

Aunt Diana

The Sunshine of the Family

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"Ah, oh! very good. That is so like you, Miss Diana. Well, suppose Sunny reads Greville's letter to you. The lad is in high spirits; he is captain now, and he is full of his matches and the splendid team they have got. He declares Queen's will beat half the other colleges."

"Commemoration will be here directly," observed Miss Carrington.

"Yes, but he is not coming home for another five weeks, at least to stay; his tutor has written me this morning, and I have given my consent to Greville's joining his reading party to Keswick; the lad is a good lad, but he is young and a bit idle; at least, his love of fun carries him away, and I am afraid he has not worked quite hard enough."

"Mr. Greville is not fond of putting aside his own duckweed," put in Alison, mischievously, for there was nothing she loved better than to tease the old man about his grandson, who was literally the apple of his eye.

He roused up directly at her irony. "Come now, that is too bad to say that of the lad when he fights all your battles for you, and never lets any one say a word against you."

"She does not mean it, Mr. Moore," interposed Miss Carrington, quickly.

"Now, Aunt D., please don't interfere. I do mean that Mr. Greville Moore will never kill himself with overwork, unless he dies from too much cricket or lawn tennis."

"You naughty child," but there was no mistaking the fan in his voice now.

"I shall report all your hard speeches to Greville when I see him; do you think a fine young man is to slave and toil all his best years away? A little harmless fun will not hurt him; he is strengthening his mind and his muscles at the same time."

Alison and her aunt exchanged amused glances at this. They both thought highly of the young man, who was indeed a sweet tempered, honest fellow, with plenty of good in him, though hardly up to Miss Carrington's idea of "thorough." Indeed, he was a favorite with most people; but it was dull and at the same time almost touching to see Mr. Moore's implicit faith in his grandson, who was verily the old man's Benoni and Benjamin—"the son of his sorrow"—as well as the "son of his right hand."

CHAPTER III.

People said Miss Carrington's Wednesdays were always fine, that she had better fortune in that respect than other folk, and certainly the weather favored her on this occasion, for it was the very perfection of a June afternoon, with plenty of sunshine and freshness to mitigate the heat.

These Wednesdays were very popular in the neighborhood. Miss Carrington was a charming hostess; she had just the right knack of entertaining people; she welcomed them heartily, put them in their ease with themselves and other people, then left them to be as free as her own butterflies. The little wicket gate between Moss-side and Fernleigh was always set open on these occasions; Miss Carrington's lawn was devoted to lawn tennis; when they had finished their game the young people were welcome to stroll through Mr. Moore's garden, and make themselves at home in the cozy nooks and shady seats with which it abounded.

As a general rule, Mr. Moore seldom mingled with the guests; his habits were those of the recluse. A few of his old friends who were sure of their welcome, and one or two of his younger favorites, would sometimes cross the threshold and keep him company in the cool shaded room.

To these he would speak of his boy, recounting endless anecdotes of his prowess and courage, and often making mention of his pupil Alison, or as he called her, Sunny, for the young girl had been a veritable sunbeam to her old tutor, making his darkened hours pass more quickly by her ready sympathy and aptitude for learning.

On this afternoon he was not alone. A young man in a light gray summer suit, with a sunburnt, handsome face, was standing by the window looking at the knots of people already gathering on Miss Carrington's lawn, with a humorous, half-veiled expression in his wide-open blue eyes.

"What a lot of people!" he grumbled. "I believe all Riverston is there; there are three boats full, and two sets of lawn tennis forming, and I do not know how many more; there goes Miss Merle—Miss Alison, I mean. What a bore, grandfather, that I forgot all about Miss Carrington's Wednesday, and I shall have to go up to London to-morrow."

"Why, the more the merrier. Is not that the opinion of young folk like you?" returned Mr. Moore, smiling. "Now, if I said that I wanted you all to myself for this one day you have spared me that would only be an old man's selfishness, and I should be ashamed of myself for giving it utterance. But you are not generally so unsocial, Greville."

"There is a regular crowd," returned the young fellow, still more pettishly. "I shall not be able to speak to Miss Carrington, or to Miss Alison either; and you forgot, grandfather, that I shall be off to Keswick the day after to-morrow for six weeks at least."

"I am not likely to forget that, my boy. Well, it is a pity if you are not pleased, for they are going to keep it up unau-

ally late; there is to be music on the lawn. Sunny has been telling me all about it. The moonlight is so clear that Miss Diana has given in to the notion, and young Hepworth has brought his cornet. If I were you, lad, I would just make the best of it, and join in merrily with the rest."

