

A Double Disobedience.

CHAPTER VII.

"As to the granddaughter — Nina Daryl, as he calls her now — if you want to know anything about her antecedents, I believe I can tell you," Lady Penryth said in a low, confidential voice to Mrs. Marsh, a rather fast widow who was among the number of the guests gathered at Mr. Daryl's house. "Draw your chair closer. There is no use in everybody hearing the tale, but you, Mrs. Marsh, I know are discreet and perfectly safe to entrust anything to."

"Oh, I shall never breathe a word of what you may choose to tell me," murmured the widow, eagerly, rather surprised to find her reputation for discretion so unimpeachable in Lady Penryth's eyes. "We could not help knowing of course that there was more than we were told in the sudden appearance of a granddaughter when no body even knew that Mr. Daryl's son was married. I suppose that that is all right, dear Lady Penryth?"

"My nephew's marriage, you mean? Yes—that is all right. You need have no scruples in associating with the girl on that account. Every one is aware how particular you are, and it would never do to bring a person into your company who was not at least highly respectable."

Mrs. Marsh, affecting not to notice the sarcasm in the last speech, leaned forward eagerly, and Lady Penryth went on—

"You, with your unexceptionable circle of friends, may not know that there is a certain person called Warrender, living at a place called Merridale, quite close to us—"

"But I know Mr. Warrender," murmured Mrs. Marsh, puzzled. "That is—"

"Let me advise you, then, to drop his acquaintance," cried Lady Penryth, raising her voice. "I should not like to repeat to you, ignorant as every one knows you to be of the wickedness of the world, the stories that are afloat about the life which that young man lives."

"Well, my brother accidentally heard that there was some love-affair between this Warrender and his granddaughter, and he determined of course to put an end to it at once. He had no tancy for his heirs to follow in her mother's footsteps, which Warrender's life would have driven her to if she had married him. Mr. Daryl had not intended to acknowledge the girl at once, but, when he heard what was likely to take place, he had no choice."

"However, here the worst part of the story comes in. This will shock a person of your refined feeling, I know. I was at the pains to tell her in what estimation Warrender was held, but it had no effect on her. She is dying of love for him, I hear, my brother does not know to what extent infatuation may carry her. Only yesterday she met her lover, and could not hide her agitation from everybody's eyes. She had to run and shut herself up in her room the moment she came in to try to recover her composure."

"Shocking!" cried Mrs. Marsh, who was rather disappointed not to find the story quite as interesting as she had expected.

"I told my brother that it was only what might be expected from a person of her bringing up," Lady Penryth went on. "These bourgeois never know how to conceal their feelings. And the worst of it is that Lord de Bruyne was with her. You may have remarked—you are so very unobtrusive about the attentions that other women receive — that he seemed inclined to be taken with her, but of course he will never think of marrying her now. She may give up all thought of that."

"But if she is in love with Mr. Warrender she will not care about Lord de Bruyne," Mrs. Marsh objected.

"Warrender will not marry her. Everybody knows that she is dying about him, but he has sufficient common sense to be aware that his pretensions to Miss Daryl are over after what we have heard. And now she cannot get Lord de Bruyne either! I never pretend to virtue, and I do not mind telling you plainly, Mrs. Marsh, that I think the girl got what she deserved; but you, I am sure, are so sweet and kind that you will pity her, or will say that you do. Every one knows Mrs. Marsh's womanly charity."

"I cannot say that I pity Miss Daryl," Mrs. Marsh replied, not finding these constant sneers agreeable. "If she cannot control her feelings sufficiently to conceal her attachment for a man such as you describe Mr. Warrender. Of course nobody could expect Lord de Bruyne to take any notice of her. Where is Miss Daryl just now, Lady Penryth? It strikes me that I have not seen her for some time."

Daryl's granddaughter, her own footing in society being rather precarious one, which any false step might destroy.

The two ladies held their conversation in the conservatory which opened off the drawing room. Their voices and the rustle of their garments had scarcely died away when Kilmeny, pale with passion and wounded feeling, rose up from a couch where she had been sitting concealed from view, but near enough to have heard the whole conversation. Lately she had become a poor sleeper, and the whole night after her meeting with Chris she had lain wide awake thinking — thinking, until she felt as if her brain must reel. She had hidden herself this evening, when dinner was over, in the cool quietude among the flowers, and as she sat there, her throbbing brow resting on the arm of the chair, sleep had stolen over her for a few merciful moments.

