

Perhaps last no of vol

May 15, 1897.

The Student Record

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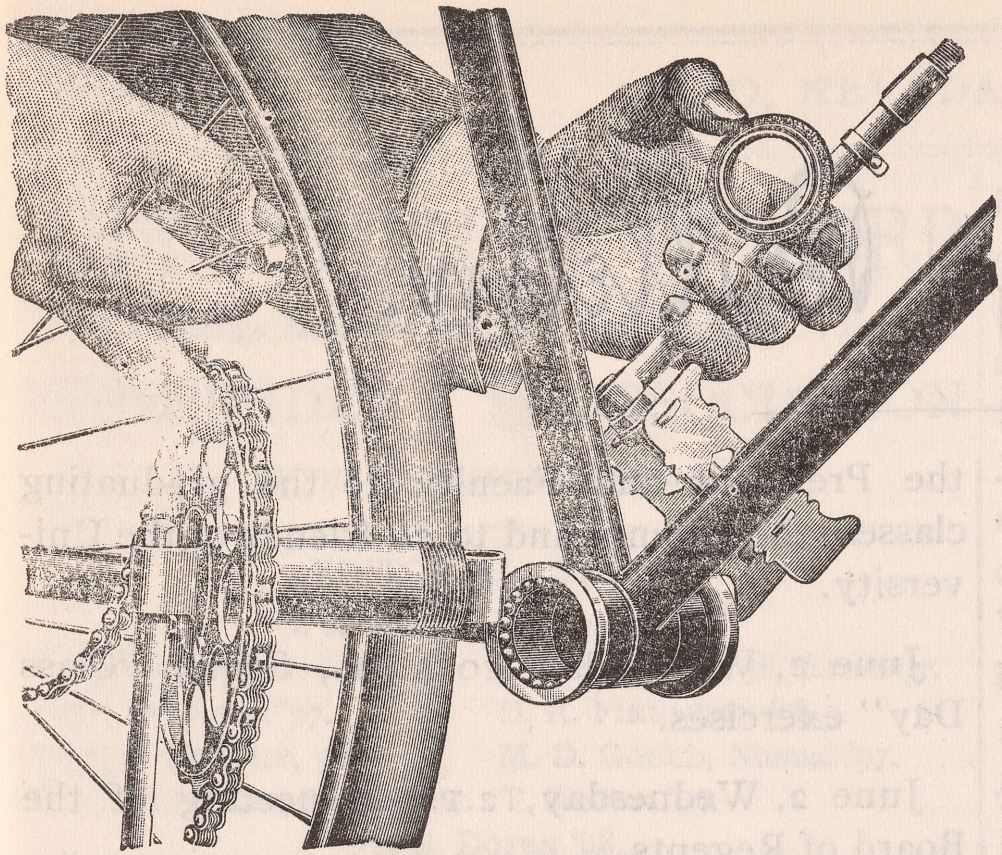
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University Bulletin.

May 29, Saturday, 9 A. M., reading of University theses.

May 29, Saturday, 4 P. M., preliminary meeting of the Honorary Board of Visitors in President's office.

May 29, Saturday, 4 P. M., meeting of the Alumni Visiting Committee.

May 29, Saturday, 2 P. M., meeting of the Board of Regents.

May 29, Saturday, 8 P. M., Normal "Class Day" exercises.

May 30, Sunday, 10:30 A. M., Baccalaureate address by Mr. John J. Valentine, President Wells-Fargo Express Company.

May 31, Monday, observance of the Nation's "Memorial Day" by the Faculty and students of the University.

May 31, Monday, 8 P. M., Inter-Society Debate. Question: *Resolved*, That Greece in her efforts to annex Crete should be supported by "The Powers." Affirmative—Miss Amy G. Edmunds, Miss Alice Thompson, Mr. Geo. R. Bliss. Negative—Mr. Emmet A. Boyle, Mr. Guy Walts, Mr. H. E. Crutcher. Judges—Hon. C. H. Belknap, Hon. A. E. Cheney, Hon. B. F. Curler.

June 1, Tuesday, 9 A. M., reading of Normal theses.

June 1, Tuesday, 8 P. M., annual reception by

the President and Faculty to the graduating classes, the Alumni and to *all* friends of the University.

June 2, Wednesday, 10 A. M., Senior "Class Day" exercises.

June 2, Wednesday, 2 P. M., meeting of the Board of Regents.

June 2, Wednesday, 8 P. M., Commencement of State Normal School. "Commencement Address" by Mrs. Kate Tupper Galpin of Los Angeles. "Scholarship Address" by Hon. H. C. Cutting, State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

June 3, Thursday, 10 A. M., **University Commencement.** The "Annual Address" by Mr. Irving M. Scott, President of the Union Iron Works of San Francisco. "Scholarship Address" by Hon. W. W. Booher of Elko. Conferring of degrees.

June 3, Thursday, 2 P. M., annual meeting of Honary Board of Visitors.

June 3, Thursday, 2 P. M., annual meeting of the University Alumni Association.

June 3, Thursday, 2 P. M., annual meeting of the Normal Alumnae Association.

June 3, Thursday, 5 P. M., Cadet Band concert and dress parade of Cadet Battalion.

June 3, Thursday, 8 P. M., annual Senior reception.

THE STUDENT RECORD.

VOL. IV.

RENO, NEVADA, MAY 15, 1897.

No. 16.

