

As I noticed him, I was struck with the quaint picture. I must have been gazing too intently, for immediately his glance fell upon me. As it did so he enquired, "Is this town called L-i-n-c-o-l-n?" slowly spelling it out, with a distinct pause after each letter. And as I responded, "yes sir," he continued, "Good, I am not a lost boy yet." Then, as a thought seemed to strike him, he continued, "State of N-e-b-r-a-s-k-a?" to which I responded "yes." Then I fell back a few paces and walked along with him. As we walked on, he continued, half musing, "Did you ever know what the Indian meaning for Nebraska was?" not receiving an answer he replied, "The country of wide shallow water. Back where I was a boy, everything had an Indian name. An Indian name always means something. Alle-ganey, cool waters; Yokahana, waters running in both directions, that is, zig-zag; Ohio, the beautiful." Then finding I was losing time, I quickened my pace and started onward but was arrested a moment by the query, "Have you business?" I replied, "Yes, a class at the University." And as I was fast leaving him behind, came the words, "Be good, dear boy."

"They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning knife of time
Cut him down,

Not a better man was found
By the crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the street,
And he looks at all he meets,
Sad and wan.

And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

C. C. GUGGS.

One Swede Doctor.

"Dey haf good doctors in dees country," remarked Emil Swanson to Carl Anderson, as they jolted over one of the roads that lead to Lincoln, on the day of the Bryan notification. Emil

wore a Bryan button and Carl a McKinley, and, under the subduing influence of stiff collars and neckties, they were hedging about for common ground of sympathy.

"So!" said Carl.

"Oh yaas, I haf been to one of dem here. Yow remember when my eye he swell up so like eferyting? Dat doctor I went up to at Lincoln, he yust look at him, very careful, an' put sometings on, an' it didn't hurt nieder."

"Dere was one Swede doctor I was to see ind old country. He took off d end of my finger. See! Dat hurt awful."

"I should tink so."

"He was not careful, dough, like dees doctor. I was scare of him. He say to me 'come here!' an' I try to run away, 'cause de finger was chopped wid a ax. Mine brudder chopped it and it hurt awful. Den when I try to come troo de door, de doctor he lock it, an' I was more scare. An' he hol' me, an' I was quite small den, so he take me an' cut me de finger off."

Carl poked the white mule thoughtfully.

"Dat was not so bad, dough, as de time I run de fish-hook in my tumb."

"How did you do dat?"

"I went to brush a hair off my coat, and de hook he stick out of de poeket, an' I didn't know what I do, till he was troo my tumb."

"Dat doctor look at it, an' he take de hook an' pull him back an' fort, till I tink I shall fall down. So I tell him to hol' de wrist tight, an den it didn't hurt so much. When de hole got big enough he pull de hook out."

"Was dat de same doctor?"

"No, dat was anudder."

K. M. MELICK.

French, Latin, German and English dictionaries, Rolf and text Shakespear translations etc. at Herpolsheimer & Co.