LOVED AND NOT LOVED.

CHAPTER IV.

"WEEK-DAY WOOING."

He came again the next Sunday, and the next; and by that time the Sunday luncheons, having become an institution, did not count. Matthew and May began to make other plans for meeting, independent of them. Woodshot Village accustomed itself as usual; the vicar was abroad, the curate was in a lodging; the "young French gentleman" came to play the organ on Sundays, and Mr. James gave him his luncheon. Miss Paul Ball was away with little Egypt, on a round of visits, and there were no tongues to silence or idle fancies to conciliate. It was, to say the truth, not Matthew, but May, who made the plans for other meetings. But they were plans, "my dear" -she would say to herself, before the glass, turning down the corners of her lovely mouth in imitation of Paul Ball-" which any lady might have made !"

Music gave her many an excuse; there were several churches between Woodshot and Churnborough where the organs were well worth a trial. It was not a country neighborhood, but that summer solitude, a fashionable winter place, deserted in August more completely than the country would have been at a greater distance from London. The parishes were rich, and no congregation liked to feel that it was outdone by the next in the appointments of its

It became a familiar sensation to Miss James to drive her pony-carriage through saying, "Next season." the hay, and tether it at some little stile close to a field of wheat or barley near the assured, she felt-or chose to feelwhen she came. If he felt anything brought in the freshness of the afternoon, the savor of the banks all made of broom, bracken, rhododendron, and laurel, carpeted with heather-gold stars of wild flowers darting out on long stalks about it Matthew de Nismes would sit and unravel the mazes of Bach, and she, not understanding and yet charmed, would Woodshot, her quick fancy just glanced listen, standing by his side, sweet of the heather or the wild flowers, and never at May James. But she knew that Mr. Mugwort with your Chickweed Mouse-ear." thinking of Bach at all.

been more than ordinarily irresponsive, | cause she had "always been at Woodshot," | He really thought the little book was interand she had to return to tea without hav- as it seemed to Mrs. Passmore, had been a ing interchanged with him more than grown-up woman before they came to the simplest words—as she loosened the Churnborough, and that was ten years—ten pony and prepared to drive back to Wood- | crowded years -ago; whole generations of | crime. shot-from the keen chagrin she felt pupils had passed by since then, had that he had not risen to escort her to the thought Miss James very handsome, and church door as she waved him a sign that ridden off to other loves. Miss James, had she was going, she got to be afraid-no! to never wasted on them a single sigh of rebe glad-no! neither, just to be sure that gret. she cared greatly for him. She felt her Of the Woodshot Sundays Mrs. Pass cheek flush in the afternoon air; she longed more knew quite well; of the other meet that he should be going to follow her to ings it is true she did not know, but it Woodshot, instead of to walk back to Churn- is also true that if she had known of borough. What was the garden without them she would only have said, "May him? And the roses at their best!

can he find at Passmore's? Why does he thing to tell. But then Paul Ball was stay in these parts? Is it possible that he away. Once, indeed, she had asked Matcan stay-for me?"

and banished the thought, knowing that- which meant rather less than nothing; it possible or not possible—it was not yet true. was his habitual formula of assent. This mensely." She did not wish it to be true. She did not | was a few days before that moment's epiwonder what his feelings were; she got to | sode at the church gate. be contented with her own. She got to follow him with her thoughts, but she never was what haunted Matthew; he had surwished to alter his; he became her occupa- prised an unexpected nymph in a familiar tion, her pursuit. And, strange to say, she shrine. For many days it had sat there never had the slightest wish to go away and adored him, evading notice. What but he gave way with the air of one who with him and share his life, only to bring | would be the issue of his recognition? him into hers. For she had lived so long at Woodshot she could hardly imagine herself placed elsewhere. She often pondered whether he could be contented with the life she led-it was orderly, unvaried; he seemed to like monotony; it had never held much of which she was ashamed. She constantly reviewed her life as a man reviews his life when thinking of it in relation to the woman he loves; was it sufficient? was it honorable? She hollowed out her heart to hold a great love, -and then-out of the fount of her own feeling-she set to work and filled it to the brim. And it was "Matthew" stood for symbol of it all. He was the excuse for her own selfishness to herself. She was not conceited; she never said, "I have a lover;" she only said, "At last I love." She felt that she had gained an added sense, and said it thankfully.