THE STUDENT RECORD

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EDITORIAL STAFF:

G. R. BLISS, *Editor-in-Chief.*

G. BONHAM '97, *Associate.* J. J. SULLIVAN '98, *Exchange.*
ALICE EDMUNDS '97. D. R. FINLAYSON '98.
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THE new books recently purchased for the library are a valuable acquisition. Among those of special interest for the military department is a four-volume edition of "Memoirs of Napoleon." For the department of history there is a two-volume "History of France" by Martin and a two-volume "History of Russia" by Ramband. A new edition of the "Waverly Novels" is a timely purchase that serves to replace the set we already have, some books of which are quite worn out. Several volumes of poems in padded leather covers and with illustrations will satisfy the lover of the beautiful in appearance as well as in contents.

Our department of art has been seriously lack-

ing in art books, but the lack has been generously reduced. A "Paradise Lost" with illustrations after Gustave Dore, "Our British Landscape Painters," "Pictures by Clarkson Stanfield, R. A.," "Italian Painters," "Venetian Painters," all these have been purchased, and a rare, valuable collection it is. Most magnificent of all is the "Imperial Edition of Shakespeare's Works" edited by Charles Knight. The illustrations are superb, and they alone are worth more than \$30. There are two royal folio volumes bound in morocco, with one or more full-page steel engravings for each drama. This new acquisition in the library should make the students proud, as well as the faculty.

* * *

THE visit to the University of Mr. C. C. Michener of New York, one of the International Secretaries of the College Young Men's Christian Association, was an event of more than ordinary significance. Through it another link has been forged to bind our institution to the colleges and universities of the country. The organization of the Young Men's Christian Association in the University of Nevada will make it a part of the world-wide student movement and bring the students in touch with a vital and wide-spread fraternity. The public recognition by the University of the work in which Mr. Michener is engaged will have a good influence upon the moral life and character of the college.

* * *

IN a few weeks the members of the Class of '97 will have finished their college life and will pass into the multitudes in every day life. Whether they succeed or not will depend upon themselves. They have been offered the benefits of a college education and may expect to profit thereby, but though they have received all that the labor of their professors could give them, they have now to depend upon themselves, and he who sows best will reap best.

"THE LITTLE JEN MINE."

(Concluded from last issue.)

IN much perplexity of mind, Hank Blanchard saw her turn to the left and make her way over the rough ground which lies between the road and the hills that rise high above the town. His way lay in the opposite direction, however, and he soon lost sight of the child. On, on she went, over the hills, through the sagebrush and the greasewood, stumbling and falling at times, but ever brave and resolute, ever keeping the gold and the silver of the hills in view. At last she reached the sunny slope high up on the side of the steepest hill, where the bright flowers grew the thickest and were the most profuse in bloom. Here she paused to rest awhile before attempting to remove the plants from the soil in which they were imbedded; and being quite hungry by this time, she lunched comfortably on the pasty and cake which she had carried till now. Being thus refreshed and rested, she went about her self-appointed task. Tugging and pulling at the tough plants with all the strength of her tiny hands, she found it all in vain, for the roots of the hardy plants that grow on Nevada's hills strike deep into the ground in search of moisture, and the hard soil holds them tight. Tug and toil as she might, she could not move them one inch. Great tears of vexation and disappointment filled her eyes and rolled down her flushed cheeks, and she was just on the point of giving up and going home, when she chanced to glance down the hill to the trestle-work bridge under which stood her unhappy home. Child that she was, the sight gave her renewed resolution. Gold and silver—money for her mother! Yes, if there were gold and silver at the roots of the plants, as Hank Blanchard had said, she must find some, must get some for her mother.

Just above her grew a fine specimen of the sunflower, its blossoms nodding and waving in the breeze that was now coming up. Surely, thought little Jen, there must be a whole mine of gold under the roots of that plant; on that she would make her next trial. Making her way towards it

rather slowly, for she was tired now; looking at it, not at the ground whereon she trod, her baby hands were outstretched to reach it, when she disappeared—went out of sight as entirely as if the earth had opened and swallowed her. And, indeed, it amounted to about the same thing, for she had fallen into an old "prospecting hole" left uncovered long ago by some disheartened miner. Many such may be found in the vicinity of Gold Hill; some of the deepest and most dangerous mining shafts once, are surrounded by cables, or are partially covered with timbers, but many of the others are left without protection or warning of any kind, the great wonder in connection with them being that so few accidents occur.

Fortunately this particular one into which little Jen had fallen was not so very deep, and it sloped from the mouth by a steep "incline" instead of extending vertically downward as many do, so that she rolled, rather than fell to the bottom. It seems that she ought not to have been much hurt, this being the case; but she was hurt, nevertheless, one little outstretched arm as she fell being doubled under her in such a way as to snap the bone just below the elbow. But for this she might perhaps have made her way out again, but with the broken arm it was impossible.

After the first shock of the fall and the fright were somewhat over, little Jen drew herself into as comfortable a position as possible, cried a little, then being a brave little soul, decided that crying would do no good, and made such efforts as she could to get out of the hole herself. She soon found this beyond her, so curled herself up again and waited with a sort of passive endurance that only children and dumb animals are capable of. Her arm pained her, but that she bore in the same manner. Occasionally she slept, then woke to a sense of her misery and unhappiness, and wondered what her mother was doing, if she had missed her; and what she would do when night came, and she, her own little Jen, did not come home. Would any one go to look for her, and if they did, would they find her hidden away under the ground? Sometimes she even tried to sing, thinking perhaps

the angels would hear and would help her if they did so. By and bye it grew night, black night, indeed, in the underground cave where little Jen rested; still she could just see the starry heavens where they met the horizon, and this glimpse of the stars comforted and cheered her, making her feel less alone.

