

Aunt Diana

The Sunshine
of the Family

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

It was a lovely evening, as Missie said—one of those rare September evenings that come when summer and autumn seem blending into each other. Alison stood for a moment in the hall, debating whether she was too tired to seek Roger in the timber yard, or whether she should indulge in solitary musing under the lime trees. A free half hour was a delicious boon, and she must employ it to the best advantage. She decided after a moment that she was too dull for even Roger's company to cheer her—for she was in one of those moods that the masculine mind finds so difficult to understand—and she was just taking down her garden hat from the peg when a figure came between her and the evening light, a familiar voice spoke her name, and the next moment Alison was in Aunt Diana's arms.

Miss Carrington's kisses were very grave and tender. They spoke volumes, but she seemed to have no words at the moment. But Alison's "Oh, Aunt Di!" was more than eloquent—the quiver of her voice meant ecstasy. But the next moment Miss Carrington put her at arm's length, and still holding her, scrutinized her face almost pitifully.

"Allie, my poor, dear child, what have they done to you? Oh, dear, what thin cheeks, what heavy eyes!" And suddenly closing her face between her hands, she kissed her again and again, and Miss Carrington was not a demonstrative woman—her caresses meant something out of the common. They brought Alison's soft color back, and the happy tears came into her eyes.

"I am glad I did not tell you," returned, unsteadily, "I shall be quite well and rested now I have seen your dear face again. Oh, Aunt Di, how I have wanted you," her voice sinking still lower.

"Yes, I know," replied Miss Carrington, almost abruptly—all the more because her feelings were not so well under control as usual. "Allie, what must you have thought of my silence? Come, let us sit down somewhere where I can talk to you without interruption. I don't want to see any other face but yours for the present—not even Roger's."

"I think my room will be best," returned Alison, hesitating a little. "Miss Leigh is in the drawing room and Ruel in the dining room, and Roger generally sits in the study when he comes in of an evening. Wait a moment, Aunt Di, please; I must ask Sarah to make some tea for you—supper will not be ready for an hour. Oh," smiling archly, "I know your taste—Aunt Di can not go without her tea."

Miss Carrington offered no remonstrance; perhaps she was in need of refreshment. She waited to see the cabman deposit her luggage in the hall, and then she followed Alison upstairs.

"My dear," she observed, looking round her as she entered, "this is not your old room; I thought this was Missie's?"

"Yes, but Missie had mine, and I did not like to turn her out—it would only have caused unpleasantness. Please do not look so grieved, Aunt Di; I have got used to it, and do not mind the change so much as I did at first—at least, it does not make my head ache."

"And you never told me. I could not have borne to have thought of you in this room, Allie. Well, you have spared me many a headache. I should have wanted my child back in her little nest, and have been unhappy because I could not get her." And Miss Carrington positively shuddered as she looked at the grim lines of the crane, and round the dark, heavily furnished room.

"I am glad I did not tell you," returned Alison, gently, as she unfastened Miss Carrington's mantle and waited on her. Perhaps Aunt Diana loved to feel the soft little hands busy about her, for she offered no resistance as Alison smoothed her hair, and brought her a footstool, of which she took possession herself.

"That is right," observed Miss Carrington, stroking the brown head that laid itself in child fashion on her lap. Alison was so very tired there was utter abandon in her attitude, and yet she was so happy, too.

"Now we will have one of our cozy talks—don't look at the door, Allie—I am in no hurry for my tea. My dear, I am longing to tell you how it is your letters have miscarried; I read them all for the first time last night."

"Aunt Di, do you mean that you have flown to us—only telegraph wires could have done it," laughing incredulously.

"You may be sure that I should have flown to you if I had the power," returned Miss Carrington, seriously. "Allie, I was not in Switzerland, as you thought. I was recalled suddenly, a fortnight ago by Mr. Moore's sudden illness. Greville telegraphed for me, and I came home at once."

"Mr. Moore ill?" exclaimed Alison, with a pale face.

