

A Double Disobedience.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

He contented himself with sending over his inquiries next day, and it was not until some time after that he met any of the Richmonds again. He came on Kilmeny cantering along on a handsome little pony, whose trappings were in a style which he knew to be far beyond Doctor Richmond's means to supply. Kilmeny herself was attired in an elegant riding-habit, and held a smart silver-mounted whip in her gauntleted hand. She looked brilliant and brimming over with good spirits.

"Kilmeny!" he cried, confounded. A sharp pain shot through his heart. Was the girl whom he loved lost to him as well as everything else?

"Am I not magnificent?" she cried. "I never thought that I should have a pony of my own, and be able to gallop as I pleased all over the country." Then a softer look came over the wilful triumph in her eyes. "Why don't you come to see us, Chris? It is days since we have seen you."

"Should I see you, if I called now? I did ride over the day after you dined at my house, but I did not see you. You were at Mr. Daryl's then, and I suppose that you are going to the same place now?"

"There are other people there, if I happen sometimes to be out."

Mr. Warrender was silent, but the grave reproach in his eyes made Kilmeny ashamed of herself.

"Please do not make yourself disagreeable, Chris," she said bending down to him. "Let me alone just this little month, and let me enjoy myself for once as I have often longed to do. If you will come over for tea this afternoon, I shall be at home, and I can tell you of the great ball that there is to be at Mr. Daryl's next week, and of the lovely dress which I shall wear, besides ever so much more. You used always to care to hear things about us, you come?"

"No, Kilmeny—you need not expect me."

Miss Richmond's pony made a quick movement away from him, and its rider's eyes gave a flash. The next moment she was gone. There was anger in her heart and also an unaccountable pain. Why need Chris meddle and disapprove, and make himself generally disagreeable, just as if he had any right over her?

Kilmeny was riding to Mr. Daryl's luncheon, and her pretty head had been full of the thoughts of the people whom she would meet there, when she had come on Mr. Warrender. When should she ever have the chance of sitting down to luncheon with Lady Penryth. Mr. Daryl's sister, the haughtiest woman in the whole county, if she gave in to Chris' absurd scruples and declined to visit Mr. Daryl? To be sure, Lady Penryth wore a wig and rouge, and her talk often shocked Kilmeny by its bitterness and disbelief in goodness, but she had been able so far to hold her own, even with this cynical and wicked old man.

Everybody had been surprised at Mr. Daryl's reconciliation with his sister, to whom he had not spoken for over 20 years, and indeed his late movements had taken their breath quite away. His house was being thrown open to the outside world, and a ball was now announced to complete their amazement. When the invitations had come for Miss Richmond, she had been almost frightened at the result of her acquaintance with Mr. Daryl.

"I shall not go, mamma," she said decidedly. "What is he thinking of, to ask me without you? I enjoy calling and looking over his beautiful rooms and all that, but this is a different thing. Besides, how could I go alone? It is impossible."

"I have had a note from Mr. Daryl—he has provided for that. He says that his sister, Lady Penryth, will be happy to act as your chaperon. She will call for you in her carriage and take you there."

"Lady Penryth!" Kilmeny cried, Lady Penryth to offer to come for her—Kilmeny Richmond—and take her to a ball! It was all a dream! The sight of her mother's face, pale and disturbed, recalled her to herself. If had begun to dawn on Kilmeny that her mother was changing with everything else. She was so much occupied with going to Mr. Daryl's that she had not time to be much with the children now, and it seemed that her mother not only allowed this, but arranged for it, and made things easy for her. Mrs. Richmond was growing pale, and had an anxious expectant look which was new to her.

"I will not go," Kilmeny repeated. "Do you know, now what Chris is not here, I do not mind saying to you that I am almost sorry that I ever met Mr. Daryl! Do write, mamma, and decline the invitation. If he had asked you it would have been different, but as he has not seen fit to do that, I will not think of it. Besides, where should I get a dress?"

"I can manage that. I have a little money—do not bother about it. You must go to the ball, Kilmeny. As Lady Penryth has promised to take you, it is all right. And don't think about the dress. It will be here in time."

"But how will you see about it?" Kilmeny persisted. "It would cost pounds on pounds, and I know you have no money to spare. No, mamma—I will not think of going."

