

Vol. III. No. 8.

January 15, 1896.

# The Student Record

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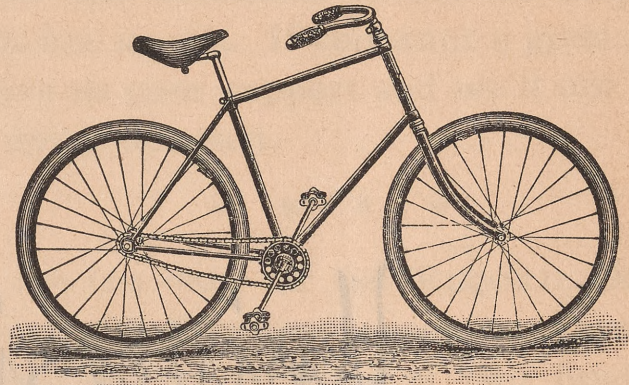
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# University Bulletin.

The annex to the Mechanical building will be finished and furnished by the first of February.

"The Mill" has arisen from the ashes, thanks to the energy of Professor Jackson and the skill, zeal and industry of many of the students of the School of Mines.

The Southern Pacific Company has made complaint that many students make the waiting-room of the railway station a loafing place. The University asks the students to stop the reprehensible practice of loafing in and around the railway stations.

The hospital fund fee for the first half year is now due and payable at the President's office.

Examinations for the first half-year term will begin Wednesday, January 29th, and will conclude Tuesday, February 4th.

The mid-year examinations will apply to all students.

The first of Judge Cheney's course of lectures upon the "Common Law" will be given at General Assembly, Wednesday, January fifteenth.

Professor R. D. Jackson will deliver the lecture at General Assembly, Wednesday, January 29th.

The work upon the "Cottage" goes forward slowly. The Regents hope to have the building at their command by the sixth of February.



# THE STUDENT RECORD.

VOL. III.

RENO, NEVADA, JANUARY 15, 1896.

No. 8.

## THE STUDENT RECORD

Is a College Magazine Published  
Semi-Monthly by the

INDEPENDENT ASSOCIATION

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA.

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### EDITORIAL.

WE heartily endorse the final editorial of Mr. Williams, the retiring chief, in regard to the support of the RECORD by the students. The editors are themselves pursuing college courses and they must carry as many hours of work as you who have not had editorial honors thrust upon your heads. The fact must not be lost sight of that we have no arrangement with our English Department whereby we receive credit in our English composition work for "boning" out the contents of our college publication every two weeks. The excellency of the paper rests in your hands. We can but do our part, which is but little. You think you pick the best material you have and you proceed to elect them editors. College men's judgment often errs, but if you support what you pick, it matters but little whether you err or not so long as your choice

possesses the execution ability to keep affairs from too low an ebb. If you want a good publication, give us your support and we'll not be lacking in doing our part.

\* \* \* \*

IN the last issue of the RECORD, December 15, 1895, the President announces through the Bulletin, the establishment of two funds to be maintained by assessments upon the students. The establishing of the hospital fund we deem a necessity, and it has a worthy object in view. It is a timely move and we readily acquiesce in supporting it. But that it should have become a necessity to establish a "breakage fund," we deplore. That we have among our number, students who maliciously and wantonly destroy State property, we lament. The man whose cranial organ of destructiveness is so abnormally developed as to leave him in a state such that he cannot content himself other than by the malicious destruction of other people's property is fit only to be an inmate of the Nevada Hospital for Mental Diseases and not to be a Nevada State University student.

\* \* \* \*

"A NEW broom sweeps clean" is an old adage that applies to the advent of the new board of editors of the RECORD. With due respect to the last board, we must say that we are not impressed with an idea of the freedom of the form of the RECORD last year. Because of complaints as to this lack of freedom and in sympathy with our own ideas, we have arranged the matter in a little different manner. That it is superior to the old form, we feel convinced, and hope that it will meet with approval. Ever since the opening of the last semester it was felt by those in charge that some changes in the style of the RECORD were needed, but it was impossible to make them, and even now we are compelled to wait till a more opportune time to make the most important change of all.



## LITERARY.

## THE NEW YEAR==LEISURE MOMENTS.

**N**EW YEARS day is proverbially a day of self-examination. So general is the practice of resolving new habits, etc., of turning over a new leaf to begin the new year, that the minds of even the indifferent and careless become thoughtful. Nothing, however, seems to me more important than plans for the improvement of leisure moments, whose value increases with each year of one's age.

