# A Double Disobedience.

PE 66:68 CHAPTER I .- Continued,

"Why should that be a mistake, Kilmeny? You know that I am ready, and, if you do not feel exactly as I do, that will come in time."

"But perhaps I do not want it to some. You thought that you concealed your feelings completely just now when I said that I intended to follow up my acquaintance with Mr. Daryl, ojut I know you too well to be deceive ed. I knew as well as if you had told what you were thinking-that if you had any voice in the matter, I should never speak to Mr. Daryt again. Now. I am determined to speak to him, so it is clear that any thought of an angagement between us is an impos-

"I see," Mr. Warrender answered meditatively.

Their eyes met, and both laughed, but Kilmeny's fell before his.

You think that you will bring me round to it some day," she said, "but I don't think you will. Here is the place where we climbed in. Shall we go out by it or go on to the gate?"

'You promised Mr. Daryl to go out by the gate."
"I believe I did. Well, I must keep

my word at any cost."
"Do you always do that?" he inquir-

ed, curiously.
"Always. Won't you come in when

we get home? I want to tell mamma about our adventure."

He modded. He had been in love with Kilmeny since she was up to his elbow, and it took little persuasion to induce him to remain in her

society. Ten years ago, Doctor Richmond, a struggling physician with an increasing family, had been glad to receive him into his house at a moderate fee as a pupil, and finally as an assistant; month when, by a series of unexpected events, the young man had come into a property which he had never dreamed would be his, he had decided to complete his medical studies exactly as if he still required to work for his bread. He was always regarded as a som of the household, and though he was obliged to spend most of his time at his new estate, "Chris' room" was kept ready for him in the Doctor's house, and he was as eagerly and affectionately welcomed there when-ever he could return as if he had been

one of the family.

It was at his suggestion that Mrs. Richmond and her children had come to spend a month in a charming cot-tage near his house during Doctor Richmond's unexpected absence in America, whither he had been called to the deathbed of an only brother. The Doctor had been thankful to have his wife and children under Christopher's care whilst he was absent; and Mrs. Richmond, a soft, pretty, motherly woman with a gentle voice and clinging ways, looked to him for advice in everything. She glanced up with a smile as her daughter and he entered the room, Kilmeny went to her and kissed her, taking a low seat

at her feet.
"We have had such an adventure, mamma!" she cried, and she gave her an account of their meeting with Mr. "Wasn't it nice of him to ask me back after our trespassing on his grounds?"

"Do you mean to go?" Mrs. Richmond asked doubtfully, glancing at

mond asked doubtfully, glancing at Mr. Warrender.

"I am going," Kilmeny answered decidedly. "He looked so old and lonely," she said; "and when Chris told me about his dismal life, and his misfortunes and disappointments, I was sorry for him. Oh, yes; I intend to go back and perhaps see him again. You have no objection manners have the state of the state You have no objection, mamma, have Richmond's evident hesitation to anyou? There could not be any harm in swer her daughter's demands, the fact it, and I should meet nobody except that she had seemed unwilling to do possibly Mr. Daryl, and he is an old man. Think of his living there all through his life and seeing his relatives disappoint him one by a relative disappoint him one by a relative odd. tives disappoint him one by one-even his wife and his son! And then for years everybody has been dead, and he has lived alone!"

Such a state of things generally comes about through one's own fault," Christopher Warrender said. "One always reaps what one sows, Kilmeny.'

And does that make his case less sad?" the girl asked, still in the same thoughtful tone. "Mamma, aren't the children in yet? They have been out

They are gathering flowers to decorate Lancelot's room before he comes home to-morrow. It is delightful for them to be in the country, and they are never happy except when out of

"Just like me!" Kilmeny cried, with a laugh, rising from her seat. "I am going to see about tea, Chris, so do not run away."

"What do you think I ought to do

about Kilmeny and this Mr. Daryl?" Mrs. Richmond asked, when her daughter had left the room.

let her go?" "Kilmeny generally does what she likes, I think," he answered with a smile. "Recollect that I am invited too, and am as much bent on accepting

Mr. Daryl's invitation as she is, though from a different motive." "Oh, if you go with her, it is all right."