In the meantime, at her home in the town, Tom, her father, had roused sufficiently to eat his afternoon meal in time to go on the five-o'clock shift, but Kitty, though alarmed and uneasy at Jen's prolonged and unusual absence, was still too angry with her husband to speak to him on any topic, so that he went into the mine knowing nothing of the absence of the child and the worry in the mind of his wife. Six o'clock, seven, eight, nine came and still no token of the little one. Long before this time arrived, Kitty had become quite frantic and had gone everywhere she could think of in search of the lost one; and, having exhausted her own resources, had aroused the neighborhood to aid in the search.

No one knew in what direction to look for little Jen, though several remembered having seen her seated high up beside Hank Blanchard on his quartz wagon that morning. Hank himself was found and questioned, but being—as he was apt to be at that hour of the night—far gone in intoxication, little at first could be drawn from him. By dint of patient and persistent questioning, however, he finally made out to remember and to tell how he had last seen the child going over the hills alone in the direction of "Dead Man's mountain," so called because an unhappy criminal had once killed himself there to avoid falling into the hands of his pursuers. "She war huntin' fer a mine, I reckon," said Hank; "leastways fer some gold an' silver out en the hills yonder whar them purty flowers grow so thick," and that was all that could be got from him.

A party organized at once to search for the child, but the night was dark, the road rough, and the hills wide, while in the minds of all was the fear that she had fallen into some disused shaft. Still they bade the mother hope; they would find little Jen and bring her home all

right, and leaving her in the care of several kindly women, they started on their search. Over the hills, now here, now there; calling to each other and to little Jen, but with no success. Nowhere could they find any trace of the stray lamb they were so anxious to bring back to the fold. The night was fast passing away; over the eastern hills the first faint signs of dawn were showing in the sky; the stars were paling—still no trace of little Jen. The searchers, tired and discouraged, had formed in a group to discuss what should be done next, just as the early whistles from the mines gave the signal for the morning change of shift.

"Well, my lads," said one who seemed in the nature of a leader, "whativer shall we do next? It isn't meself as wants to go home and tell Kitty Trozona that we cahn't find the lass, but what else to do is more than I can say."

"The daylight 'll soon be here," said another speaker. "Let's wait and make one more trial, at least, before we go down without her." A murmur of assent followed this speech. Just as it died away, one of the group, a superstitious young Irishman, cried: "Whisht, boys, what is that! By the powers, I belave it is the howly angels singing!" All listened, but for a moment no sound was heard; then as if floating in the air rose the words:

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe in his gentle breast;
There, by his arms all shaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest."

Distinctly the words rose and fell, then died away. One or two of the anxious listeners crossed themselves, but no one spoke aloud; again rose the sounds, but this time the words and the tune were changed:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
When the nearer waters roll,
When the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O, my Savior, hide,
Till the storms of life are past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O, receive my soul at last."

Pale and paler grew the faces of the listeners:

Jen must be among the angels, and this was her spirit singing to them. When, with a shout of triumph, the same young Irishman sprang forward, waving his lantern about his head and crying: "Bedad, b'ys, it's herself intirely that's singing thim swate songs. Did yez iver see a Cornisher that cudn't sing? An' she's larned all thim chunes an' things at the Sunday school, shure. Here, b'ys, here it is! The fools av us that we didn't see it before. I wonder that we didn't fall intill it our own selves. Here's the hole in the ground an' the little gurrel is in it. Jen! Jen! Air yez down there, Jen?"

Jen heard, but thought it was the angels calling; and ought she to answer the angels? She thought perhaps she had better sing again, so again her sweet little voice floated up to the anxious watchers by the mouth of the pit. "What a friend we have in Jesus."

"Faix, she's there, sure enough, b'ys, an' the next thing is how to get her out of the dirty hole," said Mike, "an' it's meself as is the b'y to do it."

Fastening a rope around his waist and giving directions as to what the others should do, he groped his way cautiously down the incline, calling to little Jen at every other step as he did so: "Jen, my dearie, it's meself as is coming to bring you out; don't be afraid, honey, it's only Miky O'Brien, an' he'll take good care of yez."


Little Jen heard and understood. Miky O'Brien was as good as an angel, she was sure, now that he had come to rescue her; and this he soon did. In a few more minutes Miky stood in the midst of the excited group with little Jen in his arms, as proud as a knight of old when he had rescued some fair damsel. Cheer after cheer

was sent up in token of their success; then forming in a sort of triumphal procession, they marched down into the town, Miky still bearing his precious burden, who, weak and exhausted, lay quiet, almost as the dead, in his strong arms.

As they passed down the main street and came in front of the Fashion saloon, Tom Trozona, who had just come "off shift," and had not yet been home, stood there with his hand on the door about to enter, but turned in surprise as a familiar childish voice called to him: "Papa, papa, don't go in there!" and then he first learned how near to a frightful death his darling child had been. After her story had been told him, he took the little one in his arms, and thanking the men for the part they had taken in finding her, he dismissed them and went alone with little Jen to his wife, Kitty. She, too, was alone for the moment, and as Tom entered with their child, all their past troubles and disagreements were for the time forgotten. As little Jen lay white and suffering from the pain of the too long unset arm, and ill from the shock and exposure of that dreadful night spent in the incline, Tom Trozona formed new resolutions, made new plans as to his future life, which he was man enough to keep in mind and live up to; so that the sun of prosperity shone on their united lives. Though little Jen did not find the gold and silver that Hank Blanchard knew lay at the roots "of them purty flowers up thar," through her they all found the mine of content and simple happiness: the "Little Jen mine" proved more valuable, brought more true happiness than all the wealth that any Comstock millionaire can boast; than earthly gold and silver alone can bring.

