

# A Double Disobedience.

## CHAPTER V.—Continued.

"The story you heard from that young man Warrender the first time I saw you was substantially true," Mr. Daryl began. "My family certainly were never what might be called strait-laced people. They went down, one by one, until only my son was left. He was the worst of them all. He gambled, betted, drank, committed every wickedness you have ever heard of and some, doubtless, which were not spoken of in Doctor Richmond's family. Finally, when he had ruined himself body and soul he came home to die."

"When that event took place he sent for me, and told me that he had privately married some girl whom he described as good and innocent. If she were so, that very innocence killed her. He got tired of her, as he got tired of everything, and to rid himself of her and her child he told her that his marriage to her was a sham, as he had another wife living, and he deserted her. The shock killed her; but the child lived—my heiress and the only descendant remaining to me. He gave me proofs of his marriage, and told me where the child was to be found, and then he died."

"I kept his confession a secret, and I resolved never to acknowledge his child. Still I wished that she should be brought up respectably. Chance had thrown me into contact, of the briefest and most professional sort with a Doctor Richmond, a young and struggling practitioner. I had heard that they had no children. I bought his present practice in his name, and I sent him the papers making it his along with the child, who was secretly conveyed to his house. Accompanying her I sent a letter stating that she was born in lawful wedlock, but that her relatives wished, for urgent reason, to rid themselves for ever of all responsibility concerning her. I stated that the practice which I had bought for him would be taken from him unless he consented to adopt the child as his own, and never let it be known that such was the case. I said that she should never be sought after or reclaimed, and that only one person in the world except themselves knew the truth about her."

"I did all this with the utmost secrecy. I gave Doctor Richmond no option. There was no clue by which he could discover my name or the family of the child. The child herself was pretty and winning, I believe. He and his wife accepted the charge. They removed at once to Redminster, where every one took it for granted that the baby with them was their own. When I found that they had done so, I made no further inquiries, and lost sight of them completely. I was unaware that young Warrender had any connection with them, or that there was any chance of meeting him again."

"When I found out who you were, I changed my mind about you. It was not likely that, brought up as you had been, you would have your father's tendencies. I determined to know more of you, and you seemed inclined to make that easy. Still, I should not have acknowledged the relationship in which you stood to me so soon but for some gossip which I heard this morning concerning what people are pleased to call my 'infatuation' for you. I did not choose that my granddaughter's position should be misunderstood, and I determined to proclaim it to the world. I drove over when Lady Penryth left me to see Mrs. Richmond."

"The arrangement between us had been that nothing was to be said openly until Doctor Richmond's return, but that I was to have every opportunity, of seeing you in the meantime. I found, however, that some story had come to your ears last night, doubtless again through Lady Penryth's kind offices, so I made my decision. I directed Mrs. Richmond and her family to return home, and that, when they were gone, you were to be sent to me here."

Mr. Daryl looked keenly at Kilmeny's face as he finished, in order to mark the surprise and exultation which the knowledge of her new prospects would awaken in her. He thought that what he had revealed to her had probably been too much for her, she looked so strange and pale.

"Did you meet mamma on the evening when we dined at Mr. Warrender's?" she asked.

"I did not meet 'mamma' anywhere," he answered, frowning. "I met Mrs. Richmond that evening and gave her instructions. Do not consider yourself under any obligation to her. She and Doctor Richmond were well paid for anything they ever did for you. Your connection with them has ceased. Also I do not intend you to have any more to do with that fellow Warrender. He is not a fit person for you to know. You are no longer Doctor Richmond's child; you are Miss Daryl, my granddaughter and heiress."

Still Kilmeny did not answer, and Mr. Daryl went on after a pause.

"As to the ridiculous name which Mrs. Richmond saw fit to give you, that must be dropped. I have looked into the marriage register of your parents, and I find that your mother's name was Nina. 'Twill do as well as any other. You shall be Nina Daryl henceforth, Kilmeny Richmond has ceased to exist."

"Yes—I see that," the girl answered with an odd laugh. "I have no choice, I suppose? I must stay?"

"You do not want any choice, do you? You do not want to be a doctor's daughter, running about the country in company with any one who chooses to invite you mixing with middle class people, looked down upon by your equals, and living on charity in the house of a man whom you ought not to associate with? I said that the reason I decided to acknowledge

you was on account of the gossip which I heard this morning. I had another reason as well as this. I wanted to separate you from Warrender. He has had the presumption to lift his eyes to my granddaughter. He shall see that she is not for him. Do you understand this?"