"Yes, very ill, but, thank God, my dear old friend is better now. It has been an anxious time for us, darling. Greville is cast down and unhappy—you need not look at me so reproachfully. I would not write to you—it would have given you useless pain, and I was so engrossed with nursing that letters were impossible luxuries. Little did I think in my night watching that Allie was anxious and unhappy, too."

"Aunt Di, that is why you look tired."

"Tired! Nonsense, child. It is a bless-

ed thing to wear out one's self for one's friends. I love that sort of fatigue. I could not have left my patient until he was out of danger, but now I can safely trust him in Greville's charge. He is a capital nurse, in spite of his boyishness, and he has Burton to help him. By the bye, Mr. Moore sent his love to Sunny. Stay, I must try and remember his message; he bade his little sunbeam remember her mission, and not to be afraid of cloudy days."

"Did Mr. Greville send me a message, too?" asked Alison, a little timidly. Miss Carrington hesitated.

"Well, I think he sent his love, too—in fact, he sent a great many messages, but I told him I could not be a carrier of nonsense, and should only deliver one—that he had kept his promise, and had been working famously."

"Oh, I am so glad," returned Alison, brightening at this. "Aunt Di—it was not good of you to keep Mr. Moore's illness from me; I should have liked to have shared your anxiety. Dear old man, I am so thankful he is spared."

"His character seemed lovelier than ever in his hours of suffering," observed Miss Carrington, thoughtfully; "he was so patient, so grateful to us all for our care of him. I understood then what being like a little child meant—it seemed as though it were we who were blind, not he—he seemed so steeped in the light of heaven."

"Do you think he wanted to die?" asked Alison, in an awestruck voice. "How strange it seems that he should be so willing to go."

"Why not?" replied her aunt. "Death has no terrors for him. Why should he fear the summons from the Master whom he loved and tried to serve here, and who died on the cross for his redemption? And yet he was resigned to stay, for Greville's sake. 'The lad wants me a little longer,' he said once. 'Well, I suppose I can spare my boy a year or two out of eternity; I mean to have no will of my own about it. When the Master calls I shall be ready, but perhaps—for who knows His graciousness?—He may be thinking of my boy, too.'"

"How I should love to see him again!" exclaimed Alison with a sigh.

"So you will by and by, I hope. He missed you dreadfully, Alison."

"And you, Aunt Di?"

"I am not going to tell you about that." Then, as Alison's eyes looked pleading, she continued earnestly: "Child, I believe we are a sort of necessity to each other—at least, I find my life will not shape itself properly without you. I am always thinking how Allie will like this or that. Your absence quite took away the pleasure of my trip. You naughty child, you look delighted; but there comes my tea—please pour me a cup, and then tell me all about your poor father."

Alison was soon narrating the story of the last fortnight. Miss Carrington had received hers and Roger's letters late the previous night, and Mr. Moore's had put her in possession of the latest news; still there was much that she wished to hear. She listened attentively, and without interruption, as the girl poured out the history of her hopes and fears. Her grave, interested face, and now and then a tightened grasp of Alison's hand, spoke in mute sympathy, but otherwise she said little.

"It has been a dreadful time," finished Alison. "Roger and I were so afraid of papa, and then Missie was so unhappy and ill. That is Roger's whistle, Aunt Di—he is wondering what has become of me. Shall I call him in?" And Miss Carrington nodded.

Roger's look of intense surprise amused them excessively, but he welcomed his aunt with evident satisfaction.

"Now Allie will be all right again," he observed, with a smile at her; "she has been sick for months, Aunt Diana. You are not going to take her away from us just at present, are you?"

"No, not just now," returned Miss Carrington, quietly. "I am going to stop until you are tired of me, and then Allie and I must say good-by to each other for a little longer. What should you say to bringing her for a few weeks in the spring, if your father gets better? You look in want of a change, Roger; they are working you too hard, my boy."

"You must not tempt me, Aunt Diana," he returned, rather gravely. "There will be no holiday for me next year. The whole concern rests on my shoulders at present, and our manager is a defaulter. Alison shall go with you, and welcome."

"Well, well, we must see about it; winter comes before spring. There is plenty of time, and I don't mean to give up my plan of having you and Allie together. Now I must see your father; will you take me to him?" And Roger consented with alacrity.

