**PERSONALS.**

PIANO LESSONS BY GERMAN LADY; HALF hour 25 cents. 931 Market st., Room 32. my1 7*

A.—AM VERY SORRY. SHOULD YOU WANT anything at any time let me know. [1t*] S.

OUR TERMS ARE SPOT CASH, AND WE DEFY 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 picnic hams, 10c a lb; best California cream cheese, 2 lbs 25c; New York cream cheese, 2 lbs 25c; fine new California cheese, 10c a lb; 5-gallon kegs best plain or mixed pickles, 70c; 3 bottles best French mustard, 25c; half-gallon jars best homemade chow-chow, picca lilly or pickles, 20c, equal to any imported pickles you pay 60c for; first-class patent-roller flour, $1 8 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; 8 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, 5 lbs. for 25c, and the best Eastern rolled oats, 25c; good oatmeal, 35c a sack; good cornmeal, 20c per 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 & NOLAN, 1910 and 1912 Market st., cor. Rose ave., and 900 Valencia st., corner of Twentieth apr27 SuTuTh 3t

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, 25c; 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, 25c. LINCOLN & GAGE, cor. Twenty-second and Valencia. apr27 3t SuTuTh

15 CANS TOMATOES, $1; 11 CANS SUGAR corn, $1; 12 cans sweet peas, $1; 10 cans peaches, $1; 20-lb box raisins, $1; good flour, $1 a sack, $3 75 a barrel; 3 lbs. ground coffee, $1; 25 lbs prunes, $1; assorted dried fruit, 5c a lb; tea and coffee a specialty. LINCOLN TEA CO., Temperance Grocers, 1301 Polk st., corner Washington. apr6 SuTuTh tf

MONS. S. STROZYNSKI HAS CREATED A NEW style of hair-dressing for the coming season; also, he has his own and only patent process for restoring bleached and gray hair; hair-cutting done in most becoming style by six competent artists; hair shampooing and drying by patent machine; unequaled in the United States. S. STROZYNSKI, the leading lady's prize hair-dresser, cor. Ellis and Powell sts. apx30 1m

SOFT, CLEAR, ENGLISH COMPLEXION OBtained only by consulting MME. ELISE, Salon Cosmetique Victoria; manicuring done. 126 Kearny st., R. F., first floor. apx30 12m

LADIES ARE NOT CONSIDERED STYLISH unless they wear one of the latest front pieces originated by MONS. STROZYNSKI, cor. Ellis and Powell sts. apx30 1m

BOY AND GIRL BABIES FOR ADOPTION. 961 Folsom st. apx29 3t*

LADIES—IF YOU WISH TO HAVE ELEGANTLY fitting suits, handsomely draped, made for $6, please call at MRS. MORRIS', 732½ Geary. ap27 8t

MACHINE WHITEWASHING IS BETTER than with brushes; contracts taken, 3c per square yard. Circulars 1409 Jackson st. ap29 tf

MME. PATTI'S FASHIONABLE COLOR OF hair can be produced with Hene powder, leaves no extract. Judis by S. STROZYNSKI, sole agent, 101 Powell st., San Francisco. apx30 1m

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

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

AT 126 KEARNY, ROOM 9, YOU CAN BORROW money at low rates; private rooms for ladies; pledges for sale; take elevator. ap27 tf

S. STROZYNSKI'S INVISIBLE BRUNETTE powder for the complexion is the best and most harmless in the world. S. STROZYNSKI, sole manufacturer, 101 Powell st., San Francisco. ap30 1m

ADVICE FREE; DIVORCES A SPECIALTY; privately obtained; quickest time; legal everywhere; terms liberal; no charge unless successful; probate, insolvency collections, etc. T. ENGLEY, Attorney, Examiner Building, Kearny st.

