NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE NEW FOOD

## TO PHYSICIANS.

NEW YORK, August 16, 1868.

Allow me to call your attention to my PREPARATION OF COMPOUND EXTRACT BUCHU. The component parts are, BUCHU, Long Leaf CUBEBS, JUNIPER BERRIES.

Mode of Preparation:—Buchu, in vacuo. Juniper Berries, by distillation, to form a fine gin. Cubebs extracted by displacement with spirits obtained from Juniper Berries; very little sugar is used, and a small proportion of spirit. It is more palatable than any now in use.

Buchu as prepared by Druggists, is of a dark color. It is a plant that emits its fragrance; the action of a flame destroys this (its active principle) leaving a dark and gluttinous decoction. Mine is the color of ingredients. The Buchu in my preparation predominates; the smallest quantity of the other ingredients are added to prevent fermentation; upon inspection it will be found not to be a Tincture, as made in Pharmacopœa, nor is it a Syrup—and therefore can be used in cases where fever or inflammation exists. In this, you have the knowledge of the ingredients and the mode of preparation.

Hoping that you will favor it with a trial, and that upon inspection it will meet with your approbation, with a feeling of profound confidence,

I am very respectfully,
H. T. HELMBOLD,
Chemist and Druggist of 19 Years' Experience.

(From the largest Manufacturing Chemists in the World.)

November 4, 1854.

"I am acquainted with Mr. H. T. Helmbold he occupied the drug store opposite my residence and was successful in conducting the business where others had not been equally so before him I have been favorably impressed with his character and enterprise."

WILLIAM WEIGHTMAN,
Firm of Powers & Weightman, Manufacturing Chemists, Ninth and Brown-sts., Philadelphia

## HELMBOLD'S
FLUID EXTRACT
## BUCHU,

For weakness arrising from indiscretion. The exhausted powers of Nature which are accompanied by so many alarming symptoms, among which will be found, Indisposition to Exertion, Loss of Memory, Wakefulness, Horror of Disease, or Forebodings of Evil; in fact, Universal Lassitude Prostration, and inability to enter into the enjoyments of society.

**The Constitution**

once effected with Organic Weakness, requires the aid of Medicine to strengthen and invigorate the system, which HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU invariably does. If no treatment is submitted to, Consumtion or Insanity ensues.

**Helmbold's Fluid Extract Buchu**

in affections peculiar to Females, is unequalled by any other preparation, as in Chlorosis, or Retention, Painfulness, or Suppression of Customary evacuations, Ulcerated or Scirrus state of the Uterus, and all complaints incidental to the sex, or the decline or change of life.

**HELMBOLD'S**
**Fluid Extract of Buchu,**
—AND—
**Improved Rose Wash,**

will radically exterminate from the system diseases arising from habits of dissipation, at little expense, little or no change in diet, no inconvenience or exposure; completely superseding those unpleasant and dangerous remedies, Copaiva and Mercury, in all these diseases.

**U S E**
**Helmbold's**
**Fluid Extract**
**Buchu**

in all diseases of these organs, whether existing in male or female, from whatever cause originating, and no matter of how long standing. It is pleasant in taste and odor, "immediate" in action, and more strengthening than any of the preparations of Bark or Iron.

Those suffering from broken down or delicate constitutions, procure the remedy at once.

The reader must be aware that, however slight may be the attack of the above diseases, it is certain to affect the bodily health and mental powers.

All the above diseases require the aid of a Diuretic. Helmbold's Extract of Buchu is the great Diuretic.

Sold by Druggists everywhere. Price $1.25 per bottle, or 6 bottles for $6.50. Delivered to any address. Describe symptoms in all communications.

Address,
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Drug and Chemical Warehouse, 594 Broadway, New York.

☞None are genuine unless done up in steel engraved wrapper, with fac-simile of my Chemical Warehouse, and signed 8v3y

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IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT I HAVE opened a

**Livery and Feed Stable**

in the town of LEBANON, where I will be constantly on hand to attend to the wants of the people.

