

A Double Disobedience.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

"She is deep enough to make fools of us, my brother included, if we do not take care. I know nothing but that. To the world she has hitherto been merely the daughter of a Doctor Richmond, an obscure country practitioner. Her mother is close by, living in a cottage belonging to a person called Warrender. I may warn you that in him you will find your greatest danger."

"Warrender? Christopher Warrender, of Merridale. Does he know her?"

"Yes, if you have heard any damaging stories about him, I advise you to let Miss Richmond hear one or two in a casual manner."

"I am afraid that I know none."

"Then invent them. After that go on with your courtship, it will be safe. And confide your hopes to my brother, without seeming to be too eager for money."

"Your instructions are rather difficult," he said with a laugh. "However, it all seems plain sailing, and I will risk it. There is always some way out of the difficulty in such a case, if things turn out disappointingly."

"It may not be so easy when you have my brother to deal with."

"He is nothing more to me than any one else. I am not a child to be frightened by an old man."

He rose and strolled away. Kilmeny had promised him another dance, and he was waiting for it.

"How did you enjoy your promenade with Mr. Daryl?" he asked her when they were again together.

"More than any other part of the evening, but I had time to observe that you paid no attention to my admonition. You have relapsed into laziness ever since I left you."

"Oh, I never try to do any better! What is the good of life if one does not suit oneself? Do you know all the people here? Mr. Daryl has made a careful selection and every one whom he asks always comes. There are a few unhappy wretches who are biting their nails with vexation at being left out."

"How do you know?" the girl asked.

"I miss the party from Monkton Castle. For my part, I never could see the sense of interfering with people or bothering about whether they are straight-laced or not. One does hear queer stories about Lord Monkton, and they are a wild set, if one is to credit all that people say, but what is that to anybody else?"

"It ought to make a difference. One ought to choose one's friends. I am glad to know, for instance, from what you say, that everybody here is the right sort of person. I like Mr. Daryl for that."

"Do you? Well, it seems quite different to me. Then there is Warrender—Warrender of Merridale. I never quite believed that any of the stories about him were true until I missed him to-night."

"Mr. Warrender?" Kilmeny said uncertainly.

"Yes. He lives quite close to Mr. Daryl, and belongs to a good family. I suppose it is because our host got too much of that kind of thing from his own people that he is so particular now."

"What do you mean? What kind of thing?"

"Oh, well, one does not speak of it openly. Sowing one's wild oats generally takes pretty much the same form. And there was some excuse for him, for he did not expect to be rich, and I dare say he wanted to get some enjoyment out of his money."

"I do not believe any stories. I know Mr. Warrender, and I am certain that they are not true, if they are bad ones!"

Lord de Bruyne brought his gaze to her face, with a look of concern and compunction.

"I beg your pardon," he murmured. "I would not have said a word if I had known that Warrender was an acquaintance of yours! But I understood from you that you were a stranger and knew nobody. You are quite right to stand up for your friend, and, for my part, I am sure that nothing they say about him is true. I too never believe these things; they are no concern of mine."

"Then you should not speak about them," Kilmeny said, holding her head very high. It is not right to take away a man's character first, and then to say that you don't believe the stories. Besides, I know that you do believe in them. You said what you did only when you found out that I knew Mr. Warrender. He is much better away from this place, if people talk as you do."

"I am really awfully sorry," he answered, with a look of what seemed to the girl to be genuine contrition. "If he is your friend that is enough. I will believe that he is everything that is good. Please forgive me for retelling gossip, and forget what has been said. I shall not rest until you tell me that I am absolved."

"I thought that nothing mattered to you? Let us say no more about it."

"Some things matter to me. If I am careless and let people manage their own affairs, I do not want to be unjust."

"Let us change the subject. Don't tell me any more of the exclusions from the ball. Tell me about the people who are here. They are all good and irreproachable, and have never done anything wrong in their lives. I know you and Lady Penryth and Mr. Daryl. Tell me about some of the others."

Lord de Bruyne had to look away to hide his smile.

"I don't pretend that I have never done anything wrong," he said. "Good-

ness knows I have many a sin on my conscience. Your rebuke is just Miss Richmond. But of late, you see, I have turned over a new leaf, and am quite steady now. Mr. Daryl, too, has become a man of benevolence, and Lady Penryth is reconciled to her brother. So we are all on the good side and deserve some commendation."

But Kilmeny's brow was clouded during the rest of the time that they were together.