In the passage she stopped and laid her hand upon his arm.

"Thank you for taking care of Allie; I know how good you have been to her."

"It is she who has been good to us," he returned, with a sudden flush. "Aunt Diana, you do not know the blessing she has been to us; we have to thank you for that. Alison would never have been the girl she is if you had not taken so much pains with her."

"Don't make me vain, Roger."

"Missie and I have proposed buying her a little red morocco book and presenting it to her," continued Roger, with dry humor; "the title will be 'Aunt Diana's Sayings,' for Allie brings out a fresh one every day. Missie says she is inventive, and coins them herself; but I have an idea that they are genuine."

Miss Carrington shook her head at him, and only bade him lead the way to his father's room. Alison had already prepared him for his sister-in-law's visit, and he held out his hand with a pleased smile.

"This is kind, Diana. I said the silence was not like you; my poor girl here has been fretting herself about it; but of course you never got the letters."

"No, indeed; Alison will tell you about

it presently. It is too late for me to prolong my visit now. Invalids should be quiet at this hour. You see I understand all about it, Ainslie; but I am grieved to the heart to see you like this."

"You must not make yourself unhappy about it; it is only a case of patience, and I have good, attentive children. I wish their mother could see them; she was always so proud of them."

"Yes, indeed! Poor Florence, you must miss her, Ainslie." And Miss Carrington's lip quivered slightly, for her sister had been the object of her dearest affection; she had never felt so drawn to Florence's husband as she did now; her gray eyes rested upon him pityingly.

"Children, you must take care of your aunt; she must be tired with her journey. To-morrow you must come and sit with me, Diana." Miss Carrington felt herself gently dismissed, but she did not misunderstand him, and, pressing his hand kindly, she followed the others from the room.

CHAPTER XX.

Missie received the news of Aunt Diana's arrival with an exclamation of dismay, and a hot flush came to her face. "Oh, Alison, it will be dreadful to see her! I always was afraid of her, you know; she is one of those painfully good people who make one feel small and horrid. Please don't let her come in to-night." And Missie sat bolt upright in a panic.

Now, Miss Carrington had quick ears, and she caught the most of this speech and laughed to herself softly; for it is those who try hard to be good who are the most conscious of evil within, and Miss Carrington was one who had often cried with St. Paul, "The good that I would I do not." Her heart felt very soft toward the willful little girl who had brought such misery on herself and others, even before she entered the room, but her first sight of Missie gave her a feeling of surprise. She said afterward she ceased to wonder at Ainslie's infatuation for the child, for she was certainly a bewitching little creature.

The pink ribbons in Missie's dainty dressing gown were not pinker than her cheeks, her blue eyes shone with uneasy light, and the soft, fair hair lay in delicate rings above the pretty, childish face; her frightened, appealing look would have touched a colder heart than Miss Carrington's, and it was with real affection that she bent over her. But Missie's tender conscience made her shrink from her aunt's kisses.

"Please don't be so kind to me, Aunt Diana—every one is, and it is not right."

"My dear little girl, we none of us want to see our poor little butterfly broken on the wheel; we are far too sorry for you. Of course, you have been a naughty child; you have been setting your small world on fire, and have got your pretty wings singed. Well, now you have learned wisdom through painful experience, and we must all help you to get the lesson perfect."

"I don't think any one was ever so wicked as I, Aunt Diana," sighed Missie.

"Well, my dear," returned her aunt, briskly, "it is not my concern to go about weighing my neighbor's trespasses in a balance; I don't fancy human scales would be nicely adjusted; but I am quite sure of one thing—that I was a very naughty child myself—the red-cheeked apples I stole gave me moral indigestion still."

It was impossible to look grave over this; Alison's merry laugh was infectious. Miss Carrington stayed a few more minutes, questioning Missie about her arm, and talking kindly to her, until the poor child was quite happy and at her ease.

"I don't know what it is," she said that night, when Alison gave her the good-night kiss; "you all seem trying to make me believe that I have not been naughty at all, and that there is nothing to forgive."

"I thought forgiveness meant that," returned Alison, simply; "you know how the Bible speaks of sins blotted out—that means the page is white again—one can write freshly across the blank."