We have all heard stories of what some persons have accomplished in the odd moments of one or several years. Perhaps the most famous example is that of the "Learned Blacksmith," Elihu Burritt, who acquired the elements of several foreign languages while he worked at his ordinary blacksmithing. Such a feat at first appears impossible. It seems too difficult work to employ one's hands and mind differently at the same time. For Elihu Burritt it was not study. It was simply thinking in the train of thought natural to one whose handiwork did not need the whole attention of the mind. His desire was for learning, and as he worked, his mind went out to foreign peoples and the great foreigners of whom he read. In striving to think as they thought and have a fellowship with them, he desired to think in their language and know their means of expression. He read the elements of the languages in spare moments and thought about them as he worked. The secret was, Elihu Burritt profitably used his every-day thinking. We can do the same. There is always an undercurrent of thought, even though a person be tired or worried. Holmes tells about having three lines of thought, that is, two undercurrents to a conversation—first, a running comment upon it, and second, suggestions of duty, physical feelings, etc. Manual laborers, being always in a state of unconscious thought when not actually employed in planning work, have more leisure moments mentally than have students. But a student's mind invariably lapses into a restful train of thought upon what he likes best, as he walks from one class-room to another or to his

room or dresses or waits for sleep at night or for returning energy in the morning.

Now, if you choose to value your leisure moments more highly, test yourself as to the value of the subject of these almost unconscious daily trains of thought. Is it up-building, growth-promoting? Or is it always planning for good times in the society of your friends? The latter is selfish and tends to discontent. It proves so, for to each will come moments when one turns sadly and wearily away from these plans. Then a remembrance of something nobler and a yearning for something better flashes across the mind.

If your pleasure-loving self still persists in thinking of social pleasure as its secret desire, remember God has given each of us a surrounding of possibilities for our greatest happiness and a consciousness and will for mastering them. This mastering is more than mastering one's trade or profession. It is the mastering for pleasure or displeasure of everything about us worthy of notice. A farmer may be able to farm, but has he made his apple trees as productive as possible? Has he acquainted himself enough with the Venezuelan question so fully discussed in the morning paper, to pass an opinion upon it? Has he tried all the properties of the soil of his farm? Does he know what birds are about him in summer, their habits, etc.? It takes but little time to satisfy one's curiosity about what he notices during a day, and, in consequence, he sees more the next day. A farmer has apparently the greatest scope for philosophical observations in many departments of nature. But each one who has a desire to recognize the whole and not go blindly through much of life, can see something interesting in every leisure moment. A working girl sweeping spider webs from the ceiling of a woodshed, found an unusually large spider. "Stop," she said, "let me find its nest, eggs and young." She found eight different kinds of eggs and pointed out to her mistress the spider to which each kind belonged, before she discovered the nest of the new variety. In explaining how she came to know their



names and habits, she said: "I have been noticing spiders all my life, and every time I find a new one, look it up and read about it."

Students are placed in an advantageous position to cultivate the habit of observation. This can be done by looking among the materials at hand for incidents similar to those of the textbook or class-room. One professor told his class, "think of the laws that govern the dew, while you walk in the morning. Apply all the laws you have studied in physics."

All the student's thoughts should help make him the conscious part of the world he ought to be. To think about the production and manufacture of articles around him, about the great news questions and about human nature in a psychological manner, drawing more careful and correct conclusions, are examples of thought that tend to make altruistic and optimistic world citizens and to relieve political and social reformers of a part of their burden.

INA H. STINER.

## MISCELLANY.

### IDEAL MOMENTS.

AS with poets, so with us all: there are times when we seem to soar above ourselves; when the heart swells with rapture and the soul exults; when we gaze spellbound in thought, wrapt in our surroundings, forgetting ourselves, winding, as it were, through the labyrinthian coils of mystery. Stand for a moment with Sir Walter Scott as he gave birth to the picture of that beautiful lake, adorned with the bold beauty of rugged Scotland; with a fair maiden rocked to and fro in a small canoe upon its bosom in the pale moonlight; with Fitz-James, as he has wended his way over a dangerous and lonely path, beckoning in that moment of triumph to her that held his heart. What a conception! How Scott must have soared on the wings of mystic thought as he shook from his living pen such a picture! How infinitely above self he must have been!

