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Speed Out To Sea.

The day droops crimson-pinioned far a-west.
Lone from her jutting crag, a sea-gull downward peers;
The baby waves' complaining, at the breast
Of this unlovely, reefy strand, she wondering hears.

She rests not there. Far past the mooning bar,

Her figure trails the lace-like, sea-born robes of night;

Engulfed in that soft pink by evening's star,
Far, far, she drops behind the straining sight.

There is a lonely rock far out to sea,
Of gold, they say, at eve, and gold at blushing dawn,—

Thither, O wanderer, hast thou fled from me
To sleep until the drowsy, voiceless night is gone.

Thus, O my soul, at eve, speed out for rest.
Seek, thou, thy Clefted rock amid the dimming sea;

Draw close thy weary wings upon thy breast,
And let the lispings waves bring long, sweet sleep to thee.

IRA ARIEL KELLOGG.

South Hanson.

We in the "West" would not call it a town at all. It is simply a section of road cut off and called the town of South Hanson. The next section after the Woods is Halifax and on the other side is Bryantville. The South Hanson road has three branches. One, High Street, has a guide-post which says "North Hanson, two miles;" another, Pleasant Street whose guide-post is "Barnestown, half a mile; Plympton, five miles" and the third is neatly labeled "Crooker Place," and has no guide-post and leads to nowhere.

The first building in South Hanson is the depot, which is also the post office. But the Pleasant Street mail is taken in a bag up to

"Old Mr. Howlands," where, just at supper time, it is poured out on the kitchen floor and pulled over by four or five children and then through the evening the neighbors come in for their "Youths' Companions" and "Boston Advertisers" and rare letters. But the post-office is at the depot and the post master and ticket agent and baggage master are all lame Mr. Josselyn.

Next to the depot is a store where they sell groceries and china, and stationery and dry goods; one of these "department stores" but it is all in one small room. The next building is the public library, where you pay two cents a day for the use of the books; and here in the library the grammar school graduates and the revivalist rants and the W. C. T. U. sells ice cream. Then there is a lumberyard and planing mill, the only live thing in town; but the machinery is still and they are screening cranberries. This is the business portion of the town, and it is all at the Halifax end of South Hanson.

Now along the road toward Bryantville is the residence portion. First comes three houses, all with mansard-roofs, all alike, and all painfully new; then a house with a white fence made of wooden hasps; then Charlie Stetson's potato patch and then his house and corn field. Yes, it is a corn field, about three hundred feet long and half as wide. But "Charlie did not have good luck this year, he planted and the birds got it, and then he planted again and it didn't come up good. But there will be enough for his own use."

The next field belongs to the parsonage, and it is full of wild carrot. But there is a new minister coming and he will take care of things better. "He is here now and his son is on the way with the furniture and cow and horse in a car. They started Wednesday and ought to be here tomorrow. His wife is visiting in New Bedford and will come when they are settled. He put a new floor in the

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