There never was a merrier supper table than the one at The Helms that night; late as it was, Poppie sat up for it, and no one rebuked her for her chatter. Ruel kept up the character of a bashful school boy; but even he relaxed his wide-eyed gravity when Otter was admired and kind inquiries made after Sulky. Aunt Diana knew the way to a boy's heart; though she never had a boy of her own; but there are some unmarried women whose large natures can embrace a whole world of little ones, and such a one was Aunt Diana.

But as she talked and laughed with the others, her keen gray eyes followed Alison's every movement. It seemed to Miss Carrington that her darling was changed somehow—some of the brightness that had always lighted her young face had faded a little; she was graver and more in earnest.

"Allie has laid aside her leading strings, and has learned to walk alone," she said to herself; "though she loves me as much as ever, she needs me less. I ought to be glad to know this, for I can not expect to live forever."

(To be continued.)

A Question of Honor.

Mother—Willie, you wicked boy, you haven't kept your word. You promised you would never steal jam, and here I find you at it again.

Willie—Well, it's no worse than you. You said you were going out this evening, and if you had kept your word you wouldn't have found me stealing jam.

Her Hero.

"Who's your ideal of bravery?" queried the old bachelor. Is it General Kuroki?

"No," answered the spinster desperately, "it's a Mormon."—The Tatler.

INDIANA'S DEMOCRATIC SENATOR



BENJAMIN F. SHIVELY

Benjamin F. Shively succeeds James A. Hemenway as Senator from Indiana, and is the first Democrat sent to the upper house of Congress by the Hoosier State in twelve years. Born on a farm in St. Joseph County, Indiana, March 20, 1857, he was the fourth in a family of eight children. His early experiences were those of the average farm boy until as a youth he entered the Indiana Normal School at Valparaiso. After being graduated from that institution he taught school from 1875 to 1880. Then he settled in South Bend, where he conducted a greenback newspaper and took an active interest in politics. At the age of 27 he was elected Congressman by the Democrats of the Thirteenth District, and was the youngest member of the house when he took his seat. As a member of Congress he served one term that expired March 4, 1885, and then took up the study of law at South Bend. In the autumn of 1885 he entered the University of Michigan Law School, and was graduated with the class of 1886. After coming out of the law school Mr. Shively again was elected to Congress, and served three successive terms. In 1896 Mr. Shively was the Democratic candidate for Governor, but was defeated.

COULD DECIPHER ANYTHING.

Expert on Greeley's Manuscript Easily Read Chicken's Footprints.

This isn't the necrology column, but the story they tell on C. S. Denis, who died the other day, is too good to lose. Denis was at one time the private secretary of Horace Greeley, and was one of the two or three men who could read that great editor's copy, says the Cincinnati Times-Star's New York correspondent. Greeley had no idea what it was all about after the ink was dry. He would send for Denis to read his scrawls to him. One day, according to the story, a printer in the old Tribune office, being pickled, brought a little bantam hen to work with him. He declared with tears that the hen was his sister and he must not be separated from her. He was put to sleep on a pile of old paper and the hen wandered clucking about the floor. Her toes became dabbled with ink and by and by she found some bits of the printers' lunch and while eating it stepped about on a bit of blank copy paper. Her inky feet made a series of odd hieroglyphics on the sheet. "We'll play a trick on Denis," said the foreman. He picked up the paper, inscribed it with the usual printers' sign, and then took it in to Denis. "Excuse me, Mr. Denis," said he, "but this stuff of the old man's has got me stuck. I got through the first two takes all right—but what in the world is this line?"

Denis looked at it a moment. Then he carried it over to the light and studied it closely. His countenance cleared. "Plain as can be," he said. "It begins this way: 'Those old federalists—'"

Unique Solar Atlas.