"And leave you sitting here alone, grandfather? And I thought we should have just one of our old evenings on the river, and I should row you and Miss Carrington, and her niece to the Long Island."

"Nay, lad, I am not likely to be long alone; the vicar will be in by and by for a chat, and most likely Mrs. Hendrick and one or two others. Miss Diana will drop in, just to tell me how things progress, and Sunny, too; she never neglects me. Come, come, it is not like you to sulk, boy; I want to hear you laugh with the others; it will make me feel young myself. And, Greville, with a sudden tenderness in his voice, "we have shaken hands, but until I feel you I shall not believe my boy is really with me."

The young man's cloudy face cleared in a moment, he left his place at once, and dropped down on one knee beside his grandfather's chair, and a sort of laughing light came in his eyes.

"You foolish old granddad," he said; "you have not grown a bit wiser." And then he knelt patiently while the thin, wrinkled hand passed softly over the merry face, and felt the broad, stalwart shoulders, and then rested lingeringly on his head.

"Heaven bless you, lad, you are strong and broad-shouldered like Gerard; you are every inch as fine a man as your father. Grow like him, my boy. Though he was my own son, I will always say there are not many like him; there, I must not keep you from the young folks to listen to an old man's maunderings. Tell Sunny that she is to be good to you, as you have not many hours at home. Oh, there's Mrs. Hendrick's step on the gravel; she has stolen a march on the vicar. Now you can leave me with an easy conscience."

It was evident Greville needed no further bidding. He rose to his feet at once and strolled out into the veranda, casting comprehensive glances over both gardens; then, satisfying himself that a certain broad-brimmed hat belonged to the person for whom he was in search, he went leisurely through the little gate and tracked it by sundry winding paths to the river bank.

A little group of girls was gathered round a boat. They were evidently playing at hide-and-seek with their would-be escort, to the mischievous glee of a young Etonian of tender age, as befitting jackets and turn-down collars.

"Come along, girls," he shouted. "Lettie and Dora, why don't you jump in? And, Miss Alison, you promised to steer. Quick, quick!"

"Not so fast, Jack; where's the hurry?" called out a fresh voice; and at the merry tones Alison turned round with a sudden start.

"Oh, Mr. Greville!" and her bright face looked brighter still at the unexpected sight of her old friend. "What does this mean? Mr. Moore never hinted at your coming. I do not believe Aunt Diana knows, either."

"I thought I would just run down and have a look at you all before I started for Keswick," returned the young man with assumed carelessness. "I forgot all about Miss Carrington's Wednesday Poplars; never mind, I have just arrived in time for the fun. How do you do, Miss Dora? Miss Lettie, I should hardly have known you; you have so grown. Well, what's the matter, Jack?" for the boy was grumbling audibly.

"Only Fortescue and that other fellow will be down upon us directly, and the girls made me promise to get under way before they came to spoil everything. Lettie and Dora want to pick forget-me-nots on the Long Island—there are quantities on the east side, where we had our picnic last year."

"All right, I'm your man, Miss Alison, if you will be good enough to steer. Jack and I will soon row you across." And suiting his actions to his words, Greville assisted the girls into the boat; and promptly taking an oar, they were soon gliding down the river.

Now and then they passed other boats with which they exchanged greetings, and once, as they came to a reedy island, a swan came out with ruffled plumage and angry and stretched neck, and would have pursued them, only Jack threatened her with his oar.

"I suppose there are some young ones in there," observed Greville, thoughtfully; and then he let them drift a moment as he contemplated the scene. The broad gleaming river flowing so smoothly between its banks; the meadow land dotted with groups of cattle worthy of the brush of Vicat Cole; the girls' happy faces—faces that had been familiar to him from boyhood, for Dora and Lettie Morville had been old playfellows of his; their simple summer dresses—all made up the adjuncts of a pleasant picture that he might carry away and remember.

In a few minutes they had landed, and Jack, who was the hero of the hour, for it was he who had planned this little excursion, was leading them proudly to the little sheltered island, where the ground was blue with the tiny flowers; and in another moment they were all busily at work. In the intervals of his labor, Greville found time for a sentence or two with Alison; and by and by he induced her to rest for a moment on a mossy log, that had lain there for years.

"I suppose we must be going back now," observed Alison, regretfully, as she watched the others' busy movements.

"Aunt Diana will want me to assist her with the tea. She knew we were coming, for Jack was put in charge of us; but she told us not to be long. Dora and I have been wanting to come here for days."

"It is a bore going back to the other

people," returned Greville, lazily; "there is a host of things I wanted to consult you about, I have an idea I will get Miss Dora to take my oar, and I know Miss Lettie loves steering, and then we can manage to get a little conversation." And as things were arranged after this fashion, Greville was soon engaged in an animated account of his last term's doings.

