LOST TEXAS MINE.

FABULOUSLY RICH IN SILVER, IT HAS BEEN LOST FOR A CENTURY.

FOUND BY FRANK HOBSON.

HE DROPS INTO THE MINE ON THE TOP OF A PILE OF BONES.

NOT CAREFUL OF HIS MARKS.

He Has Many Adventures in His Search, but Is Unable to Relocate It.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Oct. 17.—Marvelously prolific is the great West in stories of lost mines. Each community has its stock tradition, each individual his own pet variation and determination, more or less concealed, to search out this hidden wealth—some time or other. There is the tale of that lost lake in Alaska, from whose icy waters there rises a bar that glistens with nuggets of this tempting wonder in contemporary newspapers. If it is as depicted, it is well to be on the bear side of the gold market. In my mind at this moment there is the shadowy memory of the tale of a solid ledge of gold that shines with undimmed splendor through the clear, cool waters of a mountain creek that flows over it upon the Coeur d'Alene country. This ledge has been seen once, but never seen again. Many states and territories claim a Lost Cabin mine, but the Montana version of the tradition is most accommodating in matters of detail. There is a lost cement mine in Nevada. This does not sound very rich, but that cement has lumps of pure gold all through it as thick as raisins in a Christmas cake. There is a long-lost canyon in Lower California, whose gloomy precipitous walls shut off the sunlight from the rival luster of golden sands. Legend says that in El Paso, Tex., there is a certain window in a certain old church tower. If one looks from it in a certain direction, he will see a slight break in a wall of blue mountains far in the distance. This break is the first landmark on the road to a long-lost mine of great richness. All other directions have been lost with the mine. As for old lost Spanish mines, tales of them are legion all over the Southwest and Mexico.

Many, indeed the vast majority of these tales, are fables, pure and simple, having no more of truth than the legend of El Dorado, or of the golden city of Manoa. Others have a shadowy thread of truth running through them, and then again an infinitely small number have a solid basis of fact. Of this latter class is the history of the lost San Saba mines of Texas. These mines are somewhere in Menard county. Being lost in fact and not in fiction, they are not so rich as other lost mines, because they yield only plebian silver and not patrician gold. They were certainly worked for a number of years, and, even with the crude methods of reducing ores then in vogue, furnished a rich return. This is a fact as historically true as the battle of Waterloo, and the evidence as readily attainable.

For nearly 150 years these mines have lain so effectively hidden that no man has ever been able to find them. They are still there, where they have always been, for in a non-earthquake region mines have no power of locomotion. It is hard work for an honest man to make a living in Menard county, and the idea of being in the vicinity of so much ownerless wealth is a continual aggravation to the weary citizen. The history of these riches that keep so persistently hidden, can be told in a very few lines.

LOST MINES OF TEXAS.

Early in the year 1738 a little band of Franciscan fathers set out afoot from Santa Fe, N. M., with their faces turned to the southeast. Ever keeping in this direction, they journeyed over steep and rugged mountains, across miles of treeless and waterless plains, among tribes of cruel Indians, whose hands were against all men, until they reached the San Saba river in Texas, near where the little town of Menardville now stands. How these men ever accomplished such a march is a constant puzzle to any one who knows anything of the country over which they passed. It would make the heart of the sturdiest of frontiersmen quail to make that trip today, when the geography of the land is well known, and every peril is eliminated, save the ever-present difficulty of procuring water and food.

The San Saba is one of those streams that is a blessing of God to an arid region. Fed by never-failing springs, it is always flowing with an abundance of clear, cool water. In its narrow but fertile valley the patient monks set up their cross and built a mission church. They gathered the neighboring Indians about them, taught them to build houses, to dig irrigating ditches, to lay off fields and gardens, to plow, to sow, to reap, and above all to believe in God, and to become true children of the Catholic church. The Franciscans, gentiest of priests, ruled by love and not by fear. For years the history of this little patriarchal community was that of all happy nations in being no history at all.

But one day somebody, ranging about in the mountains, found a vein of silver. The news flew, and reached in due time the ears of the Spanish viceroy down in the City of Mexico. The old Spanish cupidity was wide awake at once, and there came soldiers, and representatives of the temporal power, who substituted a different rule from the gentle sway of the Franciscans. They took the Indian converts from their fields and put them in the mines. It was hard work under the harshest and most cruel of masters. A change from a free man, working and receiving just reward therefor, to bitter, thankless toil of hopeless slavery. As they worked in the dark mines the Indians brooded over thoughts of revenge and bided their time. Many were the mule trains laden with silver that took the long journey to the City of Mexico, where to this day can be seen the record of the bullion receipts.

But after the year 1758 there were no more mule trains and no more bullion receipts. The Indians arose, and in their bitter rath killed the Spanish oppressors and the mission priests, desolated the fields, burned the church, destroying all save its solid walls, filled up the mines and scattered the dumps of debris, that no man might find them again and be tempted to oppress them. A few scattering survivors escaped to the south and told the terrible tale at the mission settlements along the San Antonio river.

