

Vol. III. No. 14.

April 15, 1896.

# The Student Record

## CONTENTS:

	PAGE
Bulletin, - - - - -	4
Editorial, - - - - -	5
Literary, - - - - -	6
Miscellany, - - - - -	7
Exchange, - - - - -	8
Bits of Fun, - - - - -	9
Campus, - - - - -	9-10
Athletic and Society Notes, - - -	11
Contributions, - - - - -	11-12
Leisure Moments, - - - - -	13-14-15-16

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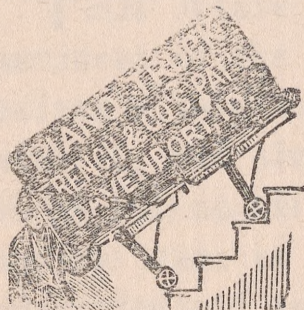
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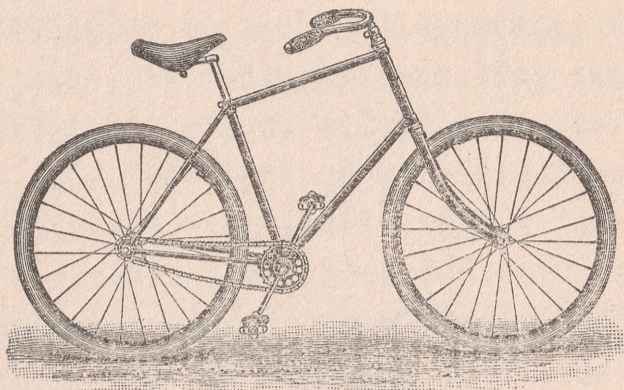
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## University Bulletin.

---

Stop that whistle in or about the recitation halls. It has become a serious nuisance.

The Rev. Dr. Mackenzie has accepted the invitation of the faculty to deliver the commencement address.

Professor Unsworth's address on "Christain Morals," in the public school, associated with Dr. Bergstein's address on "Training for Health," at the Opera House, Thursday evening, has elicited very distinct and favorable comment.

Can not something be done to stop the defacement of the buildings by knife and lead pencil? Will not the students themselves take a hand in protecting the University and the State against this petty and disreputable form of vandalism? We appeal to the students for protection.

State Superintendent Cutting has deserved as well as received commendation for the profitable institute session.

The State Teachers' Institute was an interesting and profitable session. The reception by the teachers of the Reno Public School on Monday evening and the reception given by the Principal and Pedagogical Classes of the University on Wednesday evening were delightful occasions. The papers and addresses were uniformly excellent. Professors Church, Miller, and Emery took an active and valuable part in the week's program. The demonstrations in physiology by Professor Miller with the practical aid of his class in biology attracted marked interest.

# THE STUDENT RECORD.

VOL. III.

RENO, NEVADA, APRIL 15, 1896.

No. 14.

## THE STUDENT RECORD.

Is a College Magazine Published  
Semi-Monthly by the

INDEPENDENT ASSOCIATION

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA.

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*A cross on the inside of this square indicates that your subscription is not paid up and will be cut off unless paid for by May 1st.*

### EDITORIAL.

THE future prospect of the Military Department of the University looks bright. We believe a new era has dawned on all connected with it, and that every man from private to Major will do his part in bringing it up to the highest state of efficiency. The old feeling of insecurity and uncertainty as to rank and tenure of office has passed away and all are now fully satisfied that justice will be done under the new regime. A fresh inspiration to better service has been given by the assurances that henceforth rank will be bestowed because of merit.

PURSUANT to the action of the Independent Association at a recent meeting, all subscribers who are delinquent on May 1st, 1896, will be dropped from the subscription list of the RECORD. At the head of the editorial column will be found a small square. An x on the inside of this square indicates that you are delinquent and your subscription will be subject to the general rule on May 1st this year. This action has been found necessary in order to protect the business interests of the Association.

\* \* \* \*

THE exercises of the Teachers' Institute to an observant attendant thereon point out and suggest many things, probably the most important of which is the nearness of the relation between the University and the public school teachers of the State. Furnishing annually a large number of teachers, nearly all of which immediately begin teaching upon graduation, the University must hold, naturally, a paternal relation to the majority of public school teachers of Nevada. It is natural, too, that the pedagogical classes of the University should gather the teachers upon our campus and entertain them during their short stay in our town; natural again that they should hold a session of their valuable institute in our assembly hall. It is natural, also, that the Superintendent of Public Instruction should be a graduate of Nevada's State University, and that among the principals and vice-principals of the grammar and high schools of the State should be numbered many of Nevada's graduates from both collegiate and Normal schools. Being at the head or culminating point of the public school system of the State, the University naturally occupies this position. She has commenced and will continue the good work of University extension which was carried out, in part, so well last year. This extension work could be given exclusively for the benefit of teachers as suggested in an admirable paper, by one of our alumni, read before

the institute. Our faculty, we are confident, will enter again into the work with greater zeal than ever, all combining, all conspiring to make our school system the best that can be had, and enabling the State to give to its young men and young women an education the equal of that afforded by older States.

