

# Aunt Diana

The Sunshine  
of the Family

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"You can not comfort me," returned the unhappy girl. "What is the pain of my broken arm and my bruises compared to what I shall feel if he dies, and I am not able even to tell him that I am sorry for my deceit and disobedience? and I would not say so, because he was angry. Oh, papa, papa, and I loved you so!"

And the poor child hid her face on Alison's shoulder. It seemed a relief to her to pour out her feelings. He had been so angry, and she would not own herself in the wrong, and then the horrible accident had happened, and she thought at first her father was killed. "When they said he was alive, and they must bring him home, and see what could be done, I thought I would not add to the trouble, and so I managed to hide my broken arm."

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

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

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

"My dear," he said, taking her hand, for he had known her from an infant, "this is a sad business, but, thank God, things are not so bad as they seemed at first. Your father must have received a blow; he was stunned, but consciousness has returned, and he has spoken. What we fear now is something different. He seems unable to move; but this may be due to the shock and temporary exhaustion. There are symptoms that make us hopeful that the full extent of mischief may not be realized. We shall know more in

a few days; but he will require the greatest care. To-morrow I shall send in a nurse from the infirmary. Do you think you and your brother can manage to-night?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Oh, Roger, how terrible!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

"How is your sister?" he whispered.

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

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

## CHAPTER XVI.

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

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

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

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

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

"You are a good girl, Alison; your mother always said so, and if I am spared—" He sighed heavily, and turned his face away; and Alison, remembering the doctor's injunction, dared not say

any more, lest it should increase his agitation; she only took his hand and softly laid her cheek against it, as though she would show by this action a child's love and devotion. Her touch seemed to quiet him, and by and by he dozed a little.

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

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

Her hands were soon full of business. Dr. Greenwood came early, bringing the new nurse with him, and Alison had to make arrangements for the stranger's comfort. She seemed a pleasant, capable woman, with a neat figure, and a bright face that prepossessed Alison in her favor. She took possession at once of her patient, after a feeble protest on his part that he objected to nurses, but after the first few minutes he ceased to grumble. Dr. Greenwood soon convinced him that Roger was too young for such a responsibility; besides, the chief care of her sister must devolve on her.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Never mind all that now, dear."

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

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

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

"Hush, dear; what nonsense!"

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

(To be continued.)

**The Natural Inference.**

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

"Yes, my child."

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

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

**The Next Question.**

"The impudent thing wanted me to marry him."

"When is the wedding going to be?"

—Nashville American.

**Bright Thought.**

Judge—Why did you steal the books?

Shifty Shank—I wanted ter start a school.

## THE WONDER OF MOTHER LOVE.



"A Mother" can at no time recall any other than Your Mother, whose love, if she is still spared to you, is greater than any you could find should you seek the wide world over; whose love, if the Almighty in His wisdom has called her from you, you will never find in another or know again. No matter how you have fared with the world; whether you have succeeded or failed and been pushed aside in the great strife; whether, through mistake of yours, fellow men have turned against you—there is always mother. And if she be gone, there is no truer mother.

No matter where her boy or girl have been, though an ocean lay between, hers has been a constant vigil in thought and prayer by day and by night, ending only at the sound of the footstep coming along the walk, when restlessness is hers, like the watchman feels as he douses his lantern at the breaking of the day. Her nights and her days are measured as her boys and girls come home.

You left the old home for the city to make your fortune and name, and while you feel that there weren't the possibilities back in the country, you would give all you ever dreamed of possessing in the way of money or name if you could just have that old coal fire in your room in the city.

But it isn't the coal fire so much as the fact that it is Mother's coal fire. How you can eat when you are in your old place at the table and mother is there, too, in her old place. And sleep, tucked in the same old bed—she remembers the one you used to sleep in, and you are going to be tucked in, too. Just as you used to be, notwithstanding what the boys in the city or the girls at school would think of it.

All honor to the man and woman who understand and who will never cease to understand the mother's love, to cherish it and to live in respect of it. If she lives out in the country, do you make it a point to get home occasionally, or at least write?

While you live and she lives and the old home stands and there is money in the purse, you are never without a home; never without money, and never without, best of all, a mother's love. God-bless every one of them.—Detroit Times.

## Science AND INVENTION

Ireland devoted nearly one-fourth less land to flax raising this year than in 1907.

The largest wooden building in the world is the Parliament building at Wellington, New Zealand.

Some of Norway's glaciers are so rapid in their movement that they advance twelve meters a year.

A Russian woman has invented a rudderless dirigible airship which experts declare is practicable.

Except for a small area in Missouri and Kansas there are no hardwood trees west of the Mississippi.

Columbia university, New York, hereafter will give degrees for students who complete a course in aeronautics.

German steel works are beginning to use electric furnaces on an extensive scale for handling large quantities of metal.

Pencil drawings may be rendered permanent by brushing them with a mixture of equal parts of skimmed milk and water.

Close observations by scientists for a number of years have proven that some of the Alpine glaciers are receding instead of advancing.

