

Aunt Diana

The Sunshine
of the Family

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

"Oh, Mabel, my poor dear!" And Alison knelt down by her. She had not noticed how helplessly the left arm hung down, and how Missie would not let her touch it.

"It is all bruised and cut," she said, her forehead contracting heavily with pain. "The doctor must see it presently, when he has finished in the other room; not now. Oh, Alison, where are you going? You shall not disturb them. What does it matter? If only—!" But here her fast whitening lips refused to utter her fear.

"Let me go, darling," returned Alison, anxiously. "I will not disturb them, you may quite trust me." And without waiting for Mabel's answer she slipped away. As she entered the dressing room, the stranger, a dark, grave-looking young man, came out of her father's room. He listened to Alison's account, and promised to attend to her sister as soon as possible.

"We must finish the examination," he said, dismissing her, "but I will come as soon as I can. I thought there was something wrong, but she deceived us by hiding her arm under her mantle. She was bruised, that was all, she told us. Keep her quiet, and I will be with you directly."

Missie was leaning back in her chair, with her eyes closed, but as Alison entered she opened them full on her sister, and the blank miserable look in them convinced Alison that she was dreading the worst.

"Do not look so, Mabel darling," she said, kissing her softly. "Indeed we do not know; they have told me nothing. Dear papa is in God's hands; we must leave him there, and hope for the best."

A low groan broke from Mabel's lips. "Oh, it is easy for you; even if the worst comes, you can bear it; you have nothing with which to reproach yourself. If he dies, I shall have killed him. How am I to go on living, and know that?" And here she burst out into hoarse sobs.

"Mabel, my poor dear, oh! how am I to comfort you?" exclaimed Alison, unable to restrain her own tears at the sight of her sister's anguish.

"You can not comfort me," returned the unhappy girl. "What is the pain of my broken arm and my bruises compared to what I shall feel if he dies, and I am not able even to tell him that I am sorry for my deceit and disobedience? and I would not say so, because he was angry. Oh, papa, papa, and I loved you so!" And the poor child hid her face on Alison's shoulder. It seemed a relief to her to pour out her feelings. He had been so angry, and she would not own herself in the wrong, and then the horrible accident had happened, and she thought at first her father was killed. "When they said he was alive, and they must bring him home, and see what could be done, I thought I would not add to the trouble, and so I managed to hide my broken arm." But here she broke off, as Mr. Cameron entered the room.

"Papa?" she said, faintly, as he came up to her.

"His consciousness is returning; we shall know more to-morrow. It is not the head, as we feared," he said, exultingly; "but now I must look at your arm, please. Your friend Dr. Greenwood will be here directly, and we will soon put it right." But in spite of his cheerful words, "Poor child!" came pityingly from his lips as the blackened shoulder was revealed to his view. Missie must have suffered exquisite pain during the drive home. The arm was broken, and the shoulder dislocated, and the bruised condition of the flesh filled Alison with horror.

It was a painful ordeal for Alison, but she bore it as bravely as she could. Roger had remained with his father; Miss Leigh was not in a condition to render any assistance; the sudden confusion had brought on a accession of pain, and she could only lay her throbbing head on the pillow, and lie there in utter helplessness. There was no one but herself to wait upon the doctors and receive their directions, the very exigency of the case made her helpful. Her one thought was that she must not hinder their work; there was little for her to do. At the first touch of her wounded arm Mabel had fainted again. Alison could not have borne to witness the poor child's sufferings. Perhaps Dr. Greenwood knew this, for he contrived some errand that detained her for a few minutes out of the room. When she returned the worst seemed over, but the faintness continued, and it was only slowly and by degrees that Alison, with Sarah's help, could assist her to undress and lie down, after which a sedative was to be administered, as the pain of the bruises and the misery of her mind would effectually hinder sleep.

As soon as she could leave her in Sarah's charge, Alison stole into her father's dressing room. Dr. Greenwood came to her at once.

"My dear," he said, taking her hand, for he had known her from an infant, "this is a sad business, but, thank God, things are not so bad as they seemed at first. Your father must have received a blow; he was stunned, but consciousness has returned, and he has spoken. What we fear now is something different. He seems unable to move; but this may be due to the shock and temporary exhaustion. There are symptoms that make us hopeful that the full extent of mischief may not be realized. We shall know more in a few days; but he will require the greatest care. To-morrow I shall send in a nurse from the infirmary. Do you think you and your brother can manage to-night?"

