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THE HIDDEN TREASURES.

Men Still Probing the Sand for the Mysterious Iron Chest.

WILL A STRONG MAGNET LOCATE IT?

Bela W. Clarke Says He Will Find the Treasure in an Hour if He Once Gets the Site of the Old House.

If perseverance and determined effort will locate the chest of hidden treasures said to be in the sand below the Cliff House, the particulars of which were published **exclusively in yesterday's "Examiner,"** those engaged in the search should soon be rewarded with success.

One of the most singular features in the case is the failure which has marked every attempt to locate the exact site of the house which Bela W. Clark and his companion, W. L. Lyons, built in the early part of 1864. It was from this that Clarke took his principal furniture, although there were then a number of other prominent landmarks from which precise measurements were made. Beyond the fact that the iron chest lay about a mile and a half

IRR LAKE NEAR THE SITE OF THE OLD HOUSE. *[From a photograph taken for the "Examiner."]*

south of the rock upon which the Cliff House stands, no definite knowledge can be obtained.

As stated yesterday in these columns, the house referred to above was erected for George Barstow. In the fall of 1864 this two-story building was partly demolished by the wind. Such portions of it as were of any value were carried away and used in other buildings in the neighborhood of the Life-Saving Station. George Barstow is dead and the men who removed the remains of the house cannot be traced. The spot upon which Clarke believes the house stood is now nothing but an uneven waste, covered with sand, the harbor of a colony have piled vasps of sand.

KEEPS OUT OF THE LAKE.

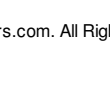
Then there is the picturesque little lake which Clarke remembers so well. It was situated between the house and the ocean, and very near the irregular ridge along the coast, which at that time marked the high tide limit. It was oblong in shape and its water was fresh and good to drink, and thousands of ducks made their home in its vicinity. Clarke used to shoot birds on or lay among its reeds on the island, and as his gun would fall from the venator ground to say potato among the shore except in a few places. The depth of the bottom of the lake may be easily imagined.

To-day there are two spots in this vicinity, and either of them may mark the location of the old lake. They are both beyond the reach of the tide, and are covered with coarse sand vegetation. If one goes to the southern extremity of either of these, where the waste narrows into the proportions of a ditch, it will be observed that a small stream of clear water is continually flowing through the sand and feeding the pools which lie to the east.

But if either of these show where the lake used to be then the location upon which many think the house stood must of necessity be wrong, for the measurements broke has of the land must be correct. They were taken at the time the old wreck was demolished, by Clarke and Lyons, and in his preserved their every move.

HIS FAITH STRONG.

Mrs. James Graham, of Sutter street, is financially interested in the operations now in progress, and has been at work for months trying to find some one who could rip her locate the site of the house. She says she has seen every one who has lived in the house since it was built, with the exception of two, and although many of them remember the building not one of them can point to the spot on which it stood. Mrs. Graham brought one man down from the extreme northern part of the State, and paid his expenses here and back, but went out to the beach with him, and, after a thorough inspection, but whether he was successful or not is not known. If he was he kept his



DRIVING THE STEEL TRIANGLE-FINDER. *[From an instantaneous photograph by the "Examiner" special photographer.]*

knowledge to himself and took it away with him. There, again, the ban had thrown searchers made among the land transfer records, but the name of Clarke is not found in the obtained from them was that several years ago a tract of land in that particular locality was sold over and over again, at about the period named, by the same person, and that a dozen or more persons held titles to the property. This seems to be in keeping with the belief that there was a conspiracy to keep the public from finding the exact site of the house, and the recovery of that lost treasure, and that all of the manoeuvres before recited, the mysterious closed and its contents on, Mr. Clarke affirms, be uncovered in no brief.

In the meantime the men continue to make all of the search in sections, and drive in their eight-inch steel rods at intervals of three feet. It is a tedious task indeed, and one which only a strong hope of success causes the men to persist in.

TOLD HIS CLAIM.

It has been suggested that a strong magnet would be of value in locating the box, but Clarke says that he has considered that matter carefully, realizes the chances of error in that respect, and has very properly abandoned.

As a precaution against the possible success of others, who may, now that the secret is out, be induced to search for the hidden treasure-box, Mr. Clarke has therefore placed on public record his claim to it. In the event of others unearthing the box he will be ready, he says, to bring that she be left to the care of her husband. Lottie Wappy Dietz, who has been cared for by Mrs. Graham since the death of her mother, and of his parents, will remain in Chicago with her grandmother.

PORK AND BEANS IN OPERA

Sad Tribulations of One George Olivier, a Tenor Waiter.

WON'T SING IN "ROBERT LE DIABLE."