CHAPTER V.

Kilmeny had taken the latchkey, and she let herself in on her return home. There was a lamp lighted for her in the hall, and she made her solitary way to her own room, which she occupied alone. She longed to see her mother, though it had been arranged that no one should sit up for her, and she felt a terrible loneliness for the first time in her life, as she sat down in all her finery on the side of her bed and looked around her. Her father was far away and Christopher Warrender seemed to be separated from her in some inexplicable fashion. He scarcely ever called, and then only when she was out.

Kilmeny's thought went back miserably to the evening when they had dined at his house, which seemed to her now to have been the last happy time that she had known. Her mother had been different ever since, and had treated Christopher differently. Could it be that these stories which Lord de Bruyne had spoken of as notorious had she sat there upon the bed, with her gay ball-dress crushed around her. She hated it as she rose and put it off before she crept into bed, her heart aching and her mind full of unrest.

The next day Jessica brought her breakfast to the bedside to her, and Mrs. Richmond followed, with a kind, wistful face, to look at her daughter. Jessica was eager to hear all about the ball, and Kilmeny tried to tell it with her usual spirit, conscious all the time that her account was a failure. She knew that Mrs. Richmond was watching and listening anxiously—less to what Kilmeny said than to how she said it—but, when it was over, she went away, and Kilmeny was left alone again.

The sound of Chris Warrender's voice outside and the tramping of his horse's feet presently aroused her. She sprang from her bed and placed herself where she could hear what he had to say. He seemed to have brought his horse close to the window of the sitting room in order to speak to Mrs. Richmond.

"Good morning. All are well, I suppose?"

"All are well, thank you."

"Have you heard from Doctor Richmond?"

"No—there has been no time yet."

"Well, good morning, Mrs. Richmond,"—"Good morning."

The horse drew back from the window, and Kilmeny could hear its retreating footsteps as Christopher rode away. She dressed hastily and went downstairs. Mrs. Richmond was alone when she entered the sitting room, and her eyes looked as if they had been lately filled with tears.

"Mamma," Kilmeny said abruptly, "Chris has been here. I could hear all that you said from my window. He did not ask for me; you did not invite him in. I want to know what has made this change?"

"Dear Kilmeny, when Chris comes here you are nearly always out, and I dare say that disappoints him."

"That might account for the change in him, but not for the change in you. It began that evening in his garden."

Kilmeny spoke in a voice which faltered in spite of her resolution. If Mrs. Richmond confessed to having heard anything against Christopher, anything which she believed to such an extent as to make her resolve to put an end to the intimacy between him and her family, Kilmeny felt as if nothing was worth living for. She would not care then what became of her or where she went. But Mrs. Richmond was silent.

"You heard something that evening which made you anxious to break off acquaintance with Chris. You wrote to papa next morning about it. Chris knows you wrote, and you and he are only waiting to hear what papa will say. Chris comes here no more until papa has written. Mamma, I heard something last night that gave me an idea what it was about, but I could not believe it. If it is true, if you are convinced beyond the shadow of a doubt that it is true, do not speak. Just be silent, and I shall know what to think. I could not bear to have it put into words."

Her straining ears waited for a sound, but none came, and when she looked at Mrs. Richmond she was weeping.

"Mind, I don't know what it is!" cried Kilmeny. "It was only a whisper which reached me, and I said that I did not believe it, but it must be true. Don't tell me any more. I could not bear it. Let us never speak of it again."

"I hoped it might be arranged somehow," said Mrs. Richmond. "I hoped you might not have to leave me, darling. Even now, if your father were home, something might be done. But he has not even had time to write, and I do not know what to do."

"Could we not go away? We need not stay in this house!" Kilmeny cried wretchedly, sitting down at her mother's feet and looking up into her face.

"If we cannot speak to—Mr. Warrender, or have anything to do with him, we ought not to be in his house. Let us leave at once."

"We cannot—that is the worst of it! And I feel just as unhappy as you at having to stay in Chris's house when we have to treat him so. But I have promised not to leave until your papa's return, and he is to settle everything."

"Then, mamma," Kilmeny said, "I must arrange so that I shall not see

Chris again. Please do not say any more about it, and let me go away myself. Do any of the others know?" she asked suddenly.

"No one knows anything about it but you, and I hoped that you might not hear of it until papa's return. If you like, darling, I will tell you the whole story now that you know something. I can fancy what a shock any whisper of it must have been to you."

