# THE ELEVATION OF MRS. TIMBURY.

It is never worth while to waste time in reflecting upon what might have happened if we had done this, or what tremendous consequences must have followed if we had done that, for the most trivial circumstances are constantly altering the whole course of our lives. It was the sudden death of a respected and lamented Deacon in Connecticut, for instance, combined with the severe illness of a young gentleman in New York, that changed plain Mrs. Timbury into Lady McCurrie. Yet neither of these persons had ever seen Mrs. Timbury, and neither knew of her existence.

When the Deacon died he must perforce be buried, and the Rev. Howard Titus, his pastor, felt it a privilege as well as a duty to make a long prayer, with uncovered head, before the Deacon was laid in the tomb. That exposure cost the worthy clergyman a fit of illness from which he could not fully recover, the physicians said, without spending some weeks in a warm climate. Hence the name of the Rev. Howard Titus on the passage list of the steamship Amazon, about to sail for the Windward Islands, as well as those of Mrs. Titus and two young Tituses.

"I don't know how I shall ever manage with these children," Mrs. Titus had said. "I shall most likely be seasick, and we cannot think of taking a nurse along. If only Mrs. Timbury were going with us this time."

"Possibly we might induce her to go," the clerical parent had replied. "At any rate, it will do no harm to write and ask her."

This was the first connecting link between the death of the Connecticut Deacon and the elevation of Mrs. Timbury. Two years before, that lady had accompanied the Titus family on a journey to the Holy Land, and her qualities as a good sailor and a useful hand with the children were understood and appreciated.

The ministerial letter from Connecticut was delivered to Mrs. Timbury at the dinner table in the fashionable boarding-house in New York in which she lived.

"Dear me," she exclaimed, upon reading it, "this letter has put me in such a flutter I shall hardly be able to finish my dinner, Mrs. De Fontaine. Such a surprise! Do you know I have to start right off next Thursday for the Windward Islands. My friends the Tituses are going with the children, and of course I shall go along. Where are the Windward Islands, Mr. St. Genevieve? Somewhere in the South Pacific?"

Mr. St. Genevieve explained their location, and of course asked as many questions as Mrs. Timbury desired he should.

"Oh, I must go," the excited lady went on. "You know I've traveled with the Tituses before, in Europe, Asia and Africa, and I couldn't think of letting them go alone. But it's so sudden; only three days to make my preparations. Well, that's longer notice than I had when we went from Gibraltar to Algiers, and we were a week in Constantinople without our trunks."

The entire population of the boarding-house having thus been skillfully informed of her intended journey, Mrs. Timbury began to make preparations. There was no time to order new costumes, but vast numbers of old ones were inspected. There was one dress in particular that she had taken pains to wear at least once in each country she visited, which was capable of bewildering transformations by the pinning on of new trimmings, the drawing in or letting out of mysterious strings. This dress must go, as a matter of course, and a dozen of others, and a fancy store of rubbers, waterproofs, laces, ribbons and ornaments. The jewels there was no question about—and they were valuable jewels, gathered in various parts of the world, diamonds and rubies, cat's eyes, sapphires, pearls and emeralds.

When Mrs. Timbury, in the earliest stages of her toilet, looked in the mirror to admire the set of a gown or the peculiar sparkle of a ring, she saw pretty much the same faded little woman of 60 or thereabout who had been left a disconsolate widow five years before, with wrinkles to match the thin, gray hair, with complexion to match the wrinkles, and with crows' feet around the eyes that matched all the rest except the teeth, which were too brilliantly white and even to match anything but a set of porcelain saucers. After an hour's struggle with art, however, Mrs. Timbury invariably saw in her glass the reflection of a plump and buxom little widow, not a day past 45, with a wealth of coal-black hair, a remarkably clear complexion, and the faintest shadow of a rose in each cheek, sometimes stealing coyly upward toward the temples.

Ten years earlier Mrs. Timbury had been content to pass for the quiet little middle-aged woman she was, the faithful wife of an unassuming physician in a small town, with no cares beyond her own threshold, no greater ambition than a decent Sunday gown and a black bonnet. But a change came over her life when the regretted Timbury was called to his fathers. Among other papers of importance he left a life insurance policy, and Mrs. Timbury found herself a wealthy widow—wealthy, at least, compared with anything she had known before. She soon developed a taste for travel, for fine clothes, for jewels, and for life—and in five years she came to be the dashing and somewhat giddy person we find her in the New York boarding-house. For the consummate skill with which she wiped out at least fifteen years of her life, in reforming her appearance, she is entitled to our admiration. But in the reformation of her manners she met with a misfortune. Here she used such terrible pressure that not fifteen years only did she annihilate, but fifty, and appeared thenceforth with all the blushing and gushing shyness of a maid of 16.

Before the ship drew away from her wharf the Rev. Mr. Titus was reminded of some little traits in Mrs. Timbury's character which he had not particularly admired on the former occasion, but which with the passing years he had forgotten. Prominent among these traits was a tendency to fussiness, which made Mrs. Timbury perpetually uneasy, and was not soothing to her companions. When her trunks were so clearly in their proper places that she could exhibit no further anxiety about them she discovered that her stateroom was on the wrong side of the ship, where she would have the morning sun in her eyes. A change being made, the new one was too near a hatchway, and was consequently noisy. When at length she was settled to her satisfaction she also found an excuse for worriment about her probable seat at the table.

