PERSONALS.

WEALTHY YOUNG MAN WISHES TO CORRespond with a young lady with view to matrimony. Address F. M., Box 43, this office. ap29 1t*

BOY AND GIRL BABIES FOR ADOPTION. 961 Folsom st. ap28 3t*

LADIES—IF YOU WISH TO HAVE ELEGANTLY fitting suits, handsomely draped, made for $6, please call at MRS. MORRIS', 732½ Geary. ap29 3*

MACHINE WHITEWASHING IS BETTER than with brushes; contracts taken, 3c per square yard. Circulars 1409 Jackson st. ap28 1t

TAKE NOTICE—HARRY C. CLOSE IS NOT EMployed by me, and has no authority whatsoever to represent me. A. L. BOWHAY, Ladies' Tailor, 702 Market st. ap29 3t*

OUR TEAMS ARE SPOT CASH, AND WE BEAT any grocery or provision house on the Pacific Coast to undersell us. For the same quality of goods: finest Point Reyes butter, 35c a roll; fresh table butter, 30c a roll; choice butter, 25c a roll; Mission eggs, 20c a doz; ranch eggs, 2 doz, 35c, all warranted; fine Eastern sugar-cured hams, 12c a lb; Eastern sugar-cured pickle hams, 10c a lb; best California cream cheese, 2½ lbs 25c; New York cream cheese, 2 lbs 25c; fine new California cheese, 10c a lb; 9-gallon kegs best plain pickles, 75c; 3-bottles or mixed pickles, 25c; French mustard, 25c; half-gallon jars best homemade chow-chow, pickalily or pickles, 20c, equal to any imported pickles you pay 60c for; first-class patent roller flour, $1 ½ sack; Starlight coal-oil, $1 10 ⅌ can; 54 lb st fresh soda crackers, 10c; 3-lb can pure baking powder, 60c; 5-lb can pure baking powder, 90c; 2-lb cans assorted table fruits, $1 (peaches, pears, apricots, blackberries and pineapples); new sugar corn, every can warranted, only $1 per dozen; pure condensed milk, 10c a can; how is this? pure rolled wheat, white as snow, 8 lbs. for 25c, and 6 lbs. best Eastern rolled oats, 25c; good oatmeal, 35c a sack; good cream cheese, 15c per lb; 10-lb sack parties who have used our teas and coffees say they are the best value in the city; 5-lb pure English breakfast tea, Oolong uncolored, Japan or family mixed, for $1 50, only 35c per lb retail, give it a trial. ROBINSON & KNOX, 1910 and 1912 Market st., cor. Rose ave., and 900 Valencia st., corner of Twenti-eth. 29 SuTuTh 1t

ADVICE FREE; DIVORCES A SPECIALTY; private; 15 days; legal everywhere; no charges unless successful; probate, collections, etc.; responsible attorneys; all courts; terms reasonable; established 10 yrs. G. W. HOWE, 30 Kearny st. 19 1f

AT 126 KEARNY, ROOM 9, YOU CAN BORROW money at low rates; private rooms for ladies; pledges for sale; take elevator. au7 tf

CUT THIS OUT AND FRAME IT—A SWEEPing reduction in groceries: 20 lbs. sugar, $1; snow-white flour, 90c a sack; butter, 20c per roll; 13 cans tomatoes, $1; 10 cans of corn, $1; 13 cans of sardines, $1; 5-lb pail quince butter, 35c; 25 lbs. of figs or raisins, $1; 3-lb. can Easter's jelly, 35c; best Eastern hams, 12½c lb.; 4 lbs. mixed tea, $1; 4 lbs. good coffee, $1; 10-lb. pail lard, $1; 5-lb stoneware of new mince meat, 35c. LINCOLN TEA CO., Twenty-second and Valencia. ap27 3t SuTuTh

ADVICE FREE; DIVORCES A SPECIALTY; private; obtained; quickest time; legal everywhere; terms liberal; no charge unless successful; probate, insolvency collections, etc. T. ENGLEY, Attorneys' Association, 11 Kearny st. mr9 tf

PEARDON'S CLOAK AND SUIT HOUSE HAS removed to 23 Grant ave. ap27 7t

15 CANS TOMATOES, $1; 10 CANS SUGAR corn, $1; 12 cans assorted peas, $1; 10 cans table fruit, $1; 20-lb box raisins, $1; good flour, $1 a sack, $3 75 a barrel; 6 lbs. ground coffee, $1; 25 lbs prunes, $1; assorted dried fruit, 5c a lb; tea and coffee a specialty. LINCOLN TEA CO., Temperance Grocers, 1801 Polk st., corner Washington. ap6 SuTuTh tf

$1.50 FOR CABINETS; FULL LENGTH; artistic gems; CALIFORNIA ART STUDIO, 10 6th, 3 SuTuTh tf

FOR DRESSMAKERS' FINDINGS GO TO LIPMAN & CO., 26½ Kearny st., Room 13; goods at wholesale prices. mr23 eod 3m

