

Aunt Diana
The Sunshine
of the Family

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

Oh, there is the river!" exclaimed Alison, in a tone of ecstasy. "Look, Roger; you can just catch a gleam through the trees—oh, the dear place! How I do love it!" her voice rising into a perfect crescendo, of which the top note was complete satisfaction.

"It is just a year since you have seen it," observed Greville. "Miss Allison, what made you steal a march on me in that fashion? I was quite hurt that you never gave me a hint of your intention of going home."

He spoke in a low tone that Roger could not hear. The quick, sensitive color rushed into Alison's face; there was such implied reproach in Greville's voice. Had he really been hurt?

"Oh, you must not feel like that about it," she returned, with a sweet, candid look. "We had talked of the possibility, Aunt Diana and I, but nothing had been settled. I had put it out of my mind. I was so naughty, I could not bear the idea of going home and doing my duty. I should never have gone at all if Aunt Diana had not helped me."

"You did not think how I should feel when I came back and found you gone," retorted Greville, in a boyish, injured voice, that reached Roger and made him smile, only Alison grew a little grave.

"I left a message with your grandfather," she said, quietly. "What could I do? Aunt Diana said it was my duty to go, and that it was no good putting one's hand to the plow and looking backward. What is the use of loitering over a difficult task when it has to be done?"

"That is true, but—" "Please don't talk of last summer," she interrupted him; "it makes me sad only to think about it." And he could see there were tears in her eyes as she spoke.

"I made myself so miserable over it; I could not bear leaving Aunt Diana, and I missed every one so." "Miss Allison, please do not look sad over it," said Greville, earnestly. "What a clumsy fellow I am! I have silenced the nestful of twittering young larks—referring to Roger's speech."

"Come, I know you will forgive me, and look chirpy again, when I tell you I have passed muster and come off with flying colors." "Oh, I am so glad!" exclaimed Alison, her smiles returning again. "Then you must have worked hard. How pleased Mr. Moore must be!"

"To hear grandfather talk," returned Greville, calmly. "You would think I was the Admiral Crichton, at least. The dear old man makes no end of fuss, bless him! I tell him it is all your doing; you gave me such a terrible lecture that Wednesday."

"Oh, no," replied Alison, blushing; "it was your own good sense." "I shall go in for 'Greats' next year, so I shall have to grind pretty hard. I am to have a coach down here this summer. Cheyne, of Balliol, is at The Grays with his people, and he is a rare fellow for that. I have to work all my mornings," he continued, rather dolefully, "but I shall have my afternoons and evenings free. Miss Allison, you are not listening to me."

"Oh, yes I am!" she cried, joyously, "but I can not bear any more just now, though I am very glad to hear it all, Roger, do look! There is Moss-side—you know you have forgotten it—and there is Aunt Di in the porch."

"Allie, you have eyes like a hawk. I see nothing but greenery and sunshine." Nevertheless, Roger did perceive, a moment afterward, a tall figure in myrtle-green standing under a trellis of roses.

Miss Carrington had evidently heard the wheels of the dog cart, and had come out to look. When they stopped she had the little gate open and was helping Alison to alight.

"How are you, my dear child?" she said, as Alison put her arms around her; "actually not tired, Allie? And you, Roger? Welcome to Moss-side, my boy!"

"Aren't you going to welcome me, too, Miss Carrington?" asked Greville, half jocularly, but he looked a little wistfully at the group.

"No, not to-night," she returned, decidedly. "I must have my belongings to myself for this one evening; you may come in to breakfast, if you like."

And, knowing of old that Miss Carrington's decisions allowed of no appeal, Greville lifted his hat and wished them good evening, and turned his mare's head in the direction of the Fernelgh stables, not without a backward glance at the slim, dark-eyed girl looking affectionately in Miss Carrington's face.

her luggage had not yet arrived, and there was no possibility of changing her traveling dress. But when she had brushed her brown hair, and put on her breast knot of roses, she looked trim as ever, and her bright, smiling face, as she opened the studio door, brought the name "Sunny" to Miss Carrington's mind, for she looked as all young faces should look—the very essence of a sunbeam.

"Oh, Aunt Di, the dear, lovely room! And, oh, that is the new picture," springing to the easel to gaze delightedly on golden cornfields, with scarlet poppies struggling among the wheat, like gaudy promises never to ripen into fruit, and under the hedge a little brown baby sleeping, with its dimpled hand full of weeds, and a sheep dog watching its slumbers.

