

# Aunt Diana

The Sunshine  
of the Family

## CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

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

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

He spoke in a low tone that Roger could not hear.

The quick, sensitive color rushed into Alison's face; there was such implied reproach in Greville's voice. Had he really been hurt?

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

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

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

"That is true, but—"

"Please don't talk of last summer," she interrupted him; "it makes me sad only to think about it." And he could see there were tears in her eyes as she spoke. "I made myself so miserable over it; I could not bear leaving Aunt Diana, and I missed every one so."

"Miss Alison, please do not look sad over it," said Greville, earnestly. "What a clumsy fellow I am! I have alienated the nestful of twittering young larks"—referring to Roger's speech. "Come, I know you will forgive me, and look chirpy again, when I tell you I have passed muster and come off with flying colors."

"Oh, I am so glad!" exclaimed Alison, her smiles returning again. "Then you must have worked hard. How pleased Mr. Moore must be!"

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

"Oh, no," replied Alison, blushing; "it was your own good sense."

"I shall go in for 'Greats' next year, so I shall have to grind pretty hard. I am to have a coach down here this summer. Cheryle, of Halliell, is at The Grays with his people, and he is a rare fellow for that. I have to work all my mornings," he continued, rather dolorously, "but I shall have my afternoons and evenings free. Miss Alison, you are not listening to me."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Now, Alie, go to your old room and get rid of the dust, while I show Roger upstairs," observed Aunt Diana, in a brisk voice. "You will find me in the studio when you are ready."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Her old room! Alison gave a happy little sigh as she trod on the threshold. What a green little bower it looked, and, oh, the roses!—roses in the quaint old china bowls that Aunt Diana so much affected; roses in the slender Venetian glasses on the mantelpiece and toilet table; roses clustering into the window and pressing their pink faces against the swinging lattice; and on the window sill, dropped by some thoughtful hand, a glorious Gloire de Dijon, with a background of maidenhair fern, such as Alison loved to wear in her white gown. She stood for a moment looking out

thoughtfully. The long shady lawns of Moss-side and Fernleigh lay beneath her, and through the fresh foliage of the willows and acacias was the silvery gleam of the lovely river. Something in the Sabbathlike stillness, in the beauty of the scene, in the peaceful satisfaction of her heart, moved Alison to kneel down among the roses, and breathe a brief thanksgiving for the duties she had been strengthened to perform, for the fatherly goodness that brought her back to the home of her adoption, and for the human love that was but a dim reflection of the Divine.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"And how does the book go on?"

"Very well, I believe; he manages to write without difficulty with the help of a sloping board."

"That was Roger's clever contrivance," interrupted Alison.

"Aunt Diana does not want to know that; you have broken the thread of my discourse. Father does seem happier lying there with all his books round him than he did at the mill."

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

"Admirably; he is a very steady fellow."

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

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

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

This time Alison answered.

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

"And how does my little friend Anna get on with her stepfather?"

"He is very kind to her, Aunt Di. Roger is rather pleased with him on the whole."

"Dr. Forbes is one of those men whose bark is worse than their bite," observed Roger; "he rather prides himself on being a bear, but I think Miss Anna has proved there is a soft spot in his heart."

"I am glad to hear this. Then the poor little girl is happy on the whole?"

"I don't think Anna is to be pitied, Aunt Di," returned Alison, in rather a peculiar tone; "she looks extremely happy." And something in Alison's manner made Miss Carrington change the subject; it certainly did not appear to interest Roger, for he seemed absorbed in his strawberries all at once, and his criticism on Dr. Forbes was given in rather a constrained voice.

"Miss Leigh tells me that Missie is wonderfully improved since her illness," observed Aunt Diana, after a pause, which no one seemed anxious to break.

"Indeed she is," returned Alison, with quick enthusiasm. "I have never seen any one so changed; she is so much quieter in dress and manners, and so much more tolerant of Rudel. Poppie likes to be with her now, and Miss Leigh can not say enough in her praise. It is easy to see how she tries to break herself of her faults, and it is so much harder for her than for us, as she has not naturally a good temper."

"Neither had I, Alie. Many a girl has a more fight to go through life as well as Missie; it is so easy to contract bad habits, and so difficult to subdue them. I believe nothing but grace can enable one to overcome a really bad temper."

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

## CHAPTER XXIV.

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

Directly it was over, Greville took her and Roger to see his grandfather.

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

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

"Dear Mr. Moore, I am so glad to see you again—"

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

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

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

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

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

(To be continued.)

