

# LOVED AND NOT LOVED.

CHAPTER III.  
"SUNDAY WORSHIP."

It all arranged itself, for a wonder, easily enough, and on Sunday morning May and her father caught themselves listening more to the organ than to the singing, though the Woodshot choir did its best to impress the new-comer. Matthew himself was out of sight from Miss James's pew, though he was full in view of Miss Ball's, who eyed him through her glass from time to time. The back of his head, which of course was all she could see, fully bore out her Churnborough friend's description; it was neatly set on his shoulders, and the hair was dark and thick and smooth. "Nothing unpleasantly foreign about the young man, at all events," thought Paul Ball. She regretted the Lodge joint, but congratulated herself on her undiminished portion of cold rabbit pie, and she had always little Egypt's company.

It was a red-letter day for Woodshot, unappreciative though its rustics were. Years after, when Matthew de Nismes was a famous composer, he could remember a sense of the stupidity of both choir and congregation, which beat itself into that impassive head of his as he bowed it over the keys—not so much to heed his own music as to lose the Woodshot singing! And Woodshot congregation, for its part, retained a vague remembrance of having heard something very fine and unusual during that morning and in the Sundays that followed.

May was not musical, but she had played the organ enough to know its capabilities, and it was almost with a feeling of amusement that she heard the difficulties she had never dared to tackle brought into constant play—such alternations of choir, organ and swell, such pedal passages while the hands held the chords. The organist was masterful; she began to wish that she had seen him before determining to ask him to luncheon—perhaps he might refuse to come? But her father, who had known Mr. Passmore for many years, had said that he would ask him, and she could not now go back from her request; luncheon, too, had been altered a little. There was a dish she had helped the cook to make herself.

He did not refuse. When, at the end of the service, he looked up from the keys he was hardly surprised to see Mr. James standing in the organ loft. His playing generally brought somebody there; if he had wondered at all, he would only have wondered that it was not (musically speaking) somebody more intelligent than Mr. James. But he did not wonder much when he had been playing; he was always then built in by a sort of wall—part sound, part strenuous endeavor—for many minutes. Young Matthew! as he stared at Mr. James with half-opened lips and wide-opened but unresponsive eyes, that trim gentleman in his Sunday suit, fresh from his Sunday lonic, thought he looked rather wild and silly, and wondered if he ought to speak to him in French or in a chanting tone. But Mr. James had set himself a task, and whenever he had set himself a task he accomplished it (provided it was nothing that troubled or hurt him), for the sake of his own rest at nights. He accomplished Matthew's invitation and Matthew accepted it, as he had never had a choice about it. He would have accepted an invitation from the squire or the village grocer quite as readily; he was really thinking that he would like to stay in Woodshot for some hours of the afternoon and get this fine organ all to himself in a church emptied of coughs and pattering feet. "He was aware of some vast fabric in his brain he might build in music. He was still thinking this, so far as he could be said to be thinking anything, when Mr. James presented him to his daughter May. He looked at her with unconscious pleasure, but his brown eyes, full of dreams, had not become expressive yet.

As they walked across the fields to the Lodge, it was May whose gaze—under her veil—was earnest. Somehow or other the advent of this young man meant much for her. He was older than she had dared to hope—five-and-twenty at least—and his gravity gave him more than his years. He was tall, too, and he had a handsome face, pale, rather distinguished; but he was not to be judged by the Berkshire or Hampshire standard. Miss Paul Ball would neither have suspected him of "going to stand for the county," or have dubbed him "Aldershot," as she dubbed—rightly for the most part—the few well-set-up, soldierly-looking men that had been known to find their way to Woodshot Church on Sundays, and that she had seen at the afternoon service in Farnborough Mausoleum. It all depended, thought May quietly, what was there behind this impressive face? What were the man's brains worth?