had none of the sweet madness and sur- tuous of him to aspire, selfish to disturb her prise of life; but then her life was sane peaceful days. He must set himself to work of uncertainty and compromise had she window. He did not see May; she was and dull; and this sufficed her. Matthew to win her! He was sure that she would was so quiet, so stupid, so absorbed in his please his mother, and to love her for himmusic and in some business that had self would be an easy task, if he roused himbrought him to England, that he never self a bit and gave his mind to that and went indoors in his track as before, but contradicted her fancies even in her own nothing else. heart. He was always gentle, reserved, kind-a man of taste in whom she might his brain into his heart. That she had ex. dow, and tried to realize what had occurred. keep confidence. The pleasure of caring hausted a whole history of romance and af- Her prevailing conviction was that she had had met with a scurvy welcome. Bewil--for love rather than for him-in this untroubled, satisfactory un-jealous way, to his mind. Her constant presence he put had much cause to consider any one but made her very happy, and very beautiful in down to her caring for his music, for she herself, and all her life long she had been in May's own chair; he could not help deher great happiness. Nothing vexed her, knew just enough about music not to seem her own law; the consideration that her ciphering her clear handwriting; it forced nothing spoiled her sleep; she walked on air. Her hair seemed to have fresh gloss filled up her shortcomings to himself. That was no need to think about that. But now and gold in its brown curls, her eyes to be purer in their candid glance, her cheeks to be fairer, and her lips more sweet and soft; she really seemed to glide without effort on her way through the world, to be untiring, to breathe always evenly, as if her life were just a wave in June. Her voice got a new

And one day Matthew noticed this; they were walking down a churchyard together to the pony carriage. The air smelt of limes and hay. He was tired with playing, and his hands were full of music books. As they came to a gate he began to shift the books laboriously from one arm to another, to get his fingers free for the latch, when, "Oh ! let me undo the gate ?" she said, leaning forward, almost brushing his shoulder with her muslin dress, like a white bird. Her accents lingered in his brain and dis- him. And then her daily duties began to with a hot blush, how time and again, she possessed the music ; they were so intentely wear their old aspect. sweet and new. And from that moment he regarded her afresh.

The fact was that, although he had not said a single word upon the subject to any human creature, Matthew de Nismes had been sent to England expressly to find himself a wife. Mis mother, an Englishwoman, had made an unhappy marriage; she was

separated from her husband, and lived in a French country house with her son. She lived abroad, because her house was abroad, and she was a sensitive woman who disliked English curiosity. But she hated certain French qualities-or habits rather-worse even than she hated that; and she had therefore Anglicized her son as much as possible, always speaking English with him, and keeping even to the English spelling of his name-a name of her own family. She had been wretched with a French husband, Matthew must be happy with an English wife. Mrs. Passmore and Madame de Nismes had been old schoolfellows, and to Mrs. Passmore's care Matthew was consigned till he should feel at home in England. Many young men would have set to work at once to go into society and look about them; but Matthew's characteristic was leisureliness; he had something of his mother's shrinking and his father's laissez-faire. He did not particularly want to get married and was rather pleased to find the sea between himself and his anxious mother, and the frequent discussions of the topic thereby stayed for a time. He had never been in love. But in his heart he knew that he was more than entitled-almost bound-to select a wife. As one is apt to do with a duty, he tried to ignore as completely as possible this real reason of his being in England; and the incidental fact, that he was there, was pleasant to him. He pretended duties, concerts, health-not to others, for he spoke very little to any one-but to himself he kept on