"Do you like the picture, Allie? It is sold already. Lady Franklin fell in love with it, but I want it to hang in next year's Academy. The baby is painted from life; the original belongs to Barb, an old servant."

"Aunt Di, it is perfectly beautiful! Roger, come here and tell me if you do not think so."

"Nonsense, Allie; Roger is far too hungry for art criticism at present. Come away, you foolish child, and let me give you something more satisfying than painted canvas. The chickens came from Barb's farm, with the strawberries and this jug of delicious cream."

Alison looked round rather bewildered, for none of these tempting viands were in sight; but Miss Carrington, who knew her love for meals *à fresco*, had had the supper table laid in the wide veranda, and not only chickens and strawberries, but other delicacies were provided for the hungry travelers.

"This is better than your tea table under the limes at home, Allie," exclaimed Roger, as he carved for the ladies. "No wonder she was spoiled, Aunt Diana, and did not take kindly to the sooty ivy and the music of the crane."

"Roger, I shall impose a forfeit if either you or Allie mention the mill," observed Miss Carrington, as she handed him a cup of coffee enriched with Barb's yellow cream. "I want you two young things to forget everything but how you are to amuse yourselves. Allie, shall we have our breakfast here, as we did last year, while the blackbirds and thrushes take theirs? Roger looks as if he wanted to live in the open air. Do you know you have got this, dear boy?"

"Never mind that, Aunt Diana; there is no fear of rusting, that is one blessing—work never hurt man or woman yet."

"No," she said, thoughtfully, "but moderation in all things was an apostle's maxim; but you are right in principle, Roger. Now for the home news. What is really your father's condition? Letters are so unsatisfactory, and they never say half enough."

"Dr. Greenwood is delighted with the progress he has made, Aunt Diana; he gets across the room quite nicely on crutches, though he is not to do more at present. Of course, the long confinement has made him look pale and delicate, but his spirits are first rate. Dr. Greenwood told me the other day that in another year or so he might hope to be as well as ever. He says he is an excellent patient."

"And how does the book go on?" "Very well, I believe; he manages to write without difficulty with the help of a sloping board."

"That was Roger's clever contrivance," interrupted Alison. "Aunt Diana does not want to know that; you have broken the thread of my discourse. Father does seem happier lying there with all his books round him than he did at the mill."

"And a very good idea, too," observed Miss Carrington, looking at her nephew with decided approbation. "How does Murdoch fulfill his duties?"

"Admirably; he is a very steady fellow."

"Then Allie's plan will answer," she returned in her practical way. "There is no reason, Roger, why you should not carry on the business, and leave your father free for his literary pursuits. He was never fitted for a business man; he is too dreamy and unpractical. Believe me, he will be far happier and less irritable if circumstances allow him to follow his own particular bent."

"I am quite sure of it, Aunt Diana," returned Roger, quietly; "and now I have worked alone all these months, I feel more competent to carry on the business single handed. It has been a hard pull—Ferguson had done so much mischief, but things are righting themselves now, and with Murdoch's help we shall get on capitally."

"That is well," replied Miss Carrington, heartily, "and now, how does Missie go on?"

This time Alison answered, "Her arm is quite right, but she still looks rather thin and delicate. Mrs. Hardwick—Mrs. Forbes, I mean—wants to take her to Torquay, in October, for two months; she says she will be such a nice companion for Anna. Papa insists that she is to go."

er for her than for us, as she has not naturally a good temper." "Neither had I, Allie. Many a girl has a sore fight to go through life as well as Missie; it is so easy to contract bad habits, and so difficult to subdue them. I believe nothing but grace can enable one to overcome a really bad temper."

And so saying, Miss Carrington rose from the table, and proposed that Roger should go down to the river while she and Alison disposed of the unpacking.

CHAPTER XXIV. There was a merry breakfast on the veranda next morning, and Alison, in her white dress, with some dewy roses as a breast knot, looked the picture of happiness as she poured out the coffee.

Directly it was over, Greville took her and Roger to see his grandfather. Mr. Moore was eagerly expecting them; even before Alison's foot had passed over the threshold his sightless eyes were turned to the window, and his "Welcome, Sunny," reached her ears.

In another moment Alison was occupying her old fustool at his feet, and his fine wrinkled hand, a little more trembling than of old, was placed on her hair, with a half audible blessing.