"Oh, yes," returned Alison, with a painful catch in her breath; it seemed to her as though she were passing through some hideous nightmare; the very horror seemed to numb her sensibilities. She understood that night how people could live through terrible scenes; the very intensity of pain deadened the anguish.

Dr. Greenwood thought her a very

brave girl. She listened quietly to his directions, but he took her hand once, and felt her pulse, and then he kindly bade her take some food and wine before she went into her father's room, and as Roger came out that moment he repeated the charge to him.

"Come, Allie," said Roger, taking her arm. "Dr. Greenwood will stay with father until we come back." And he led her away.

Alison noticed with some surprise that there was a sort of meal laid in the dining room; she had forgotten the early supper had been placed there a couple of hours ago in preparation for her father. Roger carved some chicken and brought it to her.

"You must try and eat, Allie, and I will do the same," he said, with some attempt at cheerfulness. "We have a long night before us, and we must husband our strength."

Alison felt the force of his argument; nevertheless, the food remained on her plate.

"Roger, how bad you look!" she said, suddenly; "but I do not wonder at it. Oh! what a dreadful evening we have had; and I can not imagine how it happened."

"Dr. Cameron was there, and he told me," returned Roger, shading his face from the light, as though it hurt him. "It was not a collision; something must have given way—the coupling chain, they think—and they were going down a steep incline at express speed. Dr. Cameron says some of the carriages went over the embankment, and were completely wrecked; one or two were turned entirely over. He was in the same compartment with father and Mabel. They felt a jolting sensation, and the next moment they were thrown from their seats, the carriage side was completely smashed, and they were all flung in a heap. Dr. Cameron was on the top, and was happily unhurt, with the exception of a few bruises; father was underneath him; Mabel struggled up somehow unhurt, and came to father, and no one knew she was much hurt."

"Oh, Roger, how terrible!"

"Yes, it does not do to talk of it, and hardly to think of it. Now, Allie, if you have finished, we will go upstairs. By the way, where is Miss Leigh?"

"Oh, I ought to have gone to her," exclaimed Alison. "How dreadful for her to lie there, and not to be able to help us! She has been suffering from one of her sick headaches, and, of course, all this will make it worse. Wait for me a moment, dear. I will just speak to her."

"Is that you, Alison?" asked the governess, in a feeble voice, as the girl came to her bedside. "I know all about it, dear, Eliza has told me. Poor children, poor children! and I can not help you."

"Roger is good and thoughtful; we shall manage nicely to-night, and Sarah will watch Mabel. You must not trouble, dear Miss Leigh; to-morrow you will be better and then we shall be sure of your help."

"You must not stay now. Thank you for coming, my dear, but you must go to your father." And Alison was thankful to be dismissed.

In another moment she was leaning over her father. He unclosed his eyes as he heard her light footsteps, and a faint smile came to his lips.

"How is your sister?" he whispered.

"Dear papa," she returned, tenderly, "how happy Mabel will be to know you asked after her! She is lying quite quietly, the sedative is lulling her, but she is not asleep."

"Poor child!" was all his reply, and then he closed his eyes again, but as Alison withdrew into the shadow of the curtain tears of thankfulness came to her eyes; there was no bitterness in her father's heart against poor Mabel. "As a father pitieth his children," the words came to her mind, ah! "so might their Heavenly Father have pity on them."

CHAPTER XVI.

The dreary night watching was a new experience in Alison's life, for she had been too young at the time of her mother's last illness to share in the long and tedious nursing; the silence and inaction made the hours drag heavily. Roger, fatigued with his day's work, was sleeping heavily with his head against the wall. Alison pitied his weary position, and fetched a pillow from the other room and put it gently behind his head.

Once or twice she went across the passage to look at Missie. She was glad to find her sleeping. Sarah was at her post, sitting blot upright and nodding. Now and then her father spoke a few words; once he asked what the doctors had said. Alison was thankful that they had not informed him of their fears.

"They do not seem to know, papa," she returned, gently; "they think you have a great shock, and you are suffering from nervous exhaustion. They will tell better by and by."

