

STORIES IN PASSING.

She was a little brown eyed woman, wearing neat black stuff of some kind and a bonnet just a trifle out of date. She had come up to the university to see her boy and attend the foot ball game, and had met so many young fellows she was quite bewildered. They had taken such an interest in her that she couldn't understand it. One had taken them out to the game in his trap. Another had had her and Frank out to lunch. They talked so beautifully of Frank, it seemed. He was such a good student—would make Phi Beta Kappa easily. And he would be on the foot ball team next year—not a doubt of it; and then he was such a general favorite. They flattered her delicately by remarking how much Frank resembled his mother, and she went back to her home with a warm spot in her heart for the pleasantest, most hospitable young men in the state, as she thought. They were all so kind and courteous she was glad her son had gained their friendship so early in his college career.

The dear mother, bless her kind heart, never dreamed for a moment of the policy in those attentions. She probably never heard of a college fraternity and would not have understood you had you told her they were "rushing" her boy.

This is an incident of East Lincoln life and goes for what it is worth.

"Will, Will, wake up!"

It was long after midnight and the husband rolled over crossly.

"Well, what do you want?"

"You didn't bring the cat in-doors."

"No, I couldn't find it," was the sleepy response.

"Well, hear it out in the garden, Hil ton's big dog is fighting it and will kill it. Do get up and see!"

Will reluctantly got out of bed, took the lamp and went down to the back kitchen door. His wife followed to encourage him. For a moment they stood there shivering in the night air.

"There it is—over by the grapevines. I can see its eyes," said the wife.

The husband turned the improvised search light in the direction of the grape vines.

"Ain't a thing there."

"Yes, it's there. Right by the post. I can see its eyes shining there."

The man went out to the post and stooped down. Then he arose hurriedly and kicked something with his unlaced shoe.

"Cats Eyes! Thunder and mud! That's a couple of tin cans."

The cat was found in the morning sleeping peacefully at the foot of the children's bed.

It was election night. There was a crowd of them in a Tenth street saloon and they were royally drunk. Things were coming their way and they had determined to do it up brown. And they were succeeding capitally. They were too full to stand treat any longer or to keep count on the drinks. So they emptied the glasses as rapidly as the fat little bartender could waddle about, singing and shouting at the top of their husky voices. As one of the younger men stooped a little a photograph slipped from his inner pocket and fell upon the bar, face upwards, before him. For a moment he gazed at the face with a dull, vacant stare; then, sobered in an instant. Then he straightened up and left the place, deadly pale.

They were building a sail boat out at Burlington Beach last spring and put in their spare moments practicing all the nautical terms they could learn from men or books. The first trip was something like this:

Jim from the bow: "Land to the westward, ho!"

Carl from the rudder: "Where away?"

Jim: "Three points to windward."

Carl: "What's to do, my jolly tar?"
Jim: "Luff her, you lubber, luff her!"
Carl: "Aye, aye, my merry man."
Jim: "Jam the boom! Port the helm!" and as Carl jerked the rudder, "The devil! Jim, you've pitched me into the water! Pull me in, quick!"

The child was dying. It was plain enough to me. And I told the mother so, as I closed the now useless medicine case.

Suddenly the dull eyes of the child brightened and a shadow of color came over the cheeks.

"Mamma, sing," it said.

The mother took the wasted little hand in hers, and then began a simple little child song. It was not much of a song, nor was she much of a singer, but to the child it was the music of heaven.

The song ceased, and the child's eyes closed. I thought all was over, as it lay there so white and still.

Then the lids slowly opened and rested on the mother's face. The lips whispered, and I caught the words, "Thanks — pretty — I —"

The little head lay cold upon the pillow. The mother still sat holding the thin, little fingers, and weeping softly to myself, I took up my medicine case and left them there in the gathering gloom.

He was passing along Twelfth street on his way home from a party when this thing happened. The lights were out and the street darker than a pit. He had taken the middle of the pavement, which was the best thing he could do at that hour.

Suddenly from a tree not ten feet away came a low, mournful, trilling sound, as of an owl. It caught his attention, but he went on up the street. At the alley of the block there came again the same vibrating, chilling call, only lower, and with a sort of jerk in the middle.

Involuntarily he looked up apprehensively toward the big brick terrace standing out dark in the shadow.

A dark form was just slipping behind one of the stone columns and there was a disappearing flash of light as if from a dark lantern's.

He turned, looked back, and saw something detach itself from the tree on the corner, at least he thought so, for he did not wait to see, but fell to running up the street as fast as his legs could carry him.

It is a rainy night on O street, near midnight. The clouds hang low. The gutters are running over and there are puddles everywhere in the streets. Beads of water hang from the cornices, and from the sign boards swaying fitfully in the night winds, the buildings loom up dark and forbidding. The lights on the corner cast long black shadows across the street. A dog skulks from store to store nosing the ground for its master; a blanketed horse stamps a watery puddle uneasily, and shakes the rain from its mane; a hack with its two dim lights disappears around the corner. Far up the street the red lamp of a saloon stands out in the misty night. The clock strikes the hour, the long line of electric points turn red, grow fainter and then go out altogether, and from that time the night is anyone's.

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going to school

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