

THE HESPERIAN

UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA.

VOL. XXVII.

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, JANUARY 14, 1898.

No. 16

Translation from Immensee.

In solemn stillness rests the wind
Hear on the mountain's dreamy wild
And underneath low hanging boughs
Of forest tree, reclines the child.

Around her grows the fragrant thyme,
The air is filled with perfume rare.
In the dim shade the blueflies hum
And glisten through the sunny air.

Her childish face reflects the calm,
That in the silent forest broods
And o'er her waving golden hair
Sunshine is glinting through the woods.

Then to my mind this quick thought comes
As cuckoo's note sounds through the green,
Here are the winsome, sunny eyes
Of the fairy-like forest queen.

LULU BURROWS.

Retrospection.

There is a new house in the hollow; its roof is on a level with my line of vision; the chimney looks like a human figure standing there upon a bright red brilliancy. I feel a sense of companionship, because the bridge upon which I am standing is painted red. After all ten years, has made little change.

The sun is so hot. I look at the shallow water, and idly toss down a pebble. It strikes something—perhaps the bones of the kitten I saw drowned in that very spot. The same boy is coming along the dusty road now; he wears the same red waist; he carries a sack upon his shoulder; his smile is cruel. A cat is in the bag—what is the fearful boy going to do? He tries to lay down his burden, but the sharp claws which have worked their way through their prison, hold tight to the bright waist. From the sack comes a plaintive mewling. The boy loosens the clutch of the little claws with a jerk, and then there is a splash in the water below.

I bit the boy's hand—I am not sorry—and then I went runing home through the patch

of nettles. The same nettles are there now.

By leaning over the railing, I can see the shady place underneath; once I gathered shells there; the bridge-posts were soldiers. In the crevices overhead, there were birds' nests. Some one answered me from the opposite bank whenever I called. The teams passing above—what a moment of suspense when the horses stepped upon the bridge! What a thunder-like sound when the bridge began to tremble! How silent it was when the sound rolled away with the wagon. I can see a little figure climbing up the bank in haste, grasping the sturdy sunflower stalks with brown fists, and finally thrusting a blue-bonneted head through the bridge railing. Now it is gone.

Off there upon the hill, the object in the center of the plowed field, it is the same little grave. That hill side was once covered with graves. Now the departed, excepting one, are resting under the benign shadow of the Catholic Church, whose cross I see in the distance. That one grave was left; nobody knew whom it sheltered, but, after all, what difference! Some men are plowing in the field. Perhaps they will stop to rest their horses near the mound, and lean upon the little fence while they talked together. That fence of carefully twisted branches, is it there still? The sun blurs my eyes.

Up there upon the hill is the old haunted house. Long ago I often watched the lights which flashed from window to window. The place was used then for a granary, and I imagined the ghosts mounting from pile to pile, slipping and falling or sinking out of sight.

The grove by the creek; I see it again, alive with happy faces, the green boughs creaking with the weight of many swings. Behind the trees, there must be a tiny white house with its door yard full of big, bright flowers. The path up to the kitchen door is beaten hard and smooth. Laughing babies,

Cameras—Dry Plates—Films—Cards—Printing Paper at

LINCOLN PHOTO SUPPLY CO. 131 So 11th street.