The Journal of the New York Zoological Society gives a census of the American bison, according to which, in place of all the hundreds of thousands of those animals which formerly roved the plains, only 2,047 were known to be in existence on Jan. 1, 1908. Of these, 909 were in captivity in the

United States and forty-one in Canada. Since that date the Pablo herd has been sold to Canada.

The instrument used by Mons. Tels screw de Bort for collecting specimens of air at high altitudes with the aid of sounding balloon consists of a very perfect vacuum-tube with a finely drawn-out end. Either the rise of the mercury in a barometer corresponding with a previously determined altitude or the clockwork of the meteorograph forms an electric contact, causing a little hammer to fall and break the end of the tube. Air then rushes in, where upon another electric contact, brought about by the same means, allows the current of a small accumulator to heat the platinum wire wound round the capillary tube to a red heat. This fuses the glass and again closes the end of the vacuum-tube, thus entrapping the air.

Those who are curious in such matters may be interested in testing the correctness of the conclusions of Dr. Schaecker of Munich, concerning the distance at which people can be recognized by their faces and figures. If you have good eyes, he says, you cannot recognize a person whom you have seen but once before at a greater distance than 25 meters (82 feet). If the person is well known to you, you may recognize him at from 50 to 100 meters, and if it is a member of your family, even at 150 meters. The white of the eyes may be seen at from 27 to 28 meters, and the eyes themselves at 72 to 73 meters. The different parts of the body and the slightest movements are distinguishable at 91 meters. The limbs show at 182 meters. At 540 meters a moving man appears only as in indefinite form, and at 720 meters—2,361.6 feet—the movements of the body are no longer visible.

## SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY

Love-making on postal cards is in violation of the postal regulations of Russia.

New York City has more automobiles run at the public expense than any other two cities in the world.

M. Paris, a young scientist of the Pasteur Institute, claims to have discovered the secret how to make supplies.

In an English village an official notice reads as follows: "The public are warned against using the well for domestic purposes unless previous notice."

J. Pierpont Morgan belongs to thirty-five clubs, and his membership dues figure over \$7,000 annually. August Belmont is a member of thirty-four and Chauncey M. Depew belongs to thirty-two.

A company has been organized in Georgia with a capital of \$3,000,000, for the purpose of developing Swannanoa Falls to furnish electricity for the operation of electric railroads to be constructed in Southern Georgia and Florida.

The ideal meal consists of bread, butter and cheese, according to Dr. J. E. Spiro, who delivered a lecture to the British National Health Society. "The foods," he said, "contain all the elements necessary for the proper working of the body, and thus form a complete meal."

While there is an abundance of suitable lumber in Brazil, it is difficult to find many districts where the trees suitable for lumber are close enough together for profitable work. Transportation causes much difficulty, often making it impossible to transport logs to a mill or lumber to a market.

Lincoln's ancestry has been traced to Samuel Lincoln, who lived at Norwich, England. Emigrating to America, he settled at Hingham, Mass., in 1633. Some of his descendants, who were Quakers, settled in Rockingham county, Va. The president's grandfather removed to Kentucky. Thomas Lincoln, the president's father, was a carpenter.

A Zurich newspaper published the following advertisement in English: "Residing board house among a charming set of mountains. Very becoming for families or singular individuals. Shadowed glades and amiable places for resting for guests of the cure. All facilities for mountaineering expeditions. Excellent kitchen, with lager beer running from the tap."

The Rev. Dr. John H. DeForest, a veteran Congregational missionary, at Sendai, Japan, has been decorated by the imperial government with the Order of the Rising Sun, the distinction having been conferred in recognition of his services in dispelling anti-Japanese misconceptions among Americans. Dr. DeForest has been doing mission work in Japan for thirty-five years.

Vermont was selling not long ago in Vermont for 8 cents cheaper than good beef, for the slaughter of deer was unprecedented this year. The usual bag for the state is about seven hundred and fifty, but careful estimates indicate that upward of two thousand deer have been killed. As the meat cannot be taken out of the state except by a hunter from out of the state who has paid a \$5 license fee, most of it remained to afford cheap living while it lasted.

Paris is at present interested in the maharajah of Kapurthala, who is there with his wife, whom he first met in Madrid as a dancing girl. Anita Delgado was graceful and beautiful, and the maharajah lost no time in winning her regard. He took her to Paris to be trained for the position she was to occupy and she developed into a handsome woman of dignity and presence. Later he carried her to his home in India and last winter married her with Oriental ceremony.

In a letter to the Boston Transcript favoring humane education in the public schools, a correspondent says: "In one public school in London, England, where, in the course of twenty years, 7,000 children were given a thorough humane education (during this period, which would make many of these boys men of twenty-five and thirty-five), not one of them was ever arrested for a criminal offense, demonstrating the value of humane education to prevent crime, as well as cruelty."

Mme. Johanna Gadske has brought to this country a fad that has become quite the rage in Germany, where it was introduced by no less a personage than the crown princess herself. It is a new form of visiting card, containing not only an elaborately engraved border, but a silhouette of the person it represents. The custom calls for a design appropriate to the holder's station. Thus, in Mme. Gadske's case the prima donna's head is framed in a border of laurel, while a lyre forms the base of the design. The card is not only unique, but exceedingly pretty and effective.