The blow was so sudden and terrible that it was two years before the Spaniards recovered from their consternation, and sent an armed force to punish the rebels and reopen the mines. The Indians made such vigorous resistance that the invaders were glad to get back safely to San Antonio, having accomplished nothing. At intervals in the succeeding years up to the beginnig of the nineteenth century other expeditions were sent, but all were as fruitless as the first. Then the rising spirit of revolution all over Mexico gave the Spaniards other work in plenty. The lost mines lay buried and forgotten, almost, while the passing of years added to their obliteration.

A few more years, however, and the enterprising Anglo-Saxon began to drift down into Texas. He heard of the lost San Saba mines, and forthwith proceeded to hunt for them. There was an expedition in 1831, of which James Bowie, of bowie-knife fame, who died gloriously at the Alamo later on, was a leading spirit. It was a force of hardy frontiersmen and fearless fighters. Nevertheless the Indians attacked them near the San Saba river so fiercelessness that those left of the expedition after the fight were glad to get back to safety with their hair on their heads. Since Texas became separate from Mexico few years have passed that have not seen numbers of eager searchers in the San Saba hills, and their numbers are continually on the increase. So far but one of them has ever found any of these mines; and strange to say, his story of success is the hardest-luck story of them all.

FRANK HOBSON'S EXPEDITION.

His name is Frank Hobson. He needs no further description here than that he is a young man not given to reflection before acting, of a venturesome disposition, a typical rolling stone, but withal of a peculiar tenacity in striving to accomplish every undertaking. Two years ago he came to San Antonio with no definite object in view, simply watching for something to turn up or for a chance to turn something up. It was not long before he heard of the lost San Saba mines. He had some experience as a mineral prospector in his varied career, and right then and there he determined to go hunt for those mines, and keep hunting until he found them.

In these late days there is no danger from Indians; the valiant defenders of the treasure have long since disappeared. The location of the old mission church is well known. Its four thick stone walls still form a conspicuous landmark in the valley in spite of war and fire, vandal hands and the wear of years.

Carefully collecting all the information he could regarding the subject, Hobson set forth on a systematic search. His outfit was simple, and from the way he harnessed his paraphernalia to himself it was not so much in the way as one might suppose. There is as much art in packing a man as a mule. Everything he could be carried in three stout canvass bags. He had a few pounds of cornmeal, salt in a tightly closed tin can, matches, candles, a coil of rope, a canteen, fishing tackle, ammunition, a shot gun, compass, and a prospector's hammer. When he craved bread he made Johnny cake with the meal, and he was a Johnny cake expert of the first degree. As to meat, there was game in the mountains and fish in the streams. With a fishing line and ammunition no man in that country need worry about the larder.

With the ruins of the old mission church as a center, he described a circle in the country round about, going carefully and patiently over all the ground within its circumference. Then he described another, and many others with constantly increasing orbits. Every two or three weeks he would appear at Menardville, tanned, unshaven, and in every respect looking decidedly tough, but the Menardvillians were accustomed to the peculiarities of treasure hunters, and he caused no special comment. These appearances were for the purpose of replenishing his stock of meal and ammunition. The practical value of this method of search can readily be appreciated. It promised to reveal something, provided life and patience lasted.

All through the hot summer months he searched, and one day early in the fall he was walking slowly up the bed of a little creek seeking a prominent landmark from which to locate his next circle. There were narrow bottom lands on each side, covered with a dense growth of shrub and prickly undergrowth. Beyond were huge hills, strewn thickly with bowlders and spotted with a scattered growth of mesquite and scrub oak. It was the dry season and the creek was but a succession of long reaches of gravel, relieved by far-apart water holes. Hobson had his head down looking for "float"—that is, pieces of gravel containing mineral.

HOBSON'S GREAT FIND.

Turning a bend suddenly he heard a flutter and a chirping sound just in front, and looked up barely in time to see a bunch of wild turkeys disappear in the bush. A wild turkey comes within the catalogue of big game, so putting aside all thought of lost mines for the moment, Hobson proceeded to trail them, forcing his way through the thorny chaparral. A feather here, a track there where there was sand or soil enough to receive an impression, and sundry droppings furnished indications sufficient to encourage the hunter. Across the bottom he went, and then into a steep-sided draw that divided the hills, up this a little way, then up its side along a rocky ridge, and down into another draw, again up the side incline and into other draws. Finally he climbed a difficult slope at the head of a gulch and entered into a jumble of rocks and hills and scrub timber. In his eagerness he lost all idea of direction, and after wandering around quite a while in this stony maze he found he had lost the trail of the turkeys also.