With so many intelligent minds toiling as busy bees for the same end we look for and are confident of gratifying results being accomplished in the one grand aim. As we take a step in the march forward we will be followed by the public schools, until step by step we reach the highest efficiency in intellectual training.

## LITERARY.

### THE DIDONIAN EPISODE—VERGIL.

THE character which Vergil introduces to us in the Aeneid as Dido is a woman in the prime of life who rules discreetly over the realms of her deceased husband, Sychaeus. The wanderer Aeneas and his shipwrecked sailors cast upon the shores of her country beg shelter and permission to refit their shattered vessels from timber in the neighboring forests. The request is granted. Aeneas is conducted to the Queen and at once perceives her to be a woman of more than ordinary physical charms and graces, which are the more striking owing to her culture and mental endowments. His story is told. He accepts her proffered hospitality. Dido, as hostess, is deeply interested in the welfare of her royal guest and does everything possible for his comfort. At length, however, her solicitude becomes more than is warranted by friendship—she is in love, madly infatuated. It is at this point that the actions of the gods are revealed.

Aeneas, previous to his departure from Troy, had been told that in a western land he should rule and preserve the Trojan race, and that there a royal spouse awaited him. Now Juno, to avenge Venus, her old rival, and the mother of Aeneas, wrecked Aeneas upon the coast of Carthage. To further lessen the probabilities of his resuming his journey she influences the heart of Dido with love. A hunting expedition is arranged. A storm suddenly arises, and Aeneas and Dido seek shelter in a cave. Dido no longer endeavors to conceal her passion. Amid the flash of lightning and roar of thunder the gods sanction the union. Juno, to keep the Trojan

from Italy; Venus, because it brought temporary preservation to her son.

Dido, in accepting Aeneas as her husband, shows that she is only a human being and unable to hold her passion in perfect submission. She is not notoriously immoral. This is shown by her entire conduct. When her love for Aeneas asserts itself she confides it to her sister Anna, who encourages the flame, tells her sister that it is not meet to end her days in grief and vain repining for the dead Sychaeus. At first Dido appears able to withstand even Anna's persuasions, but immediately she bursts into tears, and it is plain what the result will be. Dido apparently has conscientious misgivings as to the propriety and lawfulness of her union with Aeneas, but she quiets all such questions, either believing it is the will of the gods or considering that the nuptials were observed sufficiently simply by recognizing Aeneas as her husband. This cannot be said of the Teucrian. He had been told that a royal wife awaited him. It is not probable that the other important parts of the prophecy were forgotten by him when Dido received him as a husband.

After remaining in Carthage for some time, Aeneas prepared to obey the commands of the gods and resume his journey. Perhaps he intended that Dido should accompany him, for when accused of stealing from the Kingdom, he says he did not endeavor to depart secretly. However, Dido's suspicions once aroused, all her ardent love changed to hatred. Believing herself disgraced and now about to be deserted by her companion, she cannot bear the taunts which she fears will fall upon her. Rather than accept any of her rejected suitors, she suicides, joins

the etherial form of Sychaeus and thereafter on the occasion of Aeneas' visit to the lower world shows an aversion and almost repugnance for the Trojan. But Aeneas, in his relations with Dido, should not be judged too severely. Perhaps to remove Dido from the story so as not to cause a conflict of personages afterwards, this plan of getting rid of her was adopted. Much as her

character may be adversely criticised, the fact remains that she is not a common woman governed by unlicensed passion. She is, rather, one unable to control her fortunes because the gods are against her, and in this case we may say in the words of a later poet, "There is a destiny that shapes our ends, rough hew them though we may." T., L. A.

## MISCELLANY.

### LESSONS IN FLOWERS.

WHEN we hear the word "flower" expressed we think only of the beautiful blossoms gathered everywhere from hill and valley. We do not think of the lessons they teach, or how like the faces of persons they are; and although their lips are speechless, they are living preachers, each little cup a pulpit, ever leaf a book, giving to us a teacher in our darkest hours.

The Arabs when passing a rich grain field or a tree laden with beautiful blossoms, greet them in their own language with, "may God bless you!" They name their children after them, and so do we Americans. The Savior said, "Consider the lilies of the field how they grow, they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Wanderers, in a land where the voice of divine love is never heard, find in each flower, cordial for their weary souls.

Some idle thinkers are apt to say, flowers are needless pleasures, blooming everywhere. But things both beautiful and ugly are expressed in flowers, from the highest degree of beauty, to the lowest degree of foulness. Flowers like faces, give expression to the plant. Some always have a gladsome smile, some a bold open laugh, while others still are dull and melancholy.

Lovers of flowers use them for interpreting all that is beautiful in life and they use them to imitate every nature. Without them the earth would be void of its smiles,—it would never have learned to smile; but as it is, each little blossom

and each blade of grass greets us always with a smile, for its brow is never clouded.

