

A Double Disobedience.

CHAPTER I.—Continued.

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

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

"I see," Mr. Warrender answered meditatively. Their eyes met, and both laughed, but Kilmeny's fell before his. "You think that you will bring me round to it some day," she said, "but I don't think you will. Here is the place where we climbed in. Shall we go out by it or go on to the gate?"

"You promised Mr. Daryl to go out by the gate." "I believe I did. Well, I must keep my word at any cost." "Do you always do that?" he inquired, curiously.

"Always. Won't you come in when we get home? I want to tell mamma about our adventure." He nodded. "It had been in love with Kilmeny since she was up to his elbow, and it took little persuasion to induce him to remain in her society."

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

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

"We have had such an adventure, mamma!" she cried, and she gave her an account of their meeting with Mr. Daryl. "Wasn't it nice of him to ask me back after our trespassing on his grounds?" "Do you mean to go?" Mrs. Richmond asked doubtfully, glancing at Mr. Warrender.

"I am going," Kilmeny answered decidedly. "He looked so old and lonely," she said; "and when Chris told me about his dismal life, and his misfortunes and disappointments, I was sorry for him. Oh, yes; I intend to go back and perhaps see him again. You have no objection, mamma, have you? There could not be any harm in possibly Mr. Daryl, and he is an old man. Think of his living there all through his life and seeing his relatives disappoint him one by one—even his wife and his son! And then for years everybody has been dead, and he has lived alone!"

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

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

"He will be so sorry that papa is away," Kilmeny said regretfully. "But, then, Chris is getting so aged that he will almost do instead. How old are you really, Chris?" "I thought that it was only young ladies who concealed their ages?" the young man said, leaning over for a biscuit. "I am sure you know my age as well as I do, Kilmeny, and I shall not excuse you from your usual offering on the happy anniversary of my birth, if that is what you are meditating." "I shall be twenty-eight next month, and you will be twenty at the same time. Curious—is it not—having our birthdays in the same month?"

"Most extraordinary! Nature must have exhausted herself in producing two such paragons together. How—ever, as there were eight years between us, she had time to gather up her energies. What sort of a house mamma? It was before you settled in Redminster?" "Mrs. Richmond awoke with a start from a fit of dreaming into which she appeared to have fallen, and came back apologetically to the present. "I was just thinking of your papa, my dear, and wondering how he was doing in America. What sort of a house, did you ask me? Oh, we were very poor at that time, and hardly knew how we should get on! We married in haste, though neither of us had ever repented it since. We seemed to prosper from the time when you came, Kilmeny; and, though we were never rich, yet we always had enough."

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

"But we were not making money; that was the thing." "Then how did papa buy the practice?" "Really, Kilmeny, you ought to have been a lawyer!" cried Mr. Warrender. "Stop cross-questioning your mother, and give me some more tea." Still, though he had covered Mrs. Richmond's evident hesitation to answer her daughter's demands, the fact that she had seemed unwilling to do home that evening and struck him as rather odd.

CHAPTER II. A group of three persons stood on the steps of Mr. Daryl's house and glanced up at its gloomy exterior before entering. Kilmeny Richmond's white dress—she nearly always wore ed too pretty to be in keeping with the severity of the building before her, or its master. Christopher Warrender, the third member of the party, noted that Mr. Daryl had eyes for no one but served everything about her. Her gleam of her dark eyes, the exuberant vitality of her whole being, seemed to impress him to the exclusion of everything else. He turned his back had any notion that the invitation to effectually disabused of that idea. Mr. Daryl desired the presence of Kilmeny for some reason best known to himself, and he desired none other. "Are we going in?" the girl asked in her clear quick tones. "It is very interesting, Mr. Daryl; but I would much rather see the inside of the house than the outside. I always fancied that I should like to live in a big house. Ours is delightful, but it is small, and when all the children are in it, one is inclined to feel cramped."

