

# Aunt Diana

The Sunshine  
of the Family

## CHAPTER IX.

Miss Carrington received a letter from Alison soon after this, the conclusion of which made her smile; but that was not Alison's fault. Roger had taken possession of the half-finished sheet of note paper and had filled it after his own fashion, adding a lengthy message from Radd, Alison protested in vain; the letter must go with Roger's appendix or else a day's post would be lost.

"We have good times now and then, and get up a laugh and astonish ourselves. One thing, I have enjoyed my breakfast for the last three weeks. No more lake warm coffee, poured out with an acidulated smile, we have the real thing in smiles now. There, I think I will inflict enough on you, so I will subscribe myself,

"Your affectionate and grateful nephew,  
"ROGER."

When Miss Carrington read this letter to Mr. Moore, on the old bench by the river, a pleased look came over the old man's face.

"I like that lad," he said, striking his ivory-headed stick into the ground. "I remember his voice pleased me when he was here some years ago; a good honest voice it was. Mark my words, Miss Diana, our little washbasin is fulfilling her mission."

"I think Roger is all the happier for having his sister," returned Miss Carrington, with a sigh.

"Oh," he said, turning his slight face toward her quickly. "You are missing the child, and so am I. Sunny is beyond our reach just now; one can not help wishing her back sometimes. For my part, I had no idea how sorely I should miss my little pupil."

"I always knew what her loss would be to me," returned Miss Carrington, with some emotion; "that is the worst of isolating one's affections. I have so few who are absolutely necessary to me; only you and Greville and Allie—three out of this world full of millions; it seems wrong somehow."

"The fewer to love—the fewer to leave," replied the old man, somewhat dreamily.

"Do you know," observed Miss Carrington, a little abruptly, "that Greville is very angry with me for sending Allie away?"

"Oh, he has written to you, has he?" with a half smile, for he had already received a stormy letter from his grandson on the same subject.

"Yes; he is as indignant as possible about the sacrifice, as he terms it. He calls me shabby for not letting him into the secret; he declares he shall go round by Chesterton on his way home and have it out with Alison; but I have put a stop to that."

"What! you deprived him and Sunny of that poor little pleasure? What a hard-hearted woman you are, Miss Diana! and yet you were young yourself once."

"My dear friend, it would not do at all," returned Miss Carrington, in her most resolute tone. "You spoil that boy so dreadfully that you give in to all his whims. You want me to keep you all in order."

"But where would be the harm?" persisted Mr. Moore, smiling. "Just a call and a chat; why, it would do Sunny good."

"No, no; it would only unsettle her. Greville shall go down to The Holmes and see her, but not just yet. Allie will get on better if we leave her entirely to herself the first few months. Why, unless things go very wrong, I do not intend to go down myself until next spring. But Greville, oh, no; I told him on no account to do it."

"And you expect him to obey you, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, he will obey me now. Later on, perhaps—but we shall see. I am sure it would be only cruel kindness for Greville to unsettle her. She frets enough after us, I am sure of that, and seeing him will only bring us more vividly before her. Besides, there are other reasons; but, my good old friend, you do not often distrust my wisdom."

"Nor do I now," he returned, slowly. "I was only putting myself in my boy's place, and thinking how he must long for a glimpse of Sunny. Have it your own way, Miss Diana; Greville is almost as much your boy as he is mine, and I know you would not cross him if you could help it."

"No, indeed," she replied, very gently; "I think you, and Greville, too, may trust me." And then the conversation dropped.

## CHAPTER X.

"Roger, does it not seem strange that Miss Hardwick never brings her sister to The Holmes?"

"Well, no, Allie. I am too profound a student of human nature to think anything strange. You women know how to tyrannize over one another. Revenge is sweet, even to the feminine mind. Poor Miss Anna is expiating the offense of having excited our commiseration. The fiat has gone forth—her days at The Holmes are numbered."

"I took rather a fancy to the poor little thing, and I hoped to have been of some use to her—she seems so utterly devoid of friends."

Alison and Roger were walking down a country road. The evening was sultry, and Roger had invited his sister to accompany him in one of their pleasant

strolls. There was a moment's silence after Roger's speech, and then he began again—but this time there was a glimmer of mischief in his eyes.

