

A Double Disobedience.

CHAPTER I.

"Who lives in the big, gloomy house on the other side of the river?" Kilmeny asked. She was swinging her hat in her hand in spite of her companion's repeated warning that she would take cold in the evening air. "You needn't be uneasy about me," she said, "I seldom wear a hat in the country and never take cold. I want to know all about my neighbors as soon as possible, and you can tell me, therefore—"

"Therefore you tolerate my company?" the young man asked. "Oh, no—it is, of course, because I like you so much that I do that," the girl answered, with a subdued laugh, and she glanced at her companion out of her wonderful eyes.

There was something strange about Kilmeny Richmond's eyes. Whether they were blue or black no one had been able to discover, because she never looked long enough at any one for him to be quite sure; perhaps it was the black lashes which made them look so dark, for there was certainly blue in their depths. Kilmeny's hair was as black as her lashes and her teeth were as white as snow. As she walked along, as graceful as a young leopard, she made a picture which might well have turned the head of any man, as it had plainly done in the case of the one beside her.

"I don't want to be liked," he answered—"anything but that."

"Hated, perhaps?" "I should prefer it. But you asked me who lives in the house on the other side of the river. It is a Mr. Daryl. He is an eccentric old man; lives alone, has no connection with any one, as far as we can see; visits nowhere, and receives no visitors. He is, if not actually morose, at least exceedingly unapproachable."

"I should not hesitate over the word. He is morose. Was he ever married?"

"I believe so, but it is so long ago that the memory of it is forgotten. He had brothers and relatives once on a time; but every one without exception, so the story runs, turned out badly and became a disgrace to society."

"And he is left alone?"

"Yes, one brother was killed in the hunting field, just before he was about to contract a marriage with some woman of whom all well-disposed persons disapproved. Another, who was wedded, met his end in a duel, and the news of his fate killed his wife. A sister, who married a man of notorious character, committed suicide to escape from the misery of her life; two more disappeared years ago, and the news of their death in poverty and wretchedness was brought here long after. One still lives, but she and Mr. Daryl have not spoken for twenty years. The story of the family is a black record without one relieving point."

"His wife—she may have been good?" "Christopher Wren laughed at the genuine anxiety and interest in Kilmeny's tone. "I am sorry to disappoint you, but she was by no means good. She was a vain, shallow, frivolous woman, who disappointed him in every particular and whose only merit was that she died before her extravagance ruined her husband. There was a son who grew up to copy the vices of his family, and, like them, to meet a violent end."

Kilmeny stopped, and, leaning against a tree, surveyed Mr. Daryl's house, which was now visible through a break in the trees opposite to them. It was a solid structure of gray stone, and might have been handsome if anything had been done to enliven it. As it was, framed in by thick trees, destitute of flower beds, with no signs of habitation except a light wreath of smoke escaping slowly from some chimney in the rear, it seemed the fit abode of the disappointed and embittered man who dwelt in it. There was a shade of pity in the girl's eyes as she withdrew them from the house and turned them on her companion.

"He is not morose," she said, "and, if he is unapproachable, it is only what is to be expected. I mean to see this Mr. Daryl some day and to know more about him."

Christopher Wren's reply was prevented by a voice which broke in suddenly on their conversation.

"I presume you did not observe the notice at the entrance to this walk warning trespassers off my grounds?"

The young man turned quickly at the sound, and confronted the newcomer, an elderly man leaning on a stick. He had a haughty and forbidding air, and his look of stern annoyance did not melt as Kilmeny eagerly took the blame on herself.

"It was my fault," she said. "Mr. Wrennder wished me to come in by the gate, but I preferred climbing over the stile, I had no idea that there was any harm in it."

"And I certainly should not have dreamed of bringing Miss Richmond this way if I had any idea that it was forbidden. I have walked by this path for years, and I never saw any notice warning me that I was a trespasser."

"The notice was affixed by my orders to-day. If you had come in through the gate you could not have failed to see it."

"We can then only make amends for our intrusion by going out—by the gate," the young man said.

"Certainly—it was for that purpose that I informed you. If I had had any doubts of the propriety of still further shutting out those around me, the short sketch of my family history with which you favored this young lady would have decided me. Whatever people may say outside my gates as to me and my affairs, they shall not

again have the opportunity of retailing their gossip within my hearing."