Mr. Daryl led the way up the steps, and the two young people followed. "There is a rather large house waiting for you, Kilmeny, if breadth is all you want," Mr. Warrender observed ed. "It is not half of what I want!" she retorted in the same key. "Hush! Don't be tiresome! Just look at the hall! Now that is my idea of what a hall ought to be!" "As gloomy as that?" "It is not gloomy; it is only mysterious. See"—raising her voice and turning in the direction of the master of the house—"the great staircase

winding upwards and lost to view behind that heavy curtain, the narrow windows, the huge fireplaces. Imagine a party seated in this hall, with logs blazing in the hearth, and some one dispensing tea. Could anything be better?"

"So that is your idea of the height of bliss," Mr. Warrender said, laughing—"a big house with a hall where one could have tea among plenty of people!" "There are other things," the girl said. "That is only the beginning." "Come, then," Mr. Daryl interposed—"let us see the other rooms. I perceived that it would be easy to satisfy your wants, Miss Richmond, and it is a new experience to me to be able to do that for anybody. This is the drawing room," Mr. Daryl said, ushering his companions into a splendid apartment to the right.

"Like all the rest of the house it was gloomy, and the drawn blinds rendered it still more so. Though the sunshine was blazing outside, the air was almost cold in the great room. Trees overshadowed the windows, and a chill-silence reigned. Kilmeny involuntarily shivered, and Mr. Daryl observed the motion. "Why do they keep these blinds down?" he cried angrily, striding across and pulling them up violently. "Any one would think we were in a vault! Now you can see better, Miss Richmond. When you have had tea in the hall you can bring your party in here; and if you were in it and plenty of young people, and the piano were tuned, it would not be such a bad room—ed? What do you say?"

"Not such a bad room?" she cried. "It is beautiful! I could spend days wandering round it looking at all the lovely things in it. I think also I should get one or two of the trees outside taken away, and then it would be perfect. What are you laughing at, Chris?" "I am not laughing, Kilmeny. I was much interested in your remarks. The girl glanced at their companion, over whose face a dark frown had stolen.

"You say that Doctor Richmond is in America; when do you expect him back?" he asked abruptly. "Not for a month at the earliest!" the girl answered. "And meanwhile you stay here?" "Yes, Mr. Warrender has been so good as to offer us the house until papa returns."

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

"The ball room opens from this," Mr. Daryl said, pointedly addressing Kilmeny. He flung a door open and ushered his visitors into the apartment which he had mentioned. It was of noble proportions, but chill and deserted, half repelled by its loneliness. "It wants people in it, too," she said. "Yes—that is the fault of everything with which I have to do!" Mr. Daryl observed with a smile. "In some unaccountable way I seem to be unattractive. But that could, of course, be remedied."

"Then you must take down the notice to trespassers. You must throw your gates wide open, and make everybody welcome. There are a number of fine houses all about the country, and with such a ball room as this, surely the people in them would be glad to come here!" "Unfortunately I do not dance," Kilmeny laughed. "I did not mean that!" she said. "Then what did you mean? Who would care to come here to see me, if there were nothing else?" "I care to come. It pleases me—oh, more than I could tell you! And Mr. Warrender—" "I am not talking about him!" "No, but I am. He is amused and interested, too."

"I fear that it is not in anything which my house furnishes," Mr. Daryl said coldly. "Limit yourself to your own experiences, Miss Richmond." "I could be happy here—for a while," the girl said frankly. "But I should grow lonely. I cannot limit myself to my own experiences for very long." The sound of the gong interrupted them. "I desired luncheon to be served," Mr. Daryl said. He offered his arm to Kilmeny, and looked freely at the young man. "You will join us, Mr. Warrender?" "With pleasure," he replied cheerfully, and followed the oddly-matched pair to the dining room.