"There seems something wrong with my limbs," he muttered uneasily; "you are sure you do not know what they think?"

"Quite sure, dear papa," she replied, so earnestly that he could not disbelieve her. "But I hope and trust," her lips quivering a little, "that you may soon be better."

"You are a good girl, Alison; your mother always said so, and if I am spared—" He sighed heavily, and turned his face away; and Alison, remembering the doctor's injunction, dared not say any more, lest it should increase his agitation; she only took his hand and softly laid her cheek against it, as though she would show by this action a child's love and devotion. Her touch seemed to quiet him, and by and by he dozed a little.

Morning came at last, and Roger roused himself with difficulty.

Alison felt weak and fagged; the strain was beginning to tell even on her vigorous vitality. She was glad the night's inaction was over, but she felt too weary for the day's work. But Roger had not forgotten her; he came back presently with a refreshed look on his face, and told her that breakfast was all ready in the dressing room.

"A strong cup of coffee has made me a different man," he said, cheerfully; "you must try my recipe, Allie." And Alison found the benefit of his prescription.

Her hands were soon full of business. Dr. Greenwood came early, bringing the new nurse with him, and Alison had to make arrangements for the stranger's comfort. She seemed a pleasant, capable woman, with a neat figure, and a bright face that unexpressed Alison in her fa-

vor. She took possession at once of her patient, after a feeble protest on his part that he objected to nurses, but after the first few minutes he ceased to grumble. Dr. Greenwood soon convinced him that Roger was too young for such a responsibility; besides, the chief care of her sister must devolve on her.

Missie's sleep had not refreshed her as they hope; the pain of her bruises was making her feverish. She could not turn in her bed without suffering, and her anxiety for her father added to her discomfort. Alison tried to console her, and Miss Leigh, who was sufficiently recovered to sit in her room, spoke reassuring words to her; but it was evident that Missie could take no comfort; only when Alison was alone with her, miserable, self-accusing words came to her lips.

"Indeed, dearest, there is no need for you to speak so," Alison said to her once, with a strong yearning to console her. "Dear papa asked after you the first moment he saw me. You should have heard how tenderly he said 'Poor child!'"

"That is because my arm is broken, and he knows I am suffering such pain. If any one hated me they would pity me now," returned Missie, in a stifled voice.

"No, no; you must not take it in that way," exclaimed Alison, quite shocked, as she smoothed Missie's fair hair. She looked so pale and pretty, and the blue eyes had such a pathetic look in them. Alison had parted the soft fringe, and the soft curly ends lay quite smooth and showed the broad white forehead. A different Mabel lay there, with the poor wounded arm folded on her breast, and all the little vanities laid aside. As Alison stood looking at her, Missie raised her uninjured arm with a sudden movement toward Alison, and in another moment the sisters were clasping each other close.

"Oh, my poor dear, my poor dear!" whispered Alison, in the softest, most pitying voice. Missie kissed her hastily, and then seemed as though she would push her away, only Alison held her still.

"No, I don't deserve it; please don't be so good to me. I have been altogether horrid ever since you came home."

"Never mind all that now, dear."

"Yes, but I must mind it," turning restlessly away and then uttering a low groan. "Oh, this pain, Alison! Shall I ever be able to move again without it? I did not want you to come home; I thought you would be in my way, and that made me cross. I was jealous of you, and I did not want the others to care for you. Roger was never fond of me as he was of you, and I wanted him to be fond of me. And oh! how horrid and small it all seems now!" finished poor Missie, reading her past conduct under a new light. In the dark hours when one's strength is low, conscience sometimes flings a vivid torch into the recesses of one's being, bringing hidden faults to light.

"Dear Mabel, we will forget all that now," returned Alison, gently; "we will try and love each other more."

"Oh, it is easy for you to love people," retorted Missie, almost pettishly; "every one is so fond of you, and you are never cross and disagreeable as I am. Roger makes you his companion, and Radel is less rough when you are in the room, and now papa will love you best."

"Flush, dear; what nonsense!"

