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The Student Record

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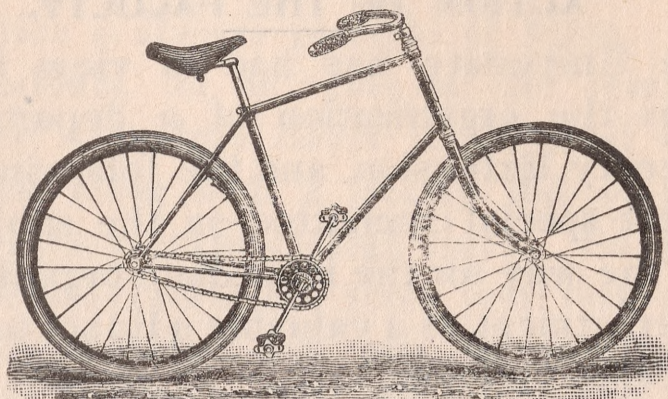
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University Bulletin.

ACTION OF THE FACULTY.

The University has had in view for some months the organization of a department of University Extension, and the following report from the special committee on the subject prepares the way for the immediate organization of the department as a valuable adjunct to the Nevada State University:

"Resolved, That University Extension work can and ought to be done by the University.

"That courses of lectures may be given to classes organized in towns not too remote from the seat of the University.

"That instruction may be given by correspondence to individual pupils and to classes in any part of the State."

TWO BRANCHES OF WORK.

The above report divides the work of the University Extension Department into two branches.

The first branch has reference to the organization of classes in towns not too far from the University.

The subject is chosen by the class and the Professor in that department lectures to the class once in two or three weeks and directs their reading for the period between the lectures.

The second branch is that of individual instruction by means of correspondence lessons given every week. It is possible for any earnest and diligent person to take advantage of the privilege thus offered by the University.

EXPENSES.

The University makes no charge for the lectures or the individual lessons. That is to say, the services of the Professors are given free of all charges. But the actual expenses of the lecturer must be paid by the class, such as railway fare and entertainment. In the case of the individual lessons a nominal fee will be charged to cover expenses of printing, postage, and clerical work. The University has no funds for this department. But this fee will in no event be a burden to any member of the University Extension Department.

THE OBJECT OF UNIVERSITY EXTENSION.

The object of the University Extension as a department of the Nevada State University is to bring the benefits of systematic reading and study to people out of school, men and women who wish the stimulus and aid that may be given by a University teacher of special training and experience. Then to give the advantages of University study to teachers and others who seek advancement in University branches of study and credit for their work by the University. The plan of the work is no experiment. It has been tested and proven to be a valuable educational agency. There have been many calls from teachers and other students in different parts of the State, and this new department is the answer of the University, which means a blessing to the whole State in all that pertains to education.

EXTENSION CLASS AT CARSON.

Under the leadership of the Rev. J. B. Eddie a University Extension class has been organized in Carson and will be continued during the Winter. The subject of Political Science seems to be the favorite subject with this class. The enthusiasm of a large circle of students in Carson makes Extension work in their midst a recreation and delight to the lecturer.

WHAT TO DO.

If you wish to take up work in this Department, you should write to the President of the University stating what study you wish to pursue. You will receive an early reply giving you full and explicit information as to the manner of giving the lessons and what will be required of you. Several applications have been received for instruction in Latin and Algebra. Now is the time to plan for the year, and the President wishes to hear from all applicants as soon as possible.

ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS.

Address your letters to the President, Nevada State University, Reno, Nevada. Also for the present enclose stamp for reply.

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OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA.

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EDITORIAL.

THE life and growth of a college is not alone proven by the number of its students, the learning of its professors or the success of its graduates, but to a large extent by the interest which the students have in college affairs, for instance, outside of the class room, in athletics or the college paper.

If a college is filled with men who come to learn simply what is taught in the class room, with no thought of the government, sports or spirit of a college, the institution would soon get into a rut, deeper and deeper, from which it would be nearly an impossibility to arise. The

same may be said of those who attend for the fun which is always possible to have. So, fellow students, let us "ride on the fence" and combine a healthy desire to do good work in the class room with a hearty aid of all that which goes to make college spirit. Support the athletic association and show your desire to aid the college paper, not only by paying a subscription, but by writing essays, stories, poetry, in fact anything of a literary character, which will be thankfully received by the Board of Editors, and, if worthy, will appear at the earliest opportunity. The college paper is for the benefit of all students, so let each and every one work for its success, and try to make it something to which you can point with pride. But six or eight men cannot do this together with their studies, and without your aid the college paper must die. Now is the time to write, the examinations are far ahead and a little from each would soon place the paper in a good literary position.

* * *

THE University of Nevada receives from the Government of the United States, the sum of \$21,000 per year because the students are drilled in the duties of a soldier. Without this allowance from Uncle Sam our college could not have attained its present standing, nor would it be able to hold its present position in the line of colleges if it were withdrawn. Our state is not rich enough to supply all the wants of the University, although a generous people have done all in their power. Now, it rests with the cadets to make the military department the best possible, that next Spring the inspector may be able to make an excellent report of our military department. The report of the Inspector General last year was "From fair to good," and compared well with other military colleges, but let us try this year to have a report of "Excellent!"