I remember well as I was riding after cattle in Northern California, the hot sun beating down upon my head, I looked far in the distance along a ridge whose only relief from the monotonous expanse of sagebrush and its sultry, blue horizon, was a lonely pine. As I came near I noticed a few head of cattle lying beneath its ample shade. They were resting in peace, save now and then, when a mischievous fly would cause the switching of a tail or the flapping of an ear. I rode up to the pine, and half overcome with the heat, dismounted. When, behold! a canyon far below me, with its rugged sides, its sparkling little

stream, winding in artistic beauty through the sands, on either side, green pasture land, dotted with contented heads, some feeding, some standing still and some lying down in listless dream, amid all the shrill notes of the king-fisher in its vigilant watch to swoop down upon some little minnow, echoed among the crags. But to me the fairest sight was the old log house, once my home, lying in ruins with night-shade growing up through the logs and around the old stone fire-place. As I stood there, back to my memory came the days of early boyhood. How, a few feet below the house, hot springs bubbled forth, above which seemingly from the rock, buttercups used to blossom, even in the dead of winter, in all their freshness. How my brother and I had rolled boulders down the steep side-hill. How in their mad course, with bruising and cracking of underbrush and shattering of small trees, we had watched them until they went far out on the level below.

True, then there was the gush of sporting youth; but why were things so changed now? Why were there such different feelings now? It was the ideal moment. The tiresome ride through the heated sands, the happy retreat, the rugged slopes, the winding stream, the level green below, the herds, the sound of the king-fisher's call, the old log house and the thought of early days, the blending of thought and emotion, it was the opportune time, which comes to all of us, when man, in happy accord with all about him, lives for the moment in the atmosphere of his better self.



## EXCHANGE.

The time has come and we must part,  
The tear drop dims mine eye,  
How oft I've clasped thee to my heart  
With joy in days gone by.

When first I saw thee, I was sure  
Thou cam'st to me to stay,  
But nothing mundane doth endure,  
All things must pass away.

How oft in days forever past,  
My form thou hast embraced!  
Another takes thy place at last  
And clasps me round the waist.

But such is life—we meet to part,  
In midst of change we dwell,  
Another clasps to-day my heart;  
Old corset, fare thee well.

“Here!” snarled the transcient to the landlord of the country hotel, who, for the moment, had laid off his imperial robes and was waiting on the table, “bring me a glass of good water—there's something ails this stuff.”

“It ought to be healthy water,” the landlord softly made reply, peering critically into the pitcher; “it was drawn in a well bucket.”

Amid the death-like silence that ensued the butter got down from the table and stalked indignantly out of the room.

The C. U. *Informer* gives a very good reason why a young man parts his hair in the middle: “It may be that his head is not very well balanced and that he takes this means of preserving the equipoise.”

Over forty thousand women are attending the various colleges in America, yet it has only been twenty-five years since the first college in the land was opened to women.

“Arthur's” arms were still around her;  
Several minutes had gone by  
Since the first kiss had been given,  
And he had sworn for her to die.  
“Darling,” gently lisped the maiden,  
Red as roses grew her face,  
“If you never loved another,  
How then learned you to embrace?”  
Jealously he pressed her to him,  
Whispering in her ear in haste:  
“Foot-ball trainers while at college  
Made us tackle 'round the waist.”

—*Ex.*

The University of Paris has over seven thousand students and there are, as in all the Universities of France, no classes, no college periodicals, no athletics, no commencement day, no glee clubs, and no fraternities.

The following lines were found on the fly-leaf of a school girl's psychology text-book:

If another flood on earth should come,  
For refuge hither fly;  
Though all the world should be submerged,  
This book would still be dry.

The cherry blossom, instead of the chrysanthemum, is the favorite flower of Japan. In its season, ceremonies in its praise are held.

One of our new exchanges, *The Western University Courant*, is an excellent paper and is especially strong in its literary department.

When you know what a man's idea of fun is you can form a pretty correct estimate of his character.



## BITS OF FUN.

It doesn't take a sleight-of-hand performer to get a square meal off a round steak.—*Y. C.*

Why is the sophomore German class the most pious class at the Univeasity? Because they go to "Church" twice a day.

Clairette—What are you going to give me, papa, when I get married?

Papa—My consent, Clairette.—*La Laquette.*

Diner—I say, waiter, there's a fly in this soup.

Waiter—Glad to know it, sah. We'se been tryin' to kill dat ar fly fo' seben weeks.

Mr. T.—What's that man trying to do, doubled in two on that bicycle?

Crimsonbeak—I guess he's trying to put his shoulder to the wheel.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Mr. Noopop—My baby cries all night. I don't know what to do with it.

Mr. Knowitt—I'll tell you what I did. As soon as our baby commenced to cry, I used to turn on all the gas. That fooled him. He thought it was broad day light and went to sleep.—*Life.*

Daughter—"I shall never go to a menagerie again."

Father—"Well, dear, I hope you didn't see any cruelty to animals."