Of the whole plant, the flower is our nearest kin. Nature has given them no utterance, but instead of voice she has given them fragrance, and in this way their joyful greetings go to all the world alike.

How pleasant each thought seems which shall always remind me of the dear old school room, with its windows crowded with beautiful plants; each plant laden with bright blossoms, expressing every word of kindness and bringing to our minds, thoughts that were always pure and beautiful, for flowers are never reminders of evil. Each flower seems as hard to part with as our long loved classmates and teachers. In the first days of Spring how our hearts leap with joy in seeing the first lily bud. We longed to scent the pure white blossoms, wishing for them before Easter. We waited not in vain, for before Easter morn, what we had been looking for had arrived, the "emblem of purity."

What is home without flowers? If mothers would only teach their children the lessons in flowers, what a world of happiness we would behold. Flowers are never as envious as brothers and sisters are apt to be, they annoy not each other's good and do not droop and pine when they see their sister bud open in all its beauty. Teach children to love flowers, they are the types of gentle minds, and in their bosoms are hidden no selfish care. And as each day brings its trials, they may always be lightened by the one little maxim, "Equal to, but not above duty", which is expressed in every flower.

Autumn the most beautiful season of the year,

is yet the saddest, because each leaf and flower has withered. "The melancholy days" have come, and they bring to mind our friends who in their beauty were stripped from our bosoms as the leaves are rent from trees in the chill Autumn wind. "The fair human blossom that as a sister grew up by my side faded, and we laid her in the cold damp earth, and still weep that one so young should perish with the flowers."

When lovers want to speak the words that are so hard to utter, they betake themselves to these dumb messengers, who have learned so well to tell the story. When we want to remember a long loved spot or a favorite holiday, we pluck a flower to hold fast the memory. Old books often have hidden in their leaves faded blossoms, and when taken up may drop out the long-loved treasure that had been placed there by loving hands.

Flowers are brought to the sick room to cheer

the weary, for they are balsam to the sick at heart; they are brought to the churches, for they, like music, fill the air with sweetness and give pleasure to all. When everything in life is hushed, flowers are brought, and we place them around the still, cold face; we place them on the graves, and when words have failed, music has hushed, flowers are brought to sweeten vacancy and to give voice to silence itself. "Happy is the man that loves flowers." May we all cultivate a love for them, for they beautify the homes, cheer the lonely and give beauty and sweetness to all about them.

"There is a lesson in each flower,  
A story in each stream and bower;  
In every herb on which we tread  
Are written words which rightly read  
Will lead us from earth's fragrant sod,  
To hope, and holiness, and God."

ANNIE STEINBERGER.

### EXCHANGE.

Said the whiskered "med"  
To the fair "co-ed,"  
"I'm like a ship at sea—  
Exams are near,  
And much I fear  
I will unlucky be."  
Then murmured she,  
"A shore I'll be,  
Come, rest, thy journey o'er."  
Then darkness fell,  
And all was well,  
For the ship had hugged the shore.  
—*Ex.*

"Shall we ever get through" sighed a Freshman,  
"With the thought of the flunk notes galore;  
Shall we ever get safe to that haven.  
Of rest in the year Sophomore?"

A comforting classmate made answer,  
"Of course we are safe; don't repine,  
Take courage! Go quick, read your Bible,  
We belong to the 'ninety and nine.'"  
—*Ex.*

A bachelor dwelt in this city, 'tis said,  
In smoking he passed time away.  
He liked his cigars of the Havana brand;  
For these any sum he would pay.  
He loved three sweet maidens of beauty most rare,  
Named Florence and Anna and Ray,  
But which one to marry he never could choose,  
So matters continued that way.  
His love of cigars solved the question at last,  
He said as he asked for her hand,  
"Of course I'll have Anna, for everyone knows,  
Havana's my favorite brand." —*Ex.*

Teacher: "What did Cæsar do when he reached the Rhine?"

Pupil: "He proposed to Bridget—I don't know what her other name is." —*Ex.*

He—What is a kiss, grammatically speaking?  
She (with a blush and a pucker)—It's a conjunction—one of those things that cannot be declined.—*Philadelphia Item.*



## BITS OF FUN.

With frowned face and look forlorn;  
 With a book stuck under her eyes;  
 A student sat at her home one morn,  
 Learning a lesson so wise.  
 Study, study, study,  
 As the clock goes tick, tick, tick;  
 Study, study, study,  
 Until she is fairly sick.

One hour, two hours, and three,  
 And still the book lies there.  
 Vocabulary and notes we see,  
 Through which she looks with care.  
 Study, study, study  
 Until her eyes are sore;  
 Study, study, study  
 And yet must study more.

Oh ye books, why were you made,  
 To trouble my poor, my weary head.  
 If I could throw you far from me  
 The happiest of happy I'd be.  
 Study, study, study;  
 Ah! I'd never think of it,  
 Study, study, study,  
 You'd catch me, not a bit.

