It is the overstrained rush, whether in business or study, that breaks people down; especially the insane greed for wealth, or the mad ambition, goading brain and nerves to a fury. The shattered nerves and sudden deaths in our great centers tell a sad story. A good rule is to take short views. Sufficient to the day is the toil thereof; no man is strong enough to bear to-day's load with the morrow's piled on the top of it. The only look far ahead that you and I should take should be the look towards the Judgment seat, and the offered crown at the end of the race. That is the way to get a taste of heaven in advance.

How to Rule a Husband.
Baltimore Sun.
Miss L. B. Robertson, of Mobile, has won a prize for the best essay on the subject, "How to Rule a Husband." She says: "Do not indulge in prying into his affairs. If he does fool you a little, are you the happier for detecting it? Bestir yourself. Place on the centre table a soft, glowing light. Lay his favorite papers on the corner, and then especially never tear up his 'latest.' Put slippers and dressing gown in easy reach. Appear in a dainty, becoming gown, await his coming, as you used to do as his sweetheart. Greet him wisely, however late the hour. Honey, nutmegs, bees, vinegar never. To prevent his eyes from ever turning to seek beauty and grace in other women, make yourself, as sweet and attractive looking at home as lies within your power. Do not become extremely affectionate when you want anything—he will soon learn the trick. "The shy tremor in your voice will never meet refusal. Though he may be an Ananias himself, be truthful at all times. Nothing turns a man's heart into stony self will like a woman's reprobations. Above all, do not pout. Study his idiosyncrasies. Never combat them openly. Go around as if you would an obstacle in the road. Soon you will govern him completely by seemingly let him rule you.

You Will be Wanted.
Take courage, young man. What if you are an humble and obscure apprentice—a poor and neglected orphan, if you have an intelligent mind, all untutored though it may be, a virtuous aim and an honest heart, depend upon it, one of these days you will be wanted. The time may be long deferred. You may grow to manhood, and may even reach your prime ere this call is made; but virtuous aims, pure desires, and honest hearts are too few not to be wanted. Be chivalric in your combat with circumstances. Be active, however small be your sphere of action. It will surely enlarge with every moment, and your influence will have constant increase.

Wheat Cured.
In the coming campaign I will do what I can to insure the election of our State and National tickets, and I am sure that when our people realize that the election depends whether North Carolina's vote shall be counted by North Carolinians or by Federal officers, perhaps from New England, they will not hesitate to do their duty in keeping North Carolina in the Democratic column.—Hon. S. B. Alexander.
English Spavin Liniment removes all Hard, Soft or calloused Lumps and Blisters from horses; Blood Spavins, Curbs, Splints, Sweeney, Ring-Bones, Stiff Spavins, all Swollen Throats, Coughs, Etc. Saves \$50 by the use of one bottle. Warfare the most wonderful Bleeding Cure ever known. Sold by Dr. W. M. Fowler & Co. Druggists Rockingham.

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The Future.
A paragraph is floating around stating that in the course of about 6,000,000 years from now the forces at work on the earth will have completely leveled its surface, so that there will be no longer hills or valleys, continents, or distinctive oceans. All the land will have been washed down into the sea, which will then cover all with a watery mantle and render impossible any life except that which can exist without dry land. Almost coincidentally with this comes an assurance from a distinguished astronomical writer that the sun may last 5,000,000 years longer but not twice as long as that. His stores of heat are being given out so rapidly that some fifty thousand centuries hence they will be depleted beyond the point sufficient to maintain human life or any of the higher animal organisms. Other authorities tell us that supplies of fuel are being used up so fast that they will have disappeared much sooner than the time named, and still others predict that the human race will be killed off by insufficiency of food as well as of coal. Between these different prognostications or the future the prospect is a rather gloomy one.

Deserving Prizes.
We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits W. M. Fowler & Co., Druggists.

Cleveland Will Meet It.
Philadelphia Times.
Whoever shall be elected President in November, the burden which an extravagant and reckless pension system has laid upon the country, will force itself upon public consideration and action. The president cannot change the law, but he can secure its honest administration and can check the further expansion of this threatening flood, and for those who are concerned either for the honor of our soldiers or for the solvency of the nation, the issue is one to be bravely met.

A Million Friends.
A friend in need is a friend indeed, and not less than one million people have found just such a friend in Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs, and Colds.—If you have never used this Great Cough Medicine, one trial will convince you that it has wonderful curative powers to all diseases of Throat, Chest and Lungs. Each bottle is guaranteed to do all that is claimed or money will be refunded. Trial bottles free at W. M. Fowler & Co., Drug store. Large bottles 50c. and \$1.

The Question to be Met.
New York Sun.
To all Democrats dissatisfied with the nomination of Mr. Cleveland, and now disposed to carry their dissatisfaction with them when they go to the polls in November, we have this to say: What will you gain for yourselves or for the democracy by refusing to vote the democratic ticket? Will you thus reverse the action of the party at Chicago? Will you put into the white house a democrat whom you would rather see there than Mr. Cleveland?

The Reformed Press has the Monopoly on Truth.
Wilkesboro Chronicle.
So terribly prejudiced are a few people against anything that is said except by the so-called "reform press" that a fellow over in Caldwell county when he was told that Col. Polk was dead remarked that "the partisan press were just lying about Polk like common."

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.
The best Salve in the world for bruises, ulcers, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, 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.

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Offers his professional services to the people of Rockingham and the surrounding country. Office over Dr. J. M. Stanall's. A128-32-11

ONE : WORD.
I come to you with a small affair that you may need. In England, the Continent and many other foreign countries, myself and wares are well known. Many American families on their return from abroad bring my articles with them, for they know them pretty well, but you may not be one of these. Confidence between man and man is slow of growth, and when found, its rarity makes it valuable. I ask your confidence and make a reference to this Journal to endorse that confidence. I do not think it will be misplaced. I make the best form of a cure—an absolute one—for biliousness and headache that can be found in this year. The cure is so small in itself, and yet its comfort to you is so great—20 minutes being its limit when relief comes—that it has become the marvel of its time. One and a half grains of medicine, cut with sugar is my remedy, in the shape of one small pill, known to commerce as DR. HAYDOCK'S NEW LIVER BILLS. It is old in the markets of Europe, but is new to North America. The price is as low as an honest medicine can be sold at, 25 cents. Send a postal card for a sample vial, to try them, before you purchase.
DR. HAYDOCK,
63 Fulton St., N. Y.

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MILLINERY and DRESS GOODS.
—AT—
MRS. SUE P. SANDFORD & CO.
All the new shades in Bedford Cord, Serges, Fluffs, Henriettas, &c., in the wool goods with Silk Velvets and Trimmings to match. Evening shades also. Our Muslins in black, white and tan and new shades are the prettiest we have ever had. Novelty Gingham, Chantilly Muslins, Laces, Embroidery, Nainsooks, Peques, Calicoes, Quilts, Spreads, Cheifon Laces, and all the shades, in fact anything you want come to us and save your time and money, which is a big item these days and we have our prices to suit the hard times. Come, look at the goods which will show for themselves. Our Millinery—Ribbons, Flowers, Hats, of every shape and color that is stylish—is coming in every day. We have long been acknowledged the leaders in this line, and still hold claim with more goods at reasonable prices than you can get elsewhere. Come and be the judge, and we will not let you go away until you are satisfied that we are right. Once a customer always a customer with us.
March 10, 1892.

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.