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## My Dead.

Rest thou, my heart!  
In the quiet night,  
God cradles thy white despair.  
The breezes of night rock the weary trees  
And lull them with drowsy care.  
Rest thou, my heart!  
In the silent night  
Does God love and cherish thee less  
That He gives thee thy long night's dream-  
less sleep,  
Relaxing thy bitterness?  
Rest thou, my dead!  
In the quiet tomb,  
God cradles thy soul at will.  
He covers thy face with the solemn dark,  
And hushes thee: "Peace, be still!"

ANNIE PREY.

## A Parting.

One long last gaze in her clear blue eyes,  
While her dumb lips quiver apart—  
So we stand, alone in the gay throng's heart.  
One last light clasp of the small gloved hand,  
Just "Au revoir" I understand—  
She is gone. A dead sun saddens the skies.

H. B. ALEXANDER.

## Sketches.

"There's some smut on your face," we often hear one person say to another as they meet in the street. Then the unfortunate person with the dirty face pulls out his handkerchief and proceeds to scrub vigorously. "Is it off?" he asks as he ceases the operation for a moment. "No, rub right here," replies his friend, and points to some particular part of his own face. Then the scrubbing goes on again even more vigorously than before, but alas, he is rubbing the wrong side. "Oh, the other side," says the friend. Then the point of attack is changed and the rubbing starts again. "There, now is it off?" asks the now irate individual. "Yes, all off." And they remark about the weather and pass on.

"Are you the feller what runs this place?"

The question was put to me by a man who had just come up the stairs, shuffled across the court, and now stood outside the office door, nervously fingering the only button on his ragged coat.

He looked at me out of the tops of his eyes as he asked the question, and hung his head sheepishly on his breast.

The man he wanted was not in, but he seemed anxious to tell his story, so I listened.

He had been in a private insane asylum, he said, but had escaped. That was way back in Virginia, and he had come all the way here afoot. He was tired, and besides he didn't mind being in an asylum if "they'd treat him right," and wouldn't I help him get into the one here.

"Why," said I, "you are not insane, are you?"

"Well, I don't know," he drawled, "they said as how I were when they put me in that one, an' now I hain't much good any more. I reckon I'd be as well there as any place."

I had motioned him to a seat in the court, and as he finished this sentence he dropped into it and in a moment he was asleep, breathing heavily through the long, red, unkempt mustache which drooped over his mouth and tangled itself with the shock of beard below.

LINCOLN.

## The Frying Pan.

The dignitaries are having an awful time over the little matter of the Princeton Inn, with its famous, or rather, infamous grill-room. Their consciences move very slowly and their decisions are wobbly. But at last they have fished up some old rule which an ancient and sterner regime had declared, and with this to fall back on they begin to make feeble war on the grill room and drinking in general among Princeton students. The first thing they do is to send a plea to the parents of all students urging them to co-operate in

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