M. S. D.

THE FAIRIES IN THE MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

ORE than any other of Shakespeare's plays, a "Midsummer Night's Dream" exhibits its author's power of imagination and his scope of fancy.

The "human mortals" and still more the fairy characters all serve to give the play its sparkling,

delicious, peculiar charm. Let us try to picture what kind of beings Shakespeare meant his fairies to be. We have more direct statements about the fairies than Shakespeare generally gives to present a character to the reader. He also uses to describe the fairies, mere suggestions and word pictures, which all go to make the general fairy impression on the mind.

He tells us that both the king and the queen

of fairy land with their "pensioners" came from India. This is suggestive, for we like to think of this half-dreamy land, with its balmy air fragrant with spices and flowers, as the home of the "light fairies and dapper elves." So to begin with, we get an idea of the dreamy character of the fairies from the land of their origin.

Shakespeare tells us plainly that the elves are tiny creatures, for the cowslips seem tall to them and they can "creep into acorn-cups and hide there." They are swifter than the moonbeams, "swifter than the wind," "swifter than the arrow from the Tartar's bow." Their atmosphere is that of twilight; they love to sport in groves where the moonbeams shine, and in the dewy perfumed air of the early morning.

"Meet me in grove or green,
By fountain clear or spangled starlight sheen."

"I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,
Quite over canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk roses and with eglantine."

Unlike the fairies and goblins of other fables, these little spirits are represented with no dark, ghostlike shades of character. Puck, in speaking of ghosts and gloomy spirits, says:

"And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger,
At whose approach ghosts wandering here and there
Troop home to church-yards—damned spirits all,
That in crossways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds have gone;
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They wilfully themselves exile from light,
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night."

Oberon replies:—

"But we are spirits of another sort:—
I with the morning's love have oft made sport,
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery red,
Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams."

However, they do not love the glare of day, but follow "the night's shades."

Fairies were likewise often portrayed before Shakespeare's time as ministers of retribution and revenge, actuated by malicious spite; but Shakespeare's fairies are ever kindly and merry, loving

dances and jokes. Puck in all his tricks does not do a mean thing. In fact, he does not intend any harm. He says, when Oberon is reproving him for his errors: "Believe me, King of Shadows, I mistook." Yes, there is never any pain or repentance on his part for any trouble he has caused. He is always merry and thoughtless, but never malignant or harmful.

What is it that makes the fairies so pleasing to us? Is it because they lift us out of our own world to an imaginary one? Partly, I think, but more because the citizens of this fairy land are stripped of everything worldly. They are beings without human affections, without reflective thought and without moral responsibility. We have no human suffering portrayed as in "Lear" no sorrow and remorse as in "Othello," no reasoning as in "Hamlet."

Puck is not affected by the momentary grief he has caused the lovers, for he says: "Their jangling I esteem a sport." Litanian displays no passion when she and the king "do square." She shows no reflection when she awakes from the delusion the love liquor caused: "Mrs. Oberon, what visions have I seen?" Then she calls for music.

Each characteristic implied or plainly told, helps to give us the complete and definite idea of the fairy band. But I think what delights us most and gives us the sense of dreamy, irresponsible consciousness, is the utter lack of human feelings and responsibilities in the fairies. How delightful it is, at times, to float above the actualities of life in the land of fairy and fancy!

The warm weather has brought on several cases of spring fever, but the fact that there are but three weeks before vacation helps many to avoid this contagious disease.

Georgie—Say, Ma, typewriting ain't like handwriting, is it?

Georgie's Mamma—No, Georgie. Why do you ask?

Georgie—'Cause I heard papa down to his office say to the typewriter: "What a beautiful hand!"—*Ex.*

A LETTER FROM THE TRAVELERS.

FROM London, England, comes the following interesting letter from the three young men who left for South Africa. It bears the date of April 20, 1897:

Editor Student Record, Nevada State University, Reno, Nevada—SIR: F. C. Frey, Jos. Durkee and J. M. L. Henry send greetings to all old friends. We have been so busy up to this time that no decent opportunity for writing that promised communication has presented itself. Having a week at our disposal, we will endeavor to present you with a brief recapitulation of our trip so far.

For the most part, the latter two named above traveled by special train and thus were enabled to make stops whenever desirable. Learning that Laramie City was the site of the Wyoming State University, we decided to lay over and visit it. We accordingly spent the greater part of an afternoon in viewing the grounds and buildings under the guidance of Mr. Herbert J. Brees of Laramie, a student at the University and a member of the Senior Class. Through the courtesy of this gentleman, who is one after our own hearts, we were enabled to meet several of the professors, and we found, upon comparing notes, that the N. of W. is situated somewhat as our own University. They experience the same difficulty in getting appropriations from the State Legislature and have accordingly to suffer from lack of buildings, etc., etc.

They have two buildings, a main building and a mechanical building, situated in the center of a very level, well-watered campus of approximately twenty acres.

