

# Aunt Diana

The Sunshine  
of the Family

## CHAPTER XIV.

Missie's feelings were decidedly mixed when Roger related at the breakfast table the whole story of the previous night.

Alison was a little surprised by the attention she received. Her pale cheeks and heavy eyes secured a good deal of pity. Mr. Merle questioned her anxiously whether she had caught cold; Miss Leigh fairly overpowered with tender inquiries; Roger waited on her zealously, and Rudel sat staring at her, to the obvious neglect of his breakfast. Missie shrugged her shoulders a little over the whole affair. Alison had done very little after all, but they were all making such a fuss over it. She was doubly vexed when Miss Hardwick came in, full of enthusiasm for that dear, clever Alison. She had met Roger, and he had stopped and given her and Anna a full account. Missie had to listen to more eulogiums, though Alison modestly disclaimed all praise. Miss Hardwick quite frightened her when she assured her the whole thing would be soon all over the town.

"You will be a fine days' wonder, my dear," she said, graciously. "People will stare at you when you walk through the streets. Fancy looking the wretch in! It was quite horrible and romantic. I must run home and tell mamma and Anthony all about it."

All this was rather a trial to Alison. Perhaps the greatest pleasure the day afforded was when Roger showed her a letter he had written to Aunt Diana.

"Oh, you foolish boy," she said, coloring with gratification as she read the glowing sentences, written straight from Roger's warm heart. But the tears were very near the surface too. There was a little space left, and she wrote hurriedly across it, when Roger had left the room a moment: "Don't believe all Roger says, dear Aunt Di. I never felt more frightened in my life; heroines are not made of such cowardly stuff; they do not act in a panic. They all make a great deal too much of it."

Alison would have been quite happy during the next few days except for the depressing effect of Missie's ill-humor. Missie was plainly suffering from a bad attack of jealousy. Missie sought consolation in Eva's flatteries. Her visits to Maplewood were now of daily occurrence. Alison once ventured to remonstrate.

"I do not think papa would be quite pleased, Mabel, if he knew you were so much in Captain Harper's company," she said, very gently.

"Captain Harper, indeed!" returned Missie, haughtily. "You need not trouble yourself, Alison. My visits are not to him."

"No, dear, of course not," replied Alison, in a pleading tone. "But, all the same, you are going every day to Maplewood, and that throws you necessarily into his company. Miss Hardwick can not well banish her cousin from the room; and Mabel, I do feel that it is not quite honorable to papa. He trusts us to carry out his expressed wishes, and in this you are setting them aside."

"I wish you would mind your own business, Alison," she said, angrily. "You have no right to lecture me because you are the eldest. Eva says I am quite justified in asserting myself. I hope I know my duty without your always pointing it out to me, and you may leave papa to me. We have always understood each other perfectly and there is never anything wrong between us unless you choose to go and tell tales."

"Mabel how can you be so disagreeable?" began Alison, hotly. But she cooled down on remembering Aunt Diana's advice—"Never get warm over an argument, Allie. When you begin to feel angry it is time to hold your tongue." And Alison held hers.

She would have been a little comforted if she had known how ill at ease Missie really was. Her high complexion and cross speech only proved that the arrow had gone home. She knew in her secret heart that she was behaving dishonorably. Her father trusted her, and she was betraying his trust. The very next day she had planned to join Eva and her cousin in a pleasure excursion, though she knew it was an act of tacit disobedience, but self-will only gains strength by indulgence.

Alison's vague uneasiness that led to her speaking was changed into positive alarm when Roger came into her room that night. He was in evening dress, having just returned from an early party. Alison was waiting up for him. She had put off her dress, changing it for a dainty pink dressing gown. She looked up brightly at him as he entered.

"Allie," he said, sitting down by her, "I am so bothered about something I have heard to-night. Did you know that Mabel was going down to Durban with Miss Hardwick and Captain Harper to-morrow?"

"Why, no!" she said, starting a little.

"What place did you say, dear?"

"Durban. It is about twenty miles from here. There are woods there where people go for picnics. I meant to have taken you and Mabel one day, only we should have gone by train. Miss Anna was at the Merediths', and she told me all about it quite innocently. It seems that Captain Harper has sent for his dog cart and he means to drive them over. They are to have dinner and tea at the Castle Inn; so they mean to be away the whole day."

