

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

PIOCHE, NEVADA.

STARLING FROD FROM KANSAS OF HIS MYSTERIOUS AFFLUITY.

"They ain't no doubt but Kansas is a great state for whiskers," said the man with the ginger beard.

"For instance," said the grocer, "I know, now, that of you was to shave them—here the grocer gave an imitation of the bleating of a goat."

"The man with the ginger beard was so busy picking the tail and fins of a dried herring in such manner as to lose none of the meat that the grocer's sarcasm missed its mark."

"As I was saying, the connection between wind and whiskers was showed to me out in Kansas in a darn funny way."

"You see they was a old fellow out there that could 'a' started out on the reputation of his whiskers."

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SONG.

Golden face that human sorrow May not touch nor make less fair Luster from you let me borrow—

Dear, delightful, dark blue eyes! Life seemed like an autumn day, Hope was as a flame that dies,

Love of you now conquers grief! Love of you makes life a gain.

As a fading woodland tree, Shines in sunlight after rain,

So the realm of my delight, Wears a new and radiant dress.

Alas, but shall I keep the boon? Will you always be to me?

Stars of morning, suns of noon, Lamps to bid the darkness flee!

Dearest eyes, I know your light Will content me, I know your light

Will content me, I know your light Will content me, I know your light

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WRECKED.

You who sympathize with undeserved misfortune and can feel commiseration for men who, unoffending, have explored the utmost extremes of pain and sorrow

Open boat through an interminable wilderness of spume and darkness, with the perpetual thunder of the storm in our ears, death every moment hanging on the singing crests of foam that foreshadowed us on every hand, and no shelter or food or water for the little ones who wailed and sobbed perpetually, and crunched with their patient mothers in an indistinguishable heap in the stern.

On the second morning the wind died rolling out a bit, a thick, stifling sea fog came rolling out of the southward, and just before it shrouded sea and sky we made out on the fringe of the haze a low, rocky shore.

We rowed hard; by noon we came up under shelter of the beach; we landed, and in the first transport of our delight knelt and thanked God for our deliverance; baggage and cramped and lean, with the long agony of the slow death we had passed through in our faces, and the light of hunger in our eyes, we knelt on the sand, and out of our parched throats and our salt-caked lips, thanked the mysterious for our deliverance; eyes, there was not a man among us dry-eyed

the little ones who had saved—two tender bodies and a tiny, aged, less of five—knelt among us, and lifting their clasped hands to the low gray roof of the sky, they thanked their grateful mothers, and then it was like a great rainbow anemone on the courts of heaven, that I laughed a horrible dry rattle of pleasure down in my burning throat and hid my bloodshot eyes from the brightness for a moment.

And when I looked up the mist in the east was spun out so thin that it was but a fine something in the air, and through it was shining the outline of hills and trees, and—was I mad?—of gables and spires a few poor hundred yards away! I glared and rubbed my eyes, and tottered out upon a hillock. A soft southern breeze rolled up the last of that thin screen, and out of the sea, not a quarter of a mile away, grew a pleasant green coast, with fields of all homesteads, and yonder—homely, white and red and gray—was a waterless town, so near that I could see the men at work upon the quays, and the color of the tavern sign down by the road, and the flap of the linen on the drying lines, and the glitter of a pail as a woman dipped water at the green tide steps.

With a dreadful cry of wonder and hope and fear I started the soles back into those gray, contorted bundles down by the tent, the living came at my call, painfully crawling out from among the dead and saw what I saw, and tossed their arms and laughed and wept and grinned and staggered to their feet, and fell about upon each other, and muttered incoherent things down in the dry caverns of their hollow chests, and pointed their trembling fingers, and at last, the full truth dawned upon them all, and they went together, it seemed, and prayed and wept, and cried aloud in the strangest, grimmest, paralytic joy ever a man looked upon.

What need to tell more! Soon some of these jolly plump loungers on the quay caught sight of us upon the islet at the entrance of their harbor mouth, and clustered in knots and pointed—when a boat was launched and men came off, hailed us and guessed what had happened even before they could understand a word of the incoherent sounds of our frantic delight, and so we were rescued!

We had been days and nights starved on it and so, in grim resignation, too weak to struggle further, we built ourselves a shelter out of the boat sail down by where we had landed, and there we huddled hour after hour in patient, hopeless vacancy.

And overhead the sea mist eddied in smoky folds and hung like a dingy, sodden curtain a few yards out, at sea, cut us off from even the faint hope of a passing sail, and the mocking cries of the gulls and the wailing of the wind flapped by fell on our listless, unnerved ears like the voices of unhappy spirits.

All through the night that followed, and the next day, and the day after that, we cowered in a sad, gray huddle under the boat sail and scarcely stirred, with hunger and thirst gnawing at our hearts and horrible chimeras of plenty and abundance flitting hectic through our drowsy brains.