"The Captain is such a dear, jolly-looking old Scotchman, I do hope they'll put us at his table. He ought to have us next to him, you being a clergyman and bringing letters of introduction to him. I shall be very much disappointed if we are not at least at his table."

The clergyman's mind was far removed from such vanities of life, but he attended gallantly to the trunks and the stateroom and did not worry, for he was one of the wise men who know that nine-tenths of the troubles of this world exist only in the mind.

Mrs. Timbury's desires were gratified when she first went to the table. There were only passengers enough to fill one, and, at its head, of course, sat the Captain. On his right, in the seat of honor, sat Mrs. Timbury; on his left Mrs. Titus. The clergyman was next his wife, and opposite him the young gentleman from New York, whose severe illness and consequent journey formed the second connecting link in the elevation of Mrs. Timbury.

"Don't let me crowd you, Captain," was Mrs. Timbury's first remark, as she tried to push a little further away the chair that was bolted to the deck. "You have had work to do, and we passengers must make way for you. Can you promise us smooth water all the way, Captain?"

"Smooth water," echoed the bluff and good-natured Captain in a voice that might have been intended to reach a man at the masthead. "Lord bless you, ma'am, I'll promise you any kind of a voyage you want. Smooth water or rough, fair winds or foul, I'll promise anything. I always do."

"What an accommodating Captain." Mrs. Timbury laughed, looking slyly at Mrs. Titus, with just the suspicion of a wink, "But I always have had good luck with my Captains. I never traveled with one yet but gave me a pleasant voyage, and I'm sure you're not going to be the first exception."

"I can't just say about that," retorted the Captain, with a knowing smile to Mr. Titus; "but somehow the ladies all seem to like my ship pretty well—all, you understand, but two or three I've offended, because I always make the purser give that seat you have to the handsomest lady on board, and they can't all get it."

"Oh, Captain," Mrs. Timbury simpered. "You sailors are always bold. But I'll give you this big bunch of raisins for the pretty compliment."

When the first dinner was over Mrs. Timbury had, in her own opinion, made a decided conquest of the Captain, and the Captain was equally confident that he had met a great many elderly ladies like Mrs. Timbury, and that a vast amount of amusement might always be had out of them on a dull voyage.

By the end of the second day Mrs. Timbury had been invited to visit the bridge whenever she felt inclined, and to make free use of the Captain's charts and glasses. And the Captain, when not engaged, had spent so much of his time on deck with the Titus party, smoking his pipe and spinning sea yarns, as to lead that blushing lady to ask of Mrs. Titus:

"You don't think there's anything improper in the Captain showing me so many attentions, do you? I should not like any of the other people to notice it."

Mrs. Titus had so often received powerful nudges of the elbow from the Captain when he was saying pretty things to Mrs. Timbury that at this question she found it hard to refrain from laughing, but she replied that she thought it very kind in the Captain, and that he was an exceedingly pleasant man.

"Because," Mrs. Timbury continued, "I wouldn't for worlds have anybody think we were in earnest. It's all done in fun, you know."

It soon became evident to all the passengers that Captain Long was "guying" Mrs. Timbury at a dreadful rate, but he was an old hand at such affairs, and did it all so neatly and with such perfect good humor that the further he went the more delighted Mrs. Timbury became. The invalid young gentleman, Mr. Quick, on several occasions tried his skill in the little table jokes, but with such indifferent success that Mrs. Timbury regarded him as a forward and ill-bred young man, and a violent animosity sprang up between them. Mr. Quick's gibes were not, in fact, nearly as pointed as some of the Captain's, but there was a difference in their positions.

In the six days of trackless water between New York and St. Kitt's Mrs. Timbury's innocent young heart was in a continual flutter. Captain Long was so pleasant and so kind. On one occasion, when, on account of rough water, Mrs. Timbury found it convenient to remain in her berth, the Captain went to her room, and, totally disregarding the bits of feminine apparel that lay on the floor and hung against the walls, shoved the half-open door until he could get his head in, and made kind inquiries after her health.

At Antigua, which was the second stop, news came out to the ship that the Governor, Sir Herbert Fitz-Dairymple Clare, K. C. M. G., was to be a passenger in the Amazon to Barbadoes.

"They've been shaking them up again," Captain Long explained to Mrs. Timbury. "You see they have a Governor at Trinidad with a big salary, another at Barbadoes with a smaller salary, and another here at Antigua with a salary still smaller. Well, the high jam pandrum at Trinidad dies, or gets promoted for incompetency, and the Barbadoes Governor is sent down to take his place. Then this high jinks at Antigua is sent to be Governor of Barbadoes. He is going down with us, and they are going to bring him out in their little steamboat at 3 o'clock."

This intelligence threw Mrs. Timbury into a fever of expectancy. She spent some hours in her cabin unpacking and trying on dresses, polishing rings and making herself in every way as attractive and captivating as possible, for if there was anything in the world she really doted upon, it was a title.