"Do you really think one committs a sin to  
 ride a bicycle?"

"Well, I've seen bicycle riders who were far  
 from upright."—*Detroit Tribune*.

Father—What is that soft, scratchy noise in  
 the next room, which sounds like something  
 ripping?

Mother—Oh, that's Maria learning to scratch  
 a match on her bloomers.—*Judge*.

After the ball is over,  
 After the dance is through,  
 Come dressmaker bills,  
 And doctor's pills,  
 Enough for a year or two.  
 —*Syracuse Post*.

You love or hate the girl with the hat  
 As in the theater you find her,  
 According as you take your seat  
 Beside her or behind her.  
 —*Detroit Tribune*.

"Woman," began the corn-fed philosopher, in  
 his generalizing way, "is a creature of many  
 moods."

"My wife ain't," ventured N. Peck. "She's  
 always in the imperative."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

"Which would you rather do, Jarley, kiss a  
 girl on her lips or on her eyes?"

"Her eyes, of course. You have to do it  
 twice to cover the ground."—*Harper's Bazar*.

Professor (to new student)—You may take  
 that chair.

Student—Please, sir, where do you wish me  
 to take it?

"That there's our church. It's orful 'igh.  
 We 'as matins."

"Hor, that ain't nuffink. We 'as carpets."  
 —*Judge*.

"This is surely the latest wrinkle," said Miss  
 B— as she put some complexion salve to a new  
 place on her cheek.

## CAMPUS.

H. Dexter and W. Hunter, '99, spent Easter  
 Sunday in Virginia.

Miss Annie Donahue, fourth year Normal, left  
 the University March 27th to accept a position  
 as teacher in the Eureka public schools.

Henry Higgins, brother of Higgins, 97, was  
 on the campus March 28th.

The quartz mill has been running day and  
 night for the past two weeks by the Senior  
 Mines crushing Kennedy ore.

**We will drop the names of all delinquent subscribers from our subscription list who are delinquent on May 1st, 1896.**

Theodore Clark, ex-'96, was on the campus during Institute week.

Owing to sickness, Lieutenant Hamilton was not able to meet his classes on April 7th.

The hard wind of the past few days blew down the smoke stack on the annex to the Mechanical Building.

N. Dunsdon and J. B. Jones, two U. of N. students, were subpoenaed as witnesses in the Vaughn trial.

S. B. Hamilton, '98, has received notice of his appointment to cadetship at the military academy at West Point.

Miss Grace Herrick, third year Normal, was called to her home in Carson on April 4th by the illness of her father.

Miss Josie Kelly, Ray Richards, G. Doane, W. Circe, P. Gillson, and W. O. Woodbury left for their homes in Carson, April 4th.

Superintendent Brown's wife and family left on April 5th for Pacific Grove, Cal., where they go to spend the Spring and Summer.

On April 8th the batallion drilled for the benefit of the visiting teachers, and the artillery detachment fired a salute of ten guns in their honor.

Regent H. E. Starrett, who was a guest of Superintendent Brown in Lincoln Hall during the week, April 6-10, took an active part in the Teachers' Institute.

Dr. Stubbs and wife took a trip to Bishop Creek March 29th, returning April 1st.

On April 7th Professor Church spoke on Latin in the High School, at the Teachers' Institute.

Miss Edna Catlin, Normal, '95, was the guest of Miss A. Saxton at the Cottage during Institute week.

On the night of April 1st some miscreants rang the bell on the main building and fired one of our cannon.

For the past two weeks the batallion has been instructed in the signal code and artillery manœuvres.

The lecture at general Assembly on April 1st was given by Lieutenant Hamilton. Subject: "Value of Military Training."

Doctor Miller, assisted by his class in biology, made practical demonstrations in dissecting, at the Teachers' Institute on April 10th.

F. L. Davis, second year Commercial, was called to his home in Battle Mountain on April 6th by the serious illness of his sister. It was later learned that she died a few hours previous to her brother's arrival home.

On the morning of April 8th the University had a short recess to enable its students to attend the Teachers' Institute, which was held in Stewart Hall. E. E. Caine, '93, delivered an address on what the University could and should do for our teachers. He was responded to by President Stubbs.

### ATHLETIC AND SOCIETY NOTES.

The committee appointed by President Linscott to consider the advisability of repairing the tennis courts has found that it will be cheaper and more expedient to put a court in the gymnasium.

The Freshman Society continues to meet regularly every two weeks. The Freshmen are taking the right kind of interest in their society and it is only a matter of time before they will have an excellent society.

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The Normals have formed a literary club which meets on Friday morning between ten and twelve o'clock.

The Adelphi Society is rapidly clearing itself from the debt on the piano. It is thought that by the first of next month all will be paid.

The Junior Hop will come off on April 20th. The Juniors will spare neither labor nor pains to make their hop one of the best, if not the finest, of the year.

