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; Though skillful and accomplished artists trace Most beautiful and accomplished artists trace
Most beautiful designs on every hand,
And gleaming statues in dim niches stand,
And fountains play in some flow'r hidden space,
Yet when from frowning east a sudden gust
Of adverse fate is blown, or sad rains fall
Day in, day out, against its yielding wall,
Lo! the fair structure crumbles to the dust.

Love to endure life's sorrow and earth's woe Needs friendship's solid mason work below. —Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

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. "Sit down a few moments and I will tell you another strange story of a lost mine," he continued, "and one that was rather costly to me. That truth is stranger than fiction is a wise old saying. There is very little romance which enters into the life of a professional Wall street man. As a rule, he is ever ready to grasp after the almighty dollar, and I confess that I am no exception to this rule, and many times during my life have I invested money in wildcat enterprises looking more for a possibility than a probability. These enterprises to which I allude I entered into in my younger days. I thought that I had settled down into a conservative business man; but I found, about nine months ago, that my disposition to become the richest man in the world had got the better of my good judgment, and the strange, weird story which I am about to relate will explain itself.

"For a number of years I have had a speaking acquaintance with a Brooklyn school teacher. I lost sight of him for about two years, when I was surprised to see him walk into my office a year ago. He asked me if I knew where he could rent an office, and told me that on account of ill health he was compelled to give up school teaching. I have five rooms here, and as I need but four, I told him that he could have the back room at a nominal rent. He seemed de-lighted with the proposition, and moved in the next day. He put out a shingle, 'Money to Loan,' but I noticed that he

had no customers. "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. He was tall, attenuated to a marked degree, of sallow complexion, smooth face, twinkling, ferret like eyes and hair of shining blackness which hung down upon his shoulders. He was at-tired in a suit of rusty black. The coat was an old fashioned frock cut and buttoned tightly to his throat. He wore a broad brimmed slouch hat. In his hand he carried the father of all umbrellas, a great big gingham affair that would keep the rain off four people, and looked as though it might have belonged to one of

our revolutionary grandfathers. our revolutionary grandfathers.

"I became interested and stopped to see what his destination was. He moved along with a quick though shambling step and tapped lightly upon 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. 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," 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, par-ticularly as I noticed that he had changed his shingle to read, 'Mining Engineer.'

'I learned from the school teacher that his friend was a spiritualistic me-dium, 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 in-

'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 am 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 negress, who, in turn, divulged it

"This, of course, was interesting after the fashion of dime novels, and I did not the tashion of dime novels, and I did not take much stock in his story until I saw that he was really in earnest. He un-locked his desk and took two rolls of tracing paper out. One of them he showed me and said: This is my original map. The mine lies 400 miles from the Gulf of Mexico, and Vera Cruz is the seaport to it. The other roll contains a map drawn by the clairvoyant whom you inquired about. He has never seen my map, yet he has drawn almost a fac-simile of it, with the exception of a few minor details. I am not a Spiritualist, but I met this man and he bragged of his wonderful powers, and I gave him \$5 if he successfully accomplished his object. He does not know what he has drawn, and I am the only person in the world who can put his hand on the long lost Sans Spiritu Mine."

"I confess that the fellow made an impression on me," continued the banker, after lighting a cigar and gazing thought-

after lighting a cigar and gazing thoughtfully at the smoke rings for a moment. If then asked him for further details, but he would give me none, further than that the old negress was dead. I asked him what it would cost to work the mine, and how he was fixed. He replied:

"I have never sean the mine, but from some manuscripts I have of the padre's I judge that there are untold millions in sight. Of course it will take some

I judge that there are untold millions in sight. Of course it will take some money to fit out an expedition, but I think the output of a month's work will pay for all the mills necessary. My idea is to secretly charter a schooner, provision it for say one to three months, put aboard the necessary tools to work the mine on the quiet until I get enough out to acquire the mine lawfully, but I am without funds, unfortunately.

"Well, I bit like a shark. Heavens, how the blood rushed through my heart! I knew the school tracher to be a reputable man. He showed me the padre's manuscripts, written in Spanish, of

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 tele-graphed 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 Pooh Bah of the schooner and

"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 de-tective to find him, and by hook or crook bring him back. A month later in walked our detective and the school teacher. He had followed him to El Paso del Norte, got him across the river on a friendly quest and 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 floor of the Stock Exchange. I felt sorry for 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 Sing Sing catches you,' was the irate interjection

of a gentleman on my right.
"'Oh! 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.'

"Not 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 slicet, 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 quietly took the 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,"

Tiny Tim's Appetite.

In the "Christmas Carol" Mr. Webster provided a real goose and a real plum pudding, which were served smoking hot for Mrs. Cratchit and the seven little Cratchits, of course including Tiny Tim. The children always had enormous portions given them, and all ate heartily every night; but what really troubled me was the conduct of the little girl who played Tiny Tim. The child's appetite played Tiny Tim. The child's appetite appelled me. I could not help noticing the extraordinary rapidity with which she consumed what I gave her, and she looked so wan and thin, and so pitiful, looked so wan and thin, and so pitiful, that her face used positively to haunt me. We watched as well as we could, and the moment Tiny Tim was seated and began to eat we observed a curious shufiling movement at the stage fireplace, and everything that I had given hergoose and potatoes and apple sauce—disappeared behind the sham stove, the child pretending to eat as hearty as ever from the empty plate. When the performance was over Mrs. Mellon and myself asked the little girl what became of the food she did not eat, and, after a the food she did not eat, and, after a little hesitation, frightened lest she should get into trouble, which we assured her could not happen, she confessed that ther little sister (I should mention that they were the children of one of the scene shifters) waited on the other side of the stage fireplace for the supplies. of the stage fireplace for the supplies, and that the whole family enjoyed a hearty supper every night out of the plentiful portions to which I, as Bob, had assisted Tiny Tim.—Toole's Reminis-

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 underlaid 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 Twelfth street market house was excavated, was practically demonstrated cavated, was practically demonstrated to contain seven-tenths of a grain of gold, or one pound in 1,224,000. The exgold, 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 4,180,000,000 pounds (and it is really much greater) the amount of gold would reach in value the enormous sum of \$126,000,000. The gravel is much richer in gold than the clay, but there is not so much of it. Unclay, but there is not so much of it. Undoubtedly \$200,000,000 worth of gold lies within fifteen feet of the surface and still it cannot be used.