"Yes, I saw a terrible case of it. The lion-tamer put his head right into a lion's mouth."

"Well, what was cruel about that?"

"Why, that horrid man had hair oil on his head."

Father—Now, Jimmie, I'm going to give you a hard thrashin'. D'ye wanter know what for?

Son.—Nossir, I don't, cos if you tells me what fur, then I'm goin' to say I hain't done it, en you'll lick me twist as hard fur lyin' about it.

—*Life.*

Mother—My dear child, why are you running about barefooted when I've just bought nine pairs of stockings?

Little boy—'Cause I've hung 'em all up for Santa Claus to fill.

Old Lady (to her daughter).—Good gracious, Matilda, but it's cold. My teeth are actually chattering.

Loving Daughter.—Well, don't let them chatter too much, or they may tell you where you bought them.—*Judge.*

"I wish a pound of jumps," she said,  
As she nodded her pretty curly head.

"A *pound of jumps*?" said I in reply,  
As I looked her full in the eye.

"We have candy and sugar and gum,  
If any of these you would like some;  
Also peanuts and walnuts and corn that  
pops."

"O, O, I forgot! it's a *pound of hops*."

"What makes your lips so awful sore?"

Asked Sarah's cross-eyed pap;  
And Sarah to the old man said:

"It's caused by a small chap."

Then Sarah's youngest brother—

As yet unknown to fame—  
Looked Sarah in the eye and asked:

"What is the small chap's name?"

—*Ex.*



## CAMPUS.

J. B. Higgins, '97, spent Christmas in San Francisco.

The new buildings will be dedicated some time this month.

A number of cadets went to Virginia City on December 31st to spend New Year's day.

Some of the students are engaged in putting down a maple wood floor in the gymnasium.

Wooden walks have been laid from the Normal building to Lincoln Hall and the Gymnasium.

Miss Catlin, Normal '95, who has been teaching in Carson, visited the University a few days ago.

The brick-work on the Mechanical Building is progressing as rapidly as can be expected this time of the year.

Professor Church and Mr. Allison went up into the foothills of Mt. Rose to try the snowshoeing last week.

Superintendent Brown was engaged, as usual, during the holiday recess, in getting Lincoln Hall ready for occupancy.

Mrs. Maynard, formerly an instructor in the University, has classes in literature at Pasadena, Pomona and Los Angeles, Cal.

F. H. Saxton, Mines '95, who has been engaged since July last as foreman of Captain De Lamar's cyanide plant, at his extensive mining camp in southern Nevada, returned to Reno December 20th. Mr. Saxton spent the day at the Varsity looking over old scenes. He is on his way to Pine Nut, where he intends developing some placer claims, whose value has been enhanced during his absence by reason of the recent excitement in the Pine Nut district.

Professor and Mrs. Church gave a Christmas party at their residence to those students who reside out of town and did not go home. There was a Christmas tree loaded with presents, besides other amusements. About thirty-five students were present and spent an enjoyable evening.

Owing to the intervention of the holiday recess, the issue of the RECORD for January 1st was omitted. It is hoped that compensation for this may be made about the middle of February, when it is expected that a large edition of the RECORD will be issued.

Miss Stella M. Linscott, who has been taking P. G. work and teaching Latin at our University since her graduation, departed for Berkely, Sunday evening, January 12th, where she intends entering the University of California. A host of friends bid the young lady God speed, and we have no better representative in Berkely than she.

Many of those students who spent the winter recess in Reno enjoyed themselves on several occasions, skating on the river and the numerous reservoirs surrounding Reno. It was during one of these occasions Mr. Hanson broke through the ice and received a frigid ducking. Beyond this, no damage was done and Handy Andy is as well as ever.

Lincoln Hall was finally opened to the students Saturday, January 11th. All afternoon of that day the space in front of the hall presented the busiest kind of a scene. The students, coming from all directions of Reno, unloaded their belongings in front of the building and on the porch, carrying them to their rooms at their leisure. To a spectator the scene was very ludicrous, the confusion and bustle, aided by the appearance of the piles of trunks, clothing and books, not failing to excite mirth in any beholder.

## ATHLETIC AND SOCIETY NOTES.

The game of football between the Reno High School and the Coronna team ended in a victory for the latter. The score was 12 to 0.

Some of the young men of Virginia have formed a club which is devoted to athletics. It may be in Spring we will be able to secure a contest with them.

With the coming in of '96 we should endeavor as a college to increase our standing in the athletic line. I look forward to see our record higher this year than ever before.

The team athletes should not forget that as soon as the weather permits they should have the field day with the Reno town teams, which was to come off last Fall, but was postponed.

