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Job Work
—TO THE ROCKET—
Satisfaction guaranteed in Price and
Quality of Work.

THE ROCKET.

VOL. X. ROCKINGHAM, RICHMOND COUNTY, N. C., DECEMBER 15, 1892. NO. 4

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.

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 repaired in the best possible manner and at lower prices than they have ever been known in this market. Good hand-made
Wagon Brides at \$1.00;
other brides at corresponding low prices. A full stock of Harness and Brides 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 UNDERSOLD

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 cancers, where cure is possible, readily yield to his treatment.

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.

THE FIRST

New Goods

for the early
Autumn - Trade.

We have made a new departure, and have just added to our stock a full and complete line of fine

DRESS - GOODS

of the fashionable fabrics and shades, trimmings to match. Dress Patterns from \$1.00 to \$2.00 per yard. All large and complete line of

TRUNKS

We have a well selected stock of Men's, Youth's and Boys

Clothing.

Negliges Shirts at 25c. A full line of school books at contract prices, and we invite purchasers to an examination of our prices and stock.
Very Respectfully
J. C. Wright & Co.

MAXCY L. JOHN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
LAURINBURG, N. C.
Office up stairs over J. W. Britts.

Executrix' Notice.

Having qualified before the Clerk of the Superior Court, of Richmond County, as Executrix of the estate of John A. Nicholson dec'd, notice is hereby given to all persons holding claims against the estate of said decedent, to present the same duly verified for payment on or before the 1st day of December 1892, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment to me.
Mrs. J. B. Nicholson, Ex-
of J. A. Nicholson dec'd.

SEED OATS.

I have 1000 bushels Rust Proof Oats and 1000 bushels White Winter Oats for sale.
W. F. BROOKSHIRE,
POWELLTON, N. C.
OFFICE BOARD COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, NORTH CAROLINA, Richmond County.

Sealed proposals will be received by the Board of County Commissioners at their next regular meeting on the 1st Monday in January 1893 for the maintenance and support of the County Poor sent to the Home for the Aged and Infirm, by order of this Board.
W. D. McRAE, Clerk
Dec. 6th 1892.

THE LIME KILN CLUB.

Brother Gardner Delivers an Address to its Members on the Subject of Language.