The preparation of a solar atlas by private enterprise is a unique undertaking which is being completed by J. Franklin Adams, an English astronomer. The gentleman expects to complete his work in a few months. Incidentally it will include the indexing of 23,000,000 stars. Mr. Adams' method has been to divide the firmament into 212 squares, which have been photographed on specially-prepared plates 15 inches square. The southern constellations he photographed in South Africa, the rest have been taken at his observatory near Godalming. The observatory is considered one of the best equipped in private ownership. The total of 23,000,000 stars is explained to be an estimate, although comparative accuracy can be obtained by an ingenious microscopical device which has been invented by Mr. Adams for the purpose.

Not Taking Any Chances.

"Paris is said to be airship mad." "Still, not as mad as you might think."

"No."

"Paris is still depending on Wilbur Wright to do most of its flying."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

"Thought you were going to quit keeping house and live in a hotel?" "Wid intent to." "What made you change your mind?" "The cook wouldn't leave."—Cleveland Leader.



Whooping Cough.

A great many popular errors have gathered round this little disorder. To begin, the name may be written "whooping" or "hooping" at choice. It is based on the peculiar noise made by the sufferer when drawing in his breath after each paroxysm of coughing. The "hooping" is not always present. Infants under 12 months seldom make this noise. The essentials are violent fits of coughing, carried out until the sufferer appears almost choking, and alternating with periods of complete freedom. In an ordinary cold in the throat, in bronchitis, and in consumption the cough is sometimes quite short, but in whooping cough it is never short.

Whooping cough is always infectious, and, while it is perfectly true that the germs become less virulent in the open air, they never cease to be infectious even when a patient is treated altogether by the open-air cure. Undoubtedly fresh air does the sufferer good, but keen winds and damp do harm. Hence one should send a child out only on clear, calm and otherwise pleasant days. It is better for a child to be up than in bed. Whooping cough may attack persons of any age, although most frequent in childhood.

There is a belief that whooping cough can occur only once in life. This is an error. Not any infectious disease confers absolute immunity from further attacks. Some persons make light of this disorder, thinking that it never turns out fatally, but it does. It may start bronchitis or rupture a blood vessel. A child suffering from this disorder should be put into a sunny room, as high in the house and as isolated from the rooms of the other children as may be possible. The best temperature is 60 degrees Fahrenheit, day and night. Milk diet is best.

Causes of Baldness.

In some cases it is because mental strain robs the scalp of the nervous influence necessary for nutrition; in others, because the scalp is poisoned by the things rubbed in, by decomposing secretions on its surface, and by keeping in the perspiration that should be allowed to evaporate. This last takes place when hats, false hair—however called—and other things prevent free ventilation. The electric light is injurious to some scalps, causing a rapid fall of hair. The poisons in the system that bring about gout and rheumatism will cause loss of hair. All these cases are marked at the first by slight thinning over the entire scalp, most marked as a rule on the temples and the crown.

Apart from internal tonics and other medicines intended to benefit the general health, all such cases can be cured when taken early, by the use of common cleanliness, free ventilation, hair foods and stimulants.

But there is quite another class in which the falling is not general. It is limited to one or more spots. These become quite bald, and they enlarge. Sometimes they increase in number and merge into one another. In bad cases every hair on the body may fall out. This is patchy baldness, and will not yield to the measures outlined. It demands the persevering use of some powerful "germicide," like carbolic acid in solution. The stronger the solution is, short of causing a sore spot, the better will be the result.

Hot Foods Hurt Our Teeth.

There is no doubt that most people ruin their teeth and digestive system by taking food at too high a temperature. One can not get into a hot bath if it is over 112 degrees; 105 degrees is dangerous, and even 100 degrees is warm. But from experiments made it appears that we eat meat at 115 degrees temperature, beans at 132 degrees, potatoes at 150 degrees. The average temperature of tea is 125 degrees, and it may be sipped, but can not be swallowed in large quantities, if it exceeds 142 degrees.

Absolutely Free.

Angry Mother (suddenly entering parlor and catching young music teacher kissing her daughter)—Young man, is this what I pay you for?

Music Teacher—No, ma'am; I make no charge for this.—Florida Times-Union.

Said She.

She picked herself from the debris, and said to her friends: "Look at this!" And her friend merely said, "As she twisted her hair."

And looked at her dress: "Hully gee!"—Houston Post.

No man likes the idea that when his wife prays for greater patience, she is thinking of him.