fringed the little melon patch lake with the floating hoe handle.

Sea gulls! That is all. They have come like arrows from the hot heavens above. They did not come from the waters below. But they came so suddenly and so soon that little wonder it is that people, even those who are engaged in piercing the buried river below, have insisted, and still insist, that a sea gull has been known to come up from the watery world below, dry and white, and clean as snow, along with the curious little schools of fish that so love the light, leap once, twice, thrice, and then melt away like little spears of ice in the sun and are seen no more. They see the light although they have no eyes.

As I write, even before the ink is dry on the preceding page, a ponderous book comes to hand by post from 3,000 miles distant. It is the latest work of General John C. Fremont. On page 575 I read:

"While engaged in operations at the South I had the great regret to learn that in just such a boat voyage through the Straits of Carquinez Commodore Montgomery had the shock of losing his eldest two sons."

It is needless to recite here the long search for these gallant young officers and their crew of many good men. Fremont made all possible effort to find some trace of ship, men or money. Nothing was ever heard of anyone or of anything connected with the sad loss.

The names of the lost officers were not dropped from the rolls of the navy even at the end of the official year it appears, but special search was made for long years after.

Nothing, nothing at all! No sign of men, ship or money. And yet it was right here in these Straits of Carquinas—the Spanish spelling which Fremont follows you observe is a little different—right here on the bank and edge of a body of water not five miles square, that the man spoken of as the author of the first story about the Buried River located the mouth of it—right here, where General Fremont, now after more than 40 years, tells us that our two young officers and their ship crew perished and utterly disappeared from the face of the earth—this first mad(?) writer about the buried river tells us that he was bumped and thumped about in the mouth of his river, among masts and hulks that had been swallowed up!

Let us mention just one more published fact and then proceed directly with our own narrative. In a book, only this year published, you can read that the largest nugget of gold ever exhumed, was dug up in California long ago by four "Kanakas," natives of the Sandwich Islands. This book tells how that, in attempting to reach the city of San Francisco with their incalculable treasure by boat, they were lost in this same Straits of Carquinas; and neither boat, gold or Kanakas were ever heard of again.

The book from which I take this last incident is a sober, trustful work. It is a rare and costly publication; so costly, indeed, that I cannot afford to have a copy at hand so as to give the page. One thousand dollars, I believe, is the price of this book; but you can find it at the libraries if you care to verify further. It is called "Picturesque California."

Did I forget to mention that the vessel of which General Fremont spoke as having been lost in the Straits of Carquinas had on board a large sum of money? It was on its way to Fort Sacramento, now the State capital of California, with money to pay for supplies.

And so it seems beyond dispute, for we must of course believe General Fremont's book, and this new California publication as well, that the gold of the lost ship, and the greatest nugget of gold ever found, lie tumbled together, now, where in the whirling and edying waters of the Straits of Carquinas.

One thing more and we leave these early landmarks and approach more recent events. An Italian engineer miner on the Merced river, not far from Mariposa, suddenly disappeared about a quarter of a century since.

No; there is nothing at all strange in the sudden disappearance of a miner in California, either in the old days or the new. But this was an able and an eminent man in his way. A great engineer he was; made the first great flumes in California; located and made the first great water ditches; was always in debt, and was always talking about finding the buried river. He had his cabin walls covered with maps and surveys of his supposed underground river. And he always insisted that the buried river flowed under the Yosemite and on down under the Merced river toward the sea. His argument was that the awful chasm making the Yosemite Falls and the Yosemite Valley—by which earth enough to make a county must have been removed—had been formed by an underground river which emptied its debris into the ocean.

Well, to speed along over this dry ground, this man suddenly disappeared, leaving his maps, charts, instruments, all things behind him. Of course it was thought he had run away to escape his debts. Inquiry showed, however, by degrees that he had paid every dollar of his obligations. Still people only shrugged their shoulders, and saying they "always thought he was a little cracked," soon forgot all about the great engineer who believed in the existence of a buried river with a bed of gold.

Years later, some roving miners camped in the old deserted cabin. A few days afterward there was a deadly quarrel in that cabin—a fight that ended in death. It appears that these roving miners had found a vast heap of nuggets hidden away under the hearthstone. The deadly fight alone could have brought out the facts now so well known through the trial of the murderers; but which must be hastily passed over. Enough to say that the people this time said: "He surely found his buried river with its bed of gold."

The miners of Mariposa now scoured the hills and the valleys, winter and summer, but no trace could they find of any probable spot from which these rusty and rich and massive old nuggets had been taken.

True, the windy, or the trembling cave, as it was called, much like those found in the Rocky Mountains, still bore some traces of his steps; his trail or path leading thither was fairly traceable. But as the wind was always so violent at the mouth of this ugly cave as to blow out any lamp, lantern, or even torch, that could be brought, it seemed clear that, mad as the man may have been, he had never been mad enough to adventure to any depth here.

