

WHEN WE SAY THAT

'SALADA'

(CEYLON TEA)

Is the greatest value the world has ever seen we are simply stating a plain, unvarnished fact that is amply borne out by its enormous sale.

Sold in lead packets only
ALL GROCERS.

TANGLED THREADS

"And I suppose it is the strike that is troubling Mr. North? I think him so very much changed."

"It troubles him, of course—and there are other things."

"Does it trouble you?" asked Miss Dalory, pointedly, as she looked straight at him.

"Trouble me!" he rejoined, surprised at the unnecessary question. "Why, it involves simply ruin, unless we can go on again. As to me, and to my father with me. There's your brother."

They had reached the lawn at length, and saw Francis Dalory, who had come for his sister. He was short, fair young man, with open countenance. Madam had already appropriated him.

"Where's Arthur?" demanded madam, imperiously, as Miss Dalory came up on Richard's arm. "I thought he was with you."

Miss Dalory answered that she had not seen Arthur Bohun since quitting the dinner-table. No one had seen him, as far as madam could discern. She suspected he must have gone off somewhere to smoke and would have liked to put his pipe behind the fire.

But the pipe was not in fault. Arthur Bohun, possibly thinking there were enough without him, had quietly made his escape, and gone for a stroll towards the Ham.

It took him so near to Miss Cumberland's that he might as well call and ask after the headache she had been suffering from in the morning.

Sophistry! Nothing but sophistry. Captain Arthur Bohun did not really care whether her headache was worse or better; until a moment ago he had not even remembered that she had complained of headache.

The simple truth was, that he could not bear to rest even one evening without a glimpse of Ellen Adair. No mother ever hungers for a lost child as he hungers for her presence.

They were at tea. Mrs. Cumberland, Ellen, and Mr. Seely. When Jelly showed Captain Bohun in, the doctor was just taking his second cup. Ellen, who presided at the tea-table, asked Captain Bohun if he would take some, and he rather shortly answered, No. Warfare lay in his mind. What business had that man to be sitting there at a footing of companionship with Ellen Adair?

Mrs. Cumberland's head was a little worse, if anything, she replied, thanking Captain Bohun for his solicitude in regard to it. Mr. Seely had given her two draughts of something—either, she believed—in the afternoon, but they had not done her head any good.

It might have come to a question as to which would sit out the other—for Mr. Seely detected somewhat of the state of Captain Bohun's mind, and resented it—but for the entrance of Dr. Rane. Dr. Rane appeared to have no present intention of leaving again for he plunged into a hot discussion with his brother-practitioner, touching some difficult question in surgery, which seemed quite likely to continue all night, and Arthur Bohun rose. He would have remained willingly, but he was ever sensitive as to intruding, and fancied Mrs. Cumberland might wonder why he stayed.

As he went out, Francis Dalory and his sister were passing on their walk homeward. Captain Bohun turned with them, and went to the end of the Ham.

The shades of evening—nay, of night—had stolen over the earth as he went back again, the light night of summer. The north-west was bright with its opal tints; a star or two shone in the heavens. Dr. Rane was pacing his garden walks, his wife on his arm.

"Good-night, Bessy!" he called out to her, whom he had always regarded as his step-sister.

"Good-night, Arthur!" came the hearty rejoinder as Bessy recognized his voice.

Onwards a few steps—only a few—and it brought Arthur Bohun level with the window of Mrs. Cumberland's dining-room. It was not yet lighted. At the window, standing very closely together, stood the other doctor and Ellen Adair. In Captain Bohun's desperate jealousy, he stared Ellen full in the face, and made no movement of recognition. Turning away with contemptuous movement, plainly discernible in the dusk, he went striding on.

Shakespeare never read more truly the human heart than when he said that jealousy makes the food it feeds on. Arthur Bohun went home almost maddened; not so much with jealousy in its absolute sense, as with indignation at the doctor's inquisitive presumption. Could he have analyzed his own heart fairly, he would have found there full trust in the good faith of Ellen Adair. But he was swayed by man's erring nature, and yielded to it.

How innocent it all was! how little suggestive, could Captain Bohun only have read correctly. There had been no invitation to tea at all; Mr. Seely had gone in just as they began to take it, and was offered a cup by Mrs. Cumberland. As to being together at the window, Ellen had been standing there to catch the fading light for her wood-work, perhaps as an excuse for leaving him and Mrs. Cumberland to converse alone; and he had just come up to her to any good-night as Captain Bohun passed.