Mr. Egan, our ex-catcher, thinks that with a little effort he may be able to get a baseball team together in Virginia. If successful, he will try and get a series of games with the Varsity team next Spring.

In the two football contests in which the Butte, Mont., team has been engaged in California, it was successful in one and defeated in the other. The Reliance men have clearly shown their superiority in football and they rightfully believe that their two successful games are evidence enough for the Montana boys that they are the victors. In talking with a young man who has been in Utah and comparing the Utah college with our own college, he believes that we could outmatch them in a field contest. We should meet them if possible.

The pictures that Mr. Clemons took of the football team have been finished. They are very good. The boys look like veterans of many hard-fought fields and one would not judge from the pictures that they were taken before their first game.

A meeting of the U. N. A. A. was held on December —. Several important matters were brought before the society. A committee was appointed to see the President about the apparatus that is to be put in the Gymnasium and its management.

It would be very gratifying to see those young men who attend the University and who are not members of the Athletic Association, join it on the opening of school for '96. It is disgraceful that so many of the young men take no interest in athletics. All should feel such a deep interest in manly sports as to give them their heartiest encouragement.

The "benefit" of Mr. F. Hanson, '96, which occurred in the Assembly Hall Saturday evening, January 11th, was a very enjoyable affair. The many friends of Mr. Hanson among the musical profession of Reno, headed by Mr. G. Hoskins, united their efforts in Mr. Hanson's behalf. The result was a great musical treat for the students and music-loving people of Reno and a substantial benefit to Mr. Hanson. During the course of the evening the orchestra played the "Nevada Cadets March" composed by Miss Gertrude Holingsworth, Reno's popular pianist. It is quite unnecessary to mention that the piece was greeted with deafening applause.

## CONTRIBUTIONS.

"Habit, second nature! Habit is ten times nature!" THESE words, uttered by the Duke of Wellington, if true, are somewhat appalling. Habit, a thing almost entirely under our own control, able to exert a force ten times the strength of our natural propensities. Is it true?

Looking around at animals, their daily actions, and even at matter itself, we see evidence that it is. In a pasture where many cows are grazing, we see a single well-worn path leading down to the water's edge, where they are wont to slake their thirst. It is a habit that keeps them from



straggling off and making a score of different paths.

I once saw a bear chained to a post walk half around it, turn and go back. He kept this up persistently for I know not how long, day after day, until a deep path was worn. Why did he not walk entirely around at times, or inside or outside of that determined path.

Turning to nature, we see this same law of habit asserted. Flowing water hollows out for itself a channel which hourly grows broader and deeper. Let the water cease to flow; when it starts again it follows the same path traced before, neither to the right nor the left, but the same.

In animals a habit is determined by instinct or chance and circumstance. In man, actions performed habitually seem to be the results more of training than of natural inclination. An amusing incident is told of a school teacher who cried "check" when the friend she was conversing with dropped a pencil. A man who has devoted the greater part of his life exclusively to business, on retiring, finds that he cannot settle to anything else, is unhappy and seldom lives long after all his old habits are broken. On the other hand, he who finds time during his business ca-

reer, to cultivate the habit of reading good books and interesting himself in his fellow-men, is at no loss for occupation when his business no longer takes his time.

A habit once acquired strengthens day by day, till it becomes "ten times nature." What an invincible enemy then is a bad habit! What a friend and ally a good one! We can scarcely realize how much we owe to habit. Without it we might consume a life-time doing the simplest and most necessary things in life. We would be continually learning over and over with no advance. By forming certain good habits we can pass over trivials and continually ascend to higher things. All our celebrities, musicians, authors, generals, owe their success to habits of application, concentration, thoroughness, etc.

The critical period for the fixing of habits which make or mar character is below twenty years and in a less degree from twenty to thirty. How preposterous is the idea that we may sow wild oats in youth at school and at college, and after a while, when we please, may settle down to noble living! How great is the responsibility which rests upon us in our school days, since in them we are forming character which becomes set like plaster, never to soften again.

