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FROM THE GERMAN OF IMMENSEE.

Here on the woody hillside,
The breezes die away;
Beneath the bending branches,
The child rests from her play.

Amidst the thymy perfume,
She sits in fragrance rare;
The May flies hum about her
And glisten in the air.

The forest lies so silent,
She looks so wise of mien;
The flickering sunshine glances
On her brown hair's golden sheen.

The cuckoo calls from the distance;
I fancy can be seen,
In her beautiful eyes so sunny,
The eyes of the forest queen.

LOU HUTCHISON.

The Day I Met My Bunkey.

The mountain forests hung dark over the dirty little mining town that lay to our north-west; and as we ran swiftly on the down grade towards it from the bad lands to the east of the valley, I thought there could be no greater contrast than that between the miserable grouping of unpainted buildings hiding under the western walls of the canon, and the winter majesty of the mountains. The train slowed down, and the engine stopped with a grunt as our car reached the brick-colored shed which did service as a freight and passenger depot.

A stocky young fellow of about twenty-five, wearing a shapeless blue woolen cap, a shiny black leather coat somewhat scratched, canvass pantaloons, and german socks with arties, squared up to me and said: "I reckon you're the new axe man that's ter join Wellington's locating party." I acknowledged that I was, and my new friend crushed my hand in the grip of his square-cornered, hard fingers.

"My name's Tim Valentine," he said. "Have bin skinning mules for the party, but am going to be back-chainman now that you've come. A feller by name of Pete Dugan—Irish, I guess—is coming up from Kil's camp to-night to take my place as teamster, and Mr. Wellington is going to put me on the back-chain in the morning."

"I ain't had no dinner yet," he continued, "and I reckon you ain't either; fine place over t'the Keystone restaurant. Charge you fifty cents for a square meal; but if you ask for a lunch you git the same truck, all but the pie, and they only charge two bits."

We 'lunched' at the Keystone on some very good beefsteak and potatoes and some fairly fresh coffee. Before I was through, Tim had excused himself, and as I stepped out he was sitting in a heavy-spoked buck-board, loaded with groceries and my war-sack and blankets.

As I came toward him, he turned the sleepy looking red mules and cramped the front wheels for me to climb in. "I reckon we had better git a move on," he said. "I think it'll snow before we git to camp."

The mules started slowly and we rode four miles before we came to any heavy climbing. Tim was not talkative, though he swore at the mules whenever one of them shied at a black spot in the road.

Just after we had climbed our first hill, Tim stopped by the side of the road on the edge of the canon, at the bottom of which, three hundred feet below us, I could see black water rushing between the walls of snow.

A ragged whiskered hobo was beating