If we could only divine the truth of these fancies when jealousy puts them before us in its false and glaring light, some phases of our lives might be all the happier in consequence. Arthur Bohun lay tossing the whole right long on his sleepless pillow, tormenting himself by wondering what Ellen Adair's answer to Seely would be. That the fellow in his audacity was proposing to her as they stood at the window, he could have sworn before the Lord Chief Baron of England. It was a wretched night; his tremulous thoughts were sufficient to wear him out. Arthur had Collins' "Ode to the Passions"

by heart; but it never occurred to him to recall any part of it to profit now.

"The numbers, jealousy, to naught were fixed. And proof of thy distressful state. Of differing themes the evening song was fixed; And now it coursed love; now, raving, called on Hate."

CHAPTER VII.

When Arthur Bohun rose next morning, his senses had returned to him. That Ellen Adair's love was his, and that no part of it existed of her accepting any other man, let him be prince or peasant, reason assured him. He wanted to see her; for that his heart was always yearning; but on this morning when, as it seemed, he had been judging her harshly, the necessity seemed overwhelmingly great. His impatient feet would have carried him to Mrs. Cumberland's immediately after breakfast; but his spirit was a little rebellious still, and kept him back.

He would not betray his impatience, he thought; would not go down till the afternoon; and he began to resort to all sorts of expedients for killing time. He walked with Richard North the best part of the way to Dalory; he came back and wrote to his aunt, Miss Bohun; he went sauntering about the flower-beds with Mr. North. As the day wore towards noon, his restless feet hooted him to Ham Lane—which he gave up the perfume of sweet briar. Captain Bohun went along, switching at these same pleasant hedges with his cane. Avoiding the turning that would take him to Dalory Ham, he continued his way to another and less luxurious lane; the lane that skirted the back of the houses of the Ham, familiarly called by their inhabitants "the back lane."

Stroiling onwards, he had the satisfaction of finding himself passing the dead wall of Mrs. Cumberland's garden, and of seeing the roof and chimneys of her house. Should he go round and call? A few steps lower down, just beyond Dr. Rane's, was an opening that would take him there, a public-house at its corner. He had told himself that he would not go until the afternoon, and now it was barely twelve o'clock; should he call, or should he not call?

Moving on, in his indecision, at a slow pace, he had arrived just opposite Dr. Rane's back garden door, when it suddenly opened, and the doctor himself came forth.

"Ah, how d'ye do?" said the doctor, rather surprised at seeing Arthur Bohun there. "Were you coming in this way? The door was bolted."

"Only taking a stroll," carelessly replied Captain Bohun. "How's Bessy?"

(To be Continued.)

by heart; but it never occurred to him to recall any part of it to profit now.

"The numbers, jealousy, to naught were fixed. And proof of thy distressful state. Of differing themes the evening song was fixed; And now it coursed love; now, raving, called on Hate."

CHAPTER VII.

When Arthur Bohun rose next morning, his senses had returned to him. That Ellen Adair's love was his, and that no part of it existed of her accepting any other man, let him be prince or peasant, reason assured him. He wanted to see her; for that his heart was always yearning; but on this morning when, as it seemed, he had been judging her harshly, the necessity seemed overwhelmingly great. His impatient feet would have carried him to Mrs. Cumberland's immediately after breakfast; but his spirit was a little rebellious still, and kept him back.

He would not betray his impatience, he thought; would not go down till the afternoon; and he began to resort to all sorts of expedients for killing time. He walked with Richard North the best part of the way to Dalory; he came back and wrote to his aunt, Miss Bohun; he went sauntering about the flower-beds with Mr. North. As the day wore towards noon, his restless feet hooted him to Ham Lane—which he gave up the perfume of sweet briar. Captain Bohun went along, switching at these same pleasant hedges with his cane. Avoiding the turning that would take him to Dalory Ham, he continued his way to another and less luxurious lane; the lane that skirted the back of the houses of the Ham, familiarly called by their inhabitants "the back lane."

Stroiling onwards, he had the satisfaction of finding himself passing the dead wall of Mrs. Cumberland's garden, and of seeing the roof and chimneys of her house. Should he go round and call? A few steps lower down, just beyond Dr. Rane's, was an opening that would take him there, a public-house at its corner. He had told himself that he would not go until the afternoon, and now it was barely twelve o'clock; should he call, or should he not call?