"Oh, yes—I understand it!" Kilmeny cried. "I understood that much before! But for that, do you think I should be here? Lady Penryth took pains to enlighten everybody—she and Lord de Bruyne."

"Do not concern yourself about Lady Penryth. I paid her to introduce you into society, and, since she failed to do it as I wished, I shall take the thing into my own hands. As to Lord de Bruyne—"

He glanced sharply at Kilmeny. Lady Penryth had repeated to him her conviction that a nameless and questionable person like Kilmeny could never really expect anything but attentions which were insulting from a man of Lord de Bruyne's station, and he had resolved at once to execute his great coup, and raise his granddaughter to a position of equality with the guests whom he had summoned to meet her.

"As for Lord de Bruyne," he repeated, looking at Kilmeny, "you yourself shall decide regarding him."

"I will try it for a month," she said abruptly. "I will stay here and have nothing to do with any one in my past life. I will write to mamma, telling nothing but the bare fact, and asking her not to write. I will promise you for that month not to be Kilmeny Richmond but only Nina Daryl. At the end of the month—"

"At the end of the month, you will still be my granddaughter," he said, with a suspicion of threatening in his voice. "You belong to me. You are not of age and can make no choice. I have your career marked out for you, and I intend you to be different from those who went before you. All the rest disgraced me, and ruined themselves. You shall be different."

He glanced at her with a look of pride and possession, and Kilmeny rose.

"I belong to you for a month," she said; "then I shall choose."

## CHAPTER VI.

The announcement of Miss Richmond's relationship to Mr. Daryl caused an immense sensation, and she at once became the rage among the people who had before despised her. Every one called on her, and every one declared that she was charming. Her romantic story was freely discussed, but not before Miss Daryl herself. She always put an end to that if it was attempted, and forbade any allusion to her past life. She took her place with a nonchalance that amazed everybody, and people discovered that she was setting the fashion, not following it. Lady Penryth found herself very much de trop when she visited the young heiress, and the offers of companionship and countenance which she hastened to make were decidedly declined.

There was a dinner party one evening, and Kilmeny sat opposite to her grandfather, taking her place as mistress of the house. Mr. Daryl never omitted an invitation to Lady Penryth, and she never failed to accept it. His brotherly attentions were made solely with a view to see her "put down" by his granddaughter, and her acceptance of them was due to some fascination which she could scarcely define. Some time or other an opening might arise which would give her an opportunity for revenge, and she must not miss it. She sat watching the girl, who comforted herself with her usual indifference to Lady Penryth's observation, and might have been a finished woman of the world for her ease of manner and brilliance of style. Lord de Bruyne was close beside her, as he always was. Everybody knew that he was Miss Daryl's suitor.

"I have found out what you have against me," he said in a low voice when everybody round them were talking. The remark was in continuance of a conversation that had taken place between them earlier in the day, when he had asked Kilmeny what had caused her to change towards him since she became Miss Daryl. "You are faithful to old friends, though you never talk about them now. It is odd, that sort of feeling, and it must be inconvenient. Nobody here has any heart or memory, or anything of that kind, you know. We all say what occurs to us and forget it the next minute."

"Society seems to have been an open book to you very early in life, if you had all these opinions formed so long ago."

"Ah, well—as to that, I make no boast! I have got to be perfectly indifferent to what is said. It was quite a new sensation to find that anybody cared about anybody."

"And what makes you suppose that I care for anybody? I left everything behind for this 'world' which you talk so much of, where nobody cares or remembers. I have everything that I could wish, and must, of course, be happy."

"You still have that inconvenient thing—a heart. You have not ceased to remember. You have taken an interest in somebody, and love that person vehemently! Miss Daryl, you are such a constant surprise to me that I confess I think of very little else." "I hardly even think of you or anybody in particular. I have so many pleasures that I have no time."

"I am going to try to make you think about me. We must banish these old things, and, as your heart cannot remain empty, we must fill it with something new."

"We? Whom do you mean by 'we'?"

Lady Penryth and yourself I suppose? Lord de Bruyne, you have chosen your subjects of conversation very ill this evening. We have talked about nothing but you and me, and I don't know which is the more uninteresting. Are you going out riding with us in the morning?"