"Allie, what should you say if I should promise to bring you and Miss Anna together in less than half an hour?"

"I should say you were a magician," returned Alison.

"Nevertheless, the thing shall be done," was his oracular reply, and then he said quickly, "Look at the clouds, Allie; we shall have a thunder storm directly." Alison gave a startled glance at the sky; there was no mistaking the gathering blackness overhead.

"What shall we do?" she exclaimed, in a disconcerted voice. "I have my new hat on, and this nice clean cambric, and we have no umbrella, and there is not a house in sight."

"All right," was Roger's cheerful response; "things are just as they should be. Walk as fast as you can; in less than ten minutes we shall be at the gate of Maplewood. Could anything be more cleverly arranged? Of course we must take refuge from the impending storm. They will be compelled to house us for an hour at least."

"Oh, Roger, what a good idea," exclaimed Alison, laughing. "Please let us make haste, though, or we shall never reach Maplewood in time." And Alison quickened her walk into a run. But the heavy drops pelted on her before she took refuge in the portico.

Before Roger could lift his hand to the knocker, the door was flung open, and Anna stood on the threshold.

"I saw you both running down the road," she exclaimed, eagerly. "I knew you would take refuge here from the rain; there is going to be such a heavy storm and I was just beginning to feel frightened at the thought of being alone in it, but I don't mind a bit now."

"Do you mean that Mrs. Hardwick and your sister are out?" asked Roger, as he shook Alison's light mantle, which was already wet.

"Yes, they are out dining. There is to be a dance afterward, so they will be very late. Do you mind my taking you into the morning room? I have some work that I must finish, or Eva will be disappointed, but I can talk to you all the same. Oh, it is so nice to see you again," looking at Alison affectionately.

"Is it not nice to see me, too?" asked Roger, in a coaxing tone. "I don't think you ought to leave me out in the cold, Miss Anna."

Anna laughed and blushed at this, then she said, very prettily, in her childish way, "Oh, I am glad to see you, too, but I never thought of telling you so. Will you ring, Mr. Roger? and then Morton will bring us some tea. Please take that easy chair by the window, Miss Merle—that is Eva's favorite seat, because there is such a pretty view of the garden."

"No, indeed, I am going to help you," returned Alison, laying her hat aside, and pulling off her long gloves. "Oh, you poor child, what a task!" as she inspected Anna's work. She was trifling with an Indian muslin gown with coffee-colored lace.

"Yes, is it not pretty?" returned Anna, innocently. "Eva means to wear it at our garden party on Thursday. You and Mr. Roger are both coming, are you not?"

"We are not invited," returned Alison, a little gravely, as she took a thimble from her pocket, and helped herself unasked to a needle and thread. "I am going on with that blouse," she continued, quietly, "so you have nothing to do but to talk to me and Roger."

"Oh, how kind you are!" returned Anna, gratefully. "The thunder always makes my head ache a little, and I have been working all the afternoon, and it was so hot; indeed," interrupting herself, "Eva was writing out your notes of invitation to-day. I think she gave them to Mabel. I am sorry," flushing a little as she spoke, "that you should have them so late, but Eva is always so busy."

"So is some one else always busy," observed Roger, with a pitying glance at the girl's tired face. Both he and Alison thought she looked thinner and paler than when they saw her last; her blue eyes looked large and heavy, and the veins of the forehead were marked too clearly; her fair hair was strained from her face and coiled somewhat untidily, and her gray linen dress looked tumbled and far from fresh.

"I am afraid you will have to house us for a good hour or more," Roger observed, "for the weather means mischief, and in this climate it never rains but it pours, so while Allie does your work you may as well make yourself comfortable. I suppose you will not mind my going into the library for a book, for I am not much of a hand at talk? You may summon me when tea is ready." And Roger marched off, muttering to himself: "Two is company, three is none; she shall not be bothered with making company talk for me, poor little girl!"

"How good he is!" whispered Anna, almost before the door had closed behind him; "he thinks I want to talk to you alone, and so I do. Oh, how quickly you work! your needle seems to fly. My head was aching so with stooping over the muslin that I could hardly see, but when I told Eva so she said I was always full of fancies, and that I was so dreadfully idle. But I don't think I really am idle, do you?"