I will run a back from Albany to Lebanon and Soda Springs, on Saturday of each week.

All business entrusted to my care will be promptly attended to.

W. B. DONACA.
Lebanon, Sept. 10, 1870 1:3m3

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**R. C. HILL & SON,**

WHO, thankful for past patronage, still invite the attention of Linn county *et al.*, to their unequalled stock of

DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS,
PAINT & VARNISH BRUSHES,
PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES,
ALCOHOL, KEROSENE,
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Agents for Dr. D. Jayne & Son's preparations, H. H. H. Horse Medicines, etc.

Do you like medicine for its bitter or nauseating taste? We have that description. Do you want the effect with an aromatic taste? After taking a few doses of our Elixir, 'twill be so very pleasant that your prejudices
Must surely turn awry,
and the preparation
Will lose the name of physic.
(but not the effect.)

Physicians and customers from the country may rest assured that their orders will be promptly attended to. Prescriptions carefully and correctly compounded.

Have you the impolite guest called a corn? We sell "Corn Slayer," which surely does the work, without pain. Do you desire a book of any kind, a Gold Pen, an Album, Stationery, or such? W. S. Driggs is with us, for the accommodation of all favoring him with a call.

Do you want a fine Watch, a set of Jewelry, cheap or dear? J. D. Titus sells the same, under the same roof.

Come and see us. Buy a Book. Buy a Watch. Buy a Pill. Buy something or nothing, but come and see us, anyway. A well sprinkled floor and a cool drink of water in the summer, and a warm stove surrounded by comfortable chairs in winter constantly kept for the accommodation of all.

Albany, May 14, '70-36

**R. H. McDONALD & CO.,**
WHOLESALE
**DRUGGISTS,**
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Call the attention of Dealers to their large assortment of "Newly Arrived" Goods, composed in part of the following articles, together with every thing kept in a well supplied WHOLESALE DRUG STORE.

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| FRESH DRUGS, | TILDEN'S PREPARAT'NS |
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Which we offer at the lowest Cash Prices, and are determined not to be undersold.

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**FOR SALE,**

Our Drug Business located in San Francisco, Cal. After our best wishes and expressing our thanks for the liberal patronage we have received for more than twenty-one years, during which period we have been steadily engaged in the Drug business in California, we beg to say in consequence of the rapid growth of Dr. Walker's California Vinegar Bitters, now spread over the United States and countries far beyond, we are necessitated to devote our entire time to said business.

We are the Oldest Drug firm on the Pacific Coast and the only one, continuous under the same proprietors since 1849, and have determined to sell our large, prosperous, and well established business on favorable terms.

This is a rare opportunity for men with means, of entering into a profitable business with advantages never before offered.

For particulars enquire of
R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
R. H. McDONALD, } Wholesale Druggists.
J. C. SPENCER, } San Francisco, Cal.

N. B. Until a sale is made we shall continue our importations and keep a large stock of fresh goods constantly on hand, and sell at prices to defy competition.

**The Great Medical Discovery!**
Dr. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA
**VINEGAR BITTERS,**

**Hundreds of Thousands**
Bear testimony to their Wonderful Curative Effects.

**WHAT ARE THEY?**

FOR FEMALE COMPLAINTS, whether in young or old, married or single, at the dawn or decline of life, these Tonic Bitters have no equal. ☞ Send for a circular.

They are a Gentle Purgative as well as a Tonic, possessing also, the peculiar property of acting as a powerful agent in collecting Congestion of Inflammation of the Liver, and all the Visceral Organs.

THEY ARE NOT A VILE
**FANCY DRINK,**

Made of Poor Rum, Whiskey, Proof Spirits and Refuse Liquors doctored, spiced and sweetened to please the taste, called "Tonics," "Appetizers," "Restorers," &c., that lead the tippler on to drunkenness and ruin, but are a true Medicine, made from the Native Roots and Herbs of California, free from all Alcoholic Stimulants. They are the GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER and LIFE GIVING PRINCIPLE a perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the System, carrying off all poisonous matter and restoring the blood to a healthy condition. No person can take these Bitters according to direction and remain long unwell.