Moving on, in his indecision, at a slow pace, he had arrived just opposite Dr. Rane's back garden door, when it suddenly opened, and the doctor himself came forth.

"Ah, how d'ye do?" said the doctor, rather surprised at seeing Arthur Bohun there. "Were you coming in this way? The door was bolted."

"Only taking a stroll," carelessly replied Captain Bohun. "How's Bessy?"

(To be Continued.)

by heart; but it never occurred to him to recall any part of it to profit now.

"The numbers, jealousy, to naught were fixed. And proof of thy distressful state. Of differing themes the evening song was fixed; And now it coursed love; now, raving, called on Hate."

CHAPTER VII.

When Arthur Bohun rose next morning, his senses had returned to him. That Ellen Adair's love was his, and that no part of it existed of her accepting any other man, let him be prince or peasant, reason assured him. He wanted to see her; for that his heart was always yearning; but on this morning when, as it seemed, he had been judging her harshly, the necessity seemed overwhelmingly great. His impatient feet would have carried him to Mrs. Cumberland's immediately after breakfast; but his spirit was a little rebellious still, and kept him back.

He would not betray his impatience, he thought; would not go down till the afternoon; and he began to resort to all sorts of expedients for killing time. He walked with Richard North the best part of the way to Dalory; he came back and wrote to his aunt, Miss Bohun; he went sauntering about the flower-beds with Mr. North. As the day wore towards noon, his restless feet hooted him to Ham Lane—which he gave up the perfume of sweet briar. Captain Bohun went along, switching at these same pleasant hedges with his cane. Avoiding the turning that would take him to Dalory Ham, he continued his way to another and less luxurious lane; the lane that skirted the back of the houses of the Ham, familiarly called by their inhabitants "the back lane."

Stroiling onwards, he had the satisfaction of finding himself passing the dead wall of Mrs. Cumberland's garden, and of seeing the roof and chimneys of her house. Should he go round and call? A few steps lower down, just beyond Dr. Rane's, was an opening that would take him there, a public-house at its corner. He had told himself that he would not go until the afternoon, and now it was barely twelve o'clock; should he call, or should he not call?

Moving on, in his indecision, at a slow pace, he had arrived just opposite Dr. Rane's back garden door, when it suddenly opened, and the doctor himself came forth.

"Ah, how d'ye do?" said the doctor, rather surprised at seeing Arthur Bohun there. "Were you coming in this way? The door was bolted."

"Only taking a stroll," carelessly replied Captain Bohun. "How's Bessy?"

(To be Continued.)

by heart; but it never occurred to him to recall any part of it to profit now.

"The numbers, jealousy, to naught were fixed. And proof of thy distressful state. Of differing themes the evening song was fixed; And now it coursed love; now, raving, called on Hate."

CHAPTER VII.

When Arthur Bohun rose next morning, his senses had returned to him. That Ellen Adair's love was his, and that no part of it existed of her accepting any other man, let him be prince or peasant, reason assured him. He wanted to see her; for that his heart was always yearning; but on this morning when, as it seemed, he had been judging her harshly, the necessity seemed overwhelmingly great. His impatient feet would have carried him to Mrs. Cumberland's immediately after breakfast; but his spirit was a little rebellious still, and kept him back.

He would not betray his impatience, he thought; would not go down till the afternoon; and he began to resort to all sorts of expedients for killing time. He walked with Richard North the best part of the way to Dalory; he came back and wrote to his aunt, Miss Bohun; he went sauntering about the flower-beds with Mr. North. As the day wore towards noon, his restless feet hooted him to Ham Lane—which he gave up the perfume of sweet briar. Captain Bohun went along, switching at these same pleasant hedges with his cane. Avoiding the turning that would take him to Dalory Ham, he continued his way to another and less luxurious lane; the lane that skirted the back of the houses of the Ham, familiarly called by their inhabitants "the back lane."

Stroiling onwards, he had the satisfaction of finding himself passing the dead wall of Mrs. Cumberland's garden, and of seeing the roof and chimneys of her house. Should he go round and call? A few steps lower down, just beyond Dr. Rane's, was an opening that would take him there, a public-house at its corner. He had told himself that he would not go until the afternoon, and now it was barely twelve o'clock; should he call, or should he not call?