Mrs. Passmore was a busy, motherly woman, used to having young men about churchyard gate; to cross the sunny space her, and well aware that they will go their and enter the cool porch, where the sound own way the more if you try to take them of Matthew's music never failed to greet your way. In her capacity of wife to an her. She would walk up the empty aisle army tutor, she had experienced various and into the organ loft, with her welcome surprises, and being sensible and shrewd, she had arrived at certain generalizations. although her friend did not stop playing | She liked Matthew, though she thought him rather tame, and she liked a great about her coming, it was just that she many young ladies in her neighborhood. It was a good neighborhood, and she just let Matthew loose in it without any flourish of trumpets, as if he were a mere "foreign pupil." She did not talk about "the young vicomte;" he was not rich, and the all like butterflies. Slim, calm, and young, | wrong people would be sure to make a set at him, she knew, if she said much about him. When he told her he had been to

James did not wish May to marry, and she And one day, when, indeed, he had I thought May even older than she was, be-

James? and why not May James?" Paul "With all the other pupils away, what Ball would have told her if there was anythew if he did not think May James good-But she flicked the pony with her whip looking, and he had said, "Yes, certainly,"

The new sweetness of May's voice, that

made Matthew continue much as he had most attractive. His pulse quickened. sharpness and sting, combined to make her such handling, might have grown into a his. He would have just gone on accepting | sheltering tree. till some quiet evening when he would have asked her with a moment's condescension- ing dreams, which are so independent of being stone no more-to accept him instead; the truth! Oh, the touch of the realand then he would have resumed his old at- the unlike touch—at which they crumble ! titude, and taken her love for granted. With the poor senseless ashes of them dead! this discretion he might have held her fancy all his life.

As it was, he recognized that she was beautiful, and aignified, and gentle-and a No doubt it was a sane, dull passion-it little older than himself. It was presump-

fection about him in silence, never occurred been dishonest to herself. She had never dered, he glanced down on the writingquite dense to him who knew so much; he father exacted he also controlled-there itself upon his eyes; he read it: "Dear- under trials of physical endurance, but was something to begin upon ; he would de- herself-her suddenly most dear and pretach himself from his own pursuit of music cious self, what had she done with it, and to encourage hers. In fine, he would apply | what should she do?

mark of hers which he would ordinarily free from sentimental longings; she did not -a relief. It was not an intense pleasure, the monotony of her life, momentarily piqued though his ordinary negligence would have by a chance word that hurt her vanity, she been an intense pain, but still it was a plea- had violently set her face towards the pursurable sensation. The second time he did pose of marriage. She had flung herself into it, she felt it more like an offence. Was it a love-dream, and at that moment she had secret? . She resented this attendance; it given her sufficient scope-"no encouragewas as if he was appraising her. Then she | ment" she murmured to herself-"never any often, of relieved tension of mind-of getting | more than she meant to do, said more than back to herself, of ceasing to strain after she thought. Deliberately she remembered,

flowers, as her hal it was of old -a habit she never mean to tell, and which really you had lately rather relinquished, walking with don't know at all. "And I do not care for

clenched hands. Her heart had felt so him one little bit," she said to herself desheavy that it tightened her grasp. Now perately; then, to her own surprise, she got she began to loose it as if the love that had up and flung the "Language of Flowers" been such a pressure at her heart was run- out of the window. Abominable li-tle ning out at her finger-tips, and she gathered here a rose and here some white verbena. Matthew admired her very much; he began | moment! That was the rate at which she with his soberly fervent nature to be great- felt her heart was travelling away from

he said, "it is in the hall; a language of | it so fast and far as its rebound from the flowers." He spoke to her with difficience. iron wall of reality which it struck, the A week ago a gift from him would have hateful wall of another's will. been one of her dreams, but now she could ! smile easily and answer: "Oh! thank you. | she suddenly saw it all quite plainly; she But I have always rather disliked the language of flowers. A flower says something posed to her she would have to marry him or nothing; it has no printed meaning. wonder what your book would say, though, ever say-that he should even know in his

of these? They are absolutely accidental." Wait for me here on this spot, with the roses and white verbena in your hand-like

