

Aunt Diana

The Sunshine of the Family

QUIET, natural home story, this, but full of character, and interest for those who delight in domestic details of life.

There are conflicts in most lives—real hand-to-hand combats, that have to be fought, not with any fleshly weapons, but with the inner forces of the being.

Such a conflict had come to Alison Merle, breaking up the surface of her smooth outer life, and revealing possible storms and quicksands, in which many of her bright hopes might be wrecked.

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hundred little push. "I must finish this branch if I am to enjoy my night's rest, but I can listen to any amount of lectured words," with a suggestive glance at Alison's hand.

"Oh, Aunt Di, how do you find out things so?" stammered Alison; then, as though used to obedience, she moved to the chair that was always reserved for Miss Carrington's visitors, whom she was wont to entertain after a fashion of her own.

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Inspection would have pointed out certain bachelor arrangements—some costly Turkish pipes; a pair of pistols, splendidly mounted; some silver cups and tankards, with various inscriptions on them, all engraved with the name of Gerald Moore, and purporting to be certain prizes in the half-mile race, the high jump, throwing the cricket ball and other feats of prowess, performed by some youthful athlete.

An elderly man, with a long white beard and mustache, in a black velvet coat, sat with his back to the light, playing the violin. His face, seen in repose, was clear and handsome, in spite of the deep lines that time and perhaps many cares had traced upon it; but his eyes were cast down, as though in deep meditation, an habitual action, for Mr. Moore had been blind half his life.

He was playing from memory an exquisite fugue from Bach. The thin, somewhat wrinkled hand handled the bow with a precision, a delicacy, a masterly knowledge, that seemed surprising in his situation. Apparently he was lost himself in enjoyment of the sweet sounds that he had conjured up in his darkness, for a smile played round his lips as the harmony widened and vibrated, and his foot softly moved as though in unison. In a moment the fugue was ended and the bow lowered.

"Is that you, Sunny? Little witch, why have you stolen a march on the blind man? Of course, you have flown through the window." "Aunt Diana set me the example," returned Alison, demurely. "How do you do again, Mr. Moore?"

"Oh, nicely, nicely; time always passes quickly with me in my own special world. Have you given your aunt her favorite chair? How does the picture progress, Miss Diana? Sunny tells me it is one of your best."

"I would you have me praise my own work?" returned Miss Carrington, brightly. "I must leave you to Alison's criticism. I hope to do something good before I die, and if I do not succeed, well, my life will have been happier for the trying."

"(To be continued.)"

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Sermons of the Week

God broadens life for us only so fast as we intensify it. What men deserve they sooner or later get.—Rev. Charles E. St. John, Unitarian, Philadelphia.

A clean heart and right life will make the homeliest face beautiful.—Rev. P. W. Snyder, Presbyterian, Pittsburg.

In the midst of our national dishonour in business and the immorality and vice in our social world, what are we doing to keep the children in the right path?—Rev. Joseph H. McMahon, Roman Catholic, New York City.

What value has Mammon placed on human life? What cares the brewer or saloon-keeper how many young and hopeful lives are blasted and sacrificed at the altar of greed and gain? Who are the victims of intemperance? The young, the beautiful, the hopeful. Every drunkard was once an innocent child.—Rev. George A. House, Baptist, West Orange, N. J.

This is an age of great schemes, of great ambition. But what have we to do for Christ? What have we done? We are content to go on the same old way, unquitted to the lines. We want to appeal to the young men. We want to appeal to a higher class and in a higher way. We want preachers of the highest type spiritual and prophetic.—Rev. Charles F. Aked, Baptist, New York City.

OLD-TIME REFRIGERATORS. Spring Houses of the Ozarks and Their Many Uses.

"You do not need to go far out of St. Louis to find the old-time spring house," said a gentleman connected with one of the western railroads to a St. Louis Globe-Democrat writer.

The prime requisite of a farm in the early days was water, and nobody would buy a section of land anywhere in the Ozark region unless it was provided with a spring. The house was usually located as near the spring as convenience suggested and then after the house was secured the next step was to build a spring house. The walls were made from two to four feet thick of any rough stone that happened to be handy. The door was of heavy oak boards and fastened with a stout padlock.

"Rats and mice were almost unknown about the spring house, but small snakes and half-grown frogs were numerous, and when the country could not find an unusual specimen in the jar of milk she was handling she was not at all surprised or frightened either when a water snake slipped out of the jar and disappeared. Nor was the family alarmed when the head of a frog appeared in the milk pail at breakfast. The pitcher was promptly emptied into the pig's trough and the frog, if not drowned by the pigs, made a low hop for the spring branch. Nobody was blamed, for every one knew that the covers of the jars did not fit and that frogs and snakes were to be expected in a spring house.

