

# THE + HESPERIAN

UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA.

VOL. XXVI.

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, MARCH 26, 1897.

No. 25

## A PRAYER.

I ask an hour of quiet rest,  
A sea isle under tropic noon,  
My fingers in the hot loose sand,  
The green sea in the still lagoon,  
White foam along the coral reef,  
Outside, the ocean's rumbling croon  
The short dark shadows creeping slow,  
And sleep,

Warm sleep—  
Eternal if it might be so.

ANNIE PREY.

## No Butter Wanted.

As I came up 13th street from O the other evening, I was thinking about the numerous "hold ups" there had been here in Lincoln this winter and wondering what I would do in case I should be accosted by foot-pads.

I thought about it until I worked myself up into a state of nervous excitement, and clutching my pocket-book firmly I sped along as though pursued by demons.

I had a roll of butter under my arm and in my nervousness and fright I dropped it and had to feel for it in the dark. If a mighty hand had reached out of the blackness and grasped me I think I should not have been surprised.

When I reached the alley between R and S, two men suddenly darted out and one of them seized me by the arm.

His touch was magical; in an instant my nerves were firm, my brain clear, my heart beats steady.

The other man spoke first and said, "Come, be quick, hand over your dough."

I hesitated a moment—for I had been to the bank in the afternoon and had my check for the month cashed, and I wanted to save the money if I could—and the

one who held me by the arm added emphasis to the invitation by a rude shake and a "Hurry."

I answered by saying, "Gentlemen, I haven't a red cent, and I am pretty hungry, but if you need this butter worse than I do take it and I'll go without," and I held the roll out to them.

One of the men muttered, "Damn the butter" and they disappeared in the darkness.

SMIX.

## A Whole Hour.

From ten until eleven she had a vacant hour. Usually, instead of studying, she stood in the cloak room and talked with anyone who happened to come in; or she walked back and forth through the halls. Today she stood in the cloak room and talked about Mary's room mate with every one that came along. She had seen the room mate in chapel, and had been thinking of her ever since. She began to speak of her, of her eccentricities of dress and deportment, of her peculiar countenance, of her odd manner of speech, with every girl that had time to listen.

Finally the bell rang, and she turned to go to class. When she turned she was brought face to face with Mary's room mate, who had been sitting behind her the whole hour.

A.

## AS IVY CLINGS.

As mantling ivy fondly clings  
To medieval castle walls  
And ever Fresher, greener springs  
When, bowed by age, the ruin falls;  
So recollections of the past  
Wreath garments of eternal green  
To fold time's ruin in, at last  
When life's last evening's cold is keen.

ARIEL.