"No, indeed," returned Alison, with something of Aunt Diana's abruptness; "I am sure you have been working too hard, you look so thin and unsubstancial. Tell me, Anna, why have you never come to see me again, as you promised?"

"Eva does not want me to come; at least, I think so; she always raises difficulties when I ask to accompany her; and—and—her eyes filling with tears—she was so angry that afternoon when you and Mr. Roger were so kind to me; she said I was so forward that people could not help noticing me, and that she was sure Mr. Roger thought so."

"Never mind, Anna dear—may I call

you Anna? and please remember I am only a girl myself, and my name is Alison, and not Miss Merle. Never mind, what your sister says is not true; people often say things when they are put out which they do not really mean. No one could think you forward; I am sure Roger would laugh at such an idea if I were to tell him."

"You must not do that," returned Anna, quietly; "he would be so angry with Eva; they are not good friends, you know. Oh, how glad I am to tell you this; it takes quite a load off my mind. I was afraid you would think me so ungrateful for pressing me so kindly to come; you might have thought I did not care—I cooled about it so often."

"You must never do that again," replied Alison, quite pained at this; "if you do not come to The Holmes I shall quite understand where the fault lies; we will not make things worse by fretting over them. We must try and be patient for a little—things may be better by and by."

The girls continued to chat until the tea came in and it was time to summon Roger. He was not sorry to be called. The library was rather a gloomy apartment this evening, as it looked on the darkest part of the shrubbery, the evergreens coming far too close to the windows. But, as no one sat in the room, this was not considered a grievance. He thought the morning room looked snug and cozy when he went back to it. The muslin dress still reposed on the center table, but a smaller one was placed in the bay window, round which the three young people were gathered.

Anna quite forgot her headache and fear of the thunder as she performed her simple duties of hostess. She looked so pleased when Roger told her that he had never tasted better tea, that he laughingly accused her of never having entertained company before. To his surprise she answered him quite seriously, "Oh, no; I never had a tea party before. How nice it is! Eva has her friends sometimes, but I do not seem to know any girls."

"Or young men," put in Roger mischievously. He seemed bent on teasing her to-night.

"Well, there is Cousin Anthony, you know," she replied in her usual naive fashion; "he is a young man, of course; but I don't think he would like to come to my tea parties. Eva always says that I am such a child that people don't care to talk to me. I am afraid I am not very clever."

"I am glad of that," returned Roger, promptly. "I detest people who think themselves clever. You are quite clever enough for Alison and me. By the by, Miss Anna, how do you get on with your Latin?"

"Oh, pretty well," she answered, with one of her varying blushes, which made her almost pretty. "I have so little time and you have not given me a lesson for so long, Mr. Roger."

"The rain is over now," observed Alison, in a regretful voice, "and it is growing so dark, Roger, we ought not to stay any longer."

"Never mind, I shall see you on Thursday," replied Anna. "I am looking forward to the day so much. I have a new dress, too," she continued, as Roger left the room to find Alison's mantle; "it is not so pretty as Eva's dress—such a beautiful muslin; mine is only cream-colored cloth."

"I am sure you will look very nice, and I shall bring you some flowers," returned Alison, kindly, with a vivid recollection how well Anna had looked with the knot of roses fastened in her gray dress.

Then they joined Roger in the hall.

"Well, Allie," he observed, as they walked briskly down the wet road, "have you had a nice time with your new friend?"

"Yes, indeed, Roger. I am so thankful for the rain. I am getting quite fond of Anna. There is so much goodness under that shy, childish manner."

"I know you would appreciate her," he returned, heartily. "Poor little girl! One is glad to do anything to help her. There is not much a fellow like me can do, except say a kind word when people snub her, or leave her to sit alone in the corners. That is almost all I have done."

"But you teach her Latin, Roger?"

"Nonsense!" was the hasty reply. "A pretty sort of teaching. The poor little thing once confided to me her difficulties, and so whenever an opportunity came I gave her a quarter of an hour's construing. She used to come rather often to The Holmes once upon a time. Well, I shall leave her in your hands now, Allie. A girl friend of her own age will be far better for her."

"I am sure you have been good to her, Roger, or she would not be so grateful to you." But as Roger only said "Nonsense" rather impatiently, Alison, with her usual tact, changed the subject.

