SIR GUY'S WARD.

A THRILLING STORY OF LOVE AND ADVENTURE

"Lilian,"—in a tone full of vehement reproach,—"do not trifle with me—now. Answer me: why do you so speak to me?"

"Because—I think—you ought to have asked me long ago!" returns she, casting a half-shy, half-tender glance at him upwards from the azure eyes that are absolutely drowned in tears.

Then, without a word of warning, she bursts out crying; and, Guy catching her passionately in his arms, she sobs away all her nervous gladness upon his heart.

"My darling,—my sweet,—do you really love me?" asks Guy, after a few moments given up to such ecstasy as may be known once in a lifetime,—not oftener.

"What a question!" says Lilian, smiling through eyes that are still wet. "I have not once asked it of you. I look into your eyes and I see love written there in great big letters, and I am satisfied. Can you not see the same in mine? Look closely,—very closely,—and try if you cannot."

"Dear eyes!" says Guy, kissing them separately. "Lilian, if indeed you love me, why have you made life so odious to me for the last three months."

"Because I wasn't going to be civil to people who were over-attentive to other people," says Lilian, in her most lucid manner. "And—sometimes—I thought you liked Florence."

"Florence! Pshaw! Who could like Florence, having once seen you?"

"Mr. Boer could, I'm sure. He has seen me,—as seldom as I could manage, certainly,—but still often enough to mark the wide difference between us."

"Boer is a lunatic," says Guy, with conviction,—"quite unaccountable. But I think I could forgive him all his peccadilloes if he would promise to marry Florence and remove her. I can stand almost anything,—except single chants as performed by her."

"Then all my jealousy was for nothing?" with a slight smile.

"All. But what of mine? What of Chesney?" He regards her earnestly as he asks the question.

"Poor Archie," she says, with a pang of real sorrow and regret, as she remembers everything. And then follows a conversation confined exclusively to Archibald,—being filled with all the heart-burnings and despair caused by that unhappy young man's mistaken attentions. When the subject has exhausted itself, and they are once more silent, they find themselves thoughtful, perhaps a little sad. A sigh escapes Lilian. Raising her head, she looks at her lover anxiously.

"Guy," she says, rather tremulously, "you have never said one reproachful word to me about what happend the other night—in the library. I am thinking of it now. When I call to mind my wretched temper I feel frightened. Perhaps—perhaps—I shall not make you happy."

"I defy you to make me unhappy so long as you can tell me honestly you love me. Do not take advantage of it"—with a little laugh—"if I confess to you I would rather have a box on the ear from you than a kiss from any other woman. But such is the degrading truth. Nevertheless"—teasingly—"next time I would ask you, as a favour, not to do it quite so hard!"

"Ah, Guy," tearfully, and with a hot blush, "do not jest about it."

"How can I do anything else to-day?" Then, tenderly, "Still sad, my own? Take that little pucker off your brow. Do you imagine any act of yours could look badly in my eyes? You are my life—my love—my heart. When I recollect how miserable I was yesterday, I can hardly believe in my happiness of to-day."

"Dearest," says Lilian, her voice faltering, "you are too good to me." Then, turning to him, of her own sweet will she throws her arms around his neck, and lays her soft flushed cheek to his. "I shall never be bad to you again, Guy," she whispers; "believe that; never, never, never!"

* * * * * * *

Coming into the hall a little later, they encounter her ladyship's maid, and stop to speak to her.

"Is Lady Chetwoode's head better?" asks Lilian. "Can I see her, Hardy?"

"Yes, Miss Chesney. She is much better; she has had a little sleep, and has asked for you several times since she awoke. I could not find you anywhere."

"I will go to her now," says Lilian, and she and Guy, going upstairs, make their way to Lady Chetwoode's room.

"Better, auntie?" asks Lilian, bending over her, as she sits in her comfortable arm-chair.

"Rather better, darling," returns auntie, who is now feeling as well as possible (though it is yet too soon to admit it even to herself), and who has just finished a cutlet, and a glass of the rare old port so strongly recommended by Dr. Blank. "Guy, bring over that chair for Lilian. Sitting up late at night always upsets me."

"It was a horrible ball," says Miss Lilian, ungratefully; "I didn't enjoy it one bit."

"No?" in amazement. "My dear, you surprise me. I thought I had never seen you look so joyous in my life."