He Might Have Done So, but Then, etc.—Soup a "La Traviata"—How "Norma" Mingles With "Fromage de Brie."

Olivier was an opera singer, but Olivier is now not singing his opera. His lines have fallen in unhappy places. He is a tenor waiter.

"Oo-o-o-o-o-o-o soup and beans!" "O-o-tail and barley. O-o-o-o-o-o-o tail and bar——. Oh-ho!, you say, Mons! It opera!"

In refrained cadence it sounded; in notes beautiful but sad. Once again it echoed among the walls of the room; only once again, and then it died away among the virile clashings of the knives and saucepans in the kitchen.

Soft tenor notes they were and soft the air they came in. Wafted like some phantom strains from the Isle of Israel they floated. Liquid, sweet but mournful they soared through the perfumed atmosphere of the restaurant.

"O-o-o-o-o-o-o tail soup, and bo-arley. O-o-tail and barley. O-o-tail and barley soup——o-o-o-o-o-o-o-tail and barley soup——o-o-o!"

And the kitchen door slammed behind the singer, as he watched the order to the chef.

Olivier is a singer by birth—a waiter—a luminary of opera.

This has made him otherwise, but fate has not obliterated the talent that was beautiful. Fate may compel a man to sing the soup of the day, but it cannot stop a man's soul singing, but fate cannot shatter the eternal soul of music.

Life is tumultuous, the Saddle Rock restaurant is gay; but not so the heart of Olivier.

It was all on account of the Hess Opera Company that Olivier's life was to know its transformation.

Oh, the difference in great and the drop in duty from the stage to the soup of a restaurant!

HESS LOSES HIS.

When the Powell-street Theatre opens to-night and the house refuses to the divine music of "Robert le Diable" the voice of Olivier will be missing. The gap existing between the public and its fads, Olivier will have no singing in his evening.

The last rendezvous have been rehearsed, the drops affixed in their places. Everything is in readiness for the first-class production of the opera. Olivier is to-night to bring upon the stage the voice of Bertram, the son of the opera of "Robert le Diable." For the last week the preparations have been in progress. Day after day the orchestras were practicing, day after day the chorus was rehearsing its parts.

But during all that time Olivier was absent seeking fortune in alien channels. Day after day the Powell-street Theatre echoed to the music of romance; day after day the tenor notes of Olivier rang forth in the language of hash through the doorways of the Saddle Rock restaurant. Day after day were there still—ringing the horns so many and fish and oster.

They rang last night as the white servette fluttered on his arm, and he sang in accompaniment to the other operatic selections.

Soup a la Traviata.

Salad, fish, beef, game, and Olivier chanted every order. Forgetful of the place and its surroundings, he only knew that a tenor filled his soul.

"What's that, Olivier?" one asked, and she was a patron whose face was pretty. "Faires, eh! Well, what is there?"

"Soup a la Traviata."

"Some it. Cod steak. Let us have the salmi and——"

SALMI IN PALMONT.

But the tenor was gone. Down back in the rear of the hall one could hear him, as the distance it sounded like a heartbroken cry from Palmont. "Traviata," but to close attention one could distinguish the true import of the air:

Sa-a-alade de romaine pour trois; salade de romaine pour trois; salade de romaine pour trois—pour trois—pour trois!

The three salmis came up. That chef had the gift of tongues.

The end of the dinner drew nigh, but it brought no changes to the guests abashed.

Assuredly the service faltered as Olivier burst on his arm in a manner—a manner to be and many—like a tenor who sings to the ordinary patrons of commerce and is suddenly called upon to render a selection from the operatic repertoire of the opera stage. It waved with the airy grace of a Spanish senorita, or the clogs of some slow star performer in "Du Cesar de Bazan." The dishes were served with the precision with the precise ease of the singer—all the pains of mind semiliness as it draped in harmony with the measures of each cold and carnal order.

When the curtain rang up on the second act Dr. Hand has got Sutter, Ernst and Forster Jenkins, Mephistopheles, et al., all in the persons of the waiters, as far as the Brocken.

THE BROCKEN SCENE.

These he battled against a rock as Ritter Hand, and, as the curtain fell, he was heard, or, rather, could be heard, singing to himself out as Jumpire Dane and cleverly danced the pas seul of the Witches' Sabbath fighting Carmencita dance, had not the proper nerve to appear in costume as Dr. Hand Mephistopheles's hands to the raging sea he bellowed upon from the banks of the Rhine.

Act I. Dr. Hand tried to introduce the wrecks of the Spanish Armada to the floor of the ocean, but the audience wouldn't have it. The latter he shrieked as the fathom spirits of the drowned