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THROUGH RAIN DROPS.

The wind is on the hill-tops,
The rain is in its teeth;
The cranes fly up the river;
The rushes start beneath;
And all along the low lands
The lily leaves unsheath.
But far beyond the hill-tops
Long level furrows lie;
The wind is blowing on them
Beneath the great west sky,
And fleeing on before it
Lean weed-ghosts wander by.
Upon those wide, wide reaches
With never a sodden grave,
A thousand thousand grass blades
Together rise and wave;
A thousand thousand sun rays
The wind's wide pathway pave
KATHARINE MELICK.

My Irish Friend.

He is a quiet, solemn faced young Irishman, with steady eyes and a tilt of the chin that is not to be trifled with—a face that one hopes will stay smooth-shaven. The other young men at the boarding club appeal to him as authority upon questions of parliamentary practice, and he settles disputed points with an assurance as hearty as unofficious. They never guy him, not even when he came back from a tour through a dozen country towns, where he had been making political speeches for the cause just defeated.

Today I saw him walking with long determined strides toward his room. On the other side of the street, in a vacant lot, two dogs were fighting, one of them "punishing" the other unmercifully. He had passed the corner when he seemed suddenly to become aware of the howls of the smaller dog. He turned back, crossed the street, cleared the five board

fence and sent a half brick spinning at the big dog, all as deliberately as he would have hurled a well chosen argument at a writhing opponent.

Then he walked calmly around to the gate of the fence and went on down the street, while the dogs, both limping, ran in opposite directions. X.

Much Ado about Nothing.

John and I had not been married very long when I invited Dr. and Mrs. Clark up to take dinner with us one evening. Mrs. Clark entertains so exquisitely that I felt very particular about having everything as nice as I could in our little nest of a house.

When I had the parlor and dining room all in order I left John to watch the cranberries and chicken while I went down to the florists for some cut flowers. I was gone longer than I expected to be, and when I came back John and our next-door neighbor, Jack Barlow, were lounging on Barlow's back porch smoking.

There was a peculiar odor in the air as I stepped on our porch and a stronger and more unmistakable one greeted me as I opened the hall door. I rushed frantically through the dining-room into the kitchen where smoky fumes were rising from the kettle of cranberries on the stove; and snapping, sizzling, frying sounds issued from the oven. I snatched the kettle off, threw open the oven door and dragged those poor shrivelled, dried up chickens out on the floor, sat down beside them and cried.

John came sauntering in presently, blowing rings of blue smoke from his cigar. He stopped short when he reached