"It was all forced gayety," with a light laugh. "My heart was slowly breaking all the time. I wanted to dance with one person, who obstinately refused to ask me, and so spoiled my entire evening. Was it not cruel of that 'one person'?"

"The fact is," says Guy, addressing his mother, "she behaved so infamously, and flirted so disgracefully, all night, that the 'one person' was quite afraid to approach her."

"I fear you did flirt a little, says Lady Chetwoode, gentle reproof in her tone; "that handsome young man you were dancing with just before I left—and who seemed so devoted—hardly went home heart-whole. That was naughty, darling, wasn't it? You should think of—of—other people's feeling." It is palpable to both her hearers she's alluding to Chesney.

"Auntie," says Miss Chesney, promptly, and with the utmost naivete, "if you scold me, I feel sure you will bring on that nasty headache again."

She is bending over the back of Lady Chetwoode's chair, where she cannot be seen, and is tenderly smoothing as much of the pretty grey hair as can be seen beneath the lace cap that adorns her auntie's head.

Sir Guy laughs.

"And I shall never make you a good child, so long as your guardian encourages you in your wickedness," says Lady Chetwoode, smiling too.

"Do I encourage her? Surely that is a libel," says Guy: "she herself will bear me witness how frequently—though vainly—I have reasoned with her on her conduct. I hardly know what is to be done with her, unless—" here he pauses, and looks at Lilian, who declines to meet his glance, but lets her head slip from Lady Chetwoode's to her shoulder, where it rests nervously—"unless I take her myself, and marry her out of hand, before she has time to say 'no.'"

"Perhaps—even did you allow me time—I should not say 'no,'" says Lilian, with astonishing meekness, her face like the heart of a "red, red rose."

Something in her son's eyes, something in Lilian's tone, rouses Lady Chetwoode to comprehension.

"What is it?" she asks, quickly, and with agitation. "Lilian, why do you stand there? Come here that I may look at you. Can it be possible? Have you two——"

"We have," replies Lilian, interrupting her gently; and suddenly going down on her knees, she places her arms round her. "Are you sorry, auntie? Am I very unworthy? Won't you have me for your daughter, after all?"

"Sorry!" says Lady Chetwoode, and, had she spoken volumes, she could not have expressed more unfeigned joy. "And has all your quarrelling ended?" she asks, presently, with an amused laugh.

"Yes, just so," replies Guy, taking Lilian's hand, and raising it to his lips. "We have got it all over before our marriage, so as to have none afterwards. Is it not so, Lilian?"

She smiles assent, and there is something in the smile so sweet, so adorable, that, in spite of his mother "and a'," Guy kisses her on the spot.

"I am so relieved," says Lady Chetwoode, regarding her new daughter with much fondness, "and as I had given up all hope. Many times I wished for a girl, when I found myself with only two troublesome boys, and now at last I have one—a real daughter."

"And I a mother. Though I think my name for you will always be the one by which I learned to love you,—Auntie," returns Lilian, tenderly.

At this moment Cecilia opens the door cautiously, and, stepping very lightly, enters the room, followed by Cyril, also on tiptoe. Seeing Lady Chetwoode, however, standing close to Lilian and looking quite animated and not in the least invalided, they brighten up, and advance more briskly.

"Dear Madre," says Cecilia, who has adopted Cyril's name for his mother, "I am glad to see you so much better. Is your headache quite gone?"

"Quite, my dear. Lilian has cured it. She is the most wonderful physician."

And then the new-comers are told the delightful story, and Lilian receives two more caresses, and gets through three or four blushes very beautifully. They are still asking many questions and uttering pretty speeches, when a step upon the corridor outside attracts their attention.

It is a jaunty step, and undoubtedly belongs to Mr. Musgrave, who is informing the household generally, at the top of his fresh young voice, that he is "ragged and torn," and that he rather enjoys it than otherwise. Coming close to the door, however, he moderates his transports, and, losing sight of the vagabond, degenerates once more into that very inferior creature, a decently-clothed and well-combed young gentleman.

Opening the door with praiseworthy carefulness, he says, in the meekest and most sympathetic voice possible,—

"I hope your headache is better, Lady Chetwoode?"

By this time he has his head quite inside the door, and becomes pleasantly conscious that there is something festive in the air within. The properly lachrymose expression he has assumed vanishes as if by magic, while his usual debonnair smile returns to his lips.