The main building is a three-story and basement structure, about as large as Morrill Hall, in a fine gray, native sandstone. It was built in 1886, and with its existence began university life in Wyoming. All class-rooms and laboratories are situated in it and also the offices of the executive department. It is finely finished inside with tile flooring, polished wainscoting, balustrades, etc. Their auditorium, which is used for the same purposes as our Assembly Hall, is

very fine and was a great delight to our eyes after such a mediocre affair as exists at U. N. In this building, too, are situated the museums containing botanical, geological and mineralogical collections. The geological collection is a large and most excellent one, being composed entirely of native fossils collected by the Professor of Mining, Mineralogy and Geology, all of which are united under one head, under Professor Knight, a most courteous and pleasant mannered gentleman and one well up in his profession. The fossils were all dug up within thirty-five miles of Laramie and are such dinotherms as to make even Professor Miller's heart leap for joy at sight of them.

The Mining and Metallurgy Department is practically undeveloped, being limited to assaying and mineralogy and text study of metallurgy. Few students take the work, or, indeed, any science.

The Mechanical building is in all respects practically the same as our old Pasture, used for similar purposes, a frame structure and about as large as the former home of the T. H. P. O.

They have eleven professors and about one hundred and sixty students, all told. They have no Gym., but take considerable interest in football, having never been defeated in their State. They have no college publication or class societies and may be said to be in just about such a state as we were previous to the coming of President Stubbs.

After our look about the buildings, we spent some time in an enjoyable chat with Mr. Brees and some more students, and incidents of college life were recited with much gusto by both sides.

Leaving our new found friends, we returned to our hotel and next morning resumed our journey. We parted company at Omaha, Durkee going to Michigan and Henry to St. Louis, each to visit relatives in their respective localities. We were together again in New York City, April 8th, Joe having unexpectedly met Frey at Jackson, Mich., they finishing that portion of the journey together. Two days were spent in seeing the sights of gay New York, and then we boarded the largest Atlantic liner afloat, the Lu-

cania, bound for Liverpool. We were the victims of horrible sea-sickness nearly all the way across and never enjoyed the trip at all. The way that ship rolled and the way we felt simply beggars description. We rarely spent five consecutive hours on deck and frequently twenty in our berths in the throes of that awful feeling. The weary time dragged on, however, and we did see the realization of "I'll meet you in Liverpool" last Saturday morning about 8 A. M.

Four hours' ride brought us to this city, and we sail from Southampton next Saturday on one of the Castle Line steamers, for Cape Town.

So far we have seen the various parks, Parlia-

ment buildings, Westminster Abbey, the various squares, museums, gardens, theatres and many historic landmarks, all of which to describe even meagerly would require more time than we have, so we beg you to do with this poor sketch. We might spend days in writing a description of London itself and then fail justice to it. The N. of W. has been treated more at length as being more interesting to you, and accounts of oceanic and continental travel, much superior to our accounts, can be found almost anywhere. With kindest regards, we bid you adieu.

JOS. DURKEE,

J. M. L. HENRY.

F. C. FREY.

SOPHOMORES AGAIN VICTORIOUS—NIT.

THE recent baseball game between the Sophomores and Freshmen was one of the most brilliant events of this college year. Members from all the classes were present, among whom the RECORD reporter noticed the Rev. James Giles, who is at present taking a special course as an alumnus.

The grounds were bright with the gay dresses of the ladies and the brilliant colors of the class banners. When the Freshmen came upon the field they were loudly cheered; but when the Sophs. approached, the enthusiasm was enormous. At the head of the procession walked the Class President, Roy Mathewson, bearing in one hand a cane and in the other the class flag, aropy looking compound of black and yellow cloth, representing two water snakes on a bean pole forming the figures 99. The snakes were not perfect, however, for the stripes ran the wrong way, so that the whole compound was quite suggestive of long ropes of yellow molasses candy, striped with coal tar.

Following the "flag" came the Soph. ball tossers, nine men and fifteen substitutes. Prominent among them were Chain Lightning Jones, the ten-second sprinter; Grasshopper Frazer, the jumper; Weary Willie Nichol, the pedestrian; and John L. Gignoux, the pugilist.

Referee Stuart called: "Play ball!" and the game began. Pretty Jones, '99, stepped into

the pitcher's box and Lockman, '00, came to the bat. Jones was clothed in an elegant red and yellow sweater and was the admiration of all the ladies. Looking fixedly toward the home plate, he coiled his left leg around his right and twisted his right arm into a sinuous crookedness like that of a Sophomore's record in laboratory chemistry. When, after all this preparation, Jones uncoiled himself and delivered the ball, it unfortunately came into contact with the bat and made a bee line for a point four feet above the head of our rising chemist, R. H. Frazer.

Now, Robert H. is a high jumper, so when the ball came toward him he left the earth and began to unlimber and stretch out joint by joint skyward until he was as slender as '99's hope of success. With both hands he gripped the ball and came back to earth. Thus far he had done well, but now he dropped the ball on his toes and was disabled as a runner for the rest of the game.

The only sad incident which occurred during the game was an accident to Coal Oil Tommy Dexter. He was out in the field coaching Pratt, who was trying to locate a slow fly. Pratt cried: "Where is it at?" Pointing at it with his long forefinger, Dexter cried: "There, it's coming!" Unfortunately he pointed too long, and so accurately that he is now carrying that finger in a plaster cast and studiously keeping it out of reach of sausage machines and Freshman baseballs and other dangerous things.

In this first inning, the Freshmen scored 16 runs. In the next one, the Sophs. scored none. Several interesting things occurred in this inning, however.

With a large smile, child-like and bland as the crescent moon, Chism stepped to the bat, and by a lucky blow reached second. Shortly afterward he stole third, still smiling; and presently, when Robinson whacked the ball, good old Farmer Chism made a home run. Sad to relate, however, the ball got there before he did, and he retired with the same old smile.