"Certainly. Do you still ride the pony?"

"No. He was sent away, and I have a horse now."

"Do you go up to town in January?"

"Ah, I cannot tell what will happen so far away as that!"

The changing glow in her eyes and the odd little relapse into her former manner warned him of danger. He had begun to find, to his amazement, that his heart was still in existence, and was beginning to beat in an unusual way when he was near Mr. Daryl's granddaughter. The aim which he had set before him—to marry her and retrieve his fortunes by means of her money—had begun to look strangely inviting to him as well as advantageous. A strong feeling of jealousy against Christopher Warrender was waking in him, and a determination to accomplish his ruin in Miss Daryl's eyes came with it.

The riding party came off the next morning. Kilmeny, now an accomplished horsewoman, rode a beautiful animal which her grandfather had bought to take the place of the pony. Lord de Bruyne was beside her and they made a remarkably handsome pair. The remaining ladies and gentlemen of the party followed chatting and laughing. It all looked very gay and happy, and doubtless many people envied the girl to whom such unexpected good fortune had come. But Kilmeny suddenly felt as if a cold hand had clutched her heart as a turn of the road brought them face to face with Christopher Warrender.

He was riding slowly when they met him, and his mien was thoughtful. To Kilmeny it seemed as if he looked older than when she had last met him, and she had to put a strong effort on herself not to let any one see the effect which the sight had upon her. She knew all at once that she wanted her "mother" and all the simple home-joys which had made her happiness until a few weeks ago, and that she hated her present life, with its brilliance and emptiness. But Lord de Bruyne was beside her, and she was conscious that his eyes were fixed keenly on her face. She must not betray herself; she must—though it should break her heart—hide from everybody the great throbs of joy which she felt at the sight of the man before her, who, even her mother had told her, was shut out from a good woman's friendship.

Christopher reined in his horse at sight of the party, and moved to one side to let them pass. His eyes were fixed on Kilmeny, and he waited for a sign of recognition from her. The last time that they had met she had leaned towards him and spoken in her soft, wilful, coaxing voice, begging him to let her enjoy herself. Now she made the slightest possible inclination of her head, as he waited, and passed on without a word.

When Kilmeny could see Lord de Bruyne after everything had ceased to be blurred round her, he was riding on without any change in his demeanor, and he was talking as if nothing had occurred. She plunged into conversation with him recklessly, and showed herself so gay and kind that those behind nodded and smiled, saying to themselves that there would soon be a Lady de Bruyne. When they reached home Kilmeny's companion at once sought an interview with Mr. Daryl in his own room.

"I have come," he said, "to ask your consent to my addressing Miss Daryl as a suitor for her hand. I have quite made up my mind about it, and I want to complete everything as soon as may be."

"You certainly come straight to the point. In such a case, a man generally thinks it necessary to make some mention of his feelings towards the lady. It may not suit my plans for my granddaughter to be married merely because she is an heiress."

"I thought it better to spare you all that," Lord de Bruyne answered. "Of course I can make any protestations you wish. I will do my best to make Miss Daryl happy, and I do not seek her as my wife simply because she is an heiress."

"Would you have married her if I had not acknowledged her?"

"No; because money is a necessity to me. Still it is not the only or the chief thing."

"It must be an urgent consideration. You have lost no time."

"I should advise you to lose none either. Your granddaughter still cherishes a weakness for Warrender of Meridale."

Mr. Daryl looked darkly at his questioner.

"What grounds have you for that assertion?"

"It would only be wearisome to go over the grounds. You may take my word for it. I have done my best to damage Warrender in her eyes, and she passed him to-day without speaking to him. Still any day she may throw up the whole thing here and go back to those people and him. How long is she sure to remain here?"

Mr. Daryl frowned again.

"She promised to stay for a month without writing to anybody."

"A month? The only way to keep her is for her to be married before the time is up," Lord de Bruyne answered deliberately.

"To yourself, I suppose?"

The other nodded.

"I will take my chance," he said, "of whatever happens afterwards. She has not forgotten the Richmond people, and she is in love with Warrender. She cannot marry him if she is my wife, and if she cannot marry him, she will let the rest go." "Do you agree?"

"Are you fond of the girl?"

"Yes—tender than I ever thought that I could be of a woman. Why else should I concern myself about her?"