(To be continued.)

## Horse with a Speaking Tube.

Perhaps the only horse in the world provided with a "speaking" tube direct from its stall to its owner's living apartments is Birthday, a hunter, owned by Mrs. Walter Wadham-Petre, of London. Hearing it neigh at night, she concluded to have an arrangement constructed so that she could speak to it from her rooms. "Now," said she to a visitor recently, lifting up a trapdoor six inches square, which was hidden beneath a Turkish rug, "when I say, 'Hello, boy' you will hear Birthday respond with a cheerful whinney." According to a writer in a London paper, no sooner had Mrs. Wadham-Petre spoken than the horse set up a series of whinneys.

A good game cock has no white in its plumage, and hence the synonym for cowardice—"to show the white feather."

## CONCRETE ON THE FARM

Usefulness Has Wide Range and Is as Durable as Stone.

By Andrew P. Anderson, Instructor in Civil Engineering, U. S. Assistant Engineer, Office of Ex. Engrs., Washington State College.

Concrete, while a comparatively new material, has fully demonstrated its usefulness in a wide and varied field. In durability for most purposes it stands on a par with the best and hardest stone, while for cheapness it surpasses almost any other form of construction approaching it in permanency.

The great railroads and other large construction companies have come to fully understand its value, and are adopting concrete construction to a surprising extent.

The farmer in general has, however, as yet failed to avail himself of the advantages which concrete offers. There are a great many constructions about the farm for which concrete is especially fitted, and where experience has demonstrated its superiority above anything else when both cheapness and permanency are considered. For foundations for farm buildings, barn and cellar floors, walks, drain tiles, watering troughs, fence posts and even silos, the use of concrete is no longer an experiment, but a demonstrated success.

One of the chief reasons why concrete should be more generally adopted on the farm is the ease with which it can be handled and placed by the farmer himself without the need of skilled and high priced labor. Any farmer who is handy with a saw and a hand ax can make the forms required for most of the constructions on the farm, while mixing and placing of the concrete can also be done by the farmer himself or by the hired man. Slack times of the year can thus be utilized for improvements instead of being lost as formerly.

After the general lines of construction are determined upon, the first step is to prepare the form. The purpose of the form is to hold the wet, slushy concrete in place until it hardens or "sets."

In other words, the form is the mold into which the wet concrete is tamped and allowed to harden. The inside of the form therefore must have exactly the shape and dimensions desired of the finished product. For ground floors and walks no forms are required, only such as will keep the concrete from spreading beyond the limits.

For walks and foundations above the ground, the form required is a smooth tight board frame on each side of the desired wall. This board frame or form must be tight enough to keep the wet, semi-fluid concrete from leaking out, and strong enough to prevent spreading while the concrete is being tamped. The forms may be built to their full height at once, or a few boards added at the time as the work of placing the concrete progresses. Usually it is a good policy to spend extra time and care on the forms. A good form insures a neat, clean looking wall, providing a spade is used freely along the boards so as to work the larger stones back from the surface and leave a smooth compact face.

If a particularly smooth job is desired, the forms should be made of dressed lumber and fitted very closely. Shiplap is very good for forms of this class. If one inch lumber is used for the forms, the studding must not exceed two feet apart, nor five feet if two inch lumber is used. If the wall is to be more than four or five feet in height it is well to set the studs to prevent their spreading. When the forms are removed, the wires can be cut with a pair of nippers so close to the wall as to never show.

For ordinary walls of low height and not immediately subject to heavy loading, the forms may be safely removed in from two to three days. In very dry weather the concrete should be sprinkled often enough to keep it moist for at least a week after placing. A light covering of straw, earth or old burlap will help to retain the moisture and retard evaporation from the concrete.

Too much emphasis cannot be laid on the need of care in selecting the material and properly mixing the concrete. The cement should be a standard brand which has demonstrated its value through years of use, which reliable tests show to be perfectly sound, and should be free from lumps.

The sand should be fairly coarse, reasonably clean and entirely free from vegetable matter. The gravel should be clean, free from vegetable material and for most farm uses the larger pebbles should not exceed one and a half inches in diameter. Or, in absence of suitable gravel, broken stone of a similar size may be used.