But she could not repress a touch of contempt at his seeming so benighted after playing the church organ for a few uncontrolled moments after service. If it was not weakness which he showed, perhaps it was affectation, which was worse. Meantime, though silent than he, she began to feel like a wave against a rock as the tide rises. When she went up-stairs to take off her hat, she looked at herself carefully in the glass; she wished to be approved, she was conscious of an effort for some concession, the desire to win.

Matthew de Nismes explained himself a little at luncheon; that is to say, he answered all her father's questions, which became gradually more deferential. It was curious to hear the change in Mr. James's tone when the curd "Are you going to be long at Passmore's?" was responded to by a languid "No," and she could gradually glean that Matthew was only at Churnborough for a few weeks, on a sort of independent visit to his English friends, and in no sense a pupil.

"How do you amuse yourself there?" was the next question, which was certainly the very last Mr. James would have asked one of Passmore's boys. He was a disciplinarian.

"I like the English country," said Matthew; "I have a cart and a pony, besides my piano—a very tolerable Pleyel. What pianos do you care for, Miss James?"

It was the first question he had put to her, and she felt he did so because she had been watching him intently. The conviction of this made her fair, honest face flush as she answered, "Oh! I know very little about pianos; carts and ponies are more in my line"—a reply which made her father high sabbidly, though he would never have

let her practise if she had been the greatest musical enthusiast in the kingdom; and had rather encouraged her fancy for a pony-cart, because it took her out of his way and kept the house quiet. "She's off at last," he would say, and then, probably, go out himself.

In her simple fashion May went on studying Matthew as the meal progressed; she rather disliked him, he offended her in many infinitesimal ways—he did not eat enough, he did not care, apparently, for what he did eat—did not notice it, and once—it was during the course she had helped to make—finding himself slower than her father had been, he put down his knife and fork absent and let his plate be taken from him. When, just after this, he commented upon the note a bird was singing outside, with a momentary smile which lighted up his handsome face, she felt she could have boxed his ears. Food was food; May was far too healthy not to like good food herself; certainly they talked about it too much at Woodshot. Her father suspected every dainty she contrived; her intimates—like Miss Paul Ball—besought receipts, appraised, enjoyed. It was all in extreme, but surely there was a middle way between their analysis and this complete disregard. At least, if he was sane and well, he might have eaten his luncheon like a man; she had not tried to poison him. She liked him a thought better when he seemed to enjoy his coffee and cigarette in the garden; she began to feel motherly towards him, as if she could have said, "There you see you are all right now! You did want your luncheon, after all"—not understanding, however, that it was the calming of his nerves by food after the music's excitement which was making him more adaptable, that he was, in fact, temporarily assimilated to her own stupidity—for the moment less worthy than himself.

His was the very first artistic nature with which she had been brought into contact during all her life. She could not but perceive how keen his senses were, how easily his nerves were soothed and jarred. When he said to her that the garden smelt of all sorts of sweet things, she said "Yes," and took it for a generalization; but when he went on to say—and this while he was sitting with his back to the orchard—"I can smell heliotrope, honeysuckle, and ripe apples," she felt that she could no longer attribute his carelessness at luncheon to a want of discriminating taste.

"It is really like a beautiful chord of music," he added, turning to her—only because she was a woman, and women generally understood those things quicker than men—"the honeysuckle sharpness, the heliotrope sweetness, and the apple warmth."

She envied him for perceiving all this, but jumped off at a tangent and said:—"Oh! I can smell nothing but coffee!"—and this did not seem to shock him as she had half-meant and half-feared that it should. Because he had no affectation, because he was simple—not less simple than May was, but more highly strung—it struck him as natural that if she smelt coffee above the flower scent she should say so. Why should she pose to be refined when his refinement had been purely natural?

"I always smell the water that vegetables have been boiled in, after luncheon here," said Mr. James, not to be outdone in delicacy of perception.

"Anything else?" said May sharply with an acerbity she rarely used to her father.

