

Aunt Diana

The Sunshine
of the Family

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"That is right," observed Miss Carrington, stroking the brown head that laid itself in child fashion on her lap. "Alison was so very tired there was no other abandonment in her attitude, and yet she was so happy, too."

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

"Aunt Di, do you mean that you have flown to us—only telegraph wires could have done it," laughing incredulously. "You may be sure that I should have flown to you if I had the power," returned Miss Carrington, seriously. "Allie, I was not in Switzerland, as you thought. I was recalled suddenly, a fortnight ago by Mr. Moore's sudden illness. Greville telegraphed for me, and I came home at once."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"And you, Aunt Di?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Don't make me vain, Roger."

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

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

"This is kind, Diana. I said the silence was not like you; my poor girl here has been fretting herself about it; but of course you never got the letters." "No, indeed; Alison will tell you about it presently. It is too late for me to prolong my visit now. Invalids should be quiet at this hour. You see I understand all about it, Ainslie; but I am grieved to the heart to see you like this."

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

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

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

CHAPTER XX.

Missie received the news of Aunt Diana's arrival with an exclamation of dismay, and a hot flush came to her face.

"Oh, Alison, it will be dreadful to see her! I always was afraid of her, you know; she is one of those painfully good people who make one feel small and timid. Please don't let her come in to-night." And Missie sat bolt upright in a panic.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(To be continued.)

As Things Are.

It was evening in the great west. The golden sun had gone down over the cornfields and all was silent.

"Maria, what did you do with that Rubens that came today?"

"I hung it up in the art gallery next to the Rembrandt."

"That's right, how about that new balloon we ordered?"

"We got a wireless from the factory today, saying that it wouldn't be ready until next week."

"Um! That will give one of them chauffeurs of ours an excuse to be late. Couldn't get any of them chaps to help with the hay. How is the new French car acting?"

"Fine, but I had to telephone for a new set of tires."

"Did that consignment of government bonds come?"

"Yes."

"And how about that first folio edition of Shakespeare?"

"That's here."

And then the Kansas farmer, removing his evening clothes and putting on his overalls, went out on the estate and looked up for the night—Thomas L. Masson in Success Magazine.

A Question of Honor.

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

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

Quite Out of Place.

Timid—That boss of yours is so pompous he always makes me feel ill at ease.

Clark—Strange; I felt out of place when he was talking to me to-day.

Timid—That so?

Clark—Yes; he was telling me I needn't come back after Saturday.

Her Hero.

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

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



"Types" of Femininity.

Charles R. Barrett, an educator known throughout the Middle West, classifies American women into "types," desirable and undesirable. He says:

"The type of American woman most in the public eye is artificial, insincere, extravagant and selfish. She is an unsolvable proposition. She will tyrannize her husband and love a dog."

"This type demands consideration on the ground of sex only. She has received such attention by reason of sex that she is spoiled, overqueened. She does not recognize merit or worth as qualifications necessary to herself. She is nervous and proud of it. She lacks repose and poise, having much the disposition of a spoiled child. Incapable of gratifying her ambitions alone, she is dependent on the intellectual or financial worth of father or husband to get a place in society. She likes a palatial home, but lacks appreciation of how she gets it or who maintains it. She seeks recognition and admiration solely from the rating of worldly possessions and the influence she commands through the position of father or husband."

"There is also the 'fine and dandy' type—the victims of faddism, the imitators of the rich and fashionable, the frivolous, the butterfly, the giddy, the gossip, the self-deceived type, possessing possibly the intellectual coloring of a seminary; the undisciplined, the unambitious, the unstationed type that needs to be moored to some of the responsibilities and substantialities of life."

"These types do not represent the womanhood and motherhood of our country. The one that does represent it is sensible, sincere, economical and charitable, and has little regard for the extravagance and artificiality of her sex."

Blue Corded Silk.



A stunning visiting gown of Copenhagen blue corded silk with empire skirt and short-waisted blouse. On the latter there is a plastron-effect of silk beautifully embroidered in silver thread. A bow of black satin caught with a buckle of brilliants furnishes an attractive finish. Worn with this costume is a striking hat of black satin and plumes.

Women's Deterioration.

"Women should not copy men in dress, manner or ideas, but should be like the women of colonial days, who could sew, cook and care for the home, and who had an abiding faith in their husbands," declared Rev. William Hayes Leavell, D. D., president of Westminster College, Fulton, Mo., in his address at the recent banquet of the Society of Colonial Wives, held in St. Louis.