Lady Penryth's voice had awakened her, and she had kept quiet, in order that her retreat might not be discovered. There, as she listened, every cruel word had reached her — every pitiless syllable in which her secret had been held up to ridicule. In the tumult of her anger and suffering she was unable to think connectedly, or to remember anything except that she must do something to show all the world that this hateful, shameful accusation was false, that she had done with Christopher Warrender, and had by her own deed broken with him for ever.

"Anything—anything to escape from this house and near neighborhood to him! Anything to drive childhood's and girlhood's memories from her mind, tortured beyond her strength! She could never go back to her old home, where everything would be a fresh wound; she could not remain where she was, with the continued chance of meeting Christopher. Kilmeny laid her head down again on the arm of the chair, her mind filled with a wild longing to escape by some means or other, and to show to all the world that she was not trying to force her love on a man who was unworthy of it."

Mingled with the pain of her heart was a burning anger against Lady Penryth. A wish to show her that she was not to be trampled on or despised possessed her.

"I have been looking for you Miss Daryl," Lord de Bruyne's voice said, close beside her.

It was a very gentle voice, with something strong about it which arrested Kilmeny. He sat down near her, and she lifted her eyes slowly and looked at him. She had been wishing for a way of escape, and for a means of triumphing over Lady Penryth. She knew now that both were possible.

"What has that woman been saying?" Lord de Bruyne asked, with a contained force of anger in his voice. "I saw her and that Mrs. Marsh coming away together from this place, and I some mischief. Tell me what she has been saying."

"Oh, it is no matter," cried Kilmeny. She had already forgotten Lady Penryth's words in the certainty that something was before her, more momentous and fateful than any deed of de Bruyne's. Her eyes were fixed on Lord de Bruyne, and the magnetic power in his held hers as by a kind of fascination. "What did she say? Something that I want to forget—something that was a lie. She did not know that I was here."

"She knew that you were here well enough!" he said, and stretched out his hand to take Kilmeny's. "Lady Penryth," he added, "hates you. A girl like you never could tell her. Have any notion of what a woman like her would say or do to stab or ruin you. There is no lie which she would not invent, no cruelty which she would not hesitate at. The only thing for you is to let me manage her and everything else. I want you for my wife. Agree to marry me, and in a few days I will take you away from all this. Lady Penryth is afraid of me, she knows me thoroughly, and, however she may dare to injure Nina Daryl, she will know better than to say a word against Lady de Bruyne. Before a fortnight is over you will be where I do it."

He knew better than to speak of love. She wanted escape only, and the glitter in his blue eyes and marked the firm set of his square jaw, she recognized that if he chose to put himself between her and the world, it would not dare to injure her. He could take her away at once from this horrible web of lies and misrepresentation which tangled her feet now so that she could not extricate herself. Life with Lord de Bruyne would be as tolerable as life anywhere else, and he had promised to take her away at once. That was all that seemed clear to her.

"Well?" he said, and his hold on her hand tightened. "You will consent? I may tell your grandfather and everybody else this evening that you will forgo your time? Just say the word—that is all that I want."

He had risen, and he stood close to her, tall and strong and resolute. In his heart was exultation, but he was wise enough not to show it. Kilmeny was looking at him with desperate eyes, nerving herself for the great decision.

"Well?" he repeated, smiling at her. "It is not such a great thing after all. You have known me too short a time to be in love with me, and I do not ask anything of that kind from you. We shall be just the same as long as we are here. All that you have to do is to leave your hand in mine, and say, 'I promise to marry you as soon as everything can be got ready.' After that make your mind

easy, and leave all to me. Who do you say?"

Then Kilmeny spoke the fatal words. "I will marry you," she said. "Bravo!" cried Lord de Bruyne, laughing. "Now, Miss Daryl, are you the least bit different from what you were before you spoke those dreadful syllables? All the change is that you may feel safe and leave me to manage. What do you want to do now? Will you return to the drawing room, or would you rather not? You are to do just what you like."

"Oh, if I could but get away!" Kilmeny cried. "If I need not see all those people just now, or ever see Lady Penryth again!"

"Come," he said, smiling. "I know a way out without the necessity of returning to the drawing room. You need not meet anybody that you don't want to. And it will be no use expecting to see Lady Penryth in the morning, for you won't see her. Now, do you know your way? Good night."

