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A White Squall in the Mediterranean.

On deck, beneath the awning, I dozing lay and yawning; It was the gray of dawning, Ere yet the sun arose; And above the funnel's roaring, And the fitful wind's deploring, I heard the cabin shouting With universal noise:— I could hear the passengers snorting— I envied their sporting— Vainly I was courting— The pleasure of a doze.

So I lay, and wondered why light Came not, and watched the twilight, And the glimmer of the skylight, That shot across the deck; And theinnacle, pale and steady, And the dull glimpse of the dead-eye, And the sparks in fiery eddy, That whirled from the chimney-neck. Strange company we had aboard; We'd a hundred Jews to larboard, Unwashed, uncombed, unbarbered— Jews black, and brown, and gray. With terror it would seem, ye, And make your souls uneasy, To see those Rabbin' grays.

Who did naught but scratch and pry: Their dirty children pinking— Their dirty saucers cooking— Their dirty fingers hooking— Their swarming fleas away.

To starboard Turks and Greeks were— Washed and brown, their cheeks were, Enormous brown their brooks were, Their pipes did puff away; Each on his mat allotted In silence smoked and squatted, While round the children trotted In pretty, pleasant play.

He can't but smile who treads The smiles on their brown faces, And the pretty, prattling graces Of those small heathens gay. And so the hours kept tolling; And through the ocean rolling, Went the heavy Iberia howling, Before the break of day.

When a squall, upon a sudden, Came o'er the waters seething; And the clouds began to gather, And the sea was looked to lather, And the lowering thunder grumbled, And the lightning jumped and tumbled, And the ship and all the ocean, Woke up in wild commotion.

Then the wind set up a howling, And the puddle-dog a howling, And the cocks began a crowing, And the old cow raised a howling, As she heard the loudest howling; And fowls and geese did cackle, And the cordage and the tackle Began to shriek and cackle; And the rushing water soaked all, From the woman in the deck, To the steersman, whose black faces Peeped out of their black glasses; And the cabin-boy was howling, And the sailors plying, leaning, And the quarter-deck tar-pauling Was shivering in the squalling, And the passengers awoken, Most pitifully shakken;

And the steersman jumps up, and hastens For the necessary basins, (quivered Then the Greeks they groaned and And they knelt and moaned and shivered, As the plunging water met them, And splashed and overset them; And they called in their emergency Upon countless saints and virgins; And their maraboutism was benighted, And they think the world is ended, And the Turkish women for'ard Were frightened and behorored; And, shrieking and bewitching, The most bare-chested their children. The men sang: "Allah! Allah! Mashallah! Bismillah!"

As the warring waters doused them, And splashed them, and soaked them; And they called upon the Prophet, Who thought but little of it.

Then all the bees in Jewry Jumped up and hid like fury; And the crew of each, Did on the main deck wake up, I wit those grays Rabbin'; Would cover 'em for cabins; And each man carried I and jibbored in His filthy Jewish gaberdine, In woe and lamentation, And howling consternation.

And the splashing water drenches Their dirty boots and wenchies; And they crawl from bales and benches, In a hundred thousand benches.

Then a Prophet-captain of Larcoers (Those right-led, whiskered prancers) Came on the deck astonished, By that wild squall admonished, And wondering cried: "Potz! thousand, Wie ist der sturm, jaht! brunnend?" And looked at Captain Crews, Who calmly stood and blew his Clear in all the bustle, And scorned the tempest's trouble, And set his straight beard bristling; How he beat the storm to laughter; For well he knew his vessel With that calm what would weather; And when he saw the storm in her, And deemed ourselves to shaggle, How easily he fought her, And through the hubbub brought her, And as the tempest caught her, Cried: "Teppel, some brandy and water!" And when his force expended, The harmless storm was ended, And as the squalls ebbed, Came blushing, 'er the sea— I thought, as day was breaking, My little girls were waking, And snubbing and making A private at home for me. —William Makepeace Thackeray.

Table Manners of Children.