Early in the afternoon the little steamboat came out with his Excellently's luggage. It was contained in trunks, black leather trunks, for the most part. The Governors' houses in the West Indies are all completely furnished, so when a Governor moves he has only to pack his trunks and go. But English trunks are small, and to hold the personal belongings of a Governor and his family a surprising number of them are required. Watching the transfer of the luggage Mrs. Timbury made an important discovery and hastened to impart it to the Captain.

"I don't believe he's been a 'Sir' very long," she said in a confidential tone when she had dragged the Captain to the rail. "Do you see how the trunks are marked?"

"How's that?" the Captain asked.

"Well you see his name is painted on each trunk in white letters. On every one the 'H. F. D. Clare' is worn and marred as if it had been done a long time, but the 'Sir' before the name is new and bright, as if done recently."

"Oh, that's just one of his freaks," the Captain replied. "He has the 'Sir' made brighter, so that everybody can see it. Why, he's one of the greatest noblemen in England. He's the Clare who took a fleet over to Calais and routed the whole French Army with 200 horse guards. He only comes out here as a great favor to the Queen, because they're a little short of Governors."

Whatever Captain Long said was gospel to Mrs. Timbury, and this made her more anxious than ever to make the acquaintance of his excellency. At length he arrived, and with him Lady Clare and an assortment of little Clares, and several Secretaries and Aides-de-Camp.

But there was one drawback to the happiness of having this distinguished party on board. Sir Herbert and Lady Clare must, of course, have the seats of honor at the table, and Mrs. Timbury must, for a time, relinquish her vantage ground at the Captain's side. However, the Captain seated the Governor at his right hand, and thus put him directly beside Mrs. Timbury, with Lady Clare and Mrs. Titus opposite, and young Mr. Quick moved down one seat.

They were a pleasant family the Clares—sociable and glad to meet strangers after two or three years of Antigua. Mrs. Timbury managed his excellency handsomely, and compelled so many table attentions that the Captain solemnly expostulated with her in private and left her believing him desperately jealous. But it was with Lady Clare, after all, that Mrs. Timbury was most successful. She spent hours with her on deck and carried up armfuls of finery and cases of jewels for her inspection. Lady Clare was graciousness personified, admired everything, and was apparently infatuated with her new acquaintance.

Young Mr. Quick made unkind remarks about the way some Americans run after titles, but Mrs. Timbury treated them with the contempt they deserved.

In the course of a day or two the Amazon reached the island of Dominica, where she was to lie for twenty-four hours. The Dominicans, knowing their Governor to be on board, visited the ship in considerable numbers, and among them came his lordship the Bishop, to pay his respects. There was an attraction in this title that Mrs. Timbury could not resist, and, as she readily obtained an introduction through Lady Clare, she made such a determined effort that during his stay on board she had his lordship by her side almost constantly.

Young Mr. Quick, having a letter of introduction to one of the principal merchants in Roseau, the capital of Dominica, went on shore to present it, and Mrs. Timbury watched his departure with pleasure, and would have been well satisfied if he had not returned. She could not, of course, foresee that his landing on the wild island of Dominica could have any bearing on her own affairs, but the fact is that if Mr. Quick had not gone ashore at Roseau Mrs. Timbury probably would not at this moment be Lady McCurrie.

The Dominican merchant was delighted to receive Mr. Quick, and would not hear of his returning to the steamer that night. Strangers are scarce at Dominica, and the young New Yorker was escorted up the steep hill to a large stone house and installed in a big, breezy room with three windows. He did not know, he could not have known, that the last occupant of that room was Sir John Windham McCurrie, the future husband of the dashing Mrs. Timbury.

Sir John Windham McCurrie, Chief Justice of the Windward Islands, had been called to Dominica to transact some very business, had been entertained in that house, and had occupied that very room. On going away he had left some relics of his visit—torn scraps of paper on the table, and on one of the window-sills four or five large envelopes, not such as ordinary people use, but yellow ones of unusual size and brilliancy, with the words printed across the top in bold, black letters, "On Her Majesty's Service."

Sitting by the window to finish a cigar before retiring, Mr. Quick mechanically picked up one of these envelopes. They were different from anything he had seen and their official character was apparent. Being a young man of a facetious turn of mind, it instantly dawned upon him that they might be made to serve a good purpose in some practical joke, and he gathered them up and put them in his pocket.

It is observed here that if Sir John Windham McCurrie, C. J., had not been so careless as to leave his official envelopes lying about, the present Lady McCurrie would still be plain Mrs. Timbury.

When on the next day but one the Amazon reached Barbadoes, Lady Clare and Mrs. Timbury parted with great effusion, and Captain Long and Mr. Quick watched them from the bridge and unfeelingly cracked jokes at their expense. Lady Clare promised that if she ever reached New York her chief pleasure should be in finding Mrs. Timbury, and Mrs. Timbury declared that her affection should be shown on the return voyage by her driving through the Government House grounds. They parted in silence, with strong probabilities of never meeting again in this world.