M. Quaid.
"If Brudder Suidig Watkins am in de hall dis evenin', he will please step dis way," said Brother Gardner as the regular business of the meeting had been disposed of.
Brother Watkins had just got settled down, with his back within 11 inches of a red-hot stove, and it was with considerable hesitation that he vacated his place and limped up the aisle and stood before the president's desk.
"Brudder Watkins," said the president, as he looked down upon him in a fatherly way, "war yo' present one evenin' 'bout a yar ago when I had sunthin' to say to de members on de subject of language?"
"I—I dun forgot, sah."
"Yes, it seems so, Brudder Watkins. I was ober to de grocery do'oder evenin' to git fo' dozen clothespins an' a quart of kerenceence. I saw yo' dar, but yo' was too busy to see me. Yo' had met up wid a strange nigger from Virginny, an' yo' was spreadin' yo' self to make him believe yo' was de greatest man in dis town. I had my pencil handy, an' I writ down some of yo' words an' sentences. Kin yo' tell me, Brudder Watkins, what 'colation' means?"
"No, no, sah."
"Un! In dat conversashun yo' used de word 'colation.' What did yo' mean by it, Brudder Watkins?"
"I doan' reckon, sah."
"Dat's too bad! I heard yo' say to him dat de audacity of de distributary doin' de past summer led yo' to concoct a festination dis winter. Ize sorter cu'rus to know what yo' meant. Am we going to hev a hard winter, a mild winter or July weather right frew de cold months?"
"I—was jest talkin' sah," stammered Brother Watkins.
"Jest talkin', eh? Yo' knowed dat digger was a stranger in a strange town an' sorter skeert, an' so yo' wanted to show off! While dat pore man sot dar tremblin' an' shakin' yo' suddenly axed him if he 'ber fuminated a bottle impucunosity in his travels about de kentry. Please explain what yo' war drivin' at, Brudder Watkins."
"I can't tell, sah."
"Can't eh? Dooin' dat conversashun yo' made use of de words 'eventuate,' 'incinerate,' 'logistical,' 'marticulate,' 'nutrication' and 'orthographical.' Kin yo' explain de meanin' of any of 'em?"
"No, sah."
"Un! Brudder Watkins, whar did yo' git all dese big words?"
"Outer de dickshunary, sah."
"Mister Webster's dickshunary?"
"Yes, sah."
"Hag yo' got dat volume in yo' house?"
"I has, sah. I dun bought one for \$6 cash."
"Hu? Yo' dun went and paid \$6 for a dickshunary while yo' was owin' members of dis club ober \$20 borrowed money! Yo' am also behind on yo' dues moas \$4, an' yo' wife am borrowin' tea an' sugar all ober town."
"Ize sorry, sah!" murmured Brother Watkins, who was getting badly frightened by this time.
"What was yo' object in buyin' dat dickshunary of Mister Webster?" sternly demanded the president.
"I dun forgot."
"Hu! I know yo' object, Brudder Watkins! It was to pick out a lot of big words an' s'ave 'em up till a strange nigger struck dis town an' den jump him outer his botes! Look me in de eye, sah! Ize got a few words to say to yo' an' frew yo' to all oder members of dis club! Tomorrow mawnin' yo' take dat dickshunary on yo' shoulder an' go fith an' sell it for any price yo' kin git. Den yo' return home and soak yo' head till all dem big words float out an' drap down de sewer. Den yo' rinse out yo' mouf wid some kyann pepper an' vineg' r an' begin life all ober agin!"
"Yes, sah."
"What our race wants at dis present time," continued Brother Gardner, "an' taters an' bacon stead of grammar; cash to pay house rent stead of big words; clothes an'

He Did't Know French.

Detroit Free Press.
The gentleman from the West pulled himself up to the hotel table, tucked his napkin under his chin, picked up the bill of fare, and began to study it intently. Every thing was in restaurant French, and he did not like it.
"Here waiter," he said sternly, "there's nothin' on this I want."
"Ain't there nothin' else you would like for dinner, sir?" inquired the waiter politely.
"Have you got any sine quanon?"
"The waiter gasped."
"No, sir," he replied.
"Got any bon nuts?"
"No, no, sir."
"Got any semper idem?"
"No, sir, we hain't."
"Got any jeu de sprits?"
"No, sir, not a one."
"Got any tempus fugit?"
"I reckon not, sir."
"Got any soiree dansants?"
"No, sir."
The waiter was edging off.
"Got any sine die?"
"We hain't, sir."
"Got any e pluribus unum?"
The waiter's face showed some signs of intelligence.
"Sens like I heard ob dat, sir," and he rushed out to the kitchen, only to return empty handed.
"We ain't got none, sir," he said, in a tone of disappointment.
"Got any mal' def mer?"
"No, sir."
The waiter was going to pieces.
The gentleman from the West was as serene as a May morning.
"Got any vice versa?" he inquired again.
The waiter could only shake his head.
"No? Well, may be you've got some broom and cabbage and a corn dodger?"
"Deed we has, sir," exclaimed the waiter in a tone of utmost relief and he fairly flew out to the kitchen.

Stonewall Jackson's Horse.