"Few women of to-day," he said, "would leave their homes, their friends and all the attractions of life to follow their husbands into a foreign land as did the women of colonial days. Modern influences have had a deteriorating effect on women; they have destroyed much of the attractiveness of women."

"The home is the place for women unless it is absolutely necessary for them to leave it. I do not believe any woman should enter the field of business and take a man's place unless conditions require that she should do so. I am not a believer in woman's rights as woman's rights are known to-day."

Rules for Sick Room.

Every woman ought to acquaint herself with the generalities to be observed in caring for the sick. Do not sit on the edge of the bed, sway back

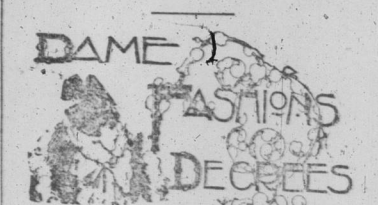
and forth in a rocking chair, or rattle the leaves of a book or newspaper. These things are often annoying to a well person.

Never speak to the patient of his symptoms; neither go to the opposite extreme and appear disinterested. A person ill appreciates and craves sympathy.

Cultivate a light touch, a low tone of voice, and a light step, but do not go about stealthily on tiptoe or whisper. The patient's curiosity is sure to be aroused and he becomes restless.

See that the hinges of the doors are well oiled. Open and shut them noiselessly, but not slowly.

Do not attempt to do the patient a good turn by reading aloud to him until he is well along on the road to recovery. The exertion of listening is wearing when one is weak.



Muffs are gigantic in size and in cost.

Cloth-top boots again are to be in vogue.

Paris declares that all hats must be dark.

Squirrel pelts are in great demand for linings.

Startling effects in millinery are now discouraged.

Many skirts are unlined, and cling as never before.

Directoire hat scarfs come in colors to match any hat.

New veils are so long as to be almost cumbersome.

Touches of color smarten many costumes of neutral tint.

Net and lace are the most used waist materials of the season.

Two faced cloths are much in vogue for long automobile coats.

Louis XVI. designs are most popular among collure ornaments.

The Russian-Cossack cap is one of the leading turban shapes.

New turbans are roomy, coming down on the head to the ears.

Boots with uppers in harmony with the costume are much affected.

The directoire glove is laced up the sides instead of being buttoned.

One of the newest fancies is for stiff linen collars, trimmed with color.

Many new dancing frocks are made of tulle, embroidered with beadwork.

The simulated button hole, elaborately worked, is seen on every variety of gown.

Net waists, lined with China silk, have tucked fronts and backs and long sleeves.

The most fashionable coats are almost perfectly straight from shoulder to hem.

The extremes in hat, muff, and collure sizes were never more pronounced.

For the first season in many years all white is overshadowed by colors, even for dancing frocks.

A favorite hat will be the merry widow, reduced in size, but with increased ornamentation.

Table Appointments.

Fruit trays are made with very high handles.

Some are incased in fine wicker.

Bonbon dishes are made in novel styles.

Shallow silver dishes are used to hold olives, pickles, and cheese.

Miniature forks are used for numerous purposes.

They are graceful and dainty.

The straw for drinking soft drinks is now made of silver and found on all modern tables.

There are wine coolers of silver and porcelain.

Fine platters hold egg cups.

Pierced silver trays are used for various purposes.

Quaint milk jugs have a pitcher to match.



A great many of the tailor-mades of the day are being made with two skirts, one short and the other long. For the woman who makes one or two suits do duty throughout the season, it is an economy. Some of the coats that go

with short cloth suits are so elaborate with braid that they deserve more than a showing at places where walking skirts are permissible. Given a modish long skirt and the coat may literally go to mill and to meeting most acceptably.

Select geranium red cashmere and make the skirt with inverted plaits, but press the plaits from waist to hem to give a straight effect. Have the plaits broad, slightly broader at the hem. Make the waist with a rounded yoke, small tucks on each shoulder, splice the material from the yoke to the bottom of the dress waist and turn under the edges to make elongated V-shaped openings. Run the allover net through these openings—there should be three, a broad one in the center and one at each side—then lace them across with narrow red silk soutache and tie at the top with small bows, having tassels ends. Lace the sleeves from the shoulder to the wrist, and have narrow strips of lace beneath. Narrow ruffles of tulle at the top of the collar and wrists will be needed.

