

A Double Disobedience.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

"If you were only a spectator was that my fault?"

"Not at all. I always do you justice, don't I? And you have never yet slighted or forgotten an old friend. I do not in the least mind Mr. Daryl's neglect of me. That is not what I wished to speak about."

"I don't want to be put on my guard about anything!" Kilmeny cried petulantly. "We had a wonderful and delightful time, and I won't have the bloom taken off it! Such rooms and such magnificence! It is like a fairy tale."

"Don't forget the ogre." Kilmeny stopped abruptly and turned to her companion with a severe look.

"Say what you have to say!" she commanded. "I don't go a step further until you have delivered yourself of all the horrid things you have in your mind. If I decline to be put on my guard, you will think it your duty to unbosom yourself to mamma, and I won't have her disturbed."

"What did you imagine was Mr. Daryl's motive in all that he said and did to-day?"

"I did not search for his motive. I do not care to discover it, if he had one."

"Such men do not act without one. He intends to find out your tastes and wishes."

"Oh, well, if that is all," cried the girl, resuming her walk, "he shall discover them without any trouble! Do you know, Chris, I never told this to any one before, but every now and then I have longed to be rich and have just such a house as Mr. Daryl's. I have wished that I were not merely a doctor's daughter, but some wealthy man's only child, and that I could have servants and money and pretty dresses by the dozen, and nothing but pleasure. Of course it is shocking to confess it, and I am sure that you are shocked."

"I am never shocked by anything that you may say."

"I wish you did not feel so about me!" Kilmeny cried, and there was genuine trouble in her voice. "It makes me realize that I am ungrateful and stony and altogether mean to know that you think of me that way, and that I have no feeling for you a bit like it. Couldn't you change, Chris? Couldn't you go back to what you were once?"

"When?" the young man asked, and there was sadness in his smile. "I don't think there was ever a time when I did not think of you that way, as you call it. But if it troubles you for me to speak of it I promise you not to do so again. So you may be easy as far as that assurance will make you."

The girl turned away her head and was silent until they reached home, and Christopher, after all, was not so very sure that he had succeeded in his intention. He called the next evening, bringing a low carriage, and conveyed his guests to his house.

Mr. Warrender's house was not in the least like Mr. Daryl's. It was cheerful and modern, with no gloom or suggestion of mystery about it. The dinner was excellent, and the preferences of each guest had been remembered and provided for. Chris had no more romance about him than his house, but he was thoroughly kind-hearted, and wonderfully thoughtful for a man. He spoke to Kilmeny exactly as if nothing had taken place, but there was a shade of reserve or embarrassment in her manner. He determined to dissipate it and restore the old freedom. He considered his best plan would be to leave her free to do as she pleased, and when she and the others went to ask the housekeeper to show them all over the house after dinner, he remained behind with Mrs. Richmond.

"What did you think of Mr. Daryl?" the mother asked anxiously when they were alone. "Kilmeny did not seem inclined to talk, and I fancied that something odd had taken place. I feel so helpless without Doctor Richmond, and I trust in you. How did things go yesterday?"

"Mr. Daryl seemed to be greatly interested in Kilmeny. He took immense pains to please her."

"Surely you don't think that there is anything in it? He must be sixty or seventy, while she is barely twenty."

"No, no—I don't believe that there is anything of that kind. Make your mind easy on that score. But it struck me that he had some object in view—what it was I could not exactly make out."

"I wish he had never seen Kilmeny! I should be so much happier if this acquaintance had never begun. People tell such stories about him, and Kilmeny's father is so far away! If anything unpleasant were to happen, I should never forgive myself. What ought I to do, Chris?"

"Kilmeny would not thank me for the advice which I should feel inclined to give. Mr. Daryl's desire to know her without first making your acquaintance does not seem to me just the right thing. How does it strike you, Mrs. Richmond?"

"Exactly as it does you. I have felt uneasy since he sent for her in that abrupt unceremonious way. I should not have consented at all to her going only she was so headstrong about it and you were with her. But I shall tell her, if any more invitations come that she must not accept them until Mr. Daryl gives me an opportunity of becoming acquainted with him myself."

Mr. Warrender made no reply. He knew that the blame would fall on him, and he had no wish to injure himself too deeply in Kilmeny's eyes. Mrs. Richmond seemed to divine his

feeling for she changed the conversation by asking him to look where the children were, as they must soon think of driving home."