The Pedagogical students tendered a reception to the visiting teachers in Stewart Hall on April 8th. They had the hall beautifully decorated with bunting, flowers and evergreen. An excellent programme was rendered, and among the various selections those which brought forth the greatest praise were the songs of Miss Schnider and Mrs. Cagwin of Carson, the recitation by Miss Howe of Carson, and the comical selection given by Mrs. Shearer of Reno. After the programme, refreshments were served. The students worked hard to please their guests, and we are happy to say that their efforts were crowned with success.

The second and third nines played a match game on April 3d. The game was interesting throughout and the score good.

Apparently the Glee Club has disbanded, for six of its members have formed themselves into a sextette, called "The Dentele Sextette."

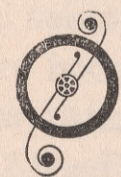
E. E. Caine, Principal of the Verdi School, spoke before Assembly, April 8th. His lecture was of special interest to the students and the large audience who were present.

A large audience listened to the presentation of "Won Back" by the Reno Dramatic Club on April 7th. The play was interesting and well rendered. Praise is due Professor Wilson, who handled the whole affair from beginning to end. The proceeds of the evening go to the Student Gymnasium Fund.

The University Union met on Thursday, April 2d. The question for debate was "Should the Government Own and Control the Railways?" Messrs. Doten and Linscott debated the question from the affirmative standpoint, Waltz and Bulmer from the negative. The debate was decided in favor of the negative.

## CONTRIBUTIONS.

### A DAY'S BOTANIZING ALONG THE DOG VALLEY FLUME.



NE evening last July, when I was coming from Verdi on the train, I met the noted botanist, Professor Charles Nemo, of Boston. I had seen many pictures of him, and I knew him at once by his tall, cadaverous figure, his huge spectacles and his kindly humorous face.

I had been collecting insects at Verdi, and in the course of the day I had stuffed my pockets with all the strange plants which I had come across. These fragmentary botanical specimens

pleased the Professor so much that I easily prevailed on him to spend the following day with me in the mountains near Verdi.

On our way from Reno next morning we found no specimens of note, except a quantity of cultivated cherries, which we discovered in a road-side orchard. We left the horse at Merrill's grove, near Verdi, and then started up the canyon on the foot-board of the Verdi Lumber Company's flume. The foot-board is a single plank about eight inches wide, nailed along the ends of the cross-bars on which the flume rests. As we walked along the board, there was nothing to hold on by. Beneath us in the canyon a

stream was tumbling over the stones. For five miles we trod the straight and narrow path without once stopping to rest; then we climbed down from the flume and toiled painfully up the steep mountain side.

About noon we reached the Big Springs, where several brooks have their sources among beds of moss, and ferns, and sedges. Then they go gurgling down the mountain to be lost again on the barren slopes below. We were in a lovely spot with a world of birds and flowers and insects all about us. After we had eaten lunch, the Professor's æsthetic soul being stirred, he sat down on a log to write some poetry. This is what he wrote.

The tumbling brook rolls down the hill,  
A-singing all day long.  
Like fairy flute,  
Or hidden lute,  
I hear the linnet's song.

In all the clover on the bank  
The bees are humming low,  
And thro' the trees  
A murmuring breeze  
Is rustling soft and slow.

Here some ants which were exploring the Professor's person made their presence so painfully apparent that when he got rid of them his mood was more profane than poetic. He did not finish the poem, but went to work to secure specimens of all the plants which grow around the springs. Such a wealth of beautiful flowers—daisies, buttercups and lilies, violets and graceful columbines!

We then climbed higher and found the manzanita bushes, huge bouquets of fragrant white flowers. Under foot the sweet-scented ground holly formed mats of pale fuzzy blossoms. We climbed higher yet over great stones and fallen trunks. In sheltered hollows among the trees were large snow-banks, and all around them brilliant flowers kept moist by the melting snow. Here in a little hollow we found a score of beautiful snow-plants, some full grown, others just pushing up through the pine needles like large sprouts of pink and scarlet asparagus. When we had taken all the plants we could carry we climbed down the mountain side and tramped

along the flume back to Merrill's ranch. We rode home after such a day's collecting as is seldom vouchsafed to the Eastern botanist.

D. '98.

**D**URING my last visit I was speaking of the disadvantage our own State was laboring under in not being able to get the benefit of the education it was imparting to her young men and women for a want of means to employ them after educating them. To my mind the old pioneers of Nevada should be equal to the emergency. A large number of them crossed the plains and deserts. When it required a man with brains and energy to do this, why cannot they now be equal to the emergency staring them in the face, viz: provide a means of keeping the young men and women, the flower of the land, at home. Surely there is brains and life enough left in the fathers of these growing young people to devise ways and means to make or create employment for the young civil and mining engineers turned out from this young, growing and prosperous University.

The people of Nevada should rise above the monied power of the East and create their own circulating medium. Since the monied power will not permit us to make money out of silver, we should be able to make it out of paper.