The proportions most generally adapted for farm purposes are mixtures of one part cement, two parts sand and three parts gravel, called 1-2-3 mixture; or one part cement, two and a half parts sand and five parts gravel, called a 1-2½-5 mixture; and one part cement, three parts sand and a parts gravel, or a 1-3-6 mixture.

For floors, thin walls, or where water tightness is required, or parts requiring great strength, a 1-2-3 or a 1-2-4 mixture is preferable. For parts requiring bulk rather than strength, a 1-3-6 mixture may be employed, or in some cases even a 1-4-8 mixture. If the gravel contains much sand, the amount of sand should be reduced, the

firm always being to add just a little more sand than necessary to fill the voids in the gravel and then adding to the mixture of sand and gravel enough cement to a little more than fill the voids in the entire mixture.

The mixing platform should be 10 or 12 feet wide, and may be made from one or two inch boards 10 to 12 feet long and may be laid directly on the ground, which has been previously leveled. A few axes may be driven on each side to keep the boards in place.

For proportioning the concrete it is usually accurate enough to assume that a sack of cement holds one cubic foot. Thus in making a 1-2-3 mixture, two cubic feet of sand and three cubic feet of gravel, or, for four sacks of cement we would use eight cubic feet of sand and twelve cubic feet of gravel.

If the contents of the wheelbarrow use is known, this can be used to measure the proportions. If not, a good plan is to make a box 2 to 3 feet square and 12 inches deep, but without top or bottom. This can then be placed on the platform and sand or gravel in the proper amount can be placed in it. Simply lifting the box away will leave the sand or gravel on the platform ready for mixing.

In mixing the sand should first be spread on the platform to a depth of three to five inches. Empty the desired number of sacks of cement on top of the sand and turn dry with a shovel until thoroughly mixed when the whole mass will have a uniform color. The required amount of gravel should now be added on top of the sand and cement, the whole turned over once a day, and the turning continued until the whole mass is thoroughly mixed, and of a rather shiny nature. The amount of water needed will depend largely on the nature and dryness of the sand and gravel and can best be determined by adding the water with a bucket rather slowly to the first batch until the proper consistency has been attained.

For most farm work a fairly wet mixture, one in which the water will flush to the surface quite readily on tamping, is preferred.

For making fence posts, drain tile, etc., where specified forms are used, a drier mixture is to be preferred. In general it may be said that the dryer the mixture the more ramming or tamping is required. But in no case should the tamping be neglected. Enough ramming should always be done to insure that the mass is as dense as it is possible to make it.

## Suggestions for Commission.

At a meeting of the agricultural faculty of the Oregon Agricultural College on November 30, the request of President Roosevelt's Country Life Commission for suggestions that might aid the commission in making its report was discussed and the following statement prepared:

If federal appropriations are to be made for improving social and economic conditions in rural communities, it is recommended first, that they be made to existing high schools and normal schools for the purpose of maintaining courses of instruction in agricultural, industrial and domestic arts, and including business methods and home sanitation, so that all public school teachers may have the training necessary for teaching these subjects in the public schools.

Second, that in order to secure the full efficiency of the agricultural colleges and experiment stations, the national government should co-operate with the states in agricultural extension work, this work to be under the direct supervision of the agricultural colleges. With an adequate appropriation a comprehensive system of traveling agricultural schools, farmers' institutes and free circulating libraries could be maintained, and publications issued for free distribution so that all important discoveries of the experiment stations could be given to every farmer of every state.

## Black Spots or Pork.

During the butchering season of the year the experiment station frequently receives specimens of pork that present an unmarketable appearance. The rind or skin taken from the abdominal region and inside of the legs, is found to be dotted with black wart-like growths of various sizes ranging from that of a pin-head to a hazelnut. Many of these spots in the early stages contain a small amount of pus, and by careful examination a small mite will be found buried deeply in the skin.

The mite causing these pustules and subsequent black spots is known as Demodex folliculorum var. suis, a very large name for such a small mite that may be seen only by the aid of a magnifying glass.

Just when the mite attacks the hog is not well known, and as it burrows deeply into the skin, treatment or the use of insecticides is of little value; besides there is no indication of its presence until the time of butchering, when the damage is already done.