"There is money to be had with her."

"Yes—there must be money. Then you agree?"

Mr. Daryl assented curtly. He was proud, with a selfish and cruel pride, of the beautiful grandchild whom he had suddenly discovered. He had been afraid that the circumstances of her early life might prove prejudicial to her when he brought her among people of a class so much above her. Lord de Bruyne's choice of her as a wife would at once stamp her as in every way their equal. And his prophecy of her probable action when the month was up alarmed him. He hated the Richmonds when he found that Kilmeny still thought of them and was fond of them; and, most of all, he hated Christopher Warrender. Before he parted from Lord de Bruyne it had been settled that nothing should be allowed to prevent Kilmeny's becoming his wife before the stipulated month should have elapsed.

"I have one more thing to say," Lord de Bruyne observed as he rose to go. "I have decided to arrange affairs without Lady Penryth's intervention. She is your granddaughter's enemy, and she is a double dealer. The less she is here the better."

Mr. Daryl made no reply. It occurred to him, as Lord de Bruyne went out of the room, that he himself had been merely a puppet in the hands of Lady Penryth and Lord de Bruyne. The reflections of the master of the house were not of the most satisfactory nature as he mused over this interview after his visitor had gone.

Kilmeny had retreated to her own room when the ride was over, and had locked her door. Her head felt bewildered and her heart benumbed by what had taken place. The sense of a mistake also weighed on her; the secret about her parentage, and the story of Chris' guilt seemed to be mixed up until she could not disentangle them. What had her mother really said about him? What reason had her grandfather for breaking off her connection with him? It was all a wretched muddle to Kilmeny as she sat and thought over it, and she could not evolve order out of the chaos. Two things only were clear to her, and those were, that she had by her act that day parted herself finally from Chris, and, by doing so, prevented a return to her "home." Moreover, by no look or deed of hers must she ever let any one suspect what it had cost her to make that severance.

Miss Daryl's maid had never found her young mistress so hard to please as she was that evening when she was dressing her for dinner, and Kilmeny had never looked so radiant and smiling as when she went down to meet her guests after the dressing was done. The shimmering silk in its brilliance was shaded as gorgeously as a peacock's train, and the changing opals—emblems of woe—gleamed on her throat and arms. She carried herself with a dignity which made Mr. Daryl's heart swell anew with pride, and caused Lord de Bruyne's eyes to fill with a subdued admiration of her beauty and spirit.

Perhaps he knew more than might have been suspected of what the haughty grace of her bearing signified, he and Lady Penryth, who sat watching her with an evil glitter in her pitiless eyes.

To Be Continued.

## RATIONAL DRESS.

Dress reform seems to have made but little progress since Mrs. Amelia Bloomer, 50 years ago, electrified all London by walking down the street attired in a costume designed by herself and which was afterward known as the Bloomer costume. At that time, it will be remembered, hoop-skirts were worn, and of such a generous proportion that it was with difficulty, attended by all sorts of dangers of uptilting skirts, that ladies entered a doorway, or seated themselves except in the most rigid positions. The spectacle of a lady, high in the social and literary world, walking unconcernedly down the street attired in a short skirt and minus the disfiguring hoopskirt, must have seemed highly ludicrous to the average Britisher, and no doubt many pairs of male lips ejaculated "bah Jove!" while critically and curiously regarding the daring lady through the monocle.

Many improvements have since been made in the old-time bloomers, adopted the costume. Of the many "rational" dresses which have been designed, none of them has been artistic; and if we are going in for "dress reform," why not let the reformation be complete—from an artistic standpoint—as well as from the sanitary and hygienic?

No one nowadays objects to any kind of "rational" dress on the grounds of immodesty, for we all recognize the fact that modesty in dress is not so much a matter of costume as of custom.

The sentiment, which, some years ago, was expressed by Mrs. Eoob, that "for a woman to hide her nether limbs was indicative of an atheistic turn of mind, showing as it did, a contempt for God's handiwork," was a fanatical extreme we have not yet come to accept, and perhaps never will—for good reasons.

If, as Schopenhauer says, all civilized women are knock-kneed, it seems rather a blessing that society demands that the nether limbs of the fair sex shall be draped.

And what a blessing in disguise the long skirt is for those whose embonpoint is in undue evidence, and also for those whose avoirdupois is conspicuous only by its absence.