WE have changed our college yell, and have created a great amount of college spirit, but there is yet a change which would undoubtedly be for the better. That is our college colors. To be sure silver and blue is a pretty combination, the silver represents our greatest product, and the blue the azure of our skies, yet loyalty and love of our state may be expressed in a different manner. Our colors *do not* answer the purpose of college colors. Why, the night of the foot ball game the leading lady at the theatre wore our colors and to judge by the action or inaction of the students present they did not know that such was the case although the colors were in plain sight, but the light made the silver and blue look like two white ribbons. When we have colors which cannot be distinguished wherever they can be seen, it is time that others were substituted. Suppose we have a football game with Stanford or the University of California, how will pale blue and silver look beside the blue and gold of the University of California, or the crimson of Stanford. Then when it is too late all will want the colors changed. Now is the time, a meeting of all the students should be called and a committee appointed to make an appropriate change.

* * *

HAS foot ball come to stay? Though but the beginning of the first semester, the interest shown in foot ball is far greater than ever before in the U. of N. This is proven by the game of September 22d. With but little time to practice and with no coach at hand, the team won with a score of 4 to 0 from the Wadsworths, who have been practicing hard since July 4th.

When we get our coach and the team settles down to solid practice, a first-class eleven may be expected. There is good material and all that is necessary is a determination to make the team the best possible.

We understand that arrangements are being made for a game with an eleven from either

Stanford or Berkley, to come off one week after Thanksgiving day. This will be an unusual event in the history of our college athletics, and if we win we will have made a long step up the ladder of college athletics. Boys remember that this will decide the life or possibly the death of foot ball for us. When you assemble on the gridiron think that the honor of your college is at stake and that it depends upon you.

* * *

WE note the following among the alumni of the U. of N. as candidates for office at the general election this Fall: F. H. Norcross, '91. on the Silver ticket for the Assembly, H. E. Stewart, '94, on the Republican ticket for the Assembly and A. W. Cahlan, '96, on the Republican ticket for County Surveyor. Though we dislike the idea of bringing politics into anything concerning the University, yet the above are alumni and many of us have been their classmates, but even more than this we consider them men able to fill the positions which they are seeking. We therefore ask for their support.

* * *

FAIR week was a week of "flunks" for most of us. With the foot ball game, bicycle races in which a number of cadets entered, and the many other events of interest, what else could be expected.

Though the trolley an' the bike
Show a heap of skill,
Ain't got nothin' yet that goes
Fast as money will.

—*Washington Star.*

When you think you stand
Upon dry land
Be careful lest you fall,
And especially
When two or three
Rush for the ball.

BITS OF FUN.

A baseball pitcher of fame
Had walked the floor
With the youngest of his name
For an hour or more.
"Mary," said he,
"If the manager saw me,
I'll bet you a dime
I'd get soaked with a fine,
For I have no control of the bawl;
None at all—none at all."

"Come, darling, let us be mad no longer.
Kiss my cheek, and make it up," she said.

"I'll kiss it," he answered, "but I don't think
it needs any more making up."

He gaily dons his cycling clothes—
He's glad now that he got 'em.
He hails the pantaloons that know
No fringe around the bottom.
—*Washington Star.*

'Tis said that little Cupid
Sets the fires of love aglow;
But how does little Cupid
Scratch a match? I'd like to know.
—*New York Life.*

"Now, Johnny, it isn't proper to say 'You
can't learn me nothing,' is it?"

"Yes'm, it is."

"Why?"

"'Cause yer can't."

Teacher—What indicates the backwardness
of China?

Pupil—The queue which the Chinaman wears.

Teacher—How so?

Pupil—Because it is always hanging behind.

He—I never contract bad habits.

She—No, dear; you always expand them.—
Pick-Me-Up.

"What makes you think that Eve rode a
bicycle in the garden of Eden?"

"Because the Bible says she was the first
woman to fall."

"Isn't she a queer girl? She keeps a parrot,
four canaries and a monkey."

"That's nothing. I know a girl who can keep
a secret."—*Detroit Tribune.*

She—Did you see the Latin quarter while in
Paris?

He—No; but I had some lead francs passed
on me.

"These men haven't a bit of originality," she
pouted.

"What's the matter?"

"Why, they are getting so they wear bicycle
costumes nearly like ours."

Professor—What is the difference between
idealism and realism?

'Varsity Girl—Idealism is when you contem-
plate matrimony.

Professor—Yes; and realism?

'Varsity Girl—You get that afterward.—*Phil-
adelphia Review.*

Conductor—Your ticket, please.

Passenger—I'm traveling on my face.

Conductor—All right; I'll punch that.—*Town
Topics.*

Minnie—One of those odious mashers tried to
talk to me on the car this afternoon.

Mamie—You called the conductor?

Minnie—No; I just gave him a withering
look.

Mamie—Oh! And did he wither?

Minnie—No; he dried up.—*Indianapolis Jour-
nal.*

THE TRAVELER.