They had reached the foot of the great staircase which Kilmeny had first ascended in Chris Warrender's company. She had then laughingly declared that she liked its mystery, but she had little known what darkness and misery that mystery involved. Chris was lost, and she had promised to marry the man beside her.

She fled up the stairs without waiting to reply to his "Good night," and she went away smiling to himself like that which Kilmeny would have liked if she could have seen it, but then she was gone. He went straight to Mr. Daryl when he returned to the drawing room.

"I want to see you alone," he said in a low voice. Mr. Daryl glanced at him and rose. As he did so Lady Penryth grew pale even under her rouge. She was remarkably good at a species of calculation known as "putting two and two together," and she understood what had happened as well as if she had been present at the interview between Lord de Bruyne and Kilmeny in the conservatory.

Everybody heard next morning that Lady Penryth had returned home, recalled by urgent business, and she appeared on the scene no more. But the momentary wonder which that circumstance excited was swallowed up in the surprise which was created by another announcement—that of the engagement of Miss Daryl to Lord de Bruyne.

The news of her engagement was published far and wide, and was soon known in her old home and to Christopher Warrender. But Kilmeny's life was now in skillful and unscrupulous hands, and if any remonstrance or appeal from those who loved her was sent it never reached her. She had promised her grandfather not to write to any one for a month, and she kept her word. Lawyers came and went, drawing up marriage settlements and making everything secure. Mr. Daryl, satisfied that he had withdrawn his granddaughter completely from her old associates and friends, when he hated with the hatred of a mean nature conscious that it is unchangeable, destroyed his old will and set a new one constituting Kilmeny his sole heiress. Dressmakers and the paraphernalia of a fashionable wedding were perpetually in evidence, and Kilmeny was in a whirl from morning till night. She was never allowed a moment in which to think.

Lord de Bruyne was the only one who ever saw that she was fatigued, and insisted on her leaving the wedding finery behind and going out with him. They drove together every day, but that was the only sign of their engagement besides the ring which she wore. He offered no caresses and talked to her. He talked no lover's pleasant and friendly on his side, absent and silent on hers. She often sat turning her engagement ring round and round, not hearing a word of his conversation; but he made no remark about her inattention.

It seemed to her indeed as if her whole life had been crowded into that fortnight, and yet it flew by with incredible rapidity. She came at last to the day before the wedding. Lord de Bruyne called in the afternoon to take her for a drive, but for the first time she declined.

"Not to-day, please," she said, "I want to be quiet for a while."

He looked at her curiously, but he did not press his request. "Where are you going to be quiet?" he asked. "There is not much chance of that anywhere but out-of-doors, I imagine. Why not come with me? I promise not to say a word the whole time."

But Kilmeny shook her head. "I know a place," she said, "where nobody will find me, and I can be quiet enough there."

"All right," he said, rising to go. "If you like that better, it is all that I want. If I come over again later in the day, can I see you?"

She looked up at him, and he saw the entreaty in her eyes. He smiled at her. "Well, I will not come. You shall have a quiet time, and shall not see anybody. Good-bye!"

amazed to behold Lady Penryth moving slowly through the brushwood, evidently bent on gaining the house unperceived. She paused from time to time and listened, and Kilmeny, with a breathless choking expectation of something impending, listened too. As the two women, the one hidden and watching, and the other believing herself alone, waited during one of these moments of tension, quick and resolute footsteps came breaking through the undergrowth, and the next moment Lord de Bruyne stood beside Lady Penryth.

To be Continued.

COLOR IN FLAGS.

Red Predominates Largely in the Standard of the Chief Nations.

Though the policy of military authorities in using less glaring colors in uniforms has been very marked of late years, red remains the most popular color for national standards.

Of 25 countries, 19 have flags with red in them, the list including Great Britain, United States, France, Germany, Austria, Italy, Spain, Denmark, Belgium, Sweden, Switzerland, Turkey, Mexico, Chili, Portugal, Venezuela and Cuba.

The countries which have blue as an element of their flags are Great Britain, United States, Russia, France, Holland, Ecuador, Portugal, Chile, Venezuela, Portugal and Cuba.

Three countries have black as one of the elements of their flags—Germany, Belgium and China, but Germany is the only one of the three that has black and white together.

There are six countries which have green as a color: Ireland, Brazil, the flag of which is green chiefly, Mexico, Egypt, Italy and Persia.