"Does any one smell drainage or bad fish?" Then Matthew laughed—laughed heartily, so that May laughed too; laughed good-naturedly, so that even her father smiled, though his smile was more like a grimace.

"Ah, yes, it's all very well to laugh," said Mr. James, "but my health makes me sensitive. I can hear a pig being killed three miles off sometimes."

Matthew, however, was not attending now, he was looking at May (who was a trifle ashamed of her temper), and thinking that she was very quick and bright. She had, in fact, realized in words the impatience which Mr. James had made him feel. The pair unconsciously were acting on each other, for May had expressed herself more sharply than usual, having felt the ugliness of her father's remark, not as it struck her but as it might strike Matthew. There was a sort of sudden little link between them, which made it easier for her to say, "I am sure Mr. de Nismes will not mind your going to lie down, papa, as you don't venture upon coffee."

Matthew bowed and rose from his garden chair.

"I ought to take my leave," he said.

"Please don't, said May, "I always sit here all the afternoon; I am too incompetent to teach in the Sunday school; I bribed the boys to learn their texts with apples; they learned them so well; but when I was forbidden to bribe them, I found I had no didactic gift whatever, so I stay at home." And Mr. James, too, pressed the young man to stay, more because he was sleepy than because he wished to see him again. He did not like to think that his going away to rest a bit should bring the visit to a close. That would make him look selfish, and Mr. James disliked to look selfish; he humored his conscience as much as his digestion, and both required flattery.

And so Matthew stayed. It is not conceivable that there is any real difference in the qualities of Sunday afternoon and weekdays, but people like May and Matthew, who have borne the experiences of Sunday morning, may be excused for thinking so. They were both in an unusual frame of mind. May was at rest untired and after the enforced stillness of church; Matthew was at rest also, but quite worn out with his long walk and the long morning service. And to both of them it was new to be left alone with another just at the moment when common-places topics were exhausted, and they were thrown upon their own resources.

It was true that Matthew had much to tell that was new to May, but he did not trouble to tell it, and to what he did say she did not listen as attentively as she had done when her father was by. The need of softening down possible jars seemed to have been removed with the interrupter. Now she let herself study Matthew as she had never studied any man before. Her still gaze magnetized him; he did not attempt to go—and they both put down her inattention and his inaction to Sunday afternoon! Meantime her thoughts went racing through her brain; how would it be if it was like this always? If this was

normal—not abnormal—Sunday afternoon? If Matthew was installed at Woodshot, and had brought his Pleyel piano over from Churnborough for a permanent? If she was May de Nismes? If he was going to be there at dinner as well as at luncheon? and at breakfast the next day? Not amiss; she liked his unobtrusive manner; he would not bore her; on the contrary, there was a hint of reserved force about him that interested her. May's long and independent girlhood had made her in some ways unwomanly; she was like a young man in wanting very much to be allowed to find things out for herself, in disliking to be taught or told. The curiosity that he excited, the want of interest he showed—these were elements of his charm for her.

He sat still, and she had leisure to notice him; it became as much as she could do not to ask him whether there was a portrait in that locket on his chain, and who had given him the ring he wore on his left hand. If he had been a doll, a plaything, she would have looked more nearly at the locket and the ring; and, indeed, he was little more to her as yet; he filled a place upon the lawn, she liked him to be there; after a while, no doubt, she would put him by, as she had done her other toys, and forget him.

The church clock, chiming the half hours across the meadow, chimed four before he moved to go, and then a maid came out from the drawing-room window to ask if she should bring some tea into the garden. May went to evening service sometimes, and when she did so altered the hour of her afternoon tea, which she always enjoyed.

"Is it really tea time?" said Matthew then, and finally rose to go. May did not rise; she sat looking at him, and was conscious of a wish that he would relax a little; she wanted to be sure that the doll could speak something more than stereotyped words.

"Do stay!" she said; "tea time is any time here; we can have tea before you go, and then you can have the hour's practice you wish for before evening service, if really you are kind enough to play this evening too."