When Frazer came to the bat again, President Roy Matthews was on hand with Robert H's bicycle, the "Santa Marie" to make up for Frazer's Crippled foot. As soon as Cahill had bounced the ball off the bat to a point near the ditch, Robert H. mounted his antediluvian machine and sped quickly around the diamond.

Oh, what a sight was there! The noble commander seated aloft on the poop-deck! The sublime and inspiring racket of the propellers! Jimmy Giles shouted himself hoarse and then wept salt tears because he couldn't make himself heard. Commander Frazer swiftly boxed the compass and was nearly home again when the ball, neatly returned by Keddie 'oo, hit the front wheel and stuck in the spokes. The machine stopped, but Frazer didn't. He traveled nearly to the home plate on his face. The fel-


lows put him into the Orr ditch and cleaned him up, then sent him home in Moore and Rinckel's rockaway.

In the next inning Brule came to the bat and easily located the "elusive and mysterious" curves of Chain Lightning Jones from Reese River. Presently Brule sent the ball sailing skywards and went dashing around the diamond. Out in the field stood Gignoux watching with eagle eye the course of the whizzing sphere. The ball was falling so swiftly that the great Soph. fielder didn't want to catch it on the fly, so he waited for it to bounce. The ground was soft and covered with alfalfa. Nothing short of inspiration could have persuaded any ball to bounce from such ground. When the white sphere failed to rise, Gignoux's face was a study. He looked as disconcerted and bashful as the small boy who went in swimming and on coming out found that somebody had embezzled his trousers.

A detailed account of the game by innings would be too much of a comedy of errors to be interesting. It is sufficient in this connection to state the score, which was sixty-five to fifteen in favor of 'oo.

G. I. James, of the firm of James, Brown & Co., is preparing a neat little hand-book on our national game for the use of beginners. It is entitled, "The Ball Tosser's Primer, or, What the Sophomores Don't know About Baseball."

SUMMING UP.

 HIS month closes the school life of many men and women in our country—men and women who have spent some of their best years in endeavoring to fit themselves for an active, useful life. It would be interesting if we could know just what each individual believed in his inmost self to be the true aim and end of living. But these facts are not known to us, so we must consider their aims from an objective point.

The very first things an observer notices in a young man are his habits. Habit is a form that may be fitted to any self. It is the result of frequently recurring volitions. So the man may

set about building a character by laying the foundation stones of habit.

We might say broadly that there are two classes of habits, those of growth, of life; and those of decay, of death. Every student forms habits. If he is thrifty, industrious, honest, virtuous and patient there is certain to be a vigorous life of body and soul. But if, on the other hand, he is indolent, intemperate, careless and dishonest, there can be but one end: degeneration and death, always of the spirit, often of the body. What have you done in habit forming?

The next question that appeals to us is: "What are the purposes, the aims of these educated men and women? Have they been edu-

cated for selfish or humanitarian ends?"

Well, they are of the world and they can't be blamed for being worldly. So many would not hesitate to place wealth and position first along with personal comfort and ease. For the individual these are all powerful conditions; for the race they are premonitory of destruction. In whose temple do you burn incense?


Probably the question of least importance is the one the college professor asks first: "What do you know?" He could not tell all he knows any more than he could tell what he does not know. Why, then, should he demand it of the student? His question is one that is contrary to the spirit of his calling. It is narrow, it is dogmatic. Let him formulate a question of growth. Have you acquired the power of knowing?

To-morrow the world will ask: "What can you do?" The years heretofore were years of experiment, of trying, of theory. Now comes the time for doing, for acting. Are you equal to the undertaking? Don't be troubled about the content of the doing so long as it is good, but see to it that you do something and that you do it well. There is never a lack of things in this world waiting to be well done. What can you do?

But there is a Voice above all other voices demanding of your inmost soul: "Who are you?" There can be no dissembling now. There is but one answer. Do you manifest in your body, in your intellect, in your soul, the truth? If not, are you struggling upward? If you are, you are an educated man, an educated women.

The highest voice ever heard upon this earth said: "The Spirit of truth is come; he will guide you into all truth."

EXCHANGE.

 THE U. C. athletes are reported to be planning for an Eastern trip next Spring. There are about \$800 already available for the trip. Al Lean has been engaged for next year.—*Palo Alto*.

John V. Crum, the phenomenal sprinter, died May 3d in Chicago from the effects of an operation for appendicitis incurred in high jumping. Crum had a record of 9 4-5 seconds in the hundred, and 21 4-5 seconds in the two hundred and twenty yard dash.—*Ex*.

Berkeley has chosen C. P. Nott Brown, '96, at present an instructor in the University of California, as its football coach for next year.

The University of Texas has recently been given a library of 25,000 volumes, valued at \$100,000.—*Ex*.

"How goes it now at college, John?"

A father thus petitioned.

Then quickly came the answer back:

"I'm very well conditioned." —*Ex*.

Man as He Wuz.