PEARDON'S CLOAK AND SUIT HOUSE HAS removed to 23 Grant ave. apr27 7t

$1.50 FOR CABINETS; FULL LENGTH; Godeus' Art Studio, 10 6th. ap8 SuTuTh tf

DR. NEWTON'S EVENING DENTAL PARLORS, 123 Grove st., near Pavilion; all dental operations performed 7 to 10 p. m. Sundays 4 p. m. ap27 tf

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 to enlarge the bust and also increase in flesh, and is unfailible 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 of all kinds preserved. ap26 12m

DESSMAKING, 1228 MARKET, ROOM 6; stylish suiting made and a perfect fit guaranteed for $6 and upward. MME. LA MONTAGNE. ap25 tf

DIVORCES BY UNITED STATES DIVORCE Bureau; legal everywhere; no publicity; advice free. Address P. O. Box 1821, S. F., Cal. ap23 12t*

G. & E. SNOOK, PLUMBERS, ROOFERS, GASfitters, tin, copper and sheet-iron workers, 630 Sacramento st., near Kearny; telephone 1727. a19 tf

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

DRY GOODS 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 mirrored with large plate 18x40; walnut, oak and cherry; cash price complete $35; our installment price only $50. M. FRIEDMAN & CO., 228-230 Stockton st., cor. Post; open evenings. ap16 tf

MILLINERY — DON'T PAY EXORBITANT prices; try 27 Sixth st.; hats press d, 35c. a16tf

ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN—DRESS-GOODS, silks, sealskin and seal-plush cloaks, also carpets, furniture, lace-curtains, blankets and folding-beds at M. FRIEDMAN & CO'S, 228 and 230 Stockton st. Why pay ready money for what you can get just as cheap by making a small cash payment down, balance weekly or monthly? An inspection of our stock is respectfully solicited. 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 by purchasing a merchant tailor-made business suit for $15; merchant tailors' price $30. ORIGINAL MISFIT CLOTHING PARLORS, cor. Post and Dupont sts.

PIONEER CARPET-BEATING MACHINES DO the best work. UNION BUILDING & CO., 353 Tehama st.; telephone 3040. ap17 tf

SELLING OUT ENTIRELY; GENUINE EYEglasses, specs, 15c up, 65 Fourth st., next to bakery; Sundays 728 Market st., in Celebrated Ladies' Cloak-store. J. FOX, formerly from men's hatter.

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 3228. S. STRATTON, 1211 Market st. 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 drug gists. Depot, 4 Sutter st., Room 33. mr20 6m

WILLIAM R. 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., 230 Fourteenth st. ap2 tf

DON'T WAIT UNTIL IT IS TOO LATE — 100 pairs spring styles high-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.

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. mr6 tf

EVERY MAN THAT NEEDS NOT GO SHABBILY dressed when we can fit you in a spring merchant tailor-made suit, newest spring styles, for $18; merchant tailor's price $35. 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, lined, gathered; 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 Taylor st. mr1 tf

DIVORCES—FEE AFTER DECREE. JNO. J. COFFEY, attorney, 916 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, 429 California st., Rooms 3 and 9; ADVICE FREE. tf

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. 981 Folsom st. MRS. M. E. ROGERS, Midwife. a8 12m

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

A WEEK'S NEWS FOR 5 CENTS—THE WEEKLY CALL, in wrapper, ready for mailing.

**DRESSMAKERS.**

CUITS MADE REASONABLY; TAILOR SYSTEM taught. MISS GILLIGAN, 115 Kearny. 20 SuTh 1y

PROFESSOR LINDSAY'S MECHANICAL SYStem of dress cutting taught and systems for sale; also dressmaking. 16 Montgomery ave. ap28 7t*

MISS A. E GRIFFITH, DRESSMAKER AND MILliner, Room 12, Flood 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.**

CERTIFICATED TEACHER DESIRES PUPILS for pianoforte; terms $3 per month. Address 40 Russ st., off Howard, near ninth. ap30 7t*

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

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

SCHOOL OF CIVIL, MINING AND MECHANICAL Engineering, Surveying, Architecture, Drawing, Assaying. A. VAN DER NAILLEN, 723 Market. 21tf

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

PACIFIC BUSINESS COLLEGE, 320 POST ST. Life scholarship, $75; day and evening. oc20tf


## MY STAR.

Written for THE MORNING CALL.

I HAVE a star, a gulding star;
'Tis beautiful and bright;
So long that its rays I see,
In sunshine as at night.
Wherever duty's star may shine
And whatsoever betides—
The pleasure of my heart must wait—
I follow where it guides. ANELEH.

*Alameda, Cal., April, 1890.*

## NETTLESHIP'S SCORE.

III—[CONTINUED].

"WHERE did this come from?" said Elaine to Enid.

