

aspirations, the noblest sentiments of which he may be the possessor and for which he would feel an inspiration to devote his life's work to achieve.

A. W. F.

"IN MEMORIAM."

"I wish you a Happy Year—and a whole one."

The speaker passed on. The benediction lingered, the one cadence in the New Year symphony which could *not die*. It had been a day in which Nature out-rivalled herself. In the eastern horizon, the grey dawn merged into pale rose, then ruby tints, as though a hurried glimpse of the inner glory were the first offering of the incoming year.

Youthful eyes hailed it a harbinger of nearer joy, for many a morning toilet was made earlier than its wont and with more care. Ladies who had long disguised the grey hairs time had facetiously woven, washed out the dyes and gave the silver threads due prominence. Maidens shook the "diamond dust" into raven or golden tresses alike. Forsooth, Dame Fashion had grown gray with the weight of her infirmities. Youth and age alike, her loyal subjects, must don the white cap of experience. Alas! for tell-tale eyes, the youthful fire and fervor could not so easily take on the frost breath. Nor length of skirt train, nor lightness of tissue tone down the deep lines of care, or soften the angles of sorrow. The exchange of purloined beauty however is mutual, and beguiling the real with semblance, the two classes meet for an hour midway on life's grand staircase.

The day drew on. Carriages dashed along the streets, footman and steed restive with proud burdens. Gay riders with smiles and courtesies and kids—fresh perchance, from a twelve month's sepulture. The soft air wore the mellowness of spring—winter's wooling robe which nowhere she puts on so coyly as in our own beautiful Nebraska. When at last spring appears, with bud and leaf and

bird song, it is but the denouement of a three month's courtship.

But to the parlors, where ferns from far away forests, trellised vines from conservatories, the twitter of song, from birds in cages, and birds awaiting their cages, muffle the footfall, and dissipate the breath of the frost spirit.

It is June in the sunshine, June in the drawing-room, June in the heart. Salads and celeries, jellies and floats, fruits fresh from the "Golden Gate," spiced meats and savory coffee, ringing laughter, (for our prairies are broad) wit, and flashing sarcasm for relishes. Evergreens wrought in fantastic imagery upon, and occasionally about, the table. These, with ceteras and side-dishes, make up the contingent bill of fare.

Pardon the divergence if we pause to pronounce a eulogy upon our capital city. So young in years that, to use Hawthorne's novel simile, she presents to a stranger much the appearance of a "dis-arranged checker board." Yet so cosmopolitan in tone that men of letters or loves, of merchantile or professional dash, become enthused; where "vim" is the current password, and plodders and conservatives only are jostled. Here women at least build no shrines—offer no sacrifices to Bacchus. Two or three official families, trembling for the distinctions of caste, since the innovation of Grant, still hold the issuance of an annual death sentence or two essential to the dignity of subordinates. With these exceptions jewelled fingers set no Vampires, nor in cut glass offer adder's fangs. Hence, when the greeting passed from lip to lip, as the day wore on, "I wish you a Happy New Year," no tongue stiffened with a response, no gleaming eyes shot back to heart depths the hot words "You lie."

But we linger too long. The hours vanished, as all hours we seek to hold. Viands and guests disappeared. We gathered up the fragments of the day and amid much rubbish espied this jewel, dropped by Prof. Dake of our State University.