He now discovered that he was tired, so, divesting himself of his accoutrements, he sat down, with his back against a mesquite tree growing at the base of a great bowlder. He took a pull from his water canteen and looked idly about. There was a crescent-shaped hole at the foot of the big rock which at once obtruded itself upon his attention. It was barely large enough to admit an average man's head and shoulders, and had a dark, cavernous look that suggested profound distances beyond. From pure impulse Hobson pushed his head and nearly half his body into the opening. An ordinary man would have hesitated, thinking of snakes and "varmints" with teeth and claws, but Hobson was neither cautious nor reflective and anything but ordinary. He found the place opened out within and his arms were free to move and feel around. Above was the hard bottom of the bowlder. In front and below he swung his arms into empty space. Further investigation disclosed that his chest was resting upon the edge of a hole whose bottom might be just out of reach or hundreds of feet below. Judging from the contour of the rim as far as he could feel, it was a circular pit about four feet in diameter. A wild idea came surging tumultuously into his brain. He backed out and began with feverish haste to claw away the loose soil and sand at the entrance so as to enlarge the opening. Then he looked in again and lit a candle. Sure enough, he was bending over a round hole to which the feeble light showed no bottom. On its sides, however, were the certain marks of tools. Hobson's heart gave a bound so tremendous that he thought it almost leaping from his mouth. He drew out into the sunlight again, uncoiled his rope and tied knots at intervals along its entire length. He fastened it securely around the mesquite, threw the other end into the pit's mouth and then, taking a firm hold, let himself through the entrance, feet first, and began to descend. The sides of the shaft were so close together and so jagged and uneven that he could brace himself with feet and shoulders, relieving the strain upon his arms. Down he went, down, down, until he came to the rope's end. He swung out, but his circling feet touched nothing substantial.

A GHASTLY DISCOVERY.

His disappointment was so keen that he was almost tempted to let go and jump. He braced himself again, lit his candle and peered below. Luck was with him. There below him, not more than a dozen feet, was the bottom, vague and indistinct, it is true, but still certainly the bottom. He let himself loose and dropped like a plummet. The rush of the fall blew out the candle, and he lit feet first into a pile of something that crashed and crackled. A pungent dust arose and stung his nostrils until he sneezed again and again, and tears came to his eyes. On relighting the candle he found he was standing nearly knee deep in a pile of bones. Human bones, too, for there were skulls among them. But bones had no terrors for Hobson. To his quick mind it called for increased exultation. They were probably the remains of the old taskmasters thrown down and covered in—a punishment in harmony with their crimes. At the bottom two drifts or tunnels led away to right and left, high enough for a person to walk through with a little stooping. To the right he went for some fifty feet to the end, a solid face of mineral that glistened and glittered in the candle light. On the floor a pile of it lay broken up the morning before. It needed but a glance. It was galena, rich with silver, the richest he had ever seen. What extravagances Hobson committed down there in that dark hole can only be imagined, but the circumstances certainly justified the cutting of as many capers as the limited space allowed. The lost mine was found. He would at once go up, get a sack and take away some of the ore with him as evidence and for the almost superfluous certainty of an assay.

ANOTHER GHASTLY DISCOVERY.

But when he came to the foot of the shaft he made a discovery that changed all joy to despair and froze his very blood with horror. There was the rope out of his reach. He could not climb by bracing himself at the sides, for just where the rope stopped the shaft widened out, forming quite a room with a vaulted roof. He sat down among the bones, too sick and weak to stand. How long would the candle last? How long would he himself last? How long when he, too, would be but an addition to those old bones? Millions were his, and yet he was poorer than the most wretched beggar. The situation was a hideous sarcasm. But Hobson was not a man to give up and die like a rat in a plugged hole. He looked all around, rose up, walked unsteadily into the tunnel on the left, hoping against hope to find something, when he stumbled and almost fell over a pile of half-decayed poles. They were 15 to 20 feet long, a foot in diameter, with deep notches at intervals cut into them. They were the rude ladders that placed transversely across the shaft one below the other, furnished those old-time miners with the means of getting out and coming in. Hobson is not ashamed to admit that when he found them he sat right down and cried, from pure joy. When he reached the top and lay panting on the ground in the sunlight he could not for the life tell over which he felt the better, his discovery or his escape.

He collected a bag of ore, and, returning, covered up the entrance under the bowlder, marked the trees in the vicinity, procured his direction by the compass and struck out for civilization.

MINE WOULDN'T STAY FOUND.

He could not retrace his own steps, because over the rocky surface he had left too scanty a trail. He kept to the south as well as he could, taking note of prominent features for marks to guide a return, but the country was so broken, so rough, so tossed about and so difficult that he was continually getting turned around, and finding from the compass that he was traveling in a circle. It was many hours before the land resolved itself into regular elevations and water courses, and then it was night. In the morning, by following the draws and water channels, he finally came to a large stream that he knew to be the San Saba river. The way was now certain, but it proved to be very long and weary, and it was far in the night again when he rested in Menardville.