Among the stores captured at Harper's Ferry, writes Mrs. Jackson in her "Life of Stonewall Jackson," not the least valuable was a train on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, bound for Washington, and loaded with horses for the government. This was a awful prize and was at once turned over to the Confederate army, with the exception of two horses which General Jackson purchased. Thinking that hostilities would soon be over, he selected two, a pretty sorrel, as a present for his wife. General Jackson had several other horses, but preferred the little sorrel to them all, finding his gait as he expressed it, "as easy as the rocking of a cradle." He rode this horse in nearly every battle in which he was engaged.
"Fancy," as the sorrel was named, seemed almost indefatigable. One reason perhaps was that he always lay down when the command halted for a rest. His master made a pet of him, and often fed him with apples from his own hand.
After being lost for a time upon the fall of General Jackson at Chancellorsville, the horse was found by a Confederate soldier, and kindly sent to the Jackson family in North Carolina. He lived many years in Lincoln County on the farm of Doctor Morrison, father-in-law of the general.
One of the young Morrisons used to say that Old Fancy, as he was always called on the farm, "had more sense than any horse he ever saw."
He could make as good use of his mouth in lifting latches and letting down bars as a man could with his hands. One of his habits was to let himself out of his stable, and then go deliberately to the doors of all the other horses and mules, liberate each in turn, and then march off to the grain fields with them all behind him—like a soldier leading his command.
But he was such a pet that his misdeeds passed for cleverness. He was often taken to the county fair, where he was an object of as much interest as one of the old heroes of the war.
He was more than thirty years of age when he died, in 1886 at the Soldiers' Home in Richmond. A stuffed effigy of this old war horse may still be seen in a glass case in the library of the Home.

All the Money Crops.

Lumberton Robesonian.
It is one of the strangest things in the world that with all the money crops of the country located in whole or in part in the "Sunny South," our people should only be able to eke out a miserable existence. The cotton crop alone, if rightly managed, ought to render the South independent, but in addition, she has sugar, rice and tobacco, all of which can find ready sale every day in the year, and while she can always find buyers for her corn, the West often finds it her most economic fire wood. Then, take bacon for instance; pork, the hog round, sells here for from six to eight cents, while in the West, it can't possibly sell for more than two or three cents, judging by the price of Western bacon in our market.

Don't Do It.

Warrenton Record.
Because cotton and tobacco both advanced to remunerative prices, and cotton far beyond what we expected when the crop was planted, don't go next year and plant every acre of land you can cultivate in these crops, and neglect the cultivation of food-stuffs. Begin with corn, etc. first and when you have pitched a crop large enough to make plenty, even if the seasons should be unfavorable, then make all the tobacco and cotton you can. Don't you know this is good advice? If so, follow it.

Marvelous Memories.

Chicago Herald.
Of the famous English statesman Fox it was said that if the Bible should get lost he would be able to duplicate it from memory. Racine knew by heart the entire Euripides, Bayle the whole of Montaigne, Hughues Boneau the Corpus Juris word for word, and Metastasio all of Horace and Corneille.

Descendants of Brevard.

Washington Post.
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Rule of Life.
Harper's Bazar.
We have to be governed very largely by the analogies of nature whenever we venture into the realm of the possibilities and the unknown, and there is no analogy in nature of something being given for nothing. The seed has to push through the ground to find the sun; the tree has to draw its sap up from unseen sources to whirl forth its bud; the bud itself has to force its way through obstacles of bark and fiber; the bird has to build its nest with careful endeavor and many journeys ere it feeds the little wing beneath its breast; the gold has to be mined, the precious stone dug from matrix; the diamond has to undergo fierce processes of grinding and scouring before its facets shine like living light.
Struggle is the rule of life. Were it otherwise it would seem as though we might all of us have been put upon the planet in conditions of luxury and ease that would require no effort on our part, and leave us free from all the enjoyment the world affords. But what soft untempered, worthless metal we should be in such case! It is the fire that tempers the steel; it is the hammer that welds it; the grinding, whirling stone that brings it to an edge.
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Our Soldiers Being Paid Off.

