# THE ROANOKE NE WS． 

OHN W．SLETDGE，PROPAIROR
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A．J．W BETTER IN THE MORNING
＂Y
$Y$ Yomemwitime
 A climbin＇to the table
Into her little high chair
＂The first night that she took it，
When her little cheeks grew red， When she kissed good night to papa， Sez she，It headache，papa，
Be better in mornin -by ； An＇somethin＇in how she said it
Just made me want to cry．

But the mornin＇brought the fever
And her little hands were And her little hands were hot，
Ant the pretty red of her little chee
are Grew into a crimson spot．
Buts the laid there jest ez patient Ez ever a woman could，
Takin＇whatever we giver her
Better＇n a woman would． ＂The days are terrible long an＇slow
An＇she＇s growin＇wnis in each；
An＇now she＇s jest a slippin＇ An＇now she＇s jest a siippin
Clear away out ov our reach．
Every night when I kiss her， Tryin＇hard not to cry
She says in a voice that kills me－
＇Be better in the mornin＇－bye：＇， She can＇t get through the night，parson，
So I want ye to come an＇pray，
And talk with mother a little And talk with mother a little－
You＇ll know jest what tu say． Not that the baby needs it，
Nor that we make any compla That Goot we make to thiny complaint He＇s needin＇
The smile of a little saint．＂ I walked along with the corporal，
To the door of his humble home，
To which the silent messenger
 I would not have been honored more，
Than I was with his hearteftt welcome
To his lowly cottage door． Night falls again in the cottage；
They move in silence and read
Around the room where the baby Around ane room whe her bed．
Lies panting
Does baioy know papa，darling？＂ And she moves her little face，
With answer that sho knows him； All her wonderful infantile beauty
Remained as it was before The unseen，silent messenger
Had waited at the door． Papa－kiss－baby－ $\mathrm{l}^{\prime}$＇s－so－tired．＂
The man bows low his face， And two swoollen hands sare lifted
In baby＇s last embrace． And into her father＇s grizzled beard
The little red fingers cling！
While her husky whispered tendernes Tears from a rock would wring．
Baby－is－so－sick－papa Baby－i8－so－sick－papa－
But－don＇t－you－to But－don＇t－you－to cry＂＇
The little hands fall on the coverlet，
＂Be－better－in－mornin＇－bye ${ }^{\text {I }}$
 Does God deed their darling in Heaven
That He mant carry her hence？
I prayed with tears in my yoice I prayed with tears in my voice，
As the corporal nolemnly knelt，
With such grief as never bofore With such grief as never before
His great warm heart had felt． Oht frivolous men and women ！
Do you know that tround you，and nigh－
Alike from the humble and haughty Alike from the humble and haughty
Gooth up evermorethe cry； My child，my precious，my darling，
How can I let you die＂，＂ Oht hear ye the white lips whisper－
，Be－better－in - mornin＇



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