

THE ROANOKE NEWS

SATURDAY NOVEMBER 30, 1878.

IT MATTERS NOT.

It matters not how dark the sky,
Yet I am happy knowing I
Will yet see the sunlight by-and-by.

It matters not how drear the day,
Within my heart a voice dots say,
"Thank God;" will not be as always.

It matters not how deep the snow,
I comfort take, for well I know
Ere long the flowers will bud and blow.

And so some time, when over me
Swept high the waves of sorrow's sea,
I say, "There are better days to be."

I've seen dear faces slip away
From out the blessed light of day;
"Not lost, but gone before," I say.

Love never here can lose its own,
For days of peace my life has known;
My lips are still too glad to moan.

I know not when the end will be;
Too plain the love of God I see
To doubt his tender care for me.

THE DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION.

BY W. E. SHARP.

Lillian Haines was very low with brain fever—the result of overworking her mental faculties in order to become a brilliant star in the literary circle. Her condition had well of the skill of the country doctor, and Mr. Haines, her vigilant mother, almost despairing had summoned her to band to the bedside for the purpose of asking his advice concerning what must be done next.

"I'll tell you what I'm going to do said Mrs. Haines, who seemed animated by a new hope. I will send to town for a physician."

"Do immediately!"

Mr. Haines went to dispatch a servant for a physician at Polkville and, on returning said:

"My opinion of old Dr. Boyle is that he does not know as much as he pretends. What is your opinion, Mr. Haines?"

"Pretty much the same as yours," answered his wife, whom he called Mrs.

The doctor came. He was a young man—far too young for such a case; but as he said, he was an experienced physician—his father before him having the same profession. Dr. Mayne was by no means a handsome man on the contrary, he was simply ugly, but then, he had a good heart and "handsome is as handsome does," was his maxim.

"How is she, doctor?" inquired the anxious parents, after she was examined.

"She is not hopeless, although she is very low," returned the physician.

Mayne wrote a prescription, gave orders to the attendants, and left for Polkville.

"She is a perfect fairy!—mother is an angel!" said Dr. Mayne to himself as he rode towards the town. "With heaven's aid I shall restore her health, and—nowah like cannot be as consoling as I think. If I am Apollo's face, I might stand some chance. Some handsome brains top will easily tell that, so I might as well content myself to be without them, he continued, putting spurs to his horse to gallop the thoughts of Lillian Haines away.

But the thoughts of her were not easily banished; and, for the first time in his life, Mayne found his heart, which had previously been so strongly fortified, pierced by Cupid's golden shafts; and the feeling of misanthropy that flamed within melted into a stream of love.

Days came and went, but each found Dr. Mayne at the bedside of Lillian Haines, as vigilant, eye, more so, than any loving mother. By and by, he pronounced her convalescent, and left her to the care of old Dr. Boyle, no one but himself knowing why he did so. He loyal her, but feared a reprimand.

"Have a seat, Boyle, Joe, stir up the fire and go water my horse."

"Well, doctor, are you going to the ball this evening? I have cards of invitation for us both," said Boyle, handing a card to Mayne. "Come, now, old fellow, and don't say 'no'."

"At Judge Diamond's? I'm too poor to go there. But, yes, I'll go to please your Boyle."

"By the way, doctor, I wonder you never married."

"Pshaw, I'm too ugly for that; but, to tell the truth, I loved once."

He then proceeded to tell the story of Lillian Haines' sickness.

"Faint heart never won fair lady," pluck up courage, old fellow, and propose to the next hand-some woman you can find, and two to one, you will succeed. You cannot fail." With this he left Dr. Mayne alone again.

True to his word, Boyle came early, and the twin went to Judge Diamond's elegant mansion. During the full part of the evening Dr. Mayne enjoyed himself highly, as young ladies say; but not being accustomed to ladies' society much, he soon grew tired of them, and had an intimate friend, a young lawyer, sat down for a news chat.

