

Aunt Diana

The Sunshine
of the Family

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

"Oh, Mabel, my poor dear!" and Allison 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, Allison, where are you going? You shall not disturb them. What does it matter? If only— But here her fast whitening lips refused to utter her fear.

"Let me go, darling," returned Allison, 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 Allison'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 Allison entered she opened them full on her sister, and the blank miserable look in them convinced Allison 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 Allison, 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 Allison'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 that 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 Allison with horror.

It was a painful ordeal for Allison, 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 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. Allison 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 Allison, 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, Allison 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 Allison, 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 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, Allie," said Roger, taking her arm. "Dr. Greenwood will stay with father until we come back." And he led her away.

Allison 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, Allie, 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."

Allison 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 me," 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 were 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, Allie, if you have finished, we will go upstairs. By the way, where is Miss Leigh?"

"Oh, I ought to have gone to her," exclaimed Allison. "How dreadful for her to lie 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, Allison?" 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 Allison 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 doing her, but she is not asleep."

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

CHAPTER XVI.

The dreary night watching was a new experience in Allison'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. Allison 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. Allison 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, that your lips quivering a little, that you may soon be better."

"You are a good girl, Allison; your mother always said so, and if I am spared—" He sighed heavily, and turned his face away; and Allison, 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.

Allison felt weak and jaded; 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, Allie." And Allison found the benefit of his prescription.

Her hands were soon full of business. Dr. Greenwood came early, bringing the new nurse with him, and Allison 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 Allison in her fa-

vor. 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 busy.

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

"Indeed, dearest, there is no need for you to speak so," Allison 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 Allison, 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. Allison had parted the soft fringe, and the soft curly curls 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 Allison stood looking at her, Missie raised her uninjured arm with a sudden movement toward Allison, and in another moment the sisters were clasping each other close.

"Oh, my poor dear, my poor dear!" whispered Allison, in the softest, most pitying voice. Missie kissed her hastily, and then seemed as though she would push her away, only Allison 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, Allison! 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 strength is 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 Allison, 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 Randal 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.)

HER FACE WAS NOT FAIR.

But There Was One to Whom She Would Always Be Beautiful.

The blind boy raised a rapt face to the light.

"And my mother?" he said questioningly. "Tell me how she looks again. I shall soon be able to see, and I know I shall find one more beautiful than all the rest; and cry: 'Mother, mother! Why do you not speak?'"

His sensitive face was turned reproachfully toward his father. "You have always told me how lovely she is. She is little—not taller than my shoulder—I know that."

The old man laid his arm over the lad's shoulders.

"You must know now what your blindness would have kept you from knowing," he said. "Your mother is not fair and beautiful in face, but her soul is what God made for a mother. When you can see, look for the face which holds the greatest love. You will not be mistaken. It will be your mother's."

The great surgeon looked for a moment or two into the sightless eyes and then turned and laid his hand on the father's trembling arm.

"Only God can make him see, my friend," he said kindly. "Your boy was born blind, and human skill can not help him."

The blind boy was the first to speak, and he laid his arm around the suddenly aged form of his father.

"Come," he said, "let us go back to mother. She will always be beautiful to me now," and they turned and gave place to the others.

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.

MAID AND MATRON

The Sensitive Woman.

Woman's whole character is formed by the endurance of necessary evils, says a clever woman writer in Black and White. The little girl's wishes and predilections are set aside from earliest youth in favor of her brother's. It is he who decides the games, who makes her field, or bowl, or run; who, if they play horses, drives the team; who has most money, most presents, most audacity and most liberty. When they grow older, it is he who has the best masters, the finest education, for whom all is done, on whom the family pride and triumph center, and who scolds his sister for a milkmaid if she cries when he pinches her. The mother sets aside her happiness for her children; it is she who wheedles the paterfamilias out of the necessary money for boots and socks, hats and ribbons, who dresses the girls at the cost of her own toilette, and saves up her pin money to increase the sailor boy's allowance. If she is sensitive she conceals the fact, imposes violence on her nerves and bears as

scientific turn of mind interesting themselves in work of this kind. But for the presence of his wife Dr. Seligman would have been unable to secure many of the facts which he has accumulated. The Veddas, who live in caves, are extremely averse to having white men visit their families, but Mrs. Seligman was warmly welcomed among them, and among other things she collected records of the songs of the women and girls. They took the greatest delight in the phonograph, and hearing their songs and lullabies repeated by the instrument.

Banish the Feather Bed.

Do you still sleep on feather beds? You do, because mother gave them to you for a part of your wedding "set-out." Discard them. They are not sanitary, because they allow the body to sink down so deep that the air can not circulate about it, and that is not for good health. The bed should be set out a little from the walls, so there will be a free circulation of air all

NEW IDEAS FOR WALKING SUITS.



best she can the noise and uproar that must never disturb father.

The uneducated woman has often the quickest perception, the finest tact, the most vivid sensibility; she will feel, without speaking, she understands your inmost thoughts, she is in rapport with you spiritually, she knows without being told. The supremely human woman, she who is most alive, most herself, is also the most sensitive. Who does not know at least one sweet soul to whom everybody turns when in difficulty, who receives the love confidences of the boy, the whispered worries of the woman, the diplomatic, political and social annoyances of the man, women who are accused of petticoat government, but to whose exquisite tact and unselfish sensitiveness and delicacy are due the reunion of families, the binding-up of broken hearts, the forgiveness of sins and the bright hopes of joy hereafter?