In 1873, or thereabout, when we had a money panic in the country, St. Louis, Mo., made her own money and never felt the panic, so to speak. The government of that city created its own money and carried on all kinds of city improvements and kept everyone within her gates at work. They issued promises to pay in the name of the city and made those promises to pay, good for taxes and all debts and demands due the city. They issued them in \$1 and \$2 bills and had them of a brown color on the back and called them brown-backs, because a man named Joseph Brown was Mayor of the city. Now, why should not Nevada issue just such obligations and construct dams and make reservoirs on every small stream which flows into the Humboldt valley. The valley of the Humboldt extends for over 300 miles—as fine a valley as ever

lay under the sun—and all that is required is moisture on the soil to make it blossom as the rose. The Legislature at its next session could enact a law to have the commonwealth issue \$10,000,000 in \$1 and \$2 bills, reading as follows:

The State of Nevada, United States of America, will pay the bearer one dollar, five years from date.

Carson City, Nevada, March 1, 1897.

(Signed:) \_\_\_\_\_, Comptroller of State.  
 \_\_\_\_\_, Auditor of State.

This note is receivable for all taxes and dues owing to the State of Nevada and will bear interest at 3 65-100 per cent per annum from maturity until paid.

In five years from the time these internal improvements are commenced there will be returns coming in from the land which the reservoirs will water and then a light tax can be collected from the land which will be watered and be producing, to gradually redeem this paper circulation. This is the way St. Louis did with her brown-backs. When times became prosperous she put on a light tax and redeemed so many of the brown-backs every year until they redeemed the whole amount and no one ever lost a cent.

ON-LOOKER.

## LEISURE MOMENTS.

### HOW JIM SAVED THE STUDENT FROM YALE.

It was such a lovely spring day; the sun never shone brighter, the birds never sang more sweetly. I knew that under the trees up in the woods the first flowers were beginning to blossom, and I longed to go to find them, but there was that hateful school! I dare not stay away from that, for to play truant from the select establishment of the Misses Murray was an unheard of thing, and I think they would have been shocked almost into fainting fits had any one used the word "hookey" in their presence. But how I wished something would happen to prevent my going back in the afternoon, and I spent just as much time as I could between my home and the school house in the hope that something might, but I had reached the house and was just about to enter through the side gate, with a heart heavy as lead as I thought of the school room which I should be forced to return to in a short time, when the gods be praised, something did happen!

An old proverb states that "it is the unexpected that always happens," and this case was no exception to the rule.

Help! help! came floating out on the sweet spring air. Help! help! the cry came again and again in the same key and at about the same distance of time apart, but look as I might, I could not for some minutes determine from whence the sound proceeded. It seemed to come from the

sky, but the voice being distinctly human, and evidently that of some one in distress, the theory that it came from any but an earthly source was an untenable one. While I stood listening, anxiously trying to discern the source and the cause of the cry, Jim Isbell came along. Jim was the son of a neighbor, a six-footer, handsome, lively and agreeable, as any Jim ought to be. He, too, heard the cry for help, and with me tried to determine its source, and was successful in doing so. "There, there! I see him!" cried he, "Over there on the rock. Don't you see him? It's some fellow stuck there in the ledges." Stuck in the ledges! Sure enough that was the case. And now for a word of explanation.

West Rock is a high bluff which overlooks the village of Westville, and is about two miles distant from the centre of New Haven—Yale College being considered its geographical as well as its educational center. This bluff rises abruptly for something like 500 feet above the plain on which the village is situated; thus rises in its front, while from the summit it gently slopes on the back to the continuation of the same plain. This bluff and its sister one, East Rock, form in fact the end of the Green mountain chain. Just before reaching Westville this chain tapers off, so to speak, in a range of long low hills, then making an effort to reassert its mountain character, it seems to have thrown up these bluffs as a sort of defiance—to show to the world that, if the sea had not got in its way, it might have risen to

loftier heights, perhaps, than it has done in any other place. As I have stated, West Rock rises abruptly in front to a height of nearly or quite 500 feet; the lower part from the ground up for a distance of some 300 feet, is composed of shingly rock sloping to that extent that it may be easily climbed until the ledges are reached; then these rise precipitously and are in places almost unscalable. I use the word almost, for to my knowledge the attempt to climb them, though made by many venturesome spirits, has never, but once, been made successfully.

This bluff is clothed with verdure: grass, flowers, shrubs and trees grow over it in profusion. Even from the ledges, shrubs project, holding a precarious footing by their clinging roots. From the top of the bluff a most beautiful view may be obtained. In whichever way one may turn, a scene of beauty is spread before him, while not far from the "look-off" he may visit a spot rich in historical association, known as the "Judge's Cave," from its having been a place of refuge, used by three of the "regicides," who acted as judges in the trial and condemned Charles the First. These things naturally make the rock a favorite place of resort for old and young, and I have been glad to read quite recently in the New Haven papers that it has been set aside as a permanent park for the use of the city.

*Revenens a nos moutons*, which every student of French will understand to mean that it is time to take up again the thread of our story.