"I don't want to hear it," Kilmeny said, rising. "What I know is quite enough. I think, mamma, I will lie down for a little while, and please don't let anybody in."

She went away without waiting for her mother to speak. If she could only escape anywhere! If she need not continue living in Chris's house where everything reminded her of him! Last night's scenes, which the shock of the morning had driven out of her mind, came back on her with a sense of longing. She might find oblivion there for the pain which she was experiencing. She did not care for Lady Penryth's insolence or for any humiliation which might await her if only she could get away. A knock at her door roused her after a long time, and a note was thrust under it.

She went to pick it up. It was in Mrs. Richmond's writing and contained these words—

"Mr. Daryl's carriage is waiting outside, and you are to go in it to see him. He has something important to say to you. I am not to speak to you before you leave. May Heaven watch over and protect my darling!"

Kilmeny threw the letter down and ran out. She met the old servant in the hall.

"Where is mamma?" she cried.

"She went away a good while ago. She told me not to disturb you until she had gone, and that when the carriage came I was to give you the letter."

"Gone! How could mamma go without me? Who has been here today?"

"Mr. Daryl was with the mistress for a long time. But you need not ask me anything, miss. I never saw such goings on since I came into the family, and that was just after Miss Jessica was born. Mr. Christopher never comes to the house now, and you are taken up with Mr. Daryl and his fine friends, and the mistress crying her eyes out whenever nobody is looking. And now she and the children are all gone out of home, leaving me to pack up and follow, without me knowing what anything means. But you, Miss Kilmeny—you can go to Mr. Daryl's and enjoy yourself, and not trouble your head what becomes of any of us."

"As if I could enjoy anything without them all!" cried Kilmeny indignantly. "You know that is impossible, Hannah. Oh, if there was only some one to tell me what it means! Why did mamma go away, and why am I left behind without a word? Tell me, Hannah; you know more than you say! Tell me what has happened!"

"I know no more than you indeed, Miss Kilmeny! Your mamma said you were to go to Mr. Daryl's, and he would tell you everything."

Outside the horses were stamping, and the coachman was looking in curiously and impatiently. Kilmeny glanced round the empty house, where her voice and Hannah's already went echoing through the silent passage. Everything was indeed changed, and nothing was left to her but Mr. Daryl, whose acquaintance she had wiffully chosen. She turned away from Hannah and went back to her own room.

Presently she returned with her hat on. She hugged Hannah silently and went out, looking very proud. The footman ran to open the carriage door, the coachman touched his hat, and they were off.

Kilmeny's bearing was just as proud when she went up the steps of the gloomy gray house which she had once so much longed to enter. Her eyes were dry and bright.

There was a footman waiting who requested Miss Richmond to see his master in his own room, and she followed him. He took her to a part of the house where she had never been before, and ushered her into a splendid apartment in which the master of the house was seated, waiting impatiently. As Kilmeny's eyes fell on him, she experienced a revulsion of feeling. He looked so shrivelled and cynical as he sat there waiting for her, and there was such an evil gleam in his eyes, that she wished she had never seen him. He smiled, but the smile failed to brighten his face as he held out his hand to her.

"I hope Mrs. Richmond told you nothing further?" he said abruptly.

"How any one guessed my secret I am at a loss to know, but, as you know something and as other people have found out more, nothing remains but for the rest to be published. Sit down; have you any name but that outlandish one?"

"I have no name but Kilmeny. And if you please, I would rather not hear any more of the story you speak of."

"Nonsense!" he cried sharply. "You have left your old life behind, and you must forget all these people who brought you up. You belong to me—not them! They were paid for what they did, and they have done with you. It is not fit that my granddaughter and heiress should be mixed up with people who are merely respectable and nothing more."

"Your granddaughter!" Kilmeny cried. "What can you mean? Doctor Richmond is my father, and he is nothing to you! I do not know what you are talking about!"

"Then you did not hear the story? What can that woman have been thinking of?"

"Do you mean, my mother, Mrs. Richmond?"

"She is not your mother! Sit down; what I have to tell you will take some time, though I shall make it as short as possible. It is not exactly the kind of thing one cares to dwell on."

Kilmeny obeyed. Everything seemed to be reeling round her in the shock of what she had just been told.

To be Continued.

HEROES IN SOUTH AFRICA

MANY FROM THE DOMINION WITH THE BRITISH TROOPS.