HIGHEST PEAK IN CANADA.

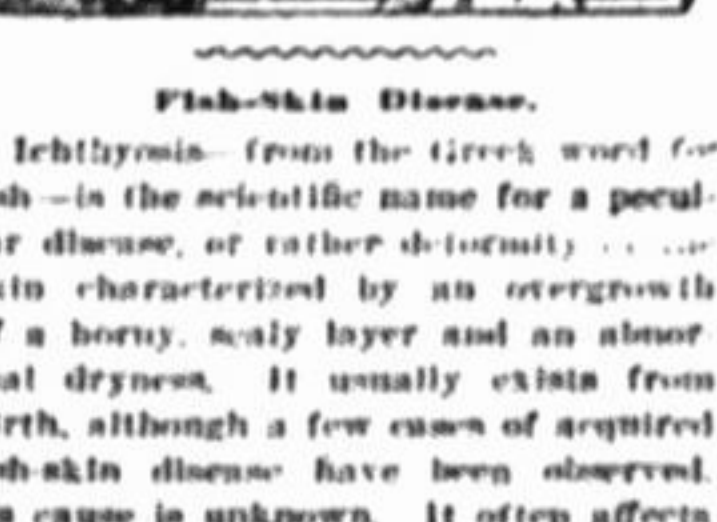
Two Men Will Try to Surmount the Snows of Mount Robson. Two trained mountaineers of Canada, Dr. Coleman, the geologist of Toronto University, and Mr. Kinney of Victoria, B. C., will attempt to reach the top of Mount Robson this summer, says the New York Sun. It is a virgin peak. Mr. Kinney went to the mountain last year only to meet rain below and snow above in such quantities that he could not make the climb.

Mount Robson is one of the most inaccessible summits in North America. It stands a little west of the divide between waters going to the Arctic ocean and others flowing to the Pacific. So far as is known it is the highest point in Canada. Its height was ascertained by the Canadian Geological Survey only about ten years ago. It is 13,700 feet above the sea and rises 10,750 feet above the neighboring valley, but somehow it never impressed those who saw it with its tremendous elevation, nearly two miles above their standpoint.

It is in the center of scenery of remarkable grandeur. James McKay of the Canadian geological survey explored this region in 1888 and said that the descriptions of Milton and Chiodo, written in 1865, had in no respect been overdrawn.

This is of interest to all tourists in America because this magnificent mountain region, now very hard to reach and impossible for the ordinary traveler to traverse, will before long be open to all. The route of the Grand Trunk Pacific, which is now being extended westward from Edmonton, will be carried through the Yellow Head Pass and in the stretch where it will skirt the northern bank of the upper Fraser the trains will pass only a few miles south of the great mountain.

Mount Robson will be a hard proposition for the average mountaineer, and its ascent will doubtless be left to experts, for it has a slope of 60 degrees practically from base to summit. It is glacier clad, very rugged, and its apex of ice, glittering in the morning sun, two miles in the air, is said to be one of the finest sights that mountains any where afford.



THE FAMILY DOCTOR. Fish-Skin Disease.

Erbrythema, from the Greek word for fish—is the scientific name for a peculiar disease, or rather distortion of the skin characterized by an overgrowth of a horny, scaly layer and an abnormal dryness. It usually exists from birth, although a few cases of acquired fish-skin disease have been observed. Its cause is unknown. It often affects several members of the same family, and in many cases is evidently hereditary.

Although existing from birth, it may not be very marked in the infant, but may be little more than a roughness and unusual dryness and dryness of the skin. It increases gradually, becoming very apparent by the third or fourth year, for six or eight years past, and then its progress stops and it remains practically unchanged for life, although a slight improvement is sometimes noticed as the child approaches manhood or womanhood.

It varies with the seasons, being better in the summer—and better the hotter and moister the air is—and worse again in winter. The skin is also liable to inflammation in cold weather and chaps easily, giving rise to painful cracks over the knuckles and at the tips of the fingers. The nails are rough and often break and split, and the hair is also dry and frayed at the ends.

There are all degrees of the disease, from a simple dry roughness and scabiness, to a condition in which the surface is covered with thick plates resembling the scales of a crocodile. In almost all cases there are more or less definite markings, especially over the extensor surfaces of the joints, resembling fish scales or a serpent's skin. The disease may occur in patches or in curved bands of varying width, with healthy or nearly healthy skin between, but most commonly it involves the entire surface, being least marked where the skin is naturally thin.

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