

15 Is the exact Number of different lead packets gotten up to resemble.

"SALADA"

CEYLON TEA

All leaving the dealer a larger profit than "SALADA," but none leaving the same lasting favorable impression with the public.

FAITHFUL—TILL THE END

"Yes—Stairs." He looks at her, expecting, hoping for a denial, but none comes.

"You don't deny it, then?"

"No," haughtily. "I deny nothing."

"You have changed your tactics. Last time you denied everything."

"I am sorry I went to so much trouble. I forgot myself greatly when I did."

"You admit, then, that you spoke falsely to me with regard to Grant?"

"I admit as little as I deny," says she, lifting her eyes suddenly to his. There is a touch of fire in them. "Has it occurred to you that you are calling me a liar?"

"No," says Wortley, whose face is now rigid. "The only thing that has occurred to me is that you ought to be ashamed."

"So I am," she laughs suddenly, bitterly—it is the shortest, the most miserable little laugh—"of you!"

"It is kind of you to give me even so much attention, especially as I cannot see how it is deserved."

"Don't you? Is there nothing shameful in attacking me as you have done—of accusing me of all sorts of terrible things—of being abominably rude to me?"

"All this simply means," says he, coldly, interrupting her without apology, "that you refuse to see yourself in the wrong."

"Wrong! There is no wrong."

"Of course not," with a disagreeable smile that conveys her own opinion. "You are never wrong. Let it rest there."

"No," quickly, passionately. "It shall not rest there. You shall speak of it."

"You order me about a good deal," says he, in an amused sort of way that is almost cruel. "Should one order one's guardian like that? You have courage for so much, but after all you have not the courage to acknowledge your own faults; to see—"

"Oh, courage," she says, contemptuously. "The want of that is not my besetting sin. Why, leaning towards him, 'as you say,' you have enough courage to defy you. You, with a strange laugh, 'the arbiter of my fortune, the director of my life, the man, for example, to tell me how I am in the wrong.'"

"There is no occasion for defiance," says Wortley, leily. "I know you are in the wrong when—amongst others—You encourage Grant to write designs—without having made up your mind to marry him."

"Are you so sure of my mind?"

"A pang that I cannot or will not, acknowledge, shoots through his heart. He glances at her with an easy, pretty attitude in his eyes, but at him, a half smile upon her lips, a gleam of scorn, and wrath, and something else impossible to understand.

"I don't presume to be sure of anything. I, however, accept your present hint. I only wish you had spoken sooner. To me," he clears his throat, "Grant seems a very suitable husband for you. I wish you had spoken before. I should certainly have made no objection. If he has not money, he has a profession, and he will get on in it, no doubt, and his family is excellent. I really wish you had let me into your confidence before. For my part I thought him a very good fellow. If you had told me before of your love-affection—"

"He stumbles over this unpleasantly, but without losing hold of himself altogether. 'If you had told me before of your love-affection—'

"He stops, he has shifted his gun from one shoulder to the other, and back again, and still is waiting for his answer. Why he should wait is not clear to him. All he knows is that he is waiting, and that her answer, when it comes, will mean life or death.

"You are too good, too kind," the answer comes at last from lips parted, pale, but smiling. "The smile is distinctly hostile, and in the eyes dwell hostility, too, and something more that goes to Wortley's heart—is it wrath or hatred or—?"

"But as a fact—you are not of facts, are you not?—I do not want to marry Captain Grant or Captain Stiles, or," with a direct and angry glance at him, and with eyes that flame anew, "anyone!"

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The wild excitement of the gallop falls in well with Nell's present mood, the air flying past her face seems to soothe her, and take from the late passage of arms much of its bitterness. For one thing it leaves her small time for thought, and coming to an old iron gateway that leads through a once handsome, but now deserted and weed-grown avenue to a magnificent view of the sea, she determines on carrying her ride so far. Yes, she will go to the top of Lone Crag, and there watch the waves beat their hearts out against the rocks.

Bringing the mare to the gateway, she bends forward, and tries to lift the latch with the handle of her whip, but Miss Jenkins, restive always, slides backwards and forwards, preventing her from attaining her object.

However, after two or three ineffectual attempts, she manages to get the gate open in spite of her, and giving it a vigorous push with the handle of her whip, leads the mare through. The push, unfortunately, had been too vigorous—the gate, though old, is well hung, and coming with a crash against the stone wall on the other side, swings back again violently against the mare's flank. The latter, irritated no doubt by the many checks during her morning's gallop, and never of a very satisfactory temper, becomes thoroughly unmoved by this unexpected shock, rears frantically, plunges forward, rears again—and throws her rider heavily!

"There had been one sharp cry—no more. Nell, expecting the receding of the gate as little as the mare, had been quite unprepared for the shock and the second rear had flung her right out of the saddle—some merciful help from heaven, however, having loosened her foot from the stirrup. It was all so sudden, that she had hardly time for thought—for fear, after the shock, that last rear, had bolted, leaving her hind her on the moist earth a slender reed, huddled up—senseless—notionless!"

Now the last sound of the mad brute's hoofs has ceased upon the air. Nothing is here but silence, deep and lasting. A little frightened hush seems to have fallen upon everything.

"Not a breath crept through the rosy air."

And yet the fresh leaves seem'd stir'd with prayer!

Once a chaffinch, creeping close to the small gloved hand, regards it searchingly, with its head bent to one side, as if it feared, then, and rolled to some distance from her, and the soft, drowsy wind is playing with the curls upon her forehead. One foot is shown, the other is doubled up beneath her habit, the other is slightly parted, and the half-closed eyes seem gazing dumbly at the blue heaven above them.

Wortley, when Nell had ridden abruptly from him, had gone on his own way. This, as it chanced, led him by almost cruelly to understand, that she had taken, to the old gate through which she had striven to enter. His thoughts, perhaps, the bitter part of his meditations lies in the doubt as to whether his part in the late encounter had been a very manly one. He had purposely offended, and almost insulted her—certainly she had considered herself most unkindly used. Was it all worth while? Could he change his mood or alter her character? Was this senseless quarrelling to be kept up for ever? And after all, what right had he to quarrel with her?

What is that over there? His thoughts come suddenly to end. He had just been crossing a stile, and now stands on the topmost rung of it, with his hand on the top rail, and looking down below him exposed to view. Across it a horse is tearing, saddled, bridled, but riderless!

Great heaven! It is hers! From where is it coming? He glances rapidly by his elbow, and from right to left, but nothing is to be seen. Flinging down his gun, he springs to the ground, and looks up at the horse, which towards that part from which the horse had seemed to come. It is a bare chance.

As he runs, he never for a moment degrades himself. He might have been a professional, and he will get on in it, no doubt, and his family is excellent. I really wish you had let me into your confidence before. For my part I thought him a very good fellow. If you had told me before of your love-affection—"

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The potato crop in the vicinity of Windsor is greatly affected by both wet and dry rot. The prospects in consequence are that the ill-fated crop will not be worth the trouble of harvesting.

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Antoine Melche died on Tuesday at the age of 92 years. Mr. Melche was born near Amherstburg, moving to Wyandotte 36 years ago. He leaves a widow and seven children, all grown up.

John Dean, con. 19, Keppel, had the threshing machine at his place the other day, and had a good crop of wheat, which is now in the straw. He struck the sharp end of a broken fork handle, it penetrated the abdomen and perforated the bowels.

R. H. McConnell, solicitor for D. C. Walker, M. C. R. foreman, St. Thomas, has issued a writ against Jacob Hudson, merchant, Glendon, that he pay \$125 which plaintiff claims was collected by defendant on a promissory note, and who failed to return all the money.

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