But after all she found herself obliged to do so. Mrs. Richmond quietly persisted, and overruled all her daughter's objections. It was arranged that she should go to the ball under Lady Penryth's care, and Mrs. Richmond assured her that the dress should be forthcoming at the right time. Kilmeny only hoped that it would not cost very much. She hardly knew whether she was glad or sor-

ry to go, and deep down in her heart felt uneasy and unhappy.

She had not allowed Christopher Warrender to see any of this however. The pony on which she was riding had come to her a day or two before, with Mr. Daryl's compliments, and she was in the first delight of having a horse of her own. It had been arranged that a groom from Mr. Daryl's establishment should attend on Miss Richmond's horse, which was kept in Mr. Daryl's stables. It was always at Kilmeny's service, and she rode every day. Her new friendship was dividing her more and more from her old surroundings, loves, and interests, and in a manner she was not able to help it. She was getting what she had sometimes secretly longed for—an entrance into the great and splendid world of society.

Kilmeny hummed to herself as she rode along, when she had parted from Mr. Warrender, and told herself that she was very happy. Her mother not only permitted the acquaintance with Mr. Daryl, but made everything easy for her. It could not continue after her father's return; then everything would go back to what it was before, and she would be satisfied after having had her glimpse into regions above her. She would be once more a child with the children, and her mother's companion and housekeeper. Chris would come and visit them, and they would be the same as they used to be.

CHAPTER IV.

The great ballroom at Mr. Daryl's house was softly lighted, and was filled with moving couples and the sound of music, laughter, and gay voices. It was the night of the long-expected ball, and Kilmeny Richmond, in an exquisite dress of white-and-gold, her eyes shining and her cheeks brilliant, was the queen of the evening. She had burst like a radiant vision on the aristocratic friends whom Mr. Daryl had summoned round him, and people was in the admiration excited by her beauty and captivating manners. Lady Penryth watched her with her fierce old eyes as she laughed and danced, moving among a crowd of worshippers as if to the manner born.

"Your Miss Richmond need not drag me after her the next time into such scenes as these," she remarked to her brother, who stood beside her. "She strikes me as being quite sufficient for herself, and capable of going anywhere alone. She has just been laughing in the face of the Marquis of Redminster, and is now going away to dance with Lord Trevor."

"I observe that the women do not speak much to her. It is what I expected."

Lady Penryth's eyes went stealthily to the old man beside her. He was watching Kilmeny with a subdued exultation which puzzled her.

"They do not know what to make of her," she said. "My being her chaperon scarcely makes her respectable, and your very marked notice, strange to say fails equally."

"Respectable!" he cried, scowling at her. "They shall find out that the girl is more respectable than any of the prudes here. That is what I have paid you for, and what I expect you to do—to let people understand that she is everything she ought to be, and the chief person here. Do you think that it was out of affection for your pleasure in the fools around us that I opened my house to you and them? It is a matter of business between you and me, and your pay depends on how you do your work."

"But I know no more than they!" she answered boldly. "What is the girl to you? Why do you take her up? What am I to tell people who ask me? Are you in love with her?"

"In love!" he laughed harshly. "Do I look like a man in love? No! My interest in her is of a totally different sort. I intend her to make a good match, and the man who marries her, if he pleases me, may have reason to count himself lucky. You may let so much be known, but no surmises or guesses of your own are to accompany the information, remember!"

He moved away, and Lady Penryth, watching her opportunity, beckoned to one of the guests who stood near her carelessly watching the conference between the two. He was a handsome, haughty man, whose distinction of bearing marked him out even among the well-born pleasure-seekers who surrounded him. He drew near and sat down.

"If you want money, it's all right," Lady Penryth said, dropping her voice and speaking without looking at him. "I did not make out the interest in her but the man who marries her may count himself lucky. Those were his words; make what you can of them."

"When did your brother first meet Miss Richmond?"

"Only a few days ago. Whatever interest he has in her is some interest connected with his past life."

Lord de Bruyne was silent. He looked long at Kilmeny, who was among the waltzers. Her wonderful eyes were lifted, full of laughter, to her partner's face; the glimmering gold of her dress was now displayed, now hidden, by movements full of indescribable grace; her fresh and exquisite charm made it a delight to behold her. The man beside Lady Penryth rose.