Now comes the end of this story, that, as is so often the case in real life and so rare in fiction, does not end well at all. No writer ever wrote "finis" at the end of a more exasperating recital. When Hobson undertook to find his mine again he could not locate it, try as he would. He is up in that country now, diligently searching. He has not even been able to locate any of the landmarks by which he thought to guide a return. It is as if he had been whisked by some fairy to some inaccessible valley full of diamonds, and then whisked away again with only one diamond, and that a little one with a flaw in it. He confesses he might think it all a dream, were it not for that sack of ore. That is a stubborn reality that all men can see and none get over. Every one who reads this ought to wish hard, and pull for Hobson, for after such experiences he certainly deserves a better reward.

—James Bee.

"77"

FOR

COLDS

SNEEZING.

Such a sneezing time was never known since the world began, caused by the sudden changes in the weather—people caught unprepared—girls in shirt waists—ladies in summer silks—men in light attire—all contribute towards their portion of colds.

The greatest number who escape, are the careful and prudent who carry and take Dr. Humphreys' Specific "77," which is a true preventive and cure.

With a bottle of "77" in your pocket as a Protector, particularly when exposed at night, and after violent exercise, such as bicycle riding, you can feel safe and secure from taking cold.

"77" will "break up" a cold that "hangs on."

MEDICAL BOOK.

Dr. Humphreys puts up a Specific for every disease. They are described in his Manual, which is sent free.

Small bottle of pleasant pellets—fits your vest pocket; sold by druggists, or sent on receipt of price, 25c, or five for $1.00. Humphreys' Medicine Co., 111 & 113 William St., New York.

BLIZZARD IN MICHIGAN.

Snow All Over the State With a High Wind.

DETROIT, Mich., Oct. 19.—A blizzard struck Michigan last night at midnight, and has been raging with great violence ever since. The mercury has fallen to below the freezing point, and the wind has increased from twelve to thirty miles an hour. Nearly every point in the state reports flurries of snow this afternoon. The heaviest fall was in the upper peninsular, and the south-bound Shore & Atlantic put into Mackinaw City tonight with its truck covered with snow.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Oct. 19.—Reports received here tonight state that snow storms prevailed today at Menominee, Mich.; Oshkosh, Plainfield, Appleton, Peshtigo and Iron Belt. A low temperature is prevailing.

SHERMAN'S EXPOSE

Continued From First Page.

upon Garfield are very unjust, and according to my information and belief are very wide of the truth. I speak from a pretty close personal acquaintance with Gen. Garfield, commencing as far back as 1852. It would be remembered that Mr. Sherman did not have the united support of the delegates from his own state. Nine of the forty-four Ohio delegates voted for Blaine on thirty-five of the thirty-six ballots cast before a nomination was made, and extending over five days Mr. Sherman had thirty-four votes throughout to the thirty-fifth ballot and my recollection is that one vote was steadfastly cast for Edmunds of Vermont. This division of his own forces very seriously weakened his chances for the nomination all the way through the contest. Gen. Garfield used every possible effort to induce the Blaine men of the Ohio delegation, after casting a few ballots to support Sherman, but all his persuasion was in vain.

"On the evening of the last day's balloting but the final one I heard a rumor that the Wisconsin delegation, which had been supporting Blaine and Washburne for some thirty ballots, intended to make a break to Garfield on the next morning. That night I sought him out at his hotel to inquire what he knew about this purpose. He said he knew no more than I did, but that he totally disavowed all responsibility for it; that it would not be done with his consent, and that it would be against his protest; that it would be construed as an act of bad faith against Sherman; that he came to the convention to advocate Mr. Sherman's claims in good faith; that he had worked for him all in his power, and hoped yet to see his nomination take place. The vote at that time stood 306 for Grant, 275 for Blaine, 90 to 100 for Sherman, and the rest scattering among various candidates. I said to Garfield in reply, 'I must be manifest to the friends of Mr. Sherman that it is not possible for him to receive the nomination after five days of balloting and not increasing his strength in any direction. Why would it not be best for the Ohio delegation to unite solidly on Blaine? I think it would result in his nomination if you give him the forty-four Ohio votes; he would get enough from other states opposed to a third term to secure his nomination.'

"Mr. Garfield replied, with some sharpness and feeling, that although he loved James G. Blaine as well as any public man in the United States, he could not consent to any such proposition. He intended to stick to Sherman to the end of the struggle. I left him. And he did stick to Sherman until the convention, by a spontaneous movement, next day gave him 400 votes on the thirty-sixth ballot, and amidst tremendous cheers he was declared the nominee, while he was standing up, waving his arms and expostulating against what was being done. The convention would not listen. No man who was present could believe that it was a theatrical performance, rehearsed for that occasion. That it was a real, genuine and spontaneous action on the part of nearly all who cast their votes for him was evident to every intelligent observer.

