

The NOKE NEWS.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 7, 1892.

NO. 1

SHIRTS.

WEAR THEM TO ACT AS THERMOX.

year wishes to have an extra shirt-ker, and she has no shirts. It is on her bed, and she is so wretchedly tired that she cannot get up. She is so tired that she cannot get up. She is so tired that she cannot get up.

of a man. The shirt-ker is so good that it will last for a long time. It is so good that it will last for a long time.

will become a man. The shirt-ker is so good that it will last for a long time. It is so good that it will last for a long time.

A RELIGIOUS COURTSHIP.

A young man happened to sit at church next to a woman for whom he conceived a passion. He was so tired that he could not get up. He was so tired that he could not get up.

She returned the book, pointing to the 10th verse of the 2nd chapter of Ruth. "Then she fell on her face, and bowed herself to the ground, and said unto him: Why have I found grace in thine eyes, seeing that I am a stranger?"

Once more he presented the volume, marking the 12th verse of the 3rd Epistle of John: "Having many things to write unto you, I would not write with paper and ink, but I trust to come unto you and to speak face to face, that our joy may be full."

From this pointed Biblical interview a marriage resulted before a great while had elapsed.

An Ohio woman was so frightened by a snake that her glossy black hair turned white as snow. It was soon returned to its original color by Hall's Hair Renewer.

The frog is not the only croaker that considers himself musical.

The lover who is jilted should cover his wounds with court plaster.

"Beauty" may be "only skin deep," but the secret of a beautiful skin is pure blood. Those coarse, rough, pimply countenances, in most cases, are rendered soft and fair by the persevering and judicious use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

CONFEDERATE FLAGS.

VARIOUS AND UNIQUE IN SIZE, COLOR, SHAPE, AND MATERIAL.

Washington Post.

There is a queer but highly interesting scrapbook in possession of the war department. It is an old ledger captured by the federal troops at the fall of Richmond. The book is not exposed for public exhibition, but is carefully preserved with the other records of the late southern confederacy. It contains designs for a confederate flag, which were sent to the southern war department from all parts of Dixie, in response to an offer of that government at the commencement of the war to pay a certain sum in gold for a flag design that would prove acceptable. The specimens in the scrapbook are of various sizes, and kinds, some on paper, others on cotton, and some on silk.

Some of the designs are as unique as they are absurd. A North Carolina lady suggested a perfectly white flag of a triangular shape, similar to that of the Chinese government. She added that white was the emblem of the purity of the southern cause. A man in the far south suggested a blood red flag emblazoned with a huge white serpent above the legend, "Don't tread on me." There were numerous palmetto flags proposed, and a man in South Carolina sent in a white flag with black horizontal bars, meaning that the war was to be fought by the whites to protect their property, the blacks.

One of the most absurd specimens was suggested by a woman. It was a bright yellow ground containing the portrait of Jefferson Davis. Its significance was, she said, "Our president basking in the sunlight of universal prosperity." One rampant secessionist proposed an inky black flag with the words "No quarter" on it in white letters.

These are only a few of the many queer and picturesque designs. The old scrap-book is full of them.

KENTUCKY GIRLS.

OUT-DOOR LIFE GIVES THEM THEIR CHARACTERISTIC BEAUTY.

"If there be an aristocracy in America," said J. E. Parish, of Versailles, Ky., to a St. Louis Globe-Democrat reporter, "it is in the blue-grass region of Kentucky. A person who has never made an extended visit to that section has no conception of the delights of country life in America. In the West and North the people are gradually flocking to the town and cities because of the hardships of rural life. But this is not true of the blue-grass region. There are no big cities there. All our people want is a peaceful and a store in which to make their purchases. They live on their ancestral estates like English dukes and princes. The country is so traversed by turnpikes, which are superior to your city paved streets, that the problem of transportation of their farm products to market is reduced to the minimum, and neighborhoods are brought into close and intimate touch.

"As to our women—well, you know they are famed as the most beautiful in this country. The prettiest are to be found in the rural districts, and their accomplishments and graces are superior to those of your city belles. Fine horsewomen they all are, and they make the best wives in America. Their outdoor life imparts to them a glow and freshness that make them the most attractive women in the world, and their education fits them to shed lustre on any society of this country or Europe. But withal they are stubbornly practical. They will discuss with you the pedigree and merits of a bull or stallion with the most charming naïveté imaginable, and they can manage a fiery thoroughbred, in the harness or under the saddle, better than your city dude who has taken a long course in an equestrian school. In a word, there are no women like them on the globe, and the fact that the rich men of this country seek them for wives proves it."

THE RALEIGH.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE U. S. CRUISER LAUNCHED AT PORSMOUTH ON THE 1ST.

The "Raleigh" has a length of 300 feet on the load water line, and an extreme breadth of 42 feet. At her mean normal draught of 18 feet of sea water her displacement is about 3,180 tons, the maximum draught then being about nineteen feet. She will have two sets of engines working twin screws. It is estimated that her engines will develop 10,000 indicated horse power at full power, with a steam pressure of 160 pounds. This will drive the ship at twenty knots. Her coal supply at normal draught will be 400 tons, the bunkers will hold 655 tons, and with this supply she can steam 1,500 miles, at full power, or 10,500 of ten knots—her most economical speed.