### A Lawyer's Somersault.

Speaking of somersaults, the anecdote which Lord Eldon related of the eminent English lawyer, John Dunning, afterward Lord Ashburton, will bear repeating. "I had," says Lord Eldon, "very early after I was called to the bar a brief as junior to Mr. Dunning. He began the argument and appeared to me to be reasoning very powerfully against our client. Waiting till I was quite convinced that he had mistaken for what party he was retained, I then touched his arm, and upon his turning his head toward me I whispered to him that he must have misunderstood by whom he was employed, as he was reasoning against our client."

"He gave me a very rough and rude reprimand for not having sooner set him right and then proceeded to state that what he had addressed to the court was all that could be stated against his client, and that he had put the case as unfavorably as it were possible in order that the court might see how very satisfactorily the case against him could be answered, and accordingly very powerfully answered what he had before stated."

### Paradoxical.

"You seem overheated, my lad," said the gentleman behind the scenes in the melodrama theater.

"Yes, boss," responded the youngster, as he mopped the perspiration from his brow, "I have de hottest part in de show."

"Indeed! And what is the part?"

"Why, I have to get 'way up in de flies an' tear up paper for de snow-storm in de blizzard scene."

### Jenious of Jack.

Dick—Did you enjoy yourself down at the masque ball last night?

Edna—Indeed, I did. And coming home through the chilly night Jack Frost kissed my cheeks.

Dick—Lucky Jack! The next time I am going disguised as Jack Frost myself!

# PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

## CHILD LIFE SHOULD BE BEAUTIFUL.

By Sir Oliver Lodge.



The ultimate object of religious training must be to encourage such ideas and habits as shall result in a happy childhood and a sound and useful life.

The first real gods of a child are his parents, however ungodlike they may be. And hence arises that feeling of security and nervousness of protection and law which is one of the luxuries of childhood, and, I may add, one of the responsibilities of parenthood. That nation or colony which could insure that its children should spend their short and vital early years among healthy, happy surroundings suited to their time of life and state of development, and leading to a good, robust, serviceable manhood and womanhood—that nation would in a few generations stand out from amongst the rest of the world as something almost superhuman.

From my experience of the innate goodness of unspoiled humanity I have an idea that if children could be planted amidst favorable surroundings they would nearly all flourish and grow beautiful as plants do under right conditions.

No fraction of the world or of the individual can be thoroughly healthy and happy while any member of it is degraded and wretched.

## BLUFF AND NOISE MODERN WEAPONS.

By G. K. Chesterton.



On most political platforms, in most newspapers and magazines, I observe that there are at present only two ideas, either to avoid controversy or to conduct it by mere bluff and noise. Evasion and violence are the only expedients. A man must be deaf to his opponents' arguments; he may be deaf and silent, and this is called dignity; or he may be deaf and noisy, and this is called "slashing journalism." But both these things are equally remote from the fighting spirit, which involves an interest in the enemy's movements in order to parry or to pierce them.

It is part of that unchivalrous and even unilitary idea of bullying, of using bombastic errors in order to avoid a conflict which is at this moment the highest target of the tall hypocrites of Europe. Europe is full of the idea of bluff, the idea of cowering the human spirit with a painted panorama of physical force. We see it in the huge armaments which we dare to accumulate, but should hardly dare to use.

I do not like hovering and lingering threats of armaments nor do I like hovering and lingering threats of riot. If people want to have a revolution let them have it and let it have the advantage of a revolution, that of being drastic and decisive. But a mere parade of pos-

## SONG OF THE BY-AND-BY.

It seems so far to the happy day  
When the clouds will leave the sky.  
But 'tis sweet to hear, when the world  
Is gray,  
The song of the By-and-By!

The hills and rills—they are shining  
Bright,  
And our cares like phantoms fly;  
An echo sweet in the lonesome night  
Is the song of the By-and-By!

It seems so far to the happy day,  
But its rest they'll not deny;  
We hear what the angels sing and say  
In the song of the By-and-By!  
—Frank L. Stanton.

## Clarence and the Code

Clarence had looked forward to the two weeks of holiday time through all the school months. But when Christmas had come, his brother, who was the messenger for the firm of Walwick & Waldon, suddenly became ill. "He'll be on his feet in a week," the doctor said, but in the meantime the poor lad was worrying about his place in the office.

"Can't I take your place?" asked Clarence.

Thus it was arranged and for the two days before New Year's Clarence ran errands and did everything that was asked of him. Just as the office was being closed the night before New Year's, Mr. Walwick called him and said that he expected to come down town the next morning although the office would be closed, and he wished Clarence to be sure and get the mail and place it on his desk and wait for him.