At Port of Spain, where the steamer lay for four days, fate threw Mr. Quick and the Titus party together in the same hotel, the quaint but comfortable Hotel de France, fronting on the public square, where vultures and coolies are constantly at roost, and the animosity between the young New Yorker and Mrs. Timbury had time to expand and ripen. The children being too small to enjoy sight-seeing they were usually left under the care of a servant and Mr. Quick made the convenient fourth person in their excursions, to share the comfort and the expense of a carriage. When they drove out to the coolie settlement and Mr. Quick admired a peculiarly picturesque shanty Mrs. Timbury saw in it nothing but a hovel fit for pigs. When Mrs. Timbury went into ecstacies over the foliage of the botanical gardens Mr. Quick was sure there were far better corners in Central Park. Besides, Mr. Quick spoke unkindly of the Clares and made suggestive remarks about Captain Long. So, when the stay in Trinidad came to an end he and Mrs. Timbury were as bitter enemies as a young man and an elderly lady could well be.

It is the custom for passengers to make this Windward Island trip down and back in the same steamer, the whole voyage occupying one calendar month. But Mr. Titus had become so infatuated with the French island of Martinique, where he ate turtle steaks in the odd little Hotel des Bains, in St. Pierre, that he determined to stop off there on the homeward voyage and wait for the next steamer.

Mrs. Timbury looked impatiently forward to the next landing at Barbadoes, on the return trip, where she fully intended to call on Lady Clare—not knowing, of course, of the island ceremonials that lock the Government House doors to the public on all but certain stated occasions. It was on the 24th day of December that the Amazon sailed away from Port of Spain, cutting grandly through the smooth waters of the Gulf of Paria, and sweeping gracefully through the narrow Dragon's Mouth, with Trinidad on one hand and Venezuela on the other, and both within pistol shot. And it was afternoon of the next day, Christmas Day, that she dropped her anchor in the roadstead before Bridgetown, Barbadoes.

The requirements of trade, however, have no regard for the customs of society. When Mrs. Timbury saw the Captain's gig lowered, the boat that had been gallantly put at her disposal at nearly every port, and when the Captain saw her, gorgeously arrayed, waiting for an invitation to go ashore, he dashed her hopes by holding up a warning hand.

"Be careful, Mrs. Timbury!" he said, "We have to make St. Lucia to-night, and can stay here only one hour. You can barely go ashore and come back, but there is no time for a drive. Think how I should feel if you were to be left!"

There was no help for it; the visit to Lady Clare must be abandoned. Mrs. Timbury cared nothing about landing again in Bridgetown, where an egg dropped on the curbstone would cook hard in one minute, and even her smiles could not induce the Captain to remain longer.

"If you'll wait till I change my coat, Captain, I think I'll go ashore with you," said Mr. Quick, elated at Mrs. Timbury's discomfiture.

"Hurry up, then, young man," the Captain replied.

Mr. Quick hastened to his room, and threw off his coat—the coat in whose inside pocket were the official envelopes—and put on another. The other was better, but heavier.

"It's pretty warm!" thought Mr. Quick; unbottoned the second coat, and hesitated.

At this moment Mrs. Timbury's fate trembled in the balance.

He pulled off the heavy coat, replaced the first (the one with the envelopes), took his place in the boat, and was rowed ashore.

"I'll stroll around the dock, here, Captain, while you're settling your business," Mr. Quick said; and the Captain disappeared.

Mr. Quick strolled, but deliberately, for the sun was blistering, and he strolled naturally toward the shade, which led him up the one short block that lies between the landing place and the principal business street of Bridgetown. Something induced him to put his hand in the pocket where the envelopes were, and the instant he felt them he was seized with an inspiration.

Mr. Quick no longer strolled, but hastened, notwithstanding the climate. Two doors around the first corner he found a stationer's store, where he bought a sheet of paper and a square envelope. Securing the use of pen and ink, he hastily wrote this note, imitating as well as he could a lady's hand:

"Lady Clare's compliments to Mrs. Timbury,
requesting the pleasure of her company
At Dinner,
On Thursday, Dec. 25, 18—,
at 5 o'clock.
Government House."

This note he folded and put in the white envelope, addressed to Mrs. Timbury. Then he drew out one of the large official envelopes, "On Her Majesty's Service," inclosed the note in that and addressed it in a bold hand to

"Mrs. Timbury, passenger on S. S. Amazon."

"Capital!" he exclaimed to himself. "I will send this out to the ship and set the old lady wild. She gets it a few minutes before we sail, so she can't go, of course, and there's no harm done. We won't hear the last of this invitation till the end of the voyage, and I'll let the Captain into the joke!"

It was an easy matter to engage one of the colored boatmen at the landing place to carry the letter to the ship, and the official envelope, whose sacred character Mr. Quick explained to him, lent speed to his oars.

But the Captain did not return. Mr. Quick left word with the ship's boatmen that he was going to the "icehouse," a favorite Barbadoes institution where ice-cream and cold fluids are dispensed. When he came out the boat was still at the dock. He wandered up and down the street, and still no sign of the Captain. He looked in the ship windows, killing time in every way he could, and at length walked down to the company's office. They had been ashore by this time considerably more than an hour, but the Captain was still busily engaged with the agent, and could not, he thought, start for half an hour longer.

Meanwhile the negro boatman "on her majesty's service" carried the letter faithfully to the ship, and it was put into the hands of Mrs. Timbury. To say that there was commotion on board would be to put it mildly. Mrs. Timbury became almost delirious.

"Is there anyone waiting for an answer?" she asked the steward, who handed her the packet.

"No, ma'am; no one," the steward replied.

"Oh; I thought perhaps there was a messenger from the Governor."