There is sich a lot o' gabblin'
 About that woman new,
 Sich an everlastin' harpin'
 'Bout what she's goin' to do—
 There's a lot o' cranks a kickin'
 Over everything she duz—
 I jist tell you, friends, and brethren,
 Man ain't what he wuz.
 Now, before you rare and holler
 About that bloomer craze,
 An' before you git excited
 With her agonizing ways,
 Jist consider fur a minute
 From a woman's pint of view,
 En contrast the ways un actions
 Uv the old man an' the new.
 Jist imagin' father Adam
 In the garden fresh an' fair,
 With a sizzlin' curlin' iron
 Fixin' up his locks o' hair;
 Or a prancin' down the meadows,
 Sparkling bright with mornin' dews.
 With a little umbrella

An' a par o' yeller shoes.
 En imagine good ol' Moses
 Trav'lin' up Mount Sinai
 With a necktie green an' purple
 An' a glass stuck in one eye.
 Did ye ever hear o' David
 Clearin' up his v'ice an' throat
 By a eatin' honey cough drops,
 So's to sing a good strong note?
 Did the good ol' pilgrim fathers
 Spend their time a playin' golf.
 Or applyin' cream o' roses
 To their han's to make 'em soft?
 Jist keep still about that woman,
 No matter what she duz,
 An' remember when you're ranting
 That man ain't what he wuz. —*Ex.*

Michigan was defeated by Chicago in their annual debate.—*Ex.*

Nightabus darkabus,
 No lightorum;
 Climbabus gatepost,
 Breechabus torem. —*Ex.*

The latest thing out—the student who remains after class is dismissed to explain some point the professor did not quite understand.—*Ex.*

He—Why do you keep me in an agony of doubt? What proof have you ever given that you really love me?

“Why, Ambrose, I've broken off every one of half a dozen engagements made since I promised to marry you.—*Ex.*”

ATHLETIC AND SOCIETY NOTES.

THE Sophomore-Freshman baseball game, which was conceded a victory for the Freshies, was even more easily won than expected. The score stood 65 to 15 at the end of the fourth innning, when the Sophs. threw up the sponge.

The First Annual Military Reception and May Party, given by the Cadets and Commandant of the Military Department, was a grand success. The military drill in the early part of the evening was good, Company “B” winning the laurels. The May dance, in which Miss Loretta Hickey was crowned Queen of the May, was exceedingly well executed and enjoyed by the spectators. There was then an intermission of twenty minutes before the grand march, which was led by Lieutenant Hamilton and Mrs. Stubbs. The rest of the evening was spent in dancing and a most enjoyable time was reported by all.


The Annual Field Day will take place on the 22d. Some records are expected to be broken.

The Field Day between the Sophs. and Freshies look place on the 15th and what was thought to be a Soph. victory proved a victory and surprise for the Freshmen. There was some trouble

in regard to points, but it was finally settled at 5-2 for the first and second places respectively. The Freshmen owe their victory to P. S. Moorman, who succeeded in making 27 of the 51 points on the Freshman side. Though the track was wet and muddy and the time slow, there was no lack of interest among the spectators. Following is the list of events and points by either side:

	SOPH.	FRESH.
100-yard dash.....	5	2
220 yard dash.....	5	2
440-yard dash.....	0	7
880-yard dash.....	2	5
Mile run.....	5	2
120-yard hurdle.....	2	5
220-yard hurdle.....	2	5
Mile bicycle race.....	5	2
Shot-put.....	0	7
Hammer-throw.....	2	5
Mile walk.....	7	0
High jump.....	5	2
Broad jump.....	5	2
Pole vault.....	2	5
Total.....	47	51

CAMPUS.

 N the 11th, the U. N. Cadet Corps was inspected by Col. Burton, U. S. A.

The battalion first passed in review, and then was subjected to a very close inspection. Company drill followed, which was succeeded by battalion drill, in which the movements in extended order were very interesting.

The band, artillery, and signal corps were also inspected.

The Normals will give a reception on the 29th, inst.

Why were Jones and Murphy three hours late to the street parade in Virginia?

A number of students went to Virginia City to hear Father Yorke's address.

Company B. will carry the colors next year, as it proved to be the best drilled on the evening of the 14th.

The U. N. Band went to Virginia City on the 8th inst. with "The Ensign." The cadets received the usual Virginia welcome.

Dexter, '99, broke the little finger of his right hand while playing ball on the 7th. Hays, '00, is also on the sick list, with blood poisoning in his right hand.

Some pertinent queries have been heard, asking why Corporal _____ of the Cadet Band borrowed a coat with sergeant chevrons when the band went to Virginia.

The surest way to get work on the U. N. grounds is to get fired, or better, suspended until next September. An application for work in that case is sure to be successful.

On Monday P. M., May 17th, the Reno Dramatic Club played "The Ensign." The proceeds will be given to the public school to help pay for a new bell at the High School building.

A few cannon shots helped to enliven the festivities at the military carnival.

The Assembly exercises on the 12th were very interesting. Professor Thurtell made a few appropriate remarks in reference to the gymnasium. Dr. Bergstein of the State Hospital for Mental Diseases, gave a practical lecture on stimulants. Professor Averill of the Virginia City High School was then introduced. He had come down with the Senior Class of the High School to visit the University. The feature of the whole assembly was the reading of the names of some of the students who had been poor in their work or had been cutting recitations.

The ball game between the Coronas and Nevada Stars on May 15th was the event of the season. Game was called about 1:30 P. M. with the Coronas in the field and H. Stewart as umpire. One of the features of the game was the pitching of H. Cahill of the Coronas. In the first inning, with a man running on each base, he fanned three men out at the bat. Several old-timers said that this was the finest ball playing they had ever seen. The game was hotly contested from that time on until the 5th inning, when the rain came down in torrents. Game was delayed for nearly an hour by this. When the rain stopped the game was resumed. Nothing of great importance transpired until the last part of the ninth inning, when the Coronas went to the bat for their last inning, with the score of 8 to 6 in favor of the stars. In this inning two men were put out in short order and Carl Stoddard went to the bat with three men on bases. On his third strike he sent the ball into right field and brought the three men in, winning the game by one point. The Stars deserve great credit for their fine individual playing, but were lacking in team work. The people of this section have begun to realize that the Coronas can play ball, and every member of the club and team should be congratulated on the efficient manner in which they conducted the game.