It was quite early when Clarence found his way inside the silent building. He had brought his skates with him, as there was to be a hockey game later, and there was to be the family dinner and the usual good time on New Year's afternoon. He carefully put the mail on Mr. Walwick's desk and sat down to wait. The janitor came and swept, but Mr. Walwick did not come. There was still plenty of time before the game, but the clock hands were slowly turning. Finally he picked up a magazine and turned over

sible war seems merely a perpetual anarchy. Revolution creates government, but anarchy only creates more anarchy.

## SOCIETY MAKES "PROFESSION" OF CRIME.

By H. J. B. Montgomery.



Many penologists assert that the professional criminal is a man whom it is hopeless to reform. They say that he finds in crime not only a livelihood, but exhilaration, sport, fascination. He is a beast of prey, who must be not only muzzled but caged in the interests of society. I have no hesitation in stating as the result of my experience that the assumption which underlies the arguments of the penologists is not only not correct, but is absolutely fallacious. The criminal who finds a fascination in crime has no existence save in the imagination of the penologist. The professional criminal has been made such by society. He is a prison product in the first instance, and when he is released from prison society gives him clearly to understand that his place for the future is with his own class—the criminal class.

Out of the light of my own experience I declare that men, even criminals, are not so hopeless, so callous, so incorrigible, so devoid of human feelings as the penologists would have us suppose. In every human being there are principles of good and evil, and possibilities of either being evolved. The easiest way, I suggest, to abolish the professional criminal is to cease manufacturing him.

## HIGHEST FUNCTION OF THE CHURCH.

By Rev. A. H. Stephens.



The church must ever be the handmaid of law enforcement and stand aggressively for the suppression of vice and public immorality. The highest function of the church is to serve the community in which it is located, in its civic, social and religious life. It should feel its responsibility to present a higher type of life than is found elsewhere, less influenced by human prejudice and human passion, freer from compromising entanglements and questionable alliances, exhibiting the purest form of social circumspection and political and commercial probity.

The community has a right to expect something better from the church than it finds in itself—higher ideals and more unselfish endeavor at their realization. In these respects the church owes it to the community that it shall not be disappointed, but that it shall experience the thrill, if not the surprise, of entire fulfillment. The church must seek the co-operation and allegiance of the contiguous populations, not for its own good, but for the good of those sought, ever teaching the lesson by example that it is more noble to serve than to be served.

magazines. There it was, The Albers. Like a flash he ran downstairs and jumped on a street car.

In about twenty minutes he reached the hotel, and as he stepped in the door he saw Mr. Walwick just entering the dining room. He rushed up to him and Mr. Walwick looked at him in surprise and then remembered his face.

"Yes, what is it?"

"It's a message telephoned in, sir, and he gave over the slip of paper."

Mr. Walwick looked it over and quickly took a look out of his pocket, went to the hotel office and wrote a half a dozen telegrams.

"That was a close shave," he said half aloud, and then noticed Clarence at his side.

"How under the sun did you happen to be at the office?"

"You told me to wait, sir, until you came."

Then he told the whole story, and when he had finished the head of the great firm of Walwick & Waldon took the messenger boy by the hand just as if he had been a grown man and said:

"My lad, you've saved us a great deal of money, and now I think that I would better take you home in my automobile just as fast as I can. Your mother will be worrying about you."

When they were seated in the big machine and were wrapped in by the heavy robes, Mr. Walwick suddenly asked what the boy had thought by the peculiar message.

"I thought it was very funny, but how could it be dated January 2, when this is New Year's?"

"You will have to ask your school teacher to explain why, but you see the earth turns round the sun and it is the day after New Year's in India now. Each of the queer words in the message means a whole sentence when you look them up in a little book I carry. We call it a code."

When they came to Clarence's house, Mr. Walwick went into the warm parlor and told the story to his mother. Then he took a piece of paper and wrote something on it. "What do you think that means?" he said.

"Waw heart wire Clarence Young desk apple."

"I might tell you, sir, if I had the code," said Clarence.

"Well, here is the code book. You and your mother can look it up."

And this was what they read by looking up the words:

"Walwick & Waldon hereby promise to give Clarence Young the best education possible at their expense." The Housekeeper.



HELLO! HE SHOUTED.

one. Take down this cablegram and rush it through to Mr. Walwick.

"Calcutta, India, Jan. 2.

"Spice sugar Hardy new candle.

"Spiegel, Hocker & Sons."

"There, have you got that? All right. Repeat it. All right. Good-by."

Clarence rubbed his eyes. There was the message written out, but what a message! It did not mean anything and it was dated a day ahead. He remembered hearing that Mr. Walwick lived in some hotel. He had seen the name some place. Oh, yes, it was on the