The pensioners are now being paid to the North Carolina survivors of the Confederate army who received wounds and are in needy circumstances. The total amount to be paid this year is \$97,000, an increase of \$10,000 over last year.
These of the first class, such as have received a wound which renders them totally incompetent to perform manual labor in the ordinary avocations of life, will receive \$68. Of this class there are 51.
Those of the second class, such as have lost a leg above the knee or an arm above the elbow of which there are 236 on the rolls, will receive \$51 each.
Those of the third class, such as have lost a foot or leg below the knee, or hand or arm below the elbow, or have a leg or arm rendered utterly useless by reason of a wound or permanent injury, of this class there are 366 on the rolls, will receive \$34 each.
Those of the fourth class, such as have lost one eye, and to all widows remaining unmarried, and all other soldiers who are otherwise disabled to perform manual labor by reason of wounds received while in the Confederate service, of which there are 1,289, will receive \$17 each.

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DEAR SIR: I purchased one of the Electrotype on the 5th day of May and began using it on Mrs. Hazell, who is eighty-five (85) years old. She has had the rheumatism and asthma for twenty-five or thirty years.
She was relieved from the first application of the pose, and has greatly improved beyond our most sanguine expectations. I recommend it to the afflicted.
Believing it to be all that you claim for it, I am yours respectfully,
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We have to be governed very largely by the analogies of nature whenever we venture into the realm of the possibilities and the unknown, and there is no analogy in nature of something being given for nothing. The seed has to push through the ground to find the sun; the tree has to draw its sap up from unseen sources to whirl forth its bud; the bud itself has to force its way through obstacles of bark and fiber; the bird has to build its nest with careful endeavor and many journeys ere it feeds the little wing beneath its breast; the gold has to be mined, the precious stone dug from matrix; the diamond has to undergo fierce processes of grinding and scouring before its facets shine like living light.
Struggle is the rule of life. Were it otherwise it would seem as though we might all of us have been put upon the planet in conditions of luxury and ease that would require no effort on our part, and leave us free from all the enjoyment the world affords. But what soft untempered, worthless metal we should be in such case! It is the fire that tempers the steel; it is the hammer that welds it; the grinding, whirling stone that brings it to an edge.
If you are all run down, fagged out, take Simmons Liver Regulator and be spry.

Our Soldiers Being Paid Off.

The pensioners are now being paid to the North Carolina survivors of the Confederate army who received wounds and are in needy circumstances. The total amount to be paid this year is \$97,000, an increase of \$10,000 over last year.
These of the first class, such as have received a wound which renders them totally incompetent to perform manual labor in the ordinary avocations of life, will receive \$68. Of this class there are 51.
Those of the second class, such as have lost a leg above the knee or an arm above the elbow of which there are 236 on the rolls, will receive \$51 each.
Those of the third class, such as have lost a foot or leg below the knee, or hand or arm below the elbow, or have a leg or arm rendered utterly useless by reason of a wound or permanent injury, of this class there are 366 on the rolls, will receive \$34 each.
Those of the fourth class, such as have lost one eye, and to all widows remaining unmarried, and all other soldiers who are otherwise disabled to perform manual labor by reason of wounds received while in the Confederate service, of which there are 1,289, will receive \$17 each.

Prejudice and Ignorance Have Given Way to Simmons Liver Regulator.

The Georgia weekly newspapers are still celebrating the election. One editor writes: We have used six barrels of luk for torchlights in the procession, and we are compelled to print the paper with axle grease this week. It comes out quite a slick, however.

Prejudice and Ignorance Have Given Way to Simmons Liver Regulator.

I have stood the test.
Mrs. Haysed (after talking for a quarter of an hour and getting no answer)—Thar ye set, jest chewin an chewin with yer mouth always so full of terbacker yer can't say a word.
Mr. Haysed—Mariar, I wish you'd learn ter chew terbacker.

Queen Victoria now has fifty-five living descendants.

The Georgia legislature has passed a resolution instructing Georgia Congressmen and Senators to do all in their power to secure the passage of the Hatch anti-option bill.
A bill has been introduced in the South Carolina Legislature providing for submitting the question of prohibition to a vote of the people next August.
The wheat crop of the Northwest is said to be 30,000,000 bushels more than the estimate of the statisticians some time ago.