HIS TALE.

I MET him at the club the other night—a dark-skinned, grizzled-haired man whom one would not have thought to be a traveler; but when I dropped into conversation with him I found he had much to tell, and a wonderful talent in the telling.

“It was in 1885, I think, that a comrade and myself went out into Southern Idaho—a wild, mountainous region—to hunt and fish. The summer was past and also the early autumn, but, being mountaineers, we thought little of this, for we knew the advantage of early snows in tracking the wild creatures of those gloomy mountains.

“Our luck during the last days of November had been excellent, and we were loth to leave. On the morning of the 2d of December we saw the opening of such a bright, warm winter’s day that we decided to make one more excursion into the high forests and deep canyons.

“It was still early when we struck the trail. The quaking asps, long denuded of their leaves, looked grim and forbidding, as well as the brown, dried brush and the weeds that lay in broken heaps along the narrow trails. If you were ever in the high mountains in early winter you have observed the perfect stillness that settles over everything. There are so few small animals, and only an odd discontented sparrow or so to even crack a twig or rustle the dry weeds.

“About 3 o’clock in the afternoon we killed a large buck. It was while we were dressing it that I chanced to look out toward the west, where lay an ugly bank of clouds. I knew what this meant, but my companion, deluded by the bright sunshine, argued that the following morning would be soon enough to return to the foothills. Reluctantly I consented.

“By 5 o’clock the sky was overcast by dull, gray clouds, and it was rapidly growing dark. We decided to make for a small valley near

which we knew we must be. A few feathery flakes of snow fell slowly earthward. It was now nearly dark. Only the instincts of our horses guided us. Snow fell faster and faster. It must have been nearly midnight when we realized that we were going down into what we hoped was Indian Valley. There was an old cabin here which some years before had been the rendezvous of a band of cattle thieves. The air was now bitterly cold, though the snow continued falling.

“At last we stumbled onto the cabin, partly fallen down. We hardly dared to turn our horses loose, for we feared they would drift with the storm, and by morning be far away. Finally we got all three of them tied together, and, placing a long lariat about the neck of the gentlest, I carried the loose end in my hand until we had crawled into the dismantled ‘shack,’ when I managed to tie the rope about a beam. The place was at least dry, for our numb hands pressed dry earth. We crawled on as far as we could from the open door.

“Suddenly my hand pressed something soft and warm. I stopped. There was a distinct purring sound. I knew that the soft, pavid hide was a cougar’s. But my comrade was far braver than I, and he rubbed his hand all over the creature’s body.

“‘That’s a panther,’ he whispered, ‘but I ain’t going out in that storm for no cat. It’s good and warm, too.’

“The animal was snug and warm, true enough. Before long my companion was sleeping soundly. After a while, tired and worn out, I fell asleep. When we wakened in the morning our first thought was of our bedfellow; but he was gone. Only a pile of dry thatch told where he had slept.

“From the door we tracked the cougar to the creek near by, but we realized that it would be base ingratitude if we undertook to follow him up.

“About noon the sun came out brightly. Taking the horses, we struck out through the wastes of snow on foot. That night we got down to our camp, and in three days were safe in Boise.”

ATHLETIC AND SOCIETY NOTES.

A LIVELY FOOTBALL GAME.

THE spectators at the Fair grounds on Tuesday, September 22d, witnessed a very interesting game of football between the Wadsworth and Varsity elevens. As arrangements for the game were made only three days previous to the event, the Varsity eleven had insufficient time in which to prepare themselves; nevertheless, they proved themselves more than a match for their opponents.

The Wadsworth eleven won the toss-up, and chose the grounds, giving the ball to the Varsities.

Time was called at 4:30 P. M., and the ball was kicked into Wadsworth territory by Thompson. In the line-up which followed the Wadsworth eleven were unable to gain their five yards, and the ball went to their opponents, Higgins was sent around the left, and was downed five yards from the goal. The ball was then passed to Sunderland, but no ground was gained. During the rest of the first half the Varsity eleven lost ground, and when time was called the ball was five yards from the center in favor of the Varsity eleven, Score, 0-0.

After ten minutes' rest game was again called, and Shaber kicked off for Wadsworth. Higgins caught the ball, and succeeded in returning it to within five yards of the center. The ball was then passed to Sunderland, who made a gain of five yards. Higgins was then sent around the left end, and made a gain of twenty-five yards. The line-up quickly followed, and Sunderland went around the right end, and, when downed, had to his credit a gain of twenty yards. This brought the ball within ten yards of the Varsity goal. It was then steadily pushed toward the goal, and was touched down by Finlayson. In the kick-out the ball was fumbled, and the Varsity lost the chance to kick a goal. In the rest of the second half the ball remained close to the center of the field. Time was called at 5:55. Score, 4-0.

Professor Phillips acted as umpire, Charles Brown as referee, and G. R. Bliss and N. A. Hummel as linesmen.