## THE SPECTATOR.

**Q**RE all students under the control of the University authorities at all times? It has never been disputed that students residing at the dormitories are accountable to the Faculty whenever an explanation is demanded; but the idea has become prevalent that students who reside with their parents and the others who live off the campus are not subject to such rules. Laws are not made for the purpose of oppression or to impose hardships on those who do not transgress the laws, but they are enacted for the purpose of restraining and punishing the unruly. Suppose there is a rule that students shall study a certain number of hours the evening immediately following a school day, the object being, not only to insure good lessons, but more important still, to inculcate and encourage habits that

will lead to honest, prompt, painstaking work. This rule applies to dormitory students. To one it is obnoxious and he leaves and obtains room and board with some family. By this very act he shows that he expects to escape this rule. Another goes, and still another, until soon all whom the rule was intended to restrain have left the dormitories, but continue to attend school. What has the rule accomplished in elevating those students? Let us extend the regulation and include all students who do not reside with their parents. In one family is a daughter and her class-mate, a young lady from a distant part of the State. One can entertain company, attend the theatre, go skating, etc., and the University authorities have nothing to say. The other cannot. If rules must be made (and they



certainly must, for student government cannot deal with these cases), is it right to impose regulations only on those who are so situated that the rules can be easily enforced? Since it is wrong and a girl would be tolerated at the "Cottage" who persisted in fooling away her time flirting with boys, how can such conduct be permissible in one who lives in town? I know there are some women in Reno with whom students reside who surround them with all the advantages of home and they get more study out of them than any set of rules can accomplish, but I think there are others who know very little about the students in their houses. For boys the "latch string hangs out" and for girls company is invited and hours which should be devoted to undisturbed study are spent otherwise. To every harangue on the subject the answer is al-

ways given that the control of parents is absolute; that no regulations can be enforced in the home. I deny it. When parents living in Reno send their son to this school they are supposed to see that he does right, and if they don't see to it, some one else must. How many parents know what their sons are studying, or how much time is required for each study? Have they interviewed the President and Faculty? If not, how like a thunderbolt from a clear sky will the news of dismissal break upon their ears! No one deprecates the fact more than I that this subject should arise. It belongs to a grammar school more than to a university, but since the evils exist, is it better to remain passive until each case reaches its limit and then dismiss the student, or by concerted action throw around him restraining influences? An ounce of prevention, etc.

## LEISURE MOMENTS.

### RESIGNATION.

ESTHER MORTON sits near the window of their charming cottage, peering out into the twilight. There is a look of anxious concern upon her beautiful face. Esther is waiting for someone, it is evident, and as she is sitting there in the dim light, a glance into her life will not be amiss. She is not an only daughter, for she has a sister and a younger brother. The sister was married and had gone hundreds of miles from home. But Esther, what of her? She loved and was beloved. Cupid's darts had not escaped her, and Harold Condon had just six months before asked her to be his bonny bride. Since then the time passes only too slowly and even now they knew that the happy time must be postponed for at least a year. Both Esther and Harold considered that the delay would but make the reality the sweeter.

And now, perhaps, we can surmise for whom Esther is watching and waiting. But why does she look so anxious? Does she fear that he will disappoint her? Yes, almost that, for as Harold is an attorney, he may have been called into the

adjoining town. But, joy to her throbbing heart! He is nearing the wicket and soon she meets him at the door. Harold does not seem himself and complains of a dull, throbbing pain in his temples, so he bids Esther good-night with the hope that he may feel better in the morning.

But not so, for word is brought to Esther that he is unable to leave his room. Two days pass and then comes the painful news that Harold Condon is suffering from malarial fever. With Esther, as with us all, "while there's life there's hope," and she bears up bravely and helps administer to his needs. Harold has no mother to soothe his aching, feverish brow, for years ago she was laid to rest. His two loving sisters tried to fill her place, and with their tender care and Esther's loving watchfulness it seemed that all would be well. But our fondest hopes cannot always be realized!

After three weeks of suffering Harold, is summoned to the home above and Esther's grief is unutterable. O! the heartache, the pangs of intense sorrow! Hope for the future and brightest plans departed!



Two weary months pass and we see Esther at her table in the library, perusing a letter. She is not the same Esther that we knew before, but one more noble and lovable. Her beautiful face is made the more so when we see that it wears a sad, sweet, resigned expression. Her hair is brushed back in wavy locks, and the blue eyes struggle to keep back the tears. As she reads the letter it trembles in her dainty hand, and then with a benign smile she turns to her mother and says with calm, unbroken tones: "Mother, I shall go. I feel that God in His Providence has deprived me of my proposed joy, only to bring me nearer to Him and help me build up His kingdom here on earth."

The mother, with a mother's aching heart for her child, strokes her tresses gently and replies sadly: "Do as thy conscience directs thee, my daughter, and may thou ever be able to say, 'Thy will be done, O Lord.'"

Esther's acceptance is that of an offer as nurse in a children's hospital. Here many a suffering little soul may be cheered and lifted up with the hope and promise of a bright hereafter.

