

state. The town has five churches, all working harmoniously together. Its public school edifice is the pride of its citizens, while the three beautiful college buildings crowning the bluff at the head of Garrett Smith avenue would be an honor and ornament to any town.

In 1868, I was the presidential elector for the great Sixth district, which embraced one-third of the state, in canvassing which I travelled from State Center on the east to the Missouri river on the west, and from the Northwestern railroad on the south to the north line of the state. Except along the line of the Northwestern road, I traveled with my own team, often driving many hours without seeing a residence or meeting a human being. On passing over this beautiful and fertile section of the state now, it is difficult to believe that it was a wild uncultivated region so short a time ago.

The progress in material development and political prestige which Iowa has made in fifty years is unsurpassed by any other state.

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### End of Summer

A harsher wind, a gentler sun,  
Bring to mind that summer's done.

A softer haze on ocean's rim,  
Shortening days and twilights dim—

All these portend to one at play,  
Now is the end of holiday.

The hours that creep 'twixt marsh and dune,  
Half lulled to sleep by the waves' tune,

Soon run their course with the ebb tide,  
And I perforce leave the sweet seaside.

Another year at summer's end  
May find me here where the myrtles bend.

All winter long I'll hear as now  
A mockingbird's song on a live-oak bough.

—Thomas H. English in the Emory University Quarterly

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