For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism and Gout, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Bladder, these Bitters have been most successful. Such Diseases are caused by Vitiated Blood, which is generally produced by derangement of the Digestive Organs.

DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION.

Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Bad taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the regions of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms, are the offsprings of Dyspepsia.

They invigorate the Stomach and stimulate the torpid liver and bowels, which render them of unequalled efficacy in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.

FOR SKIN DISEASES, Eruptions, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ring-Worms, Scald-Head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurfs, Discolorations of the Skin, Humors and Diseases of the Skin, of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of these Bitters. One bottle in such cases will convince the most incredulous of their curative effects.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions or Sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul, and your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure and the health of the system will follow.

PIN, TAPE and other WORMS, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed. For full directions, read carefully the circular around each bottle.

J. WALKER, Proprietor. R. H. McDONALD & CO., Druggists and Gen. Agents, San Francisco, Cal., and 32 and 34 Commerce Street, New York.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

## HARRY FANE'S WIFE:
## AND HOW HE GOT RID OF HER.

BY FRANK VAUGHN.

I.

It was a gala night at Her Majesty's Theatre (as the great London Opera House is called), and the magnificent edifice was brilliant with light, resplendent with jewels, and crowded from pit to dome.

The Emperor Louis Napoleon was on a visit to the English Court, and this was the night selected for the state visit of the Empress and himself to the opera.

The Queen's box, having been voted too small for the occasion, three of the largest boxes in the centre of the house had been thrown into one for the accommodation of the royal party.

I happened to be in London that spring, "homeward bound" after a three years' tour through Europe and the East; and being, although an American, a graduate of the Christ Church, Oxford, I had little difficulty in looking up old college chums, who were all glad to see me.

On this occasion I had been installed by my friend Harry Fane, in the "omnibus box," which, situated on the left of the stage, commands a beautiful *coup d'œil* of the house. Admittance to this box being limited to the most exclusive of the club men of London society, I felt myself rather lucky.

It was by far the most glittering pageant I had ever beheld. The Queen had held a drawing-room in the morning, and the peeresses and diplomatic corps were in full court dress, orders blazing on scarlet uniforms, diamonds glittering on snowy bosoms, and the whole scene one flutter and sparkle of rank, wealth, and beauty.

Piccolomini was singing in "La Traviata," and the second act was nearly over when the peal of drums and flourish of trumpets from without announced the arrival of the royal cortege.

The curtains of the great central box parted, and, preceded by the ushers and officers of the court, the Queen and the Emperor entered. Louis Napoleon's cold, hard face wore its usual expression of relentless determination. Even in the early days of his success and prosperity, there was nothing in the man's face to awaken a spark of popular enthusiasm. Queen Victoria was sumptuously attired in what seemed to my uninstructed eyes to be a cloth of gold, with a dazzling coronet of diamonds on her head, and the blue ribbon of the Garter across her shoulder. She looked, however, flushed and weary, and in spite of the matronly dignity of her manner there was a lack of the indescribable something in her appearance which the French call *l'air de race*, and which nature does not always bestow even upon heads that wear a crown.

After responding to the deafening cheers which seemed to shake the vast building to its foundations, the royal pair seated themselves, and there was a momentary hush; then another and wilder burst of enthusiasm as Prince Albert, in his field marshal's uniform, led forward the fair young Empress. Like a snowflake on a July day, like the fairy like mist that hangs over Niagara, like all that is purest and freshest and loveliest in nature, was the impression that she produced upon the vast concourse of tired, heated humanity. She was entirely in white—white of the fleeciest, gauziest, mistiest description—and with a very simple parure of emeralds and diamonds glistening in her blond hair, looping up her gauzy sleeves, and shining on her lovely neck. She was as completely a "vision of delight," as my eyes had ever lit upon.

The audience rose *en masse* and remained standing while the national anthem was sung by the united strength of the company; and then, as the artists recommenced their parts, and the excitement gradually subsided, I had an opportunity of looking about to see who was in the house.