"It is not nonsense," she returned, in a despairing tone. "I have forfeited his love. He will never forgive me now. He told me that he hated deceit; that he should never be able to think the same of me. He said I should never see Eva again if he could help it. Oh, he was so angry, so unlike himself! I suppose my obstinacy vexed him, for I would not say I was sorry. He took hold of my arm and almost shook me to make me speak, but I think I was like that man who had a dumb spirit."

(To be continued.)

HER FACE WAS NOT FAIR.

But There Was One to Whom She Would Always Be Beautiful.

The blind boy raised a rapt face to the light.

"And my mother?" he said questioningly. "Tell me how she looks again. I shall soon be able to see, and I know I shall find one more beautiful than all the rest and cry: 'Mother, mother! Why do you not speak?'"

His sensitive face was turned reproachfully toward his father. "You have always told me how lovely she is. She is little—not taller than my shoulder—I know that."

The old man laid his arm over the lad's shoulders.

"You must, know now what your blindness would have kept you from knowing," he said. "Your mother is not fair and beautiful in face, but her soul is what God made for a mother. When you can see, look for the face which holds the greatest love. You will not be mistaken. It will be your mother's."

The great surgeon looked for a moment or two into the sightless eyes and then turned and laid his hand on the father's trembling arm.

"Only God can make him see, my friend," he said kindly. "Your boy was born blind, and human skill cannot help him."

The blind boy was the first to speak, and he laid his arm around the suddenly aged form of his father.

"Come," he said, "let us go back to mother. She will always be beautiful to me now," and they turned and gave place to the others.

The Natural Inference.

"Ma, didn't the heathens have a god for everything?"

"Yes, my child."

"Well, who was the god that ruled over kitchens?"

"I don't remember, but I think it was the great god Pan."—San Francisco Bulletin.

The Next Question.

"The impudent thing wanted me to marry him."

"When is the wedding going to be?"—Nashville American.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

Boy of the House.

He was a boy of the house, you know,
A jolly and rollicking lad,
He was never tired, and never sick,
And nothing could make him sad.

If he started to play at sunrise
Not a rest would he take at noon;
No day was so long from beginning to end
But his bedtime came too soon.

Did some one urge that he make less noise,
He would say with a saucy grin,
"Why, one boy alone doesn't make much stir—
I'm sorry I isn't a twin!"

"There's two of twins—Oh, it must be fun
To go double at everything;
To holler by twos, and to run by twos,
To whistle by twos, and to sing!"

His laugh was something to make you glad,
So brimful was it of joy,
A conscience he had, perhaps, in his breast,
But it never troubled the boy.

You met him out in the garden path,
With the terrier at his heels;
You knew by the shout he hailed you with
How happy a youngster feels.

The maiden auntie was half distraught
At his tricks as the days went by,
"The most mischievous child in the world!"
She said, with a shrug and a sigh.

His father owned that her words were true
And his mother declared each day
Was putting wrinkles into her face,
And was turning her brown hair gray.

His grown-up sister referred to him
As a trouble, a trial, a grief,
"The way he ignored all rules," she said,
"Was something beyond belief."

But it never troubled the boy of the house,
He revelled in clatter and din,
And had only one regret in the world—
That he hadn't been born a twin.

A Tin Cup Trick.

This little trick, performed in a parlor,
Will make you appear quite a magician.

Get beforehand two perfectly plain tin cups, without handles and with the bottoms sunk about a quarter of an inch, and straight sides. On the sunk bottom of each put some glue, and over it drop some bird's seed, so that it looks as if the cup were full, whereas it is really standing upside down and the layer of seed is glued to the outside bottom.

When you are ready to perform the trick have a bag of the same kind of seed, and, standing off from your audience, hold the cups so that they can see they are empty, but don't allow any one to approach you.

Now take one cup and dip it into the bag of seed, but instead of filling it turn it upside down, so that when you take it out the seed glued to the bottom will show, and everyone will think it is full.

Place the apparently full cup of seed under a hat, but in doing so dexterously turn it so that the empty cup is upright and the glued seed at the bottom. Don't let your audience see this turn.

Now take the other cup, which is empty, and let them see you put it under another hat, but also turn this one so that they do not see you do it. This brings the seed to the top and looks as if the cup were full, and when you remove the hat, after pronouncing some magic words, it will look as if the cups had changed places.

Remove the cups before anyone has a chance to examine them.

The Value of Gems.

