

THE * HESPERIAN.

UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA.

VOL. XXVI.

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, OCTOBER 22, 1896.

No. 5.

GOD-SENT.

Whoever thinks a thought
In happy phrase,
And finds a gem, its facets fraught
With care-dispelling rays;
Finds with the gift, this God-sent duty:
Who'er unearths a thing of beauty,
May light, must light dark ways.

P. H. THOMSON.

For the Best.

Jean looked tired.

The laboratory assistant watched her for a little while, saw her lean her head on her hand, saw her go through her experiment, and knew from her face that she had made a failure of it.

And the red-headed boy watched her. Jean felt his eyes on her all the time she was going through that miserable experiment. She ran her hand half wildly across her desk, sweeping together crucibles and corks and glass tubing, piling them up in a comforting little heap. A beaker tipped over and spilled a thin stream of distilled water across down to the floor at her feet. She drew back a step and blushed a little. The red-headed boy had come over and stood watching her with eyes all sympathy.

He spoke bashfully. Could he help her with the experiment?

Jean shook her head and looked nervously over towards the desk where the assistant usually sat. The red-headed boy noticed her glance and smiled.

"He don't seem to be watching," he suggested reassuringly.

Jean blushed. "O you needn't think I'm afraid of him," she said. "Its because—" Then she didn't finish her sentence. The red-headed boy had pick-

ed up her retort with all its arrangements of tubes and corks.

"I think it is because this cork is loose," he said at last. "Shall I fix it?"

Jean did not notice. The assistant had walked slowly up the aisle and stood for a moment with his back to her staring out through the window. The red-headed boy rattled his hand around among the corks and tubes on Jean's desk.

"I guess this'll do," he mused.

The assistant turned and fixed his eyes on Jean. She reached out for her retort.

"Let me," she whispered to the red-headed boy. "I can fix it now. I didn't know what was the matter." So the red-headed boy went unwillingly back to his desk.

Jean began to fumble again with the corks, tightening and twisting. The assistant was still standing at the window, leaning back with his elbows on the high sill. He was eyeing Jean coolly. She knew it and grew intolerantly nervous. She almost hated him with his pale clear skin and his insulting superiority. And this was only the sixth week of school. She smiled to herself weakly. What would she do all year?

Then the retort was ready. She lit her burner. "What was it you put in? Oh, yes, this and then you heated it—"

There was a sudden crash, a clatter of flying glass and a little pool of acid eating its way into the smooth top of her desk. Jean gave a piteous glance over towards the assistant and began to wipe up the acid with her handkerchief. The other students poked their heads around the high tops of their desks and stared at