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Autumn Leaves.

Falling, falling through the day,
Ended now thy life's brief sway.
Falling, falling, all the night,
Drifting down through silver light.

Dancing, whirling, swept along,
Millions in the yellow throng;
Oh! I cannot think thee dead,
Rustling soft beneath my tread.

I will mourn not for thy fall;
Thou dost answer nature's call;
Go to be a part of earth,
Then to newer life give birth.

LUCINDA BURROWS.

In Sorrow.

The gas was turned low and the fire flickered ghostly on the face of the bereft mother as she sat before it alone. It was still, oppressively still, in the room. She waited for her husband and at each sound started nervously. She had never borne the slightest sorrow alone and now she was heart sick to cry out her great affliction with him to sooth and comfort her. She was numb with the sense that her arms were empty, that the child was gone beyond all shadow of recall, that the house would forever be silent of him. She had forgotten to think of the sorrow of another, her own was so great.

There was a step in the hall. After a moment the door softly opened and her husband entered. Even at his presence the tears seemed to have broken their gates. He did not come to her chair but sank down in one opposite and looked dumbly into the fire. At last he rose and starting for a paper, took the first thing in the rack, absently, and sat down to read. It was a picture book with soiled and torn pages. It slipped through his fingers to the floor, and his head sank to his hands. His wife watched him, one, two, minutes, then there came a strong, deep sob. She rose quickly and taking his hands from

his face laid her cheek against it. A thousand comforting thoughts that had not come to her before came to her now. She spoke of the little one safe forever from grief like theirs, of heaven, of God's wisdom, of their blessing in being given the sweet one, if only for so short a time; and in her compassion for another's sorrow rose above her own.

Roy Stone and Messrs Blackman and Sims spent Thanksgiving at their homes at Hastings.

Dr. Wilkinson lectured before the Medical Society Tuesday evening.


If you want a hair cut go to Westerfield's. If you want anything in the line of Tonsorial work, Westerfield's is the place to find it. 117 North 13 St.

H. I. Weaver has returned to the University to finish his years work. He will complete it by Christmas.

Students if you want your shoes made to order, or if you want your shoes repaired, go to J. H. Pettit, 1438 O st. All work is guaranteed.

The graduate club will meet Saturday evening for the first time this year. A good program has been prepared and an enjoyable time is anticipated by the alumni.

Dr. Ketchum, Oculist and Aurist, Richards' Block treats diseases of the eye, ear, nose and throat, and is fully equipped with instruments for fitting glasses without mydriatics. All fees reasonable.

 Mens Fine Patent Calf Shoes, Latest Shapes. Foot Form, 1213 O street.

Miss Effie Kate Price, international secretary of the Y. W. C. A. gave a short chapel talk Wednesday morning. She spoke on the necessity of college students adhering to truth—strict truth. Honor should be cultivated. Her talk was a forcible one and appreciated by every one who heard it.