Carrot Oil for Burns.

Burns and scalds are more likely to happen in the kitchen than in other parts of the house, so it is well to provide for the special use of the domestic a bottle of carrot oil—a mixture of equal parts of linseed oil and lime water—and also a supply of soft linen rag or lint for their special use in case of emergencies. A clean, air-tight tin should be used for storing the bandages, so that they may not get soiled. The carrot oil relieves the pain of burns and scalds at once. The lint should be soaked in it and laid on the wound, to exclude the air, that healing may begin as soon as possible.

Boiling 200 Eggs at Once.

If one would be familiar with all the latest electrical novelties, he must make a tour of the kitchen of a big Atlantic City. The automatic egg-boilers, like those on the Lusitania and Mauretania, are able to cook 200 eggs at once, a clock arrangement causing the basket, containing the eggs to hop out of the water at any half minute up to six minutes. Another novelty is a self-dumping oyster cooker for stews. At the expiration of a given time the cooker pours its contents into a soup plate and automatically shuts off the electricity.

Fur on Neckwear.



It is quite the fashion to put fur on some of the smart pieces of neckwear that are worn with elaborate gowns. The sketch shows one of the best models. The collar band is of Irish lace, with frills of old pink chiffon at top and bottom. The long, full jabot is of the pink, and is edged like the stock, with narrow black fur. There are loops of pink satin ribbon down the center, held in place with an abbing gilt buckle.

Hints for Short Necks.

Surely every article in the realm of fashion may be so modified that it will be becoming to almost every woman. For instance, the lovely neck ruffs, that were the despair of the short-necked woman, are now fashioned in a way that she may not only wear one, but find that it suits her. In the front from ear to ear the ruff is quite plain and flat, a fold of ribbon or a strip of fur, perhaps, while the back portion is augmented by the conventional ruffling or frilling, a bow in the back being the finish.

Low Sewing Chair.

A woman who sews a great deal of the time has found that her back does not become so tired if her chair is low, or if she has a stool upon which to rest her feet. It is surprising what a difference the comfortable position makes and how much more work she can do.

Should the arms become weary, she puts a cushion in her lap. On this she rests her elbows, changing the position of her sewing, thus giving both arms and eyes a chance to recover.

Lost Seven Million Children.

The birth rate in the United States in the days of its Anglo-Saxon youth was one of the highest in the world. In the course of a century the proportion of our entire population consisting of children under the age of 10 has fallen from one-third to one-quarter. This for the whole United States is equivalent to the loss of about 7,000,000 children.



Chili Con Carne.

Cut a round steak into inch pieces and put it into the frying pan with a tablespoonful of hot drippings, a cup of boiling water and two tablespoonfuls of rice. Cover closely and cook steadily until the meat is tender. Remove the seeds and a part of the rind from two large dried red peppers, cover these with water, add garlic and thyme to taste, simmer until soft, then squeeze all the water from the peppers and throw them away. Season the water with onion juice and pepper, add to the cooked meat-and-rice mixture, boil up and serve. If not thick enough add a little flour.

Scottish Shortbread.

Cream one cup of butter and then beat in one-half cup of sugar, using a light brown soft sugar, for granulated or white sugar will not make this cake or bread as it should be. Work in flour in which is mixed a level teaspoon of cinnamon, until a dough is made that can be flattened out. Cut the edges with a pastry jagger to leave a crimped edge.

Cheese Cake.

Cream well together a pound each of fresh butter and of granulated sugar, beat into it the yolks of six eggs, whipped light, and put over the fire in a perfectly clean pan. Stir constantly until smooth and thick, add a grated nutmeg and set aside to cool. When cold pour into small pans lined with light pastry and bake until the crust and filling are brown.

Onions in Cream.

Remove the brown skins from the onions and soak in cold water for ten minutes. Drain, cover with boiling salted water and boil until very tender. If the onions are strong-chance the water once while cooking. When done drain thoroughly, add enough thin cream to moisten well and season with butter, salt if necessary and pepper. Heat but do not boil.

Corn Fritters.

Drain the liquor from a can of corn and turn out the contents for several hours before using. Chop the corn fine. Make a batter of a cupful of milk, one beaten egg, salt to taste