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## SABBATH SUGGESTION.

Whene'er I hear that old refrain,  
No matter how or when or where,  
I straightway think I'm back again  
In church beside you, and your fair  
Young face is bending just above  
The battered hymn book that you hold  
While I observe with jealous love  
Your soft hands press its faded gold.

The words somehow bring back that night  
When I beside you long ago,  
Amid the glamour and the light,  
Was worshiping, but none could know  
That I my only gospel found  
When reading it within your eyes  
And that responses scattered round  
Were naught but ardent lover's sighs.  
—GUY. W. GREEN.

## My Herds.

No, I did not ride out across the wild prairie on a gritty Texas pony. Nor did I go armed with guns that bark three times a wink and bite off tackheads at fifty yards. Of course not! Anyway, I was too young, only eight.

On those spring days, I galloped forth on foot to an eighty acre cornfield. I went armed with my old dog Jack, and a cornstalk wareclub.

My lookout was away to the southwest at the highest corner of the field. Behind, the bluffs rose four hundred feet high, all worked and trimmed with green, rocky ravines full of scrub-oaks. Where I stood were the precious shocks, forbidden to the cows. And in front the cornfield let itself down in a gentle slope, so that I could watch the thirty head of cattle sneak up toward the fodder. Yet a mile farther in a niche of the woods by the river lay my home, as if dabbed on a beautiful background.

Since I was confined to my lookout,

those days of herding seemed extremely lonesome. The peculiar talk of my companion, Jack, was intelligible only to the cattle. In fact, the cows bothered me but little. So idleness became tiresome; talking to Jack even worse; and therefore I dreamed. On every shock I placed a toppling, airy cap-sheaf of conjecture. And I treated the cows even worse.

Twenty-nine bay cattle became so many bad Indians, striving to plunder my fodder. When they came near a certain dead line, which I had marked out, I would rush at them with my cornstock club; yes, and hiss Jack on too, and drive them far back into the wilderness of cornstocks.

But there was one old white cow. A white Indian! Who ever heard of it! And in spite of all I could do that old cow would kick out of place in my dreams. I hated her; for she always led the others. At night, after I had driven the cattle into the yard, I would slip around and throw a stone at her.

Oh, the disjointed dreams of those days! Perhaps in carelessly prodding around I would unearth a spearhead. Yes, an Indian once stood on this very spot. Suddenly a hundred others join him, a hostile band appears, and a battle begins. A famous chief leads the hostile band. With a great effort, a brave sinks his spear deep into the chief's painted breast. He stops with a screech; the battle hushes and the chief raises his eyes toward the still bluffs. He plucks the arrow from his breast and casts it two inches into the ground. And there—yes, there comes that old white cow.