"I will certainly play," he answered; "there is a sort of supper on Sundays at Mr. Passmore's; I can get back to Churnborough in time for that; I am never tired of playing the organ, and I will play that 'Reverie' of Wely's after the service, that you say you like so much; but I will not stay for tea; I do not like tea. And you will have all Woodshot coming here, I know."

"Nobody but Paul Ball," said May, with a little smile, forgetting, that he did not know all the nicknames of the parish; forgetting, indeed, that he was a stranger, and only conscious that she wished him to remain. The lines of his dress, the fact of his presence, were delightful to her. Why should he bother about that stupid organ?

"But perhaps you would as lief be going because of that?" she added. "Paul Ball always comes to tea on Sundays."

"And will like, no doubt, to find you, as usual, alone," said Matthew, polite but ignorant.

May never thought it worth while to discuss what Paul Ball liked or did not like. "You will be here next Sunday," she said, "and I hope you will lunch with us again. You must not look upon it as an invitation to be specially accepted; only come if you can, and if you are not lunching elsewhere."

She felt that she might say as much as this; the young man was no sort of trouble to her, and her father did not put himself out for him—that was clear. But such an invitation was not customary from Woodshot Lodge, and she expected it to be accepted with some show of pleasure, if not with the effusion that Miss Ball would have shown—effusion, which in her case, would have been accentuated by surprise. Indeed, she recollected afterwards that she had not been able to keep her voice wholly without a shade of patronage.

"Thank you," he said naturally, in just the easy tone she had effected; "if no one else invites me, I will certainly trespass here; you have made me so welcome, and made me feel so much at home. I will leave my card in the hall for Mr. James, who hardly knows my name as yet, in case you wish to put me off."

May did not answer; she began to feel rebellious, she wanted him to ask her to go with him to the church, she wanted him to do all sorts of things which it was most improbable that he would dream of doing. And she disliked the consciousness that she wanted to impress him.

He made a little bow, half shy, half graceful, and held out his hand; she looked at it for a fraction of a second, still sitting there, and viciously longed to slap it—this, also, she recollected afterwards. Then her manners came quickly back to her; she stood up in a pretty, girlish way, and shook hands with him kindly.

"I shall be in church this evening," she said. "See it is not good-bye." She lingered over this leave-taking; she could not have said quite why; she did not want to be alone.

"An revoir, then?" said Matthew, and in that instant went.

He had to go through the drawing-room to get his hat, which was in the hall. After a minute, and without any previous intention of going, May followed him slowly. Then she passed from the drawing-room into the hall; he was gone; his card was on the hall table—"Vicome Matthieu de Nismes."

She leaned both hands on the table and stood over the card, looking down at it, deep in thought. After a few minutes she heard Paul Ball's bell.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Getting to the Point.

"Sir," said a fierce lawyer, "do you, on your oath, swear that this is not your handwriting?"

"I think not," was the cool reply.

"Does it resemble your writing?"

"I can't say it does."

"Do you swear it does not resemble your writing?"

"I do."

"Do you take your oath that this writing does not resemble yours?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, how do you know?"

"Cause I can't write."

Collapse of fierce lawyer.

Felipe Munos, the Anarchist now under arrest in Madrid, has confessed that at a recent secret Anarchist meeting lots were cast to decide who should kill the boy King of Spain.

## AT WAR WITH SAVAGES.

England and France and Their Campaigns in Asia and Africa.

Grave news has been received at Calcutta from the Lushai country. The rebellious Lushais have made a sudden raid in the rear of the British column, and have attacked the tea estate of Booroonecherra. The manager and his family succeeded in effecting their escape, but thirty-eight coolies employed on the estate were killed and several others have been carried off by the enemy as prisoners. The revolt is spreading and strong reinforcements have been sent to aid the troops now operating against the enemy. The trouble grew out of the refusal of the natives to obey certain orders of the British political officer. The Cachar frontier is now cordoned with British troops. A strong Indian force has been dispatched to act in concert with the Indian-Burmese force on the other side of the Lushai Hills.