Their return was hailed with delight by the young people, who were gathered on the lawn. While Dora put their treasured forget-me-nots in the water, Lettie and Alison hurried into the studio, where they knew Miss Carrington would be busy over the tea table; and Greville, after exchanging greetings with his friends, followed them more leisurely.

"Well, girls," observed Miss Carrington, brightly, "you see you have your work before you; all these good folk to serve with tea and strawberries. By the bye, Allie, a little bird tells me that Greville has put in an appearance. Why, bless the lad, there he is," as Greville's amused face suddenly confronted her, and her hands were grasped, and then detained.

"Miss Carrington, I mean to have a good look at you. I have not seen any one so worth looking at since I left home."

"Go away, you foolish boy," was Miss Carrington's response to this. "I am too busy to listen to your flattery; but her gray eyes softened as they rested on the young man's handsome face. She had known him from boyhood. It was she who had closed his dead mother's eyes, in whose loving arms the little fellow had often nestled in those first sad days when the stricken household were too much engaged to care for the lonely child; when he would follow his dear Clara, as she called her, all over the house, with uncertain, tottering footsteps, to mend some broken toy, or help him out of some tiny difficulty; and he was dear to her now, dearer even than Alison.

"I am going to stop and help you," returned Greville, with gay defiance of her mandate. "Is that cup of tea for Mrs. Morville? She is sitting so cozily in the honeysuckle arbor with old Miss Effingham, that it seems a pity to disturb them."

"Old Miss Effingham, indeed!" ejaculated Miss Carrington, "you disrespectful boy, when you know she is my contemporary."

"Miss Carrington, you will never be old in my eyes," was the gallant reply. "I think you grow younger every time I see you."

"Humph, I hope not. I should be sorry to live forever in this sort of world, unless you young people improve it very much. Now, Greville, you know our rules for these Wednesdays. This is Liberty Hall; if the ladies like their meal a fresco, there are plenty of gentlemen servants to gratify their whims. Now, take this tray of tea and strawberries to the honeysuckle arbor, and I will get ready another for your grandfather and Mrs. Hendrick. Jack, what have you done with your sister Dora? We want all hands just now."

After tea the tennis nets were taken down and the notes of a cornet began to make itself heard; then singing began in earnest, and Miss Carrington and her elder guests joined in the part songs. Greville and Alison had been singing together, and when Alison was tired they strolled down one of the paths in his grandfather's garden. Just now it was deserted, and they had it to themselves; this was the opportunity Alison wanted, for she began at once:

"Mr. Greville, I do hope you mean to work when you are at Keswick; Aunt Diana said the other day that she knew how disappointed Mr. Moore would be if you failed to take your degree. And I am afraid"—hesitating, as though she feared to give him pain—"I am afraid, from what you told us in the boat, that you have not done much this term."

Greville bit his lip, and a cloud came over his face.

"What makes you think so?" he asked, rather shortly.

"Your own words," she returned, so softly that his man's pride could not take alarm. "Please do not be offended with me; we have always spoken the truth to each other; but all this cricket, tennis, boating and riding about must have hindered work. Aunt Diana says—may I go on?"—a little timidly.

"Yes, yes," rather impatiently.

"Aunt Diana says—and you know how wise she is—that though your grandfather has set his heart on your taking a good degree, he will never tell you so, or let you know if you disappoint him. It is just because he is so kind and generous, and gives you full liberty that, she says, you owe him a grand return—that your work and all you do must be for his sake."

"I see, I see," returned the young man, hastily. He had flushed a little over her words, as though they had gone home to his conscience. "Yes, grandfather is far too good to me. I do not half deserve to belong to the dear old man. I'll make a clean breast of it, Miss Alison. I have not worked as I ought, and that is the truth and the whole truth."

"Oh, Mr. Greville, what a pity!" fell still more softly from Alison's lips.

"Yes," he returned a little gloomily, "it is a pity; but I will promise you one thing—his manner changing into earnestness—"I will work this summer. I will turn over a new leaf and try and make up for lost time. When I come back in August you shall not have to find fault with me."

Ab, he did not know that when August came he should no longer find Alison there.

(To be continued.)

In Germany more than five hundred out of every thousand women reach the age of fifty years, while only 413 men live so long.



Attend the Institutes.