"Oh, Roger! what shall we do?" exclaimed Alison. "If papa were only here I would go to him at once. Mabel has no right to deceive him in this way, and I should certainly get him to put a stop to it at once, but now he will not be home until to-morrow."

"He may possibly come by an earlier train, he told me so as we walked to the station. It will depend on how long business will detain him. Of course we should tell him. Allie; the thing is beyond a joke. Fancy that fellow having the audacity to propose such a thing. I wish I knew what I could do about it, Allie; but father's absence obliges me to be in

the office. I must be in the yard early, too. I shall not even be able to speak to Missie."

"I will tell her what you say, and then, of course, she will be obliged to give it up," returned Alison, not relishing her task at all, but counting, nevertheless, on an easy victory. Missie had put herself so completely in the wrong that no choice but submission was left to her. Roger, who knew Missie perfectly, was not so sanguine.

"Tell her that if she goes I shall certainly inform father, and then he will put a stop to her visits to Maplewood, and tell her, too, that I am perfectly disgusted at her conduct. I am afraid you must do it, Allie."

"Very well," she sighed. But she lay awake a long time revolving what words she would use.

Alison awoke with a strange oppression upon her—a sense of difficulty, that made the daylight seem less bright. She became nervously conscious that she might fail. What if her severity were of no avail, and Missie should persist in going? She was a little later than usual in going down. Roger had already had his breakfast and had gone to the mill, and the meal was half over before she suggested that Popple should knock at Mabel's door.

"Oh, I forgot," returned Popple, in a stricken voice, laying down her slice of bread and jam; "Missie came into my room before I was dressed, and told me to tell you she would not want any breakfast—she was going to have it at Maplewood. She looked so smart, Alison, in her new blue dress. It was rather funny of her to put it on for breakfast."

"Miss Leigh, will you come into the school room a moment, if you have finished?" said Alison, quietly; but the governess noticed that she looked rather pale, and rose at once, but she was even more shocked than Alison when she heard the whole story.

"My dear, your papa will never forgive us if we do not prevent it," she said, very solemnly. "You none of you know how particular he is; and this will seem dreadful to him. You must go to Maplewood yourself, Alison, and speak to Mrs. Hardwick. She is the only one who can do anything. Anna can go in Mabel's place, but you must insist on bringing Mabel home. I will not answer for the consequences if this affair comes to your father's ears," continued the governess, moved to tears at this fresh instance of Missie's self-will.

Alison thought this such good advice that she put on her hat at once and walked over to Maplewood. It was not a pleasant errand, she felt, and she hardly knew what she would say to Mrs. Hardwick. She only knew she would refuse to return without Missie, even if she had to brave the obnoxious Captain Harper himself. But her face fell when she entered the morning room and found Mrs. Hardwick and Anna alone; the others had just driven from the door. Seeing that her visit was useless Alison returned home. Roger met her at the gate with the news that Mr. Merle had returned.

"I have not seen him yet, Allie; I have only just come across from the mill," he continued. "Would you like me to tell him, dear, or do you think you can do it better?"

"We will go together," returned Alison, uneasily. "I am so afraid that he will put himself out, and then you will know what to say." And Roger acquiesced.

They found Mr. Merle in his study, looking somewhat fagged and weary, but he held out his hand with a smile, as though he were pleased to see them after his brief absence.

"Where is Pussie?" he asked; "she is generally the first to welcome me." And he looked round as though he were disappointed.

"Dear papa," returned Alison, bravely, "I am afraid you will be vexed about something. We have none of us seen Mabel this morning; she breakfasted at Maplewood. Roger met Anna at the Merediths' last night, and she told him that Mabel had promised to join Eva and her cousin in an excursion to Durban. I went over to speak to Mrs. Hardwick and bring Mabel back, but they had already started."

"What!" thundered Mr. Merle, and the blackness of his brow was dreadful to Alison, "do you dare to tell me that Mabel has gone over to Durban in that man's company, when I forbade any intercourse with him?"

"Captain Harper is driving them in his dog-cart," rejoined Roger, coming to his sister's relief. "It seems a very silly affair, and I begged her to stop it; it is no fault of hers or of mine, father. Missie slipped out of the house while they were at breakfast, and though Alison started off to Maplewood as soon as she could she was just too late."

"No, it is not your fault," returned Mr. Merle, gloomily. "Mabel must bear the brunt of her own disobedience. Miss Hardwick shall never enter this house again."