And so the fallen leaves soon filled the dim trail entirely. The cabin rattled down; the quail sat in pairs and piped undisturbed on the broken boulders that had made the fireplace and hearthstone; the rabbits danced in the twilight on the bare and beaten spot that had once been the dooryard, and that was all. The earthquake of 1872 closed in the walls of the cavern, and the winds come never any more from the cave to rustle the leaves overhead.

CHAPTER III.

THE OLD CABIN AT MOUNT DIABLO.

Come now with me to Mount Diablo and we will go right along with the story about the Buried River.

"Well?"

"Well?"

She put her two hands wide out, leaned forward over the low, dirty doorsill of the old cabin, laid her two hands hold of the two sides of the open doorand said:

"Is it houses? or is it land?"

The man at the rough board table had not looked up. The day was hot, and so the door was open. Besides, he liked the birds, he liked the squirrels; the trees. But it was clear he did not like people, else he had lifted up his head from the curious lines on the crumpled and not very clean paper before him.

"I say! did you come here to try to get our land? or our houses?"

There was a sting in the words, but not in the voice, hard as the girl tried to make it. The man looked up, quietly, calmly. Then he slowly rose, lifted his slouched hat, and taking up the only stool the place afforded, stepped forward and set it before her, smiling pleasantly, half sadly, as he did so.

The color came and went in her face. Her pretty dimpled hands forgot the sides of the open door. They clasped each other for a second; and then the right one sought the legion of her heart, as if to still its too tremurous beating.

"I—I beg your pardon—I—I beg your pardon, sir."

There was melody in her voice, and her beautiful confusion was so honest and so true that the young artist, engineer, adventurer, poet—if you please, all in one—was vanquished instantly.

"The fact is," the girl began hastily, "my father—that's his house over yonder by Redwood Park—you can see Mount Diablo from our door—my father is away from home now, gone to the islands for sea birds' eggs—you can see the islands out this way through the Golden Gate. I go with him after to-day. Sister went with him to-day—well, I was going to say that nobody must come to this cabin; and I came to tell you—to tell you that—that—"

He had lifted his eyes to her's slowly, modestly, very respectfully. That was all he did as they stood there in the doorway with the one little stool limping and leaning on its three queer legs between them.

"I found the door open," he began quietly; "squirrels were here, coming and going by dozens. Look there. They have been hulling hazelnuts on the hearthstone."

He turned half way around, pointed to the little brown heap of hulls on the hearthstone, and then glanced uneasily at his miserable little store of provisions and equipments on the shelf in the corner.

"Yes, yes, oh, we can't get rid of the squirrels. They eat up everything. Yes, they are neat housekeepers. They do put the hulls of the hazelnuts in a neat heap, but they are no good for all that; they eat up the wheat, the corn, the everything; and we can't get rid of them."

"And so, as you can't get rid of a little brown California squirrel, you think you can get rid of a big Italian artist?"

The man had crossed his arms on his breast before her, frowned in mock severity, and set his right foot down heavily on the hard-trodden earth floor as he spoke.

His ease, and his audacity, too, pleased her, and she took the little bench at his feet and sat down, throwing back her heavy hair as she did so.

"Now tell me what harm I am doing here, or am likely to do, and if you can make out a case, I will move out my rations of dried beef and crackers and camp under a redwood tree."

The girl rose quickly, and, going to the wall opposite, put her hand and strong shapely arm through a long narrow hole between two tight fitting logs. Stepping to the rear of the cabin, she did the same thing. Then she thrust her hand through similar places by the sides of the one door, and said hastily:

"Port holes!"

Putting her pretty forefinger on a small deep indenture in the end of a log near the door, she said with excitement:

"Bullet holes!"

"And you did it shooting at artists?"

"Why, where did you come from?"

"Rome."

"Rome! Rome! What county is that in?"

"I don't quite know what county it is; but it is in Italy."

"And where is Italy?"

"I see by the little cross on your neck that you are a Catholic; well, Italy, Rome, is where the Pope lives; and I am a poor painter—nothing worse—possibly nothing better."

The girl grew suddenly serious and respectful. "And so you don't know that this is an old battle ground here; that three men were killed in this cabin; and that the place is haunted?"

The man sighed and looked away as if he had some memories of battle as well as the half wild girl before him, and slowly said, as if to himself:

"I am glad it is haunted, for I would like to be alone here."

"Alone with ghosts?" laughed the girl.

"Very much alone are we when we have only ghosts for company," sighed the man. "But tell me who the poor fellows were who fell here fighting for their cabin."

"Jumpers! That's what they were. Jumpers that tried to jump my father's land, and he jumped 'em off."

She bit her lips; battle and the memory of battle was in her eyes and voice and action. How beautiful she was; a thunder storm with lightning in its eyes could not have been more splendid.

The man looked at her and she went on: "Yes, I was born right over yonder. There are nine of us. I am the eldest. The others go to school. I never did; don't like it; too much foolishness. Beside, father has to work too hard. He's 60 now; better help him, I say; and so when he goes to the islands to get birds' eggs why I go with him to hold the sail or row the boat; for I tell you that Carquinas Straits is nasty."