Mrs. Richmond, with a relieved look, resumed her work, and Kilmeny presently came in, accompanied by the old servant carrying afternoon tea. The big lattice window was open, and the summer roses were nodding outside, the green of their leaves thrown into relief by the deep-red color of the brick walls. The faint warm air car-ried in now and then the mingled scents of summer. Mrs. Richmond, still lovely in her gentle motherhood, sat tranquilly setting the ornamental stitches in her work, while Kilmeny moved hither and thither, as sweet a vision as one could wish to see, busy about the details of the tea table. As she did so she amg softly to herself,

and presently, looking up and meeting Christopher's eyes, smiled, and then frowned a little.

It was all a pretense, Kilmeny's asking her mother's leave to do anything. As Mr. Warrender said, she generally did what she liked, and was the one to give advice, not to ask it. She was the moving spirit of the house. It was Kilmeny, with her blithe ways and joyous laugh, her tireless activity and whole-souled interest in every-body's affairs, who made life such a pleasant thing in the Doctor's household. Kilmeny was the beginning and end of everything, always discovering fresh interests, always ready to help, and scold, and laugh, and make life a delight for those around her.

Christopher gathered one of the roses at the lattice and offered it to her, and she put it in the belt of her white dress. Though he had told her many times that he loved her, the fact did not seem to have entered as yet into her serious thoughts, and their intercourse had been kept on its old frank footing. So they sat and sipped their tea in the pleasant afternoon warmth, while Mrs. Richmond listened for the sound of the children's footsteps. Lancelot, the only son, a boy of twelve, was expected home for his holidays, the next day, and their thoughts turned to him.

"He will be so sorry that papa is away," Kilmeny said regretfully. "But, then, Chris is getting so aged that he will almost do instead. How old are

you really, Chris?"
"I thought that it was only young ladies who concealed their ages? young man said, leaning over for a biscuit. "I am sure you know my age biscuit. "I am sure you know my age as well as I do, Kilmeny, and I shall not excuse you from your usual offering on the happy anniversary of my birth, if that is what you are meditating. I shall be twenty-eight next month, and you will be twenty at the same time. Curious—is it not?—hav-

ing our birthdays in the same month;"
"Most extraordinary! Nature must have exhausted herself in producing two such paragons together. How-ever, as there were eight years between us, she had time to gather up her energies. What sort of a house were you living in when I was born, mamma? It was before you settled in Redminster."

Mrs. Richmond awoke with a start from a fit of dreaming into which she appeared to have fallen, and came back apologetically to the present.

"I was just thinking of your papa, my dear, and wondering how he was doing in America. What sort of a house, did you ask me? Oh, we were very poor at that time, and hardly knew how we should get on! We married in house. ried in haste, though neither of us has ever repented it since. We seemed to prosper from the time when you came, Kilmeny; and, though we were never rich, yet we always had enough.'

"Papa must have got on well at the first place he took to be able to buy the practice at Redminster. I often wondered why he left it when he was doing so well, and I have heard you say that you were struggling after you settled in our present home. Now tell me, mamma," cried Kilmeny transfixing her mother with a judicial glance, "why, when you were get-ting on and making money, you broke up your home and went to a place where you had to begin all over again?"

But we were not making money; that was the thing."

CHAPTER II.

A group of three persons stood on the steps of Mr. Daryl's house and glanced up at its gloomy exterior be-fore entering. Kilmeny Richmond's white dress—she nearly always wore white-and the b'ack of her hair looked too pretty to be in keeping with the severity of the building before her, or with the harsh and cynical aspect of its master. Christopher Warrender, the third member of the party, noted that Mr. Daryl had eyes for no one but Kilmeny, and that he narrowly observed everything about her. Her springing step, her ready laughter, the gleam of her dark eyes, the exuberant vitality of her whole being, seemed to impress him to the exclusion of everything else. He turned his back on young Warrender, who, if he had had any notion that the invitation to him sprang from personal liking, was effectually disabused of that idea. Mr. Daryl desired the presence of Kilmeny for some reason best known to

"Are we going in?" the girl asked in her clear quick tones. "It is very interesting, Mr. Daryl; but I would much rather see the inside of the house than the outside. I always fancied that I should like to live in a big house. Ours is delightful, but it is small, and, when, all the children are in it, one is inclined to feel cramped."

Mr. Daryl led the way up the steps, and the two young people followed. There is a rather large house waiting for you, Kilmeny, if breadth is all you want," Mr. Warrender observed in a low tone to the girl as they enter-

ed.
"It is not half of what I want!" she
"Hush! retorted in the same key. "Hush! Don't be tiresome! Just look at the hall! Now that is my idea of what a hall ought to be!"

