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When the World Turns West.

Some day, when the world turns west,
There'll be laughter and no tears;
There'll be hopes too without fears.
Then my heart, brave out the rest,
The joy-crowned, grief-drowned years.
For will not life be blest
Some day, when the world turns west?

EDWIN F. PIPER.

Granny.

An autumn sun was slowly dropping behind old Bald Knob. The last faint gleam struggled through the smoky haze and reflected a dull red on the window of the little log cabin. It was hardly a window—just a small grimy pane in the top of the old time-stained door. There was no yard and the great oaks stood like sentinels, stretching their bare limbs out over the dilapidated roof. The leaves, brown and dry, formed a thick mat everywhere except on the sides of the old mountain.

Old Granny Mainard wheezed and groaned. She had always wheezed and groaned—that is, since anyone had known of her and her hut under old Bald Knob. "Reckon I'm eighty today," she mused, as she shuffled slowly about in the bare little room. "Landy sakes, how time do fly,—'pears like yisterday when John died—poor John—nigh onter forty year. The good Lord'll be a takin' me 'fore long. Can't hole out mach longer, that's sartin. Drap off some night all 'lone. Every bone in this pore ol' body jis achin' like mad—ugh!" and she wheezed and groaned again. She tried to place a time-browned teacup in the dilapidated cupboard. Her hand shook like a leaf and the cup broke into pieces on the floor. "That makes two today, I reckon. Won't need 'em mach longer, howsomever." She picked up a dirty old pail from beside the fireplace, opened the creaky door, and hobbled out under the trees. The smoke had settled down until the woods looked dark and

ominous. Her poor old eyes did not notice it though. "Reckon them pigs air mighty nigh starved, way they squeal. Landy sakes, that bucket's goin' ter break my back." She set the pail down in the leaves, placed her hands to her back and wheezed and groaned.

The pigs stuck their noses into the air and squealed, but they would not eat. They did not seem to notice Granny as she patted their sleek little heads with her skinny old hand. "Your'a actin' mighty quare, jis a squealin' an' a squealin, an' won't eat a bit fer Granny. What's the matter with yer? Ye pesky little brats, if yer knowed how it hurts pore old Granny's back ter be a bringin' yer slop, you'd be eatin', I reckon, an stop yer noise. Maybe its acorns yer a-hankerin' arter. I'll jis let yer out, an then I reckon yer kin pick fer yerselves." She tugged and groaned until one of the rails of the pen slipped out of the corner, and then watched the pigs as they scrambled through the leaves and up the bare side of old Bald Knob.

A peculiar darkness hung over the woods and the mountain. Granny sat in her only chair, a broken rocker, and watched the blazing sticks in the old fireplace. The dry pieces of limbs snapped and cracked. "Wonder what on airth ailed them pigs tonight," she murmured to herself. "That ere pen must be gittin' too narrer fer 'em. Yes, I've seen the time when this ere shanty wouldn't nigh hole me either. No starch left in these ole bones now, ugh. I'm a wheezin' ag'in; reckon I'll hev to smoke." She filled her old clay pipe, picked a coal from the edge of the hearth with her calloused fingers and placed it on the tobacco. She smoked slowly for a long while, with her chin on her hand, gazing into the fire. After a while she knocked the ashes from the pipe and laid it at the edge of the hearth, went to the cupboard and took down a book, an old leather bound book with yellow time-worn leaves. She pulled the little old table