These blackened spots, although unsightly, do not injure the meat for food, and they may be completely removed with the skin. E. F. Pernot, Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis.

Q. Does the United States produce any tin ore?

A. The United States production of tin is insignificant. Alaska and North and South Carolina are practically the only producers and the entire tonnage from these sources usually reaches a total of from 100 to 150 tons per annum.—F. S. Thomson, Washington State College, Pullman.



## Equipment Salad.

Cut the eggplant in quarter inch slices, pare, sprinkle with salt and pepper and saute them quickly in hot butter. Drain on cheesecloth when cold cut them in dice, sprinkle on them some melted watercress and cover with a cream salad dressing, made by stirring three teaspoonfuls of grated horseradish, three tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, one-half teaspoonful of salt and a dash of paprika into one cupful of thick whipped cream.

## Escalloped Squash.

Cut the squash in small pieces and boil until tender, but not soft enough to mash. Butter a baking dish and cover the bottom with a layer of squash, over which sprinkle a little salt, a little sugar and a few bits of butter. Keep doing this until the dish is full. On top in addition to the seasoning, add a little grated onion. Pour in about two-thirds of a cupful of milk and bake in a moderate oven. Serve hot.

## Stuffed Peas.

This autumn delicacy is delicious and is made by taking Broad peas, cutting off the tops and removing part of the cores. Steam the fruit until tender in a steamer and dip in sugar syrup on the point of crystallization. Fill the centers with marshmallow frosting in which are mixed equal parts of chopped dates and candied cherries. Top with whipped cream and serve with angel cake.

## Cheese Omelet.

Beat six eggs light without separating yolks and whites and stir into them half a cup of milk, a full teaspoonful of salt and a pinch of pepper, then two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese. Have your omelet pan ready with melted butter, turn in the mixture and cook as you would any other omelet.

## Hotatin Pie.

Put over the fire in a saucepan a cup of water, a cup of seeded raisins, a cup of sugar and a pinch of grated nutmeg. Thicken this mixture after boiling for a few minutes with a little cornstarch or flour, and bake with a top-crust, cutting slits in this to let out the steam.

## Beef and Carrots.

Take one pound of round of beef and chop coarsely. Chop three carrots fine and cook with the meat in water just to cover until done. Season this with salt, pepper, butter and an onion grated. Thicken with a tablespoonful of flour, rubbed smooth with cold milk.

## Peach Sherbet.

Boil together for twenty minutes one quart of water and a pound of granulated sugar. Cool, add a scant pint of peach pulp, a teaspoonful of gelatin, softened in cold water, then dissolve over the tea kettle, and the juice of two oranges and one lemon. Freeze.

## Simple Way to Beat Eggs.

The beating of eggs to a froth, often a tiring task, will be made easier if, before breaking the eggs into the basin, the latter is rinsed in cold water. Add to the eggs a pinch of salt, stand in a good current of air while beating them, and they will soon froth.

## Steamed Custard.

Beat four eggs with four tablespoonfuls of sugar; add one pint of cold milk and one teaspoonful of vanilla extract. Pour into a buttered mold, cover with buttered paper and steam very gently for one hour. Turn out carefully and serve hot or cold.

## Mollusks Not Tasty.

Boil a quart of mollusks until a little dropped in hot water is brittle, add a tablespoonful of baking soda and stir in as many broken English walnuts or hickory nuts as desired. Pour into a greased tin and when cold break into pieces.

## Care in Cleaning Poultry.

If while cleaning poultry the gall is broken, an unpleasant taste is given to the meat. This taste can be removed by soaking the meat for half an hour in cold water, to which a tablespoonful of baking soda has been added.

## Pork Pancake.

Cut sweet salt pork into small pieces, fry a little and stir into a good griddle-cake butter. Put into a bread pan and bake to a nice brown. A little sugar is an improvement. Pancakes are good made with apples instead of pork.

## Apple Snow Cake Filling.

Grate one large, peeled apple, add a cup of powdered sugar, the beaten whites of two eggs and beat for as long as you can to make it very light. Twenty minutes is not too long. Spread on cake layers.

## Baked Cheese Omelet.

Prepare as for other omelet, but turn into a well-greased bakishah or custard cups, half filling these, and then set in a pan of hot water and bake, covered, until firm.