"Dear Mr. Moore, I am so glad to see you again—" "Have you missed us, little one? Not half as much as we have missed Sunny." And as she pressed her lips to his hand in mute contradiction of this, he said, half sadly: "Child, I never thought to have heard your sweet voice again, but the good God would have it otherwise. Before the message reached me it was recalled; the gates were almost closed in my face."

"Thank God for that," she whispered; "but they never told me that you were ill until you were well again."

"Ah, Miss Carrington is a wise woman; she thinks it wrong to burden young spirits with sorrows that do not belong to them. My boy there nearly broke his heart about the old man; can you believe it, Sunny?"

"You are like his own father," she returned, softly. "He is outside on the veranda with Roger. Are you well enough to speak to Roger?"

"Ay, ready and willing; he has grown a fine lad, I hear." And as Alison beckoned to them the two young men came in through the window, and Roger sat down by the old man's side.

(To be continued.)

A LESSON IN LOYALTY.

This Girl Stood Up for Her Friends Like a Boy. "Clare is as good as a boy; just as good as a boy!" said Rita, thoughtfully.

"Yes, dear?" Mrs. Denny's tone suggested a question. Her daughter was speaking about a cousin who had come to live with the family, and evidently designed to compliment her; but the mother was not sure that she perceived the bearing of the odd expression.

"Yes," Rita added, emphatically, "she believes in standing by other girls, as boys stand by each other. 'I can remember a time,' Rita went on, 'when, if one of us girls did something silly, the rest would talk and talk and talk! It wasn't only manners and actions that we criticised. If colors didn't match, or if any article of dress was conspicuous, that was reason enough to pull a girl to pieces. We didn't do it because we wanted to be unkind. It was a kind of habit, you know, and we never realized the meanness of it.'"

"But Clare told us," Rita laughed as she recalled the incident. "It was the very first time she had met a number of us together. Belle Ward wasn't there. So one made fun of her new hat, and another had a joke about her awkward gait, and a third told how she and her sister wrangled—and all of a sudden Clare spoke up."

"Isn't this Miss Ward a schoolmate and friend of yours?" she asked. "Oh, yes," somebody said. "Belle's one of our crowd."

"Then," said Clare, in that cool, quiet way of hers, "if she's good enough for all of you to associate with, I should think that some of you might find something pleasant to say about her."

"She didn't stop at that. She wasn't a bit preachy, but she suggested that our practice of talking about each other in a belittling way was one that hurt ourselves as well as the persons we talked about. We were giving ourselves lessons in insincerity and uncharitableness, she said. People who overheard us would think less of girls and women because of what we said. We might naturally turn into gossips and scolds when we got older."

"It seemed very shocking, but we had sense enough to see that there was truth in it; and we owned up, and asked Clare to help us keep watch of ourselves. She does. She'd stop us in a minute if she heard us begin to talk slightly about another girl. And more than that, she sticks up for girls who don't have many pleasant things said about them, and makes us do it, too."



A Boys' Village. In Westchester County, New York, overlooking the Hudson river, a colony of 300 boys has been gathered.

They are lads who have tripped or been tumbled into the rough places of the world; their sense of self-respect cruelly neglected amid dirty city streets and all sorts of misery. Put under military discipline and given tasks of work and study, the boys are housed, clothed and fed in attractive, spacious cottages. The grounds and buildings cost over \$1,500,000, and the boys' village is a model place in every respect.

So far as possible the young fellows are given work that accords with their tastes. Some work out of doors in the garden and among the farm animals, while others learn trades in the shops. Each lad stays in the village until he reaches the age of 21, when he is given \$150 to start him out in the world, equipped with knowledge enabling him to earn his livelihood. Every effort is made to inspire the boys with hope, courage, integrity and a desire to win respected places in the towns and cities to which they may go. Some of the graduates are now in the Western States, where they have gained positions of public trust. Some of them admit that they are more fortunate than they might have been had they been born of rich parents.

Archdeacon Colley Thinks the So-called Dead Are Still Alive. Of humankind there are so dead, says Archdeacon Colley, rector of Stockton, Rugby, England, in the Delinctor. Man is man because he is, as the Sanskrit "manu" suggests, the "thinker," or one that has consciousness of his being, which consciousness survives the change called "death," which is but as sleep to wakefulness.

