

THE LOVE THAT ENDURES.

All love that has not friendship for its base is like a mansion built upon the sand. Though brave its walls as any in the land, and all the turrets lift their heads in grace...

THE SANS SPIRITU MINE.

"I have just been reading a strange story of the 'Lost Cabin Mine' in an old Evening Sun which I found in a pigeon hole of my desk," said a prominent Wall street banker yesterday afternoon.

"Two or three weeks after his occupancy of the office I noticed that he became less erratic in his business hours. He began to arrive at 9 o'clock in the morning and would remain until 4 in the afternoon locked in the office. Shortly after he developed this regularity in his business hours I met a man in the hall whose unusual appearance attracted my attention.

"I became interested and stopped to see what his destination was. He moved along with a quick though slanting step and tapped lightly on my school teacher neighbor's door. It was opened and he disappeared within. I heard the bolt click as the door was locked from the inside, and I turned into my office with a peculiar feeling that I would like to know who this strange person was.

"I saw him come every day, usually about the same time in the day. I continued the banker, 'and he would remain closeted with the school teacher for several hours. At last he disappeared and my curiosity got the better of me. I made up my mind to ask the school teacher who his friend was, particularly as I had noticed he had changed his sign to read, 'Mining Engineer.'

"I learned from the school teacher that his friend was a spiritualistic medium, and then he startled me with the assertion that he had located the 'Sans Spiritu Mine.' You must know that this mine is the richest mine in the world; was worked before Cortez entered Mexico, but for over a hundred years it has been lost. The school teacher's assertion rather staggered me, but I laughed incredulously.

"You needn't laugh," said he, "I have found it and I have a man locating it within a stone's throw. Two years ago I went to Mexico on a vacation. I met a somewhat of a physician and happened to save the life of an old negro woman who was formerly a housekeeper for a padre. This padre was the only person alive who knew the location of the mine, and when he died he divulged the secret to the negro, who, in turn, divulged it to me."

which the school teacher was a master. He read it to me, and it sounded like an Aladdin's Wonderful Lamp story. The upshot of the matter was that I agreed then and there to interest myself in forming a stock company. The next day I brought four of my Wall street friends into the school teacher's office and he laid his subject before them. They bit as quickly as I did and I subscribed \$20,000 and the others \$10,000 each. We chartered a schooner, provisioned her for three months, put ten miners aboard of her, gave the school teacher \$25,000, and he set sail for Vera Cruz. We waited one, two, three months and no news from the schooner. Then I telegraphed to Vera Cruz, asking if the schooner was there. The reply was that it had been there nearly two months and empty. This was news, any way; but when another month rolled by and nothing further was heard we became suspicious and sent a detective down there. He telegraphed in cipher that the crew had been discharged, the miners paid a month's wages, and were there waiting further orders from the school teacher, who was Pook Bah of the schooner and mine.

"A week later came another telegram, in which the detective reported that he had ascertained the fact that the school teacher had sold the provisions at a good profit and had left Vera Cruz with a very handsome woman, with whom he seemed to be infatuated. We did a little swearing and then telegraphed the detective to find him, and by hook or crook bring him back. A month later he walked our detective and the school teacher. He had followed him to El Paso del Norte, a quiet town across the river, and he had then nabbed him. The school teacher seemed to be all broken up and told me to get the stockholders together, which I did inside of ten minutes, for my messenger found them all on the porch of the school teacher's house. He told the poor school teacher when he stood there with bowed head, taking without a murmur the whirlwind of execrations which were hurled at him.

"Now explain yourself," shouted an angry stockholder. "The five of us were seated around the table and the school teacher leaning against the mantel. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'I confess that I have wronged you, but I was tempted by a woman with the face of an angel and the heart of a devil—a heart as black as the hinges of hell. Rather than bury myself in the trackless waste without her I throw up everything for her. She got my money and deserted me, but I will make amends. The mine is there, I will go again. See, I have the map yet! I have never parted with it, not for an instant.'

"Oh, that's a likely story. You're nothing but a bunco and Jing Sing makes you," was the irate interjection of a gentleman on my right. "I don't say that," pleaded the school teacher, 'don't say that. Just one more chance, and he tottered over to the table, laying the map where all could see it. 'See! Here is the road to millions, hundreds and thousands of millions. Just one more chance, gentlemen.'

"I said a word was spoken, and you could have heard a pin drop as we turned our eyes on the man. My God! will I ever forget it! His face was as white as a sheet, and his fingers clutched nervously at his map; he threw one hand convulsively to his heart and then fell forward upon the table. 'He was dead—dead, sir, of apoplexy. We quickly took his body to his home in Brooklyn, and the Friday following he was buried—I think in Greenwood. We have his map and the padre's letters, but we find that we might as well hunt for a needle in a haystack as to hunt for the 'Sans Spiritu mine,' as there is no indication in which direction from Vera Cruz the mine lies. The landmarks are on the map, but it's a lifetime work to hunt a trackless waste for landmarks, so we concluded to pocket our loss and keep the matter a secret."