We made no more attempts to see the confines of our island prison—why should we? But now and then one of us would crawl out and bring a few drops of tasteless moisture from the mist laden sail stretched between two stones, or one of those desperate mothers would wander away to the beach to look for shellfish and to be out of hearing for a time of the pitiful crying of her children. And thus we waited for the end.

When we woke in the gray of the third morning we found young Hayward, the steward, sitting among us, quite dead, as we had left him sitting alive last night, and Trovay was dead that evening, and Ellis and Warner were raving. And now the blessing of sleep and forgetfulness went from us one by one, and all through the dreadful hours of darkness we sat and listened to the rattle of each other's parched throats and the mutterings of their delirium. Some time that night I remember Elsie, the yellow haired delight of the crew, had begged to be taken outside, and her mother and some of us crawled with her to where the sinking wind might blow on her flushed face in the darkness.

THE STUDY OF HEADS.

A Phenological School Where Lecturers Attend.

One of New York's Quaker Institutes Where Students are Taught the Secrets of Cranial Construction.

Not every one knows that there is a college of phenology in this city, and that pupils attend its classes every year in order to adapt the profession of phenology, precisely as the students of medicine fit themselves to become lawyers, clergymen or doctors.

The great majority of the students hail from country districts. The west supplies a great number and they are of all sorts. A considerable proportion are what the French call "originals." They are of the sort that has made America equally original.

They would rather work hard and be paid for it, than to be idle and get nothing in the employ of others. Their photographs make some of them look like strong minded and unconventional folks, with a preference for new paths rather than old. Some are well along in years and have dabbled in many callings and professions before they came to study phenology.

About one half the students expect to make use of the science for money getting. They intend to lecture, either charging for the lectures and then taking fees for making cranial examinations, or giving the lectures free of charge for the examination fees which usually follow. Others pursue the study to assist them in dealing with men and women or children in other pursuits. One graduate is an ecologist, another is an actor, and others are clergy men, lawyers and doctors.

The actor says he has had an excellent success in his career since he has taken the course. He has been successful in his career since he has taken the course. He has been successful in his career since he has taken the course.

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A FIREMAN IMPROMPTU.

The Monkey Bravely Extinguished the Flames and Here Praises Modestly.

Professor Garner, in his endeavor to acquire a knowledge of the monkey language, could learn something to his advantage by visiting Park Hamilton bay, New York.

Where he could observe and possibly learn more of the most intelligent and interesting specimens of the monkey tribe in captivity. This monkey is small and black, and betrays an unusual amount of civility even for a monkey.

Associated with the agile creature are a little Stryker and a number of light-colored and open countenance. The three crickets are confined in a cage near the electric mill road station. All of them are exceedingly active, even the dog occasionally resorts to tricks in imitation of his companions.

The black simian, however, is the observed of all observers—a black skipper, as the crickets call him. He is very intelligent and is pleased to see himself before a crowd of spectators, and chatters with extraordinary volubility, to their intense delight.

One Sunday the black monkey was more than ordinarily mischievous, and the consequence of a slighter than usual, and large and active almost surrounding the cage. On the floor of the cage lay a pick programme. Some one threw a parlor match into the cage, and it fell in the sawdust. Jacko, as quick as a flash, seized it and instantly an investigation. He snuffed it, took a little bite of it, and spit it out, looked steadfastly at it, and then with unmistakable disgust threw it down. It is flavor did not evidently suit his fastidious palate.

After blinking at it for a few minutes he made a grab for the match, and it was snatched out of his hand. The monkey was astonished, but he held the burning match for a second, then flung it down on the pick programme, which immediately caught fire. Then ensued a scene which impressed a beholder with the idea that this monkey was worthy of a medal for his bravery and promptitude in putting out the blazing paper, shook the water out of the box directly on the fire, and it was speedily extinguished. Then, fearing the fire was not entirely out, he jumped on the partly charred fragments and stamped on them, but still unsatisfied and to make us more doubtful as to his real motives, he persevered and tore it into many pieces, making certain that not a spark was left.

His impromptu fireman performance elicited shouts of laughter, and also expressions of wonderment regarding the intelligence and presence of mind displayed, but the monkey, like all real heroes, bore his honors modestly and with becoming gravity.—Fire and Water.

Some Facts About Carols. "I will give you," said Mr. Richmond, "some facts about carols which are not generally known. From the time when ancient Egypt they were painted on thin sheets of ivory, carols and carolers have since have reproduced them exactly. Wandering tribes of gypsies have the secrets of carols as emblems of planetary motion, time, etc., but without the higher knowledge of why they have these wonderful properties. But in this old yet ever new religion of the stars, the carols were used by Egyptian priests as sacred emblems of astronomical time and combinations of the solar system.

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"The first carols were composed of words of the year. The twelve months of the year were represented by the four seasons—spring, summer, autumn and winter. The four signs represent the four seasons—spring, summer, autumn and winter. The four signs represent the four seasons—spring, summer, autumn and winter.

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POOR "NUMBER THREE."

Some of the Trials of the Third Party to a Love Affair.