"You have made up your mind?" she asked.

He nodded carelessly. "I am aware that it is a simple matter of business between us," he said, glancing down at her. "If you hear anything further, please let me know it."

He strolled away, and she saw him presently approach Kilmeny, who was flushed and slightly out of breath, and looked lovely enough to make any madness possible.

"I have obtained Lady Penryth's leave to take you out on the balcony,"

he said with a smile which lit up his face. "Our dance comes next, and she quite agreed with me that you ought to have a little fresh air first. Come!"

"It is just what I have been wishing for!" declared Miss Richmond frankly, and she took his proffered arm with a little bow to her last partner. "Did Lady Penryth really say anything to you about it?"

"Well, no, he answered. "It is one of the polite fictions of this world that a young lady's chaperon decides everything for her. But, all the same, Lady Penryth was watching us, and she knows that you are with me."

"It is cool and delicious here!" she cried, stretching out her arms from the wrap which her companion had laid lightly upon her shoulders.

"Yes—I dare say you are tired of all that," he said, casting a contemptuous glance at the ballroom behind them. "This is a more rational sort of thing, and one can have some comfort here."

"Have you come to the stage, then, when comfort is what you are looking for in life?" Kilmeny asked, laughing. "I may as well tell you that, if you think we are kindred spirits in that respect, you are quite mistaken. I like the coolness out here, but, when the music begins again, I shall want to be back in the ballroom. I would not miss the next dance for the world."

"Oh, well, I am not so far gone that I cannot enjoy a dance still!" he answered joining in her laugh. "It isn't that I am blasé or any rubbish of that kind—only, I am thoroughly lazy. You see, if one had anything to do, it would be different, but there is nothing so demoralizing as doing nothing for ever."

"I have plenty to do!" cried Kilmeny, and she fell into a little fit of amusing.

"Yes—I see you cantering about on your pony most days," he said. "You must let me join you sometimes, Miss Richmond. I should like to fill up my time in that way. What else do you do? Your energy is refreshing."

"I dance when my partner can rouse himself to come with me. Does your languor cause you not to notice that the band is beginning to play again, and that we shall lose the dance if you continue so oblivious of what is going on?"

"Come, then!" he said, standing up. "I don't want to miss the dance any more than you do. I was watching you dancing the last waltz, and it struck me that even dancing might have charms under some circumstances. Those circumstances have arrived."

"You should not have been watching. You should have been attending to some one else."

"I was attending, and that most diligently. I observed that you were absorbed in what you were doing, and that your partner looked uncommonly happy. I had a curiosity to find out if my sentiments would be anything like his if I were in his place."

"And are they?" Kilmeny asked, laughing.

"I can fancy what his were like, only I am certain mine are very much more so."

"Well, it is a mercy to bring some pleasure into your barren life! Even if it only lasts while we are dancing, it will be a consoling thought. I am glad that I dance well. No, no—not at all for your sake, but entirely for my own. And you are the best partner that I have had this evening—there is no doubt about that."

Lord de Bruyne glanced down at the girl's face with a look which she could not quite understand. Her frankness took him continually by surprise, and he did not yet know what to make of her. Kilmeny flushed a little under his gaze.

"It is no harm, to say that?" she inquired. "You said something like it to me."

"It is no harm," he answered. "It is years since anybody told me that I did anything well—that was all."

Lady Penryth, watching the pair, thought the man was doing his part well, and a contemptuous smile curled her lip. She turned to Mr. Daryl, who stood near, always watching Kilmeny.

"Would a match like that suit your notions?" she asked. "To be sure he has run through most of his money, and has not the very best of reputations, but of course your protegee could reform him. Such a work would suit her innocent ideas. However, from all I hear, the young lady seems to be already provided for. She was always running about the country with a man named Warrender until you picked her up."

As she mentioned the name. "Warrender," she gave her brother a keen penetrating glance.

"She runs about with him no more," Mr. Daryl said. "I have put a stop to it, and you must do the rest. Stick at nothing to end that folly. I am of course aware that De Bruyne has heard something from you, or he would not take the trouble to notice the girl."

