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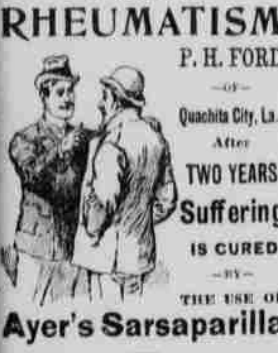
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WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1895.

NO. 16.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

COULD HARDLY WALK ON ACCOUNT OF RHEUMATISM.



P. H. FORD
Quaichita City, La.
After **TWO YEARS** Suffering IS CURED BY THE USE OF **Ayer's Sarsaparilla**

At the World's Fair

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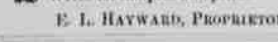
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The only first class hotel in the city. Commercial rates, \$2. to \$5.00 per day.



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KINSTON, N. C.
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8 1/2 ly.

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Has just received a fresh lot of CANDY, plain and fancy. Also raisins, mixed nuts, chestnuts, coconuts, apples, bananas, Florida oranges, plain and fancy cakes. Large assortment of

HOLIDAY GOODS.

Shoe fly boxes, wagons, carts, dolls, clocks, chamber sets, books by best authors, fine box paper, cigars, snuff, tobacco and many fancy notions too numerous to mention. nov 1 ly.

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Office over Harrison's Drug Store, Dec 30 ly.

Twins.

MATTERS WENT FROM BAD TO WORSE, AND CAME NEAR ENDING SERIOUSLY.

New York Recorder.
Mr. and Mrs. Henshaw were at breakfast, he engrossed with a newspaper, she reading some letters. They had been married nearly a year and no cloud of unhappiness had as yet strayed across their path. She was a dainty little thing, a modernized Watteau shepherdess, clever and bright, but inordinately jealous. He was a big, jolly fellow, who loved his wife devotedly and who would rather have cut his mustache off than to have caused her sorrow. But had been silent for nearly five minutes when he looked up from his paper.

"Just listen a minute, dear," he said, "here's something funny. A man married a childless widow and a week later discovered that she had seven children, while she found that he was possessed of four. And now they're suing each other for divorce."

"That's a darned right more than I did," thought the devoted Mr. Henshaw, but he didn't say a word. The couple had just resumed reading, when the bell rang, and in the course of time a messenger entered with a telegram addressed to Mr. Henshaw. While he signed for it, Mrs. Henshaw opened the envelope and said: "May I read it, dear?" "Certainly," replied her husband, "it's some business I guess."

"Well, I'll be d-d!" exclaimed that worthy, as he read: "Boston, September 28.—To Guy Henshaw: Twins. (Signed) "JANE MESSES." "You villain! You villain!" thundered Mrs. Henshaw. "Who's Jane Messes? Who's the twins? You (sob) broke my (sob). I'm going (sob) back to (sob) ma (sob) this very (sob) minute."

Hand Writing in the Heavens.

LINES WHICH SPELL THE NAME OF GOD DISCOVERED ON MARS.

An astronomer at Washington, D. C. has communicated to the New York Herald an interesting discovery. It is the fact that on the surface of the planet Mars, spelled in Hebrew characters, is the name of God. For several years past, the attention of astronomers has been concentrated on Mars. All that could be learned about the planet from the telescope and the spectroscopic, indicated a closer resemblance to our world than was borne by any other planet. There was consequently a probability that if any planet is inhabited by beings like ourselves, it is Mars. The suggestion was made that the question of there being inhabitants on the planet, should be tested by a signal. It was thought that if some geometrical figure were traced on the earth's surface, by lights on a dark background, it might be visible to people on Mars, if there were any there, and that if they were as intelligent as ourselves, they would understand that it was a signal, and respond by giving a similar signal.

Still closer attention has been given the lines since that theory was broached, and now comes the discovery that was made by the Washington astronomer. In studying the map of Mars, which was made by Lowell's Boston lecture, he noticed a peculiar conformation of the dark lines. It was that the lines in one place were the exact shape of the Hebrew letter "Daleth" and "Yodh". Before the Daleth there was another dark mark on the map. It was a mere fragment on the edge of the hemisphere. The astronomer was curious to see if that too was like a Hebrew letter. He made Mercator's projection of the planet, from which he could see the remainder of the fragment. It was the Hebrew letter "Sheen". The three letters from the Hebrew name of God. There is no question about the resemblance. The map shows it distinctly.

Whether it is an accidental or natural conformation, or has been cut by design, as a signal, there is no means of ascertaining at present. The latter possibility will however, give new zeal to the study of the planet, which, even if it leads to the theory of design being abandoned, will assuredly bring to light proofs of the power and wisdom of God. In whatever direction exploration is made, there, as the Hebrew prophet said long ago, The man of wisdom will see thy name.

Science has diminished our hope, knowledge destroyed our illusions and experience has deprived us of interest. Here, then, is the authorized dictionary of discontent:

How Many Wives Are There?

THE MANY VIRTUES SHE SHOULD HAVE TO BEST PLEASE HER HUSBAND.

The good wife is always good. Nothing puts her out. She may have neuralgia, a tipy cook and twins who always cry at the same time, but she never looks cross or speaks hastily, and she always sees that dinner is ready at that proper moment. The children may have mumps, chicken pox and measles, and the plumbers have stopped the Croton water because they are fixing the main pipe, the baker, butcher and milkman may present their little bills with exasperating frequency and with reproachful remarks appended, and the ice man may have "struck," but when husband comes she always smiles beautifully and has something nice and cool all ready in the refrigerator.