"And so you row through Carquinas Straits?" eagerly queried the man.

"Yes; but this morning, when ready to start, I saw that something besides ghosts had put in appearance here, and so I let sister stop home from school and go with father, and I came here to—to—"

"To tell me to go."

"To tell you to go; for father would surely kill you here."

The girl had modified much in speech and manner, but now her eyes fell upon the lines and drawings that lay on the table, and, raising her voice, she said suddenly and almost savagely: "I beg your pardon, but it's land! You are making maps of the land for the lawyers! You are not a horse thief; you are a land thief!"

Had not the man standing with uncovered head before this angry and impetuous beauty of the redwoods been very gentle in blood and breeding, certain of himself; in short had he not been what the misused and abused term gentleman implies, he would have answered her after her own manner. But only a dash of color across his face, a slight quiver of the lip and shifting his slouch hat from his right hand to his left to put his thumb and finger in his vest pocket and drew out a card: "You can read; although you tell me you have not been to school. That is my name; and that is my employment and my place of abode for years, until a short time since." He handed her the card and she read:

John Gray, Artist,
4 Via Angelo Custoda,
Rome.

The girl bit her rich, red lips again, and feeling that she had been in the wrong, made pretense of being unable to make out the long and curious name of the street, and so kept her head held down as if trying to spell it out.

"It means the street that is in the custody of the angels," said the man at length, taking a step forward.

Then he stood at her side and taking hold of the edge of the card he read it over slowly for her. Their hands touched for a second, and then their eyes met. Her breast was stirred like the sea. She lifted her eyes for the second time an instant to his and then they fell down prisoners at his feet. She hated herself and she loved John Gray.

CHAPTER IV.

A SECRET HALF-TOLD IN ROME.

All the streams of this land are unlike. Yet they all flow toward the sea. In order to know why this one is dark or disturbed as it flows, why this one or that is light and shining and shallow, why this or that one is deep, silent, sombber, we must trace back so far as we can to the fountain head. Man is merely a river in another form, flowing swift or slow, deep or shallow, silent or otherwise; but on, on, on to the great sea of eternity.

Let us find out if we can where this plain, placid man, John Gray, came from, and what was his purpose in leaving Rome and hiding away among the redwoods overhanging the stormy Straits of Carquinas by the great Bay of San Francisco.

In the published battle records of our Civil War, issued by the authority of the Government under the title of "Records of the Rebellion," you perhaps have already read of the chaplain who, when the last officer of his regiment fell, seized a sword and threw himself at the head of the remaining men.

"But you are our chaplain," cried the soldiers at his side, rushing to the charge, striving to pass him, to push him back, to reach death before him. "You are our chaplain; go back!"

"I am your Colonel!—here is your chaplain—too small, please God, for death to find him." And the man sank down and died; shot to death in the middle of his speech; the boy, the little 10-year-old chaplain, bending over his dead father.

It does not matter on which side of the battle line this man fell or that boy stood at his side. Valor, like virtue, knows neither sex or section. This was the beginning of the life of John Gray. He, his soul, was born there, that day on the bloody grass, by the side of a grave. This man had never been a boy from that day forth. He struggled forward, trying all the time, like his dead father, to get to the front in the battle of life, if only for the privilege of dying there.

We find him at Rome, not doing very much, while the roars of cannon were still in his ears. Anyhow, he would pause sometimes with lifted brush before his work, and stand there, and stand there, motionless and immovable for hours. He was fine, rather than great; a true artist; out at the elbows, unknown, alone. There was something rather pretty in the idea of his choosing the Via Angelo Custoda; something of his father, the chaplain, possibly. For this is not a street given over to art or artists at all. It is a street with a palace on the north side, and then the great, ever-flowing fountain stands at the west end, down by the Corso.

One day as he passed the court entrance of the Torlonia palace, built by the princely miser and miserly prince, Torlonia, not many years ago, a man called to him from a carriage that stood in the little circular court within. Gray left the narrow strip of sunshine, and, entering the dark court, found an invalid muffled to the throat and about to set out for a short drive on the Pincean Hill.

"Get in. I want to talk to you. You are an American; so am I, an Italian-American, but I am dying—" here the muffled invalid began to cough, and cough, and cough.

The carriage rolled and traveled out over the cobble stones, and even began to climb the hill before the poor man could explain that the artist must be on hand the very next morning and begin his work. He was to paint the dying man's portrait. And so it was arranged that the out-at-elbow artist, John Gray, was to paint the picture of a man who was living in one of the very richest palaces in all Rome!

How the world widened out! Far away to either side the world shone gloriously that night, as in the land of the midnight sun. Far ahead the road of life lay now, white and high and magnificent. Far back over a rough road he looked at last—to a grave in the gory trodden grass—and so sank to sleep.