A Clean Becord.

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 "Vag."

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 defendan .

"He is charged with vagrancy," re-plied Prosecuting Attorney Mott, who called Officer Adams to the stand. The officer testified that the lad, who

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 afraid to make any statement which might clear him of the charge made

White leaned forward, and The Examiner reporter caught the words, "I am a

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 I 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 19 years old a party of Hungarian musicians came to

party of Hungarian musicians came to my native town. The leader, whose name was Franz Helbing, was a handsome, dashing fellow, and soon half the girls in the town was infertured with the region of the same time. So that if with every glance backward there is uneasiness, with every look forgirls in the town were infatuated with him. I was no stronger or wiser than the rest. First I admired him and then

"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 it was not long before 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.

itself. Sir William Wallace, could he have dipped into the future, would have feared that there would not be Jedburgh bows nor cloth yard shafts enough to arm the soldiery of Germany of the 1880a, yet the inen 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 sanguine confidence in the result,—Chicago News. "It was at this time that my father's

words were true. "It was then summer time, when demand, and for three months I was suwould consent to my marrying a strolling player, as he was too puffed up with pride at that time in consequence of be-

oming wealthy so rapidly.

"Finally the musician left Redruth, and like many another foolish girl I was left lamenting. We corresponded surreptitiously, however, while he was in England, and at last he wrote me that and like 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, but he did not like that city, and wrote me that he was going west, to see if he that he was going west, to see if he could make a fortune in the Montana silver mines. Then his letters ceased.

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 especial accomplishments by which I could earn money, so I determined to

the food I needed.

"I came here and realized, in a short "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 becomes of me."

what becomes of 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,

There are 3,500 watches made every day in the United States, and yet they are never a drug in the market. A watch has become as necessary as a pair

THE PROMISE OF SCIENCE. The New Is Rendy Before the Old Is Out of Reach.

Everybody knows as well as The Lon don 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 discovers the fact that the petroleum reservoirs are run ning 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 Kimberly, is cornering itself; that mahegany 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 guano deposits will not last forever, that there is a human limit to the production of electricity, and that our children nev gave his name as Edward White, had been noticed roaming around the water front of late without visible means of earth's treasure house is some time ahead of use It will not happen in our day nor in the next century. We can go on burning the candle at both ends for a

> the rainy day. We are on the eve of a new age and on the threshold of a new civilization. Aluminium, according to Nature, is making ready to take they loce of steel, 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 air ships out of the silvery core of our common clay, instead of heavy and refractory iron. Heat and food, according to science, we are to gather from the sea in proper fish culture and wise electrical work. 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 confi-

So that if with every glance backward there is uneasiness, 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 be

Won by a Dream.

The superstitious and believers in the supernatural attributes of dreams will find a seeming confirmation of their premely happy. I knew, however, that it was hopeless to expect that my father 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" consid-

dropped into a pool room and saw the horse of his dreams blackboarded at a 20 to 1 shot. Ashamed of being influenced by a dream he started out again, "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 absent lover seemed to possess me, and with the little money I had left I crossed the ocean. In New York I found it inconvenient to be a friendless woman and coming to the ring, the winning mark, around the name of the horse he had backed. Presenting the ticket he received in return 842, and went home to court more such happy dreams.

The horse was Bravoura.—Nashville

American,

How to Thaw Frozen Gas Pipes. Mr. F. Il Shelton says: "I took off

trust to fate.

TRAVELING WITHOUT MONEY.

"Half way across the continent my funds gave out, and I had to beat 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 emigrant car who are alfrom impossible. There were plenty of folks in the emigrant car who are always ready to assist or conceal an unfortunate fellow traveler, so I got all joke. Since then we have tried it several travelers are plenty of 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 travelers are plenty of can appreciate what an advantage that was, for picking through frozen ground, with the thermometer below zero, is no joke. eral times. It is an excellent plan if

the food I needed.

"I succeeded in this way in reaching Butte City, M. T. I lost no time in making inquiries about Franz, who, I knew, had stayed at that camp. From acquaintances I made while working in 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 based adshing girl, who passed as us wife. I hated to bellet 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.

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 if you have a spare night in which to work it is worth while to try it."—Scientific American.

The speciacle of forty-four odd miles of cabs is enough to make any one shudder, yet the intensity of the lime. The daytime you cannot afford to waste the time, but if you have a spare night in which to work it is worth while to try it."—Scientific American.

The speciacle of forty-four odd miles of cabs is enough to make any one shudder, yet the intensity of the lime. We owe this interest in a line. We owe this interest in a line which to waste the time, but if you have a spare night in which to waste the time, but if you have a spare night in which to work it is worth while to try it."—Scientific American.

The speciacle of forty-four odd miles of cabs is enough to a line with the line work in the work in the work in the work in the wind waste in the line work in the work in the work in the work in the wind waste in the line 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 "crawlers."—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 \$6,000,000. It is said to be the most claborate undertaking 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 always gets the best of everything."—Jeweler's Washir

Despair is the gateway to insanity.

WINTER IS COMING!

10 ON'T you know it? Of course you do and you will want warm Underwear, Blankets, etc.

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