"Would you like me to take an early afternoon train to Durban?" interrupted Roger, who had already conceived this plan, "and when I could join them; there is a vacant seat in the dog cart."

"Look out a train in the time table," he said, suddenly; "I will go myself, Roger. Mabel shall not return in the dog cart; I shall bring her back by train."

## CHAPTER XV.

Alison passed an anxious and solitary afternoon, and as she sat alone at her needle work she could not divest her mind of all sorts of gloomy anticipations. She knew her father to be a man of strong passions; she dreaded the effects of his displeasure on Mabel. His severity would be tempered with justice, but still the weight of his anger would be crushing. Alison's tender heart was full of compassion and pity for poor Missie.

Toward evening she pressed herself under the lime trees within view of the gate. Popple had come home from her walk, and was playing about the lawn. Now and then Popple claimed her attention. The time passed unheeded, and she woke up with a start to the conviction that it was nearly eight, and the early autumn twilight was creeping over the garden.

So late, and they had not arrived, and what could have become of Roger? She called to Popple hurriedly to run into the house, as it was bedtime and her supper was waiting in the school room, and the little girl had hardly left her before the latch of the gate was raised,

and in another moment Roger came rapidly toward her.

He looked heated, as though he had been walking fast, but it was a white heat, and it struck Alison suddenly that he was ill, or that he had heard something.

"Don't be frightened, Allie," he said, in a quick, nervous voice, that certainly did not reassure her, neither did the touch of his cold, damp hand. "I have come first to prepare you; be as brave as you can, for your help is wanted."

"Something dreadful has happened. Oh, Roger, be quick."

"I have no time to tell you much," he returned, still more hurriedly. "They came back by train—oh, why did he not send me—there was an accident. I was down at the station and saw them come in. They are both hurt; at least, I am afraid Missie is, only she will not say so, but father is the worst."

"Oh, Roger!" and Alison's figure swayed for a moment on his arm until he made her sit down, for the sudden shock had turned her lips white. She could not say more at that moment.

"We do not know yet," he half whispered; "there are two doctors with him, and they are bringing him home. He had a blow, and was insensible, but they can not tell yet; there is no wound. There, I hear them coming, Allie; pull ourselves together; we must not think of anything but him."

"No, no," and she gave a quick gulp, and the color came back to her lips. The sparrows were twittering sleepily in the eaves. "And one of them shall not fall on the ground without your father," seemed to come into her mind, like the sudden flash of a sunbeam out of a passing cloud. He was in the Divine hands; she must remember that. As Roger went down to open the gates she compelled herself to return to the house.

"Sarah, there has been an accident," she heard herself say, only her voice did not seem to belong to her. "Send Eliza to the school room, to keep Miss Popple out of the way, and you and Nanny be in readiness for what is wanted. Hot water—I suppose they will want that, and I don't know what besides." And here her voice suddenly failed, for wheels were evidently coming up the gravelled sweep. The next few minutes were simply horrible to Alison. The two doctors and Roger, and some man from the railway, were all helping in removing her father's inanimate figure from the vehicle. Alison recognized the family practitioner, Dr. Greenwood, but the other was a stranger. There was nothing to do; her father's room was in readiness, and Roger was there to show them the way.

She could only lean against the wall as they passed with a feeble consciousness that her father's eyes were still closed, and that there was something terrible in the inert, heavy droop of the limbs. "Very gently," she heard Dr. Greenwood say. "Yes, I know the room; that is the door, Cameron." And then it closed after them and she felt some one grip her arm.

"Help me upstairs, Alison," said Missie, hoarsely. She had crept out of the fly unaided, and now stood by Alison's side in the dark hall. Alison had almost forgotten her in that moment's agony; but when Roger said she was clinging to her sister with a white, stony face.

"Lean on me, dear," exclaimed Alison, passing her arm tenderly round her; but to her alarm Missie uttered a sharp cry of pain.

"No, don't touch me, not that side; I will hold your arm. I want to be in my own room if I can only get there." And leaning heavily on Alison's shoulder, she toiled slowly up the staircase, her faintness and difficulty evidently increasing at every step, but her strong will supporting her until they reached the threshold, and then she suddenly tottered, and if Alison had not caught her in her arms, she would have fallen. Alison dared not call loudly for assistance, for they were close to her father's room; but she was young and strong, and she just managed to drag Missie to a chair and summon one of the frightened servants, when Missie revived.