As I have stated, on the ledges themselves, even in their steepest parts, small trees and shrubs manage to maintain a secure hold, and from one of these in a spot midway between the summit of the rock and the beginning of the shelvy sloping part, we could now plainly see a white handkerchief waving as a signal of distress, while from this spot issued the cries for help that had never ceased, but had continued to come with the same intervals of time between, as if the utterer, while desirous of being heard, was also desirous to avoid overtaxing his strength and becoming exhausted before the help he so greatly needed should arrive.

"What's the matter with you?" shouted Jim,

using his hands as a speaking trumpet.

"I can't get up," came the answer on the clear, still air.

"Why don't you come down, then?" called Jim, who was inclined to take a humorous view of the situation.

"I can't come down," returned the sufferer; "I'm stuck fast!"

By this time I had obtained a small telescope, "spy-glass," as we called it, and by its aid we could plainly see the unfortunate. He was, to all appearance, wedged in between the face of the ledges and a small shrubby cedar tree that protruded from them, and looked as if the slightest extra pressure would detach it from its hold and precipitate it and the man behind it on the shingly rock some fifty feet below.

"Bring a rope," he called. Then as if fearing that he had not been heard, he began to cry, "Help! help!" again.

"Shut up, and I'll bring a rope," shouted Jim, and suiting the action to the word, he ran off for a stout rope and some one to help him. Although, as the bird flies, the distance between us and the spot where the man hung suspended in the cedar tree, which was afterwards found to be his actual situation, was comparatively small, to reach the summit of the rock above him was a work of time, requiring, as it did, a mile or more of travel and a hard climb thrown in, so that it was more than a half hour before we—for the whole neighborhood was now out in force—saw Jim and his companion appear on the mountain's brow. But, joy of joys! even if the man should happen to be killed, there would be no school for me that afternoon, for everybody had forgotten all about school; and going into the house, I stationed myself at an upper window, from which I could without difficulty see what took place.

After watching for a long time, I was at last rewarded by seeing the figures of two men outlined against the sky; then one of them, which I knew to be Jim, by his superior height, lay flat down on the ground, and crawled as far as he dared to the edge of the rock. Leaning far over, so that it took my breath to watch him—for I

had much preferred going to school than to have anything happen to Jim—the latter lowered the rope, while his companion held him by the legs that he might not topple over the cliff.

As the rope reached the imprisoned man, Jim shouted directions to him; but at first the poor fellow did not seem to comprehend what was said to him.

“Tie the rope around your body,” cried Jim, and at last the man understood and made the rope fast. “Steady now, steady!” and the pulling up process began. No easy task Jim found it to pull a dead weight dangling at the end of a rope through some one hundred feet of space. Still, with the aid of his companion, it was at last accomplished, but slowly and painfully, both to rescuer and rescued. I watched the whole proceeding through my spy-glass with mingled feelings of admiration for Jim’s strength and manliness, and half humorous, half contemptuous ones for the person who had stupidly and recklessly put himself into a position of so much danger.

As he passed slowly up the ledges, the situation was an extremely perilous one, for a slip of the rope from the grasp of those above would have sent the unhappy man down on the shingly rocks, a mangled and lifeless corps; still, he seemed to retain his presence of mind, and skillfully saved himself from bumps against the rough ledges by means of something which he held in his hands. When at last he reached the end of his aerial journey, he sank in a heap on the ground, and I saw no more; but Jim came over in high glee, in spite of his blistered hands, and told me all about it as soon as he came down from the rock. “It was a darn fool student from Yale,” said he—Jim shared the popular prejudice of the village boys against the college boys—“and he was dressed up to fits, in his fine broad-cloth suit, tall silk hat, kid gloves and a cane! The idea of going up on the rock, rigged out like that. ’Spose he thought he’d find some of the village girls up there; but he didn’t, ha! ha! ha! Held on to his cane and his tall hat all the way; used the cane to keep from banging against the ledges, and never took his gloves off, neither;

kid gloves! the softy!” Jim never wore gloves in those days, though the time came when he was as careful of his personal appearance as any one need be. Poor Jim! six feet of earth was to be his portion almost before he had entered on manhood’s career.

The student, it seemed had been tempted by the extreme beauty of the spring day, to “cut recitations,”—a thing the young men of the N. S. U. would scorn even to think of doing; had found two others similarly inclined, and in their company had set out for a day on West Rock. Arriving at the foot of the path which led to the top of the bluff, one student had proposed to the others to cross the shingle and make the ascent by the way of the ledges. They, less foolhardy than he, refused to do this, and tried to dissuade him from making the attempt; but with scoffs at their want of courage, he had persisted; had crossed the shingle and climbed up the ledges, until he reached a point from which he had found it equally impossible to go higher or to retrace his steps by the way he had come. Ashamed at first to cry out lest his companions should hear him and find what a predicament he was in, he had clung to a tree until the little soil about the roots began to loosen and he was in momentary expectation of its falling to the shingle and taking him with it; then in desperation he had begun to call for aid.

