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SOLDIER JIM.

A STORY IN RHYME.

Soldier Jim is long and lank with tawny, stubby hair,
With bristles 'round his lips; his jaw is lean and brown and square.
His arm is like an old raw-hide, as yellow, tough, and strong;
He has a bullet in his side and legs most four feet long;
And how he made the cavalry is more than I can tell,
Unless they thought him good to whip a hundred fiends from hell.

Soldier Jim got shot one night, the Siouxs were mighty gay;
Jim said he'd try to warn the Chug and there was just one way;
With "good bye boys" to the troop he loved, he spurred off lying low;—
A flash, a groan; but Jim rode on to let us *Bar Es* know
We'd better douse our lantern lights and bar the bunk-house door;
And while we manned the loop-holes, Jim lay and bled on the floor.

Soldier Jim had a mother onct, "*Back east* in Arkansaw,"
And sometimes when he speaks of her and calls her "My ole maw,"
A big tear flows down the side of his nose before he turns his back
And he says he's "fur frum tha narrah path an' frum tha beaten track."
He don't drink or smoke or chew and he don't even swear—
Aixcept sometimes when a calf won't drive and then he burns the air.

He can ride or rope or shoot or fight, as well as the law allows;
He's bossed our round-up for eight years; He took to punching cows
And left the fort, for on the range he could make more money
To keep his brother's boy in school; he calls him "little sonney."
Jim's brother bankrupted and died; he couldn't earn his salt;
Jim said it was the "will uv Gawd,"—that twan't his brother's fault.

To-day, Jim ain't got a cent; he ain't no hand to hoard;
He sends his pay to Arkansaw for college dues and board.
I went back there six months ago; the boy spends all he gets;
I saw him with a gang of dudes toss dice for cigarettes;
But neyer mentioned it to Jim, perhaps some fellers would;
It would have made him worry more and twouldn't do no good.

We punchers ain't out on the preach; but we know men, you bet;
When a man'll do what Jim has done, he ain't got cause to fret:—
When the good God makes his final play, Old Jim will see his mother
And Christ will say as he takes Jim's hand, *Come thou up higher. Brother.*

JOSEPH ANDREWS SARGENT.

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