"I am so bruised all over," she said, with a sort of sob. "I did not want them to know; they had to look after papa; but I am afraid my arm is broken."

(To be continued.)

## Too Much.

The young man and the girl were standing outside the front door, having a final chat after his evening call. He was leaning against the door-post, talking low tones. Presently the young lady looked around to discover her father in the doorway, and in a dressing gown.

"Why, father, what in the world is the matter?" she inquired.

"John," said the father, addressing himself to the young man, "you know I have never complained about your staying late, and I am not going to complain of that now; but for goodness' sake stop leaning against the doorpost, and let the rest of the family get some sleep."—Detroit News-Tribune.

## An Unexpected Gift.

As the brisk philanthropist thrust her fare into the cab-driver's hands she saw that he was wet and apparently cold after the half-hour of pouring rain.

"Do you ever take anything when you get soaked through?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am," said the cabman, with humility. "I generally do."

"Wait here in the vestibule," commanded the philanthropist. She inserted her house key in the lock, opened the door and vanished, to reappear a moment later.

"Here," she said, putting a small envelope in the man's outstretched hand. "These are two-grain quinine pills; you take two of them now and two more in half an hour."

## Had It Reasoned Out.

"You said you thought there was no malaria around here," said the indignant stranger.

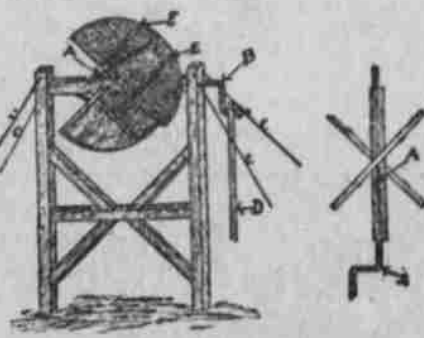
"I did think so," answered Farmer Cornsossel. "After all the summer boarders took away I didn't see how there could be any left."—Washington Star.



## How to Make a Windmill.

The old looking air engine is not a flying machine. It is a windmill, and when properly constructed, has been known to develop from 2 to 3 horse power, with a 6 foot wheel. A smaller wheel, say with 2 foot blades, will easily run a churn, small grinder, corn sheller, wood saw, etc. The height of the frame work, size of timbers, etc., will depend on the location, and size of mill. It should have a clear space with no buildings, or nearby trees to obstruct the wind. The structure may be set in any position, as it will run with the wind in any direction. The two blades of the wheel are half circles, as shown, and may be made of any wood handy, they are set in the wood pieces that are bolted around the iron shaft, and braced and held in place by the iron rods, A. A. and the strops, E. E.; the blades are set at an angle of 45 degrees from the shaft, as shown in the right hand figure. The illustration. Small wheels may be built of three-quarter inch lumber, and larger wheels, of corresponding thickness. The frame work should be 4x4 inch lumber, for a small wheel, and larger stuff used for larger wheels.

The four guy wires shown at C. C. serve to hold the frame upright, and it is not necessary to set the two outer posts over 2 or 3 feet in the ground. The iron shaft will usually be found in almost any old scrap pile.



HOME-MADE WINDMILL.

and should have several holes through it for bolting the two wood timbers in place, the shaft is shown at B, and the pump or working rod at D. This rod may of course be connected to any machine. If the two gear wheels from an old mowing machine, be connected at point B you will then have a back geared mill, that will run with much less wind, but will of course not do the work quite so fast; however, it is to be preferred to the direct stroke, that you would have without the gearing, and you will do away with the thumping, and pounding. If necessary, in building a large wheel, two straight trees could be used for the two outer posts of frame work. The boxing in the uprights, in which the iron shaft revolves, should be kept well lubricated.—J. E. Bridgman, in Farm and Home.

## Live Stock and Fertility.

As a rule, the best farming is done where some form of live stock growing and feeding is being practiced; however, it is not correct to say that fertility can not be maintained without live stock. The matter of maintaining soil fertility by the use of legume crops, aided by mineral fertilizers used to increase the growth of these crops, is possible, although as a general proposition it is not profitable.

It is not the fertility alone which live stock brings to the farm, but the organic matter which their presence brings to the soil. In addition to the humus and plant food contained in stable manure there are present certain bacteria that assist in the work of making the plant food contained in the manure available to the growing plants. After completing their work of making the plant food in the manure available to the plants, they seize and continue their work of nitrification as long as conditions are favorable.