Work on the mechanical building has now commenced and the building will probably be completed by next September. The Gym. is now ready for the apparatus. Some provision should be made so as to insure good light at night. From the fact that the arc lights on the evening of the 14th were out by one o'clock, it seems that this source is inadequate.

The roll was called on the 5th, at Assembly. Very few were absent, owing to the fact that a notice giving warning had been posted on the bulletin board. Miss Bender favored the Assembly with a very entertaining recital. Compliments to her elocutionary ability have been heard on every side and the young lady herself charmed everyone present.

SAXONS AND CELTS.

SOME inquisitive antiquarian had discovered that Shakespeare was of Welsh decent, and thereby added another to the list of furious Englishmen who were not English. It is a remarkable fact that the vaunted Anglo Saxon race owes so many of its glories to men who were wholly or in part of Celtic origin. Literary genius seems to have been the special heritage of Celtic blood. There are few British names that can be placed with those of Goldsmith, Moor and Sheridan—all Irish—and the Scotchmen Burns, Scott and Stevenson. Byron, too, was of Celtic origin. Burk, most famous of England's orators, was an Irishman; so were Balfe and Sullivan, her best musicians. Swift, Stern and Steel must not be forgotten. The queen's two foremost soldiers, Lords Wolseley and Roberts, hail from the Emerald Isle; so did the great Duke of Wellington; and now Shakespeare, to whom those of Saxon blood have long pointed with pride, is found to have sprung from the older and conquered people.

It seems to be time for the so-called Anglo Saxon race to re-christen itself with the name suggested by Dr. Conon Doyle, "Anglo Celtic." This latter would be more historically correct and would imply a fair acknowledgment of the element that has contributed so brilliantly to the record of the English-speaking communities.—*Sel.*

Here's the rule with which, you'll find,

Most men measure all mankind:

"He who loves me is a trump;

He who doesn't is a chump."

—*L. A. W. Bulletin.*

A Soph. Kidnapped.

The sun shone bright one April morn,
When a formidable Soph. forlorn,
Went down the street, deep in the thought
Of the victories lost in the battles fought.

Three tiny Freshies stepped up to him
And asked if he'd take a ride with them.
He looked down upon each and gave his consent
And up the street to the bus they went.

Inside the bus, and courageous '99
Was shackled—a joke pretty fine.
His hair stood on end and he shook like a fly,
And the three little Freshies seemed fourteen to
his eye.

Off to the pest-house they took their way
And left '99 on the floor to lay.
This Sampson-like giant lay meek and mild,
With fear and terror almost driven wild.

A girl friend of his, discoevring the plot,
Told all the Sophs of his terrible lot.
They hastened to get him and brought him back
home,
But he left all his courage at the pest-house to
roam.

Shame on you, Sophs., I wouldn't boast,
You've won but one victory at most,
And numbers, not skill, won that for you;
For whenever you're matched you're beaten
through and through

You need no *again* before you're *victorious*,
To us it's no more than ridiculous.
We know you're swell-headed and vain,
But *again* keep that to yourself, just the same.

The Honor System

Professor: Gentlemen, instead of the ordinary recitation this morning, I will substitute a written examination. [Great excitement; two men near the door cut during the disturbance.] "I am a great believer of the honor system, so I will not exercise any supervision over you. However, for convenience, I will leave you two seats apart. Although I have explicit confidence in your honor, I will divide the class into two divisions and give each alternate row a different question. You will please bring your note-books to my desk and leave them there, lest they get in your way and interfere with your writing. While the examination goes on, I will stroll around the room, not for purposes of supervision, but simply to benefit my liver. The examination will now begin,"—*Sel.*

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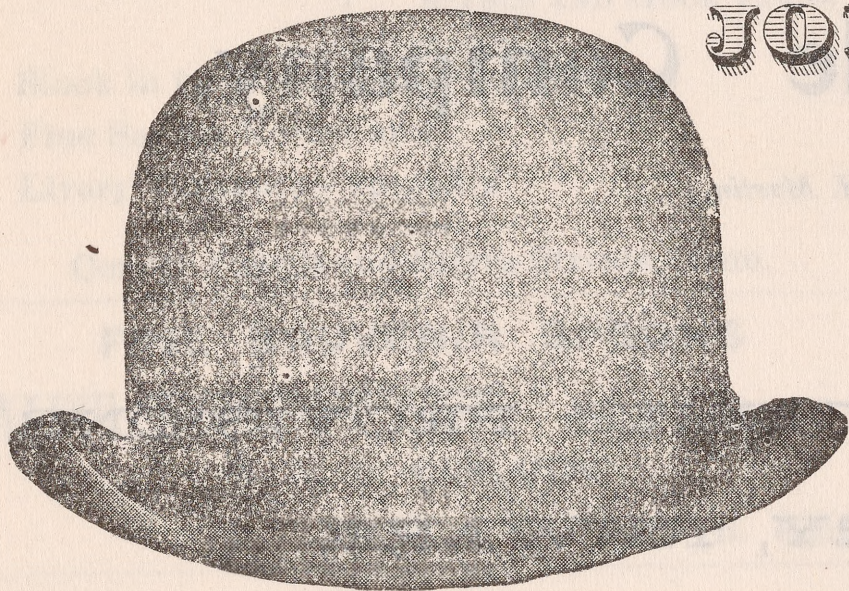
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