There is a popular belief that the diamond is the most valuable of precious stones, but the belief is a mistaken one, under ordinary circumstances. The relative commercial value of the finer stones is about as follows: Rating an emerald of a certain size as worth \$100, a diamond of the same size would be worth \$150, a sapphire \$300 and a ruby \$450. You see, therefore, that the sapphire and the ruby are both more valuable than the diamond. Perhaps it might interest the boys and girls to know of what the principal precious stones are composed. The diamond, as they already know, is pure carbon, crystallized. Sapphires—which term includes the true sapphire and the oriental ruby, emerald, topaz and

amethyst—are pure alumina, colored by the rust of different metals. The opal, the red amethyst and the agates are silica. Among the agates are included the carnelian, the chalcedony, the onyx, the sardonyx and the bloodstone. The true emerald and the true topaz, which are different from the oriental emerald and the oriental topaz, are formed partly of alumina and partly of silica. The term "oriental," as applied to precious stones, does not refer to the east, but is only a technical word, meaning "very fine."

Camel and Tobacco Smoke.

A newspaper correspondent made a curious discovery about camels during the Soudan campaign, several years ago. He was in the habit of going into the enclosure where the beasts were kept at night, his object being to make a study of their habits. He was a great smoker, and he soon found that the camels were very fond of the smoke from his pipe. One old member of the herd seemed to like it particularly well.

The correspondent noticed that the camel approached him the minute he entered the enclosure—provided he was smoking, and he usually was—and always put its nose close to the pipe so as to inhale the fumes. When it had taken a good whiff it would throw back its head, turn up its eyes, and swallow the smoke with a great sigh of delight.

Watching the Spider.

A man who is interested in spiders saw one crawling up his coat-sleeve one day, and he watched to see what it was going to do. When it reached the highest attainable point, it raised its spinnet and threw out a thread. Gradually the thread grew longer, and as it grew, it floated straight up in the air, which showed, of course, that it was lighter than the air. The thread continued to get longer and longer, or rather higher and higher, until it rose to a height of about three feet. And what do you suppose happened then? The little worker, after running a short distance up the thread that he himself had spun—it reminds one of a man's lifting himself by his bootstraps—sailed away through the air as easily and gracefully as you please.

IT LOOKED LIKE FATE.

A Badly Written Figure 5 the Cause of a Man's Death.

"Something happened in front of my house recently that set me to thinking," said a New York man of business the other day to a Sun reporter.

"I rent and occupy a home on 8th street. The front yard is inclosed by an iron fence with an iron gate which had been broken and not yet repaired.

"Going home to lunch one day I was surprised to find a workman engaged in repairing the gate. As I had not notified the owner I was somewhat surprised at his unwonted zeal in making unsolicited repairs. I asked the workman who sent him to do the work and he replied:

"'Mr. Brown, who owns the house.'
"But," said I, "he doesn't own it. It is owned by Mr. Smith, and I rent it of him."

"Oh, no!" said he, "Mr. Brown owns the house. He owns a lot of houses and I do all his iron work. Here is a postal he sent me telling me to go and repair a broken iron gate at No. 8th street. There can't be any mistake."

"I examined the card carefully. The number of the house was the same as mine and at first glance the street appeared to be 8th street, but upon closer scrutiny I saw that it was 5th street.

"I explained the matter to the workman, but as he had half-completed the job I told him to go ahead and finish it and I would pay him. He did so and went away.

"In the course of his work he had been obliged to take up some of the bricks in the walk, and when he relaid them there was half a brick left over and not needed. This he had tossed into the street.

"That evening two boys came racing down the street on bicycles. They were moving at a rapid rate. Simultaneously the clergyman of a nearby church started to cross the street.

"When he was half-way across and in front of my house he saw the boys bearing down upon him like a whirlwind. He did what any person of good judgment and strong nerve would do. He stopped and waited for them to pass.

"As they approached they divided, one going a little to the right and the other a little to the left. Just as they were directly opposite him the bicycle of one of the boys struck the piece of brick the workman had tossed into the street and the boy was thrown upon the clergyman with such force as to knock the latter down. His skull was fractured and he was dead before he could be removed to his home.