"What lady is that in white, Lake?" said Mayne, after he had grown tired of news—with black eyes and dark hair?

"The same—she's lovely!"

"The prettiest woman I ever saw. She is visiting Mrs. Diamond, and not, that is her name, I suppose. Her real name is Miss Haines, I think?"

"Miss Haines! Did you say Miss Haines, Lake?"

"I did, my dear doctor; and loud enough for the lady to hear, had she been listening."

"I beg your pardon, Lake. I used to know Miss Lillian Haines, and probably this may be she. Will you introduce me to her?"

"You said you knew her; then you need no introduction."

"But she may not recognize me; it has been six years since I saw her last."

"Gladly would I do so, doctor, were I personally acquainted with the lady; but I am not."

So many admirers were crowded around her, that Mayne had no opportunity to speak with Lillian.

"I will see her to-morrow," he mentally resolved, as he left Judge Diamond's. "I am truly glad I came with Boyle."

The next morning early, Dr. Mayne rang Judge Diamond's door bell; and when the servant appeared, he handed him a card for Miss Haines, on which was written:

"An old friend wishes to see Miss Lillian Haines, if she agrees to her."

"Walk into the parlor, ash, while I takes care to do leddy," said the servant, showing the way. Miss Haines soon came

down looking lovelier than she did the previous evening.

"Good morning, Dr. Mayne," said she, extending her hand. He arose and took the proffered hand, and she went on, "This is a pleasant surprise. I assure you, I could not imagine who [an old friend] could be."

"I did not think you would know me, Miss Lillian, after six years."

"How could I forget one who saved my life! By the way you must prescribe for me again. I have a very bad cold."

"Must I? Well." He wrote on a scrap of paper the following word, "You may take Dr. Albert Marine."

"It is a bitter pill," she said smiling "but I suppose I must take it."

Whether it was a bitter pill or not, she never regretted her marriage with him, but good natured Dr. Albert Marine.

All for show.

The world is crazy for show. There is not one perhaps in a thousand who dares fall back on the real simple self for power to get through the world and extract enjoyment as he goes along. There is no end to the spring, the mimicry, the false airs and the superficial airs. It requires rare courage we admit, to live up to one's enlightened convictions in these days. Unless you consent to join in the general cheat, there is no room for you among the great mob of pretenders. If a man desires to live with his means, and is resolute in his purpose not to appear more than he really is, let him be applauded. There is something fresh and interesting in such an example, and we should honor and uphold such a play with all the energy in our power.

DRINKING.

A drunkard is called a bluet, a rot, a gretel, a runaway, a wreck. A moderate drinker is called a social, gentle gentleman—a man who will let his appetite get the better of his judgment. The moderate drinker keeps smooth upon the desk, and you take his compliment, in telling him how healthy he is."

What right has an apprentice to make fun of his respected master? What right has the bluet most of two months traveling the same road to make light of or abhor the man ahead? The moderate drinker says he takes but a glass to refresh his happy feelings; the drunkard says he takes but two to quench the same thing; having passed the point where one would die. How long will it take to learn that there is but one law controlling the use of alcohol spirits, and that law is increase!

A START IN LIFE.

I would rather that my boy possessed good common sense to start him in life than plenty of money. If he has not this common sense, no amount of training will greatly alter his condition in this respect. When I hear a father call his child a bluet, a slobster, a simpleton, a stupid donkey, or a fool, (as some parents will when they forget themselves,) it occurs to me that remarks rather reflect on the head of the family. The child, however, usually knows very well that his father is only exalted and does not mean what he says. The next desirable requisite in my child's outfit would be a natural cheerful disposition, for I do not cultivate cheerfulness in a charming part of anyone's character, yet the natural is the sum, since I am very doubtful about one being able to teach him how to acquire it. I should try to be cheerful myself, and thus induce him never to look on the gloomy side of life.

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