"I say, Neilson," said one of my old friends, Gus Chichester, "isn't that Henry Fane over there in Lady L's box?"

"Certainly it is," interrupted Sir Thomas Hill, "and still worshipping at the shrine of our Lady of Firenza I see. Was there ever a poor fellow so desperately spooney?"

"I don't see why he's to be pitied," replied Chichester crossly. "The Signorina is a miracle of beauty, and they say she's enormously rich. By Jove! what eyes and what a superb form! These foreigners take the shine out of our English women, most decidedly. Can you show us anything as handsome as that in America, Neilson?"

"Oh! of course, any number, my dear boy," I replied laughingly. "The Signorina would be called rather plain in New York, and I doubt if they'd ask to take her photograph in Boston. But tell me who she is, and how, with that foreign name and face, she happens to be in London.

"Why, don't you know, Lady L. met her in Florence, when his Lordship was Minister there, got intimate, and offered to chaperon her through a season here and in Paris. They were in Paris together last winter, and the Signorina made a tremendous hit."

By this time I had brought my glasses to bear upon the box, and could not but own that even in the blaze of beauty which filled the opera house that night, the young Signorina had no peer. She was a brunette, with features of almost Grecian straightness, and a wealth of dark hair growing low down upon her forehead and leaving but a narrow space above her delicately marked eyebrows. Her face was pure oval, the cheek of that exquisite roundness and softness which seems peculiar to the women of southern climes, and her eyes the most wonderful feature I had ever seen in a human face, large, dark, and shining with a steady lambent light which indicated that the soul of whose windows they were was of a pure and noble type.

"Let's go over and cut out Harry Fane, boys," said Percy Pomfret, the wildest, most harum-scarum of our Christ Church set. "You know Lady L., Neilson, don't you? She's always sweet upon you Yankees. Come, perhaps the Signorina will make it as lively for us as she does for Harry. By Jove! he looks the most miserable dog living!" And so he did, as we filed one by one into the box, and were duly presented to the "Signorina Angela del Vale." Harry Fane looked as if he would have liked to shoot every one of us.

From the year of our matriculation at Oxford, Harry Fane and I had been the closest friends, and of all the men I had ever known, he was the most jovial, rattling, generous and kind-hearted—in short, the most thoroughly "a good fellow." Courteous and gallant with the ladies, but without the slightest weakness for falling in love, Harry's frank address and genial lively manner made him a general favorite. I was therefore not a little surprised to see him with a cloud of care upon his face, and a look of unmistakable annoyance at seeing us.

"What a brilliant house!" said Lady L. as, after making my bow to the Signorina, I seated myself beside her, "How does it look to your republican eyes, Mr. Neilson?"

"Almost too dazzling," was my common place rejoinder. "I am bewildered, I may say intoxicated with beauty."

"Of which our box can boast a fair proportion, don't you think?" continued her ladyship in a low tone, glancing towards the young Italian, who was keeping up a lively conversation with Pomfret, while Harry Fane sat scowling in the background.

"Beautiful as a starlight night," I replied, in answer to her glance rather than her words. "You show yourself a real benefactor to humanity, by bringing this lovely exotic from the land of song."

"She is the daughter of a Tuscan nobleman, you know," continued Lady L., "and as good and clever as she is beautiful. I love her as if she were my own child, and it will be a hard struggle for me to send her back to her father. Those Italians have no homes to keep their women in, and a very little heart either. But see, the royal party are about retiring. What a fascinating creature the Empress is!" And rising as she spoke, we stood gazing longingly after Eugenie's graceful figure, as she preceded the Queen out of the box.

When the crowd had become somewhat less, I offered my arm to Lady L., and in company with Percy Pomfret escorted her and the Signorina to their carriage, which already "stopped the way." Then, after making my parting bow, I looked about for Harry; but he was nowhere to be seen, and concluded that he wished to avoid the unmerciful chaffing he was sure to get from the fellows of our party. I soon gave up the search, and joined Pomfret and Chichester in a round of "looking in" at the balls and routs to which we were bidden.