Nine countries have flags in which the color is partly yellow. These countries are Austria, Spain, Belgium, Egypt, Sweden, China, Persia, Brazil and Venezuela.

Countries with flags partly white are the United States, France, Germany, Russia, Austria, Italy, Switzerland, Turkey, Persia, Japan, Mexico, Holland, Denmark, Portugal, Cuba, and Chili. There is no white in the national standard of England, but the British naval flag has a white background. The flag of Ecuador is nearer white than any other country, being made up of two parallel white columns, between which is a column of blue, upon which are white stars.

GLENCOE HERO'S WIFE.

Lady Symons Is Immensely Popular in Social Circles.

Lady Symons was as a girl a Miss Hawkins, of Birmingham. Her parents lived at Edgbaston, not far from the residence of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. Miss Hawkins was very quiet in disposition, but was, nevertheless, one of the most popular girls in that suburb. General, then Captain, Symons was visiting some friends in Birmingham, connected with the volunteers—in which corps, by the way, he took great interest—when he met his future wife. The impression he gave the Birmingham folk he met was rather that he was not a man to distinguish himself, as he struck them as being specially quiet and retiring, and much surprise was felt when the engagement was announced that two persons so similar in disposition should have been mutually attracted. On the whole, the feeling was that Miss Hawkins had married a man who was bound to be undistinguished. Consequently his remarkable career and the heroism he has ever evinced have taken the doubters a good deal aback. But it is not the first instance of great qualities not being early recognized. The marriage has turned out a great success, and Lady Symons is immensely popular in society, though both she and her husband always preferred a private life, and had the greatest dislike to anything savouring of notoriety. Every woman is now saying: "How proud she must be of him!"

GEN. SIR CHAS. WARREN.

He Has Been Appointed to Command the Fifth Infantry Division in S. Africa.

General Sir Charles Warren, who has been appointed chief of the Fifth Infantry division ordered to Cape Town, is nearly sixty years of age and has seen considerable service in South Africa. When seventeen years of age he entered the Royal Engineers. Since that time he has occupied the positions of assistant instructor and chief instructor at the School of Military Engineering and the School of Gunnery for several years. Later, he acted as Royal Commissioner for laying down the boundary line between Griqualand and the Orange Free State. As a major he commanded the Diamond Fields Horse in the Kaffir war, Griqualand rebellion, Bechuanaland war, and northern border expedition of 1877-79, receiving the medal and clasp, mention in despatches and promotion to Brevet Lieut.-Col. He served throughout the Egyptian war of 1882, receiving the medal, Khedive's star, third-class medjidie, and the decoration of K. C. M. G. He commanded the second Bechuanaland expedition of 1884-85, receiving the decoration of G. C. M. G. From 1886 to 1888 he was Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, commanded the troops of the Straits Settlement, 1889 to 1894, and the troops of the Thames district from 1895 to 1898.

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INDIAN TATTOOING.
It Was a Universal Custom With the Aborigines of Old Louisiana.
Tattooing was a universal custom among the Indians of old Louisiana with both sexes. Among the men it possessed a significance attaching to their career as warriors, and their tattoo marks were testimonials of distinction; with the women it seems to have been merely a matter of adornment. From their girlhood the women caused themselves to be tattooed on the face. Sometimes it was a line of tattooing across the top of the nose, sometimes the line was up and down the chin, and not infrequently the entire upper part of the body was thus marked.

The young men of the nation also subjected themselves to the tattooing process by being tattooed first on the nose, like the women, and not until they had given evidence of their courage were they privileged to receive tattoo marks on any other part of the body. This testimony of their merit as warriors was reserved for them when they had distinguished themselves in war by killing an enemy in battle or by bringing with them from the field of carnage the scalp of an enemy taken in the fight. When they had thus given evidence of their worthiness to be ranked among the warriors they had the right to tattoo their bodies with emblems and figures illustrative and commemorative of the incident in which they had proved their valor.

Every man and woman among the Indians yielded to the arbitrary custom of tattooing, but the warriors, above all, were carried away by that sort of vanity, and not one of that class by any chance allowed his opportunity to receive this patent of honor to pass by neglected. One of the ordinary methods adopted by a warrior to commemorate a heroic deed in battle, in which he possibly had killed or in some way overcome an enemy, was to cause a tomahawk to be tattooed upon his right shoulder, and under it the hieroglyphical sign of the nation to which belonged the conquered man.