Moving on, in his indecision, at a slow pace, he had arrived just opposite Dr. Rane's back garden door, when it suddenly opened, and the doctor himself came forth.

"Ah, how d'ye do?" said the doctor, rather surprised at seeing Arthur Bohun there. "Were you coming in this way? The door was bolted."

"Only taking a stroll," carelessly replied Captain Bohun. "How's Bessy?"

(To be Continued.)

by heart; but it never occurred to him to recall any part of it to profit now.

"The numbers, jealousy, to naught were fixed. And proof of thy distressful state. Of differing themes the evening song was fixed; And now it coursed love; now, raving, called on Hate."

CHAPTER VII.

When Arthur Bohun rose next morning, his senses had returned to him. That Ellen Adair's love was his, and that no part of it existed of her accepting any other man, let him be prince or peasant, reason assured him. He wanted to see her; for that his heart was always yearning; but on this morning when, as it seemed, he had been judging her harshly, the necessity seemed overwhelmingly great. His impatient feet would have carried him to Mrs. Cumberland's immediately after breakfast; but his spirit was a little rebellious still, and kept him back.

He would not betray his impatience, he thought; would not go down till the afternoon; and he began to resort to all sorts of expedients for killing time. He walked with Richard North the best part of the way to Dalory; he came back and wrote to his aunt, Miss Bohun; he went sauntering about the flower-beds with Mr. North. As the day wore towards noon, his restless feet hooted him to Ham Lane—which he gave up the perfume of sweet briar. Captain Bohun went along, switching at these same pleasant hedges with his cane. Avoiding the turning that would take him to Dalory Ham, he continued his way to another and less luxurious lane; the lane that skirted the back of the houses of the Ham, familiarly called by their inhabitants "the back lane."

Stroiling onwards, he had the satisfaction of finding himself passing the dead wall of Mrs. Cumberland's garden, and of seeing the roof and chimneys of her house. Should he go round and call? A few steps lower down, just beyond Dr. Rane's, was an opening that would take him there, a public-house at its corner. He had told himself that he would not go until the afternoon, and now it was barely twelve o'clock; should he call, or should he not call?

Moving on, in his indecision, at a slow pace, he had arrived just opposite Dr. Rane's back garden door, when it suddenly opened, and the doctor himself came forth.

"Ah, how d'ye do?" said the doctor, rather surprised at seeing Arthur Bohun there. "Were you coming in this way? The door was bolted."

"Only taking a stroll," carelessly replied Captain Bohun. "How's Bessy?"

(To be Continued.)

by heart; but it never occurred to him to recall any part of it to profit now.

"The numbers, jealousy, to naught were fixed. And proof of thy distressful state. Of differing themes the evening song was fixed; And now it coursed love; now, raving, called on Hate."

CHAPTER VII.

When Arthur Bohun rose next morning, his senses had returned to him. That Ellen Adair's love was his, and that no part of it existed of her accepting any other man, let him be prince or peasant, reason assured him. He wanted to see her; for that his heart was always yearning; but on this morning when, as it seemed, he had been judging her harshly, the necessity seemed overwhelmingly great. His impatient feet would have carried him to Mrs. Cumberland's immediately after breakfast; but his spirit was a little rebellious still, and kept him back.

He would not betray his impatience, he thought; would not go down till the afternoon; and he began to resort to all sorts of expedients for killing time. He walked with Richard North the best part of the way to Dalory; he came back and wrote to his aunt, Miss Bohun; he went sauntering about the flower-beds with Mr. North. As the day wore towards noon, his restless feet hooted him to Ham Lane—which he gave up the perfume of sweet briar. Captain Bohun went along, switching at these same pleasant hedges with his cane. Avoiding the turning that would take him to Dalory Ham, he continued his way to another and less luxurious lane; the lane that skirted the back of the houses of the Ham, familiarly called by their inhabitants "the back lane."

Stroiling onwards, he had the satisfaction of finding himself passing the dead wall of Mrs. Cumberland's garden, and of seeing the roof and chimneys of her house. Should he go round and call? A few steps lower down, just beyond Dr. Rane's, was an opening that would take him there, a public-house at its corner. He had told himself that he would not go until the afternoon, and now it was barely twelve o'clock; should he call, or should he not call?