"It was not gossip!" Kilmeny broke in. "I am sorry if we are trespassing; and we will go away at once." She could not repress a slight laugh, and, as her eyes met those of the newcomer, he seemed to be suddenly attracted by them.

"Miss Richmond, I think you said?" he asked.

Young Wrennder nodded.

"Kilmeny Richmond," the girl said quickly, putting on her hat. "Good-by! It is not likely that you will see either of us again."

"Stay!" Mr. Daryl called out as the young people turned to depart. "You cannot wonder if I do not enjoy hearing the faults and misfortunes of my family made the subject of conversation between two strangers; but I do not wish to appear churlish. If you and Miss Richmond choose to walk here again I will give directions that you shall not be prevented."

"I have no wish to do so," Mr. Wrennder answered. "There are many other walks which will be equally interesting to Miss Richmond, and to which she can have access without special permission."

It was a peculiarity of Kilmeny that she was always unexpected, and she was so in the present instance.

"Thank you," she said, graciously, to Mr. Daryl. "I shall certainly come again. And I shall remember not to bring brother or sister with me. We are only here for a month, while my father, Doctor Richmond, is in America. And nobody can object to my coming alone—with a glance at Christopher's face—as every other intruder will be kept out. When mamma knows that she will be quite satisfied I conclude from Mr. Wrennder's being your constant attendant that you are engaged to him?" Mr. Daryl asked abruptly.

"Oh, no," Kilmeny answered promptly, while the warm color flooded the rich brown of her cheeks—"by no manner of means, as my Irish cousins say. I am not engaged at all, and have no intention of being so for an indefinite time—if ever. The reason why we are going about together, is that I want to know the whole of this neighborhood during the month that we are in it, and as Mr. Wrennder lives here a great part of his time, he can show it to me."

"I see," Mr. Daryl answered, and his glance was sardonic. "Do not let me detain you any longer from your interesting researches." Good afternoon.

Kilmeny replied with much cordiality, and when she and her companion had gone sufficiently far away to be secure from Mr. Daryl's sharp hearing, she broke into laughter.

"You cannot surely look like a bear any longer," she cried, "when Mr. Daryl condescended to be so gracious? I am certain to meet him every time I go into his grounds. I said that I should like to know more about him, and now I can."

"You don't really intend to go again?" "Of course I do, I am intensely interested in him. Perhaps he will ask me into the house—who knows? He gave you leave to go as well as me, and the next time you do so you may perhaps see me looking out of one of the windows."

Mr. Wrennder's face was impenetrable when she glanced at it. He walked silently along by her side.

"What possible interest could he take in our affairs, I wonder?" she went on. "However, seeing that he really wanted to know, I told him as much as I possibly could. I don't think any one could have done it better. I am called Kilmeny, and I have Irish cousins, which fact accounts for my name, of course; papa is a doctor, and has gone to America for a month; mamma is here with me, and is most anxious about the proprieties—witness her ending you with me to take care of me on my walks; and I have sisters and a brother. What more could I have told?"

"He was obliged to ask you about your engagement to me."

Kilmeny blushed again—a frank, clear blush, which made her look still more charming.

"He has been so long shut up, poor man," she observed, sedately, "that it is no wonder if he makes some mistakes."

To Be Continued.

A CHEAP CAMERA.

A camera can be made by any fairly deft amateur with the following materials: A cigar box, piece of tin an inch square, 12 small nails, some glue and a narrow strip of tin an inch long. Make of two sides of the cigar box a little box one and a half inches square, with one end left open. Blacken the inside with ink. Cut a hole one fourth of an inch across in the end of the box opposite the open side. Bevel the outside edges of this hole. Drill a hole the size of a pin point in the centre of an inch square piece of tin and glue it inside the box over the hole in the wood. The hole in the tin makes a lens. Make a plate holder by gluing into the four corners of the box four thin pieces of wood, each two inches long, the end of each resting on the end of the box where the lens has been placed. Make the lid to the camera of two thicknesses of cigar box wood, blacken it on the inside, and on the center of the inner side fasten a strip of tin an inch long, very narrow and bent in a semi-circle, with the center fastened to the lid. This tin strip, when the lid is put on, will hold the plate in place. The camera is made for dry plate measuring 2 1/2 by 2 1/2 inches.