The worn physical of this life machine, the body, falls off, as in slumber, from the psychical that indwells with it (body abode) and keeps the wheel work ("we are fearfully and wonderfully made") on the go, and there is scarcely a moment's hiatus as the changing sentinels of the oxygen and hydrogen and carbon and other elements composing it, departing, whisper the password to the even more volatile arriving atoms of the soul. Hence, in the falling in of the outer man upon the inner and the blending of the twain, mortality is swallowed up of life with no jar, joint or any cessation of being, since complete insensibility or unconsciousness has no part in the transaction.

More alive, indeed, than ever is the condition immediately consequent on the failure of the heart's systolic actions and the involutions and convolutions of the gray matter of the brain, no longer vibrant to the motions of thought playing its reminiscence of earth memories now transposed to life's higher clef and the beat of perfected rhythmic harmonies.

For true is the Latin statement, mors janua vitae, death is the gate of life. Hence continuous and immediate and conscious being, with no sleeping in the grave; for, as the burial service of the Church of England says, "The souls of the faithful after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh are in joy and felicity."

This I know, not from credul or ecclesiastical affirmation, or even from logical induction of this life's being a hateful ghastly blunder, if not a curse, but from the teachings of many years' experience and close personal acquaintance with those who have lived in this world, now dead and buried as to their earthly body, returning time and again in a reconstituted, wonderfully abnormal, corporeal form to company with me and others meeting together in domestic worship with praise and prayer to give them welcome back for an hour to learn of the higher life they have attained. From whom, by many indisputable proofs, visible, audible, tangible, I and those with me have apprehended there can be no gaining the fact that the so-called "dead" are alive.

Growing Old a Habit. Not long ago the former secretary of a Justice of the New York supreme court committed suicide on his 70th birthday. "The Statute of Limitations; a Brief Essay on the Oeol Theory of Life," was found beside the dead body. It read, in part: "Threescore and ten—is this the Scriptural statute of limitations. After that, active work for man ceases; his time on earth has expired."

"I am seventy—threescore and ten—and I am fit only for the chimney corner."

The man had dwelt so long on the so-called Oeol theory—that a man is practically useless and only a burden to himself and the world after sixty—and the Biblical limitation of life to threescore years and ten, that he made up his mind he would end it all on his 70th birthday.

Leaving aside Dr. Osier's theory, there is no doubt that the acceptance in a strictly literal sense of the Biblical life limit has proved a decided injury to the race. We are powerfully influenced by our self-imposed limitations and convictions, and it is well known that many people die very near the limit they set for themselves. Yet there is no probability that the Psalmist had any idea of setting a limit to the life period, or that he had any authority whatever for so doing. Many of the sayings in the Bible which people take so literally are merely figures of speech to illustrate an idea. So far as the Bible is concerned, there is just as much reason for setting the life limit at one hundred and twenty or even at Methuselah's age (nine hundred and sixty-nine) as at seventy or eighty. There is no evidence in the Scriptures that even suggests the existence of an age limit beyond which man was not supposed or allowed to pass. In fact, the whole spirit of the Bible is to encourage long life through sane and healthful living.—Orison Sweet Marden, in Success Magazine.

Dear little boy, with wondering eyes That for the light of knowledge yearn, Who have such faith that I am wise And know the things that you would learn. Though oft I shake my head and smile To hear your childish questions flow, I must not meet your faith with guile; I cannot tell; I do not know.

Dear little boy, with eager heart, Forever on the quest of truth, Your riddles oft are past my art To answer to your tender youth. But some day you will understand "The things that now I cannot say, When life shall take you by the hand And lead you on its wondrous way.

Dear little boy, with hand in mine, Together through the world we fare, Where much that I would fain divine I have not yet the strength to bear. There are many things I may not ask; Like you, I hold another hand, And haply, when I do my task, I, too, shall understand.

May Be Read Both Ways. Palindromes are words or sentences which read the same way, whether they are spelled backwards or forwards. Here are a number of good examples of this curious orthographical phenomenon: Madam, I'm Adam (Adam introduces himself to Eve).

ABLE was I ere I saw ELBA (Napoleon reflecting on his exile). Name no one man. Red root put up to order. (Sign for a drug store window. Reads the same from the inside as from the outside.) Draw pupil's lip upward. (Direction to visiting school nurses.) No, it is opposition. No, it is opposition; art sees trade's opposition. (Sentence from a debate.) Yreka Bakery. (Sign over a baker's shop in Yreka, Cal.)