It was Friday evening at the new house in Sussex square. The first carriage might arrive at any moment. As yet the two girls had the drawing-room to themselves and were delicately disarranging the room in a truly enlightened spirit, though there was in it a newness, a stiffness and a pervading sense of Tottenham Court road that only the hand of time could soften. The subject of Elaine's inquiry, however, whencesoever it had come, was not, it was safe to bet, of that thoroughfare. And indeed, as Enid explained, it had come from quite another quarter that afternoon on approval.

"Approval!" said Elaine, with a slight and pardonable sneer. "Does that mean that it is to be paraded to-night and to-morrow returned as unsuitable? It has happened before, you know."

"Perhaps it is to happen again. I don't know. I only know that as we drove back from the park mamma declared she must get something pretty for the room; so we went to Glundoni's, and this oddity took her fancy. It is pretty, isn't it?—and it looks well by itself on this absurd little table. Well, you know mamma's way. I heard her say, 'Mr. McIlwraith is a great judge of Eastern work—quite his hobby, in fact—but it seems an enormous price. I really cannot decide until he sees it.' So it ended in our bringing it away with us in the carriage."

"Holy, indeed!" said Elaine scoffingly.

"When had papa any hobby but one?" But it appears to be an article in the London creed—at least, in mamma's interpretation of it, to tell stories whenever you possibly can. I must say I congratulate her on the ease with which she embraces the new faith. At least she has the courage of her inventions."

"Hush! shame! But let us leave the vase where it is, for it is really very pretty—"

"And no doubt valuable, which makes it meaner still. Yes, it can stay there—but, hush!"

For at that moment Mr. McIlwraith entered the room, as his daughter had truly observed, he had but one hobby—and that was political, which made him a dangerous man to meet in quiet corners. He talked of nothing else. Allowances could perhaps be made for him on the plea that he was so very new to the House, but those who knew him best found it hard to make them. A new bill, which affected Mr. McIlwraith's sympathies as a politician no less than his personal interests as an employer of labor, was then intermittently before the House, and, naturally enough, his head was full of it. It was a huge head, a magnificent head, but he ran fearful risks with it; it was absolutely distended with that bill. Even now, in the absence of men of his own weight, the poltroon fell upon his defenseless daughters and assaulted them with his last night's speech. No; they had not read it. They confessed they had not, and hung their heads.

"Ah!" said Mr. McIlwraith, kindly, "no time, I see; an exceptional day, I suppose. Well, well, we'll say no more about it at present. The Times is still intact, I dare say; you have laid it aside for a quiet time, perhaps. Good! You will find the report very interesting—satisfactorily full, I may say—though not verbatim. I could wish it had been verbatim. But you will read it, girls, before you go to bed, and we will discuss it at breakfast, when I shall be able to give you, word for word—for my memory is luckily a good one—all that they saw necessary to exclude."

"You are not going to-night, papa?" Enid ventured.

"To the House? yes, late—in time for the division. I must do that in deference to my constituents. Unfortunately, however, there is nothing of any interest to me going on to-night. What is the division about, you ask, Elaine? Ireland, my girl; Ireland. Now, what is far more important in my eyes than—"

Mr. McIlwraith took his foot from the stirrup, in the very act of remounting, on the entrance at this point of his wife. His wife's want of appreciation or sympathy where his nearest and dearest projects were concerned was notorious, and damaging to the dignity of the senator. She had even been known to tap each car with each index finger simultaneously, in pantomimic illustration of the velocity with which her husband's best periods passed in and out of her cranium. There was no occasion, however, to stable the trusty animal just yet. Already there were sounds upon the stairs, and old Mr. McIlwraith smelt the blood of Englishmen to whom resistance and escape would be alike impossible.

Once started, the influx of guests seemed never to abate during the remainder of the evening. Following the very oldest precedents, Mrs. McIlwraith had laid herself out for lions, and not without success. There were some entirely tame lions from her own circle, colleagues of her husband—whom they sedulously shunned all the evening. There was the wife of an illustrious lion—Professor Josling—who regretted that that eminent antiquary could not himself be present. There was a delightful and word-rifled lion from the Chinese Legation, who was so scandalously gulled, behind his back, by the well-bred Enoch Arden (instigated by the bold Lanucelot) that Lancelot, the page, disgraced himself with the coffee tray, and received notice that very night. Then there was the athletic lion captured at Lord's, a literary club from Fleet street and an artistic whelp from Chelsea. To crown all, a professional lion—with a high-class satirical entertainment, free from vulgarity—was due at 11 o'clock.