She would Be a Lady.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

At the last moment he wished he was not going to take them to the Palladium, and he suggested to his mother that they should go instead to the opera; but Mrs. Westbrook reminded him that he had secured a box at the former place, and added that she particularly wished to use it.

With a slight shrug of the shoulders he yielded the point. If his mother would but leave matters alone how much more comfortably life would slip along.

Angry as he secretly felt with Eva, he could not help looking at her every now and again, and thinking how sweet and pure and gentle she was. The very tones of her voice soothed him, while the touch of her ungloved hand sent a thrill of happiness to his very heart.

Yes, if he remained long with her and saw much of her, the old spell that he thought he had broken would come over him again, stronger than ever. He was more than tempted to yield to it, but he told himself he had not been fairly treated, either by his mother or by Eva, and then the recollection of Lilas Lampier's voluptuous beauty came back to him, and he determined at least to wait.

In point of fact, he could do nothing else at present, for by this time they had reached the theatre, and had entered their box.

Lilas was on the stage; he saw and heard her, but for the first time he fully realized the wide gulf that separated the notorious actress from the two women by his side.

Her voice sounded harshly upon his ears; her sensuous movements, her tightly-draped form, and her wanton gestures, made him blush to think he had brought two modest women to see her, and when, as the play went on the moment came when the former playmates recognized each other, he was relieved rather than surprised to see Eva shrink back and cover her face, as though with shame.

"We were children together," he heard her say in a low tone to his mother, "and to think that she could have come to this!"

It can be readily understood, therefore, that he was in no mood for obeying the imperious message which Lilas had written him. Indeed, the probability is that he would not have read the note till the next morning if his mother had not injudiciously asked him if he would like to escort Eva home.

"No, I have an appointment," he replied, decisively; "you had better drive round with her yourself." And in a louder tone to the girl, he said: "Good-night, Miss Randolph; I am afraid you have not had a very pleasant evening."

Then he came back to the stage entrance of the Palladium, with the hope, it must be confessed, of finding that Lilas had gone, he was just in time to meet her on the pavement in somewhat angry discussion with a broken-down, needy-looking foreigner.

"I don't believe your story. My father was a communitarian, and is dead, beyond a doubt. You are not he; I will not believe you."

This she said in French, and the man answered, volubly: "I can bring proof; you are my child; I will convince you to-morrow, but to-night I starve."

"Take that!" and she tossed him a piece of gold; then, seeing Ernest Westbrook, she exclaimed, in a changed tone: "Ah! then you have come at last."

"Yes," he replied, quietly. "Come with me," and she got into the brougham.

Without a word he followed her, and then, almost in silence, they were driven to the small but sumptuously-furnished house in which she lived.

Like a man who had set himself some appointed task, he followed her into the brilliantly-lighted drawing-room, and he paused, leaning on the back of a chair, as she turned round upon him almost fiercely, and said: "I will have no more of this fooling. What do you mean to do?"

"I don't quite understand you," he replied, cautiously.

"I mean that you must choose between Eva Randolph and me. I saw the adoring way in which she looked at you; I remember now that you would not talk to me about her. I am not jealous of such a poor thing, but I wouldn't share the affections of my dog with her, and I won't share you. You must choose between us this very night."

"I have chosen. Good-night, Mademoiselle de Lampier," and so saying, he turned on his heel and walked out of the house.

For a few seconds Lilas stood like a woman petrified. She had been so accustomed to storm and carry everything before her, that she could not realize all at once that this time she had failed.

But she had failed—completely and utterly failed. She had insisted that Ernest should make his choice between her and her unconscious rival, and he had obeyed, and had gone away never to return.

At first she told herself that she was glad he was gone. But she was not glad.

With the consciousness that she had lost him, her passion seemed to turn upon herself, and now her one absorbing thought was for revenge. But how could she avenge herself upon her rival? Under ordinary circumstances they would never meet; their lives were as far asunder as the poles, and yet Lilas swore that since she had failed to win love she would have revenge, and she kept thenceforth a watch on Ernest Westbrook's movements night and day.