She put the missive in her pocket and took it out again. Read it and reread it. Fondly read over and over the magic words, "On Her Majesty's Service." Blushed, laughed, almost cried for joy.

"It is just this way wherever I go," she said to Mrs. Titus, as she put the invitation in her hands. "I don't know why it is, but all the nice people seem to take a fancy to me. But what in the world am I to do? It would be very rude to decline the invitation, after Lady Clare has been so very kind; and if I accept it I shall lose the ship."

"There might be another ship going up to Martinique in a few days," Mrs. Titus replied. If there should be, you could come along in that. It would be too bad to lose such a chance."

So thought Mrs. Timbury, and she instantly made inquiries and learned that a French steamer would leave Barbadoes for Martinique the next day or the day following. This settled the question for better or for worse, and Mrs. Timbury decided to accept the invitation. Through her blandishments the first officer was easily induced to lower another boat, and ten minutes later (for it was now past 4 o'clock), after tearful adieus with the Tituses, big and little, and with a hastily packed satchel at her feet, Mrs. Timbury set out for the shore. The tide by this time had turned, and her boat landed much further down the harbor than the point where the Captain's boat lay.

It is worthy of remark, *en passant*, that had the tide not turned at precisely the proper hour, and had Mrs. Timbury encountered the Captain and Mr. Quick, her letters would not now, in all human probability, be addressed to Lady McCurrie.

There is not the least danger of any white person landing upon the dock at Barbadoes without attracting sufficient attention; and Mrs. Timbury was instantly surrounded by a mob of drivers of decayed coaches and hangers-on after sixpences, each of whom gave her the best advice possible under the circumstances. The gleam of sense still left flickering in her bosom induced her to go first to the Bridgetown Hotel and secure accommodations; and there she had barely time to give a finishing touch to the toilet that was already made, and to spend a minute in smiling admiration before the cracked mirror.

When Captain Long and Mr. Quick returned to the Amazon, after fully two hours spent on shore, the young man had it on the end of his tongue several times to tell the Captain of the handsome little plot of which Mrs. Timbury was to be the victim; but when he considered how much time had elapsed and reflected that it was barely possible that the lady might have gone ashore and trouble ensue, he wisely held his peace. The absence of Mrs. Timbury from the deck gave him some anxiety; but when, the ship again under way, her seat was vacant at dinner, the Captain saved him any further suspense by asking in his bluff way:

"Where's my friend, Mrs. Timbury?"

Then it all came out; how Mrs. Timbury had received an invitation to dine at Government House; how she had gone ashore in haste, and how she would follow to Martinique two days later to rejoin the Titus party at St. Pierre.

Thankful then was Mr. Quick that he had not revealed his harmless joke to the Captain. He said nothing, of course; but reflected to such an extent that he scarcely knew whether he had roast turkey or salt fish for his Christmas dinner. There would be a scene at Government House; of that he had no doubt. The forgery would be discovered. Mrs. Timbury would follow up the ship with blood in her eye, and (horrors!) she might catch it. Was it forgery, he wondered, to write a fraudulent dinner invitation? And was there any special penalty for using one of those official envelopes for private business? The paper might give a clew and the stationer describe him; the boatman could easily be found, and he would identify him. Mrs. Timbury, he felt sure, would not rest until she discovered the guilty person. There was no safety for him till the ship passed St. Kitt's and was again upon the broad Atlantic.

Mrs. Timbury drove out to Government House in the finest coach the hotel could supply. It wanted ten minutes to 5 when she entered the gates—the proper time precisely. Her card was sent to Lady Clare, and two minutes later she and that lady were in each other's arms.

"I am so glad to see you again," was Lady Clare's greeting, "and I must take you right up stairs to lay aside your bonnet, for (and it's so fortunate) you are exactly in time to eat Christmas dinner with us instead of on the ship. We dine at 5, and we must not keep the gentlemen waiting—just two or three official friends of Sir Herbert's; Sir John McCurrie and Lord Edward Paget and the Hon. Mr. Harrington. You and I will be the only ladies, for we are not sufficiently settled yet to attempt a State dinner."

In the plenitude of her innocence Mrs. Timbury had stumbled upon pleasant pastures. Mr. Quick was mistaken in his opinion of the reception she would meet in Government House. People who spend half their lives in studying and practicing the customs of polite society are not apt to treat a visitor rudely, and even if Mrs. Timbury had not been a welcome guest she would not have been permitted to know it. Mr. Quick, however, we must henceforth regard as a failure—a dismal, irreparable failure. He had sent his enemy to eat a Christmas dinner in the Barbadoes Government House, with a lord across the table and a Chief Justice by her side. He had brought for her as much pleasure as he had hoped to bring discomfiture. And above all he had, in the character of relentless Fate, introduced her to Sir John Windham McCurrie.

Sir John, C. J., was one of those colonial gentlemen whose self-esteem atones for the absence of a great many other qualities. But he was a man of affairs, for although the salary of Chief Justice in the Windward Islands is only £800, the honor is worth a large amount; and he owned, besides, a profitable sugar plantation and lived in a big house out of town, where a dozen colored ladies and gentlemen flew to gratify his slightest wish. He was chiefly distinguished in appearance by a broad red sash worn around his waist so constantly that rumor had it he also slept in it—and, indeed, in Barbadoes there is no blanket so comfortable as a strip of mosquito netting.

