

THE * HESPERIAN

UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA

Vol. XXVII.

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, MAY 13, 1898.

No. 31

TAPS.

My gray-beard friend shall be no longer lame;
No more old wounds shall gall his soul of flame;
For yesterday it passed to whence it came:—
The crutch he was at last compelled to wear
Stands in the corner near his yellow chair.

His brave old tales I can remember well
Of some with cheers and some with rebel yell
Who smiled and died mid screaming shot and shell:—
When I was six, astride his willing knee,
I often rode with Sherman to the Sea.

When I was twelve, he grimly smiled and tried
To stand erect; but could not fully hide
The ever-growing stoop and limping stride:—
One noon the sun beat hot upon his head
And his Annetan lung-wound slowly bled

When I was twenty one, his old eyes lent
His all but conquered stride a feigned content;
For still they laughed, brimful of merriment;
But when he bought the crutch, he bowed his head
The eyes that would not smile went dim instead.

When yesterday I held his dying hand,
A ray that flashed from out the shadow land
Lit up his eyes:—I could not understand;
I only saw the rapture in his smile
And felt his hand thrill warm a little while.

J. A. SARGENT.

Elmore's Minister.

When I decided to teach in Elmore for the Summer term, I made up my mind that I would board with a minister if I could. Ministers have seen books before in their lives and have conveniences and charity for one that wants to write.

On the way to the little town that day, after I had looked over all the passengers in the car, I fell to wondering what kind of a minister I should find and what kind of a wife he would have. If the wife was sensible I could get along with any kind of a husband. Then I wondered what kind of a place Elmore was and looked out the window.

Cornfields. It must be corn, but it was small, short, almost dried up, with now and then a patch a little taller and greener than the rest, where there was a little hollow in the ground. The next field was corn-fodder,

stiff and brown, and then came more corn and barbed-wire fences and brown pastures and more corn. The air was fairly brown with dust and a strong wind was blowing, I could tell by the way the corn bent.

At last we came to Elmore, a little, dusty, dark red station with a broad platform, a few teams tied to a fence, some men leaning against the side of the station and two or three women with dust piled in the folds of their skirts and on the band boxes they carried.

I was met by one of the school committee. As we waded through the dust down the road to his buggy, I asked if there was a minister in town and if I could board at his house.

"Well, I'd sort 'o got a place for you at Mis' Simmon's, but I guess if you know the minister you can go there. They don't have much, and his wife's sick most of the time, and can't get around spry with her work. They don't keep boarders as a regular thing."

Discouraging!

"Will you show me his house, it surely won't do any harm to enquire."

We climbed into the buggy and the bony horses moved off. I had to hold my handkerchief up to keep from choking. By the time we reached the minister's house the folds of my skirt were piled up with dust.

The committee man left me at the door of a low, porchless house that needed a coat of paint. I shook off some of the dust and then knocked at the door. A pale, thin little girl of about ten opened the door and ushered me into the parlor. I looked around while she went to call her mother. In one corner was a crayon portrait of a young man, in an elaborate frame. Over one corner of this was draped a "throw" of cotton batting. A yellow and brown ingrain carpet on the floor, a small table with a bible on it in the middle of the room, a hanging lamp without any shade, coarse lace curtains at the windows

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