In the morning the work began bright and early. But it was cough, cough, cough all the time; and it was hard to get the once strong and manly lines of the dying man's face in repose. However, they got on satisfactorily. The work looked most promising, and the invalid was so pleased that he thrust half a handful of gold dust into the artist's hands late that afternoon, with the injunction that he must make haste to come early next morning.

"Take the gold nuggets to the jeweler across the street from the Cafe Graco, at the base of the great Spanish steps, and he will weigh the gold and give you the coin."

Strange! and the artist wanted to ask and to know what all this meant; but it was cough, cough, cough; and the dying man could only beckon him to begone.

The next day the work moved forward with inspired pace. There was color in the artist's face as well as on his canvas. There was strength in his arm and a heap of gold in his pocket. He had dined.

"Paint fast! paint fast!" Cough, cough, cough. "I am dying fast. You must paint faster than death!" Cough, cough, cough.

On the third day the dying man was no longer able to leave his bed. He drew the artist to his side and placed in his hands what seemed to be the remains of a once heavy bag of gold dust.

"Take this for your work and make the most of it. In Rome the Government takes possession of your body, and your goods; your soul if possible, when you die. And then my relations! they have hated me; hated the hand that fed them; but they are hovering around and will devour all that the church and the State may leave. And that is nil. The priests after all are better than my own blood have been to me. I have divided up my gold and—" cough, cough, cough. "Oh, yes; the gold! Well, I have shared my gold, but not my secret! You see, if I should ever have made known the source of my supply of gold, the very gold that I have gathered from the cave—" cough, cough, cough. "Oh, that cave! with its swift, whirling, swirling winds. There is where I caught my death, boy; caught my death in that deep, dark cave, by toiling and sweating under my bags of virgin gold." Cough, cough, cough.

The artist leaned over and lifted the dying man nearly upright in his bed.

"You want to know where it is? Ah, I see your eager young face is all ablaze! Listen then. From the vast Humboldt plains, that gather water enough for a sea, draw a straight line to the Yosemite Falls, thence down the Merced river through the Yosemite valley, thence down and through the San Joaquin to the ocean. There are other underground rivers that run into this main river; there are caverns, trembling caves; air-holes. Descend into these. These buried rivers are paved with gold! And here—— Come close! Listen!" Cough, cough, cough. "Listen to me! Can any man make ten millions—twenty millions—forty million dollars in far-away California in a lifetime? Nonsense! nonsense, my son! Why, there one man gives twenty millions to a college and has a hundred millions left! Another builds a railroad through a mountain of solid stone, and has not a dollar to begin with; another is called the 'silver king,' and"—— Cough, cough, cough. "Come close! Listen! They have found the Buried river, and they are keeping the secret well—keeping the secret safe and sound as death. Because if they let it out gold would be so abundant that it would be worthless, and"—— Cough, cough, cough.

This time the poor man could scarcely recover himself. The attendants were called in, and drawing the artist down close to his face he, with great effort, managed to gasp in his ear:

"Come to-morrow and I will tell you all."

Very early and very eager, the artist came to the gloomy portals of the Torlonia Palace the next morning. He passed in and with a beating heart climbed the broad, sloping stairs, broad and sloping enough to admit of the ascent of a California six-horse coach.

No one lives on the first floor of any house or any palace in Rome, save the porter and the horses, dogs and goats. No one lives even on the second floor in Rome save the servants. On the third floor the Princes live and die. He saw nothing as yet, for the door leading to the gorgeously furnished rooms of his dying friend was far down the extreme end of the hall. He took two or three steps forward hastily; and then moderating his pace, he took off his hat and walked with bared head quite a distance. Then slowly lifting his face he saw that an officer of the Government was pacing to and fro before the sealed door. He had come early; but death had come earlier than he. From the huge brass knocker in the center of the heavy door of oak there hung a cloud of crape.

It would be bootless following John Gray through his thousand plans and efforts to get at the half told secret. Certain it was that the immensely rich men of California had the key in some way to some part of the Buried River with its bed of silver and of gold. He spent a year in Paris trying to get at the secret of the matter through other men. At the end of that time he had much less gold and not a bit more knowledge than he began with.

He spent half a year searching through the archives of Spain for some possible trace or mention of one of the "trembling caves," or air holes. No sign.

He next went to Mexico and set to work there among the old musty tomes in the great library of Mexico City. But things there were in such a hopeless state of confusion that at the end of nearly twelve months he was about to push on to California and appeal alone to the bosom of the earth, for his money was well nigh spent.

Standing one sultry noon under the colossal statue of Baron von Homboldt, the great, he who first made known to the world the now famous floating gardens of Mexico City and so won the warm thanks of her people: well, standing here in a half hopeless state and revolving in his mind how best to reach California he noticed almost at the feet of the great traveller a heap of dust and dirty parchments, worn and torn and tumbled into a hopeless state of confusion.

It was the work of a moment to ask and obtain permission of the obliging librarian to look this through.