"Gold Under Philadelphia. The ground on which Philadelphia is built is one of the richest gold fields in the world, says The Times of that city. This is a fact. The only difficulty is that the field cannot be worked. Nearly the whole city is underlain with clay to the depth of about ten feet—an area say ten miles square. A cubic foot of clay, weighing 120 pounds, taken from a depth of fourteen feet when the cellar of the fourth street market house was excavated, was practically demonstrated to contain seven-tenths of a grain of gold, or one pound in 1,224,000. The experiment was repeated with about the same results with clay taken from a brickyard in the suburbs. Supposing the whole mass of clay to be 4,150,000,000 (and it is really much greater) the amount of gold would reach in value the enormous sum of \$128,000,000. The gravel is much richer in gold than the clay, but there is not so much of it. Undoubtedly \$200,000,000 worth of gold lies wrapped fifteen feet of the surface and still it cannot be used.

"A Clean Record. Judge Gary declares that it is a citizen's moral duty to keep ice and snow off the sidewalk in front of his premises. Every Chicago citizen can point with pride to his record for the last six months.—Chicago News.

IN MALE ATTIRE.

ROMANCE OF AN ENGLISH GIRL WHO TRAVELED IN TROUSERS.

Following a Musical Lover Over the Ocean—Across the Continent as a Tramp—Beating the American Railroad—Arrested as a "Wag."

Judge Lawler glanced curiously at one of the defendants in the police court dock, and the latter shrank from his gaze. At first sight the prisoner appeared to be a pale lad who had suffered from hunger and neglect. After a closer scrutiny his honor inquired what charge was against the defendant.

"He is charged with vagrancy," replied Prosecuting Attorney Mott, who called Officer Adams to the stand. The officer testified that the lad, who gave his name as Edward White, had been noticed roaming around the water front of late without visible means of subsistence. When questioned he could give no satisfactory reason for idling, and, finding him asleep in a lumber yard on Thursday night, Officer Adams had placed him under arrest.

"What have you to say in answer to this testimony?" asked the judge. The lad nervously walked to the stand and asked if he could speak to the court privately. His honor said he need not be afraid to make any statement which might clear him of the charge made against him. While leaning forward, and The Examiner reporter caught the words, "I am a woman."

"During recess the girl consented to narrate why she was disguised in the hope that her object in life would be attained by this means. TELLING HER ROMANTIC STORY. "I am a native of Cornwall, England," she began, "and was born in a little town called Redruth. I am 22 years old, and my real name is Mabel Tregenza. My father was at one time very poor; then he became suddenly rich by some of the tin mines in which he was interested cutting some rich lodes. Further speculation, however, reduced him to his former condition, and he died in poverty."

"When I was about 10 years old a party of Hungarian musicians came to my native town. The leader, whose name was Franz Heibing, was a handsome, dashing fellow, and soon half the girls in the town were infatuated with him. I was no stronger or wiser than the rest. First I admired him and then loved him. "It was at this time that my father's luck was in the ascendant. I was then considered a pretty girl, for I had a luxuriant growth of hair, and my cheeks were as rosy as those of other girls born in that healthy part of the country. It isn't a difficult matter to get an introduction in the country if one is bent upon it, so I went to live with Franz, and I were well enough acquainted to go walking together in the country lanes in the evenings, he adding another conquest to his list, and I hoping that his words were true.

"It was then summer time, when fetes caused the musicians to be in great demand, and for three months I was extremely happy. I knew, however, that it was hopeless to expect that my father would consent to my marrying a strolling player, as he was too puffed up with pride at that time in consequence of becoming wealthy so rapidly. "Finally the musician left Redruth, and also many another foolish girl I was left lamenting. We corresponded surreptitiously, however, while he was in England, and at last he wrote me that he was going to America, and if he succeeded there he would send for me. I next heard from him in New York, and he did not like that city, and wrote me that he was going west with the intention of making a fortune in the Montana silver mines. Then his letters ceased.

"My father's reverses came and his death followed. I was left to make my way in life as best I might. Something of the roving spirit of my dear lover seemed to possess me, and I took my money I had left I crossed the ocean. In New York I found it inconvenient to be a friendless woman, and, coming to the conclusion that I could take care of myself better by wearing men's clothes, I donned them, cut my hair and started out in search of Franz. "My money did not suffice to purchase a through ticket to Montana, and I had no special accomplishments by which I could earn money, so I determined to trust to fate.