DO YOU WISH A CLEAR, SOFT ENGLISH complexion? Then call on MME. ELISE, Salon Cosmetique Victoria, 1122 Market st., Room 2, parlor; opening day, Tuesday, April 29th; manicuring, ladies only, 25 cents. ap28 3t*

DR. NEWTON'S EVENING DENTAL PARLORS, 123 Grove st., near Pavilion; all dental operations performed till 10 P. M., Sundays 4 P. M. ap27 1t

DR. J. MILTON BOWERS MOVED RESIDENCE to 148 Eddy st.; office 1 Fifth. ap27 tf

IMPORTANT FOR LADIES! A NEW ANATOMIC discovery by PROFESSOR E. HEINE of Heidelberg, Germany, of permanently enlarging the bust and also increase in flesh, and is infallible in its effects and safe to use. DR. V. POPPER, sole agent, 127 Montgomery st. ap22 tf

MISS HOGG, 526 GEARY ST.; FUNERAL AND natural flowers received daily. ap22 1m

NOTICE, APRIL 23—I HAVE THIS DAY SOLD the fixtures and good-will of the Eagle Oyster house, 325 Fourth st., to GEORGE MILOSICH. M. PERINICH.

Office, April 23d—This is to certify that I this day bought all right and title of the Eagle Oyster-house, 325 Third st., clear of all debts. GEORGE MILOSICH. ap26 4t*

NOTICE—THE UNDERSIGNED WILL NOT BE responsible for debts contracted by A. F. ROOKER. J. E. FINCH.
April 24, 1890. ap25 7t

DRESSMAKING, 1228 MARKET, ROOM 6; $15 high silk suits made to order; dress suits made for $6 and upward. MME. LA MONTAGNE. ap25 1t

PIANO LESSONS BY GERMAN LADY—HALFhour 25c. 931 Market, Room 32. ap24 7t*

DIVORCES BY UNITED STATES DIVORCE Bureau; legal everywhere; no publicity; advice free. Address P. O. Box 2324, S. F., Cal. ap23 12t

A. & E. SNOOK, PLUMBERS, ROOFERS, GASfitters, tin, copper and sheet-iron workers. 630 Sacramento st., near Kearny; telephone 1727. ap19 tf

MARIE HALL'S MUSIC PARLORS: PIANO harp and vocal lessons. 120 Eddy st. ap19 12m

PIANOS ON INSTALLMENTS, WITHOUT interest; dress goods, cloaks, furniture, carpets, bedding, jewelry, pictures, mirrors, hanging lamps, clocks, etc.; carpets from 65c upward. J. NOONAN & CO., 1021 and 1023 Mission st., bet. Sixth and Seventh; open evenings. ap17 tf

HIGHEST PRICE PAID FOR CAST-OFF CLOTHing, gold, jewelry, books. KLEIN, 109 Sixth st.

WINDOW SHADES MANUFACTURED TO ORder by WILLIAM McPHUN, 1195 Market. 24 tf

FOLDING BEDS—EXAMINE OUR NO. 1001 folding bed, large size, $40; walnut, $45; oak and cherry; cash price elsewhere $65; our installment price only $50. M. FRIEDMAN & CO., 228-230 Stockton st., cor. Post; open evenings. ap16 tf

MILLINERY AT REASONABLE RATES—EXORBITANT prices; try 27 Sixth st.; hats press 25c, 35c. ap6 1m

ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN—DRESS-GOODS, silks, sealskin and sealette cloaks; also carpets, furniture, lace curtains, blankets and folding-beds at M. FRIEDMAN & CO.'S, 228-230 Stockton st. Why pay ready money when you can buy just as cheap by making a small cash payment down, balance weekly or monthly. An inspection of our stock is respectfully solicited; goods delivered free of charge; orders by mail for goods or samples promptly attended to. 228 and 230 Stockton st., cor. Post; open evenings. ap12 tf

A GREAT BUSINESS PROPOSITION—WE CAN save you 50 per cent on your purchases; fashionable tailor-made business suit for $15; merchant tailor's price $30. ORIGINAL MISFIT CLOTHING PARLORS, cor. Post and Dupont sts.

PIONEER CARPET-REAPING MACHINES DO the best work. J. SPAULDING & CO., 353 Bonanza st.; telephone 3040. ap12 tf

SELLING OUT ENTIRELY; GENUINE EYEglasses, specs, 15c up. 65 Fourth st., next to bakery. Sundays 7 to 8 P. M. Parlors 3 to 5 P. M. Ladies' Glove-store, 1 door from men's hat-store. 9 tf

ANDREW—MEET ME CORNER POST AND Dupont, to select a nobby spring suit made by a merchant tailor for $30, our price $15. ORIGINAL MISFIT CLOTHING PARLORS, cor. Post and Dupont sts.