Ten days' toil and nothing! Nothing save the absurd statement, set down in stately and most excellent Spanish of a century ago and more, that the second inland sea above the Sea of Cortez, which must have meant the Bay of San Francisco, had a maelstrom at its furthest extremity much like the great maelstrom off the coast of Norway.

On the fifteenth day the bottom of the musty old records of the early Jesuits was reached. Nothing at all! Nothing more than some brief mention of Mount Diablo and the manner in which it got its name. And it may be as well to set this down; since this savage and sullen old home of the grizzly bear and the California lion stands not far from where John Gray stood when confronted by the fine young California girl. It is a grand mountain in its ugly way, black, smoky, treeless, looming sullenly above San Francisco and all the surrounding land and sea. It defies conquest, or even near approach. There many an old Spanish family, ruined of course, has climbed up its rugged sides and rested under its awful frowns; but no plowshares shall ever tear its mantle of vine and stone and chapparrel. The grizzly bear shall house there till the end of time, and the lion and the wolf shall keep him company.

These steep and stony fastnesses, with here and there a fertile flat for pasture, here and there a canyon, packed to the brim with dense groves of redwood, these steeps and trenches and crags and canyons are dotted all over, even above the clouds, with flowing springs. Where does this water come from? Can this water raise itself above the fountain head? How, in the name of science and the law of hydraulics, can this water climb up here to the highest point for 50 miles around and pour itself out here while nearly all the land, even to the sea bank, is arid and dusty below?

But here, in brief, is the way the mountain took its name, according to the musty and dusty papers found at the feet of the statue in the City of Mexico. Some Spanish soldiers had fought and vanquished a tribe of Indians that had ventured to this natural fastness and taken the chief captive. The record runs that the prisoners were all released except the chief. He, being very wicked and rebellious, and having slain with his own hand two soldiers, was first tortured and then cast into a deep natural well, which was found to exist in a canyon near where the battle was fought. But to the consternation of the Jesuit father, who attended the little Spanish army, the Indian chief arose that night on the surface of an influx of water and calmly demanded his wives and children.

Deciding that he was an evil spirit the soldiers seized him and a second time threw him down the well, the waters in the meantime having entirely receded. Fancy their horror to find the ugly black head of the savage chief again bobing serenely above the sucking lips of the bottomless well as they next morning sat at breakfast. This time the Spanish troop were terrified, and as the little command was already in marching order, so soon as breakfast was dispatched they descended the mountain in good haste. And the name of that place is to this day Mount del Diablo.

And here it is, at least not very far from this place, we find John Gray, artist, bending over his meagre maps, growing gray indeed, worn out, very hungry, ready to become insane in this long dreary quest for the Buried river, or even any dim evidence of its existence; disputing for the possession of a rotted old hut with a half wild girl of the California redwoods.

(To be continued next Sunday.)

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SECRET HIDING PLACES.

Rooms Which are Difficult to Find in Old English Mansions.

[Liverpool Courier.]

One of the most interesting features of our country houses is the secret hiding place. This generally has been contrived with much architectural skill, and in days gone by baffled discovery from the most observant and experienced eye. In certain cases it would appear that, for some reason or other, the hiding place has been specially kept a secret among members of the family. Thus, in the North of England, may be mentioned Netherhall, near Maryport, Cumberland, the seat of the old family of Senhouse. In this time-honored mansion there is said to be a real secret chamber, its exact position being only known to two persons—the heir-in-law and the family solicitor.

According to the popular tradition the secret of the hidden room has never been revealed to more than two living persons at a time. This mysterious room has no window, and, despite every endeavor to discover it, has, it is said, defied the ingenuity of every visitor staying in the house. With this secret chamber may be compared the one at Glamis, the latter possessing a window, but which has not led to the identification of the mysterious room.

A Better System.

[Harper's Magazine.]

"A system to strengthen the memory?" said the jilted young man, with a scornful curve of his upper lip. "No, thank you. No memory strengthener for me; but the man who can invent a system to enable me to forget, he is my friend for life."

True Free-Heartedness.

Scollins (the tramp)—It's always generous you was, Mike.—*Puck.*

JUVENILE DEPRAVITY

The Result of Nervousness Arising From Neglect of Health.

BOY AND GIRL KLEPTOMANIACS.

Some Instances of Insane Ebullitions of Nervousness.

HOW TO CURE CHILDREN'S BAD TEMPER

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

FROM the beginning bad boys and girls have drawn such unaffected interest from the world they live in that they warrant a chapter to themselves. Divines have wasted their brains in speculation as to the origin of evil in the abstract. If they studied its beginnings in the habits and temper of children, they would come nearer to a riddance of it, which is the great point after all.

The first bad boy I remember was a small, ill-formed wretch of 8, perhaps, vexing the life out of his grandmother in the Rochester depot, 25 years ago. The malcontent fascinated me for hours—people had to wait for trains then—with his malignant misbehavior. He climbed and straddled the back of seats, hid the old lady's parcels, hooked things from her satchel when her head was turned, made faces to scare an imp, cursed when she lectured him, and retorted impudence worse than cursing, mopped and mowed at people whom he caught looking at him, snarled and leered with such gallows fitness in every turn, that I have wasted some speculation as to the crime for which ere now he has probably suffered. That his father has been hanged and his mother was a drab was evident genealogy, and the respectable hag, his mother's mother, who transported him, was fit dam of such a brood.