As the evening advanced Mrs. McIlwraith might have been seen moving about among the nobodies of her party and whispering into their private ears interesting personalities concerning the second lion. Her first time being, in fact, she became a sort of verbal paragraphist of the evening press; and as she was, if possible, rather more inaccurate than her prototype, the listener was alternately distressed or entertained, according to his—or, more generally, her—intelligence.

"That, my dear Mrs. Smythe, is Mrs. Josling, wife of the celebrated antiquity. He is busy with his great work, a new book, so was prevented from coming—much to his disgust, she says in one word. Proofs, you know—so like these terrible professors—they are forever proving what nobody wants to know, you know! Yes, I said antiquity, our delightful quiet, dear Mrs. Ling-Lung—Chinese Embassy, you know. Shall I introduce you? No? Then let me whisper; he came in those lovely garments at my special request! No—you know of course, Mr. McIlwraith, of course? No? Dear me, I thought everybody knew Mr. Nettleship. He is the champion cricketer of England; bowled ninety-nine of the Cambridge wickets at Lord's the other day. Ninety-nine, you know! So near and yet so far! We had a carriage on the ground and he lunched with us during the match, you know."

Having thus displayed her knowledge of the national game, Mrs. McIlwraith raised her pince-nez with a view to pointing out its doughty exponent. He was nowhere to be seen. Mrs. McIlwraith steered a zig-zag course down the room, but could find his nowhere. Elaine was missing, too. A sudden dread entered the lady's breast.

The windows of the room were tall, narrow, three in number, and opened each upon a small balcony of the most useless type. They were wide open on account of the excessively warm weather; for the same reason the blinds were hung and the curtains (fashionable Venetian) alone—and but partially—excluded the zephyrs of Sussex square. Naturally enough, among the silky fabrics of window No. 3, innocently contemplating the Albert Hall, Mrs. McIlwraith discovered the missing pair. Their backs, of course, were alone presented, but Mrs. McIlwraith instantly identified Elaine's dress, and tapped her daughter on the shoulder with her fan—in excellent imitation of the business-like and smart detective and the discomfited villain in the fifth act.

Elaine started, of course; nevertheless the radiance could not and would not at once forsake her face when she turned and confronted her mother. Mrs. McIlwraith spoke not a word. Her blue eyes glittered upon Nettleship's cool face for one instant; the next she turned, as abruptly as was possible in a woman of her size, and sailed away with her prize. The little incident was quietly over, and attracted no notice, owing to forethought in the choice of windows.

Nettleship continued in solitude his survey of the night. He was in no way put out, but he did not immediately see fit to leave the inner room. When he did, however, his step was a thought jaunty, his smile bordered upon insolence and his hands were in his pockets. He became at once aware that something of interest was taking place at the other end of the room. A small crowd were surrounding somebody, reminding Nettleship, in a small way, of the crowd by St. Mary's church gate when the converted cannibal is swallowing the lighted fuses. With somewhat similar amount of curiosity he approached this crowd. On his way he saw his host lead off the lively widow of Colinmun to political execution in the study. A moment later he heard the silvery tones of his hostess proceeding from the center of the little crowd.

"Indeed, and indeed, you make too much of my modest little heirloom, dear Mrs. Josling!"

"If the Professor were here he would make a good deal more of it," that lady stoutly rejoined.

"But you must really allow me to obtain a simple impression, with this pencil and piece of paper, of such delicate and utterly fantastic tracery. He shall see what that is like, at all events."

There was a pause. Nettleship raised himself to his full height and saw an intellectual-looking lady carefully penciling a piece of paper held closely over a spherical surface. He was mildly interested.

"And this has really been in your family for a century, Mrs. McIlwraith?" some one asked.

"Since the battle of Plassey," said Mrs. McIlwraith, glibly. "My grandfather fought there."

"That's perfectly lovely," thought Nettleship. "I have heard of it often enough. But I never before heard of any heirloom. What can it be?"

He drew himself up once more to his full height, and saw his hostess lift her head to make the most of. And then he saw what it was, and would have whistled aloud had he not been a thoroughly cool-headed fellow. For the cynosure of all eyes—the heirloom of the McIlwraiths, the spoil of Plassey—was nothing more or less than the Indian vase of bronze lately in Nettleship's own possession, and but three days ago on sale at Glundoni's!