CARPET-CLEANING; 3 TO 5 CTS. PER YARD; the best work guaranteed or no pay; telephone 3283. SUNNYSIDE STEAM CARPET-WORKS. ap6 6m

SCHOOL OF MASSAGE AND PHYSICAL CULture. A. G. GRETH, 921 Post st. ap6 tf

BE ADVISED IN TIME TO PURCHASE A MERchant tailor-made spring suit in 3 or 4 button cutaway for $20; merchant tailor's price $40. ORIGINAL MISFIT CLOTHING PARLORS, cor. Post and Dupont sts.

ALL FLESHY PERSONS CAN BE REDUCED by using DR. DU BOIS' Anti Obesity Tea, warranted harmless and pleasant to take; also an infallible cure for constipation. Kept by all druggists. Depot, 4 Sutter st., Room 33. mr20 6m

WILLIAM B. GALLAGHER HAS REMOVED his furniture business to 1241 Market st., near Ninth; cheap rent makes low prices. ap2 tf

CARPET-CLEANING, 3C PER YARD; CHEAPest and best in the city. J. E. MITCHELL & CO., 250 Fourteenth st. ap2 tf

CONTWAIT UNTIL IT IS TOO LATE—100 pairs spring styles light-colored trousers made by crack merchant tailors for from $10 to $15; our price $4 50 to $8. ORIGINAL MISFIT CLOTHING PARLORS, cor. Post and Dupont sts.

MILLINERY—MRS. J. HARRINGTON, FOR merly of 1017 Market st., has removed to 103 Grantave., bet. Geary and Post, where she will be pleased to see all her old patrons. mr30 1m

FIRST-CLASS CARPET BEATERS; CITY Steam Carpet Beating and Renovating Works, 24 and 26 Eighth st.; largest works in the city; work guaranteed. Address A. W. MANNING, proprietor; telephone 3250. mr9 tf

EVEN A FAT MAN NEED NOT GO SHABBILY dressed when we can fit you in a merchant tailor-made suit, newest spring styles, for $18; merchant tailor's price $40. ORIGINAL MISFIT CLOTHING PARLORS, cor. Post and Dupont sts.

MCKENNA'S RIDING-SCHOOL, 1537 MISSION, near twelfth; lessons given daily, Tuesday and Thursday evenings from 7 to 9; by the well-known instructor, J. MCKENNA; road horses for hire. 13tf

WE HAVE A NUMBER OF FULL DRESS SUITS to hire for balls, parties or funerals at a reasonable price. ORIGINAL MISFIT CLOSHING PARLORS, cor. Post and Dupont sts.

WAISTS CUT, FITTED, STITCHED, COLLARS; sleeves in; skirt cut, stitched, braid drapery, belts put on; $3. MME. MICHAUX, 116 McAllister.

PERFECT-FITTING TAILOR DRESS MADE IN 24 hours for $15, $20, $25; goods all found. MRS. M. DAVIS, 234 Geary st. mr17 tf

DIVORCES—FEE AFTER DECREE, JNO. J. COFFEY, attorney, 619 Montgomery st. fe19 tf

CARPETS THOROUGHLY CLEANED WITHOUT beating; refitting carpets a specialty. CONKLIN BROS., 333 Golden Gate ave.; telephone 2126. 13 tf

HENRY H. DAVIS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 420 California st., Rooms 3 and 4; ADVICE FREE.

DIVORCES, WILLS, ETC. FRANK KENNEDY, Attorney, 83 Murphy Building. 12 tf

GIVE A TALL SLIM MAN A CHANCE—WE CAN fit you, no matter how tall, in a merchant tailor-made spring suit for $20; merchant tailor's price $40. ORIGINAL MISFIT CLOTHING PARLORS, cor. Post and Dupont sts.

PRIVATE HOME IN CONFINEMENT, 931 Folsom st. MRS. M. E. ROGERS, Midwife. a8 12m

YOU CAN BUY YOUR FURNITURE ON 10 stallments; easy terms. BARE BROS., 322 and 324 Hayes st., bet. Franklin and Gough. mr15 tf

DRESSMAKERS.

PROFESSOR LINDSAY'S MECHANICAL SYSteme of dress cutting taught and systems for sale; also dressmaking. 19 Montgomery ave. ap28 7t

FASHIONABLE SUITS MADE IN LATEST style, $4 up; fit guaranteed. 508 O'Farrell. 27 3*

MISS A. E GRIFFITH, DRESSMAKER AND MILliner, Room 317 Phelan Building. ap19 1m*

MISS AGNES KELTER, 119 STOCKTON, NEAR Geary; stylish suits from $3 50 up; cutting and fitting a specialty; 75 cents; perfect fit. ap7 tf

EDUCATIONAL.

DRAWING AND PAINTING; DAILY CLASS. 643 Valencia st. ap27 7t*

ELOCUTION, ORATORY AND DRAMATIC ART; all branches. GUY CARLETON, 527 Post. a18 1m

S. F. SHORT-HAND AND TYPE-WRITING INstitute; $6 per month. Kearny st., cor. Clay; standard system; books, etc., free. mr30 1m

SCHOOL OF CIVIL, MINING AND MECHANICAL Engineering, Surveying, Architecture, Drawing, Assaying. A. VAN DER NALLEN, 723 Market.

HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, 24 POST ST. Double-entry book-keeping, penmanship, shorthand, type-writing, telegraphy, etc., all includedin business course under one fee of $75. jo30 tf

PACIFIC BUSINESS COLLEGE, 320 POST ST. Life scholarship, $75; day and evening. oc29 3t

PHYSICIANS.

DR. AIKIN, 7 GRANT AVE.; LOW FEES; EYEing, all ails; men, ladies, confidently consult. free.

ISLAIS CREEK.

HEDGED in by somber hills and bleak,
In murmurs soft, creeps Islais Creek.
Along the bases of the hills,
Fed by a thousand sparkling rills,
That down the rugged mountain's side,
From secret springs—a ceaseless tide—
They fall into the creek's embrace,
The garrulous babblers of the place!
O'er rocky ledges, smooth as glass,
In flakes of foam the waters pass.
Soon through the vale, by zephyr fanned,
Tortuously they flow o'er silvery sand:
Through banks with nodding cresses crowned,
Then roll with gentle, cadenced sound,
That softly falls on anguished hearts,
Deep-pierced by Sorrow's painful darts,
As from saintly lips falls comfort rare
On souls reclaimed from dark despair.
They tremble along till, lo! in the bay
Their monotone murmurs die away.
Sweet creek! Oft by thy flower-grown rim—
In similt morn or evening dim,
Whilst turmoil slept and silence fell
Caressingly on mount and dell—
I lingered long, well pleased to feel
Thy kindly influence o'er me steal,
Like transitory gleams of mirth
O'er hearts with grief crushed down to earth.
Farewell, fair stream! companion dear,
My bosom friend of one bright year!
Hills somber, bleak; flower-jeweled dell,
Ye scenes of joy, farewell, farewell!

San Francisco, Cal. JOSEPH T. COPITHORNE.

NETTLESHIP'S SCORE.

I.

IT was Nettleship's match, or rather the University match that cricketers persist in calling Nettleship's, because it is generally held to have been Nettleship's long score and apparently nothing else that ultimately won the game for Oxford. It was the second day of the match, and the luncheon interval, which occurred shortly after Nettleship had gone in.

The day was gorgeous, as those who were up at Lord's will remember, and the dresses of the ladies were in keeping with the day, as half a dozen newspapers observed the next morning. Never, it was agreed, had the well-appointed ground in St. John's Wood presented a fairer spectacle than during that interval. A perfect galaxy of beauty floated before your eyes across the trim, green sward; behind you the dainty picture was already in full swing on the tops of the handsome drags; in every direction champagne corks were popping with enviable iteration, and over all shone the hot June sun. So the papers said, and not without truth. Personally, however, it is more than likely you took little or no interest in these phenomena. You knew them by heart, you see, as well as the descriptive gentleman who reported them, at long range, from the Strand. Most probably you spent the time in those exceptionally delightful recognitions which come but once a year, and at Lord's, where you have the annual opportunity of offering a good clip to the man in the house—who had you flogged for smoking in your study—and of patronizing the snob you used to fag for. You and some other fellow strolled about the ground together, and you bear him still the same, and criticized them horribly; and, no doubt, among other objects, you drew his attention to one of the players who was lunching in a landau, and was somewhat conspicuous, being the only one of the twenty-two—so far as could be seen—who preferred this sort of discomfort to the regular thing under cover. "That's Nettleship," you said; "he's in, you know." And of course the other fellow said pointedly that he could see that Nettleship was having his innings, and laughed; and you laughed, too, indulgently, but drew nearer, to stare at the man who seemed already to have collared the Cambridge bowling.

All Oxford knew Nettleship by sight, and probably so did most Cambridge men. He had played three previous years at Lord's, and though he had been a disappointment in those three matches, no one who had seen him in the field was likely to forget him. Not so much because he was the finest cover point in either team, but almost entirely because of his good looks, which were quite singular and not at all of the conventional order. His jet-black hair, for instance, was a sheer anachronism in its length and curliness, and would have been considered extremely bad form in anybody but Nettleship. His pale face, also, was clean shaven for no good reason; but forehead, nose and chin were needed in the very best Greek style. So, at least, they had seemed when Nettleship played his first match at Lord's as a Freshman. They were now, it was remarked, a little sharp and angular; it was felt, though it was the face of a determined, persevering poet, at least looking the part rather than that of a born athlete, it was a face that every one knew. Even the ladies at Lord's, who notoriously never look at the cricket except to furnish their annual supply of high-class "comic copy" in the form of artless comment—even the ladies knew Mr. Nettleship by sight, and really watched the game if he fielded close to the ropes. As for the men of his time, it has been hinted that they judged him by no ordinary standard of "form." Though they may have regarded him as a dangerous and even impossible model. It may be added that they did not even speak of him in the ordinary way. It is Brown of Oriel, instead of Brasenose, Robinson of New. It was Nettleship of the University—Nettleship of Oxford. And Nettleship of Oxford was having his innings, it was observed, and the reference was not so much to the tidiness or forty runs he had already to his credit as to what he was possibly good for, as to the fact that Nettleship was calmly eating salmon mayonnaise by the side of one of the loveliest girls on the ground, on the apex of whose parasol flaunted a dark-blue knot.