This explains why a small application of manure to certain soils will produce results far beyond the actual fertilizing value of the manure that is used. Another point in favor of live stock growing and feeding is the fact that all rational plans of maintaining soil fertility depend upon growing crops in the rotation that are adapted for animal feeding.

There are many live stock growers and feeders who are not keeping the productive qualities of their soils with all of the manure they are making, as well as the crop growers. By proper cultivation and care a small amount of manure goes a long way.—Agricultural Epitomist.

## California Eggs.

It is said that Petaluma County, Cal., produced 10,000,000 dozen eggs last year. This is the greatest egg-producing country in the United States. If not in the world. One man near Petaluma has 15,000 laying hens, another 10,000, another 7,000. One man with only 1,500 hens made a net profit of \$2,150.

## Crop Rotation.

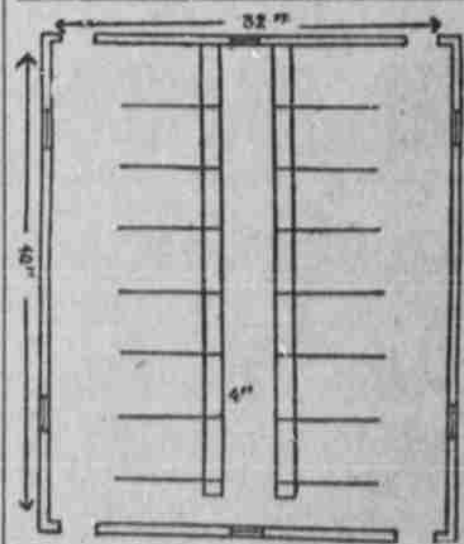
In order that we may maintain the supply of humus and thus preserve the fertility of the soil, it is essential that on all tillable lands that we adopt a rotation of crops. A much larger portion of our land should be in permanent pasture. It is easy for a farmer to adopt a rotation on the portion of his land that is under tillage, but the adoption of a rotation necessarily involves some branch of animal feeding in order to utilize the clovers and grasses which form so essential a part of the rotation. Growing and feeding live stock will avail but little unless the manure is carefully saved, both liquids and solids, and applied regularly. Where a general line of live stock farming is being followed there need be but little fear of a decline in the productive capacity of the farm. There are certain soils that may be deficient in potash or phosphoric acid and on such soils it will pay large returns to use mineral fertilizers in connection with the manure that is made on the farm. Do not use commercial fertilizers unless you have reason to believe that your soil is deficient in the elements that you are buying. It is a waste of money to supply elements that are not needed by the soil.—Agricultural Epitomist.

## Plenty of Winter Work.

"There is no rest for the wicked," says the book, neither is there rest for the farmer or any other man who loves his work and is on the job all the time. There are so many things which the average farmer may do in the winter which are both profitable and pleasant that any farmer, whether owner or tenant, may find occupation every day he may wish through the winter. Feeding cattle and hogs is very pleasant and nearly always profitable, not only directly, but indirectly. Every load of manure hauled out brings large returns. The winter gives to man an excellent chance also to be in the shop and repair farm machinery, build coops and houses for the chicks. See that the pig houses are in good shape for the coming litters and fix up the box stalls for the early cows or mare, and a hundred other things may be done. Another very important thing is to have plenty of good posts made to use on the farm the coming year. How often do we see farmers stop right in the busy season to make posts and repair fences, let alone building new. There is no earthly excuse except laziness for a man hugging the hot stove all winter.

## Horse Stable Stalls.

The diagram shows the best plan for laying out stalls of horse stable, as all are fed from the center passage, and stables cleaned from the rear. This plan will accommodate 14 horses, and two spare stalls for extra, or for stairway and passage. A stable 18x32 feet will hold six horses with one row and feed passage in front. Stalls should be 8 feet long and 5 feet wide



PLAN FOR STALLS.

for farm horses. Lay down the cement floor and put blocks 2 inches deep where you want posts, when cement is soft and thin, and then dig them out for to receive the foot of all posts. It will not be necessary to floor the feed passage. Ceiling should be 8 feet high.

## Keeping Eggs in Winter.

From the many methods advocated for keeping eggs the water glass test is undoubtedly the most satisfactory—one part water glass added to nine parts soft water, previously boiled and cooled.

Place in a clean jar and add eggs that you are confident are strictly fresh and not clipped or cracked.