"And still they come!" cried Mrs. McIlwraith, smiling—under the public eye—quite sweetly upon the famous cricketer. "Look at it, Mr. Nettleship! of course you may—with pleasure. But, really, it is too absurd. To think that our wretched little heirloom should attract so much attention!"

Nettleship took at it—with exaggerated interest, with unnecessary elaboration; in every light and upon every side; at ridiculous length. His lingering manner was in itself calculated to attract attention. Mrs. McIlwraith began to feel uncomfortable.

"Do you know, Mrs. McIlwraith," he said at last, with great distinctness, "I cannot remember ever once to have seen this most interesting curio up north."

Mrs. McIlwraith explained, with a strange mixture of hot and cold in her manner, that she had kept it under lock and key while the children were young, and then, with a sudden determination to carry it off secretly in spite of her feelings, Mrs. McIlwraith laughed. It was a nervous, unsuccessful laugh, nor was there any apparent reason for a laugh at all.

But Nettleship had already attracted the attention that was so undesirable, and this was doubled in an instant when the young man deliberately raised the bronze vase to his nose and sniffed it suspiciously.

"Why," he exclaimed, looking around upon the company, "it smells of tobacco!"

"Impossible!" said poor Mrs. McIlwraith, forcing another laugh. But this time her laughter was worse than unsuccessful and nervous—it was hysterical.

"Oh, but it does though," chuckled Nettleship, putting the vase into his hostess' trembling hands; "try it! It's tobacco or nothing. What's more, I recognize the brand. It's Callender's Honeydew Mixture. I smoke it myself."

Mrs. McIlwraith turned white as a sheet, but she was not the woman to faint, and Nettleship knew it.

"I never knew before," went on the forward young man, humorously, "that Mr. McIlwraith smoked Callender's Honeydew Mixture!"

It was here put forward by several persons who considered Nettleship's manner offensive, that Mr. McIlwraith did not smoke at all, but, on the other hand, cordially detested tobacco in any shape or form. Nettleship knew this also; had known it from his boyhood, in fact. Moreover, he was perfectly aware that his manner was offensive, and, at a glance of agonized appeal from Mrs. McIlwraith, he had the wit at last to change the subject. And this he did so deftly that the lady experienced in her first moments of relief an emotion of gratitude toward her tormentor. In the same way, no doubt, the medievals loved the thumbscrew man when he slackened off on the renunciation of their faith. Nettleship, clever, it is true, of nose who never, never renounced; but no doubt there was an unpretentious majority that did.

The entry of the distinguished entertainer, however, whencesoever it had come, was not, it was safe to bet, of that thoroughfare. And indeed, as Enid explained, it had come from quite another quarter that afternoon on approval.

"Approval!" said Elaine, with a slight and pardonable sneer. "Does that mean that it is to be paraded to-night and to-morrow returned as unsuitable? It has happened before, you know."

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"You are not going to-night, papa?" Enid ventured.

"To the House? yes, late—in time for the division. I must do that in deference to my constituents. Unfortunately, however, there is nothing of any interest to me going on to-night. What is the division about, you ask, Elaine? Ireland, my girl; Ireland. Now, what is far more important in my eyes than—"

Mr. McIlwraith took his foot from the stirrup, in the very act of remounting, on the entrance at this point of his wife. His wife's want of appreciation or sympathy where his nearest and dearest projects were concerned was notorious, and damaging to the dignity of the senator. She had even been known to tap each car with each index finger simultaneously, in pantomimic illustration of the velocity with which her husband's best periods passed in and out of her cranium. There was no occasion, however, to stable the trusty animal just yet. Already there were sounds upon the stairs, and old Mr. McIlwraith smelt the blood of Englishmen to whom resistance and escape would be alike impossible.

Once started, the influx of guests seemed never to abate during the remainder of the evening. Following the very oldest precedents, Mrs. McIlwraith had laid herself out for lions, and not without success. There were some entirely tame lions from her own circle, colleagues of her husband—whom they sedulously shunned all the evening. There was the wife of an illustrious lion—Professor Josling—who regretted that that eminent antiquary could not himself be present. There was a delightful and word-rifled lion from the Chinese Legation, who was so scandalously gulled, behind his back, by the well-bred Enoch Arden (instigated by the bold Lancelot) that Lancelot, the page, disgraced himself with the coffee tray, and received notice that very night. Then there was the athletic lion captured at Lord's, a literary club from Fleet street and an artistic whelp from Chelsea. To crown all, a professional lion—with a high-class satirical entertainment, free from vulgarity—was due at 11 o'clock.

