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TRANSLATION.

Uthand.

Afar on the heath came walking
To the hazy chapel spire,
The grisly warrior, stalking,
And trod in the dusky choir.

The gray tombs of his fathers
Darkened the hall's dim verge:
From the mists of the under waters
Pealed the strange spirit dinge.

"Hail, voice of the ocean calling!
Hail, hero spirits that were!
I fill your line with my falling,
Soul ye my sepulchre!"

There stood in the mystic number
One silent tomb, unfilled,
And he bowed to his battle chamber
With the pillow his battle shield.

Then over his sword his fingers
He clasped, and slumbered well,
Forever the spirit singers
Might cease their ocean knell.

KATHERINE M. MELICK.

Her College Life.

She had graduated in June and had been elected to a good position for the ensuing year. Her summer at home was very tranquil. It was one warm hazy August day, when she was lying in a hammock under the smoke-trees, that she put her college life behind her in a deliberate retrospection.

She had gone to the University alone and established herself at college. That was rather brave for the youngster she was then. The excitement of the preparation and leave-taking were still fresh in her mind. That heart-rending separation when she had felt like a mountain of selfishness; for she knew that her education was at the sacrifice of many little comforts for those left at home. She had a very tender heart and con-

science in those days, she reflected; and she avoided invidious comparisons.

It was in one of those grateful pauses that intersperse the red tape and tiresomeness of registration, that she had received her first impression of the complex life around her, an impression which had remained with her all the way through. Humanity in all its phases! Boys of every variety. There were boys from the country districts in ill-fitting "hand-me-downs," and shoes with semi-circular toes and soles an inch thick as inflexible as iron. There were boys from the cities, with pasted hair and well-fitting "hand-me-downs," if it took a month to find them, with shoes with exaggerated points and soles an inch thick but as flexible as rubber. Had she thought these shoes absurd then? Impossible. There were savage-looking athletes. There were languid Byronic looking boys hanging around the girls.

And the girls—their peculiarities bristled out all over them. There were girls in all shapes and sizes and attitudes, plain girls, homely girls, pretty girls, a few; solemn girls and gay girls, loud girls and soft girls, pious girls and giddy girls, quiet girls and dashing girls. It made her head swim to look at them. She had wondered which class she belonged to. She was neither dashing nor giddy, nor solemn, nor pious, nor pretty, nor homely. She had felt hopelessly common.

Perhaps she had been a little common at that time, she reflected, and she laughed outright as she recalled the somewhat redundant Freshman of four years