'As gloomy as that?" "It is not gloomy; it is only mysterious. See"—raising her voice and

hind that heavy curtain, the narrow windows, the huge fireplaces. Im-agine a party seated in this hall, with logs blazing in the hearth, and some one dispensing tea, Could anything ba better?"

of bliss," Mr. Warrender said, laughing—"a big house with a hall where one could have tea among plenty of

people!"
"There are other things," the girl said. "That is only the beginning." "Come, then," Mr. Daryl interposed -"let us see the other rooms. I per-

ceived that it would be easy to satisfy your wants, Miss Richmond, and it is a' new experience to me to be able to do that for anybody. This is the drawing room," Mr. Daryl said, ushering his companions into a splendid

apartment to the right.
Like all the rest of the house it was gloomy, and the drawn blinds rendered it still more so. Though the sunshine was blazing outside, the air was almost cold in the great room. Trees over shadowed the windows, and a chil-silence reigned. Kilmeny involuntarily shivered, and Mr. Daryl observed the motion.

"Why do they keep these binds down?" he cried angrily, striding across and pulling them up violently. "Any one would think we were in a vault! Now you can see better, Miss Richmond. When you have had tea in the hall you can being your party in here; and if you were in it and plenty of young people, and the piano were tuned, it would not be such a bad room—ed? What do you say?"
"Not such a bad room?" she cried.
"It is beautiful? I could spend days

wandering round it looking at all the lovely things in it. I think also I should get one or two of the trees outside taken away, and then it would be perfect. What are you laughing at, Chris?"

"I am not laughing, Kilmeny. I was much interested in your remarks.

The girl glanced at their companion, over whose face a dark frown had

stolen. "You say that Doctor Richmond is in America; when do you expect him back?" he asked abruptly.

"Not for a month at the earliest!" the girl answered. "And mean while you stay here?"

"Yes. Mr. Warrender has been so good as to offer us the house until

papa returns."
The old man turned for the first time and surveyed his second guest, Christopher Warrender was leaning against one of the windows, smiling to himself as he watched Kilmeny whose pleasure in her surroundings was apparent. He had an athletic figure, and was good-looking without being handsome, and the amusement in his dark eyes gave them a very kindly aspect. The sight of him seemsemehow to offend Mr. Daryl, who treated him with an open, almost insulting, neglect during the rest of the visit. The young man did not seem at all put out by it, and indeed bestowed as little attention on the master of the house as that gentleman

d on him. "The ball room opens from this," Mr. Daryl said, pointedly addressing Kilmeny

He flung a door open and ushered his visitors into the apartment which he had mentioned. It was of noble proportions, but chill and deserted. Kilmeny gazed at it half delighted, half repelled by its loneliness. "It wants people in it, too," she

said. "Yes-that is the fault of every thing with which I have to do!" Mr. Daryl observed with a smile. "In scme unaccountable way I seem to be unattractive. But that could, of course, be remedied."

"Then you must take down the notice to trespassers. You must throw your gates wide open, and make everyve me some more tea." body welcome. There are a number he had covered Mrs. of fine houses all about the country, and with such a ball room as this, surely the people in them would be

glad to come here!"
"Unfortunately I do not dance." Kilmeny laughed.

"I did not mean that!" she said.
"Then what did you mean?

would care to come here to see me, if there were nothing else?"
"L' care to come. It pleases me-oh, more than I could tell you! And Mr. "I am not talking about him!"

"No, but I am. He is amused and interested, too."
"I fear that it is not in anything

which my house furnishes," Mr. Daryl said coldly. "Limit yourself to your own experiences, Miss Richmond."

"I could be happy here—for a while," the girl said frankly. "But I should grow lonely, I cannot limit myself to my own experiences for very long." The sound of the gong interrupted

them.
"I desired luncheon to be served," Mr. Daryl said. He offered his arm to Kilmeny, and looked freezingly at the yearng man. "You will join us, Mr. Warrender?"

"With pleasure," he replied cheerfully, and followed the oddly-matched pair to the dining room.