It was much in Mrs. Timbury's favor that she was slightly awed by the multiplicity of titles surrounding her at dinner. That subdued her girlish spirits somewhat and made her much more attractive. So attractive was she and so winning that Sir John McCurrie was smitten and took great pains to make himself agreeable to her. He felt this to be a piece of presumption on his part, for he was almost 60, and gouty at times, and this lovely young widow, who seemed scarce past 40, and who had seen so much of the world and mingled in the best society in many lands, might, he was afraid, look upon him rather as a father than a lover.

Mrs. Timbury soon found herself delighted with Barbadoes and its charming people—of whom she had met two.

"It is the most beautiful island I have seen in the West Indies," she declared; and anyone who has been in Barbadoes will know how her inclination warped her judgment. "I was going on to Martinique in the steamer to-morrow or next day, but now that I have seen a little of this island I cannot think of leaving it under a week or two."

"And where are you staying on the island, Mrs. Timbury. Not in the hot city, I trust?" Sir John affectionately inquired.

"In the Bridgetown Hotel for the present," Mrs. Timbury replied.

Oh, that would never do, Sir John declared. There was a large hotel a mile or two out of town, a favorite winter resort; she must allow him, if she would, to send his sister to her next day to see to her more comfortable accommodation. Mrs. Timbury shyly protested, but at length consented.

One single indiscretion Mrs. Timbury committed while in Government House, and for her to escape with a single one was so uncommon that it is worthy of note. She found occasion to say to Lady Clare before taking leave:

"I hope Sir John's attentions to me at dinner were not too marked? You know, I am such a stranger here that I cannot be too careful."

Lady Clare smilingly assured her that Sir John was a man of high standing in Barbadoes, and that attentions from him must be considered a great honor.

A friend of Lady Clare, a frequent visitor at Government House, specially under the protection of the sister of the Chief Justice, Mrs. Timbury's path in Barbadoes was strewn with roses. The Governor's carriage was often in front of the big hotel; but Sir John could not permit her to go sightseeing except in his own coach, driven by his own liveried darky.

It was during this period of ecstatic joy that Mrs. Timbury wrote to Mrs. Titus in Martinique, saying that never before had she so felt the need of a matronly friend and counselor. Sir John's attentions, she said, were too marked to be overlooked; and she was in daily—nay, hourly—dread of committing some act, in the innocence of her heart, that might seem improper in the eyes of the Barbadians. She had, she continued, replenished her wardrobe in the Bridgetown stores, and her stay on the island might be indefinitely extended, for Lady Clare positively would not hear of her departure. On the whole, she was enjoying herself, and Sir John was one of the most courtly gentlemen she had ever met.

Six weeks after the date of this letter Mrs. Timbury took her new trunks and became openly an inmate of Sir John Windham McCurrie's house, but the Barbadian sense of propriety was not shocked, for the former Mrs. Timbury was then Lady McCurrie.

The particulars of this interesting courtship could not fail to be entertaining, but they have no place in this narrative, for the fate of Mrs. Timbury was settled beyond cavil when young Mr. Quick invited her to eat Christmas dinner with Lady Clare. If he could see her in her new position of mistress of Sir John's establishment, her maids timidly asking, "Will my Lady have this?" "Will my Lady be pleased to lunch to-day?" the good old Connecticut Deacon would feel that he had not lived (nor died) in vain.—William Drysdale in New York Times.

### Berlin Cough Cure.

For coughs and colds and all lung and throat affections this article has superior merit. It is perfectly harmless, gives immediate relief and cures the worst cases in from two to three days. Indorsed by our best physicians. Try a bottle and you will always keep it. Price, 50 cents a bottle.

C. C. Liniment, the best remedy for aches and pains.

Compound Sulphur Powder, the most perfect laxative and cathartic known. Gives instant relief in cases of constipation, indigestion, piles, biliousness, liver troubles, rheumatism, gravel, etc., etc. A great blood purifier and pleasant to the taste. The W. H. Bone Company, San Francisco, sole proprietors. Kirk, Geary & Co., Sacramento, sole agents.

A CONTINUATION of a cough for any length of time causes irritation of the lungs, or some chronic throat disease. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are an effective cough remedy. Price 25 cents. Sold only in boxes.

Ripans Tabules cure biliousness.

## SUPERIOR COURT.

**Department One—Catlin, Judge.**

FRIDAY, June 10th.

People vs. Taylor, arson—On trial.

**Department Two—Van Fleet, Judge.**

FRIDAY, June 10th.

Estate of John Oschwald, deceased—Presentation of mortgage claim for allowance; submitted.

Estate of R. S. Frazee, deceased—Petition to set aside homestead continued.

Estate of Patrick Rice, deceased—Order for sale of real estate; additional bond, $2,500.

Estate of Mary Cody, deceased—Hearing of petition and sale of real estate continued one week.

Estate of C. C. Tukey, deceased—Order made for distribution.

Estate of James A. Woods, deceased—George F. Bronner and C. M. West appointed special administrators.

Guardianship of Henry Meiss, Sr., incompetent—Order allowing guardian to execute chattel mortgage.