Two o'clock A. M. found me trying to force my way up Mrs. K.'s flower-decked staircase, an enterprise which was so far crowned with success as to enable me to get to the first landing, and no further. So I turned into a dimly-lighted conservatory, which opened off the landing, and which I found led into other greenhouses, whose comparative silence and darkness offered irresistable attractions to my weary eyes and ears. Avoiding as much as possible the neighborhood of the huge palms and friendly orange trees, which I knew, from the murmur of voices, sheltered many a loving pair, I sat down at last in the most remote spot I could find, devoutly thanking Heaven for a respite, however brief, from noise, light, and glitter.

As I sat there, quite hidden by a bower of white and scarlet camellias, I heard voices approaching, and before I could make my presence known, was aware that the Signorina Angela and Harry Fane were on the other side of my leafy screen.

"Indeed, Signor," said the soft voice of the Italian in very good English, but with a slight foreign accent, "you flatter me too much. I cannot believe that one whom you have known so short a time can be so important to your happiness."

"Listen to me one moment, Signorina," said the voice of my friend, and the depth of feeling in its tones betrayed to me how much of life and happiness he had staked on his chances of success with this woman. "From the first moment that I saw you, every hour only strengthens and deepens my love. There is nothing you can ask that I am not ready to give; no sacrifice you can demand that I will not make for your sake."

"I demand no sacrifice, Signor; I will accept none," replied the girl, and her voice was low and very sad as she spoke the words. "I thank you for your kind thoughts, and if we had met earlier, perhaps it might have been; but I am not quite free to listen to words of love. Since my childhood I have been betrothed to one of my own people—my father's choice for me, it is true—but not the less binding on that account; so farewell, Signor, and God bless you."

She was gone before Harry could reply, and almost at the same moment I laid my hand upon his arm and whispered:

"I was here accidently, dear old fellow, and heard it all. Go home now and rest. I'll be with you at breakfast to-morrow morning, and we'll talk this cursed matter over with our matutinal."

He was ghastly pale, but pressed my hand, and, with a feeble attempt at a smile, answered:

"All right; coffee and cigars at one;" and then disappeared through a side door which led by a flight of stone steps into the garden.

II.

Harry Fane's chambers in Picadilly were the most luxurious of bachelor apartments.

Three large, heavily-curtained windows overlooked the Green Park, and the sitting-room was a delightful medley of mirrors, softly tufted chairs and sofas, pictures, tiger skins, cartridge boxes, breech-loaders, curb chains, hunting-flasks, cigar-holders, and meerschaums of every variety of shape and color.

I found Harry at the breakfast table looking over a pile of notes and letters.

"How are you, old fellow?" he called out in a cherry voice. "Been in bed yet? I havn't; begin to think sleep is a popular delusion. I get on just as well without it. Coffee or tea? Help yourself. Never have Brown in at breakfast—it bores one so. "I say, Neilson," he continued as I poured out a cup of coffee and lit my cigar, "I'm in a deuce of a scrape; worse than any of our college scrapes, old boy. I wish from the bottom of my heart I'd never seen that girl; I was a happy man, Will, until I did."

"Never see her again then, Harry. Go to Paris and you'll forget her in a week."

I was sorry almost before the light words had passed my lips, Harry's honest blue eyes looked so reproachfully at me, and he shook his head with a such a mournfully-despondent air.

"It's not that sort of a thing, Neilson," he said. "You don't understand me quite. I'm past thirty and I never cared for a woman before, as you know very well, old chum. I do care for this one, and she never can be anything to me, I can't help feeling it a little."

"But why be so faint-hearted, my dear boy? If I know anything of the vibrations of a woman's voice, there was something tugging at the Signorina's heart-strings when she uttered that soft 'no' last night. Coquetry, Harry, and nothing more. Go and see her this morning, and you'll come away the happiest fellow in England, I'll be bound."