"TRAVELING WITHOUT MONEY. "Half way across the continent my funds gave out, and I was obliged to my way. Finding that my disguise was effectual, I felt no alarm, and in fact, the excitement and change proved a stimulus to me. I boarded the cars and tried my skill at beating the American railway system. It was difficult, but far from impossible. There were plenty of folks in the neighborhood who were always ready to assist or conceal an unfortunate fellow traveler, so I got all the food I needed. "I succeeded in this way in reaching Bate City, M. T. I lost no time in making inquiries about Franz, who, I knew, had stayed at that camp. From acquaintances I was able to get a rough idea of a milling establishment there I found that on account of his musical talents he had been well known. I also learned that after making considerable money he had left there to go to San Francisco. "What disheartened me most was hearing that he was accompanied by a dashing girl, who, passed as his wife. I hated to believe it, but I determined that, no matter what might result, I would follow him to San Francisco, and, if I found him, to see whether he still loved me, or whether the stories told me were true.

"I came here and realized, in a short time, that my search was hopeless; I became despondent, and my health was affected by my feelings. So I have wandered around aimlessly until at last I was arrested and brought here. The judge thinks that the publication of my story will lead, if anything will, to my learning the whereabouts of Franz, if he is still living and wants to see me again. If I do not hear from him I don't care what happens to me."

"Later in the day Miss Tregenza was again seen by a reporter, but by that time she had discarded her masculine attire, having received pecuniary assistance from the judge and several other charitable persons who had heard her story.—San Francisco Examiner.

THE PROMISE OF SCIENCE.

The New Is Ready Before the Old Is Out of Reach.

Everybody knows as well as The London Times that the world is wearing out—that the time is coming when we will have no coal to burn in our grates, and no iron to make our grates out of, even had we the coal. A close record of the output of the oil fields discloses the fact that the petroleum reservoirs are running dry, and investors have not the faith in the inexhaustible flow of natural gas that the sellers of wells could wish. We know that precious metals are dug out in less quantities than formerly; that the diamond market, in spite of Kimberley, is cornering itself; that mahogany and pine will some day be things of the past, like the buffalo robe and the dodo. We are confronted with the fact that the game deposits will not last forever, that there is a human limit to the production of electricity, and that our children several times removed will have neither guanine, chloroform nor aniline dyes. Of course this general exhaustion of old earth's treasure house is some time ahead of us. It will not happen in our day or in the next century. We can go on burning the candle at both ends for a few hundred years before humanity has to adjust itself to the newer and more economical conditions.

But, despite the fact that the time of stress is so far ahead of us that we can look back to it jokingly, it is pleasant to learn that science is getting ready for the rainy day. We are on the eve of a new era, and on the threshold of a new civilization. Altruism, according to Nature, is making ready to take the place of greed, and it will be cheaper, lighter, stronger, and a thousandfold more plentiful and cheap. Its price now puts the new element in the debatable land between pure chemistry and practical commerce, and it is a question of time merely when we shall build our houses, our telephones, and our ships out of the silvery core of our planet's life, instead of heavy and unattractive iron. Heat and food, according to the new culture, are to gather from the sun's rays, and are to be made of light and air. The economist brightly believes that we will solve the labor problem before the middle of the Twentieth century, and solve it to the satisfaction of both parties. The Religio-Philosophical Journal is equally confident about the proper rearrangement of wealth and religion in the same time.

So that if with every glance backward there is a transience with every look forward there is hope—some of it real, if much of it is false. Humanity will fit itself to the new conditions, or perhaps more probably fit its environment to itself. Sir William Wallace, could he have dipped into the future, would have feared that there would not be Jedburgh bows nor clay sword shafts enough to arm the military of Germany of the 1880s, yet the men are fairly armed. Hence we may believe that the roaring loom of time is weaving a very comfortable web for the Young America of Anno Domini 4888, and we may consent to let posterity take care of itself, with a confidence in the result.—Chicago News.

Won by a Dream. The superstitious and believers in the supernatural attributes of dreams will find a seeming confirmation of their theories in the experience of a Nashville young man. He retired one night, in a normal condition, it may be stated, and, falling asleep, was soon on the race course. In the dream he backed a particular horse which the "talent" considered wholly out of the contest, and in dreams saw that horse dash under the wire an easy winner. The excitement was such as to awaken him, and, after gazing at his folly, he once more fell asleep, only to fall under the spell of the dream again, and awaken as before. Coming upon the next morning he dropped into a pool room and saw the name of his dreams blackboarded at a 20 to 1 shot. Ashamed of being influenced by a dream he started out again, then sleepily said to himself: "I'll go out and see if I can't get a few dollars, and then be content to let my horse win." Coming upon the next morning he dropped into a pool room and saw the name of the horse he had backed. Presently the ticket he received in return for his bet was taken to court more such happy dreams.

