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LAZY.

Oh, de groun'-hog am a-grubbin',
Roastin' ears am in de nubbin;
Go 'long yer lop-eared mule!
Watermilyons ripe an' sassy,
In de co'n patch green an' grassy;
Go 'long yer lop-eared mule!
Soon de 'possum will git lazy,
Sweet-potatoes dey'll be daisy;
Go 'long yer lop-eared mule!
Hoe-cake bakin' in de griddle,
Pumkins bustin' in de middle;
Go 'long yer lop-eared mule!

STEVE J. COREY.

A little brook rippled through the farm. I, a barefoot boy, would sit for hours on the mat of blue-grass which grew under the old water-oaks, with my feet hanging in the water. Boys do not think much, but I used to wonder where the minnows which played around my feet would go when they grew up. Old Tom, the pet horse laid his nose against my cheek for a friendly pat,—then I looked down the little stream, beyond the tall poplars of its margin and the grey streak of road, there was Nellie's house, with the green blinds and two shining lightening-rods. I loved Nellie, and one day, there under the trees, I told her so. We were children then, but I did not forget. One morning they told me she was dead and I cried then alone in the shade for long hours. Old Tom came again. He rubbed his soft nose against my neck as I lay with my face in the grass, but I did not pet him. C.

We jolted slowly up the weedy road which had evidently long been unused except as a water-course. We stood up in the wagon-box clinging to the side-boards and caught at the great sunflowers that leaned over the road, or we looked across the yellow flat to the steep slopes on both sides covered completely with sunflowers that seemed to turn their black eyes inquisitively toward us.

"See children, there's where old Lane used to live," said our driver pointing to a little knoll near the road.

A dead cottonwood thrusting its bare limbs up out of the weeds,—that was all. No, as we came nearer we could see a black hole in the steep bank, and as we passed we caught a glimpse down there of a broken bedstead and an overturned barrel.

Before us lay a low bottom covered with a brown tangle of dead weeds. Beyond this was a cold green square of winter wheat which extended to the long hills of corn-shock and stubble that rose ridge above ridge to meet the low grey sky. Along the dim wavy line of the horizon you could just see the tiny cones of grain stacks, and bunches of green that represented a row of trees. Upon the nearest hill lay a little farm-house with windows appearing as square black holes in the bluish-white walls. On the flat roof of the 'lean-to' kitchen a red brick chimney dejectedly poured a great stream of smoke down into the yard, almost hiding from view the long hay-stacks and heap of corn. J.

There are four little roly poly kittens that tumble and play all day under my window. Sometimes I play with them. They are often very timid and when I appear among them, scamper with all their might to the door of their house, and there the four little heads with wide-open eyes contemplate me in safety.

At times in their retreat they forget their fright before reaching their fort and go off after their mother's tail or some floating leaf.

At other times they pay no attention whatever to me but go on with their play undisturbed, and lie down and purr while I pet them, when suddenly catching sight of my other hand or a shoe they all rush off in a panic, rolling over each other and with great difficulty get through the door. Sometimes I catch one before he has gone far and put him on my shoulder. He crawls round my neck,

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