ner that May almost hated him for making person who loathes to do the very thing that it. He, the fairy prince, the adored, the unapproachable, was he to jump down from his | having brought about. She could hear what pedestal and skip about like this? A cool- people would say-that she had "caught ness, a disgust-yes, absolutely a disgustcame over her as he ran quickly back across be pitied for having married some one the lawn with the horrid little common. years older than himself; he would seem book. They looked out the flowers together, to have yielded to her wish, expressed or

side by side. "Roses," she said; "oh! there are a hun- self to be so yielding. And she could not dred meanings. Beauty, beauty, beauty that is all they say. What is white ver- liking for him in her veins, and she knew

read; "these flowers are like me and you would hate his music, for which he really

pointment and anger finding vent in rude- which he would indeed never himself care ness, "what nonsense! Let me see some much, while she might have cared all, had other flowers - here is a "floral letter." things been different. Had he but loved Did ever any one read such an affair ?- "I her first !- no; it would always have been have Marvel of Peru and Marjoram; I have the same—always distasteful. no Mustard seed, but a great deal of Mug. wort' (I am sure I am glad to hear it); 'I am almost Syrian Mallow. Excuse my Moscha-Mallow.' Heavens! what a boquet! It's pose she is Tilburina's confidante, 'mad in like a declaration from Bedlam!"

"It all means something," said Matthew, deeply chagrined and angry with the ridiculous book, though he had no sense of humor. "See! It means 'I have Timidity and Blushes; I have no Want of Affection, but a great deal of Happiness; I am almost Consumed by Love. Excuse my Weakness. I have a Suspicion lest you should not Live for me!' and it goes on, 'Mezereon; Milk Vetch '-look ! all beginning with M !"

"Oh, stop !" said May. "You spoil my "Your 'Happiness' with my 'Ingenious Simplicity," Matthew translated slowly. esting. Perhaps it was an old English custom to discourse with one's beloved like this. To May it was more blasphemous than a

("To think that I have only been seeking Mugwort!" she said in her heart.)

"How quick you were?" he went on, not detaching his hands from the book which she still held. "How quick you always are, I thought so the first Sunday, although I was so dull in myself that I had hardly looked at you-I did not see how exquisite you were. How long your eyelashes are! they won't let me see your eyes-your beautiful eyes that have never been turned away from me!"

"Don't," said May, in a low voice. It was as if cheap realization were spoiling some rare ideal. "Let me look at some more 'floral letters'-they amuse me im-

He was not presumptuous enough; he did not push the subject. Even yet she had not got far enough away from her late feeling for him to have been quite her own mistress, had he pursued her. But he was too sympathetic and gentle. He gave way at once to her apparent wish to be let alone, knows he is not unwelcome. Nor could Had it been real recognition, the issue anything have charmed him more than her would probably have been different; real manner. He set it down to shyness, to carecognition of her love for him would have price, to all sorts of things that he thought been. He would have perceived that he had When he went away that afternoon he was charmed her, that his loneliness, his youth, | many fathoms deep in love; but it seemed his absorption in music, his careless accep- to May as if he took with him, like a tation of her beauty and her company had, plucked-up acorn, the love that she had all of them, while not without a certain | borne him-a love which, not uprooted by

Oh, the sorrows and the joys of our wak-

CHAPTER V. "FANCY FREE.

What had she done? In what quagmire still wearing that impertinent air of selfnot to dream over his card. She sat down at

himself to woo her, according to his lights. The fact was this; twenty-eight years of He did so, and with what result? The girlhood had bred in her something more than first time he seemed to attend to some re- amereterror of change; she was almost wholly have let slip, she felt an instant's pleasure care for love. But, momentarily bored by a trick? Was he trying to discover her chanced to encounter Matthew. He had gradually became conscious, as he did it encouragement at all"-and she had done had opened his eyes to the fact of her car-The following afternoon, contrary to his ing-and trying to convince herself at the wont, he called and asked her to show him same times! Now he had faced about like more of the garden, her favorite spots, that a child who wants to understand something point of view whence the old down was to you have dangled beforehim, or a person who be seen towards Aldershot. As they walk wants to solve a secret which you have ed along the terrace, she picked a few pleaded guilty that you know although you

token! it was such a scourge to her she could not bear it in the room. A mile a Matthew. Nothing is so swift as reaction ; "I ventured to bring you a little book," no throw of her own will could have carried