"I shall stroll round the garden," she said, "and you can come for me when they are ready."

It was some time before Mr. Warrender could collect his young guests and convince them that their mother really intended to return home. When at length they were gathered, the younger ones remembered that they had not seen Chris' own room, and rushed off in a body to inspect it, leaving their host and Kilmeny together.

"You have been talking over Mr. Daryl with mamma," the girl said quickly when they were alone. "I was convinced that that was both her intention and yours when I saw you settle yourself down with her. What have you been saying?"

"It is better for your mother to tell you."

"No—I will hear you! If you have advised mamma to put an end to the thing, remember, that I will not submit to it. Mr. Daryl is quite an old man, and if it gives him any pleasure for me to visit him I intend to go. Of course, if papa were at home and were to forbid me, I should obey, or if mamma were to think things out for herself I should not mind—"

"What you object to is my interference in the matter?"

"You are only eight years older than I am!" cried Kilmeny with a laugh. "Why should you be so immensely wise? I, for one, am not going to let it go!"

She stopped with her charming face lifted to his and a little audacious sparkle in her eyes.

"Are you still bent on thwarting me, Chris?" she asked, in a soft voice, going close to him. "After all, my acquaintance with Mr. Daryl must cease when we leave this place, and that will be in a few weeks. And I cannot see any possible harm in it."

"If he comes to visit your mother, and she accompanies you on your visits, neither can I. Your mother is a good deal older than you, Kilmeny."

Kilmeny dropped him a little curtsy.

"I am going to see Mr. Daryl," she said gaily. "See if I don't!"

CHAPTER III.

Mr. Warrender and his companion went back to the drawing room rather soberly after Kilmeny's declaration. They expected to find Mrs. Richmond awaiting them, but she was not here. The girl looked round in surprise.

"Mrs. Richmond said that she should find her in the garden," Christopher observed. "This way, Kilmeny; I can let you out without going round to the door."

He opened a French window, and they passed through it. The summer dusk was falling, and the garden was beginning to take on the solemn, ghostly look which twilight brings with it. The colors of the flowers had disappeared, and they looked phantom-like as Kilmeny and Christopher went along. The garden was large, and they walked to the very end without perceiving any trace of Mrs. Richmond. As they stood looking back towards the house, which seemed to be a long way off, Kilmeny broke the silence.

"Where can mamma be?" she asked. "You are sure that she said the garden?"

"Quite sure. We must have missed her somehow. She will be looking for us; we had better go back."

They quickened their pace and soon regained the house, but Mrs. Richmond was not there. The rest of the party had gathered in the hall, and declared that their mother had not returned.

"You can see about the carriage being brought round, Lancelot," Christopher said. "Come, Kilmeny—you and I will have another search in the garden. She must be somewhere."

They went out again, Kilmeny slightly nervous in spite of herself.

"Why do you look so anxious?" Christopher said, laughing. "Your mother is not lost; she is only in some other part of the garden, and we shall find her in a minute. Stay—I think I see her yonder."

It did seem to them, as they both eagerly moved in the direction which he indicated, that there was some person moving in a little shrubbery at one side. Christopher called out Mrs. Richmond's name, and there came a rustling sound. The next moment Mrs. Richmond came hurriedly out and looked towards them without making any reply to Mr. Warrender's shout.

"Mamma—mamma!" Kilmeny cried, running to her. "Where have you been? This is the second time that we have been out looking for you, and Clare is crying, and I was beginning to feel frightened! Why don't you speak?"

"I was here in the garden," Mrs. Richmond answered. "Oh, Kilmeny," she cried a moment after, "let us get home! I don't feel well. I have a pain here"—putting her hand to her heart—"and I want to write to your father! He must come home at once!"

"Yes, yes!" Kilmeny cried, shocked. "I will write for him to-morrow! What is anybody to him in comparison with you! You must have got cold out in the garden, staying so long! Chris, take her other arm, and we shall soon have her in the house."

"No, no—I will lean on you!" cried Mrs. Richmond, shrinking away from the young man. "It was only a passing weakness and I am much better now. Let us go home, Kilmeny; I will not delay for anything!"

"You must come in until you are better," Chris said anxiously; but Mrs. Richmond positively and almost vehemently declined, and Kilmeny made him a sign not to press her.