"The absolute truth is that Gen. Garfield led the forces against the third term with so much ability and power that he made a deep impression on the whole convention and then crowd of spectators and readers of the proceedings. They discovered that he was a man of first-class ability and evidently possessed of talent requisite to make a good president himself. And the general desire for his nomination that took root in the convention was on account of the ability he manifested in leading the opposition to the third-term column. This was first shown in the desperate contest in the convention over a state rule, and in his defense of Delegate Campbell, of Wheeling, W. Va., who, at the command of Conkling, was on the eve of expulsion from the convention because he refused to be bound by a resolution pledging all the delegates, regardless of their sentiments, to vote for and support the nominee, whoever he might be. Garfield made a magnificent speech in defense of the rights of conscience. He carried the convention with him and saved Campbell from expulsion. It may be remembered that the New York state convention, under the leadership of Roscoe Conkling, and the Pennsylvania convention, under the leadership of Don Cameron, and the Illinois state convention, under the leadership of Gen. Logan, had each of them passed resolutions instructing and commanding all the delegates elected by congressional districts to disregard the instructions of their districts and vote according to the wishes of the majority of the delegates from their respective states. These arbitrary demands occasioned widespread excitement in all the states not for a third term for Gen. Grant, and Gen. Garfield led the forces in the convention who were opposed to obeying these instructions to vote according to the unit rule, as it was called. He insisted in a very logical and impassioned speech, that delegates from congressional districts should be left to vote according to the instructions of their convention and the prevailing sentiment of their constituents. Garfield's point of argument on that point far eclipsed those of all the other men who spoke pro and con on that subject, and carried conviction into the minds of many men who were not already convinced in their own mind as to how they should vote. The convention, as I remembered, by more than 100 majority supported Garfield's proposition against the unit rule. It was then seen that Gen. Grant, in all human probability, could not be nominated. The effect of defeating the state unit rule liberated eighteen Blaine delegates from the congressional districts of New York, leaving Grant fifty-two. It also liberated twenty-four from Pennsylvania and eighteen from Illinois, making sixty in all, abstracting that many from the third term column and adding them to Blaine's forces.

"These were the facts of this notable contest and the cause of Garfield's own nomination. When he placed Sherman in nomination he pronounced the strongest eulogy on the Ohio statesman that he ever received up to that time or since. As read in cold type it was the most eloquent and powerfully eulogistic speech made by any orator in behalf of any candidate, not even excepting that great effort of Roscoe Conkling in behalf of Gen. Grant. Before Gen. Garfield had finished, and when he was winding up his peroration, voices were heard in the gallery shouting: "Why not nominate Garfield?" He had carried away thousands by his eloquent arguments. Of course these men were influenced by the two other great speeches he had made—one against the unit rule and the other against the expulsion of Campbell. It may be said with absolute truth that his eloquent arguments gave him the nomination against his own sincere protest, and it is utterly unfair and cruelly unjust for John Sherman, for whom he worked so hard and put forth such great efforts, to cast aspersions on his memory by insinuating that he was untrue in his leadership of the Sherman forces.

"There are several other statements in Mr. Sherman's book, so far as it has been made public, that are liable to criticism, while there is a great deal of it that is entertaining, instructive and correct in sentiment and assertion. The book will undoubtedly be widely read, with deep interest, by all classes of public men, as the author of it has been a central figure in American politics for nearly half a century and retains all his incisiveness and vigor of thought and expression. Sherman is one of our great men, whose chief ambition in life he has not succeeded in attaining."

A MAN WITH A GRIEVANCE.

Sherman Has Had One Ever Since 1876.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Oct. 19.—Speaking tonight of Senator John Sherman's book giving his recollections of forty years in the house, senate and cabinet, Mr. McCulloch, of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, said:

"The book is evidently a valuable contribution to current political history, but the synopsis already published shows it to be full of the errors of prejudice such as a man with a grievance is apt to write. Ever since 1876 Mr. Sherman has been, so far as the presidency is concerned, a man with a grievance. That year, finding his own nomination impracticable, he threw his strength for Hayes, and nominated him at Cincinnati, defeating Blaine, who in turn defeated him in 1880, and who said a few days before the nomination of Garfield that if the nominee should happen to be an Ohio man his name would not be Sherman. One of the glaring errors of the book is the assertion that the nomination of Chester A. Arthur for vice president in 1880 was the whim of Roscoe Conkling to annoy President Hayes. I know very well that Conkling did not seek the nomination of Arthur, and did not approve of it. 'My God,' exclaimed Conkling, when first informed, during a recess of the convention, that Arthur was being pushed for the place, 'is he considering it?'

"This was after the place had been offered to Levi P. Morton and declined by him, and after an ineffectual effort to present the name of Stewart L. Woodford had been made. Conkling washed his hands of the whole business of the convention after the defeat of Grant. The checked and sobbing utterances in which, as the chief advocate of the nomination of Grant, he moved the nomination of Garfield unanimous, is well remembered by all who were in the hall at the time. He apologizted on the ground of a bad cold, but the trouble with him was a bad cry. After that he left the hall, and took very little interest in the subsequent proceedings."