I could tell you a whole chapter about one spoiled egg in a jar containing thirty dozen good eggs.

Don't crowd them and leave at least three inches of liquid at the top of the vessel.

We have found, to pack only a limited number, that if placed in oats, small end down, a layer of oats and a layer of eggs, and when the box is full a lid placed on and the box turned every day, the eggs keep well. They are not fresh eggs, of course, nor should they be sold as such.

## Notes on Orchard Culture.

Clover is the apple tree's best friend. A few days after pruning paint the stubs with white lead.

Profit from a fruit orchard is not theory, but a demonstrated fact.

## RULERS EXCHANGED ART GIFT

French Vases in Silver and a dish Goblet of Gold. The gift of the president of the French republic to the queen of Sweden was a pair of silver vases of Louis XV. artists, says a Paris letter. They bore the monogram of the queen, and that of the republic. Each was filled, respectively, with carnations and flowers. To the king President Lieres presented a portrait of the queen's ancestor, Charles XIV. of Sweden. The portrait is an enamel on glass, in a frame of velvet and the vase presented to the king by the city of Paris was one of the gift of Shepherd's Bush. It is of silver gilt and nearly four feet in height, is decorated with French flowers.

King Gustav's gift to President Lieres was an exquisite goblet, carved about eighteen inches in height, and relieved with colored enamel. The Swedish pine is freely introduced in the design. Below the pine the gnomes encircle the goblet, symbolizing the mineral riches of Sweden. Between the pines and the gnomes is a ribbon bearing in Roman letters "Presented to M. Fallieres, president of the French republic, by Gustav V. of Sweden." Running round the top of the goblet are escutcheons bearing the three crowns of the Swedish crown. The goblet stands on feet carved of pine cones. In the cover, which is mounted by the Swedish crown, the pine branches are again introduced. The goblet is said to be an expert work of art by Ferdinand Holten, Stockholm, assisted by his son, who is an artist not unknown in Paris.



The Landlady—What part of the chicken will you have, Mr. Newcomer? Mr. Newcomer—A little of the usual please.—Puck.

"Aren't you afraid of catching cold? This room is like a barn." "That's right. I'm working like a horse." Harvard Lampoon.

Ethel—And did you go to Boston? Grace—I really don't know, my dear, you see, my husband always takes the tickets.—Harper's Weekly.

Church—What are the American grounds for divorce?

Gotham—I believe they are same where in South Dakota.—Exchange.

"What is a press commit, papa?" "Why, a press commit, my son, is a man who knows more than he thinks other people should."—Youkers Statesman.

"Do you find any trouble writing stories, Dawdley?" "None whatever. But I'd pay a man well that could do them for me."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Mrs. Mugkins—I don't like the expression of her mouth.

Mrs. Buggins—And I don't like the expressions of her tongue.—Philadelphia Record.

"Sometimes," said Uncle Eben, "man gives himself credit for being signed to fate when he has simply settled down to being good at last." Washington Star.

Keep us dodging: "Let us at give trolley cars and automobiles credit for making us a very nice race," remarked the thoughtful tourist.—Chicago Post.

Lady—I think you are the worst looking tramp I have ever seen.

Tramp—Ma'am, it's only in the presence of such uncommon beauty that looks so bad!—Scraps.

Teacher—If a vehicle with wheels is a bicycle, and one with two wheels a tricycle, what is one with only one wheel?

Pupil—A wheelbarrow.

Sunday School Teacher—Now, may, can you tell me whose day it is?

Tommy—Yes'm; it's Bridget's. She had last Sunday out!—Philadelphia Press.

Lady Maud—Do you think it is lucky to be married on Friday?

John? Sir John (confirmed bachelor). Certainly. But why make Friday an exception?—Punch.

Barber—Hair getting thin, sir? Tried our hair preparation, sir? Customer—No, I can't blame it on that. Your husband met an accident, didn't he?—remarked the barber.

"Poor John tried to cross the sea one day and was autected."—Chicago Daily News.

## A Vegetarian.

First Deacon—Our new pastor is a vegetarian.

Second Deacon—Why do you say so?

First Deacon—There doesn't seem to be any meat in his sermons.—Philadelphia Ledger.

## The Fair Gaffer.

She had quite a passion for white, and few were the tricks that she played.

If you changed to get heated, and claimed that she cheated. She smiled so you couldn't cheat.

Judge. The cook's kettle and temper apt to boil over simultaneously.