But Harry did not seem to find as much encouragement in my view of the matter as I had expected. On the contrary, he passed his hand through his short light curls until they stood fairly on end, and paced up and down the room with an anxious, disturbed expression on his handsome face, which surprised and puzzled me. "It isn't that, Will; it isn't that," he said at last. "I believe that Angela cares for me. I've lived long enough to know the signs, you see, and if she does not, I am quite certain I could make her. But there's another drawback, old chum—a fearful, insurmountable obstacle, which I've often wanted to tell you, but never could—*I'm married already.*"

I had lived a good while in the world, and seen it under most of its phases and aspects; consequently surprise was rather an unusual emotion with me; but I frankly confess that I was completely stupefied at Harry's announcement. Confused recollections of college larks, Mary Ann, the pretty bar-maid at the Blue Posts, of all the women I had ever known Harry to flirt with, rushed through my brain, only to increase my bewilderment. Since we turned our backs upon Oxford six years before, Harry and I had hardly been separated for a day. I had been home for a twelvemonth's visit, but Harry had gone with me, and we had made the tour of Canada and the United States together. During all that time I had never heard of his having an entanglement; and if any one had told me that there was an incident of Harry Fane's life, or even a thought of his heart, with which I was not familiar, I should have repudiated the idea with disdain. It was impossible to doubt his sanity, and yet for the moment I almost feared that his reason was unsettled.

"It can't be true, Harry," I said; "you must be either mad or dreaming."

"True, my dear fellow! I wish I could think it was not," he replied. "In all these years, and it's nearly ten since the accursed net was thrown around me, I've never really felt it until now; but take another weed, old fellow, and I'll tell you the tale as briefly and as calmly as I can.

"You know, of course that my mother was a Spanish woman, and that I was born in Cadiz. My father's estates in this country had been completely eaten up by the extravagances of his predecessors, my grandfather having even sold the entail to cover his liabilities. My mother's family belonged to the old grandees of Spain, and were immensely rich. She ran away with my father, I believe, and there was a great row, which all ended happily, as the young couple were forgiven and taken back by the outraged parents. I was their only child, and, after the accursed custom of that country, was betrothed before I was out of my long clothes to my cousin, the daughter of my mother's brother, and the heiress of half of Andalusia. If they had only kept me in Spain, it wouldn't have signified so much; I might have been a respectable old Hidalgo by this time, smelling of garlic, and smoking like an old chimney. But my father insisted upon sending me to England when I was only seven years old, and, as you know, I have been here almost ever since.

"When I was about twenty, and just ready for the university, I was sent for to come home and see my mother, who was in a dying state. So I went, and found her bent upon being present at my marriage before she died. My gentle, beautiful mother! I can see her now, her dying eyes raised and looking into mine, with that wistful, anxious, imploring look which belongs only to those on the borders of the promised land, and which no man with a spark of generosity in him could withstand. She thought she was doing me a kindness. She thought my happiness for life would be secured if the great estates of the De Castros were united to our own. Poor mother! If she could see me now!

"Well, I consented, of course—who wouldn't?—and, to make a long story short, we were married in my father's private chapel in Cadiz, and I have never seen my wife from that day to this, and never will again with my own consent, so help me Heaven! If a divorce court can be found to dissolve the marriage, it shall be done. Do you think there's any chance? Say something to cheer me up, old fellow."

"This wife of yours, you haven't given a fair chance, my dear boy; you might come to love her in time. As for a divorce in Spain, and in the Romish communion too, it is simply impossible. Do you remember her at all? What was she like?"

"An unfledged, unformed, but very promising Gorgon of twelve years old, my dear fellow. Length, leanness, and blackness are the only terms that will describe her. And such manners too! She fled from me as soon as the benediction was pronounced, and took refuge on the roof, I believe, or under ground, where I wish she had been securely packed down, and never risen up again to curse me with her hideous claim upon my name and freedom. God forgive me but when I think of Angela, Will, I feel as if I should go mad."

