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TELL ME.

My little baby sister,—
—Little Rogue—that time I kissed her,
Laughed and crowed;—She did not know
That my heart was longing so
On that sunny summer's day,—
The first time I went away.

I have knocked around since then,
Seeing many kinds of men,
Good and bad; and weak and strong;—
And I—have many times known wrong
Since my little baby sister
Laughed good-bye, when I last kissed her.

Baby, baby,
Do you know
Why you laugh and cry and crow?
Does this world seem bright and new?
Do all hearts seem fond and true?
Tell me, tell me! Baby!

Baby, baby,
Is it so,—
That heaven makes your eyes aglow?
Is all love and life and glee
In this strange, strange land you see?
Tell me, tell me! Baby!

ARGON

In Our Attic.

I was up in our attic one Sunday early last spring. The day was bright and sunny out side, but the attic was cold and gloomy. The three small windows with their edging of colored glass, were open, and the wind, chilly here, blew in, filling the air with fine dust from the low cob-webbed rafters. I felt depressed and rather blue that day and wanted congenial surroundings. The attic would furnish these, I felt sure. What old attic is not gloomy? The musty, mouldy smell of age and desertedness is always present, and there's something supremely depressing in the very words "age" and "desertedness." Dust is always there too, a persistent reminder of the past.

And the past—why is it so sad? Or is it simply the word?

Over in one corner of the attic, beneath a pile of rotting carpets, I found a paper box of old letters left by some former occupant of the house. I read them all. Wrong? It may be. They were all dated 1886 and were from a wife to her husband. The envelopes were gone, and I could find no clue to the name of either wife or husband, except that she was "Alice."

Most of them were common every day letters, such as even I may receive some day; but two or three made me angry;—I look so ugly and disagreeable when my eyes are red.

Probably both husband and wife are dead now—she is, I'm quite sure—so what harm could come if I copied two or three—those two or three that made me angry?

"Dear husband:—I am feeling so much better today that I can write quite a long letter. My back seems to be much stronger, and I feel almost as if I could walk about a little. How I wish I could go out in the sunshine! Sometimes when I sit at the window and look out at the people walking briskly past—how strong they look!—my heart seems out there; never mind what I say; it's only a habit, I am so foolish and weak—but I am getting stronger, oh yes, much stronger. You'll be surprised when you see me again. Do you know you have been gone a year tomorrow? It has been so long. Sometimes I wonder if we shall ever—but of course you will be back soon and then—