The laudau patronized by the celebrated Oxonian was a new one, though in point of existence the crest upon the door was as old and newer. The liveries of footman and page were also very new, and their wearers were at any rate new to London, which was plain from their behavior. In Lord's Pavilion the flip of the Varsity was with painfully new people. Their name was Mellwraith; old McIlwraith was one of the newest of the new M. P.'s, and their town house was an institution whose origin in two weeks could be reckoned on the fingers of two hands.

Nettleship finished his salmon mayonnaise as regardless of the world's eyes as though he were still at his college.

"Let me take your plate," said the lovely girl at his side; and Nettleship let her, or at any rate did not attempt to prevent her until too late. Then he apologized, of course, but coolly.

"Elaine!" said the girl's mother, with some severity. "That is Thomas' business, Thomas!"

Thomas, the page, arose somewhat flushed from the luncheon table and wheeled the Masters Mellwraith under the carriage and was William, a race of spilling the remains of the mayonnaise over Miss McIlwraith's dress, in the self-consciousness.

"That boy is quite unbearable," said Mrs. McIlwraith with irritation. "Mr. Nettleship," she continued, in tones that were artifically hospitable and unmistakably cold, "what dare we offer you? My eldest boy told me such terrible tales about training that really one does not know, you know."

There was a moral wheeze in the lady's voice that Nettleship's ear detected with the celerity and certainty of a stethoscope. At once he became alert and attentive. He wanted nothing more—not that cricket demanded any particular training, like the sports—but what might he get for Mrs. McIlwraith? Oyster patties, salad, strawberries, ices, champagne? He must be allowed to make himself useful, he protested, and for some minutes Mrs. McIlwraith received more assiduous attention at his hands than she had ever seen him pay her daughter or any other woman, young or old. This, of course, may have been diplomacy in Nettleship. His eyes were blue and keen and searching; his smile had of late been a cynical curl, and indeed there were diplomatic potentialities in every curve of his mobile, clear-cut countenance. But there was enough of careless candor in his smiling glance—enough to be largely genuine.

This glance, too, was leveled exclusively at the lady. Nor could it have done any violence to his optic nerves to contemplate Mrs. McIlwraith closely and long, for, as elder ladies go, she was among the very prettiest. Stout she undoubtedly was, but her hair was still golden almost, and her own entirely; while her complexion had resolutely refused to grow any older some thirty years ago, and had carried out its independent resolve without the aid of a single cosmetic. She was dimpled, too, with sympathetic, poetical dimples not in complete harmony with her present character, though they had very well suited those idylic and comparatively humble days to which Mrs. McIlwraith had read her "Tennyson" to such practical purpose as to christen every child she had thereafter Elaine.

In addition to these lingering charms of a simple girlhood there was her later, more worldly, but scarcely less pleasing, attribute of being always liberally and even fashionably dressed in the best possible taste. This, of course, was greatly enhanced to-day; while, as usual, her face offered a choice study in comfortable serenity. As for Elaine McIlwraith, she was precisely what it was plain that her mother had been at Elaine's age; only prettier, you would have said; and less shallow, I happen to know.

"You say you are living in town now?" said Mrs. McIlwraith.

"For the last few months," Nettleship replied. "Since I got back from my globe trot."

"Then you will do it again, I suppose, after you have gone through your college stuff?"

"For his university," Elaine suggested.

"Oh, we are allowed to play four seasons, don't you know?" Nettleship explained. "It wasn't my intention to do anything of the sort, and I haven't been up once this term, but they bothered me about the London matches and I suppose I was too keen myself to refuse."

At this moment an elephantine young man rolled up to the carriage and leaned heavily upon the door. He was very stout, indeed, and extremely like Mrs. McIlwraith in face. In fact, he was her eldest boy. But those terrible tales of training mentioned by that lady were evidently not her son's personal experiences.

"Ned, my boy," cried this young man, slapping Nettleship heavily upon the shoulder, "you're drinking nothing! Thomas—champagne for Mr. Nettleship."

"Arthur," said Nettleship, "I don't want any."

Arthur insisting, however, he took the glass, put it once to his lips, and seized an early opportunity of surreptitiously conveying it over the far side of the carriage into the hands of young Launcelot McIlwraith, who shared it (unfairly) with the still younger Enoch Arden McIlwraith, who flung the dregs in the footman's face.

The bell for clearing the ground was now likely to ring at any moment. Luncheon, so far as Nettleship was concerned, was long over. He took the opportunity, however, before going back to the pavilion, afforded by Arthur's whispering into his mother's ear the names of the nobles on the contiguous drags, in fulfilment of a solemn charge delivered before leaving home—Nettleship took this opportunity to turn and speak to Elaine.