The faces of both the young people looked pale and anxious as they went

along. Mrs. Richmond's state was incomprehensible to them. She had always enjoyed excellent health, and they never remembered such an occurrence as this. Their thoughts flew to Doctor Richmond, so far away, and they heartily desired his speedy return.

There was no time for consultation between them. Mrs. Richmond, finding the carriage at the door, insisted on getting into it at once, and entreated Mr. Warrender not to accompany them. She seemed so bent on it that he was reluctantly obliged to consent, but declared his intention of riding over early in the morning to inquire after her.

"You are sure that it would not be better for me to fetch a doctor at once?" he asked.

"A doctor?" cried Mrs. Richmond, and her voice had an odd, almost hysterical ring in it. "What could a doctor do for me? I am not ill at all—I merely got a chill in the garden. Please do not let us delay."

He stood back to allow the carriage to start, when she again leaned out.

"Good-bye, Christopher!" she said. "I have not thanked you for your kindness, but I do not forget it. Good-bye—good-bye!"

Her words seemed to him in some curious way to be a sort of farewell for more than that day, and made him feel as if the old life which stretched behind him into such infinite distance, with its cheerfulness and happy homeliness, were suddenly and unaccountably over.

The next day Mr. Warrender rode over early to the cottage. He reflected that one good thing which would arise out of Mrs. Richmond's illness was that Kilmeny would be obliged to remain with her mother, and that no visits to Mr. Daryl would be possible for the present. He was struck with astonishment therefore at the new developments which awaited him. Mrs. Richmond was sitting in the little arbor on the grass plot at the side of the house, and, except that she was pale, he could not at a distance discern any difference in her appearance. She was sewing, and he dismounted and tied up his horse in order to speak to her. He could not see Kilmeny.

"You are better?" he said, in a relieved tone, approaching her.

"Yes, yes—I am quite well," she answered. Her voice sounded nervous, and she hurried on as if to avoid any closer questioning. "It is such a lovely day that I thought I would sit out of doors. The children have gone off on a picnic, and do not expect to be back until the evening. I have a good deal of sewing to do, and shall not have time to miss them."

"Have you written to Doctor Richmond?"

"I wrote this morning."

Mr. Warrender sat pondering. It was plain, from Mrs. Richmond's writing to her husband, that there was more amiss than she wished him to know, but he felt debarred from further inquiry. Her manner had totally changed. It was nervous and constrained, and for the first time in his life he felt as if she wished him away. Her mysterious illness in the garden, which he had expected to have completely explained during his morning's visit, was only rendered still more mysterious.

"I wonder that Kilmeny left you," he said abruptly. "Did she go with the others?"

"Kilmeny and all left me," she said, trying to laugh. "There was absolutely no reason for their staying. I am quite well."

"I am glad you think that you are better," he said. "There is no use in my staying any longer."

She did not try to detain him, and he rode slowly away. He was determined to see Kilmeny and to warn her that her mother's illness had not passed away so wholly as Mrs. Richmond seemed anxious to have them believe. An hour's searching brought him to the children, seated under the shade of a tree by a little lake. They jumped up and hailed his appearance with delight.

"Where is Kilmeny?" he asked, gazing around.

"Oh, she is not here!" answered Jessica, a pretty girl of sixteen. "She went off to see old Mr. Daryl as soon as breakfast was over. I am sure I wish that she had never heard of him! She used to come everywhere with us, and now this is the second, or third time that she has gone to see him and left us by ourselves."

"Gone to see Mr. Daryl?" Chris repeated in blank amazement. "Are you sure? How do you know?"

"I know quite well. A note came from him to mamma, and she sent for Kilmeny to her own room. After a while Kilmeny came out and said that she was going to see him, and set off in a great hurry. She was laughing, and seemed pleased. We wanted her to wait for the picnic, but she would not."

"And the mater told you to hold your tongue about it, Miss Jessica," interposed Lancelot, "but girls never can be quiet about anything."

"She did not mean us not to talk to Chris," his sister answered. "We tell him everything. Do stay with us, Chris, instead of Kilmeny. We are all longing to go out in the boat, but mamma made us promise not to do so even under Laurence's experienced guidance."

Christopher good-naturedly consented, seeing their eagerness for his presence, and did his best to supply Kilmeny's place, but his mind was painfully exercised during the whole time. Even when he was fishing up water-lilies for little 5-year-old Clare, and allowing Lancelot to row with him to the far end of the lake, and setting out the eatables for Jessica, his thoughts were on far different things. That something had occurred to turn Mrs. Richmond against him, and decide her to reject his advice and shut him out of her confidence, was beyond a doubt. What that could be remained a mystery. There was nothing in his very uneventful and simple life which it would give him the slightest concern for the whole world to know, and he

racked his brains for a solution of the puzzle.