The whole thing looked so satisfactory; was simple and loyal by nature; if he proto save her pride. The idea that he should heart-that she had been a fool by her own "I will go and tetch it," said Matthew. | choice, was enough to make her attempt to keep up the show of her folly all her life after and call it wisdom. We suffer the revenge of our purposes as well as of our ac-The request was so out of his usual man- tions. She was in the dreadful position of a every one else would congratulate him on him," that she was "in luck." He would unexpressed; no doubt he seemed to himwithdraw. She had no jot or tittle of rea now that if she married him she would " White Verbena-sensibility, " he abhor him without respite or regret. She cared all and she cared nothing; but she "Oh!" said May, her feeling of disap- would hate worst of all his love of her, for

Her instinct was to go; but whither? She had so few friends, no confidante. With a little quick smile that was half white muslin,' in this case," she thought. She could not help wishing that Miss Paul Ball was not away. But she was now at Helfordsleigh with little Egypt. Helfordsleigh ! could she not get there herself ? Lady Helford had always been kind to her and indeed it was from her own introduction that Miss Pall had been first invited ers" and smoothed its ruffled leaves; she

"I wonder if she would ask me for a few

She opened her writing-case as she lifted up her fair head from her hands. She would write to Lady Helford. No ! it was with an indefinite longing, not, painshe would get Paul Ball to sound her first. ful-tempered a good deal by the remem-Paul Ball liked to have a mission, and here brance that he had loved her as well as he was a little mission for her where she could love. -[Temple Bar. do no harm. She would send a line first to Miss Ball. "Woodshot Lodge," she wrote in her

firm, clear hand, and then the date. Dearest Paul!" There! that was extra affectionate; she would even put a dash under "Dearest;" her affection mounted in proportion to her wish for escape. Yes, "Dearest Paul,-I miss you quite dreadfully; Sunday afternoon was a blank; why shouldn't I come to you as you are away from me? Papa has to be away some dayshe is going shooting (a son age!)---" When was it her father was going shooting? She had forgotten, but his midday rest would be just over now; he had been sleeping peacefully as a babe while she had been torturing her heart and her conscience all this while; she would go up-stairs and ask him. She pushed the writing-case aside, leaving the boldly written note to dry; it would look bad to blot it, so that Paul could see she had hesitated at her date ! Tea? Oh! for once she could not care for tea; she thought she heard the maid bestirring herself about it; she ran up-stairs to her father by a back staircase without crossing

Had she crossed the hall she would have encountered, not the maid, but Matthew. come with the resolve to put his future to the test, to see Mr. James when he should have recovered from his sleep. He would wish to speak to him before he spoke to May. The hall door was open ; he went into the house without ringing. He congratulated himself greatly on this. May was always in the garden ; he would wait in the drawing-room till Mr. James came down, and meet him, as if he had just taken leave of May. He did not wish to speak to her, and he could sit in the drawing-room, at that table near the window, till Mr. James came down, and watch her lounging in the garden with her book-no doubt she would be reading the little

" Language of Flowers." He crept into the room lest she should turn her head towards the house and see him; he sat down at the table near the landed herself? When Matthew was gone, up-stairs with her father. What he did see was not reassuring. He saw the assurance which sat so newly on him, she "Language of Flowers" on the gravel path, where it had been flung out of the window, lying open and bruised by the Slowly and deeply this resolve fell from her writing-table, which stood near the win- force of its flinging. A certain sharpness of his artistic perception told him that it table before him, for he had placed himself est Paul!" He looked a few lines on, he when prolonged to years we cry out. But did not touch the note, he did not turn the why should we suffer thus? There is a sure page. He felt his breath catch quickly, as and prompt cure. Bethany, Mo., U. S A. if he had been shot; his heart seemed to Aug. 4th, I888. "I suffered for years with leap up within his body, and the tears reuralgia, but was finally cured by the use stood in his eyes. A sharp, clear thrust of St Jacobs Oil." T. B. SHERER.