As the evening advanced Mrs. McIlwraith might have been seen moving about among the nobodies of her party and whispering into their private ears interesting personalities concerning the second lion. Her first time being, in fact, she became a sort of verbal paragraphist of the evening press; and as she was, if possible, rather more inaccurate than her prototype, the listener was alternately distressed or entertained, according to his—or, more generally, her—intelligence.

"That, my dear Mrs. Smythe, is Mrs. Josling, wife of the celebrated antiquity. He is busy with his great work, a new book, so was prevented from coming—much to his disgust, she says in one word. Proofs, you know—so like these terrible professors—they are forever proving what nobody wants to know, you know! Yes, I said antiquity, our delightful quiet, dear Mrs. Ling-Lung—Chinese Embassy, you know. Shall I introduce you? No? Then let me whisper; he came in those lovely garments at my special request! No—you know of course, Mr. McIlwraith, of course? No? Dear me, I thought everybody knew Mr. Nettleship. He is the champion cricketer of England; bowled ninety-nine of the Cambridge wickets at Lord's the other day. Ninety-nine, you know! So near and yet so far! We had a carriage on the ground and he lunched with us during the match, you know."

Having thus displayed her knowledge of the national game, Mrs. McIlwraith raised her pince-nez with a view to pointing out its doughty exponent. He was nowhere to be seen. Mrs. McIlwraith steered a zig-zag course down the room, but could find him nowhere. Elaine was missing, too. A sudden dread entered the lady's breast.

The windows of the room were tall, narrow, three in number, and opened each upon a small balcony of the most useless type. They were wide open on account of the excessively warm weather; for the same reason the blinds were hung and the curtains (fashionable Venetian) alone—and but partially—excluded the zephyrs of Sussex square. Naturally enough, among the silky fabrics of window No. 3, innocently contemplating the Albert Hall, Mrs. McIlwraith discovered the missing pair. Their backs, of course, were alone presented, but Mrs. McIlwraith instantly identified Elaine's dress, and tapped her daughter on the shoulder with her fan—in excellent imitation of the business-like and smart detective and the discomfited villain in the fifth act.

Elaine started, of course; nevertheless the radiance could not and would not at once forsake her face when she turned and confronted her mother. Mrs. McIlwraith spoke not a word. Her blue eyes glittered upon Nettleship's cool face for one instant; the next she turned, as abruptly as was possible in a woman of her size, and sailed away with her prize. The little incident was quietly over, and attracted no notice, owing to forethought in the choice of windows.

Nettleship continued in solitude his survey of the night. He was in no way put out, but he did not immediately see fit to leave the inner room. When he did, however, his step was a thought jaunty, his smile bordered upon insolence and his hands were in his pockets. He became at once aware that something of interest was taking place at the other end of the room. A small crowd were surrounding somebody, reminding Nettleship, in a small way, of the crowd by St. Mary's church gate when the converted cannibal is swallowing the lighted fuses. With somewhat similar amount of curiosity he approached this crowd. On his way he saw his host lead off the lively widow of Colinmun to political execution in the study. A moment later he heard the silvery tones of his hostess proceeding from the center of the little crowd.

"Indeed, and indeed, you make too much of my modest little heirloom, dear Mrs. Josling!"

"If the Professor were here he would make a good deal more of it," that lady stoutly rejoined.

"But you must really allow me to obtain a simple impression, with this pencil and piece of paper, of such delicate and utterly fantastic tracery. He shall see what that is like, at all events."

There was a pause. Nettleship raised himself to his full height and saw an intellectual-looking lady carefully penciling a piece of paper held closely over a spherical surface. He was mildly interested.

"And this has really been in your family for a century, Mrs. McIlwraith?" some one asked.

"Since the battle of Plassey," said Mrs. McIlwraith, glibly. "My grandfather fought there."

"That's perfectly lovely," thought Nettleship. "I have heard of it often enough. But I never before heard of any heirloom. What can it be?"