Places had been prepared for three, and they took their seats. Chris had expected something simple, and was surprised at the formality and magnificence of everything around him. The sideboard glittered with plate, and the meat was served with an elaborate ceremony which puzzled him. Kilmeny was delighted, and seemed to have completely forgotten him in her new and splendid surroundings. Her brilliant, her color grew still more words made the room gay with an unly-wedded gladness. The talk was chiefly between her host and her, and the trio that the old man had a purpose which Kilmeny did not suspect in every word he uttered. Chris Warrender looked thoughtful as they rose from the table.

"When will you come again?" Mr. Daryl asked as his guests were leaving. "I am always at home, and I

am anxious that you should come often. I have left the picture gallery for your next visit. When will that be? To-morrow? The next day?" "We dine with Mr. Warrender to-morrow."

Again the dark frown crossed Mr. Daryl's face. "I will write and name a day," he said abruptly. "Good-by." He turned sharply, and left them without further farewell. "I suppose, Kilmeny," Christopher said, when he and his companion had gone some distance, and Kilmeny had given expression to some of her feelings on the subject of their visit—"I suppose that there would be no use in saying anything to put you a little on your guard about your new acquaintance? You are so charmed and delighted with everything that you would not listen to what a spectator's impressions of the affair might be?"

To be Continued.

JEAN BAPTISTE PAQUETTE.

My name ees Jean Ba'tees Paquette, I live near l'Ottawa, If I was marry? Well, you bet, Ole Jules Lablanche of Calumet Ees my papa-ee-law. One year ago las' Mardi Gras, I'm marry Rosalie; And now I'm fader; oui, mon gar; It makes feel good for ba papa; Wid leetle small babee.

It's boy or girl, you wan' to know? Hit come 'bout five, six mont' ago, My wife get sick, and I was go Well, wait, and I will tell; For bring Docteur Labelle. Bellemere Lablanche, she's livin' dere, So when dat docteur come, She say, "Batees, you keep downstairs," "Ski Blanc avec du gomme."

I make myself a leetle drink, And den I say, "Mon vieux, You goin' be fader soon, I tink, You like hit?" Den I make a vink, And say, "Bullee for you." Den by en by I'm not so glad, I tink, "Poor Rosalie, Maybe she's feelin' pretty bad, Maybe she die." Dat make me sad, Perhaps I'll go and see.

I go so quiet to de stair, And den I call "Docteur!" He say, "You get away from dere," And den, "Tais toi," says my belle-mere, "You can't keep still for sure." Den I sit an' feel so triste, Till some one laugh on haut; Dat sound halt right; I say, "Batees, You'll like some whisky, just de leat, Small drop, for luck, you know."

I drink myself a b.m sante, "Batees, I wish you joy"; And den I hear de docteur say, "Hullo, Paquette, I tink he'll weigh Ten pound, dis leetle boy." I'll feel so glad I jump dat high, I go for run up stair. De docteur see me come, and cry "Hole on, I'll call you by en by, De room ain't quite prepare."

To wait dis time was much de worst; I'm feelin' pretty queer; I say, "Batees, you've got a thirst For drink to Jules Paquette de First, He don't come every year." I drink his healt', and den I cry— Dat make you laugh to see? And me, I laugh, and wipe my eye, I wash my face and tink I'll try For go see Rosalie.

I fix up clean, I brush my hair, Give my moostash a curl, And when I jus' was reach de stair, De docteur shout, "Paquette, you dere? Here come a ten-pound girl!" I jump dat high; I'm scared you know; I'm stan' dere in de hall, Den call, "Docteur!" He say, "Hello!" I say, "Docteur, I wan' to know You tink dat dat is all?" He laugh like anything an' say, "How many more you want? I guess dat's all you have to-day, You wan' to see de family, heht? Dis way den, en avan!"

I'm glad to see dem hall, you bet, I say to Rosalie, "Dat's splendid babies, Ma'am Paquette, I can't spare one of dem, and yet I'm glad you don't have tree!" —Victoria, B.C., Times.

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

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

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

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

Winter Evening Amusement.

