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MORNING SUN.

Oh, the sweet joy of the morning! It beats in the soul like a heart-throb.
Over the hill-tops is ringing the silvery voice of the dawning:—
"Wake! for I bring you a kingdom where never a foot-step has sounded.
Pure as the new-fallen snow, a Day from the hand of the Maker."
Then a glad anthem arises from prairie and river and meadow;
Rustle of leaf and of grass blade, murmuring waves of the wheat fields.
All of the glorious praises the birds in the wild-wood are trilling.
All the low pulses of beauty, athrob in the quickening breezes;
Earth and the air and all creatures are joined in the great Hallelujah:—
"Thine is the power and the glory, forever and ever, Amen."

FLORA BULLOCK.

Even when we were children the pawn-shops had a fascination for us and on sunshiny afternoons when we played "hookey" from school one of our favorite delights was to gaze long and steadily through the windows at the motley display therein. Shot-guns, rifles, fishing rods, boxing gloves; whole families of revolvers from little pea shooters up to big 45 calibre "navies;" hunting knives, dirks, knucklers, sling shots, dice, cards,—how longingly we looked at those seductive articles and wished to buy an outfit and start for the far west and exterminate a few Indians. Then we turned our pockets wrong side out and wondered how much we could buy with that plugged quarter and some rusty looking coppers. We turned sadly from the window and went home, where we were whipped for having our clothes spoiled, (from rides stolen behind wagons) but we didn't mind that. We went to bed and dreamt all night that the pawn-broker had called us in and told us to help our selves, but always just as we were picking up something it would dance away out of our reach. And in the morning we would go to school and get licked again for playing hookey. So it went.

Even now we have a longing to visit a pawn-broker's store, and if on some bright afternoon we find ourselves in that portion of

the town devoted to second-hand stores, old-clothes men and pawn-shops, we feel a strange thrill of satisfaction; yet we look carefully about us to see that none of our business acquaintances are in sight. "Yes, everything is just as it used to be." Three gilt balls hanging before the door and three more painted on the window. That display is very familiar too. And you wonder if those are the same guns, revolvers, knives, etc., that were there years ago; surely they are dusty enough. The same figure is inside, and he is smiling and rubbing his hands expectantly.—Well, why not? You smile at yourself, but open the door and go in. "Och, how do you do, sir, how do you do; wat can I do vor de shentleman." You look over the stock. He has plenty of pawned articles but keeps a stock of new goods; you can get almost anything from a guitar string to a set of reloading tools.

You feel that there are stories of interest connected with that old violin, with that peculiarly set ring, that old watch and piece of plate. You handle them reverently and feel it almost a sacrilege to touch them. There is an old saber with an inscription on the blade that you would like to read, but you feel that you are prying into family secrets and are ashamed of yourself. You buy some little trinket and go. A boy is looking in at the window as you pass out; you smile and remember your youthful days.

G. K. B.

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