In the Latin language palindromes are not infrequent. But if you believe they occur often in English, try the experiment; see if you can discover any.

Baths at 110 Degrees. The Japanese are fond of bathing in extremely hot water. They are, in fact, the most cleanly, according to our Western notion, of any of the Eastern peoples. Their bath is taken as frequently as twice a day, often at a temperature of about 110 degrees Fahrenheit.

THE GOLD INDUSTRY. An Illustration Which Gives an Idea of Its Immensity in America.

An angle, a \$10 gold piece, 1/2 inch in diameter, 1/16 inch thick, lying edge to edge, beginning at San Francisco and extending eastward through the Sacramento Valley of California, across the lofty Sierra Nevada mountains, spanning the Great American Desert in Nevada and Utah, across the prairies of Wyoming and Nebraska, over Indiana and Ohio and Massachusetts, half way to the British Isles, this continuous string of gold angles edge to edge, without break or interruption, over this vast stretch of land and sea—a distance which exceeds at least eight days in the most rapid express train and ocean steamers—and you will be able to form some conception of the amount of gold that has been produced in the United States.

It requires some such illustration as this to grasp the immensity of the gold industry, to form some definite idea of the importance and magnitude of the gold production of the North American continent.

The profits from the gold industry are magnificent. They are greater than in any other department of commercial activity. The figures of the gold production are enormous. In 1905, the output of the gold mines of the world amounted to nearly \$500,000,000. Of this vast sum about one-half, or more than \$200,000,000, was net profit. No other industry can make such a showing of this. This gold was found in Australia, in Mexico, in South Africa, in America, and elsewhere.

This huge sum of profits, more than \$200,000,000, was distributed to millions of thousands of people.

Tramp—Lady, I'm near perdition from exposure! Lady—Are you a Congressman or a Senator?—Toma Doga. "Doesn't she ever stop talking?"—yes, when she is breaking in a piece of gum.—Washington (D. C.) Herald.

"Is that woman rich?" "Rich should say so! Why, she can afford to be a kleptomaniac."—Baltimore American.

"She's not handsome, is she?" "No! Say, if there was a tax on beauty, she'd be entitled to a pension."—Cleveland Leader.

"The first time he went out in a new auto he ran across a few friends and—" "Did they leave families?"—Baltimore American.

"Now, then, look please, please!" "Not at all; this is to be used only at the seashore. She would come to me at once!"—Fleegende Blatter.

"Was your father a college man?" "Yes, but we never mentioned it at college he went to had a rotten baseball team."—Chicago Record-Herald.

She—Are you good at reading men's ages? He—You are not very old. She—How do you know? He—Woman over 25 ever asks that question.

John—I've just lost a thousand dollars. Julia—Well, it is better than should have happened to you. John—Some poor beggar on the street—Club Fellow.

"It takes a heap of determination," said Uncle Eben, "to lay one's own way in this life, and to keep one's brains to know what to do with it."—Washington Star.

Harlemite—If you wrote your morning, I don't see why I only your note this evening. Downside—I do. I affixed a special stamp to the letter.—New York Times.

"Ponsonby is the latest man I saw." "What's the matter with him?" "wants a safety razor that can be operated by a storage battery connected in the handle."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Mrs. Subbuss (engaging cook)—you any male friends? I can't hang men hanging around the place. Snowball—None, 'cept my husband, but he don't come around 'cept on a day.—Philadelphia Record.

Terrific Child—Will you please something for me on the village? Jones? Jones—But I don't know Bobby. T. C.—Oh, yes, you do Jones, I heard mamma say you were second fiddle to Mrs. Jones.

Mrs. O'Toole—Shure, 'tis not 'nearly yer goat has Mrs. O'Toole found him in me cabbage patch. 'marnin'. Mrs. Flinn—Shure, 'tis not bad manners that do belong to darlin'. O! call it blame poor darlin'. Fluffy Young Thing—I'd like to pay the express on this package please Company's Agent—What's the value? Fluffy Young Thing—None sir. It's a bundle of letters sending them back to him.—Chicago Tribune.

Callor (on crutches and with a cane over one eye)—I have come to make application for the amount on my accident insurance policy. down a long flight of stairs this evening and mistleled—down stairs will disable me for a month or two. Manager of Company—Young man, have taken the trouble to make your case, and I find you are entitled to anything. You certainly called an agent. You certainly the young lady's father was a straggler.