A BAD OLD LADY.

Harshness and stealthy villainy penetrated her. She was one of those hard old women common in country places, who without ever losing caste by open acts against social laws, seldom lose the chance of committing meannesses which would make devils blush. When we drop the amiable fiction that the good in humanity lies just under the surface, and look at facts as they are, that nine-tenths of the world are cankered spirits of evil, preferring it, relishing it, laying it up in store, the first step is taken to the regeneration of the world. You can't cure cancer by treating as a cold sore.

Every village, if not every circle, has its trial in shape of an erratic boy, whose mischief is the grief of his family and wonder of the neighbors. Lawyers and doctors know the cases, which are usually hushed up as much as possible by the friends and talked about all the more by the public. The trial usually belongs to a respectable family, and outrages all its traditions of honor and repute. Aaron Burr was a type of such evil—apparently born without a soul, and wanting all moral sense. In the life of Hawthorne by his son is an authentic story of such a nature in a young and beautiful woman of the best New England family, who almost throws herself into the arms of one man who cares nothing for her, and in revenge tells her betrothed that this man, his bosom friend, has insulted her, tries her best to bring a duel between them, and is the death of the man who loved her, if I remember right. It is a wonderful study for a novel, but let anything less than a master hand beware such material; it may consume the unskillful hand. These are characters of high tragedy, but the commonest type is vexatious, rather than outrageous depravity.

JUVENILE KLEPTOMANIACS.

The kleptomaniac is a nuisance suspected in every neighborhood. A lawyer tells me of one school girl, 11 years old, who steals continually, and has taken $400 from her parents. Her mother goes to him with tears to know what to do about it. She ought to go to a doctor and put the child on turkey rhubarb and mustard baths, to hasten the obstruction of a digestive or other sort which clogs the immature brain, and prevents the clear sight of good and evil. This stealage is a purely physical and mental depravity as the appetite for slate pencils and clay.

A curious case, well known to me, was a bright boy of 13, the son of a minister, of stainless ancestry, who for ten years stole everything he could lay hands on. His mother's spoons and parlor ornaments went to the village jeweler, to be sold for anything they would bring, and the jeweler regularly returns them to his mother. Books lent to him or tools were found in a second-hand shop, or traded with other boys, who at last grew shy of dealing with him, not liking to have to return pilfered goods. Nothing seemed to have any effect on the boy, the entreaties and warnings of friends, sharp talks from teachers and punishments, or loss of his own property. He did not seem much mortified at being found out, and the theft was repeated at first chance. He was sent away for training, and I hope that assisted development has awakened with years, for he was a kindly, lively lad, well liked, and the sympathy of everyone was with his mother, who felt his weakness acutely.

THE EXPLOSIVE GIRL.

I know girls of good family, more than one, rather brilliant girls, of fine manners when serene, who at times go frantic, insulting their relatives, defying parents, and being outrageous in words and actions. A modest, quiet girl, at a nervous crisis throws her scissors across the room, flings her books in a corner, smashes a watch, or a vase—anything to make a crash or explosion. Friends are outraged and mortified unexpressibly. It is, doctors tell us, due to an accummulation of nervous force, which, like electricity must have vent in a shock of some kind. It belongs to the class of incipient epileptic disorders, which include all these nervous crisis. You can't reason such a case into selfcontrol, any more than you can argue away toothache. Reason is set aside by nerves. And healthy outside wills must do their part to control the enfeebled nature.

Satire, brief but cutting, acted contempt, cool authority, even corporal punishment, must be used to bring such cases to control. Friendliness unfailing such a girl must have to draw upon, but the deepest regard will most inflexibly arm one to visit her lapses with such punishment as will prevent repetition. Punishment should be instant, and sharp enough to be felt, not heavy nor oppressive, and it must follow each flagrant offense, till seventy times seven. The insane and wild animals learn to refrain from offenses which bring certain pain, and children of unsettled mind learn self-control in the only way they can learn it, by dread of some deprivation or suffering. Demonstrative affection, tender rather than passionate and sympathy, the child must have, in full measure, to live by, but not upon occasion of such faults. No cruelty is so cruel as misguided kindness in such cases, and as long as tender-hearted people will regard nervous girls and boys as exempt from discipline, so long will evil extend.

NERVOUS DISORDERS.

