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## MUSIC.

A "finished world", becalmed it lay  
Through all the night, at break of day  
A song burst forth, the stars bent down  
To place upon earth's brow, her crown.  
LIBBIE C. BAER.

### *Here and There.*

The things we have not done—they are the ghosts that walk with us. They are the only ghosts, for why should things that have been real, come back to wander in shadows. They have been; they will always be. It is the things that have never been that haunt us.

She was dead. The room looked large with the bed taken away, and the women sat in a dumb circle looking at the white floor, the bit of carpet, the tiny stove set on four stones. They talked in whispers and stopped suddenly when a wagon rattled to the door; a wagon that was bringing from other houses as tiny, chairs by twos and threes, chairs without backs, mended, unpainted, that were carried in one by one until the little room and kitchen were filled. A space was left beside the small round table. No one looked at it, nor at the door that opened into the bed room, until a heavy, long black wagon clattered to the steps and backed against them, shaking the door.

Some of the men, who were standing around the bedding, heaped with the bed on the ground, came around to the front door, stumbling as they came over the foul hay that banked the house high up the faded red siding. They carried into the room the long rough box, smeared over with brown paint in uneven strokes. Some tin casing at the corners scraped against the door and the little stove, as

they moved into the bed room.

Presently the little sister-in-law who had taken care of the dead woman, came out of the bed room and took a piece of comb quickly from under the cracked mirror.

Then in a moment the coffin was lifted back into the room more slowly, heavily, and set on two chairs beside the table. It filled the room so close that we must needs look down on the face and white flowers—our flowers—on the lid. It was all there was left now to do. We had thought it all.

The gowned minister entered and read the service slowly. The little sister-in-law cried softly and the young husband sat with his face in his hands.

It was then that we began to remember. Who would there be to sing? No one. Why had we not thought?

She had loved music. She herself had had a sweet voice—she was not yet twenty. "But I sing hoarse now," she told us once. If we had only remembered.

But we had not. The minister read on. The neighbor women sat with grave sad faces, turned on that face which seemed older than they all, with their wind-reddened cheeks and wet dropped eye-lids. Beside the coffin a woman sat with a child in her arms. It slept, and its heavy breathing filled the room and sounded loud in the solemn pauses.

So it ended, and in hard grating silence they closed the lid over the course edges where carpet tacks held the lining fast. It was done and the man sitting in his ragged coat at the coffin head moved not. Only the sister-in-law sobbed un-