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Sylvan Harmonies.

The harp is mute. Soon fairy fingers light
With soulful touch wake harmonies so sweet
It seems an angel murmurs. Deftly, fleet
The waltzers flit through marble ball-rooms
bright.

Then change the notes to fierce discordant
night

As though the heavens battle; then, defeat
Or triumph tell, or how the billows beat
Against the rock-ribbed, thundering coast at
night.

Thus, mute as harps unstrung, the forest trees
Are silent when the wind-gusts fall and die.
Lo! Unseen minstrels of the south awake
Grand organ harmonies. The fitful breeze
Pitches the note to triumph, woe or sigh.
Wond'rous the music that wind and forest
make! DIAL.

Mrs. Prairie-chicken on a Tear.

Mrs. Prairie-chicken was drunk again. She
came down Main street aimlessly lurching
along shaking her clenched fist and talking
loudly to herself in her native Omaha.

Her face ordinarily a ruddy brown was
now a fiery red and her watery eyes gleamed
wickedly. She was bare-headed and her
coarse black hair fell loose about her should-
ers and streamed in a tangled mass down her
back. One mocassin was gone, but above the
dirty brown foot, in a roll about the ankle,
still hung the remains of a black silk stocking.
She wore a badly torn dress—a wonderful
creation of blue and scarlet calico. It gaped
at every joint. The upper part, entirely but-
tonless, was flying loose and open, and flapped
to and fro as she moved. In one hand, she
held the folds of a blue, green and yellow
shawl, which, unheeded, had fallen down
about her waist and dragged the ground be-
hind.

As Mrs. Prairie-chicken staggered down the
walk, she was a dangerous looking animal and

everyone respectfully gave her the right of
way. She was amiable enough, however,
and went on molesting no one until she spied
a colored gentleman, with a tall silk hat,
crossing the street about fifty feet in front of
her.

With a wild whoop she grabbed up a
hatchet laying handy on a dry goods box near
by, and, flourishing this weapon in her hand
and her shawl in the other, she started after
the negro. This gentleman, however, did not
wait for her but took to his heels and disap-
peared around the corner, leaving his hat be-
hind. It was the silk hat which seemed to
be the particular object of the old squaw's
vengeance, for, screaming with rage, she
jumped on it with both feet and then chopped
it to pieces.

This done, she continued on down the
street, her hair fluttering in the wind behind
her. She yelled forth Indian curses and in-
vectives, waved her shawl and cut and hacked
at everything within reach.

But her gait was becoming momentarily
more hesitating and unsteady. She had drop-
ped her shawl and now at last the hatchet
flew from the almost nerveless fingers. She
reeled to the edge of the sidewalk, swayed
limply back and forth and then plunged head-
long, falling in a heap at the bottom of the
ditch where she mumbled incoherently in a
drunken monologue.

The valiant city marshal now appeared on
the scene and packed Mrs. Prairie-chicken
off to the calaboose.

B. H. RANSOM.

The members of Union society will give a
special program this evening called the "Cus-
tan Program." Mr. Plowhead will read a
paper showing the American side and Mr.
Kuhlman will show some of Spain's rights.
Appropriate music for the occasion has been
secured and also some short poems on the
Cuban question.

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