"As I have said, the affair set me to thinking. Here was a man brought to an untimely death because some other man whom he had never seen and of whom he had never heard in writing the figure '5' made it look like the figure '8.' And I wondered if there might not be somewhere in the world some unknown one who held my fate in his hands and who even then with a stroke of his pen might not be signing my death warrant.

"It made me feel real creepy for several days."

Just the Thing.

Leading Man—This is tough luck, old man. We ordered cut-up paper for the snow scene, and here they have made a mistake and sent up black paper.

Manager—Oh, don't let that worry you, sport. We'll just bill it as a snow scene in Pittsburgh.

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



1521—Martin Luther was executed.

1620—The Pilgrims observed their Sabbath in their Plymouth settlement.

1724—Philip V. of Spain abdicated in favor of his son.

1776—Gen. Montgomery killed a leading unsuccessful assault of the American force against Quebec. The Pennsylvania Society for the Abolition of Slavery was organized.

1776—The British abandoned their post on the Delaware river.

1777—The Americans defeated the British in battle at Princeton, N. J.

1782—Bank of North America, the first institution of its kind in the country, opened in Philadelphia.

1811—More than 100 persons perished in the burning of a theater in Richmond, Va.

1829—A party of Choctaws attacked a camp of Ojaga Indians on the Canadian river and killed seven of their number. United States Senate ratified treaties with the Indians which gave to the United States 5,000,000 acres of land. A Congress met at Bogota to frame a constitution for Colombia. Gen. Guerrero resigned the presidency of Mexico.

1830—Riotous demonstrations in English manufacturing districts against the introduction of labor saving machinery.

1838—President Van Buren warned Americans not to aid in the Canadian revolt.

1853—Ship Staffordshire wrecked off the coast of Nova Scotia, with loss of 175 lives. The mammoth ship Great Republic, burnt at her mast in New York.

1854—Albion (Mich.) college party destroyed by fire.

1855—A commercial convention of the Southwestern States met in San Orleans.

1861—Orleans in New York, Boston and other cities suspended specie payment.

1862—Battle of Murfreesboro ended with indecisive results.

1863—Confederate force attacked Fort Miffield, Mo.

1868—The custom house and many other buildings at Indianola, Texas, were destroyed by fire. Lord Lytton reappointed governor general of Canada. United States military arsenal at Augusta, Me., destroyed by fire. Congress censured the President for removing Gen. Sheridan.

1872—Col. James Fisk, Jr., died in the Grand Central hotel, New York. Edward S. Stokes, and died two days later.

1877—The President and Mrs. Hayes celebrated their silver wedding in the White House.

1885—Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia invested with the Pallium. Gen. Cleveland, President-elect, accepted the governorship of New York.

1890—A new design adopted for a United States navy flag.

1893—Prendergast, the assassin of John Harrison of Chicago, found guilty and sentenced to death.

1894—The Globe theater, Boston, destroyed by fire.

1895—Property to value of \$1,000,000 destroyed by fire in Toronto.

1896—Cecil Rhodes resigned the membership of Cape Colony.

1898—A score of lives were lost by the collapse of the city hall at London, Ontario.

1899—Lord Curzon of Kedleston resigned the viceroyalty of India. Theodore Roosevelt was inaugurated Governor of New York.

1903—Gen. James F. Smith of California was appointed a member of the Philippine commission. Six hundred lives lost in burning of the quills theater in Chicago.

1905—Ex-Gov. Steiengren of Idaho assassinated by a dynamite bomb.

1907—Andrew Carnegie gave \$200,000 to the home of Bureau of American Republics in Washington. The Panama canal and state separation law were promulgated.

1908—Night riders made raids in the tobacco districts of Kentucky. Nineteen Russians were arrested on the charge of conspiring to overthrow the Dowager Empress.

North Dakota Democratic leaders a meeting in Fargo, voted to have a matter of appointments entirely to the Burke, unhampered by any suggestions from the meeting.

President Roosevelt enthusiastically a delegation of West Virginia College men and friends that they were "time" to recommend to him the same the brother of Judge Peter Greenway, be collector of internal revenue for the State.

In sending the appointments of Livingston Wilson as Third Assistant Secretary of State and Daniel J. Keefe as Commissioner General of Immigration, a committee, Senators expressed the opinion that Roosevelt should have the appointments to Taft.