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Philosophic.

"Yes, I'm a winner any way," he said to me:
"For, if she comes to love the other man,
you see
I win by losing her; and then," he smiled
as 'twere,
"If she loves me, 'tis clear I win by winning
her."

He told this story unto me with cold calm face;
And yet his eyes gazed far away in vacant space
As if he sought to see the smile of that fair one
Who still, he seemed to hope, by winning
might be won.

I saw him once again when many months
had passed
And asked if he, by winning or by losing,
won at last.

He looked at me, a twinkle in his eye, "You see
I won at last by winning her," he said to me.

MARIUS.

The Sod House among the Weeds

"What magnificent weeds!" I thought as I
emerged from the crooked road in the tall
corn and passed through the dilapidated gate
of the rotting board fence that marked the
limits of the White place. On one side of the
deeply washed road a few yellow corn leaves
and diminutive tassels could be seen among
the waving heads of foxtail; on the other the
rank grass left no clue as to the crop origin-
ally planted there. As I came to the row of
vine covered cottonwoods that indicated a
dwelling place, I found the weeds flourishing
with wonderful luxuriance. No longer mere
grassis but lofty sunflowers with wild morn-
ing glories climbing in great coils to the very
tops, and reaching their spiral waving ends
up into the air exploring for a new support.
I knew that there was a house somewhere in
that jungle, so I ducked down and resolutely
plunged into it. I had worked my way for a
few rods when suddenly a tremendous dog
with dirty tangled wool hanging down his

sides and over his little red eyes, sprang up
before me with a roar that would have fright-
ened an African explorer. Then a languid
bass voice called "Come back, Jack, you dang
hound, come back naow."

I followed the retreating dog, and soon
came to a sod house so old that great quan-
tities of the wall had crumbled down and lay
up against the base as an embankment. Morn-
ing glories had covered this with a thick mat,
and had climbed almost to the top of the wall,
partly concealing its ugliness. On the straw-
covered roof a giant thistle waved its purple
flowers defiantly in the wind.

"Haow are ye, mister?" said the same voice.

Under the shade of a bushy boxelder, where
the grass grew thick and soft, lay a big, strong
looking man in blue shirt and overalls patched
so much that they made you think of a piece-
quilt. His black eyes were blinking sleepily
at me from the dark tangle of whiskers and
hair. With a great effort he sat up, grasped
his knee with both hands and yawned noisily.

"Haow'd ye come to go through there,
mister? Wouldn't hev ben half so hard to go
raound. Them weeds do grow to beat all.
If I was only healthy as some folks, I'd hev
them cleaned up. Mighty bad thing to be
sickly mister."

I looked at his big chest and strong arms.
Sickly indeed! "What is your trouble?" I
asked.

"Wal, I can't jist say. I've been to the
doctor, but he can't make out what ails me.
I've tried most every kind of medicine there
is, but it don't do no good. Then maw she
knows all about home made bitters and tonics
but she can't help me nuther. Jist the other
day I was waterin' the horses and I got that
dizzy I nigh keeled over. Then I sey 'No sir
ye don't do no sich tricks any more.'" An-
other resounding yawn.

"Frank!" called a squeaky voice from in
side.

"What is it maw?"

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