Altogether, Mr. Christopher Warrender's reflections were anything but pleasing as he left the young Richmonds behind and, made his way towards evening in the direction of his own home. He was too proud to try to find out any more about Mrs. Richmond's affairs after her very decided action, but he suddenly felt very lonely as he entered the house.

To Be Continued.

MOTHER OF TWENTY-FIVE.

Mrs. Smartwood Married Twenty-Seven Years Has Twenty-Living Children.

Mrs. Samuel Smartwood of Wilkesbarre, Pa., is the mother of the largest family in the United States. Although a comparatively young woman being only 41 years old, she is the mother of twenty-five children, twenty of whom are living. The youngest is only a few days old, and gives promise of being, like his brothers and sisters, hale and hearty.

To be the mother of twenty-five children is no mean achievement, and Mrs. Smartwood is proud of it. Her children are her greatest blessing, and, singularly enough, they are all good, obedient children, without the proverbial black sheep among them. Mrs. Smartwood said:

"My children are my joy. Though I have always had a baby,"—she laughed modestly—"and sometimes two to look after, they never seemed to be the trouble and worry some babies are. My last little one seems more cute and sweet than any of the others, but I suppose all babies seem interesting when they are just born."

Mrs. Smartwood is a remarkably well-preserved woman. She was married when very young, and her first baby was born fourteen months after her marriage. There have been but five years since, during which the household has failed to be blessed with a baby. These years were 1874, 1883, 1887, 1888 and 1896. But two of them were in succession, and in the succeeding years twins were born.

Of the entire twenty-five children, there were but the

TWO SETS OF TWINS.

which were born in 1889, and 1893. One of each set of twins is dead. Mrs. Smartwood can recite the hour and day each child was born.

"Walter was our first child," she said. "He was married a little over a year ago. He was born on June 25, 1872. Louis came next on Sept. 9, 1873. Then came Thaddeus, -Jan. 5, 1875; Maude, who is married to Charles Heslog and has one child, Jan. 12, 1876; Cora, March 15, 1877; Blanche, May 19, 1878; May, who is dead, on May 20, 1879; Herbert, Aug. 21, 1880; Warren, March 14, 1881; Elsie, April 27, 1882; Samuel, March 11, 1884; Daniel, Sept. 3, 1885; Ruth, Sept. 23, 1886; Alonzo and Gertrude, the first twins, Jan. 20, 1889; Gertrude is dead; Elmer, June 21, 1890; Calvin, July 31, 1891; Florence, Nov. 19, 1892; Esther and Benjamin, the second twins, on Dec. 31, 1893; Earl, March 20, 1895; Jesse, May 3, 1896; Edith, June 8, 1897; Lotie, Sept. 5, 1898 and our baby, which was born on Sept. 17 of this year."

Regarding her married life, Mrs. Smartwood said: "I was married when I was fourteen years old. I loved Will when I was a girl and I wanted to be married. Ever since, we have been very happy, and I would not change places with any rich lady."

"Look at these children. Ain't they riches enough, and every one living at home except the two girls that got married. It's nice for father and me to have them all here, although it does crowd us up a bit. We haven't got a big house, as you can see, and every bit of the space is used. Walk into the dining room there and look at the table."

It was a table to look at, of generous width, and very long. It bore plates and knives and forks for

TWENTY-TWO PEOPLE.

At intervals were great piles of bread. "It keeps me and the girls pretty busy looking after the eating and washing for our big family," resumed Mrs. Smartwood when I came out of the dining room. "Father makes about \$70 a month, and the boys bring in about \$90 a month, and while we get along nicely, we have nothing to spare. We've given all the children as good schooling as they can get around here."

"What do you think of married life?" I ventured to ask.

"Well, I ought to know, I guess. Every woman should get married, I think. I don't know much about the new woman, but if she don't believe in married life, I don't want to know anything about her. What's as happy as having children to love you and you loving them?"

"None of my children has been a source of grief, trouble or anxiety to me, and I think God has been especially kind to give me so many. Yes, sir, you can put me down as believing in the married woman who believes in having children."