“A dirty looking specimen he was to go back through the streets of the city,” laughed Jim. “One of his coat sleeves was half ripped out, his pants were split on both knees, his silk hat was smashed into a cocked one; but he hung on to his cane and saved his gloves! ha! ha! ha! saved his kid gloves, by George! ha! ha! ha! and I saved him!”

M. S. D.

Worster University (Worster, O.) recently witnessed a basket ball game between the co-eds of the various classes at that institution.

There are from one thousand five hundred to two thousand American students in France.

## GOVERNOR JONES' FUNERAL.

THE Cadet Corps, upon invitation, attended the funeral of the late Governor J. E. Jones in Carson City, April 15th. We publish the following from the *Reno Journal*, which shows in what opinion the cadets are held by the people of the State:

"A fine, leading feature of the occasion was the University cadets, 140 strong, all well looking, well behaved and well disciplined young men, a high credit to anybody's country. And they came in regular military field style, too, bringing along their provisions and camping arrangements, and making their headquarters in the Agricultural Pavilion, assigned to them for the purpose, but they got out on the streets and showed their most excellent proficiency in drill. In fact, they showed more drill than anybody, keeping warm at least, considering the cold day. And they were kept under strict discipline from arrival to departure, not being allowed any chance to run around loose like the other military companies, with whom they well compared in physical and general appearance."

The Professor of Mathematics in one of our larger colleges, the father of a bright boy of eight years, took a nap the other afternoon on a lounge in his study. The rest was well earned, for the professor had just finished a three hours' exercise in Atelian Functions. He had not been asleep long when his wife heard the most heart-rending groans issuing from the apartment. Rushing to where her husband was, she found him sitting upright upon the lounge, holding his face in his hands. "What is the matter, dear?" asked Mrs. K. "I've had the most horrible dream," the Professor replied. "I dreamt that our Charlie was a minus quantity under the radical sign, and I couldn't get him out."—*Harper's Magazine*.

Ninety-five men tried for positions on the Princeton Glee Club.

Cornell has organized a class in Russian.

## RESOLUTION.

WHEREAS, Death has removed from this life the sister of our esteemed classmate, F. L. Davis, be it therefore

*Resolved*, That we, the members of the Second Commercial Class of the State University, do extend our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family; and be it furthermore

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be published in the *STUDENT RECORD*, and also a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family.

JEAN SWEETMAN.

W. F. NORRIS.

C. A. THOMPSON.

The rules of Harvard College during the seventeenth century seem to have been rather hard on the freshmen, judging by the following from the *Wooster Voice*:

1. No freshman shall speak to a senior with his hat on, or have it on in a senior's chamber, or in his own if a senior be there.
2. Any freshman shall be obliged to go on any errand for any of their seniors, except in study hours.
3. No freshman when going on an errand shall tell who or for what he is going, unless asked.—*Ex.*

"Life," said the figurative man, "is a circle, but death is the tangent."—*Occident*.



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Girlawheel,  
 Bloomer girl,  
 Struck snag,  
 Took a whirl.

Bloomers tore,  
 Girl flushed,  
 Men laughed,  
 She blushed.

Wise man,  
 Knew what,  
 Hustled 'round,  
 Barrel got.

In barrel,  
 Got she,  
 Walked home,  
 Te, he!

# Wm. Pinniger, Pharmacist.

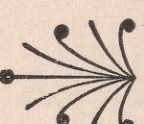

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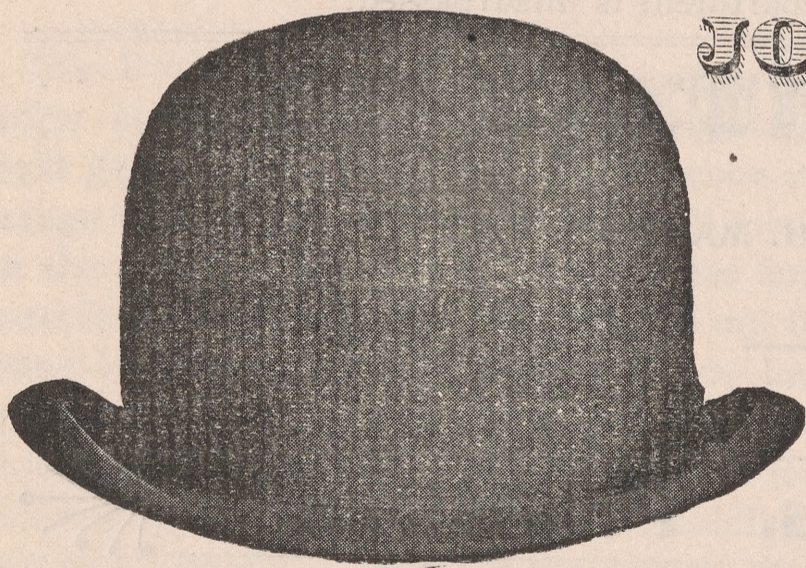
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