Wherever the notion started that this is a lucky number, I know it did not start with the first pair of lovers or with any pair of lovers since.

"That's so," as the old magistrate is forever saying in Miss Adair's case, "the most intelligent and interesting specimens of the monkey tribe in captivity. This monkey is small and black, and betrays an unusual amount of civility even for a monkey."

Associated with the agile creature are a little Stryker and a number of light-colored and open countenance. The three crickets are confined in a cage near the electric mill road station. All of them are exceedingly active, even the dog occasionally resorts to tricks in imitation of his companions.

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THE MILKMAN AND THE LUNATIC.

A Milkman had an experience once which completely changed his views regarding lunatics. He had occasion to visit an up town asylum to collect his weekly milk.

Upon his departure he noticed one of the inmates, a man, sitting on the stone around the table, and the milkman passed the man he made some chaffing remark and was at once pursued by the man. The former, now thoroughly frightened, ran for his life. Through the spacious grounds they meet, then out along the highway toward the city.

The lunatic pursued the milkman, but none came, and at last, completely exhausted, he dropped on his knees to implore mercy. The lunatic rushed up, and as he reached the crouching, trembling milkman, instead of crushing him, as the latter fully expected, he only raised his hand, laid it on the milkman's shoulder and uttered: "You're hit!" and ran away. It turned out that the lunatic's name was playing "tiger" with his keeper.—Philadelphia Record.

A Game Hen. George Diefenbach has a game hen from County Galway, Ireland, that is better than a turkey. A large rat tried to get into the hen's cage. Instantly the hen was under her, she pecked at him viciously. The rat jumped at her and tried to catch her by the neck. Every time the rat came at the hen she dropped her wings and met him just above half way. Once the rat pulled out a bunch of feathers, but the hen's jump was short and soon he found the hen's neck. This made the hen more angry. She went at the rat in earnest. The rat would snap its jaws and squawk in a great rage. The two fought for half an hour, and the hen killed the rat. The hen's jump was short and soon he found the hen's neck. This made the hen more angry. She went at the rat in earnest. The rat would snap its jaws and squawk in a great rage. The two fought for half an hour, and the hen killed the rat. The hen's jump was short and soon he found the hen's neck. This made the hen more angry. She went at the rat in earnest. The rat would snap its jaws and squawk in a great rage. The two fought for half an hour, and the hen killed the rat.

The Intelligible Juror. The eloquent figure of Ripon is very fond of telling the following story. A well known lawyer on circuit in the north of England, curious to know how a certain jurymen arrived at his verdict, "Well," replied he, "I'm a plain man, and I like to be fair to every one. I don't go by what the lawyers say, and I don't go by what the judge says, but I look at the man in the dock, and I say, 'He must have done something, or he wouldn't be there, so I bring them all in guilty.'"—London Tit-Bits.

Insurance Rates. The clerk in the accident insurance office was busy when the visitor arrived. "What can I do for you?" he inquired brightly. "I want an accident policy." "All right, sir. What's your business?" "I'm a student." "Ah! Belong to a football team?" "Yes. Does that make any difference?" "Some in the rates." "I'm a student." "Well, a policy for \$5,000 will cost you \$2 a month."—Detroit Free Press.

An Allowance with Weak Legs. Governor—You've been running ahead of your allowance, Jack. "I know it, dad. I've been hoping for a long time that the allowance would strengthen up enough to overtake me."—Texas Siftings.

A Lazy Vicar. Newspaper editors are often amusing. One of the funniest I have met is the vicar of a long time. He is a fat, portly man, St. Paul's cathedral. That vicar had never heard of a "lay" vicar.—London Figaro.

A Shrewd Parent. "I don't know what is the matter with my son. Since he went to the university he has written me vulgar letters." "Why don't you do as I did? When I didn't hear from my Emil I wrote as follows: 'My dear boy, how are you? In closed you will find a twenty dollar bill.' But I took good care not to inclose the bill. The result was that he wrote by the next mail, complaining that the money had not reached him."—Exchange.

A Singular Railroad Accident. A case was reported recently of an engineer being killed by his head striking against a sagged telegraph pole as he leaned from his cab window, and several instances are lately noted of brakemen being swept from the roof of cars by bridges. But perhaps the most singular accident of this kind occurred in Missouri last week. An engineer of an Iron Mountain train was leaning out of his cab window passing Williamsville when he was caught by the mail catcher—the iron pole and hook arrangement for catching the mails from moving trains—and pulled clean from his engine, through the window, falling beside the track as his train passed on. He was seriously injured.—Exchange.

The Biggest Thing of All. "And now," said the country cousin to the girl, "I have shown you everything on the farm." "Well, George, you haven't done any such thing. Why, I have a mortgage on that covered nine tenths of the ground."—Exchange.

A Memento. Two lovers quarreled, and the lady wrote to the gentleman as follows: Herewith I return all your presents, with the exception of the diamond ring, which I shall keep to remind me of your meanness and horrid conduct altogether.—Exchange.

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