And meanwhile Eva had gone back to her work, but with new hope in her heart. What she had hardly dared

to pray for had come to pass; Mrs. Westbrook had withdrawn her opposition, and now, if Ernest would come again as a suitor, she would be free to accept him.

Despite the coolness with which he had treated her, Eva more than half suspected that he would call the day after the visit to the theatre, and she waited in all the day long, and her heart palpitated painfully at every loud knock at the street door.

But he never came, and the next day passed, and again the next, and she could not work or think of her work to any purpose in the tremulous anxiety that had taken possession of her.

On the fifth day she felt that she could endure this suspense no longer. Etiquette demanded that after dining at Mrs. Westbrook's house she should go and call upon that lady, and, glad of the excuse, she dressed herself with more than usual care, and took a cab and drove to her house in Mayfair.

But fate was against her. Mrs. Westbrook was not at home, so she could but leave her card and go back as she came.

After this, Eva thought, her sometime patroness would write to her or come to see her, even if her son did not desire to renew his suit, but she did not, and Eva was sometimes almost driven to believe she had dreamed of that dinner and the visit to the theatre.

Strange as Mrs. Westbrook's conduct might seem to our heroine, however, there was much method and not a little wisdom in it.

Very tardily, but, at length, very resolutely, Ernest's mother admitted to herself that she had made a serious blunder in interfering with her son's work and pressed into molds.

or peat. The three substances are ligneous and caustic lime. The latter is obtained by the distillation of wood would leave him to take his own course.

Thus three weeks passed on, and then Eva received a communication from the lawyer in whose hands she had placed her stepmother's letter.

"Dear Madam," he wrote, "after careful inquiry, we find that your late father was possessed of property producing at the time of his decease about a hundred a year, but now of much greater value. He died intestate, and his widow should have taken out letters of administration; this she neglected to do, but contrived to appropriate the whole income, and whatsoever personal property there might have been in his possession at the time of his sudden death, to her own use. Your signature was probably wanted by Mr. and Mrs. Church to enable them to realize the estate, as I have ascertained they meant to do, and then leave the country. I advise you to give me authority to take immediate proceedings against them. As far as I can at present judge, the property to which you are legally entitled is worth five thousand pounds."

"Five thousand pounds?" repeated Eva, dreamily; "and I was dependent upon the bounty of strangers for food and education for all those years. Well, thank Heaven, I can return to Mrs. Westbrook every penny she has spent upon me!"

There might have been some magic in the mention of the name, for scarcely had she uttered it before a servant announced, not Mrs. but Mr. Westbrook.

A change had come over the young man. He seemed older, but the look of dissipation that had begun to taint him was gone. The old expression of earnest, manliness had taken its place, and now, no sooner was the door closed behind him, than he advanced to the trembling girl, took both her hands in his, and said, without a word of per-
fance:

"I come to repeat the question I wrote to you months ago, Eva. Will you give me a different answer now?"

She murmured "Yes!" and the next instant she was clasped to his heart.

It was some time before the lovers were calm and collected enough to talk of anything but their mutual love, and it was the sight of the lawyer's letter that recalled the fact of her long-withheld fortune to Eva's mind.

"You see, I have had two bright surprises this morning," she said, with a happy smile, when he had read the letter; "a fortune and a husband come almost together."

He answered her with lover-like warmth and affection, but little as they thought it, a third surprise, and this not a pleasant one, was close at hand.

While Ernest, with his arm around Eva, was talking of his love, and urging that there need be no delay in their marriage, the door of the room was opened without knock or ceremony, and Lilas Lampier stood before them.

Eva sprang to her feet with astonishment and indignation at such an intrusion, but Ernest, instinctively dreading some danger to the woman he loved, rushed in front of her. Quick as he was, however, Lilas was still quicker.

Without a word, but with lightning-like rapidity, she took aim at Eva with a pistol she held in her hand, and fired, then there followed the report of a second shot; she had turned the weapon against herself.

The horror and consternation that followed baffles all description. Eva was only slightly wounded, but Lilas had fatally injured herself.

The unhappy creature lived just long enough to say: "She will be a lady, but, I—I—, a few minutes after she expired."

Eva was long in recovering from her wound and the shock caused by the outrage, and her wedding, when it did take place, was a very quiet one; but her wedded life is not the less happy on that account, and when she thinks of erring Lilas, it is with a sigh of pity that one so richly endowed with nature's choicest gifts should have flung them all away so recklessly.