"Oh, I say—then it was all a swindle on the part of Hardy, was it?" he asks. "Dear Lady Chetwoode, it makes me feel positively young again to see you looking so well. Your women hinted to me you were at the point of death."

"Come in, Taffy. You too shall hear what has revived me," says her ladyship, smiling, and thereupon unfolds her tale to him, over which he beams, and looks blessings on them all around.

"I knew it," he says; "could have told everybody all about it months ago! couldn't I, Lil? Remember the day I bet you a fiver he would propose to you in six months?"

"I remember nothing of the kind," says Miss Chesney, horribly shocked. "Taffy, how can you say such a thing?"

"Tell us all about it, Taffy," entreats Cyril, languidly, from the depths of an arm-chair. "I feel so done up with all I have gone through this morning, that I long for a wholesome exciting little tale to rouse me a bit, go on."

"Oh, it was only that day at Mrs. Boileau's last autumn," begins Taffy.

"Taffy, I desire you to be silent," says Lilian, going up to him and looking very determined. "Do not attempt to speak when I tell you not to do so."

"Was the betting even, Taffy?" asks Cyril.

"No. She said——"

"Taffy!"

"She said he had as much idea of proposing to her as he had of——"

"Taffy!"

"Marrying him, even should he ask her," winds up Mr. Musgrave, who is beaming with joy over his discomfiting disclosure.

"No one believes you," says Lilian, in despair, while they all laugh heartily, and Cyril tells her not to make bad bets in future.

"Not one," says Sir Guy, supporting her as in duty bound; "but I really think you ought to give him that five pounds."

"Certainly I shall not," say Miss Chesney, hotly. "It is all a fabrication from beginning to end. I never made a bet in my life. And, besides, the time he named was the end of the year, and not in six months."

At this avowal they all roar, and Guy declares he must take her out for a walk, lest she should commit herself any further.

The happy day at length is drawing to a close. Already it is evening, though still the dying light lingers, as if loath to go. Archibald Chesney, after a hurried private interview with Lady Chetwoode, has taken his departure, not to return again to Chetwoode until time has grown into years. In her own room Lilian, even in the midst of her new-born gladness, has wept bitterly for him, and sorrowed honestly over the remembrance of his grief and disappointment.

Of all the household Florence alone is still in ignorance of the wonderful event that has taken place since morning. Her aunt has declared her intention of being the one to impart the good news to her, for which all the others are devoutly thankful. She—Miss Beauchamp—has been out driving all the afternoon for the benefit of her dear complexion; has visited the schools, and there succeeded in irritating almost to the verge of murder the unhappy teacher and all the wretched little children; has had an interview with Mr. Boer, who showed himself on the occasion even more empressé than usual; has returned, and is now once more seated at her work in the drawing-room, covered with wools and glory.

Near her sits Lilian, absently winding a tiny ball of wool. Having finished her task, she hands it to Florence with a heavy sigh indicative of relief.

"Thanks. Will you do another?" asks Florence.

"No,—oh, no!" hastily. Then laughing, "You mustn't think me uncivil," she says, "but I am really not equal to winding up another of those interminable balls. My head goes round as fast as the wool if not faster."

"And are you going to sit there doing nothing?" asks Florence, glancing at her with ill-concealed disapproval, as the young lady proceeds to ensconce herself in the cosiest depths of the cosiest chair the room contains, as close to the fire as prudence will permit.

"I am almost sure of it," she answers, complacently, horrifying the proper Florence being one of her chief joys. "I am never really happy until I feel myself thoroughly idle. I detest being useful. I love doing 'nothing,' as you call it, I have always looked upon Dr. Watt's bee as a tiresome lunatic."

"Do you never think it necessary to try to—improve your mind?"

"Does crewel-work improve the mind?" opening her eyes for an instant lazily.

"Certainly; in so far that it leaves time for reflection. There is something soothing about it that assists the mind. While one works one can reflect."

"Can one," naughtily: "I couldn't. I can do any number of things, but I am almost positive I couldn't reflect. It means—doesn't it?—going over and over again disagreeable scenes, and remembering how much prettier one might have behaved under such and such circumstances. I call that not only wearying but unpleasant. No, I feel sure I am right. I shall never, if I can help it, reflect."