Young children, who have to wait till older people have eaten all there is in the house, should not open the dining-room door during the meal and ask the host if he is going to eat all day. It makes the company feel ill at ease, and lays up wrath in the parent's heart. Children should not appear displeased with the regular courses at dinner, and then fill up on pie. Eat the less expensive food first and then organize a picnic in the preserves afterwards. Do not close out the last of your soup by taking the plate in your mouth and pouring the liquid down your childish neck. You might spill it on your bosom, and it enlarges and distorts the mouth unnecessarily. When asked what part of the fowl you prefer, do not say you will take the part that goes over the fence last. This remark is very humorous, but the rising generation ought to originate some new table jokes that will be worthy of the age in which we live. Children should early learn the use of the fork and how to handle it. This knowledge can be acquired by allowing them to pry up the carpet tacks with this instrument, and other little exercises such as the parent mind may suggest. The child should fight at once not to wave his

bread around the table while in conversation, or to fill his mouth full of potatoes, and then converse in a rich tone of voice with some one out in the yard. He might get his dinner down his trachea, and cause his parents great anxiety. In picking up a plate or saucer filled with soup or with moist food, the child should be taught not to parboil his thumb in the contents of the dish, and to avoid swallowing soup bones or other indigestible debris. Toothpicks are generally the last course, and children should not be permitted to pick their teeth and kick the table through the other exercises. While grace is being said at table, children should know that it is a breach of good breeding to smooze fruit cake, just because their parents' heads are bowed down, and their attention for the moment turned in another direction. Children ought not to be permitted to find fault with the dinner or fool with the eat while eating. Boys should, before going to the table, empty all the frogs and grasshoppers out of their pockets, or those insects might crawl out during the festivities and jump into the gravy. If a fly wades into your jelly up to his gambrels, do not mash him with your spoon before all the guests, as death is at all times depressing to those who are at dinner, and retards digestion. Take the fly out carefully with what naturally adheres to his person, and wipe him on the tablecloth. It will demonstrate your perfect command of yourself, and afford much amusement for the company. Do not stand up in your chair and try to spear a roll with your fork. It is not good manners to do so, and you might slip and bust your crust by so doing. Say "Thank you," and "much obliged," and "beg pardon," whenever you can work in these remarks, as it throws people off their guard, and gives you an opportunity to get in your work on the party and other bric-a-brac at the time. —Bill Nye.

STORMS ON LAKE TAHOE.

Lake Tahoe, in California, is subject to tremendous gusts of wind, which rush down the surrounding gorges of the mountains. Not long since a party were fishing from a pier in the lake when their attention was attracted by a great roaring, and they descried a regular cyclone approaching. Before the hurricane came a long, unbroken wave, at least fifteen feet in height. Knowing that this would sweep the whole line of the pier, all present beat a hasty retreat to the shore. When at a safe distance they turned to gaze upon the scene. While thus employed they were startled by a tremendous roaring to the northward, and a moment afterward a cyclone from that direction struck the lake. This rent before it a huge wave, which had soon attained the height of that coming from the southward. In a few minutes the two waves came together. When they struck a column of water and spray was sent into the air to the height of at least one hundred feet. The collision of the two waves was followed by a report that sounded like a heavy clap of thunder. A moment after this grand shock of the waters five or six huge waterspouts made their appearance, all within an area of three or four miles, and carried great columns of water and spray to the height of several hundred feet. After about fifteen minutes of the elemental warfare the lake became calm. —Detroit Free Press.

If the women of this country are going into the law they must invent some new title by which their opponents in court may address them. Mrs. Lockwood, the well known feminine lawyer of Washington, had opposed to her in a case recently a witty attorney who was somewhat puzzled as to how he should refer to her. He could not address her as "my learned brother," and "my learned sister" seemed rather out of place; so he accordingly extricated himself from his dilemma, and produced a roar of laughter from judge, jury, and spectators, by alluding to her as "my learned sister-in-law."

After a protracted microscopic study of coal Prof. Reinsch has come to the conclusion that coal was not derived from land plants, but chiefly from microscopic forms of "a lower order of protoplasm." He holds that plants of a higher order have contributed but a fraction of the mass of coal veins, however numerous they may have been in some instances. In a recent lecture, stating his conclusion, Prof. Reinsch referred

to the fact that Dr. Muck of Becoum held that algae have mainly contributed to the formation of coal, and that marine plants were rarely found in coal, because of their tendency to decompose, and that calcareous remains of mollusks disappeared on account of the rapid formation of carbonic acid during the process of carbonization.

Salt Lake, November 10.—At Kanab, U. T., last night Elder W. H. Holladay of the Mormon Church attempted to assassinate Thomas Turley for voting a Liberal or Gentile ticket. Turley was the only Liberal at that place, and the Church thought the best way to rid the town of his presence was to put a Danite on his track. Turley got in one shot, wounding Holladay in the head.

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