"What ages it is since we met!" he said, looking at her critically.

"It is just a year and a half," Elaine said simply.

He, for his part, had no idea when it was; he would not have owned to one in any case; but Elaine's long memory did not displease him, and he answered with a laugh:

"Is it really all that? I say, Elaine, how old we are all getting! You must be—let me see—twenty—what?

"How ridiculous you are! Twenty's a year away still. I'm 19 on Friday, as you might know if you—if—"

"Friday! Oho, your birthday's on Friday!" whistled Nettleship—as though, until the other year, he had not sent her presents, regularly as the calendar on that day. "You ought to celebrate it, Elaine, in Sussex square."

"What is that, Mr. Nettleship?" said Mrs. McIlwraith, sharply. Her face, however, did not for a moment lose its serenity. That was its way.

"I made so bold as to suggest a birthday party in Elaine's honor," said Nettleship, with the coolness of an old-established family friend.

(Arthur, having detected his small brothers in the act of opening a fresh bottle of champagne in their inferno under the carriage, was engaged in brotherly chastisement, so he did not hear what following.)

"A party!" cried Mrs. McIlwraith, taken aback for the moment, but yet able to promptly press her daughter's foot with her own. "Oh, I see; an 'at home,' a reception. And all because of a birthday! Why, really, Mr. Nettleship—the children are not children now!"

"It appears not," said Nettleship, rising as the bell rang in the pavilion; "when they were, I was 'Ned' to you all!" And with a somewhat cold smile and a short leave-taking he was gone.

A thousand glances followed his retreating form in the jacket that was no longer blue, but honorably faded. It was its fourth and last appearance at Lord's on this great occasion. A thousand tongues talked "Nettleship" for the moment. It was his last chance in the Varsity match. He had never done anything in it before. Yet he was the best bat in the eleven; he had begun well; he did look like rising to the occasion this time, and coming off at last.

But in the new landau Elaine ventured at once upon a mild remonstrance with her mother.

"How very odd of you not to tell him about Friday evening, mamma! You implied an untruth, even if you did not tell one!"

"If it was only 'a lie which is half a truth,'" said Mrs. McIlwraith, blandly, remembering a phrase but forgetting entirely the context: "if it was only that, my dear, I am sorry I have shown that I need practice. Don't look absurd, Elaine! Town life would be unbearable without the fib—the little, necessary fib. I settled that before we left the country."

"But why on earth not ask him? When we know him so well?"

"Why on earth? Every reason on earth," smiled Mrs. McIlwraith, in perfect good humor. "Must I remind you of some of them? Well, then, they are losing money, the Nettleships, as fast as ever they can. Before long they will fail; nothing can prevent it. Your father has reason to know this. Your father saw reason to cease doing business with them at least a year ago. This young man has no longer any prospects. Why did he leave home from abroad, after six months, when he went for eighteen, if it was not that supplies ceased? Yes, all the sons had a few thousands from their mother, I know that; but it is the merest pittance, and goodness knows what he is doing for a living in town or how he dare be playing here. These are a few of the reasons on earth, and they are reasons enough for our not going out of our way to ask him to the house. Because a young man has a room in the Temple, Elaine, it doesn't follow—Elaine! you are not listening! Why, the girl is clapping her hands like a lunatic! What is it?"

To be Continued.

COAST ITEMS.

Brief Notes From Pacific States and Territories.

Two oil companies of Ventura County are paying dividends.

The Merced Express says the crying want of that place is a good flouring-mill.

The wool clip of Otay Valley, San Diego County, to date weighed 133,500 pounds.

The Fresno Expositor serves customers daily by carriers on horseback as far away as twenty miles.

An artesian well 585 feet deep on the Titus place, Pasadena, has water within six feet of the top.

The Lodi Sentinel says the apricot, prune and almond orchards in that section are in splendid condition.

The United States Coast Survey has started to run a base-line, eleven miles long, near Santa Ana.

The new ferry steamer now building for the Donahue route at Tiburon will be launched on May 5th.

Stockmen of Newman, Stanislaus County, have been busy shipping their animals to San Francisco in the past week.

Since President Harrison took charge of the White House he has appointed five Postmasters for Glendora, Los Angeles County.

The Sheriff of Clatsop County, Oregon, recently spent ten days in making up a delinquent tax-roll, yet his legal charge was only $3.

William Mason of Pasadena has taken a contract to move the buildings in the town Saticoy, Ventura County, one mile to the railroad.

A box factory at Sawyer is now ready to begin business with 500,000 feet of lumber in the yard and with contracts out for 1,000,000 feet more.

Three men of Montesano, Utah, recently paid $1500 for 115 acres of land. They now have in bank $12,000 from sales of two-thirds of the tract.

The tariff in Sacramento for whipping a mother-in-law was settled last week by a police magistrate. He thought $30 was about the fair price.