"Then you are content to be a mere butterfly—an idler—on the face of the earth all your days?" asks Florence, severely, taking the high and moral tone she has been successfully cultivating ever since her acquaintance with Mr. Boer.

"As long as I can. Surely when I marry it will be time enough to grow 'useful,' and go in for work generally. You see one can't avoid it then. Keeping one's husband in order, I have been always told, is an onerous job."

"You intend marrying, then?" Something in the other's tone has roused Florence to curiosity. She sits up and looks faintly interested.

"Yes."

"Soon?"

"Perhaps."

"You are serious?"

"Quite serious."

"Ah!"

A pause. Miss Beauchamp takes up two shades of wool and examines them critically. They are so exactly alike that it can make little difference which she chooses. But she is methodical, and would die rather than make one false stitch in a whole score of canvas. Having made her choice of the two shades, she returns to the attack.

"I had no idea you liked your cousin so much," she says.

"So much! How much?" says Lilian, quickly, turning very red. Her cousin is a sore subject with her just now.

"No; but I thought you said——"

"Nothing of him, I am sure," still hastily.

"Oh! I beg your pardon. I quite fancied—" Here she pauses, somewhat mystified. Then, "You and he are very good friends, are you not?"

"Very," coldly.

"And yet," with an elephantine attempt at playfulness, "I certainly did think last night some quarrel had arisen between you. He looked so savage when you were dancing with Captain Monk. His eyes are handsome, but at times I have noticed a gleam in them that might safely be termed dangerous."

"Have you? I have not."

"No? How strange! But no doubt when with you—— For my own part I confess I should be quite afraid of him,——of annoying him, I mean."

"I have never yet felt afraid of any one," returns Lilian, absently.

"How I do admire your courage,——your pluck, if I may so call it," says Florence, hesitating properly over the unladylike word. "Now, I am so different. I am painfully nervous with some people. Guy, for instance, quite tyrannizes over me," with the little conscious laugh that makes the old disgust rise warmly in Lilian's breast. "I should be so afraid to contradict Guy."

"And why?"

"I don't know. He looks so—so—— I really can hardly explain; but some sympathetic un'erstanding between us makes me know he would not like it. He has a great desire for his own way."

"Most people have,"—dryly. "I never feel those sympathetic sensations you speak of myself, but I could guess so much."

"Another reason why I should refrain from thwarting his wishes is this," says Florence, sorting her colors carefully, "I fancy, indeed I know, he could actually dislike any one who systematically contradicted him."

"Do you think so? I contradict him when I choose."

"Yes," blandly: "that exactly illustrates my idea."

"You think, then, he dislikes me?" says Lilian, raising herself the better to examine her companion's features, while a sense of thorough amusement makes itself felt within her.

"Dislike"——apologetically——"is a hard word. And yet at times I think so. Surely you must have noticed how he avoids you, ... he declines to carry out any argument commenced by you."

"I blush for my want of sensibility," says Lilian, meekly. "No, I have not noticed it."

"Have you not?" with exaggerated surprise. "I have."

At this most inopportune moment Guy enters the room.

"Ah, Guy," says Lilian, quietly, "come here. I want to tell you something."

He comes over obediently, gladly, and stands by her chair. It is a low one, and he leans his arms upon the back of it.

"Florence has just said you hate being contradicted," she mumurs, in her softest tones.

"If she did, there was a great deal of truth in the remark," he answers, with an amused laugh, while Florence glances up triumphantly. "Most fellows do, eh?"

"And that I am the one that generally contradicts you."

"That is only half a truth. If she had said who always contradicts me, it would have been a whole one."

Lilian rises. She places her hand lightly on his arm.

"She also said that for that reason you dislike me!" The words were uttered quietly, but somehow tears have gathered in the violet eyes.

"Dislike!" exclaims her lover, the very faint symptoms of distress upon his darling's face causes him instant pain. "Lilian! how absurd you are! How could such a word pass between us? Surely Florence must know—has not my mother told you?" he asks, turning to Miss Beauchamp a look full of surprise.

"I know nothing," replies she, growing a shade paler. At this moment she does know, and determines finally to accept, when next offered, the devotion Mr. Boer has been showering upon her for the past two months. Yes, she will take him for better, for worse, voice, low-church tendencies, and all. The latter may be altered the former silenced. "I know nothing," she says; "what is it?"