He got up and paced the room with an expression of such genuine distress upon his honest face that my heart ached for him. But still I knew that there was but one way out of the difficulty, but one certain road to peace and honor; and, however rough that road might be, I should be doing him very false kindness by sowing seeds of hope where there was no space for hope to grow.

"Have you never been home since that unlucky time. Harry?" I asked.

"Never, as you must know. My mother died the next day. My father still lives in Cadiz; and I often long to see the old man once more. He writes by every mail begging me to return. There is one of his letters just received," he added, tossing it across the table to me; "but the fear of being swooped down upon by my gorgon of a wife keeps me as far away as possible. Neilson, I *must* get a legal separation from that woman. I'm sure *she* won't object; for I verily believe it was a case of *hate* at first sight on both sides. And now, Neilson, will you help me? Will you go over there, see my father, and come to some arrangement with him?"

"Harry, you know that I will do for you all that one man can do for another," I replied; "but take my advice, old fellow, and go yourself. Well, have your own way," I continued, as Harry shook his head impatiently, and recommenced his hurried strides about the room. "I'll go if you wish it, though I'm rather green at meddling in other men's affairs. But I must make my own conditions, which are that you give me your word of honor not to see Angela again until you are a free man, and that you go to Lady L. to-day and tell her the whole truth."

"Pretty sharp remedy that, Will," replied he. "You can't be called a very tender-hearted practitioner, but I know you're right; so if you'll grant me one more interview with Angela just to exonerate myself, I'll go with you as far as Paris, and remain there until your return."

III.

The tidal train next morning took Harry and myself to Folkestone; and before noon on the following day we were eating our breakfast at Verey's in the Palais Royal.

Harry's natural buoyancy of disposition made him a charming companion under any circumstances, and he was now so full of hope and confidence in the success of my mission that nothing I could say would make him look at the future from a common sense point of view. Angela, he assured me, had behaved most nobly—had implored him to forget her, to put her aside forever and return to his allegiance, to the wife who had the first claim upon his heart, and to the old father whom he had so sadly neglected during these many years.

"But I don't intend to take her advice all the same, my dear fellow," he went on, "for if everything else fails I'll go to Indiana and live for twelve months. That's a sure card, is'nt it, Will?"

So we parted at the railway station where I had taken my ticket for Bayonne, whence I proposed to cross the Pyrenees to Madrid, and then, with courier or guide, to perform the remainder of the journey on horseback. I had never seen Spain, and, being by nature the most erratic and nomadic of mortals, I was only too glad to escape from the artificial atmosphere of London high life, and find myself among mountains, streams, and rivulets once more.

My journey through Spain was delightful. I stopped long enough in Madrid, Seville, and Granada to see all that was attractive in their art treasures or relics of past days, and had almost forgotten the unpleasant object of my coming, when a letter from Harry, which I found awaiting me at the Fonda de la Europa, at Cadiz, awakened me to the recollection of my mission and of its very disagreeable nature.

I found Mr. Fane's "villa by the sea" all that unlimited wealth combined with refinement and taste could make it. Large and lofty rooms, exquisitely decorated and furnished, marble halls and vestibules in which fountains sent up their ever sparkling foam, parterres of rare and brilliant flowers, and afar off the blue and shining sea, made up a scene which realized all that I had ever dreamed of in the way of luxury and enjoyment. The silken curtains opposite to where I stood in the saloon, into which I had been ushered, were drawn back, and one of the grandest old men I have ever seen entered.

Tall and commanding in person, with the blue eyes and fair skin of his race, the only effect that southern life and climate had upon him was to tone down his natural ruddiness of complexion, thus producing an exterior of greater delicacy and refinement than is common among Englishmen of his age.

He met me with a cordial frankness which brought Harry to my mind; and, after a few courteous inquires about my journey, and a little desultory talk upon general subjects, he led the conversation at once to his son and to the object of my coming.