The elevens lined up as follows:

Wadsworth.	Position.	University of Nevada.
Sheehan.....	Center.....	Carman
Burton.....	Right guard.....	Chism
Doyle.....	Left guard.....	Gignoux
Clay.....	Right tackle.....	Murphy
Geery.....	Left tackle.....	Evans
Owens.....	Right end.....	Frazier
Paulson.....	Left end.....	O'Neal
MacEchern (captain).....	Quarterback.....	Finlayson
Bryant.....	Right halfback.....	Higgins (capt'n)
Beemer.....	Left halfback.....	Sunderland
Shaber.....	Fullback.....	Thompson

"MARRIED LIFE IN RENO."

THE following is a synopsis of the play entitled "Married Life in Reno," which will be presented to the people of Virginia City on Friday evening, October 9th, and to the people of Reno on Saturday evening, October 10th:

ACT I.—A party of campers from Reno having a good time at Webber Lake. A Reno swell of the Four Hundred falls in love with the country girl. Engaged.

ACT II.—The farmer's home. The wedding and grand country dance by all characters, including the old farmer.

ACT III.—Home of the married couple in Reno. A little misunderstanding. Mr. Evans' pigs in Mr. Phillips' front garden. "There will be a dead menagerie nigh onto a minute." The old farmer calls on his daughter. Tells of his being elected. "If the A. P. A.'s had churned up they would have knocked him out of the election." The country girl leaves home. "You have still got a father."

ACT IV.—New Year's day in the home of one of the Four Hundred of Reno. Many callers. A professor from the University declares his love for one of the young ladies, and is accepted. Another proposition of marriage, with the same result. The farmer makes a call. The country girl returns an educated lady, and is discovered by her husband. A happy reunion. So ends "Married Life in Reno."

The above is under the management of Mrs. Carrie Clark Berch, who has a wide reputation as an actor, having starred in most of the prin-

cipal cities of the United States. Mrs. Berch will be assisted by the following:

G. R. Bliss, M. A. Feeney, T. DeLaMatyr, C. L. Knox, J. Morris, C. Kaiser, Miss Myrtle Grayson, Miss Sadie Phillips, Mrs. B. C. Shearer, Mrs. Carrie Clark Berch.

A meeting of the Literary Society of the class of '99 will be held on the University grounds on Monday evening at 7 o'clock. The following programme will be rendered:

Music.....	Miss V. Hickey
Address.....	Class President
Essay.....	John Hamlin
Violin solo.....	Roy Robinson
Discussion, "Woman".....	Amy Sherman
Oration.....	W. C. Lamb

At the suggestion of the Wadsworth football team arrangements will be made for a series of games between Wadsworth and the Varsity

eleven. Though Wadsworth was beaten in the last game they are not discouraged, and feel confident that they can put up a much better game than they did on Tuesday, September 23d. A series of games would bring the Varsity and Wadsworth in closer connection, and would result in the interchange of athletic sports during the year.

The bicycle races which took place at the Fair grounds on Thursday, September 23d, were not a success, owing to the Carson and Virginia riders withdrawing. The difficulty seemed to be over a misunderstanding of some of the L. A. W. rules. The races were carried on by the Reno riders, and consequently all the prizes went to them. We hope to see in the near future a bicycle meet in which all the riders of the State will participate, and if all thoroughly understand the rules the meet will be a success.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

IS AMERICA HOLDING HER OWN.

TO some at first sight this question might seem a little vague. They might say: "What does 'holding her own' mean?" To hold one's own is "to keep good one's present condition; not to fall off or lose ground." The question simply stated is this: Is America at present doing as well as she has formerly done, or as well as other countries are doing in literature? Let us glance at what American literature has been in the past.

America can scarcely be said to have a literature of her own before the latter part of the eighteenth century or the beginning of the nineteenth. Jonathan Edwards, as a theological writer, had gained some distinction in Europe, and Benjamin Franklin was known chiefly as a newspaper man, scientist and statesman. But the real makers of American literature did not appear until some time after the Revolutionary war.

Among the early novelists Charles B. Brown

and James Fenimore Cooper were considered the best. Brown was a very graphic writer, and the books of Cooper show original genius and unexceptionable moral tone. He chose American subjects, and his books were read with great interest.

Washington Irving, called the "father of American literature," was the greatest American author. His writings had a very pleasing influence on the literature. His style was easy and flowing, and remarkably clear. His "Life of Washington" has been called his best work. His writings have been very generally read and approved.

America can boast of a great many excellent historians. Chief among these were Prescott, Motley, Parkman, Bancroft and Quackenbos. The fame of these men is not confined to America.

The chief later novelists are Nathaniel Hawthorne and William Simms. Nathaniel Hawthorne is ranked as the greatest American writer of fiction. He was a very diligent stu-

dent and a careful writer. Louisa M. Alcott was a most successful writer of books for the young. Ralph Waldo Emerson is placed at the head of essayists. His writings have had great influence upon this kind of literature. His poems also were excellent.