She never mentions disagreeable bills to the partner of her soul and never asks for money, but she is always nicely dressed in cool, fluted muslin, or good, rich cashmere, or something like that. No dowdy calico wrappers on her. She makes everything herself—out of nothing—elegantly.

She is charming. All the men envy him, but she never flirts. She is always so glad to have his ma live with them, and to take her advice in everything. But, most of all, when he comes home at 4 o'clock in the morning, walking very feebly and with exceedingly weak knees, she never casts a doubt upon his statement that "they've been taking stock down at our place," whatever may be the season of the year, and she always pities him for having to work so hard.—Philadelphia Times.

RESENTED THE INSULT.
"I couldn't help it, papa!" She looked up into his face with her frank blue eyes, and it was impossible to doubt her.

The Siamese Twins.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THESE WONDERFUL PEOPLE.

B. F. Ansell in News and Observer.
A few miles from Mount Airy, North Carolina, were the homes of the famous Siamese Twins, Eng and Chang, who were born in Siam of Chinese parents in 1811. These twins travelled all over the world in charge of their manager and protector, Mr. Banker, whose name they finally assumed. They came at last into Surry county eight years, they declared that it was the greatest county they had ever seen, and having already made a decent fortune they decided to buy property and settle permanently in Surry. They met and fell in love with Miss Adelaide Yates, of Wilkes county. Miss Yates was in an awkward predicament, beloved by both, but neither could tell of his affections without the other hearing it. Finally the matter was settled by Miss Sallie Yates, a sister of Miss Adelaide, consenting to become the bride of one and Miss Adelaide the other. The parents of the Misses Yates strenuously objected to the double marriage, but the young ladies were not to be deterred, so they eloped, met their lovers on the bank of a little stream on the road side near their home, and a preacher being present, they were quietly married. The two couples settled within two miles of Mount Airy, and for several years lived together. They finally separated and built two comfortable homes, one belonging to Eng, the other to Chang. They lived alternate weeks at each other's homes, and each raised a large family of children, several of whom still live and are among the most prosperous and highly respected people in Surry county.

They were probably the most wonderful of all human phenomena, they lived to an advanced age, and were clever, law abiding men. It is said that they would sometimes have little quarrels, and one would threaten to kick the other over the fence. In 1874, Eng, who had been in failing health, died very suddenly. Indeed on awaking one morning, his brother, Chang, found that Eng had died during the night. Physicians were summoned, but before they arrived, Chang had died, and they were buried as they had lived, side by side.

A TERRIBLE KICKER.
"Please, sir," said the lady to a Texan hotel clerk, "No. 40 says there ain't no towel in his room."

HER SPEECH.
Americans, we are often told, have a natural turn for speech making. A birthday gift by the father and the three daughters of the family to the mother was thus naively announced to that lady by the youngest—a girl of ten:

WHAT ARE YOU AFTER?

How doth the little busy bee Improve the moments critical. And make a buzzing loud and free In bonnets called political!

HE WAS HIDING OUT.
"This map of our new railroad is imperfect," said the judge.
"Imperfect, your honor?"
"Yes, sir! There's your station, there's your tank and there's your coal chute. Now, where in thunder is your receiver?"

The times of industry are here And gentle peace the world enthralled. The only strikes that now appear Are those the laughing umpire calls.
Says the editor of The Buena Vista Patriot:
"The editor has a new bicycle and a new baby. He rides the former in the day and the latter rides him at night."

If a bicycle's known as a "bike," A tricycle must be a "trike," And when winter comes round It will doubtless be found That an ice goes as an "ike."
"You and Miss Highly appear to swim together pretty well. How do you manage it?"
"Oh, we squeeze along somehow."
Thus sings the practical poet of the Spring Place Jimplets:
"The man stood 'mid the business wreck Whence almost all had fled, The sheriff took the little check His sale produced and said:
"Old fellow, next time just be wise— Don't take my words amiss— If he rehans always advertise They'll never come to this!"

CARELESS IN HIS SYNTAX.
A clergyman of the Baptist persuasion, holding forth in a Texas town, recently commended his sermon thusly: "My dear friends, I want to talk to you about the infinite power of the Almighty. He created a mighty ocean—and he created a people. He created the solar system—and He created the world—and He created a grain of sand. My friends, He created me! and He created—daisy!"

MUTUAL ADMIRATION.
He—"I am very unfortunate, it seems I can please nobody."
She—"Come, cheer up, I have no one to admire me, either."
He—"Tell you what—let's found a society for mutual admiration. I, for instance, admire your beautiful eyes. And what do you admire in me?"
She—"Your good taste!"

ADVERTISEMENTS.

JAPANESE PILE CURE

CONSTITUTION CURED. Piles Provented. The GREAT LIVER AND BOWEL REGULATOR AND BLOOD PURIFIER. Equal in cost and amount to any other medicine for children's use. 15 cents.

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means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected. Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.

Brown's Iron Bitters

It Cures Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver Neuralgia, Troubles, Constipation, Bad Blood, Malaria, Nervous ailments, Women's complaints.

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ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

NEW HOME

Write for Circulars.

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Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Furniture, Carpets, Stoves, and Mattresses, etc.

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SEEDS FOR FARM & GARDEN TESTED ON OUR FARM. Plants, Fruit Trees, Fertilizers, Oil Cakes Meal, etc. Seed for seedsmen.

Gold, or Silver, or Paper

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