"He had received a letter from Harry that morning, and he regretted," he said with high-bred courtesy, "that his son should have allowed his friend to take so long a journey when the whole matter could have been so easily arranged on paper. For my son should know me well enough to believe, Mr. Neilson," the old man continued with a slight tremor in his voice, "that after the statement he makes to me in his letter, I am as anxious as he can be that his unhappy marriage should be dissolved. I propose to take advice this very day upon the subject, and if it costs me half my fortune he shall be a free man in less than three months' time. I am an old man, sir, and hoped never to be ashamed of my own child; but Harry's absence and neglect during all these years betray a want of principle and good feeling which I should have thought impossible in one of my own blood."

"But consider, my dear sir," I said, "how this unfortunate marriage was forced upon your son, and how unsuited the lady seems to his nature and requirements."

"The lady, sir," interrupted Mr. Fane, in an excited tone, "is all that is most noble and amiable; as far superior to her husband as the sun is brighter than the moon. For her sake, more than his I should wish the marriage to be annulled."

I made a feeble attempt to say a few words in vindication of my friend, but the old man had so completely disarmed me by his ready acquiescence with his son's views, and I felt so thoroughly ashamed of my mission and even of the motive that had prompted it, that my one desire was to bring the interview to an end as speedily as possible.

As I rose Mr. Fane rose also, and after apologizing with frigid politeness for his want of hospitality in not urging me to prolong my stay, he added:

"My niece's indisposition makes it impossible for me to receive visitors at present; but I propose being in London early in July, and trust that I shall have the pleasure of seeing you at dinner, Mr. Neilson, on the 14th of that month at the Clarendon Hotel. Your long intimacy with Harry, and the kindly interest you have manifested in his happiness, make it proper that you should be present at his first and last interview with his wife. For I exact from my son that he should see his cousin once again before the tie that binds them together is severed. Will you tell Harry this for me?"

If ever a man felt disposed to blot out the word "friendship" from his vocabulary, and to spend the remainder of his life in severe isolation from his fellows, I was that man when I returned to the Fonda de la Europa and sat down to write to Harry Fane.

The next morning I turned my back upon Cadiz and have never been their since.

IV.

The 14th of July was as dull and dismal a day as I ever remember to have seen even in London. It rained from the rising of the sun until the going down of the same. It rained on the just and the unjust. It rained on the nobleman in his coach and the beggar in his rags. It rained on Harry Fane, and made him even more than usually cross and dejected, as he jumped out of a hansom cab at the door of my lodgings on the evening of the day in question.

"What, not dressed yet, Will!" was his first exclamation. "The governor has arrived, and is expecting us at this moment. I *won't* go without you," he continued, seeing that I made no movement to get ready; "you've stood by me so long, old fellow, don't desert me now."

"But, Harry," I said, "I shall be quite *de trop* in your family party. Make my apologies to your father, and tell him I will do myself the honor of calling to-morrow. Come, pluck up, old fellow. This meeting will soon be over, and if a legal separation can be arranged, then hurrah for freedom and happiness!"

"Oh! hang it, Neilson! there'll never be any happiness for me in this world again. But I am not going this evening without *you*; so drop that cigar, and make haste with your beautifying. Perhaps you and my wife will fall in love with each other, and the curtain drop upon virtue rewarded and all that sort of thing; who knows?"

I saw that Harry was becoming nervous and excited that it would be worse than useless to oppose him; so making a hurried toilet, I followed him down stairs, and we drove together to the Clarendon Hotel.

We were shown by the powdered footman to a gorgeous suite of rooms on the first floor; and as we entered the antechamber, we heard a female voice singing a Spanish ballad with great purity and sweetness.

"Confound her!" muttered Harry between his set teeth; "how can she sing at such a time as this."

Judging from this complimentary remark that my friend's state of mind was not sufficiently serene to risk a meeting with his wife at that particular moment, I was relieved to find only Mr. Fane in the drawing-room when we entered.

The meeting between the father and son was cordial even affectionate, and I think Harry's nerves were braced for the coming trial by his father's whispered assurance that he was doing all in his power to secure his son's freedom and happiness, and he had every reason to believe with success.

"In the mean time, my dear boy," he said, "show that courtesy and considera-

[*Concluded on first pag.*]

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