Moving on, in his indecision, at a slow pace, he had arrived just opposite Dr. Rane's back garden door, when it suddenly opened, and the doctor himself came forth.

"Ah, how d'ye do?" said the doctor, rather surprised at seeing Arthur Bohun there. "Were you coming in this way? The door was bolted."

"Only taking a stroll," carelessly replied Captain Bohun. "How's Bessy?"

(To be Continued.)

by heart; but it never occurred to him to recall any part of it to profit now.

"The numbers, jealousy, to naught were fixed. And proof of thy distressful state. Of differing themes the evening song was fixed; And now it coursed love; now, raving, called on Hate."

CHAPTER VII.

When Arthur Bohun rose next morning, his senses had returned to him. That Ellen Adair's love was his, and that no part of it existed of her accepting any other man, let him be prince or peasant, reason assured him. He wanted to see her; for that his heart was always yearning; but on this morning when, as it seemed, he had been judging her harshly, the necessity seemed overwhelmingly great. His impatient feet would have carried him to Mrs. Cumberland's immediately after breakfast; but his spirit was a little rebellious still, and kept him back.

by heart; but it never occurred to him to recall any part of it to profit now.

"The numbers, jealousy, to naught were fixed. And proof of thy distressful state. Of differing themes the evening song was fixed; And now it coursed love; now, raving, called on Hate."

CHAPTER VII.

When Arthur Bohun rose next morning, his senses had returned to him. That Ellen Adair's love was his, and that no part of it existed of her accepting any other man, let him be prince or peasant, reason assured him. He wanted to see her; for that his heart was always yearning; but on this morning when, as it seemed, he had been judging her harshly, the necessity seemed overwhelmingly great. His impatient feet would have carried him to Mrs. Cumberland's immediately after breakfast; but his spirit was a little rebellious still, and kept him back.

He would not betray his impatience, he thought; would not go down till the afternoon; and he began to resort to all sorts of expedients for killing time. He walked with Richard North the best part of the way to Dalory; he came back and wrote to his aunt, Miss Bohun; he went sauntering about the flower-beds with Mr. North. As the day wore towards noon, his restless feet hooted him to Ham Lane—which he gave up the perfume of sweet briar. Captain Bohun went along, switching at these same pleasant hedges with his cane. Avoiding the turning that would take him to Dalory Ham, he continued his way to another and less luxurious lane; the lane that skirted the back of the houses of the Ham, familiarly called by their inhabitants "the back lane."

Stroiling onwards, he had the satisfaction of finding himself passing the dead wall of Mrs. Cumberland's garden, and of seeing the roof and chimneys of her house. Should he go round and call? A few steps lower down, just beyond Dr. Rane's, was an opening that would take him there, a public-house at its corner. He had told himself that he would not go until the afternoon, and now it was barely twelve o'clock; should he call, or should he not call?

Moving on, in his indecision, at a slow pace, he had arrived just opposite Dr. Rane's back garden door, when it suddenly opened, and the doctor himself came forth.

"Ah, how d'ye do?" said the doctor, rather surprised at seeing Arthur Bohun there. "Were you coming in this way? The door was bolted."

"Only taking a stroll," carelessly replied Captain Bohun. "How's Bessy?"

(To be Continued.)

by heart; but it never occurred to him to recall any part of it to profit now.

"The numbers, jealousy, to naught were fixed. And proof of thy distressful state. Of differing themes the evening song was fixed; And now it coursed love; now, raving, called on Hate."

by heart; but it never occurred to him to recall any part of it to profit now.

"The numbers, jealousy, to naught were fixed. And proof of thy distressful state. Of differing themes the evening song was fixed; And now it coursed love; now, raving, called on Hate."

by heart; but it never occurred to him to recall any part of it to profit now.

"The numbers, jealousy, to naught were fixed. And proof of thy distressful state. Of differing themes the evening song was fixed; And now it coursed love; now, raving, called on Hate."

by heart; but it never occurred to him to recall any part of it to profit now.

"The numbers, jealousy, to naught were fixed. And proof of thy distressful state. Of differing themes the evening song was fixed; And now it coursed love; now, raving, called on Hate."

by heart; but it never occurred to him to recall any part of it to profit now.

"The numbers, jealousy, to naught were fixed. And proof of thy distressful state. Of differing themes the evening song was fixed; And now it coursed love; now, raving, called on Hate."

by heart; but it never occurred to him to recall any part of it to profit now.