This is a part of the uprising in Upper Burma, where England has to face not only dacoits, but organized forces of natives. A vast conspiracy, in fact, extends throughout Upper Burma, and the incursion of the Lushais into Assam shows that the rebels are exceedingly daring. The Lushais made a raid upon the tea garden of Booroonecherra only three weeks ago when fifty coolies were killed or wounded and thirteen were carried off by the tribesmen. The uprising extends all through the country to Mandalay, the capital of Burma.

## ON THE GUINEA COAST.

Advices from Lagos, capital of the British colony of that name on the slave coast of West Africa, report a serious state of affairs there. For thirty years past the trade of Lagos to and from the interior of Africa has been interrupted and in many instances stopped by the King of Jebu, one of the interior countries of the colony of Lagos. The Jebu tribe hold a very important geographical position, their country forming a frontier along the lagoon giving access to the ports of Lagos. The main roads, form a very large portion of the rich hinterland of Yoruba, pass through Jebu, and the king levied heavy toll upon all produce passing through this country, and, moreover, compelled the Yorubas to sell to him, thus acting as middleman to the traders of Lagos.

It now appears that the Egbas, who are acting in concert with the Yorubas, have broken the treaty, and their combined forces threaten to attack Lagos and the British settlement on the Gold Coast. Trade is completely suspended and there is considerable uneasiness in Lagos. What with the troubles between France and Dahomey and the now threatened rising against the British, the outlook in Upper Guinea is not very promising.

The French newspapers demand that the present campaign against Dahomey be directed to effect the complete subjugation of that country, and thus render further action by the French unnecessary. They declare that a campaign that does not effect this end will be worse than useless, and that in a few years the Dahomeyans will again make trouble for the French, unless the power of their king for mischief is utterly broken. King Behanzin, they say, having been educated in Paris, knows the resources of France, but this fact has not deterred him from acting in a most arrogant manner, and indulging in many threats against the French. The time has now come, the papers declare, to break his power and teach him that French rights must be respected. It is judged, by the tone of the articles, that it is desired that a French protectorate be established in Dahomey. The Cabinet has finally decided upon extensive operations in Dahomey, which will be intrusted to the Minister of Marine.

## Esek's Baby.

Esek wuz a n'athiest—  
Least he useter say so, cuz  
Somehow he could never see  
What the plan o' nater wuz.  
Useter say he'd prayed an' prayed;  
Things went crosswise jest the same!  
Never hed no sorter show,  
That's before the baby came.

Useter say our heaven's here,  
Lands o' love, I'd hope it ain't!  
Also that our hell's on airth—  
"Twas enough ter try a saint.  
But ther's nuthin' wuz too good  
For ther baby, an' I found  
Jest by accident, ez 'twere,  
Esek sorter shiftin' roound.

Made a diffence, don't y' see?  
Sorter needed God ter pray to.  
S'pose ther's hell! Ther ain't no place  
Fer a babe ter go away to!  
Got so that we useter find him  
Tellin' baby Bible stories,  
Lookin' sort o' guilty though,  
Said he spoke in allegories.

By an' by, when she got big,  
He jined the church fer an example:  
Got ter be a pillar, too:  
Useter kote him fer a sample!  
Sorter habit, I presume.  
But he sorter grew ter love it.  
Call him a theist now! Wal, sir:  
Guess you'd hev ter fight ter prove it!

## Heat and Cold.

The use of the hands, as in washing in hot water, then exposing them to extreme cold, is prolific of a very common misery. Mrs. Robert Simpson, 71 Berkeley St., Toronto, Ont., writes, Oct. 2, 1891, as follows:—"St. Jacobs Oil cured me of rheumatic cramps of the hands after all other treatment failed me. My hands were much swollen and painful, and for a time I was nearly helpless; however, thanks to the magic touch of St. Jacobs Oil, shortly after its use I was relieved, and ultimately, entirely cured. I now always have a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil in the house."