There are games and games. There is the romping game and the game which can be played with more decorum at a table. Of course, there is no doubt which sort the youngsters prefer; but some allowance must occasionally be made for the dignity and tendency to get breathless on the part of the stout elders. Some games need special appliances, others require nothing at all.

How, When and Where is a good game, not too noisy, in which all can take part. One of the players leaves the room to guess, all the others remain to decide on a word to be guessed. A word must be selected with several meanings. "Bow" is a good word—the same sound stands for a bow, a bow to shoot with, a bow of ribbon. Only substantives are permitted, and no proper names. The guesser returns to the room, and goes three times round the circle of players, asking: 1, "How do you like it?" 2, "When do you like it?" 3, "Where do you like it?" Of course, the players give him most contradictory replies, as people like a bow in a very different place from a bow and arrow; they like him also of a far different quality. The player whose too significant reply leads to the word being guessed has to become guesser in turn.

Word games are really interesting, but some are beyond the younger children. For some of the games only pencil and paper are required; for others a collection of alphabetical letters, each on a square of pasteboard, must be made or bought, they can be got from all large toy merchants. For word games, as a rule, the players divide in two parts.

In the Three Letter Game each side gives the other a word to guess. Three letters taken out of the selected word are given to the guessers, and care must be taken to give such a combination as few words contain. "Geranium" is a good word—niu being given to the guessers. Now very few English words, no proper names nor Latin scientific words being permitted, have the letters niu in succession. If the guessers find another word, however, they count as if they had guessed the real word—that is, the successful side counts as many marks as there are letters in the guessed word. Then the opposite side, if sure of their word, can give the same combination again. Guessers can purchase a letter to help them, the opposite side counting one for every letter bought. Hyphenated words are permitted—like mouse-trap, oil-can, in fact letters on the verge of hyphens make, as a rule, the best sequences of three letters.

Word Making and Word Taking requires pasteboard letters. Each player commences with three, and spreads them before him, face upwards. If his letters make a word he must quickly pronounce it, or the opposite side will do it and take his word for him. Then each player in turn draws a letter and lays it by his others. The added letter generally makes another word. For instance, he can make "cart," if he draws an t, can make "craft" of it. Plurals do not count. If an s is drawn it cannot be allowed to turn craft into crafts, though it can turn cab into scab, etc. Great quickness is required, for he who is slow will be sure to lose his newly-made word to a sharper adversary.

Dumb Crambo is a game which never fails to give enjoyment. The players divide into two parties. Half remain in the room to choose a word, the other half go out of the room. Say that the word chosen is "rain." One of the choosers opens the door and calls to guessers. "It rhymes with 'pain.'" Then the guessers outside arrange a pantomime. They come in and act a sort of speechless comedy, beating one of their number for "cane." This being wrong, their pantomime is hissed and they have to retire to think out another. When they act the right word they are clapped, and the other side goes out to become actors instead of audience in their turn. This game gives great scope to the native ingenuity of the players.

The Thimble.—This is a quiet game; all the persons who join in it, except one, are sent out of the room, and during their absence a thimble is placed in some position where it is visible without being prominent. The searchers then come in altogether and proceed to look for the thimble. When a player spies it he must say nothing, and give no sign, but quietly sit down, those who fail to see it after a good search pay a forfeit. Any small article can be used if a thimble is not forthcoming.

Proverbs.—One player leaves the room to act as guesser, while the others remain to choose a proverb and divide the words between them. The guesser returns and asks each player in turn some trivial question. In his or her answers the player must introduce the word of the proverb entrusted to him or her. Some words are very difficult to introduce, owing to the antiquated style of many proverbs. Another way to play proverbs is to shout them out simultaneously, but the choice of proverbs is restricted by requiring as many players as there are words.

SHOES AND NERVOUSNESS. It is averred by a famous Chinese doctor that nervousness is kept out of the Celestial Empire, by the use of soft-soled shoes. The hard soles worn by the Anglo-Saxon race are said to be the cause of their extreme nervous temperament.

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