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## Fooled.

I was comin' from the cow lot,  
With my milk pails splashin' foam:  
Stopped awhile outside the winder  
An I knowed some comp'ny'd come  
Fer I heard my Mandy tellin'  
'Em t' make theirselves t' home.

I jest shivered down my spinal  
And I struck it mighty straight,  
With my milk, back to that cowlot,  
If there's anything I hate  
An despise I think its comp'ny  
As comes right in on ye late.

Cause ye're allus tired an' sleepy  
An' the lamps aint never lit  
An' ye jist go in an' smile like,  
An' ye sit an' sit an' sit,  
An' ye talk about the weather  
An' 'bout when the drouth'll quit.

So that night I chawed a splinter  
Sittin' on the barnyard gate  
An' I vowed I'd sit it out there;  
Watch the moon come up, an' wait  
'Till the comp'ny'd went; till midnight,  
Anyhow till mighty late.

An' the moon come up, I wriggled,  
Would that comp'ny never go?  
Finally I crept up soft like  
T' the winder bendin' low  
There wa'n't no one there but Mandy  
An' the baby rockin' slow.

Then I felt so kinder sheepish  
An' I guess a little mad;  
Though, I must say, fer a minute  
I was more'n half way glad.  
They had been a playin' visit;  
Mandy an' the baby had.

ANNIE PREY.

## Lincoln From the Bridge.

You do not have to look far to see the city,  
which appears like a thickly covered field of

red and yellow and white gables, for the sides of the houses are concealed by trees which are beginning to brighten up a little with the frost. Here and there a church spire shoots up out of the monotonous masses of houses, and you can count several great brick school houses with their massive chimneys and waving flags. Quite blue in the distance is the dome of the State House.

The low level ground before the city is all cut up into small garden patches, where you can see the whitening vines of the melons among the dying weeds and sometimes the yellow of a half concealed pumpkin strikes your eye. Among some large patches of dark green turnips and red-stemmed beets is a solitary little house with a dainty cluster of small box-elders on one side that shine so brightly in their new colors that you might almost mistake them for a big boquet. On the other side is a long line of clothes—a big white table-cloth at one end, a tiny red dress at the other, and a whole family history between. Not far away is a great heap of straw near which a red cow is switching away the flies, few, but persistent. Near the edge of the garden a little bareheaded boy is struggling manfully to push a wheelbarrow load of potatoes across the soft ground. J.

## Redburg.

It is commonly held that Redburg is the best spot in the best state in the union. For who leaves Nebraska except to return? And still more certainly a person who has once lived in Redburg is sure to die there.

Did not Frank Smith become ambitious and move over the river to learn the druggist's trade, and was he not living now in the slab shanty under the bluff? Did not Dick St. Cyr come back from Arkansas minus an eye and with a great whitening scar on his cheek where whiskers did not grow? Old Squire Thomas, once the rich man of the precinct, after four years of speculation in Sioux City had re-

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