Esther patiently begins her task, and if we could glance into the rooms of that home where pain and death are ever present, we would see her going to each little cot, bathing here a fevered brow, there whispering words of comfort, and again stooping to imprint a kiss upon the lips of a departing spirit. And then on some pleasant summer day, when the little sufferers are permitted to have their windows open and the curtains drawn aside, that they may listen to the joyous twittering of the birds without, and see the sunbeams play around their little beds, if we but listen we can hear sweet, sad tones, not those of birds, but of Esther's voice, singing to the children some hymns full of light and love. And we cannot but feel that God has given her the beautiful voice to make happy the souls that are unfortunately afflicted. How much easier pain is when there is a kind and ministering angel, mother, to cheer up the lonely hours. But in the absence of the mothers of the little ones, what a comfort they find in Esther who is indeed one of God's messengers.

And though Esther does not wander for years on earth to find her lost love, yet like Evangeline, we find her ministering to the needs of sufferers and patiently bearing the burden and the yoke placed upon her, hoping for the happy meeting in heaven. And can we doubt that Esther reaped a rich reward?

Would that more lives were like her's—to accept without a murmur that which is given them and endeavor to live in the sure hope that all is for the best.

#### A TRIP TO JUPITER.

THE forest rang with the merry voices of the children at their play. For some hours they had been busy at work trying to construct a boat of palm leaves. Finishing their work, a game of "hide and seek," which they had been talking of playing, commences, and they, after selecting their leader, ran in every direction seeking a hiding place.

One of the little boys, forgotten by the other children in their haste to hide, saw the boat of leaves which they had just finished and determined that it should be his hiding place. He was very soon within the boat. Reclining, so as not to be seen, quiet, so as not to be heard, and weary with the day's work, he soon fell asleep.

A great storm arose, moving everything in its course, even the boat in which the little boy had hidden. This was tossed about, first in one direction, then in another, until with a great gust of wind it was blown upward. Taking a direct route, as if destined for some unknown country, it sailed through the air for several days. When the child had traveled several million miles. He perceived a dark object below him, which grew larger and larger as he approached it, until he was so near that he could distinguish land and water, mountains and plains, valleys and deserts.

The wind gradually decreasing in violence, finally stopped blowing and the boat, which the boy had thought to be going downward, was stranded upon the land. He was alone in a new country and without friends to advise him. At first he was so overcome with fear that he did not



know what to do, but he determined to make the best of his situation and to see who the people were, and what their country was called.

The mountains were covered with large trees. At the foot of one of these trees he sat down to rest and ponder over his surroundings. His attention was soon attracted by a strange noise, as of people talking, which seemed to come from the tree. As he had seen no houses or huts similar to those upon his native land, he thought that this must be the dwelling places of the people who inhabited this planet. Nor was he mistaken, for these trees proved to be the homes of the people who inhabited the planet Jupiter. The inside of the tree had been cut out, leaving only the partitions of the rooms. Windows had been placed in the bark. The doors were so perfectly made, and in many cases hidden by the surrounding tall weeds, that it would be impossible to perceive them. Thus it happened that our little traveller, so absorbed in his own thoughts, had not discovered the houses.


The door opened and a very small man appeared, clothed in bright colored garments. He wore a queer looking cap of the same colors, and slippers with golden buckles. He called to his wife to come and see the boy. The news spread quickly among the dwarfs that a stranger had arrived in their land, and they, thinking he had come for some evil purpose, rose up in arms against him. They did not know but that through him their country might be conquered, and they be compelled to give up the freedom they loved so much.

They addressed several words to him, but in a language so different from any he had ever heard, that he did not understand what they were saying. They seemed to him to be so cross and ugly that he fled in terror. But wherever he went, they followed, the more he tried to explain, since they did not understand him, the worse matters became.

The king called a meeting of the dwarfs, and they decided to send the intruder to prison for life. The poor boy, as he had no way of proving his innocence, knew not what to do. Escape was impossible, as the dwarfs watched him

too closely, and he, overcome with exhaustion as he was about to be seized by the people, awoke with a scream of terror. The children had just discovered his hiding place and his journey had been only a dream.

#### A MUTE TRAGEDY.

 ONE damp, spring day I was searching for early plants at the foot of a low cliff, when I chanced to spy within the reach of my hand a group of cliff swallows' nests. It was too early in the year for them to be inhabited, so I thought it opportune to examine their structure.

Cliff swallows are quite common in the Western Highlands. By nature they are gregarious, airy creatures, their mud-built nests often covering the entire surface of beetling cliffs and crags. Circling, sweeping, turning and dashing in and out, they cast beneath them a dark, irregular shadow. Incessantly they chirp and twitter, and frequently the silence of the short summer nights is broken by short, sharp chirps when the sleeping swallows are disturbed by predatory owls.