One of our most famous poets was William Cullen Bryant, whose verses were written with great skill and care. Henry W. Longfellow, besides being a poet, was an excellent prose writer. He was a very diligent student. His poems are, many of them, on American subjects, and have thus become national poems. John G. Whittier is known as the poet of freedom and humanity. His poetry exerted great influence during the anti-slavery discussion. Oliver Wendell Holmes and James Russel Lowell both gained distinction as prose writers, as well as poets.

All of these writers have left us, but who is there ready to take their places? Harriet Beecher Stowe and General Lew Wallace, although still living, cannot be expected to contribute much more to our literature, and may be classed more with the past than with the present. Are there any of the present prose writers who equal in volume and excellence Irving, Hawthorne or Emerson? What poets have we now who are as famous as Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier or Holmes? The tendency of the age seems to be more toward novel writing than any other kind of literature. Perhaps this may be explained by the fact that this is a money-making age, and that class of literature gives better pecuniary returns than any other.

There seem to be absolutely no poets to com-

pare with the standard writers just mentioned. Marion Crawford has written some very good and interesting books. Among his works the best known are "Mr. Isaacs," "Zoroaster" and "Dr. Claudius." William Dean Howells is a writer of some reputation. Edward Everett Hale wrote many stories whose plot and style are excellent. Charles Dudley Warner is an interesting writer. It is said that the stories of Edward Eggleston have been read in Europe. His histories are very accurate, as well as interesting. There are many other writers of some note. Among them are Julian Hawthorne, Henry James, Jr., Frances H. Burnett and E. P. Roe.

Among the poets of to-day Will Carleton is a popular writer. Joaquin Miller and Bret Harte are poets of the West. Their poems are unique and original. N. P. Willis has written several poems on scriptural subjects. These are considered by many his best. James W. Riley has gained some notoriety as a dialect poet.

Among the women writers of poetry Lucy Larcom, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Helen Jackson and Celia Thaxter are perhaps the best.

Among this list of writers are there any to sustain the reputation of American literature? The novelists make a pretty good showing, but the poets fall far short. There need be nothing discouraging about this. Progress in any direction is not a steady advance. It goes by fits and starts, and sometimes even seems to be at a standstill. The present seems to be a time of mediocrity in England as well as America.

An expression commonly heard is: "Who will take the places of the writers who are passing away?" As in the past, good writers have arisen after a period of depression in literature, so we may trust it will be in America in the near future.

CAMPUS.

F. M. Linscott, '96, is at his home in Cedarville, Modoc county, Cal. He is expected in Reno soon.

Guns were issued to the new Cadets on Friday, the 25th.

Cadet officers will probably turn out in full uniform some time next week.

General inspection of the Cadet Corps was held on Monday, September 28th. The Cadets will hereafter "fall in" in the Drill Hall at the regular drill hour.

Arrangements are being made to have the Gymnasium opened for a short period before drill hour, so that all Cadets may have a chance read the orders on the bulletin board.

Miss Josie Kelly. Normal '96, has gone to Ely, White Pine county, where she will open school.

B. F. Leete visited the Varsity last Wednesday and spoke a few words in General Assembly.

The students all seem to go to sleep when they give the College yell. Wake up boys, and when you yell, do it fast and loud.

A freshman appeared at the shop last week and informed the professor in charge that he wanted to learn to "plane geometry."

The first of a series of lectures on "The History of Nevada," delivered before General Assembly last Wednesday, was very interesting and instructive. I venture to say that very few of the students are familiarly acquainted with the history of our State. A great deal of useful information may be derived by listening to Professor Lewers' lectures, but much more could be gained if each student would supply him or herself with a scratchbook and take notes on the lectures.

Who wants a can of electricity?"

"Hello, old man, how's the lumbago?"

W. J. Flood, Mines '95, was seen on the Campus on September 23d.

Did any one see the steamer come up the river from Wadsworth? Some were evidently looking for it.

The pictures produced by the cathode ray and exhibited by Professor Wilson at the Pavilion were the objects of much interest to the visitors.

Prof. Wilson and Mr. Caffrey in their experiments have reduced the time of an exposure of a plate to the cathode ray from an hour and a half to seven minutes.

What's the matter with "A Night on the Truckee"? The walk is a fine place to promenade and whispersweet nothings, etc., if one is accompanied by a charming young lady. But oh! when the search-light is turned on; ditto when there is no charming young lady present.

EXCHANGE.

THE MOSQUITO.

At last upon a Senior's head
He nestled down to drill;
He bored away for half an hour,
And then he broke his bill.

At the '96 Harvard commencement two customs of long standing were broken. The conferring of degrees and all other exercises were in English instead of in Latin, as heretofore. The candidates for degrees were not called forward by the President as usual, but were introduced to him by the respective deans in the University, and then called forward by a new officer—the master of commencement exercises.

The University of California is the earliest American University to open in the fall, and Stanford the second.

Li Hung Chang, the Viceroy of China, graduated at the head of a class of 15,000.

Daniel Webster was the editor of the first college paper in the United States.

We were greatly pleased to receive *Our Animal Friends*. Its appearance, as well as the reading matter, is good.

THE METAMORPHOSED SCIENTIST TO HIS BOILING
FLASK (AND VICE VERSA).