"You don't fancy that a man of his family would marry a nameless girl except to gain some exceedingly tangible advantage? I gave you credit for having abandoned the fiction of love at least."

"He shall find a tangible advantage if he marries her. Leave that to me."

Lord de Bruyne was bringing his partner back to Lady Penryth, and the two stood beside the brother and sister, Kilmeny like some exquisite wild flower amid a parterre of withered exotics. Mr. Daryl's face lit up with something like exultant pride as he looked at her.

"Well, Miss Richmond," he said, "you thought this room only wanted people, and now that that want has been supplied, does it suit you better?"

"It wants one thing yet. You promised that you would let me walk all around it with you and see it from every side. I have been waiting for that the whole evening."

She moved to Mr. Daryl's side and glanced up into his face with those dark eyes, into which any unwonted

emotion cast a shade of melancholy. Mr. Daryl looked at her for a moment and then offered her his arm. They went away together. The other two were silent until they had gone some distance.

"What is she?" Lord de Bruyne asked abruptly. "Is she a girl whose frankness stands her in better stead than the most consummate art, or is she the most designing woman whom it has ever been my lot to meet?"

To be Continued.

A POPULAR AMBASSADOR.

Departure of Lord Pauncefoot Will Be Regretted in Washington.

The departure of Lord Pauncefoot from Washington will make a lamentable social gap, and the loss of him will be most keenly felt, says a Washington correspondent. Everybody likes "Sir Julian," as he is affectionately called, and his familiar figure, portly, well groomed, with ruddy complexion and white whiskers, will be missed on his favorite promenade along Connecticut avenue. He is rarely seen in a carriage, but, like most Englishmen, is fond of walking. A couple of years ago he bought a tricycle—"too old and gouty for a two-wheeler," he used to say—and on this he has been accustomed to do a good deal of riding about in the city.

His lordship is now 71 years of age and would have been retired from the diplomatic service more than twelve-month ago had it not been for the anxiety of her majesty's government to retain at Washington a man so thoroughly acquainted with Anglo-American relations and so entirely persona grata. Remarkably hale and well preserved he suffers, nevertheless, from occasional attacks of gout, and on that account is obliged to be careful about what he eats. Being an epicure, he finds this restriction upon his appetite decidedly irksome, and at receptions and other entertainments it is not uncommon to see him engaged in mild disputation with one of his daughters as to the prudence of partaking of this or that seductive delicacy. The argument usually ends in his helping himself from the dish with an air of desperation, while the young woman gazes at the ceiling resignedly.

"Sir Julian" is a very approachable and unostentatious man, simple in his ways and extremely hospitable. He has been accustomed to entertain most handsomely during the winter seasons in Washington, following in that respect, the habit of his predecessors. It is the policy of the British government to give to its diplomatic representatives plenty of money for such purposes, and Lord Pauncefoot has had an allowance of \$30,000 a year for "table money," in addition to his annual salary of \$40,000. A furnished house being provided for his occupancy with no taxes to pay, his expenses have not been large, and it is reasonable to presume that, though he began life poor, he now possesses a comfortable fortune.

COULDN'T MISS.

Certain Receipt for Making a Bull's Eye at Any Distance.

A local sportsman, who has the reputation of being a very bad shot, recently invited some of his friends to dine with him. Before dinner he showed them a target painted on the barn door, with a bullet, in the bull's-eye. This he claimed to have shot at 1,000 yards' distance. (As nobody believed him, he offered to bet the price of an oyster supper on it.)

On one of his guests accepting the wager he produced two witnesses whose veracity could not be questioned, to prove his assertion. As they both said that he had done what he claimed he won the bet. At dinner the loser of the wager asked how his host had managed to fire such an excellent shot. The host answered: "I shot the bullet at the door at a distance of 1,000 yards, and then I painted the target around it."

THE LAUGHING CURE.

It is an Italian doctor who specially recommends laughter as a cure for modern ills. The diseases influenced by a hearty laugh are numerous, and range from bronchitis to anaemia. It will be interesting to see how the treatment is effected. There is undoubtedly a great opening for professional gelototherapists—the very name makes one smile—who should study various ways of inducing laughter. A course of tickling is prescribed for bronchitis, for example; a course of farcial comedies might suit an anaemic patient; while puns, fired off at intervals, would be found efficacious in cases of pleurisy.