The nest of the cliff swallow is precisely like that of the familiar eve swallow. Inside the mud walls, however, we miss the soft lining of feathers and hair, these being replaced by straw and wool. From four to ten eggs are produced, white like the eggs of the bank swallow and not flecked with brown like those of their more domestic relatives.

But to return to my nests. Removing two, they are found empty, awaiting the return of their owners. But in the third is discovered the pitiful evidence of an humble tragedy. An ambitious matron, hoping, no doubt, to outdo her neighbors, had industriously filled in her house and set it in order. (Among other things she had carried in a cumbersome twig.) Proudly she had crowned her task with seven white eggs.

Alas for the vanity of birds and men! Endeavoring to go out too hastily, she thrust the unweildy stick against the narrow opening. She could no longer pass out. In vain she beat it with her breast and tugged at it with her



beak. Outside, flitting and twittering in the sunshine, were her companions, but they listened not to her stifled cries. Oh! for the brightness of the summer sun, the sweet, cool water of the noisy stream. Beating, beating within that self-built tomb, the poor little swallow wore her life away. At last the tiny heart grew quiet and there I found the dried little body covering in maternal love that mockery of life, the seven white eggs.

H. E. C.

A manual of military instructions and drill regulations by Lieutenant W. R. Hamilton, our Commandant, has made its appearance, and is now on sale in Reno. The book contains much information on military matters, being practically a hand-book of the military of the United States, comprehending the drill regulations and guard manual in use in the regular army. It is designed especially for military schools and is being adopted in many of the military schools of the East. A number of copies have been placed in our library, to which access may be had at the usual time.

Is your brain from hard work weary?  
 Are your tired eyes all bleary?  
 Does the whole world seem so dreary  
 That your senses fairly reel?  
 Are you nervous or rheumatic?  
 Are there cobwebs in your attic?  
 Cast all this off and feel esthatic:  
 Take a ride upon a wheel.

—Anon.

The class in metallurgy have nearly finished the getting of the "mill" in shape for operations, and they will soon take up the treatment of ores. The mill and smelter have been reinforced by several additions of machinery, namely: a new Root's blower, two new concentrators and a new set of pans and settlers is to be procured. The building is about twice the size of the old mill, the equipment is better, and all in all the department is much better situated than they were previous to the fire of November 2, 1895.

MAKE A NOTE OF IT.

While you're hidin' from the sunshine,  
 Might be harvestin' yer hay;  
 While you're waitin' for the wagon,  
 You could meet it on the way. —Ex.

The University is greatly indebted to Mr. D. B. Lyman of the C. & C. Mining Co., General Keating of the Savage, and Mr. Williams of the Mexican Mill for their very kind favors to the Mining Department.

Invitations have been issued to the classes for the Freshmen "return" to be held in Stewart Hall, January 18, 1896.

Miss Mabel Stanaway, '95 has taken the instructorship in Latin made vacant by the departure of Miss Linscott.

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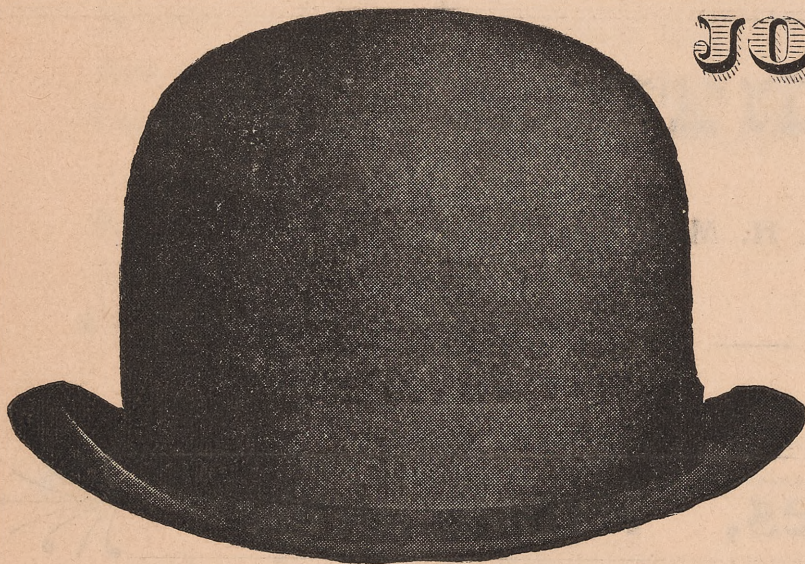
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