The crying need is not so much for short skirts as for loose bodices. Without the corset we would have fewer hollow-eyed mothers and dyspeptic looking children.

## STOMACH TROUBLE.

A FREQUENT SOURCE OF THE MOST INTENSE MISERY.

Mr. Harvey Price, of Bismark, Suffered for Years Before Finding a Cure—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restored Him.

Those who suffer from stomach troubles are truly to be pitied. Life seems a burden to them; food is distasteful, and even that of the plainest kind is frequently followed by nausea, distressing pains and sometimes vomiting. Such a sufferer was Mr. Harvey Price, a well-known farmer and stock-grower living at Bismark, Ont. To a reporter who recently interviewed him, Mr. Price said:—"I have found Dr. Williams' Pink Pills of such incalculable value in relieving me of a long siege of suffering that I am not only willing but anxious to say a good word in behalf of this medicine, and thus point the road to health to some other sufferer. For five years I had been afflicted with stomach trouble and a torpid liver. I doctored and also denied myself of many kinds of food pleasant to the taste, but neither the medical treatment nor the diet seemed to help me to any degree. In January, 1899, the climax of my trouble appeared to be reached. At that time I was taken down with a gripe, and that, added to my other troubles, placed me in such a precarious position that none of my neighbors looked for my recovery. My appetite was almost completely gone, and I experienced great weakness, dizziness, vomiting spells and violent headaches. I was also troubled with a cough which seemed to rack my whole system. I shall never forget the agony experienced during that long and tedious sickness. Medical treatment and medicines of various kinds had no apparent effect in relieving me. After existing in this state for some months, my mother induced me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In May last I purchased three boxes and before these were gone undoubted relief was experienced. Thus encouraged I continued the use of the pills, and with the use of less than a dozen boxes, I was again enjoying the best of health. I can now attend to my farm work with the greatest ease. My appetite is better than it has been for years, and the stomach trouble that had so long made my life miserable has vanished. I have gained in weight, and can safely say that I am enjoying better health than I have done for years before. I feel quite sure that those who may be sick or ailing, will find a cure in a fair trial of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make pure, rich blood, thus reaching the root of disease and driving it out of the system, curing when other medicines fail. Most of the ills afflicting mankind are due to an impoverished condition of the blood, or weak or shattered nerves, and for all these Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a specific which speedily restore the sufferer to health. These pills are never sold in any form except in the company's boxes, the wrapper round which bears the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." All others are counterfeits and should always be refused. Get the genuine, and be made well.

## TO MAKE PINCUSHIONS.

There can be nothing more appropriate for a Christmas present than a dainty pincushion and we give a few designs that we have taken from an exchange and which we think would be easily made and very handsome:

A pretty and dainty cushion seen in a shop the other day was long and narrow, bordered with a pale blue silk fringe, and neatly pinned on the top with colored pins was a strip of dainty drawn threadwork, the threads being caught together with pale pink cotton.

Another cushion seen on the same table was small and square, covered with amber satin, ornamented with bows worked in heliotrope and white silk. A little box-pleated border of heliotrope and white ribbon finished this exquisite little gift, which was effective and nicely put together.

A comically shaped pincushion is made by extending all the corners out into divisions, run through with satin ribbon the exact width of the cushion. Between each division thus made is a reel of silk in various colors. The cushion seen was covered with pale gray silk, edged with pink cord. The ribbon was of a dainty pink, the reels of silk black, white, pink and gray, making an exquisite combination. This cushion forms a serviceable addition to a workbox.

Another blue cushion consisted of stripes of the blue satin, on which sprays of violets had been painted, joined by deep cream lace insertions.

A water-lily cushion may be formed by stiffened white satin petals surrounding a small centre of yellow silk, tied around at the base with green silk. The yellow centre should be well stuffed, in order to hold the pins. Of course, this cushion does not recommend itself for everyday use, but it is a novelty, nevertheless, and pretty.

One other cushion, round and fat, was made of shaded mauve velvet; the dainty lace dolly pinned over it was circular in form.

## GETTING EVEN WITH HIM.

Money, money, money, all the time, he growled when she said she needed a new bonnet.

"Do you know how much it cost to keep you in the country this summer?" "No, she replied, I don't know, but I know it didn't cost so much as it did to keep you in the city."