SON OF GARFIELD.

He May Answer Sherman's Charge at a Future Time.

CLEVELAND, O., Oct. 19.—A great deal of interest is manifested here by political workers concerning the review of Senator Sherman's book, which was sent out from Chicago last night. The eldest son of the late president, Harry A. Garfield, was seen today, and while adverse to expressing himself, finally said: "I would much prefer not to be quoted or to say anything on the subject. It has been the policy of the family not to reply to charges that are made against my father, so we have never given any attention to such as the Roscoe Conkling matter and other things of that kind. There is in the possession of our family all the letters, manuscript, diaries and such material that was left by my father, and it is our intention to answer all charges in the form of a biography, rather than as the charges are made. I do know one thing. I am and have been a warm admirer and friend of Senator Sherman's, and I know my father always was. Of course Senator Sherman has a perfect right to his opinions, as everybody else. The nomination in 1880 was considered by my father's friends and by nearly everybody to be the result of a peculiar condition of affairs. Whatever Senator Sherman may think of it is his own matter and he has a right to his own opinions. It may be that he will have something to say regarding the matter, but I will not say that we will or will not. I could only say that after a conference with the family and looking over some of the papers. It does not seem to me right or proper for anyone to make charges by inference, but they should be substantiated by papers and documents. I do not care to enter into a controversy over it, and prefer not to discuss the matter until I have seen the book which I have ordered. I think whatever reply we may decide to make will likely be made in the form of a biography, but at the same time it is possible we may decide otherwise and make a statement regarding it."

CRUEL AND UNJUST.

M. H. De Young Condemns Sherman's Statements.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 18.—M. H. De Young, ex-chairman of the Republican national committee, makes the following criticism on Senator Sherman's new book:

"If I had a political enemy, I should be pleased to have him write a book. Sherman errs when he says one man controlled the New York delegation to the Republican convention in 1880, and that a corrupt bargain was made in the interest of Harrison during an interval between the adjustment of the committee Sunday and the time it assembled next Monday morning. In the first place, the New York delegation was controlled by Warner Miller, Frank Hickok, Chauncey Depew and Thomas C. Platt. It was well known when the convention assembled that the New York delegation was for Depew first and Harrison second. I was working for Blaine, so when Depew withdrew from the fight on Friday I moved to adjourn until the next day in order to avoid a stampede to Harrison. The New York delegates were firm for Harrison as a second choice for president, and he received their support without a corrupt bargain having been made, as Senator Sherman alleges."

Mr. De Young says the Senator's criticism of Garfield is cruel and not justified by facts.

"I believe many of the harsh statements in the book may be attributed to Senator Sherman's disappointed ambition—the presidency," said Mr. De Young. In this communication it may be said that the senator's ambition would probably have been realized long ago if he had not taken such an extreme stand in favor of a gold standard."

SHERMAN MADE A SPEECH.

But It Contained No Reference to His Autobiography.

MASSILLON, O., Oct. 19.—Senator John Sherman spoke here tonight. In the course of his speech he said: 'I have, with the great body of Republicans, approved the action of President Cleveland and Secretary Carlisle in their opposition to the free coinage of silver and their firm maintenance of gold and silver coin at par with each other. The president has always been sound and consistent on this policy. I regret to say that in reference to our national currency, and especially to United States notes, they seem to be all at sea."

Senator Sherman believes the incoming Republican congress will provide additional taxes or duties to meet deficiencies, preserve the gold reserve and maintain at par all forms of money. He is in favor of reducing expenditures, but not a radical change in internal taxes or customs duties.

"The recent financial disturbances," he said, "would not have occurred had not the Republican policy been interrupted by the present administration. The reason that a disturbance of the parity of our coin and currency was threatened is found in the fact that Cleveland and Carlisle used the gold pledge exclusively for the redemption of United States notes, to make good revenue deficits caused by the Wilson-Gorman-Brice tariff law. The fact is that when the revenue fell below expenditures the deficiency should have been met by borrowing money, instead of spending money solemnly pledged to another special purpose. I introduced a bill to that end, but it was defeated by declarations of both Cleveland and Carlisle that it was unnecessary. Furthermore, the recommendation of Carlisle, approved of by Cleveland, to retire all greenbacks by the issue of gold bonds, would add over three millions of interest annually and would also reduce the country to a single silver standard because the silver certificates and treasury notes must be redeemed by silver dollars."

HARRISON OUT OF REACH.

Reporters Unable to Penetrate the Quarantine.

SARATOGA, N. Y., Oct. 19.—So strict is the quarantine maintained that Gen. Harrison cannot be reached. A reporter called at the McKee cottage this afternoon to seek an interview with the ex-president on Senator Sherman's book, and sent a note to Gen. Harrison, but no written reply could be returned, as quarantine regulations prevented anything being passed out from the scarlet fever chamber.