The operation of tattooing required considerable fortitude to be borne without such aching. A design was first drawn on the skin, and this design was then pricked with six needles, firmly fastened on a line in a flat piece of wood. After this finely powdered charcoal was rubbed into the punctures made by the needles, leaving an ineffaceable print of the design. The operation caused much inflammation, and sometimes fever, which brought on severe sickness in case the patient was neglected while the swelling lasted. While the sickness remained the only food given was Indian corn, and water was the only drink.

THE NEWS IN A NUTSHELL
THE VERY LATEST FROM ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Interesting Items About Our Own Country, Great Britain, the United States, and All Parts of the Globe, Condensed and Assorted for Easy Reading.
CANADA.
Paris is to have a new school Woodstock Board of Trade favors incorporation as a city.
The baggage of the wrecked Scotman has reached Montreal.
A Canadian Club has been formed at Stratford.
Hamilton barbers are agitating for the license system.
The receipts of the first month of the telegraph line to Dawson reached \$13,000.
The Montreal Harbour Board has resolved upon better grain elevator facilities.
Manitoba grain will be exhibited at the Paris Exposition in a bin made of glass.
The London street railway employees say they have no intention of calling off the strike.
The Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph shipped 10 cars of dressed poultry to Liverpool.
A strong feeling has been aroused among the citizens against closing the London Military school.
James Kent, superintendent of the C. P. R. Telegraph, Montreal, has succeeded Mr. Hosmer as Manager of Telegraphs.
Manual training will be introduced in the Brockville schools about February 1st, and a young Scotman will be in charge.
It is said to be the intention of the amming of Customs to uniform examining officers on trains and at frontier points.
For the first five months of the current year the customs revenue has increased \$1,481,772, compared with the corresponding period last year.
The Montreal navigation for 1899 shows a decrease in the number of ships, there being 801, as compared with 808 entered in 1898.
The Hamilton City Council has adopted recommendations that a third water main be laid and that the filtering basins be extended.
Although nothing definite has been done in regard to calling a session of Parliament, the date spoken of in official circles is February 8.
A Montreal man has requested the Dominion Government statistician to furnish him with information as to the best method of breeding frogs for the frog-leg market.
Ottawa electors will vote for the establishment of a public library and to reduce the number of aldermen in each ward from three to two, extending the term to two years, and of those elected to retire at the end of the year.
It is being suggested at Ottawa to exchange the present Government grounds around Rideau Hall for a portion of Rockcliffe Park, and erect there a new home for the Governor-General, the present Government House to be turned into an art museum.
It is reported that Dr. Ireland, whose mysterious disappearance on the wharves at Montreal about a year ago led to the supposition that he was drowned, has been found in the Western States, practising medicine under the name of Dr. Gray.
GREAT BRITAIN.
The Queen will visit Emperor William at Berlin, in April.
Mr. J. Sampson, an absconding creditor from the city of Chicago, has been arrested near Limerick.
The Kaiser has given £300 for the benefit of the children of the soldiers of the 1st Royal Dragoons, now campaigning in South Africa, of which regiment his Majesty is Honorary Colonel.
Kendal O'Brien, chairman of one of the Tipperary district councils, has been removed from his position of justice of the peace for seconding the Council's resolution congratulating the Boers upon their victory at Glencoe, and Lord Emly has been dismissed from a similar justiceship in Limerick for inciting the laborers in his district to create a disturbance.
The London Financial News says that statements of an astonishing character will be made in the course of a few days in reference to the case of Jabez Spencer Balfour, formerly a member of Parliament, who a few years ago was sentenced to a long term of imprisonment for fraud and forgery in connection with the failure of the Liberator Permanent Building and Investment Society. The Government will probably be asked to review the whole position.
UNITED STATES.
Vice President Hobart of the United States was insured for \$65,000.
Two persons were burned to death and a number injured in a fire in Houston street, New York.
The Hessian fly has made its appearance in the wheat of Indiana, at a failure worse than that of 1890 seem imminent.
The State Trust Company of New York has taken possession of Hart & Bros. big publishing house, and a mortgage.
Rev. H. H. Howell, a noted Welsh divine, and editor of the official organ of the Welsh church, is dead at Columbus, Ohio.
Charles D. Hughes, a get-rich-quick banker, is under arrest at New York.