Places had been prepared for three, and they took their seats. Chris had expected semething simple, and was surprised at the formality and magnificence of everything around him. sideboard glittered with plate, and the meat was served with an elaborate ceremony which puzzled him. Kil-meny was delighted, and seemed to have completely forgotten him in her new and splendid surroundings. Her eyes shone, her color grew still more brilliant, her laughter and bright words made the room gay with an unwonted gladness. The talk was chief-ly between their host and her, and struck the most silent member of the trio that the old man had a purpose which Kilmeny did not suspect in every word he uttered. Chris War-render looked thoughtful as they rose

from the table. "When will you come again?" Mr. turning in the direction of the master Daryl asked as his guests were leavor of the house—"the great staircase ing. "I am always at home, and I ago.

winding upwards and lost to view behind that heavy curtain, the narrow windows, the huge fireplaces. Imagine a party seated in this hall, with e? To-morrow? The next day?"
"We dine with Mr. Warrender to

morrow.' Again the dark frown crossed Mr.

Daryl's face.
"I will write and name a day," he

said abruptly. "Good-by."

He turned sharply, and left them without further farewell.

"I suppose, Kilmeny," Christopher said, when he and his companion had

gone some distance, and Kilmeny had given expression to some of her feelings on the subject of their visit—"I suppose that there would be no use in saying anything to put you a little on your guard about your new acquaintance? You are so charmed and delighted with everything that you would not listen to what a spectator's impressions of the affair might

To be Continued.

#### JEAN BAPTISTE PAQUETTE.

My name ees Jean Ba'tees Paquette. live near h'Ottawa, If I was marry? Well, you bet. Ole Jules Lablanche of Calumet Ees my papa-een-law.

One year ago las' Mardi Gras. I'm marry Rosalie; And now I'm fader; oui, mon gar; Iu makes feel good for be papa, Wid leetle small babee.

It's boy or girl, you wan' to know ? Hit come bout five, six mont' ago, My wife get sick, and I was go Well, wait, and I will tell; For bring Docteur Labelle.

Bellemere Lablanche, she's livin' dere, So when dat docteur come, She say, "Batees, you keep downstair," I say, "Batees, prends donc un verre, 'Ski Blanc avec du gomme."

I make myself a leetle drink. And den I say, "Mon vieux, You goin' be fader soon, I tink, You like hit?" Den I make a And say, "Bullee for you."

Dem by en by I'm not so glad, I tink, "Poor Rosalie, Maybe she's feelin' pretty bad, Maybe she die." Dat make me sad, Perhaps I'll go and see.

I go so quiet to de stair,
And den I call "Docteur!"
He say, "You get away from dere,"
And den, "Tais toi," says my bellemere, "You can't keep still for sure."

Den I sint am' feel so triste, Till some one laugh en haut; Dat somma hall right; I say, "Batees, You'll like some whisky, just de least, Small drop, for luck, you know."

I drink mysen! a b m sante, "Batees, I wish you joy"; And den I hear de docteur say, Hullo, Paquette, I tink he'll weigh Ten pound, dis leetle boy."

I'll feel so glad I jump dat high. I go for run up stair. De docteur see me come, and cry "Hole on. I'll call you by en by. De room ain't quite prepare.

To wait dis time was much de worst; I'm' feedin' pretty queer; say, "Batees, yo've got a thirst For drink to Jules Paqueite de First He don't come every year."

I drink his healt', and den I cry-Dat make you laugh to see? And me. I laugh, and wipe my eye, wash my face and tink I'll try For go see Rosalie.

L fix up clean, I brush my hair, Givermy moostash a curl.

And when I jus' was reach de stair,
De docteur shout, "Paquette, vou

dere? Here come a ten-pound girl!"

I jump dat h gh; I'm scared you know; I'm stan' dere in de hall,
Dem call, "Docteur!" He say, "Hello!"
I say, "Docteur, I wan' to know
You tink dat dat is all?"

He laugh like anyting an' say "How many more you want?
I guess dat's all you have to-day, You wan' to see de family, heh!

Dis way den, en avan(1'

I'm glad to see dem hall, you bet I say to Rosalie, 'Dat's splendid babies, Ma'am Pa

can't spare one of dem, and yet

I'm glad, you don't have t'ree!'
—Victoria, B.C., Times.

## SIAMESE SUPERSTITION.

The Siamese have so strong a superstition against even numbers that they will have none of them. The number of rooms in a house, of windows or doors in a room, even of rungs on a ladder, must always be odd.