Foraker Sorry About It.

COLUMBUS, O., Oct. 19.—Ex-Gov. Foraker, being asked what he knew or thought of Senator Sherman's new book, replied: "I have not seen the book. I do not know anything about its contents. But if, as stated in the newspapers, it criticises prominent Republicans, I am sorry the proof sheets could not have been withheld until after the election."

IN BEHALF OF WALLER.

Chicago's Petition Presented to the President.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 19.—John G. Jones, a Chicago attorney, called at the White house today in company with Senator Cullom and presented to President Cleveland a petition signed by nearly all of the judges of the circuit and district courts of Illinois, and by many other prominent men, urging the government to prompt and adequate action looking to the release and compensation of ex-United States Consul Waller. The petitioner expressed the warmest sympathy with Waller, and while not in the slightest degree criticizing the state department for what has or has not been done, expressed a desire that the promptest and most proper action be taken in this case. The president heard Mr. Jones attentively and promised to call the petition to the attention of the secretary of state.

Mr. Jones and Senator Cullom afterward talked to Secretary Olney on this subject. The secretary of state explained to them at great length the situation of affairs in the Waller case and stated that this government was doing whatever it could in the matter to protect his rights as an American citizen. Paul Bray, stepson of Waller, called at the department also and made an appointment for an interview between his mother, who is now in Baltimore, and Secretary Olney next Monday.

Miniatures

For my Lady's Boudoir, the proper gift for the Bride. E. A. Brown, 110 E. Sixth st.

SOLDIERS REVOLT

Portuguese Pillaging a Town in India.

MADRID, Oct. 19.—A dispatch to the Imparcial from Lisbon today says that the governor of Goa, Portuguese India, has cabled to the minister of marine that the Portuguese troops have joined the insurgents and were pillaging the town and country. The governor added that he and a few officers and one or two of the government employes had fortified themselves in the government house.

The People Come Again and Again. The Store Is Packed Continually.

SECELBAUM'S

The Reliable Pioneer Concern at Nicollet and Third, Minneapolis, Is Positively

RETIRING from BUSINESS

Everything in the House Marked Down. The Third Week Commences Monday.

EVERYTHING GOES!

At 20c, 30c, 40c, 50c, 60c ON THE DOLLAR

Until the Entire $250,000 Stock of First-Class Goods Is Turned Into Cash.

DIVISION IN THE RANKS.

Some Miners Will Strike and Some Will Not.

ALTOONA, Pa., Oct. 19.—The Gallitzin, Tunnel Hill and Bennington miners had a convention at Gallitzin this afternoon and decided to stand by the Clearfield demand, which is an advance of five cents per ton and a proportionate increase for day hands. It was publicly announced that if notices are posted on the mine doors Monday morning that the demands have been granted the men will go to work, but in the absence of such a notice the men will strike. One thousand men will be governed by the decision.

Meetings were also held today at Hastings, Patton, Spangler, Dunlo, Ben's Creek and South Fork, in Cambria county. At Patton it was decided not to strike; at Hastings the vote resulted in a tie; Spangler miners decided to strike; at Dunlo the Berwynd white miners voted to strike, but Lloyd's men did not take part in the meeting, and their intention is not known. It was clearly demonstrated that the men in the Clearfield district are not unanimous for a strike. None of the mountain operators have yet decided to grant the advance.

CLEARFIELD, Pa., Oct. 19.—The miners in this region, it is thought, will not go on a strike. All are at work with the exception of the Bloomington and Glen Riche miners, who have gone on a strike. They number about 400 men. The operators in this district will not grant the advance.

UNIONTOWN, Pa., Oct. 19.—All the mines but those along the Yough river are closed. Linnie's "Bessie" mine, the Washington Coal company's and Luce & Baugh's mine are all that are running. Osborne Saeger & Co., Morgan, Moore & Blaine, W. L. Scott & Co., Wicks and other mines are closed and about 2,000 men are out against a reduction from the scale price of 56 to 51 cents a ton, which has been ordered throughout the Yough region.

The Picturesque Route to California.

When making your selection of route among so many, why not take the scenic route of the Soo-Pacific Line and vary the monotony with the wonders of the Rocky Mountains, and with such excellent service, too.

The through tourist car leaves St. Paul 9:05 a. m., every day in the year for all Pacific Coast points. This daily service enables you to decide your leaving date readily. Call on W. S. Thorn, 398 Robert street (Hotel Ryan) for descriptive leaflet and to reserve berths.

The Fall River, Mass., operatives have determined to make a formal demand for a restoration of wages at all mills of the city.

Chrysanthemums

Can be had at May & Co.'s, 25 and 27 West Fifth street.

Watches

Carefully repaired and adjusted. Bring them now before the Christmas rush begins. E. Geist, 66 East Seventh street.