Dr. Wier Mitchell, whom nobody suspects of want of feeling, speaks very plainly on this subject in treating of nervous disorders. "As a rule," he says, "no children need so inflexible discipline. Indulgence as regards them" i. e., indulgence to faults, not in favors—"is only another name for ruin. Do as we may, they are apt to become morally perverted, and require the utmost firmness and the most matured and educated intelligence to train them wisely. Even the milder cases are hard to manage. I rarely see one which has been intelligently dealt with. Few mothers are able or willing to use a rule as stern, as enduring, as unyielding as they require." Taken with the grain of salt of intelligent understanding, this does not mean a harsh, tyrannical government of nervous children; simply that they need stricter observance of the conditions of health and good manners.

If you can take an impudent, willful, outrageous boy, eaten up by school and social rivalries, and by making him go to bed regularly at 9 o'clock, bathe three times a week, eat right and study moderately, see him transformed into a sunny-tempered, docile boy, eager to be of use—the ill-temper must be set down as nervousness, and the responsibility for it lies largely with those who control his physical habits. Such a miracle I have seen over and over again, while at the same time, the muddy, rough complexion cleared, the eye lost its red and angry spark, the bearing grew confident and free. The frantic ill-humors of girls coincide with certain states of health. I know one who from most placid humor regularly changed to an incipient demon in certain states of body, threw and smashed things for a few hours, and seemed to hate her best friends. The crisis reached, ten minutes would see her transformed from the sneering fury to the loving, lovable creature she usually was. Now moral force does not work in such cases as we are used to expect it. The only thing proper was to keep her shut up in her room, or to send her off by herself for a change or some little outing, a long walk or drive. When a woman grown she learned when these fits of depression and temper were pending to keep to herself a good deal, finishing a store of work in her own room which accumulated for such seasons. So that her "retreats," as the Catholics call them, were profitable in every way. Not everyone has insight to turn indigestion to such good account.

HEALTH MORE AFFECTED THAN TEMPER.

I wish to say that in 20 years of rather close observation on this point I have never seen a singularly trying child whose health was not more affected than his temper, and it is a pity that all teachers are not physicians as well. All cases of exceptional wilfulness and depravity should not only be promptly examined by a medical man, but watched by one for symptoms of incipient diseases. The State would be gainers by this course, losing the expense of trials and sentences of epileptic or lunatic criminals who should be under medical surveillance from the cradle to the grave. The family would be the gainer in credit, in peace, in safety from the crimes of varying degrees which are hushed up within sanctuary of home, and oftener still in seeing some incipient, nervous, insane or hypnotic child brought by wise treatment to firm, sound health of body and mind.

All things are possible to nature, and the hand which nature obeys. There is not the firmness, the "matured and educated intelligence" to train children wisely in one out of a hundred who undertake the task, or we should not talk of "hopeless cases." There are none: Moral means seem to fail because the physical part has been neglected. You can't convert a man or a boy with a clot of blood on his brain if all the eminent clergy should undertake the task. This boy is stupid, because he overfeeds, or has never eaten enough; that boy is malignant, from an ill-digested crude diet; the other is fitful and rebellious because the over-worked, over-stimulated nerves of his fathers are visited upon the children. The visiting physician, who should at least be on the school committee, should be intelligent enough to recognize these facts, and enthusiastic enough to pursue these children with all the renovating influences known to-day. No study becomes so intensely fascinating as that of saving a life in this way. No work is so fatally neglected.

SHIRLEY DARE.

A CURIOUS OLD CLOCK.

An Interesting Astronomical Timepiece Made for King Henry VIII.

The astronomical clock at Hampton Court Palace is the most curious timepiece in England. An old inscription proves it to have been made for Henry VIII. in the year 1540. The designer is not known, but is supposed to be the famous German astronomer, Nicholas Cratzer. The clock was found only about three years ago in a shed, where it had been for half a century, and was restored by the Secretary of the Board of Works. One of the stories about it is that if a resident dies it stops. The dial consists of three copper disks of different sizes, with a common center, but turning at varying rates. The center disk, the smallest, is 3 feet 3½ inches in diameter. In its center is a projecting globe, painted to represent the earth. The larger part of this disk is divided into four parts, and its outer edge is divided into 24 spaces. These represent respectively the four quarters of the moon and the hours that it crosses the meridian, and they are indicated by a small red arrow, painted on the second disk, which always points to the quarter in which the moon may happen to be.

The second disk is 4 feet 1½ inches in diameter, but only the outer rim is seen, and that is divided into 29 spaces, numbered from right to left, which represent the moon's age in days. From between the numbers 1 and 29 is a pointer that marks on the outer disk the time of the day and night as it passes the 24 Roman numerals, two sets of 12, painted on the stonework, within which it revolves.

The third disk, or outer disk, which is 7 feet 10 inches in diameter, has painted on it several sets of concentric circular spaces, first the names of the months, then the days of the month (only 28 for February), next the signs of the zodiac, each zodiacal space being divided into 30 degrees, and on the outside of this disk a circle divided into the 365 days of the year.

The weights that are used to run the clock have a drop of 60 feet, and it takes half an hour once a week to wind it. The clock is set in a stone frame about 15 feet square, with the badges of Henry VIII. above the portcullis and fleur de lis and the rose and his initials, H. R., below.