> He caught up his hat and ran out of the window; he knew his way round the able of the spring materials.

It Makes Pure Blood

And by so doing Hood's Sarsagerilla cures zerofula, salt rheum, and all other blood diseases, aids proper digestion, cures dyspepsia, gives strength to every organ of the body, and prevents attacks of that tired feeling or more serious affection. The fact that it has cured thousands of others is sufficient reason for belief that it will cure you.

N. B. Be sure to get

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

house. May James came down, disappointed; her father had made no certain plans; she could not finish her note to Miss Ball for the present, She took it mechanically in her hand and tore it up. She never knew whose eyes, whose eyes alone, that note had met, or how dearly well it had served its turn.

About an hour later, to her very great surprise, to her never-ending relief she received a letter from Matthew de Nismes; for some reason or other unknown to herself she never destroyed it; it was the only letter she ever received from him. It ran as fol-

"DEAR MISS JAMES,-I hear that the Woodshot organist is quite well again and will be able to resume her duties. I am sure you will believe me when I tell you that my chief pleasure here was coming over to take her place on Sundays. I have now tel. I have Mushroom lest you should not anger, she thought of Paul Ball. "I sup- lost that excuse for coming, and-somehow -I dare not hope that I have been welcomed for myself? So now I go to London and thence abroad; but should you wish to dispose of me, a note to Churnborough would always find me.

"Yours to command, "MATTHIEU DE NISMES." May picked up the "Language of Flowstood still an instant, then she rang the bell for her tea, and enjoyed it; she also added something to her dinner. She was herself again. She meddled with fortune no more. And if in after years she regretted Matthew,

"August Flower"

THE END.

"I inherit some tendency to Dyspepsia from my mother. I suffered two years in this way; consulted a number of doctors. They did me

no good. I then used Relieved in your August Flower and it was just two days when I felt great relief. I soon got so that I could sleep and eat, and I felt that I was well. That was

three years ago, and I am still firstclass. I am never without a bottle, and Two Days. if I feel constipated

After half-an-hour's deliberation and nail- the least particle a dose or two ofgnawing among the rhododendrons, he had August Flower does the work. The beauty of the medicine is, that you can stop the use of it without any bad effects on the system.

Constipation While I was sick I felt everything it seemed to me a man could feel. I was of all men most miserable. I can say, in conclusion, that I believe August Flower will cure anyone of indigestion, if taken Life of Misery with judgment. @ A.

M. Weed, 229 Bellefontaine St.. Indianapolis, Ind."

A Real Comfort.

Mr. Ryley-"Fwhy are -yez decorating Mrs. Murphy?

Mrs. Murphy-" Me b'y, Danny, is comin' home th' day. Mr. Ryley-"I t'ought it wus for foive

years he wus sint up? Mrs. Murphy-"It wus; but he got a year off for good behavyure."

Mr. Ryley-" An' sure, it must be a great comfort fer ye to have a good b'y loike that.

Job's Endurance.

A man may bear up patiently for hours

Silk bengaline is one of the most fashion-

ALWAYS TRUE.



RHEUMATISM. -Brockville, Ont., says: " I suffered intensely with rheumatism in my ankles.

ST. JACOBS OIL.

In the morning I walked without pain."

NEURALCIA. - Mr. JAMES BONNER, 158 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont., writes: "St. Jacobs Oil is the only remedy that relieved me of neuralgia, and it effectually cured me."

IS THE BEST.

是是是自然的特別的性性的自然是不知识的不知识的不是是不是自然的人的知识,但是是是是是是是是是