The main and auxiliary engines occupy four water-tight compartments, and the boilers four others. The water-tight subdivision at the ends of the ship is very complete. The rig is that of a two-masted schooner, spreading 7,210 square feet of sail. The boats are stowed on skid beams between the two fore and aft bridges.

The main armament consists of one six inch B. L. R., mounted on the forecastle. The auxiliary armament consists of eight six pounder rapid fire guns mounted, four one pounders mounted, two Gatlings mounted, in the tops. The conning tower will be two inches thick, as will the tube leading from it to the protective deck. There are six above water torpedo tubes; fixed ones ahead and astern, and training ones on each bow and quarter. The tubes are of the Howell pattern using gun powder to project the torpedo.

The ship will be lighted by electricity, the plant consisting of two engines and dynamos, each with an output of 200 amperes at a constant potential of 80 volts. In addition to all necessary lights for illumination and signaling there will be three Mangin search-light projectors. The lights will be arranged in sections on independent conductors, all controlled from a switch-board in the dynamo room, so arranged that either of the dynamos can be put on any or all of the arc or incandescent circuits.

The engine power of the Raleigh is relatively larger than that of any other vessel of the U. S. Navy, except the Vesuvius and the torpedo boats—occurring as it does in conjunction with a larger battery power necessitates a larger crew. The complement will be about 320—24 officers, 34 marines and a crew of 266.

The rudder is partially lanced. Its weight is about 75 tons. The ordinary right and left steering gear is used actuated by a powerful steam steering engine below the protective deck.

It is estimated that her cost completed, including armament and equipment, will be \$1,542,915.74.

The actual weight of the ship when launched was 1,140 tons.

The Raleigh is the first vessel of the navy to be built complete by the government, as the machinery and boilers are under construction and now nearly completed at the navy yard at New York. In a few days they will be shipped to Norfolk to be placed on board.

"Gentle Spring" loses many of its terrors when the system is fortified by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. With multitudes, this wonderful tonic alternative has long superseded all other spring medicines being everywhere recommended by physicians.

BANANAS FOR BRONCHITIS.—An eminent medical authority prescribes syrup of bananas as one of the best remedies for chronic bronchitis. The dose is a drachm eight or ten times a day. The syrup is prepared as follows: Cut the fruit in slices and place them in a jar, sprinkle with sugar and cover the jar, which is then enveloped in straw and placed in cold water, and the latter is heated to the boiling point. The jar is then removed, allowed to cool, and the juice is poured into little bottles.

"TELL HER SO."

WHENCE HAS FLED "LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM?"—WHAT OF THE AFTERMATH?

There is an old poem—I am sorry I have no copy of it—which insists in most decided language, "If you love her tell her so." The author of that poem had mastered the entire domestic problem, and a good part of the social problem, too. The daily life of many a man and woman is made wretchedly barren and unattractive by a total lack of appreciation. It is not that we really do not appreciate those who help make our homes, but we are very busy, and we have to think about our work, and there is the first of the month to meet, and in short, our loved ones ought to know that we love them without perpetually being told so.

No wonder there is such a lovely rose color over the days of courtship, and no wonder it fades into very plain and commonplace gray so soon after marriage. The lover is continually telling his sweetheart how dear she is to him, how he is happy only when in her presence, and is wretched when she is gone. She has her little fluttering whisper, too. She loves him so, and she is so happy. Just to think of spending long, long years by his side, being always near him, until they shall grow old together, and perhaps they will be allowed (oh, bliss supreme) to go down to the dark river together, and cross over to the other side, hand in hand!

It is the sober afterthought that takes all the romance out of the case. A husband coming home at night, grim and taciturn, with no eyes for anything but his paper, and no thoughts for anything but his business affairs—why, that's different, you see; just as the irritable little woman in the soiled wrapper is different from the radiant girl who used to come down and meet him in the most charming dresses that ever captured the heart of a man. The fact is, you couldn't expect her to remain radiant long. She has worn herself out planning little household economies, and you read your paper while she tried to tell you about them. She has racked her brain devising dainty dishes and setting an alluring table, and you did not care enough to notice what she had done. She has worn out health and spirits in the care of your children, and you have done your part by sending the children to another room when you come home because they make you nervous—Courtship, indeed! No wonder the little woman looks back over the sweet, trivial nothings of that happy time, and wonders whether there is such a thing as love, after all, and what it is like.

"My wife ought to know that I love her without being always told of it," retorts the "man, proud man, dressed in a little brief authority." How would she know it, pray? You have been known to caress your horse frequently, and your dog never comes about you without receiving a loving word or an affectionate pat on the head. Yet the heart of a loving woman, and that woman your wife, is wounded and sore under your long indifference. "If you love her tell her so."

There is a time to tell those things, you understand, and a time when it is too late to tell them. The saddest thing about bending over a tired face, about to be shut away under a coffin lid, is that the ears are closed, and would not hear our agonized protestations of love, though we shouted till our throats are rent. How willing we are to kiss the pallid lips, the marble forehead, but they thrill no more beneath our touch! What a pity we did not think to kiss them oftener when the warm blood throbbled beneath them! There will always be plenty of time for love, we thought, and then we were so busy! But, ah, there was not plenty of time!

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY. A marvellous cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker mouth, and Headache. With each bottle there is an ingenious nasal Injector for the more successful treatment of these complaints without extra charge. Price 50c. Sold by W. M. Cohen.

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