Estate of Letitia George, deceased—Grant Driver, W. C. Hall and F. W. Whitmore appointed appraisers; bond, $500; Mrs. Hammer appointed administratrix.

Estate of Isabel Johnson, deceased—Final account settled and distribution ordered.

Estate of John Eitel, deceased—Same order.

Estate of M. L. Cass, deceased—Petition for letters of administration continued.

Guardianship of John and Solomon Eitel—Letters of guardianship to Mrs. Eitel; appraisers, George S. Locke, S. S. Nixon and H. J. Goethe.

Estate of Jane Scroggs, deceased—Return of citation to file account continued one week.

Estate of Martin Devine, deceased—Family allowance of $20 per month allowed.

Estate of W. H. Slawson, deceased—Hearing of petition for family allowance continued one week.

William Jones vs. B. F. Ward et al.—Stricken from the calendar.

George F. Bronner (administrator) vs. W. H. Bradley et al.—Demurrer overruled and ten days to answer.

George Greensweig vs. I. Zemansky—Same order.

S. F. Wiley vs. J. J. Wingard—Judgment for plaintiff for four horses, if he elect to amend; if not, he shall have judgment for one horse, as prayed for; plaintiff to have five days to elect, and defendant granted ten days stay of proceedings therefrom.

### Superior Court Notes.

The case of William Jones vs. B. F. Ward et ux. has been dismissed in the Superior Court, on motion of the plaintiff.

The law firm of A. J. & Elwood Bruner has filed a claim against the Columbus Brewing Company, insolvent, for $250 for legal services performed.

In Judge Van Fleet's court yesterday the case of Stinson vs. E. H. Green was continued until Tuesday, the 21st inst. This is the case in which suit is brought to oust the defendant from the office of City Trustee.

Judge Van Fleet yesterday made an order in Department No. 2 of the Superior Court requiring applicants for admission to citizenship to present themselves in that court at 10 o'clock A. M., so as not to interrupt proceedings during the hearing of cases on trial.


Miscellaneous.

# RADWAY'S READY RELIEF FOR PAIN

Instantly stops the most excruciating pains; never fails to give ease to the sufferer.

For SPRAINS, BRUISES, BACKACHE, PAIN IN THE CHEST OR SIDES, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE or any other external PAIN, a few applications, rubbed on by hand, act like magic, causing the pain to instantly stop. For CONGESTIONS, INFLAMMATIONS, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, PAINS in the SMALL OF THE BACK, more extended and repeated applications are necessary. All INTERNAL PAINS, DIARRHEA, DYSENTERY, COLIC, SPASMS, NAUSEA, FAINTING SPELLS, NERVOUSNESS, SLEEPLESSNESS are relieved instantly, and quickly cured by taking inwardly 20 to 60 drops in half a tumbler of water. 50 cents a bottle; sold by Druggists. With RADWAY'S PILLS there is no better cure or PREVENTIVE of FEVER and AGUE.

# MERIT WILL WIN.

CANFIELD DRESS SHIELD.

Trade Mark Canfield

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DOWN! DOWN! DOWN! PRICES CUT LOWER THAN EVER

GRAND CLEARANCE SALE OF

FALL -:- AND -:- WINTER -:- CLOTHING, -:- ETC.,

TO MAKE ROOM FOR SPRING GOODS,

GOLDEN RULE STORE, 300 J Street, Corner Third, Sacramento.

# To Preserve

The richness, color, and beauty of the hair, the greatest care is necessary, much harm being done by the use of worthless dressings. To be sure of having a first-class article, ask your druggist or perfumer for **Ayer's Hair Vigor.** It is absolutely superior to any other preparation of the kind. It restores the original color and fullness to hair which has become thin, faded, or gray. It keeps the scalp cool, moist, and free from dandruff. It heals itching humors, prevents baldness, and imparts to

# THE HAIR

a silken texture and lasting fragrance. No toilet can be considered complete without this most popular and elegant of all hair-dressings.

"My hair began turning gray and falling out when I was about 25 years of age. I have lately been using Ayer's Hair Vigor, and it is causing a new growth of hair of the natural color."—R. J. Lowry, Jones Prairie, Texas.

"Over a year ago I had a severe fever, and when I recovered, my hair began to fall out, and what little remained turned gray. I tried various remedies, but without success, till at last I began to

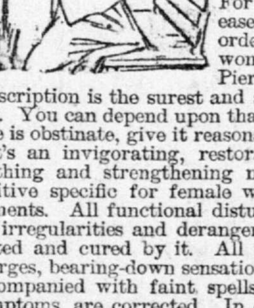
# USE

Ayer's Hair Vigor, and now my hair is growing rapidly and is restored to its original color."—Mrs. Annie Collins, Dighton, Mass.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for nearly five years, and my hair is moist, glossy, and in an excellent state of preservation. I am forty years old, and have ridden the plains for twenty-five years."—Wm. Henry Ott, *alias* "Mustang Bill," Newcastle, Wyo.

# Ayer's Hair Vigor

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists Everywhere.



*Stick to it!* Sometimes you may have to wait. The troubles that have been years in gathering can't always be cleared away in a day. For all the diseases and disorders peculiar to womanhood, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the surest and speediest remedy. You can depend upon that—but if your case is obstinate, give it reasonable time.