Judge Cheney of Los Angeles has declared an ordinance invalid that prohibits the Salvation Army orchestra from playing on the public streets.

The Territorial Enterprise says the dullest people in Nevada are the lawyers. Many have pulled up stakes and settled in Washington and Oregon.

An Indian girl at Banning has shown such decided talent in music as to be taken in hand by a competent pianist to be taught that instrument thoroughly.

Judge Worth of Martinez has a copy of the New England Courant of February 11, 1723, that was printed by Benjamin Franklin, in Queen street, Boston, Mass.

A strike by the chain-gang in Marysville was rendered ineffectual by Marshal Mabin by putting the men into dark cells and treating them to liberal doses of bread and water.

A large schooner left Los Comas, Oregon, last Tuesday with 300,000 feet of lumber for San Luis Obispo. This was the first deep-water vessel that loaded at that place.

The Salinas Index was nineteen years old last Thursday. Since April, 1876, the paper has been managed by W. J. Hill, who has made it a success in every department.

There are 600 names on the roll of the Soldiers' Home at Sawtelle, near Santa Monica, and yet there are plenty of vacant lots. Ten acres of fine gardens have been set out, and the veterans live on the fat of the land.

Contracts have been awarded for building brick and stone school-houses at the Indian reservation near Pendleton, Oregon. The first will cost $11,900 and the second $5500.

J. A. Norvell of Merced is a busy man. He runs a first-class weekly, is County Superintendent of schools, looks after his ranch and dabbles extensively in real estate.

The Lake County Avalanche says several wealthy men are disgusted with the unfair methods of the Assessor last year and they have decided to sell out and leave the county.

The owners of the bituminous rock quarries of Santa Cruz tried to cut the price of hauling from $2 a ton to $1 75, but the teamsters refused to submit and quit work in a body.

The Humboldt Times says: The warm rain of last week hatched out two more Democrats in Mendocino County, and now there are nineteen of them announced for public office.

Santa Barbara gardens are swarming with orioles of brilliant plumage and sweet songs. They are gladly welcomed by the people, for they are sure destroyers of insects and worms.

The Ventura County Supervisors have passed an ordinance that compels owners of ditches and flumes to put wire screens at their mouths to prevent fish from being drawn away from their native streams.

The Kern County Californian says: Tulare Lake is rapidly rising and farmers who had settled on land from which its waters receded years ago are being forced to leave. Many believe that it will rise to its old shore line.

Dr. William Jackson died at Victoria, B. C., last Wednesday from injuries received a few days before by a runaway team. He came to that colony in 1862 and filled many prominent positions under the Dominion Government.

The Santa Ana Standard says: A woman weighing 313 pounds stepped on the scales near our office this week, and then walked proudly away. She was raised without irrigation. That's the thing of productions our county boasts.

News was received at North Yakima, Wash., on Saturday, that enough bonds were sold in New York to insure the completion of the big canal and irrigating works. The bonds were guaranteed by the Northern Pacific Railroad Company.

On April 7th Angelo Sorocco left Johnsville, Plumas County, on snow-shoes to visit a mining claim on Jamison Creek. He never got there, and a search party was sent out. They found his body in a deep hole not far from where he started and he froze to death.

The contract for carrying the mail between Seattle and Port Townsend has been let to the Puget Sound and Alaska Steamship Company, for $8995 a year. The service between Seattle and Whatcom was given to the Union Pacific Railroad, for $5000 a year.

The Portland Oregonian says: The Devil's Playground, near Puyallup, for years the center of attraction for Indian horse-racing and gambling, has given way to the march of progress. The owner has laid it off into lots and acre tracts and it will soon be a part of the town.

J. V. B. McCurdy is the patroon of Queen City, Paradise Valley, Nev. He owns the only house in the place. It stands in the center of a 5000-acre tract, which is inclosed with a seventeen-wire fence, rabbit-proof. Inside this fence roam some 3000 Angora goats headed by 30 prize collies.

A school-boy at Vallejo attempted to discipline Principal Babcock last Friday according to the Marquis of Queensberry rules, but he met his match in the first round. After being choked into submission, the young tough was sent home and a charge of battery placed against him.

The house of Charles Branch at Sargents, Santa Clara County, was ruined by the recent earthquake, says the Gilroy Gazette. When the first shock came Mrs. Branch caught the baby and rushed from the room. When the second shock came the chimney was crushed and buried under heavy blocks of adobe.

SEA AND SHORE.

The Yacht White Wings Run Into by a River Steamer.

Arrival of the Bark Southern Chief From San Pedro in Tow—Jack-Tars Ashore on Liberty—Movements of Ships.

On Sunday the yacht White Wings, Captain Chittenden, went on a cruise around the bay having a large pleasure party on board. She returned to her berth at Clay-street Wharf, made fast and disembarked her passengers about 6 o'clock in the evening. Shortly afterward the T. C. Walker, Captain Tyler, entered the slips from a trip to Martinez.