The farmers' institute season is at hand. Now, Mr. Farmer, these meetings are for you. They are held for the purpose of bringing you and your neighbors together to discuss the fundamental principles and facts concerning your great business. State speakers will be on hand to instruct and lead the discussions, but you must be there to get any benefit from the meetings. It is your duty to yourself and your neighbors to attend and take part in the farmers' institute when it is held in your county or township. Do not go in a critical mood, but go with a desire to learn more about farming and if you have some problem that is worrying you, tell about it and may be someone can help you out. Perhaps your experiences will be of direct value to some other man who is having a hard time.

The farmers' institutes were established for the same purpose as our agricultural colleges and experiment stations; for the purpose of furthering the cause of agricultural education; of helping the man on the farm better understand his business and thereby make a greater success. The State speakers are all thoroughly practical men and women who have had experience in what they talk about and are willing to give help and information whenever they can. But the success of any farmers' institute meeting will depend upon the farmers themselves whether they will attend and take part in the program. Enthusiasm is generally marked by numbers and when an enthusiastic body of men get together, there is sure to be some good come of it.—Farmer's Guide.

The So-Called "Alaska" Wheat.

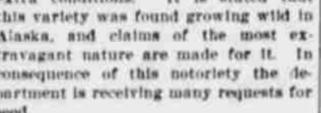
The Bureau of Plant Industry has prepared the following statement in anticipation of inquiries concerning "Alaska" wheat:

"A variety of wheat under the name of 'Alaska' is being widely advertised as capable of yielding at the rate of 200 bushels to the acre under ordinary soil conditions and even better under extra conditions. It is stated that this variety was found growing wild in Alaska, and claims of the most extravagant nature are made for it. In consequence of this notoriety the department is receiving many requests for seed.

This type of wheat has been known for many years both in this country and in Europe. It has been tried at several state experiment stations in the western part of the United States during the past fifteen years, but nowhere have the yields been high enough to merit attention. The wheat has been grown to a very limited extent on certain heavy undrained soils in France for many years. In such locations it is said to yield rather better than ordinary wheat, but as it is one of the poorest wheats known for making flour, it is never grown where ordinary varieties of wheat will thrive.

Homemade Feed Cutter.

An old lawn mower can be arranged to make a fairly satisfactory straw or feed cutter. One must rig up a hopper,



WORKING THE LAWN MOWER.

as shown in the sketch, and attach the mower to the lower end of it so that the straw or grain will just strike the knives where the grass usually comes into the mower. A crank and a belt arrangement makes it easy for one man to feed and turn the cutter. This is a good use for a lawn mower in the winter time when it is not working outdoors.—Farm and Home.

Fraud in Sale Cows.

It is not so very uncommon for sale cows or inferior milkers to be left unmilked for a long period, in order to make up a tempting bag to catch the eye of the probable purchaser at market. Painting the teats with collodion in order to close the ducts and prevent any leakage from pressure of the milk, or closing the splinters in similar fashion when natural weakness causes inability to retain the milk, are not unknown, and, sad to say, it is not the "low" dealer that is solely guilty of such practices.

Good Fence Wire Splice.

There are not many people who know how to make a good neat wire splice.



FRATILE HAY AND CORN.

As the result of some experiments in fattening cattle, it was shown that when prairie hay was fed with corn alone it gave small, unsatisfactory gains and very little profit.

Loco Weed.

It has been found by Government experts that the poisonous action of the loco weed is due to barium. Investiga-

tions have been in progress for the past few years to determine the cause of this condition of range stock, which has come to be known as "locoed." The reason the weed is so poisonous in some sections and not in others is that on some soils it contains no barium. The Bureau of Plant Industry, in a recent bulletin, says that it is possible to kill out the weeds if the pastures are fenced, as the weeds grow in patches. There is no feasible way of ridding ranges of the weeds, however.

It was found that locoed cattle can in most cases be cured by a course of treatment with strychnine, while locoed horses can generally be cured by a course of treatment with Fowler's solution. The animals under treatment must not be allowed to eat the loco weed and should be given only nutritious food, but as far as possible food with laxative properties. To this end magnesium sulphate was administered to correct the constipation, which is almost universal among locoed animals. It should be noted, too, that magnesium sulphate may serve to some extent as an antidote to the poison.

Renewing the Soil.

Sixteen years ago I purchased a farm of 100 acres that had been owned by a widow who rented fields to her neighbors on shares, and of course the tenants took their portion home and fed it on their farms and returned nothing to this farm," writes a correspondent.

"When I commenced to farm it, I found the clay land only produced ten to fifteen bushels of corn per acre, the black ground from thirty to forty bushels. The clover was so light on the clay land it did not pay to cut it. I put in a good many rods of tile ditch, fed all the grain except wheat that grew on the farm, saved all the manure and spread it on the poor spots and raised one crop of corn, one of wheat and one of clover in succession. I plow eight inches deep, but never plow or turn stock on ground when wet.