He drew himself up once more to his full height, and saw his hostess lift her head to make the most of. And then he saw what it was, and would have whistled aloud had he not been a thoroughly cool-headed fellow. For the cynosure of all eyes—the heirloom of the McIlwraiths, the spoil of Plassey—was nothing more or less than the Indian vase of bronze lately in Nettleship's own possession, and but three days ago on sale at Glundoni's!

"And still they come!" cried Mrs. McIlwraith, smiling—under the public eye—quite sweetly upon the famous cricketer. "Look at it, Mr. Nettleship! of course you may—with pleasure. But, really, it is too absurd. To think that our wretched little heirloom should attract so much attention!"

Nettleship took at it—with exaggerated interest, with unnecessary elaboration; in every light and upon every side; at ridiculous length. His lingering manner was in itself calculated to attract attention. Mrs. McIlwraith began to feel uncomfortable.

"Do you know, Mrs. McIlwraith," he said at last, with great distinctness, "I cannot remember ever once to have seen this most interesting curio up north."

Mrs. McIlwraith explained, with a strange mixture of hot and cold in her manner, that she had kept it under lock and key while the children were young, and then, with a sudden determination to carry it off secretly in spite of her feelings, Mrs. McIlwraith laughed. It was a nervous, unsuccessful laugh, nor was there any apparent reason for a laugh at all.

But Nettleship had already attracted the attention that was so undesirable, and this was doubled in an instant when the young man deliberately raised the bronze vase to his nose and sniffed it suspiciously.

"Why," he exclaimed, looking around upon the company, "it smells of tobacco!"

"Impossible!" said poor Mrs. McIlwraith, forcing another laugh. But this time her laugh-

## SEA AND SHORE.

### A Supposed Lunatic Creates a Scene Aboard the Oregon.

### Coasters Menaced by Rocks—Collision on the Bay—Visitors to the Charleston—Delay of the San Blas From the South.

Shortly before noon yesterday, as the steamer Oregon was leaving her moorings, the passengers on board were thrown into a state of excitement by the actions of a rather odd-looking man of middle age, who made a sudden dash toward the railing and tried to throw himself overboard. Another passenger, being near at hand, seized him as he was about half over, and pulled him on to the deck. Though he was closely watched after the occurrence he made no more attempts at supposed self-destruction and as a matter of precaution the captain of the vessel ordered that he be locked up in his state-room. It was at first thought that the man was demented, but later on it was learned that he was subject to epileptic fits.

Captain Melville Nichols, who brought the Kingston around the Horn, will command the new steamer City of Seattle, which will be launched in about three weeks at the Philadelphia Docks, for the Puget Sound and Alaska Steamship Company.

A SLIGHT COLLISION.

A slight collision occurred yesterday between the tug Anasha and the schooner Gardiner City. While towing a mud lighter into the slip between Howard 1 and 2, the tug ran into the schooner, which was lying at Wharf 2, and drove the fluke of her anchor clean through the schooner's bow. The tug was lucky enough to escape with only the scratching of a little paint.

The sealing schooner Finland, Captain Jacobson, reports the second best catch of the season, 302 skins. The schooner Sea Lion, commanded by Captain Wagner, arrived on the 22d inst. with 280 skins, while the San Jose has 118 skins and the Teresa 154.

From recent information received from the north it is learned that the rivers on the Alaskan coast are clogged with ice. Salmon-fishing is accordingly seriously delayed.

The Bertha is noted as having arrived at Port Townsend on Wednesday last.

A MENACE TO COASTERS.

A dangerous cluster of rocks has been discovered by Captain J. J. Watmant of the steamer Mischief, to be submerged near Cape Foulweather Light-house. It is located about a mile and a half off shore, and has from ten to twelve fathoms of water around and between it and the shore. It lies inside the track of most vessels passing up and down the coast, but is considered very dangerous for most vessels in heavy weather.

The William American schooner Walter L. Rich has been placed under the British flag. The process of naturalization required her to pay into the customs 10 per cent of the value of her hull, rigging and outfit.

The steamer Columbia arrived from Portland yesterday with a large number of passengers aboard.

There were six arrivals in port yesterday and eighteen departures.

ON BOARD THE CHARLESTON.

Though yesterday was not regularly visitors' day on the Charleston, several parties went aboard during the day to view the handsome new war-ship. Among others were Irving M. Scott and party, Captain J. N. Knowles of the Arctic Oil Works and J. Bolles. The cruiser was also visited by a party of army officers, consisting of Major-General Miles, Colonels B