Groceries at auction, Monday, at 10 a. m., at 22 and 24 East Seventh street.

A Beautiful Floral Design

Can be had on short notice if you go to May & Co., 25 and 27 West Fifth street.

The Largest Stock

Of Artistic Clocks to be found at Geist's, 66 East Seventh street.

Choice Flowers

Always on hand, Roses, Carnations, Chrysanthemums, etc. May & Co., 25 and 27 West Fifth street.

Get Your Eyes Tested

And spectacles fitted at Emil Geist's Jewelry Store.

Groceries at auction, Monday, at 10 a. m., at 22 and 24 East Seventh street.

The newly fitted rotunda of Hotel Metropolitan is an added attraction to the choice comforts and conveniences of this popular European and American plan hostelry.

Libbey Cut Glass,

The finest in existence, at Geist's, 66 East Seventh street.

Groceries at auction, Monday, at 10 a. m., at 22 and 24 East Seventh street.

Groceries at auction, Monday, at 10 a. m., at 22 and 24 East Seventh street.

Mattress Makers.

Schroeder & Dickinson, 16 E. 6th.

Stoves and Ranges—Attend the great sale, Union Stove Co., 67 West Seventh.

Groceries at auction, Monday, at 10 a. m., at 22 and 24 East Seventh street.

Upholstering.

Schroeder & Dickinson, 16 E. 6th.

MARRIED.

SPEAR-DUNN—At St. Paul's Episcopal church, St. Paul, Minn., Wednesday, Oct. 17, 1895, Charles Treat Spear to Blanche Inez Dunn, Rev. John Wright officiating.

MARRIAGES, BIRTHS, DEATHS

Mr. and Mrs. Henry McConnell....Boy
Mr. and Mrs. John Donahue.....Girl
Mr. and Mrs. James Riddler.....Girl
Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Reiman.Twin girls
Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Foss.....Boy
Mr. and Mrs. M. Meyer.....Girl
Baby Fahey, Rondo st.....7 mos
Elma Moletor, 324 Sims st.....7 mos
Carl Johnson, 755 Jessie st.....64 yrs
Ludwig Olson, 837 Minnehaha st..23 yrs
Igna O. Grove, 853 Woodbridge st..9 yrs
Baby Longe, 225 Bunker st.....3 ds
Leonard Jungen, 612 Thomas st...69 yrs
Seldon R. Falvey, 778 Rondo st...7 mos

DIED.

WALSH—In this city Saturday morning at 4:30 a. m., at the family residence, 517 Rice street, Catherine, widow of the late Walter Walsh, and sister of James M. and Miss Mary Brogan, aged thirty-nine years and six months. Funeral tomorrow from residence at 9:30, and from St. Vincent's church at 10 a. m.

M'NALLY—In St. Paul, Minn., Oct. 19, 1895, at family residence, No. 21 East Chicago avenue, Lawrence, aged nine years, son of Patrick and Eliza McNally. Funeral private.

WOOLWORTH—In St. Paul, Minn., Oct. 18, 1895, Seth B. Woolworth, aged sixty-five years. Funeral from No. 817 Hague avenue, corner Fisk street, today at 1 o'clock p. m. Services at St. Paul's church at 2 o'clock p. m.

AMUSEMENTS.

Metropolitan

OPERA HOUSE.

TONIGHT—SUNDAY.

And Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday Nights. Ladies' and Children's Matinee Wednesday at popular prices.

SANDOW'S FAREWELL,

Direct from the Auditorium Chicago.

...THE NEW...

Trocadero Vaudevilles

Direction of F. Ziegfeld Jr., headed by

SANDOW

The World's Unrivaled Athlete, in New Feats, and a Congress of

FAMOUS EUROPEAN ARTISTS

Presenting a Refined Vaudeville and Athletic Entertainment.

10—EUROPEAN NOVELTIES—10

THE 5 JORDANS,
Aerial Artists.

JOSEPHINE SABEL,
Chanteuse International.

N. E. KAUFMANN,
Champion Trick Bicyclist.

THE GREAT AMANN,
Character Impersonator.

MONS. O'GUST,
Clown and Imitator.

BROTHERS PANTZIERS,
Head-to-Head Balancers.

THE LUCIFERS,
High Kickers and Jumpers.

EVERY FEATURE AND FEAT NEW.

The Extreme of Popular Prices. Sale of Seats now in Progress.

Metropolitan Opera House.

3 NIGHTS 3

COMMENCING

THURSDAY, OCT. 24.

Matinee Saturday.

ROBERT

DOWNING.

Thursday.....Helena
Friday.....Julius Cæsar
Saturday Matinee.....Othello
Saturday Evening.The Gladiator

THE GRAND

BRIGHT FUN, QUAINT SPECIALTIES, PRETTY GIRLS!

Tonight and all week, except Friday,

FINNIGAN'S BALL, with MURRAY, MACK AND 20 OTHERS.

Next Sunday--Katie Emmett.