Mr. Smartwood, who is an engineer on the Jersey Central Railroad, has been receiving the congratulations of his fellow workmen for several days upon his wife giving birth to the twenty-fifth child.

OUTCLASSED.

Nextdoor—I haven't heard your dog barking at night for some time.

Home—No. Guess the poor fellow got discouraged. We have twins at our house now, you know.

MISERABLE WOMEN

HOW WOMEN LOSE INTEREST IN THEIR HOUSEHOLDS.

The Ills to Which Women Are Heir Cause Much Suffering—The Experience of a Lady Who Has Found a Speedy Cure.

Mrs. Isaac T. Comeau, who resides at 83 1-2 Arago street, St. Roch, Quebec, is a teacher of French, English, and music. For many years Mrs. Comeau has suffered greatly from internal troubles, peculiar to her sex, and also from continuous weakness the result of headache, neuralgia and nervous prostration. Her trouble became so bad that she was forced to give up teaching, and go to an hospital, but the treatment there did not materially benefit her and ultimately she left the hospital still a great sufferer. Meantime her husband having heard of the great value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, purchased a few boxes and prevailed upon his wife to try them. When interviewed as to the merits of the pills Mrs. Comeau gave her story to the reporter about as follows:—

"My trouble came on after the birth of my child, and up to the time I began to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I could find nothing to cure me. I suffered much agony, was very weak, had frequent severe headaches, and little or no appetite. It was not long after I began the use of the pills that I found they were helping me very much and after taking them for a couple of months I was as well as ever I had been. My appetite improved, the pains left me and I gained considerably in flesh and am again able to attend to the lessons of my pupils, and superintend my household work. Since using the pills myself I have recommended them to others and have heard nothing but praise in their favor wherever used."

No discovery of modern times has proved such a boon to women as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Acting directly on the blood and nerves, invigorating the body, regulating the functions they restore health and strength to exhausted women, and make them feel that life is again worth living.

Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent post paid at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Refuse all substitutes.

FINE PRIVATE ZOO.

An English Gentleman is the Owner and He Has Some Rare Birds and Animals.

The distinction of having probably the most comprehensive zoo in England belongs to Mr. C. J. Leyland, of Haggerston Castle, Beal. Among the birds are the rhea, South American, ostrich, domisselle, Numidian, crane, Liberian crane, Zambesi goose, Australian black swan, emu, and waterfowl from all parts of the globe. Fine, however, as the bird side of the collection is, that of the animals is more interesting. It includes many kangaroos, of which Mr. Leyland has bred and reared numbers. Considering the bleakness of the Northumberland coast, this circumstance proves that the marsupials are more hardy than one would think. In the park there is also a herd of Canadian deer, from one of which Mr. Leyland has had a pair of cast horns weighing 22 pounds. Here, too, may be seen a magnificent herd of North American bison; indeed, it is considered to be the finest and largest in the world, for the animals are now practically extinct in their own country. Another herd is worth mentioning—one of white-tailed gnus. The ruler of this community is a most ferocious animal, a bull that has killed two of his species, one of them older and bigger than himself. In consequence of this performance he was docked of his horns; but even now he defies anybody or anything that comes near him, glories in a fight, and would give a good account of himself in a mortal combat.

There is no doubt that the authorities are at their wits' ends how to find officers for the cavalry, says the Broad Arrow. Sixty vacancies actually exist and very shortly there will be twenty more. To meet this pressing demand only twenty cadets will be available for commissions from Sandhurst, and about half that number are, we understand, coming from the militia. The cause of the present difficulty in obtaining officers has been erroneously put down as solely due to the increasing expenses of cavalry service. In a measure this is partly the case. Formerly a young officer could get along on an allowance of £200 or £300 a year besides his pay, but the lowest limit of a cavalry subaltern's private income to-day may be safely set down at £500 or £600. This fact undoubtedly keeps out the man of moderate means.

A DANCING PROCESSION.

A peculiar, but famous, dancing procession annually takes place at Echtermach. In Belgium, France and Germany excursions are organized to the little Luxemburg town, whose church contains the remains of St. Will broed. The pilgrims to Echtermach execute in a certain rhythm what is called the dance of the "leaping saints." It takes the form of advancing three steps, making a step backward, advancing three more and so on. It is in this quaint way that the procession in which ten thousand persons take part each year, starts from the bridge on the Lure, the place of assembly to the church.