# GAMBLING IN FRANCE.

Gambling in France is said to have reached such proportions that the Government has begun to study the question seriously. It is estimated that half of the suicides in Paris are due to losses at the races.

# THE MEMORY.

Scientists have discovered that the memory is stronger in summer than in winter. Among the worst foes of the memory are too much food, too much physical exercise, and, strangely enough, too much education.

## JUST LIKE A MAN.

Hello, Dasherly. Glad to see you at the club again. You deserted us for a long time. How comes it you are with us again? Oh, I was married a few days

#### The Salvation Army.

THE LIFE OF THESE SELF-SACRI-FICING WORKERS OFTEN ONE OF HARDSHIP.

While on Duty Capt. Ben. Bryan Was Stricken With a Supposed Incurable Disease and Forced to Belinquish the Work-He Has Now Recovered His Realth.

From the News, Alexandria, Ont.

The life of a Salvation Army worker is very far from being a sinecure. Their duties are not only arduous. but they are called upon by the regulations of the Army to conduct out-of-door meetings at all seasons and in all kinds of weather. This be-ing the case, it is little wonder that the health of these self-sacrificing



workers frequently gives way. Capt. Ben. Bryan, whose home is at Maxville, Ont., is well known through his former connection with the Army, having been stationed at such important points as Montreal, Toronto, Kingston, Guelph and Brockville, in Canada, and at Schenectady, Troy, and other points in the United States. While on duty he was attacked by a so-called incurable disease, but having been restored to ease, but having been restored to health through the use of Dr. Wil-liams Pink Pills, a representative of the Alexandria News thought it worth while to procure from his own lips a statement of his illness and re-covery. He found Mr. Bryan at work, a healthy, robust man, his appearance giving no indication of

The story of his illness and subsequent cure by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills reads like a miracle, and is given in his own words as follows:—"While stationed at Deseronto, in July, 1897, I was attacked with what the doctors called "Chronic Spinal Meningitis." The symptoms were somewhat similar to those predding a planting attack but were ceding a pleuratic attack, but were accompanied by spasms, which, when the pain became too severe. rendered me unconscious. The length of these unconscious spells increased as the disease advanced. After spending four months in the Kingston General Hospital, and on the Salvation farm. Toronto, I regained some of my former strength and returned to my work. The second attack occurred when I was stationed at Schenectady, N.Y., in October, 1898, and was more severe than the first. The symptoms of the second attack were very similar to those which preceded the first, the only apparent difference being that they were more severe and the after effects were of longer duration. Owing to the precarious state of my health, I was compelled to resign my position after the second attack and return to my home at Maxwille. While there a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I began using them in March, 1899. I have used only a dozen boxes and sim once more enjoying perfect health. I feel that I am perfectly well, and can cheerfully say that I attribute my persent state of health to the effects produced by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Bryan has also used the pills and has benefited very much thereby."

# WOMEN IN MEDICINE.

Twenty-five years ago there were 500 lady doctors in practice in the States; to-day there are 4,500-one in 15,000 of the population. Among these are a few distinguished homoeopathists, physicians, and surgeons, professors in medical schools, oculists, and electro-therapeutists, the great majority being ordinary doctors. The first lady doctor in the world was an American woman, Miss Elizabeth Blackwell, who was enrolled as a physician in the Medical Register of January 1, 1849. One of America's most noted lady doctors, Marie E. Zakrzewska, was a native of Berlin, but she had to leave the German capital in consequence of the strong prejudice aroused against her. That was many years ago, and the lady doctor is now tolerated even on the continent. Even the Far East has its lady doctors, the best known among them being a Chinese lady, Dr. Hu King Eng, first physi-cian to the household of Li Hung Chang. Dr. Eng is a Christian, and comes of a wealthy family. She took her degree in the United States, and is now in charge of an hospital at Foc Chow. As to the earnings of the lady doctor, they vary, of course, very largely. There are women who count their income in thousands, and one lady practising in the West End of London earns \$20,000 a year. Miss Annie Romberger of Philadelphia, has s practice worth \$6.000 a year, and she is one of many who earn as much.

## ALCOHOL FOR AUTOMOBILES.

The majority of motor cars are now driven by petroleum, but a French engineer recommends the use of alcohol instead, and motors are being altered so as to consume it. There is no fear of explosion with alcohol, and it is sai to be less costly than petroleum.