"You've changed your role, old boiling-flask,
And left your former learned task
Of holding strange precipitate,
From sulphuride and perchlorate,
Enough almost to fill a cask.

"You've dropped the scientific mask,
And now, from that of boiling flask
To vase for blossoms' lovely freight,
You've changed your role."

"Quite true, kind sir, and, may I ask,
Have you not dropped that self-same mask?
You've left the pathway where of late
You groped in blind and helpless state
And now in light of letters bask—
You've changed your role."

—R. S. P., in *Occident*.

How few sermons, how few editorials, how few public speeches tell the reader of something new and worth remembering. The average of intelligence and information is high in this age and generation, and it is only now and then that one man rises clear of the crowd with a message really worth delivering and worth hearing.—*Bethany Messenger*.

The Norwegian Government has recently done away with the study of Latin and Greek in the higher schools of that country.

In the University of Japan the chair of Japanese literature was until recently occupied by an Englishman, Professor B. H. Chamberlain. The chair of English literature in the same institution is now occupied by a Japanese subject, Iwaizuma Yakumo.—*Midland*.

The United States is the only country in the world that spends more money on education than on war equipments.—*The Muhlenberg*.

The *Midland*, published by the Midland College, at Atchison, Kan., contains in the September number an interesting article on "The Classical Languages in Education."

From the *St. Stephens College Messenger* we clip the following paragraph, and wish the students of the University of Nevada would apply it to themselves. The title of the piece is "The Student Athlete": "The college athlete has a twofold purpose to fulfill in every case. He is seeking (1) the exercise of that energy which naturally urges him to activity, and which will bring a strong physique as the reward of the exertion; and (2) he seeks also to excel in each contest that he may bring honor, not simply to himself, but to the college which he represents, for there is no disputing the fact, whether we like it or not, that a certain fame comes to the college because of the exhibition of excellence and success in athletic effort."

MISCELLANY.

BYRON'S GOOD QUALITIES.

SOME few months ago it befell my lot to live at the home of a lady whose artistic tastes were made manifest by the many beautiful pictures, portraits and paintings of every description that literally filled her house.

Over the piano, on which I used to practice daily, hung a life size portrait that attracted my attention the first time I entered the room.

The first thought that came to me, as I looked at it, was, that it must be the likeness of some great and good man, for nobleness and greatness seemed to be portrayed in every feature. I gazed at it and almost felt inspired with a desire to live better.

Every day as I entered the room I would stop and study that beautiful face, until it grew to be a friend to me. I was always glad when the

hour came for me to study, and, as it were, hold a silent conversation with this new friend. I can see it plainly now as I write. Beautiful expressive eyes, a broad, full forehead, Grecian nose, full, curving lips and well-rounded chin. But no! *I can not describe it at all.* 'Twas an ideal, classic face. Strange to say, for many days I did not think of asking to whom belonged this face that I had set up as a sort of Hero-Worship. I felt that it must be some man who had wielded influence for good in the world, one who still lived in the hearts of the people, and for once I lacked that characteristic trait of my sex—curiosity.

One day, however, I called my brother and asked him if he knew whose picture it was. He said, "Why, don't you know, that is Byron." "Byron!" I exclaimed. "It cannot be! No! I will not believe it!" I looked still closer, and there, sure enough I found almost concealed by the frame the words, "Lord Byron." Alas, my idol was shattered. Could it be that one with so beautiful and noble a countenance, was capable of earning for himself such a reputation as I knew Lord Byron bore? How I wished that I had remained in ignorance of the name that seemed to fall like a blight on that ideal picture. And then, after the first shock was passed, I began to question myself. Was it not possible after all, that he did have many good qualities that would outweigh the baser ones? Perhaps after all the cruel criticism of the world had been hard upon him, and he received more than he really deserved. Then I determined to study about the man and try to satisfy myself that this was so. About this time we very unexpectedly moved to another part of the city, and for the time, other cares and pleasures occupied my mind so fully that I forgot my resolution.

How strange, then, does it not seem that not long ago some one came to me and asked me if I would be willing to write a paper on Lord Byron's good qualities? I admit I was a bit startled, and wondered—yet knew, of course, that it was not possible that she knew of the little incident I have just related.

Perhaps it would be well to go back to Byron's

earlier days first, and see if we cannot discover what influences were brought to bear on his life—influences that might perhaps have done more to mold his future than anything else.

After reading everything I have been able to find on the life of Byron I am inclined to believe—nay, I am convinced—that the failures and misdeeds of his life may be traced to hereditary causes and the influences that surrounded him in his boyhood,

Byron was born in London in 1788. His father was an unprincipled profligate, who died when Byron was but three years of age. His mother had a passionate and uncontrollable temper, and often would taunt her son on account of a deformity of his foot, and call him a "lame brat." At times she would go to the other extreme: pet and caress him, and say that he was the "handsomest child in the kingdom." It would take a long story to tell what a childhood Byron passed under the care of this "lioness"—in what torrents of insult, interspersed with softer moods, he himself lived, just as passionate and more bitter. Through it all he held his tongue, bowed, but none the less felt the outrage. One time, after one of these tantrums, he took a knife from the table and raised it to his throat, when some one stopped him. At another time the quarrel was so terrible that "both mother and son privately went to the apothecary's, inquiring anxiously if the other had been to purchase poison, and cautioned the vender not to attend to any such application." Under these trying circumstances, how could one expect that his life would not be saddened and embittered?