CHINA'S SIGNAL SERVICE.

Why the Astrologers Confine Themselves to Predicting the Weather.

[New York Sun.]

The household of the Emperor of China includes 30 umbrella bearers and 75 astrologers. The astrologers, who, correspond to the Signal Service Bureau of this country, predict every day the weather for the morrow. If they predict rain, the umbrella bearers take a day off. If they announce fair weather, on the other hand, the umbrella bearers, mandarins of the overshoe, and mackintosh men report at the palace at 6:30 A. M. The Emperor of China may be a Heathen Chinee, but he knows enough to copper his astrologers and meteorologers. As an instance of the sagacity of the Chinese imperial family in this regard, we may mention the signal refutation of judicial astrology made by Hung-Beef-Tung, a grandunele of the present Emperor. Chow-Chow, President of the Imperial College of Astrologers, came to Prince Hung's palace one morning, and said: "Scion of seventy thousand generations of Hungs, your poor servant has dreamed a dream. Meseemed that thou and I were transformed into great black dragons. Our wings were of equal length, and with equal flight we soared through the upper air."

"Well," asked the Prince, gracefully polishing his middle finger nail with the flat of a dagger of the first dynasty. "What of it, young feller?"

"This, my puissant and most gracious lord, that thy life and mine shall be long and of equal length. Astrology, Colonel Hung, is infallible."

"You are a liar," cried the Prince, and slit the astrologer's weasand. And it seems that Chow was a liar. For old Hung survived him 28 years, and would be alive now if he had let opium alone. Since Chow's death the Chinese astrologers have, by imperial order confined their predictions to the weather. If they make a correct prediction they are executed, but thus far none has incurred the penalty. The American Signal Service Bureau has still something to learn from Chinese methods.

CLARA BELLE'S CHAT.

Beefsteak Bill Now the Pet of the Leaders of the Four Hundred.

A COMING SOCIETY EVENT

That Promises to Outshine the Spectacular in More Ways Than One.

HOW THE GIRLS GET A WEE NIPPIE

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

NEW YORK, February 2.—Two Fifth avenue omnibuses started out from the northern terminus of the route and rattled down Fifth avenue, without stopping for those who indicated a desire to become passengers. It was late in the afternoon, at a time when every seat might have been quickly filled. Not until the vehicles reached the clump of Vanderbilt residences did they stop, and then it was to let in half a dozen ladies and gentlemen who emerged from those famous houses. At other points on the way down the avenue recruits were accepted, and when the Astor domiciles were reached the two loads were completed. The two sections of the party thus gathered were plainly inclined to hilarity, and it took on the unconventional manners of a picnic, a husking bee, or a straw ride; but the daylight of the time, and the publicity of the place, subdued the spirit of mirth almost altogether. The stages rolled on down town, and then through the great Eastside to an old and somewhat dilapidated wooden building, which bore no outward sign of business, nor yet any indication of its occupants. The excursionists from Fifth avenue here disembarked. They were exceedingly playful now, for they were far away from the fashionable section, and out in the woods, so to put it.

Once inside the house, they laid aside their overcoats and cloaks and sat down at a long table in a room that had been enlarged by roughly taking down the partitions of adjoining apartments. Then beefsteaks were served to them by several waitresses, superintended by a man in his shirt sleeves. He was Beefsteak Bill. He has lately come into a vogue that cannot last long, of course, but is for the present rather remunerative. It is a passing fancy of the nobs that Bill can cook steaks better than anybody else on earth. To put a prime piece of beef on a broiler over a clear, hot fire, turn it frequently until it is rapidly cooked, and take it from smoke or scorch, and finally serve it without delay, is an operation requiring much care but little skill. As perfect a steak as can be produced may be had at hundreds of New York restaurants. But the lark of going to Beefsteak Bill's is a novelty, and the indulgence I have described was keenly relished by those who participated in it. With their appetites sharpened by an omission of the noonday luncheon, as a preparatory treatment of their stomachs, and with the delights of pleasant company and a strange place to give zest to the meal, the beaux and belles devoured the steaks with ravening satisfaction. The only accompaniments were potatoes, bread and butter, and for beverages claret and ale. It is by recourse to these occasional whims of diversion that the swells save themselves from ennui. Just how Beefsteak Bill was chanced upon I have not been able to discover. Ordinarily he is a cook in a Broadway chop house. His house over on the Eastside is not a restaurant, and has been rented by him for its present purpose. He only operates it by arrangement. Two or three times a week it is in full blast, and on other days entirely idle.

The subject of the week's general preparation in "society" is the costume ball to be given next Tuesday night at the Academy of Design. The project was originally that of the American Watercolor Society and the Society of Decorative Art, but fashion has taken it up, and at the top of the list of patronesses are names of two Astor ladies and two Vanderbilts. In printing the invitations, by the way, the managers have been as careful with the types as though dealing with jealous prima donnas, for they have placed the Astors at the head of one column and the Vanderbil