"Merely this, that Lilian and I are going to be married this summer. Lilian, of your goodness do not contradict me, in this matter at least," bending a tender smile upon his betrothed, who returns it shyly.

"I confess you surprise me," says Florence, with the utmost self-possession, though her lips are still a trifle white. "I have never been so astonished in my life. You seem to me so unsuited—so—but that only shows how impossible it is to judge rightly in such a case. Had I been asked to name the feeling I believed you two entertained for each other, I should unhesitatingly have called it hatred!"

"How we have deceived the British Public!" says Guy, laughing, although at her words a warm color has crept into his face. "For the future we must not 'dissemble.' Now we have shown ourselves up in our true colors, Florence, you will, I hope, wish us joy."

"Certainly, with all my heart," in a tone impossible to translate: "my only regret is, that mere wishing will not insure it to you."

Here a servant opening the door informs Miss Beauchamp that Lady Chetwoode wishes to see her for a few minutes.

"Say I shall be with her directly," returns Florence, and, rising leisurely, she sweeps, without the smallest appearance of haste, from the room.

Then Lilian turns to Sir Guy:

"How curiously she uttered that last speech!—almost as though she hoped we should not be happy. I am sure I am right; she does not want you to marry me."

"She was not enthusiastic in her congratulations, I admit. But that need not affect us. I am not proud. So long as you want to marry me, I shall be quite content."

Lilian's reply being wordless need not be recorded here.

"Spiteful thing," remarks she, presently, a propos of the spotless Florence.

"Poor Boer!" replies he.

"You think she will marry him?" heavily and most unflatteringly, emphasized.

"I do."

"Poor Florence!" returns she. "When I think that I can forgive her all her sins. Dreadful man! I do hope she will make his life a burden to him."

"I am sure you will live to see one hope fulfilled. Though I dare say he has a better chance of peace in years to come than I have: Florence, at all events, does not go about boxing people's——"

"Guy," says Miss Chesney, imperatively, laying her hand upon his lips, "if you dare to finish that sentence, or if you ever refer to that horrible scene again, I shall most positively refuse to marry—— Oh! here is Mr. Boer. Talk of somebody! Look, it is he, is it not?" Standing on tiptoe, she cranes her neck eagerly, and rather flattens her pretty nose against the window-pane in a wild endeavor to catch a glimpse of Mr. Boer's long-tailed coat, which "hangs" very much "down behind," before it quite disappears in a curve of the avenue. Presently it comes to view again from behind the huge laurustinus bush, and they now are quite convinced it is indeed the amorous parson.

"Yes, it is he," says Guy, staring over his betrothed's head, as he catches the first glimpse. "And evidently full of purpose. Mark the fell determination in his clerical stride."

"She saw him this morning at the schools, she told me so,—and here he is again!" says Lilian, in an awe-struck tone. "There must be something in it. As you say, he really seems bent on business of some sort; perhaps he is come——"

"With a new chant, as I'm a sinner," says Chetwoode, with a groan. "Let us go into the library: the baize and that large screen stifle sound.

"No to propose! I mean: there is a curious look about him as if, if——"

"He was going to execution?"

"No to Florence."

"That is quite the same thing."

"I hear his step," says Lilian, hurriedly, flinging open the window, "and hers too! She must have seen him coming, and run to meet him with open arms. Not for worlds would I spoil sports, or put them in a 'tender taking.' Let us fly." Stepping out of the balcony, she turns to glance back at him.

"Will you follow me?" she asks, a certain arch sweetness in her eyes.

"To the end of the world!" returns he, eagerly, and together, hand in hand, they pass out of sight.

[THE END.]

CHASE AFTER BURGLARS.

A Lively Little Incident Which Took Place at the Falls.

A dispatch from Niagara Falls, Ont., says:—One of the most exciting burglaries that have occurred on the frontier happened early this morning on the American side of the river. Burglars entered the residence of Arthur L. Hastings, secretary of the Cliff paper mill, and Benjamin Rhodes, president of the British Electric Light Company, in the fashionable part of the city. They were discovered and fled. The police were telephoned and officers quickly located the two men near the New York Central station. The burglars quickly pulled revolvers and whizz went two bullets past the officers' heads. The men started, a quartette of policemen after them. These were officers Maloney, Cannon, Hafey and Morgan. During the chase some thirty to forty shots were exchanged, and finally the men succeeded in getting away. One of the men lost his hat, which was a brown derby. The officers are scouring the country for the men and think they have trace of them. They are professionals, and it is thought, came from this side of the river.