Interesting Sketch of Royal Military College Graduates Enrolled in Her Majesty's Army.

The following sketch, by G. W. C. White, is interesting:—

Contingent or no contingent, Britain could not to-day be at war in any quarter of the civilized or uncivilized world without its horrors pressing hard on some Canadian homes. Scattered over the globe, with the troops in Britain, in India, in European garrisons, in out-of-the-way stations, wherever the British flag is flying, and what concerns us most just now, in South Africa, towards which the whole world to-day is looking, are sometime R.M.C., cadets, giving of their strong, free, northern life to the military purposes of the Empire. Most distinguished amongst them is Girouard Bimbashi, who has temporarily left his important post, the presidency of all the Egyptian railways, and has been attached to Gen. Buller's forces with, at thirty-two, the rank of lieutenant-colonel; the man who, Stevens says, "never loses his head, nor forgets his own mind;" who as a subaltern had a record sufficient to make the reputation of any engineer in the world.

And as with Girouard, so with the rest of Canada's martial sons,

PERFECT MACHINES ALL, and—greater marvel yet—thinking machines. Great Britain, realizing the worth of them, has put them alongside the pick of her army, and even with this fierce competition, Canadian skill and training, and muscle and brain, welded and applied by Canadian pluck, shew conspicuously.

Around our men now in South Africa our keenest interest centres. Amongst these are Capt. Hensley, of the Dublin Fusiliers; Lieut. McInnis, Royal Engineers, who has been fortifying Kimberley; Lieuts. Scott, of the staff corps, Smith and Cory, of the Dublin Fusiliers, and Wood, of the North Lancshires. Not till we know the regiments at or on their way to the front can we tell just how many more are in the thick of it. We are certain, however, that several of the corps now in India will be ordered to South Africa, and with these are numbers of our men.

Small wonder that this, Great Britain's latest war, has stirred our young nation as it has never hitherto been stirred. Ours to-day is not the abstract glow of enthusiasm, the abstract thrill of sympathy, but the living glow and thrill of mother for son, and sister for brother, and the yet keener throb of a relationship dearer still. From every corner of the wide Dominion a prayer goes up for the welfare of our boys, who may be asked at any moment for their lives.

Toronto will think of the safety of her Denisons, one just gone as adjutant to the contingent; of Sweeny, of the Royal Fusiliers, Bombay; of the Hodgins, one with the British Columbia contingent,

A PRIZEMAN IN HIS DAY,

the other in the Royal Artillery, who has already seen service with Sir William Lockhart in India. Old Port Hope school holds up proudly her head, as she points to McInnis, and Morris, and Von Hugel, and many another "I. C. S. fellow," bright ornaments to the British arms. Peterborough's heart is now in India with the Royal Engineers, for there Harry Rogers, one of the R. M. C.'s brightest sons, is stationed. The old garrison town of Kingston bears in mind the Straubenzies, Duff, with the Engineers in India, Lesslie there also; Sears, and Cartwright, and Skinner, at any moment liable to be ordered to the front. And Quebec rejoices that she has given Smith and de Lotbiniere and Dobell to the Empire. In Montreal they speak of Sweeny with the Indian Staff corps, and Lafferty with the contingent, Halifax is watching India, where Twining and Kaulbach are, Right loyally and willingly has Lower Canada sent her sons to the forefront for Courtney with the Royal Artillery at Azra, De Bury in Ceylon, Panet and Tilley with the Royal Engineers in India; men in whose veins glows the gallant blood of the old regime, side by side with men whose stock is purely British, but all true Canadians, one in their eagerness to serve under the Union Jack.

To spur them on to uphold the motto of their college,

"TRUTH, DUTY, VALOUR."

comes the cherished memory of those who bravely met the glorious death in which their women exult through blinding tears. Mackay who headed the list of those who entered the college at its opening in 1878, and who afterwards served with distinction in Africa, winning the D.S.O.; Stairs, of the Welsh Regiment, whose fame is imperishably linked with that of Stanley, and whose story, has passed into history; Robinson, of the Royal Engineers, who was killed in action whilst, with conspicuous bravery, blowing up the gate of Tumbi in Africa. A tablet to their memory was erected in St. George's cathedral, Kingston, jointly by their comrades of the R.M.C., and the Royal Engineers, thus making it not a colonial, but an imperial tribute. A similar tablet was at the same time placed in Rochester cathedral, England, which already contains memorials to many of England's best and bravest soldiers. The men under Capt. Stairs' command also placed a memorial tablet to him in the Church of Stanhope Lines, Aldershot.