They lived in comparative poverty after his father died. At the age of ten his greatuncle, Lord Byron of Newstead Abbey, died, and Byron, being the nearest heir, became Lord Byron.

He was educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge. At school his friendships were passions. A score of times he got into trouble for his friends, and would offer them his pen, his time, his purse to help them. One day at Harrow a big boy began to beat a small boy,

one of Byron's friends, because he would not "fag" for him. He inflicted the blows on the inner part of the arm, and cruelly twisted the arm to make the pain more intense. Byron, too small to fight the rascal, came up to him, flushed with rage, with tears in his eyes, and asked in a trembling voice how many stripes he meant to inflict.

"Why, you little rascal," returned the fellow, "what is that to you?"

"Because, if you please," said Byron, holding out his arm, "I will take half."

He never met with objects of distress without aiding them. In his latter days in Italy he gave away a thousand pounds out of every four thousand pounds he spent. The upwellings of the heart were too copious, and flooded forth the good and the evil impetuously.

He was a great reader at school, and was attracted mostly to Oriental history and travels. Among the children he was always a leader, and was of a very proud, sensitive disposition. He hated pity from any one.

While still at school he published his first poems, entitled, "Hours of Idleness." He was then but twenty years of age. The poems were severely criticised, and he felt deeply wronged,

and took revenge by writing some very satirical poems, "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," in which he lampooned not only his enemies, but also the great literary men of the day. For this he was heartily sorry in after years, and became the firm friend and admirer of some of the very men on whom he had vented his anger.

I have thought that perhaps the criticism of these first poems embittered his whole life, for all through his writings there is a vein of satire and cynicism. His sensitive nature could not stand rebuke or censure.

Soon after his disappointment in the first published poems he began to travel in Greece, Turkey and the East. He filled his mind with the picturesque life and scenery of the Orient, descriptions of which he afterward poured forth in such royal splendor in his poems.

On his return home two years later he published the first two cantos of "Childe Harold." It is this poem that made him famous. It took the public by storm, and placed the young poet at the summit of social and literary popularity. How varying are the caprices of public opinion! Before, he had been despised and almost forgotten; now, he was sought by every one.

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT ISSUE.]

WITH MY CATHODE RAY.

ON several occasions I have turned my ray on the campus and grounds of the U. of N. during drill period, and the forms of several cadets, familiar for this reason, have been revealed to me as they lounged around on the steps or rode bicycles, etc. One day an officer approached and I heard the following conversation: "Why are you not drilling Mr. A.?" to a man who had just jumped off a wheel. "I have a sore foot, and Doctor Z. gave me a medical certificate." "Mr. X. why are you not drilling?" With sundry flourishes of his arms and legs as he ceased boxing with another, Mr. X. replied that he had the lumbago, and Doctor Z.

had given him a certificate to excuse him from drill.

Something must be wrong that some of the cadets can lounge around on the grounds while others are drilling. If they can box, ride wheels, etc., they are not too sick to drill and ought to be made to fall in and drill or keep their rooms. In the days of Cacem Cacem I have known of men who tried to skip drill to be pulled out of bed and made to fall in. This was the case of Mr. F. He was absent from drill on several successive days, yet he attended his classes. An officer decided to investigate his case so he walked over to the "pasture" where Mr. F. roomed, and as he entered on the lower

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.]

LITERARY.

FIRST BOOK OF THE FAERY QUEENE.

THE Faery Queene, considered one of the best allegories in the English language, is the fruit of the remarkable genius of Edmund Spenser. It is composed of six books, but the first is in itself a complete work and is judged by critics the finest of the six. In it the allegory is clear and well preserved throughout, and every canto teems with the choicest beauties of imagination.

The story is a description of the trials, failures and victories which a Christian warrior passed through on his journey heavenward. Clad in the Christian armor of righteousness, and guided by a young maiden Una, or Truth, he goes forth to fight the Dragons of Sin. He first slays a great monster, Enor, by the aid of his heavenly armor; then falls a victim to the arts of Archimago, or Hypocrisy, and of Archimago's friend Duessa, the False. By their misrepresentations he is separated from Una, and is unable to distinguish the true from the false.

Spenser here points to the Jesuits, whose arts stopped the Reformation in many countries of Europe. The Roman Catholic church is personified by Duessa, the representation of Mary Queen of Scots. The Knight, having deserted Truth, gives way to self-indulgence and pride. He overcomes the Parim, Unbelief, but still remains in the darkness of falsehood. He puts off his sacred armor, and is overcome by Orgoglio, a proud giant.