"The numbers, jealousy, to naught were fixed. And proof of thy distressful state. Of differing themes the evening song was fixed; And now it coursed love; now, raving, called on Hate."

by heart; but it never occurred to him to recall any part of it to profit now.

"The numbers, jealousy, to naught were fixed. And proof of thy distressful state. Of differing themes the evening song was fixed; And now it coursed love; now, raving, called on Hate."

by heart; but it never occurred to him to recall any part of it to profit now.

"The numbers, jealousy, to naught were fixed. And proof of thy distressful state. Of differing themes the evening song was fixed; And now it coursed love; now, raving, called on Hate."

by heart; but it never occurred to him to recall any part of it to profit now.

"The numbers, jealousy, to naught were fixed. And proof of thy distressful state. Of differing themes the evening song was fixed; And now it coursed love; now, raving, called on Hate."

by heart; but it never occurred to him to recall any part of it to profit now.

"The numbers, jealousy, to naught were fixed. And proof of thy distressful state. Of differing themes the evening song was fixed; And now it coursed love; now, raving, called on Hate."

by heart; but it never occurred to him to recall any part of it to profit now.

"The numbers, jealousy, to naught were fixed. And proof of thy distressful state. Of differing themes the evening song was fixed; And now it coursed love; now, raving, called on Hate."

by heart; but it never occurred to him to recall any part of it to profit now.

"The numbers, jealousy, to naught were fixed. And proof of thy distressful state. Of differing themes the evening song was fixed; And now it coursed love; now, raving, called on Hate."

by heart; but it never occurred to him to recall any part of it to profit now.

"The numbers, jealousy, to naught were fixed. And proof of thy distressful state. Of differing themes the evening song was fixed; And now it coursed love; now, raving, called on Hate."

by heart; but it never occurred to him to recall any part of it to profit now.

"The numbers, jealousy, to naught were fixed. And proof of thy distressful state. Of differing themes the evening song was fixed; And now it coursed love; now, raving, called on Hate."

by heart; but it never occurred to him to recall any part of it to profit now.

"The numbers, jealousy, to naught were fixed. And proof of thy distressful state. Of differing themes the evening song was fixed; And now it coursed love; now, raving, called on Hate."

by heart; but it never occurred to him to recall any part of it to profit now.

"The numbers, jealousy, to naught were fixed. And proof of thy distressful state. Of differing themes the evening song was fixed; And now it coursed love; now, raving, called on Hate."

by heart; but it never occurred to him to recall any part of it to profit now.

"The numbers, jealousy, to naught were fixed. And proof of thy distressful state. Of differing themes the evening song was fixed; And now it coursed love; now, raving, called on Hate."

by heart; but it never occurred to him to recall any part of it to profit now.

"The numbers, jealousy, to naught were fixed. And proof of thy distressful state. Of differing themes the evening song was fixed; And now it coursed love; now, raving, called on Hate."

by heart; but it never occurred to him to recall any part of it to profit now.

"The numbers, jealousy, to naught were fixed. And proof of thy distressful state. Of differing themes the evening song was fixed; And now it coursed love; now, raving, called on Hate."

by heart; but it never occurred to him to recall any part of it to profit now.

"The numbers, jealousy, to naught were fixed. And proof of thy distressful state. Of differing themes the evening song was fixed; And now it coursed love; now, raving, called on Hate."

by heart; but it never occurred to him to recall any part of it to profit now.

"The numbers, jealousy, to naught were fixed. And proof of thy distressful state. Of differing themes the evening song was fixed; And now it coursed love; now, raving, called on Hate."

by heart; but it never occurred to him to recall any part of it to profit now.

"The numbers, jealousy, to naught were fixed. And proof of thy distressful state. Of differing themes the evening song was fixed; And now it coursed love; now, raving, called on Hate."

by heart; but it never occurred to him to recall any part of it to profit now.

"The numbers, jealousy, to naught were fixed. And proof of thy distressful state. Of differing themes the evening song was fixed; And now it coursed love; now, raving, called on Hate."

by heart; but it never occurred to him to recall any part of it to profit now.

"The numbers, jealousy, to naught were fixed. And proof of thy distressful state. Of differing themes the evening song was fixed; And now it coursed love; now, raving, called on Hate."



POND'S EXTRACT

THIS IS THE GENUINE