It's an invigorating, restorative tonic, a soothing and strengthening nervine, and a positive specific for female weaknesses and ailments. All functional disturbances, painful irregularities and derangements are corrected and cured by it. All unnatural discharges, bearing-down sensations, weak back, accompanied with faint spells and kindred symptoms, are corrected. In every case for which it's recommended, "Favorite Prescription," is *guaranteed* to give satisfaction, or the money is refunded. No other medicine for women is sold on such terms. That proves that nothing else offered by the dealer *can* be "just as good."

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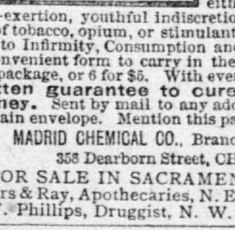

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"SANATIVO," the Wonderful Spanish Remedy, is sold with a Written Guarantee to cure all Nervous Diseases, such as Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power, Headache, Wakefulness, Lost Manhood, Nervousness, Lassitude, all drains and loss of power of the Generative Organs in either sex, caused by over-exertion, youthful indiscretions, or the excessive use of tobacco, opium, or stimulants, which ultimately lead to Infirmity, Consumption and Insanity. Put up in convenient form to carry in the vest pocket. Price $1 a package, or 6 for $5. With every $5 order we give a written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Sent by mail to any address. Circular free in plain envelope. Mention this paper. Address,

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FOR SALE IN SACRAMENTO, CAL., BY Peters & Ray, Apothecaries, N. E. Cor. 9th & K. Sts. T. F. Phillips, Druggist, N. W. Cor. 6th & K. Sts.

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MANUFACTURER OF
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RIPANS TABULES regulate the stomach, liver and bowels, purify the blood, are safe and effectual. The best general family medicine known for Biliousness, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Foul Breath, Headache, Heartburn, Loss of Appetite, Mental Depression, Painful Digestion, Pimples, Sallow Complexion, Tired Feeling, and every symptom or disease resulting from impure blood, or a failure by the stomach, liver or intestines to perform their proper functions. Persons given to over-eating are benefited by taking a TABULE after each meal. Price, by mail, 1 gross $2; 1 bottle 15c. Address THE RIPANS CHEMICAL CO., 10 Spruce St., N. Y.

A DELIGHTFUL RESORT.—DON'T FAIL to visit the beautiful garden of the UNION BREWERY, adjoining the Swimming Baths. Lovely flowers, playing fountains, beautiful arbors, with tables and chairs for the accommodation of ladies and children. Fine tenpin alley, and the purest, coolest and best Lager in the State.
JACOB GEBERT, Proprietor.

Summer Resorts.

MARK WEST HOT SPRINGS,

NEAR SANTA ROSA. FRESE & JUERGENSEN, Proprietors. This place has been entirely renovated. First-class accommodations. A new and well supplied bar and billiard-room is connected with the hotel. The way to get there is to start at the foot of Market street, San Francisco, on the 7:40 A. M. train and arrive at Santa Rosa at 10:15 A. M. Meet our stage and arrive at the Springs at 1 P. M. All trains will be met by appointment. Round trip tickets from San Francisco, $3 75. The accommodations at the Springs are first-class. The baths are naturally hot, the minerals being soda, magnesia, sulphur, iron and arsenic. Terms, per day, $2; adults, per week, $10; children, under 10, $6. Headquarters at Occidental Hotel, Santa Rosa.

CAMPBELL HOT SPRINGS

SIERRAVILLE, SIERRA COUNTY, CAL. A favorite Summer resort. First-class board and rooms, with baths free for guests, for $10 per week. A two seated conveyance, suitable for carrying five persons, will meet guests at Truckee. Total expense of stopping at this favorite resort, only $10 per week. Excellent hunting and fishing. Stages run daily. [my21-tf] H. PEARCE, Proprietor.

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Opposite Depot, Auburn, Cal.,

THE LEADING HOTEL OF CENTRAL California. Every room lighted by electricity. Every accommodation furnished guests. W. A. FREEMAN, Proprietor.

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EXTRA-FINE LAGER BEER
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Five-Year-Old Record, 2:28.

DON MARVIN IS A BEAUTIFUL SEAL-brown, foaled 1884; bred by Senator Leland Stanford, Palo Alto, Cal.; is 16 hands high and weighs 1,200 pounds; sired by Fallis, 2:23 (sire of four in 2:30 list), he by Electioneer. Dam, Cora (dam of Don Marvin, 2:28, and Elected [trial] 2:26), by Don Victor (sire of the dams of five in the 2:30 list) by Belmont. Second dam, Clarabel (dam of Clifton Bell, 2:24½, and Rebecca, dam of four in 2:30 list) by Abdallah Star. Third dam, Fairy (dam of Stoner Boy, 2:29¾, and Sweepstakes, sire of 22 in the 2:30 list, and three other producing sires and dams) by Rysdyk's Hambletonian. Fourth dam, Emma Mills (dam of four horses that have sired 2:30 performers) by Seely's American Star.

DON MARVIN will make the season of 1892 at $40, with usual return privilege, which makes him the cheapest horse in the State, record and breeding considered, having what no other public stallion has on the coast—four producing dams. For further particulars or complete circulars address
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