A Perplexed Elephant.

The domesticated elephants of India are usually given drink from large wooden troughs filled with well-water by means of a pump, and it is commonly an elephant that fills this trough. Every morning he goes regularly to his task. While visiting a friend at his residence in India a gentleman saw a large elephant engaged in pumping such a trough full of water. He writes: "In passing I noticed that one of the two tree-trunks which supported the trough had rolled from its place, so that the trough, still elevated at one extremity, would begin to empty itself as soon as the water reached the level of the top at the other end, which lay on the ground. I stopped to see if the elephant would discover anything wrong. Soon the water began to run off at the end which had lost its support. The animal showed signs of perplexity when he saw this, but, as the end nearest him lacked much of being full, he continued to pump. Finally, seeing that the water continued to pass off, he left the pump-handle, and began to consider the phenomenon. He seemed to find it difficult to explain. Three times he returned to his pumping, and three times he examined the trough. I was an absorbed looker-on, impatient to see what would be done. Soon a lively flapping of his ears indicated the dawning of light. He went and smelled the tree-trunk which had rolled from under the trough. I thought for a moment that he was going to put it in its place again. But it was not, as I soon understood, the end which ran over that disturbed his mind, but the end which he found it impossible to fill. Raising the trough, which he then allowed to rest for an instant on one of his huge feet, he rolled away the second supporting log with his trunk, and then set the trough down, so that it rested at both ends on the ground. He then returned to the pump and completed his task.

The Yankee Idea.

According to "The Point of View" in July Scribner's, the "Yankee's antipathy to work has been adequately appreciated. He is in a state of perpetual insurrection against the primal curse. He feels that he was born to sit on the fence and whittle in the sunshine, and is against every apparent necessity that would compel him to forego the serene pleasures of a purely contemplative existence. He recognizes, to be sure, that work has got to be done. No one has a more vivid realization of that. But the consciousness of the need of getting things done does not impel him to take his coat off and do them, so much as to contrive some way of accomplishing ends without working. The crudest, simplest way of doing that is to get rich enough to hire labor. Accordingly, the Yankee does try to get rich, and does not try in vain. It is not that he loves money so much, and desires to possess it, as that he loves labor so little. But to get rich is only an indirect way of beating the tyrant. The Yankee would rather abolish work than elude it. If he can get it done without human intervention at all, he likes that best; and if he cannot wholly eliminate human intervention, he wants to reduce it to its lowest possible limit. When he gets matters fixed so that the work is done with very little intermeddling, he is willing to sit by and supervise the process. He will pull a lever and turn a cock now and then without much complaint, if so be that he can ruminate and whittle. His name is a synonym for energy and perseverence. But to make things work together for the automatic accomplishment of labor, and to sit by and see that they work right—that is the Yankee idea of the mission of man."

The Sabbath in Europe.

It is curious that in proportion as the observance of Sunday becomes less strict in Great Britain, it should increase in stringency on the Continent of Europe, where until a few years ago the Sabbath was not a day of rest, nor even of pleasure, but merely of labor, differing very little in this respect from the other days of the week. At the Convocation of Canterbury, presided over by the Primate of all England, which has just brought its session to a close, a resolution has unanimously been passed to the effect that "the religion of Christ has nothing to fear from the reasonable and careful extension of the Sunday opening of libraries, art galleries, museums and industrial exhibitions," and the Convocation based its decision on the fact that the evidence before it went to show that the liquor dealers and venders of stimulants would suffer rather than the churches by the provision of reasonable recreation for the masses on Sunday. On the Continent, on the other hand, the tendency of the Church, of the Government, and of popular opinion seems to run in a diametrically opposite direction. In Germany, for instance, stringent laws have been enacted during the last twelve months providing for the rigid observance of the Sabbath. In France an influential association has been formed, in which M. Leon Say and other leading statesmen are interested, for the purpose of securing a more extensive observance of Sunday as a day of rest; while in Belgium the Government has gone to the length of issuing postage stamps bearing the legend in French and Flemish "Not to be delivered on Sunday."