"Now the clay land will produce thirty to forty bushels and black land fifty to sixty bushels of corn per acre, wheat fifteen to twenty-five and clover so heavy that all had to be stirred before it would cure. I have never used a pound of commercial fertilizer. I expect to continue increasing the fertility of the farm by the same process."

Keeping Milk Sweet.

In some of the milk studies made at the New York Agricultural Experiment Station (Geneva), it was observed that carbonic acid gas in the milk tended to prevent its souring. This seemed worthy of further investigation and a series of tests was conducted in which the gas was combined with the milk under varying pressures, using the ordinary soda water charges and sealing the bottles to retain the gas and exclude the air. With the higher pressures of gas, souring of the milk was delayed indefinitely; as bottles charged under pressure of 175 pounds to the inch remained sweet for five months. The milk thus treated makes an agreeable drink, and it is believed that the process will be valuable for preserving milk for use on sea-going vessels, in hospitals, and elsewhere. Full details of the tests are given in Bulletin No. 252 of the station, which may be obtained on application.

Graft and Stock.

The question of the influence of the stock on the graft and vice versa has been much discussed. The experiments recorded by M. L. Gulgnard in the Comptes Rendus were made with a view of discovering whether there is any migration of chemical substances from the one to the other. Plants rich in compounds of hydrocyanic acid were chosen, as this is easy to detect. It was found that when a plant containing a hydrocyanic glucoside is grafted on one destitute of it, or inverted, there is no passage of this substance from the one to the other. The general conclusion seems to be that grafting is a sort of artificial symbiosis in which each species retains its individuality.

Too Much for Uncle Joe.

By the side of a certain Illinois suburban railway stands a fertilizer factory, which gives out a particularly offensive smell. A lady who frequently has occasion to travel on this line, always carries with her a bottle of lavender smelling salts. One morning Spenser Cannon took the seat beside her. As the train neared the factory, the lady opened her bottle of salts. Soon the car was filled with the horrible odor of the fertilizer. The speaker stood it as long as he could, then addressing himself to the lady, whom he saw holding the bottle to her nose, he said: "Madam, would you mind putting the cork in that bottle?"

If you have a secret to keep, lock it up and throw away the key.

You may be as good as pie—but lots of people don't like pie.

SOME FRENCH FADS.

Vanity Buttons—Natural Flower Boas—Embroidered Gloves.

A very new button being used on expensive new models of motor is large and round and its center is a tiny mirror rimmed with gold. The crown on which these buttons were seen was not for the stage, writes the Paris correspondent of Dry Goods, therefore we may possibly see them on the clothing of ultrafashionables before the season is very far advanced.

Roses of natural roses or orchids or any other flower of goodly size and general popularity are now a fad in Paris, and this is probably the embryo of what will later become a full fledged fashion in artificial flowers, helped out as a softener by crushed rosettes of intertwinings of malices of shades matching the blossoms.

Just now, to show the exclusiveness of the fad, the clever Parisian now and then absentmindedly (?) plucks a few petals from her boa, daintily inhales their fragrance or crushes them between her pearly teeth, and then, also absentmindedly, allows them to flutter to the ground. The mere millionaires who foot the floral bill seem pleased with this new way of spending their dollars.

And the non-millionaires? Well, they are "concentrating" on the hope that some less expensive way of preventing their lady loves with flowers will develop before the leaves begin to turn. As a fashion the rose or orchid boa, however, is exquisite.

The new gloves for evening in the high novelty class are of white beautifully embroidered in floral and classic designs in natural and oriental colorings in which here and there in some of the designs metal effects in tiny spangles of blue shining threads are introduced.

The glove kid glove is practically the only one in demand, and in good quality is really the most economical, though from the consumer's point of view the mocha with its lesser price is a temptation not easily resisted.

DR. D. D. THOMPSON.

Editor of Chicago Religious Paper Killed by an Automobile.

Dr. David D. Thompson, editor of the Northwestern Christian Advocate of Chicago, was run over by an auto-



DR. D. D. THOMPSON

mobile in St. Louis as he attempted to cross the street and died from the injuries.

Dr. Thompson was one of the leading religious paper editors in the country and was in St. Louis attending the conference of Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Missionary Board.

Dr. Thompson was born in Cincinnati fifty-six years ago. He was graduated from the Ohio Wesleyan University and the Northwestern University, receiving in 1903 the degree of LL. D. from McKendree College. He was editor of the Northwestern Christian Advocate for the past seven years.

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