Una, who has gone through a great many trials in search of her knight, meets Prince Arthur, representing the help given in sore need. Arthur slays the giant and frees the knight, who falls into the "Cave of Despair" and nearly ends his life on account of his failures. Then Una saves him again and conducts him to the "House of Mercy." Here he is cleansed from his sin and comes forth pure and restored to spiritual health. He then destroys the last enemy, thus overcoming the world, the flesh

and the devil. The book ends with the engagement of Una and the Knight.

There are two allegories running through the book. In one, abstract virtues and sins are personified; in the other, historical personages are represented in the different characters. Nevertheless the allegory is so skillfully concealed, that it does not interfere with the movement of the story. It may be read without perceiving or remembering the allegory, which does not in the least detract from the beauty and interest of the tale. The representations of living men and women are not historically correct in character. It is rather severe to represent Mary of Scotland by Duessa the personification of everything false and foul. There is a noticeable dissimilarity between Lord Leicester and King Arthur, who represents him in the story. Many of the disagreeable characters are so represented because of the religious and political prejudices of the poet and of the times,

Spenser gives us a good idea of the times in which he lived. The first book is full of allusions to life in England, her great men, her culture, her national feeling and her devotion to her Queen. These are somewhat exaggerated, but in every canto may be seen the real life of his age.

The poem is inspired by a deep religious feeling. The moral sentiments never fall below the poetic level, nor does its poetic fancy mar the high truthfulness. The poem represents such a variety of scenes, portrays such types of character, and displays such beauty and force in its descriptive passages that we surely cannot fail to see and appreciate the genius of the poet. He writes so earnestly that the reader forgets the allegorical nature of his story and follows the characters with increasing interest till he sees them victorious over all temptations.

"You surely do not practice chemistry and physics at home, do you?"

"No, that's my wife's toilet table."

floor he heard a scamper above then all was still. He ascended and entered Mr. F's. room. The sight that met the officer's gaze was enough to bring tears to his eyes or freeze his blood with sorrow. There lay Mr. F. on the bed with the clothes drawn up close under his chin and a face that would have shamed a dead person. The officer with sorrow depicted on his face and in a voice trembling with emotion, asked Mr. F. what his ailment was. "I have chills and fever," came the faint reply. "What are you taking for it?" "Pain Killer." "Where is the bottle?" "I just threw it out the window," answered Mr. F. in a voice evidently weakened by pain. But the officer was not a "Josh" and he was evidently suspicious. Just then Mr. F. moved. Ah, unlucky move, for he scattered a pack of cards and showed a foot encased in a shoe. The officer arose, in his wrath, so did Mr. F., but very humbly, and followed by three others who came from the closets and from under the bed, descended to the campus and re-

ceived the decree to do guard duty around the buildings two hours a day for two weeks.

AH! There is sorrow in my heart. My ray which has heretofore been able to pierce anything has at last failed. Often have I burned the midnight oil, ye, even the oil of the early dawn, but all this came to naught. Have I not told you for what I was searching? No? 'Tis to learn when '99 is going to give that reception to '00. As yet it has amounted to '00 but perhaps '99 needs some help from '98 or '00. In such an event a committee of one may be appointed to confer with the Presidents of '99 and '00. Of course '99 will want it secret, for it would not look nice for '98 and '00 to aid '99 in such a case. I am willing to give my voucher that '98 and '00 will keep it a secret if '99 would confer such an honor upon them. And again has '99 forgotten about the rush. Let it not be said that '99 would make a good "wind rush." Of course '00 can't aid '99 but '98 will.

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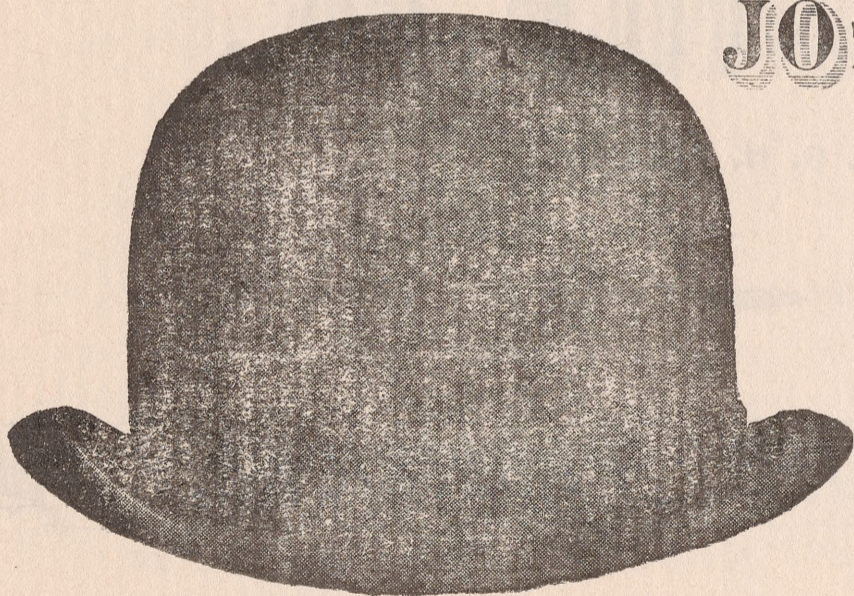
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