The End.

A Veteran's Trials.

ATTACKED WITH KIDNEY TROUBLE IN AN AGGRAVATED FORM.

His Digestion Became Impaired and His Case Was Looked Upon as Hopeless—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restored Him When Other Medicines Failed.

From the Telegraph, Welland, Ont.

Among the residents of Port Robinson there are few better known than Mr. Samuel Richards, who has resided in that vicinity for some twenty-seven years. Mr. Richards came to Canada from Illinois, and is one of the veterans of the American civil war, having been a member of the 7th Illinois regiment. Mr. Richards is also one of the vast army who bear willing and cheerful testimony to the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. To a reporter who recently interviewed him he said: "I very gladly testify to the great merit of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. A few years ago I fell a victim to one of the worst forms of kidney trouble. I was tortured with terrible pains across the back. I could neither sit up or lie down with any degree of ease. I consulted a doctor, and he gave me medicine which I took from time to time, but instead of helping me I was growing worse. My digestion became impaired and I suffered from additional pains in the stomach. I would feel cold along the spine and in the region of the kidneys; sparks would apparently float before my eyes, and I would have frequent headaches. I then began using a medicine advertised to cure kidney trouble, but to no avail; it left me poorer in pocket, while I grew worse in health. I fell away in flesh until my neighbors scarcely knew me. In my day I have undergone many hardships and a great deal of pain having been through the American war; but in all this I never experienced the dread that I now have when I recall this sickness; not even the hour when I was captured and dragged within two miles of Libby prison. My sufferings were intensified by the stomach trouble. I could not eat and was bent almost double from pain, in fact I deemed myself a wreck. One day R. A. Abbey, general merchant, advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and as he highly recommended them I purchased three boxes, and before they were used I could feel improvement. I kept on taking them until I used twelve boxes and am now so well and strong that I can do two days' work in one and weigh 228 pounds. My cure was a surprise to everyone in the community, as all thought my case hopeless. I feel so gratified that I consider this testimony compensates only poorly for what this medicine has done for me, and I believe I would have been dead if I had not taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

The experience of years has proved that there is absolutely no disease due to a vitiated condition of the blood or shattered nerves, that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will not promptly cure, and those who are suffering from such troubles would avoid much misery and save money by promptly resorting to this treatment. Get the genuine Pink Pills every time and do not be persuaded to take an imitation or some other remedy from a dealer, who for the sake of the extra profit to himself, may say "just as good." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when other medicines fail.

NO GREYNA GREEN.

Terrible Discovery by a Man With No Romance in His Soul.

Lovers of romance will be pained to learn that there is no definite place known as Greytna Green.

The name applies to a number of small villages or hamlets miles apart.

The marriage laws of Scotland have always been surprisingly simple, and therein has lain their attractions. Elopement had only to cross the border, make the necessary contract before witnesses and return to England man and wife.

The blacksmith's shop in the high road near Carlisle was the most convenient trysting place and became famous for the number of marriages which were performed there. Witnesses were kept on hand for emergencies and a register in which to enter the contract.

Other houses near the border also went into the marrying business, and the owners charged extortionate fees for their services.

The laws are now somewhat more strict, and Greytna Green marriages between people of English domicile are not considered legal.

The compulsory residence and advertisement necessary in England, however, are dispensed with in Scotland, and if the marriage is solemnized in a church it is perfectly binding. Hence a return ticket to Scotland still possesses untold advantages to the impatient wooer.

Any place in Scotland, though, will do quite as well as the border region, known as Greytna Green, save for its convenient nearness.

If both persons desiring to be married can establish domicile papers, then the simple ceremony peculiar to in England.

MR. GRAVEBAR'S PHILOSOPHY.

The sooner a man discovers that for whatever success he attains he must rely, not upon his own labor solely, the better off he will be. Some men spend their lives sitting on the bank waiting for a tow, while others get out into their boats and pull for themselves. And it may be here remarked that every man has a chance in this race, and no man need fear to enter, for the race is not necessarily to the man who feathers his oar the nicest; the bungler may win by keeping at it. There are different degrees of success in life, but no man can achieve any of them, high or low—he may be su-

of that—without labor.