The person who sits upon the eggs of borrowed trouble will eventually hatch out the emine chickens.

## Out of Sorts

Describes a feeling familiar to persons of dyspeptic tendency, or caused by change of climate, season or life. The stomach is out of order, the head aches or does not feel right.

## The Nerves

seem strained to their utmost, the mind is confused and irritable. This condition finds an excellent corrective in Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by its regulating and toning powers, soon

## Restores Harmony

to the system, and gives that strength of mind, nerves, and body, which makes one feel well.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists, \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. 100 Doses One Dollar

## Murder of an Englishman in the Transvaal.

News has just been received by the African mail of the murder, on March 19, of Mr. Thomas James, a native of St. Just, Cornwall, who had only returned to South Africa last July, after spending a long holiday with his friends in England. Mr. James, who was a miner, had been in ill health, having suffered severely from influenza since his return from England, and had been begged by his Cornish friends to return home, but having recovered somewhat he decided to remain at Johannesburg. Having received a remittance from home on March 19, he called at the Witpoorte Hotel in the evening on his way from the mine to his lodging, and treated many of his friends most generously. He afterwards left his friends and went towards his house alone. On his way he was waylaid and murdered, and when his body was discovered his skull was found to be literally smashed in. The deceased's pockets had been turned inside out, but the murderer had evidently failed to find the pocket containing bank notes to the value of £25 and seven sovereigns. A costly gold watch had, however, disappeared. It is believed that the murderer was a Kaffir, and efforts are being made to trace him. The deceased, having so recently recovered from influenza, was physically unfit to cope with his assailant. James leaves a widow and six children, who are now residing at St. Just. He was very respectably connected.

## "August Flower"

There is a gentleman at Malden-on-the-Hudson, N. Y., named Captain A. G. Pareis, who has written us a letter in which it is evident that he has made up his mind concerning some things, and this is what he says:

"I have used your preparation called August Flower in my family for seven or eight years. It is constantly in my house, and we consider it the best remedy for Indigestion, Constipation and Indigestion. We have ever used or known. My wife is troubled with Dyspepsia, and at times suffers very much after eating. The August Flower, however, relieves the difficulty. My wife frequently says to me when I am going to town, 'We are out Constipation of August Flower, and I think you had better get another bottle.' I am also troubled with Indigestion, and whenever I am, I take one or two teaspoonfuls before eating, for a day or two, and all trouble is removed."

## Aeronaut's Fatal Descent.

Details have come to hand of the fatal accident that befell Miss Van Tassel, aeronaut, at Dacca, are particularly sad. Though but a girl of 18, the unfortunate young lady appears to have possessed both the skill and judgment necessary for accomplishing her daring parachute descent, nor did her self-command forsake her. The vast crowd assembled on the occasion on the fetes given by the Nawabs of Dacca watched the parachute as it detached itself from the balloon at a great height, and it was observed that it opened out and began to descend as evenly and gently as could be wished, but, unfortunately, when approaching the ground, the machine caught in the bows of a casuarina tree. Even then Miss Van Tassel retained her presence of mind, and quietly disentangling herself from the cords and trapeze, secured a firm hold of the tree at a height of about 20ft. Here some spectators hastened to her assistance, and tried to help her down with the aid of bamboo rods lashed together. It was while endeavoring to slide down these that the frail bamboos unfortunately broke, precipitating the unfortunate young lady to the ground, and causing a shock to the spine producing paralysis, from which she died on the following day.

THIRTY YEARS.

Johnston, N. B., March 11, 1889.

"I was troubled for thirty years with pains in my side, which increased and became very bad. I used

ST. JACOBS OIL

and it completely cured. I give it all praise."

MRS. WM. RYDER.

"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT!"