And any day may bring us word of others of our kith and kin for whom the last "lights out" has sounded. Not for them will we grieve, for through valour, in the following of their duty, they will have come to the full knowledge of the truth.

KIDNEY DISEASE.

THE RESULT IS OFTEN A LIFE OF PAIN AND MISERY.

Mr. David Crowell, of Horton, N. S., Was An Intense Sufferer and Almost Despaired of Finding a Cure—Tells the Story of His Release.

The Acadien, Wolfville, N. S.

Recently a reporter of the Acadien was told another of those triumphs of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which are becoming very common in this vicinity. The fortunate individual is Mr. David Crowell, a highly respected resident of Hortonville.

Below is his experience, in substance, as he gave it to us:—"About two years ago, for the first time in my life, I began to realize fully what ill health meant. The first symptom was a feeling of overpowering drowsiness which crept over me at times. Often I would be at work in the field when the drowsiness would seize me and I would find that it required the exercise of all my will-power to keep awake. In a short time I was attacked by sharp piercing pains, which shot through the lower part of my back. At first this did not trouble me very much during the day, but at night the pain became almost unendurable and often I would not close my eyes throughout the whole night. Gradually a nausea and loathing for food developed. Sometimes I would sit down to a meal with a keen appetite, but after a mouthful or so had passed my lips, sickness and vomiting would follow. I became greatly reduced in flesh and in a short time was but a wreck of my former self; The doctor said the trouble was disease of the kidneys, but his treatment did not help me. My mother who was something of a nurse, urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and at last to satisfy her more than from hopes of being cured, I took up their use. After taking one box I seemed better and I resolved to try another. Before the second box was used my condition was improved beyond ginseng and I felt sure the pills were responsible for it. I took two more boxes and before they were all used the pain in my back had wholly disappeared, my appetite had returned, and I felt like a new man. For the sum of two dollars I cured myself of a painful disease. There cannot be the least doubt but that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills was the sole cause of my recovery, and I consider them the best medicine in existence."

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.

FASCINATING AGE FOR WOMEN. Thirty three years, the Frenchman says, is the fascinating age for woman, and nearly all mankind under 20 and past 25 agree with the Frenchman. Byron found the young girl charming, but complains that she is

"All giggle, blush, half pertness and half pout, And glancing at mamma for fear there is harm in what you, she, it, or they may be about."

And he, as well as the fin-de-siècle beaux, did not find the conversation of young girls particularly edifying, for he says:

"The nursery still lispeth out in all they utter, Besides their always smell of bread and butter."

A woman to be especially charming must have a close acquaintance with all the little foibles of human nature; she must know the shams of the world before she can assume them, before she can be diplomatic.

The young girl scorns diplomacy as something unworthy; she is sweet and gentle; but so dreadfully honest; her likes and dislikes are so strong.

Extreme youth is merciless; it paints in dark hues what it dislikes and dreads, and the dark hues are just as exaggerated as the rainbow light with which it decks what it loves.

To the young girl the world is a paradise devoutly believed in, and life is a picture with all its bright lights on. She is half a child, half an angel, dwelling in the clouds and full of impossible ideals and sentiments. And poor, erring, earthy man finds it an awful strain to try to live up to this standard, to all the God-like qualities with which her imagination has endowed him. Is it any wonder, then, that, with a sigh of relief, he seeks the society of the more mature woman who allows him to be himself absolutely?

She does not possess the secret of subtle and delicate flatteries, as well as of the most cruel ironies and insinuations. These secrets the woman of 33 has learned to a nicety, and the charm of both lays in the fact that they always contain a visible truth. They are never the offspring of mere invention, for the hope of being original is one of the many illusions which she has left behind her with time. She has learned to correctly value all the situations in life. She knows that "all is not gold that glitters," and that even His Satanic Majesty is not as black as he is painted. Having had sorrows of her own, she is able to understand and sympathize with the troubles of other people.

She knows that no one is wholly bad; that there can be no situation so terrible that there are not some extenuating circumstances, and, what is better still, she makes allowances for the shortcomings of her friends. She has also learned that the word "business" when uttered by her husband has variations and shades of meaning which she can never hope to grasp. All this the young girl of 18 will learn, but when the knowledge has come to her, she will find herself no longer a young girl, but a fascinating woman of 33.