Thoughts.

It is very important to cultivate businesslike habits. An eminent friend of mine assured me not long ago that when he thought over the many cases he had known of men, even of good ability and high character, who had been unsuccessful in life, by far the most frequent cause of failure was that they were dilatory, unpunctual, unable to work cordially with others, obstinate in small things, and, in fact, what we call unbusinesslike.—Lord Avebury.

Women in Ethnology.

The recent investigations of Dr. C. G. Seligman among the Veddas of Ceylon, and the great importance of the aid which Dr. Seligman's wife was able to give him, led Mr. A. C. Haddon to point out the desirability of women of a

and plainer, with button trimming much in evidence.

Opossum fur is the latest cry in Paris for coat collars, cuffs, revers, linings and waistscoats.

The automobile is responsible for the array of long coats with which furriers are provided.

A feature of empire and directoire evening gowns is a fringe placed exactly on the edge of the hem.

A new combination is brown and gray, but these must have something in common and must not clash.

In slippers the tendency is toward lower cuts and trimmings of ruffles and cut steel or rhinestone buckles.

One of the prettiest novelties in shirt waists is an almost infinitesimal Valenciennes insertion in the yokes.

Though directoire styles still govern, they are much softened and toned down by strong forecasts of the early empire.

The long musquetaire and leg-mutton sleeves are the most important characteristics of the newest fashion in shirt waists.

Dressy black coats come in directoire lines fashioned of ottoman silk, satin, velvet, with large revers and rich braidings.

If you are in doubt about what kind of a waist to get to go with a good-looking coat and skirt, you cannot go

FIGHTING TUBERCULOSIS.

The Modern Fresh-Air Pavilion and What It Accomplishes.

It may be said that to-day the curative treatment of tuberculosis finds itself little departed from the principles of Hippocrates, who 400 years before Christ advised patients to "go into the hills and drink goats' milk." Modern methods with tuberculosis are still largely advisory and are regulated by the four essentials: Air, food, rest, control, says the American Review of Reviews. And, although this regimen is filled out by certain measures tending to alleviate and aid, without those four essentials the physician of to-day is able to do little. The International congress on tuberculosis, which meets at Washington this fall, will have nothing beyond to offer. The single specific for tuberculosis is yet to be found.

Of course, "new cures" are evolved constantly. We have had the "vegetable-juice" cure, the "stuffing" treatment and various "inhalations." But one and all prove, upon real trial, to be either worthless or else of only superficial value.

However, it must not be conjectured that the curative treatment of tuberculosis has not advanced. The principles are as ever, but they are being more thoroughly applied and their effectiveness furthered. An unrelenting study is being made for a better understanding and appreciation of the fresh air and proper food, the rest, the careful supervision.

Fresh air maintains its position as first among the requirements in the treatment of tuberculosis. That the fresh air may be unimpeded and absolutely incapable of contamination the outdoor pavilion is assuming the perfect type. The tent is jostling ground, not even the most radical styles can be fully ventilated at all hours of all seasons with the precision of the modern constructed pavilion. The tent is hotter than the pavilion, colder than the pavilion and damper than the pavilion. The pavilion is also being accorded precedence over the cottage plan.

STORIES OF STATESMEN.

"Uncle Joe" Cannon was discussing jealously our society leader's claim that too many statesmen appear to

rely on their un-
consciousness—on the
absence of socks,
etc., for their
fame.

"I would point out," said he, "that neither Cæsar nor Alexander wore socks, and if I attacked New York society as frankly as this person has attacked public life, I might—but, after all, perfect frankness is invariably a bad thing. You have heard, perhaps, of the young man who admitted perfect frankness? Calling on a pretty girl, he said:

"If there is one thing that I reverence in this world, perfect frankness is that thing."

"Yes?" said the girl. "Then I'll at once grasp the opportunity to urge you to shave off your mustache before you eat another soft-boiled egg."

Senator Tillman, discussing international marriages the other day, said pertinently:

"What are we coming to? A friend of mine, an ardent foe to monarchies, roared out in a speech last week:

"Down trodden as they are abroad, I still fail to understand how they can endure to be taxed to support idle, extravagant and dissolute royal families."

"Then my friend wiped his heated brow, and hurrying home, sent in a \$10,000 in order to help the president of the Dash Railroad purchase a titled son-in-law."

Woman Students in Alsace.

A telegram from Strassburg states that the government of Alsace-Lorraine has laid before the authorities of Strassburg University a scheme for admitting women to study there. This scheme was discussed by the senate of the university and was accepted in principle.

It is therefore probable that women will be admitted to matriculate at the beginning of the winter session.—Berliner Anzeiger.

As Yale Sees It.

"Tanks—It must be great to be a Harvard man."

Styne—Why so?

"The streets up there are so crooked that people can't tell whether you're walking straight or not."—Yale Record.

Driven to Drink.

Artist—My next picture at the academy will be entitled "Driven to Drink." His friend—Ah, some powerful portrayal of baffled passion, I suppose?

Artist—Oh, no; it's a horse approaching a water trough!

A Surprise.

When a woman calls her husband up by telephone without his knowing who she is, she is always surprised to see how politely he addresses her at first. —Somerville Journal.