The stern-wheeler backed and filled and yawed around in the slip to the great danger of the small craft. Finally her stern swung around and crashed against the White Wings, carrying away her main boom and causing her to part her stern lines. The yacht's bow swung into the wharf and her bowsprit was carried away. The bulwarks were also considerably damaged.

The White Wings belongs to the San Francisco Yacht Club and Captain Chittenden reported the matter to Commodore Gutte, who will take steps to have what is considered a gross act of carelessness on the steamer's part thoroughly investigated by the Government local Inspectors.

THE SOUTHERN CHIEF ARRIVES.

The bark Southern Chief, which left here on the 15th inst. for Nanaimo in ballast and met with heavy gales outside, sprang a leak and had to put into San Pedro, where she was beached. At the time she had seven feet of water in her hold. A hole was found in her bottom, and was plugged up and the bark was hauled off, and the tug Vigilant went down to tow her to this port. She arrived here yesterday afternoon after a towage of sixty-one hours from light to light.

During the trip up the bark only made one inch of water per hour. The day before the vessel left here she went on the dry-dock for some repairs, and it is thought that a tenail was negligently left out and worked loose. Captain Rains, who left here in command of the vessel, left her in San Pedro, saying that he would not go in her unless she carried a steam pump, and Captain Cross was sent down by the owner, Frank Barnard, and took charge of her.

The weather was cloudy at Point Lobos yesterday and the wind all day from the southwest, blowing in the afternoon sixteen miles an hour. The barometer read: 8 o'clock in the morning 29.98, noon 29.98, 5 o'clock in the afternoon 29.96.

IN THE WHITE STAR LINE.

Captain John H. Rinder, well-known here as master of the ship Childwall, has been appointed third officer of the White Star Line's new ocean greyhound Majestic.

The ships Andora, Cardiganshire and Cambrian Queen, hence, have arrived at Falmouth; the Warwick Castle at Grimsby and the Cyrus Wakefield and Drummuir at Hull.

One hundred and fifty of the Charleston's crew came ashore yesterday on forty-eight hours' liberty, and made things lively on the water front.

A dispatch received at the Merchants' Exchange states that the steamer Alameda arrived at Auckland yesterday at 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

The steamer San Blas sailed from Acapulco last Tuesday for Panama. She is due here on Friday.

The Oriental and Occidental Steamship Company's steamer Gaelic is due to-day from China and Japan.

MOVEMENTS OF VESSELS.

The schooner J. G. North towed over to Oakland yesterday.

The bark Southern Chief docked at Fremont street on arrival.

The schooner Humbolton will sail to-day and the brig Lurline will come over from Oakland and dock at the refinery.

The bark Aureola docked at Howard No. 1 on arrival yesterday.

The bark Samoset docked at Folsom No. 2.

The Stanmore shifted from Howard street to Section 2 of the sea-wall.

The schooner Sparrow came from Oakland Creek and docked at Green street.

The ship Argomene will go to Balfour's Wharf, Port Costa, the ship E. B. Sutton will go to Long Bridge and the bark Andrew Welch will tow to sea.

CLARK ON THE STAND.

He Testifies That He Was at a Theater When Logan Was Killed.

The trial of C. E. Clark for the murder of Captain Duncan Logan was resumed yesterday before Judge Murphy and a jury.

Joseph Scheidler testified that Oscanyon, who was in the prisoner's company on the night of the shooting, left a valise at his house, but on the following day took it away.

Joseph Dixon, a peddler, the next witness, testified that at the hour when the murder was committed he was talking with Clark in a variety theater on Howard street.

Clark was next called in his own behalf, and stated that on the night that Captain Logan was killed he attended a performance in a Howard-street variety theater, and that after the place closed he passed the night in the Branch Lodging-house. He described all his movements on that evening up to the time that he went to sleep.

His testimony was corroborated as regards his abiding place that night by the clerk of the lodging-house, who remembered him, but Captain Lees gave in evidence that when Clark was arrested he stated that he had slept that night at the Lindell House on Howard street.

On being recalled, Clark said he never carried or owned a pistol, except a few years ago, when he purchased a $1 toy pistol with which to amuse himself on the Fourth of July.

At 2:30 o'clock in the afternoon an adjournment was taken until this morning at 10 o'clock.

REAL ESTATE TRANSACTIONS.

Jacob Heyman to Charlotte L. Riker, lot on S. line of W st., 107:6 E. of Fortieth ave., E. 25x100.....$10

F. B. White to Maggie Short, lot on NE. cor. of B st. and Fifteenth ave., E. 6:3x196.....10

North San Francisco Homestead and Railroad Association to Ellen Vinsonhaler, lot beg. 120 N. of Geary st. and 120 E. of W. of Broderick, E. 59, S. 46, W. 59, N. 40.....10

Ellen Vinsonhaler to Philip Freuger, lot on N. line of Greenwich st., 222:6 E. of Baker, E. 59x120.....10

Andrew C. Knudsen to Louisa Knudsen, undivided half of lot