HE GOT HIS SLEEP.

Doctor—I see what the matter is, You do not get sleep enough. Take this prescription to a druggist's.

Mr. Blinksers—Thank you. I presume that's what's the matter.

Doctor, next day—Ah, good-morning! You are looking much better today. Slept last night, didn't you?

Mr. Blinksers—Slept like a top. I feel first-rate.

Doctor—How many doses of that opiate did you take?

Mr. Blinksers, in surprise—I didn't take any. I gave it to the baby.

THE ARTIST GETS EVEN.

Critic—If that picture is a work of art, then I am an idiot.

Artist—That is conclusive evidence that it is a work of art.

A Trying Experience.

A NOVA SCOTIA FARMER SUFFERED FOR FIFTEEN YEARS.

Consulted Four Doctors, But the Only Relief They Gave Him Was Through Injections of Morphine—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restored Him to Health and Activity.

From the News, Truro, N.S.

Mr. Robert Wright, of Alton, Colchester Co., N.S., is now one of the hardest and hardest working farmers in this section. But Mr. Wright was not always blessed with perfect health; as a matter of fact for some fifteen years he was a martyr to what appeared to be an incurable trouble. In conversation lately with a News reporter, Mr. Wright said:—"I am indeed grateful that the trouble which bothered me for so many years is gone, and I am quite willing to give you the particulars for publication. It is a good many years since my trouble first began, slight at first, but later intensely severe pains in the back. Usually the pains attacked me when working or lifting, but often when not at work at all. With every attack the pains seemed to grow worse, until finally I was confined to the house, and there for five long months was bedridden, and much of this time could not move without help. My wife required to stay with me constantly, and became nearly exhausted.

During the time I was suffering thus I was attended by four different doctors. Some of them pronounced my trouble lumbago, others sciatica, but they did not cure me, nor did they give me any relief, save by the injection of morphine. For years I suffered thus, sometimes confined to bed, at other times able to go about and work, but always suffering from the pain, until about three years ago when I received a new lease of life, and a freedom from the pains that had so long tortured me. It was at this time that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People were brought to my attention and I got two boxes. The effect seemed marvellous and I got six boxes more, and before they were all used I was again a healthy man and free from pain. It is about three years since I was cured, and during that time I have never had an attack of the old trouble, and I can therefore strongly testify to the sterling quality of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Since they did such good work for me I have recommended them to several people for various ailments, and the pills have always been successful."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Sometimes a little white lie does a lot of good.

The well-read man isn't always the pink of perfection.

Somehow badness is far more contagious than goodness.

Half a loaf is sometimes better than an unpaid board bill.

Habit is a sort of chattel mortgage on a man's individuality.

The sleeping infant should always be placed on the retired list.

Good fortune seldom travels around in an automobile looking for you.

More good intentions would be carried out if they didn't live forever.

A man's mind sometimes runs to the contrary—a woman's always does.

The manager of an opera company should not be blamed for putting on airs.

A little girl never has too many dolls and a woman never has too many dollars.

A faultless complexion is a thing of beauty, but it will not remain a joy forever.

Some people go through life looking as if they were sorry they had ever started.

Barring football players, the inhabitants of this country are fairly well civilized.

Just about the time you begin to think your cup of happiness is going to run over it springs a leak.

The feathers do not make the song bird, but many a man made a goose or himself with a single quill.

The mysterious origin of Cain's wife is the only excuse some men have for staying away from church.

The man who boasts of being self-made probably believes that an honest confession is good for the soul.

The world may owe every man a living, but the miner is the one who digs down into the earth's pockets and gets it.

A girl should never throw away her old slippers; they will come in handy at her wedding—and much handier in after years.

When a girl is in love her thoughts are about equally divided between the last time she saw him and the next time he is coming.

A girl never believes a man when he tells her he isn't worthy of her love, but before she has been his wife for a year she discovers that he has told her the truth.

THE EXCEPTION.

Women, as a rule, remarked the cynical bachelor, are given to exaggerations.

But there are exceptions to all rules you know, said the spinster.

True, replied the c.b., and the exception to this one is when they

about their own age.