The horse was Bravoura.—Nashville American.

How to Thaw Frozen Gas Pipes. Mr. F. H. Sheldon says: "I took off from over the pipe some 4 inches or 5 inches just a crust of earth, and then cut a couple of bushels of lime in the space, poured water over it, and slaked it, and then put canvas over that, and rocks on the canvas, so as to keep the wind from getting underneath. Next morning, on returning there, I found that the water had been drawn out from the ground for nearly three feet. You can appreciate what an advantage that was, for picking through frozen ground, with the thermometer below zero, is no joke. Since then we have tried it several times. It is an excellent plan if you have time enough to let the lime work. In the daytime you cannot afford to waste the time, but you have a spare night in which to work, it is worth while to try it."—Scientific American.

Forty-four Miles of Cabs. The spectacle of forty-four odd miles of cabs is enough to make any one shudder, yet that is the length to which the London cabs would extend if they were placed in a line. We owe this interesting calculation to Sir Charles Warren. It cannot be said after this that he did no good as chief commissioner. But we are also told that there is only standing room for twenty-three miles of cabs, so that we have twenty-one miles of cabs always wandering about the streets of London. No wonder there are numerous complaints about "cabbies."—London Court Journal.

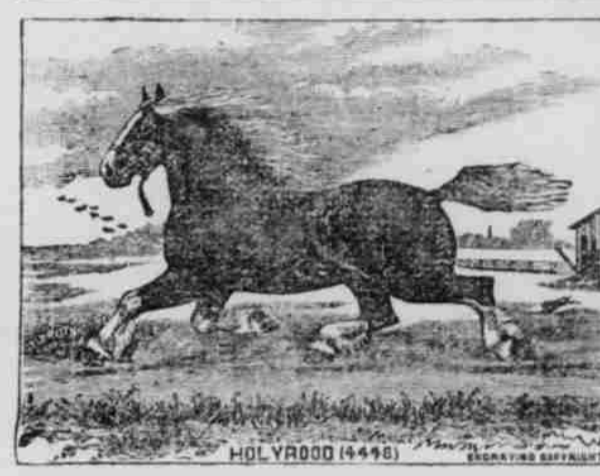
An Elaborate Report. At last the United States census report of 1880 is completed, the twenty-second and last volume having been issued. The work contains over 19,000 pages and has cost the country nearly \$3,000,000. It is said to be the most elaborate and trustworthy of the kind in the world's history.—New York World.

The Real Article. "So you will wear diamonds at the reception next week, Mrs. Shoddy?" remarked Mrs. Featherbrain. "Yes, Mrs. Featherbrain, real Parisian diamonds. My husband wears the best of everything."—Jewelry Weekly. Despair is the gateway to insanity.

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Administrator's Sale. In the District Court of Cass county, Nebraska. In the matter of the estate of Peter F. Beaver, deceased. Notice is hereby given that by virtue and in pursuance of an order of license made and entered by the District Court of Cass county on the 10th day of November, A. D. 1888, the undersigned, Albert B. Beaver, will on the 29th day of December, A. D. 1888, at one o'clock P. M., at the south door of the court house at Plattsmouth, Cass county, offer for sale at public auction the following described land situated in Cass county, Nebraska, to-wit: The southwest-fourth of the northwest-quarter known as fractional lot seven, and the southwest-fourth of the southeast quarter known as fractional lot nine, in section thirty-six, township thirteen, north of range twelve and the east half of the southwest quarter of section one in township twelve, north of range twelve, and the east half of the southeast quarter of township thirteen, north of range twelve, subject to all liens and incumbrances thereon. Terms of sale, cash. Dated 4th December, A. D. 1888. BYRON CLARK, ALBERT B. BEAVER, Attorneys for Estate. 38-4 Administrator.

Administrator's Sale. In the district court of Cass county, Nebraska. In the matter of the estate of Mary L. Beaver, deceased. Notice is hereby given that by virtue and in pursuance of an order of license made and entered by the District Court of Cass county on the 10th day of November, A. D. 1888, the undersigned, Albert B. Beaver, will on the 29th day of December, A. D. 1888, at one o'clock P. M., at the south door of the court house at Plattsmouth, Cass county, offer for sale at public auction the following described land situated in Cass county, Nebraska, to-wit: The northwest quarter, section one, township number twelve, north of range twenty-two. Subject to all liens and incumbrances thereon. Terms of sale, cash. Dated 4th December, A. D. 1888. BYRON CLARK, ALBERT B. BEAVER, Attorneys for Estate. 38-4 Administrator.

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