

Aunt Diana

The Sunshine of the Family

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

"Mabel, my poor dear," said Allison, kneeling 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—"

"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 could 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 she would 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 she came to her. "His consciousness is returning; we shall know more to-morrow. It is not the head, as we feared," he said, gravely. "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.

"You must try and eat, little, 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 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 unharmed, 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 seem to talk of it, and hardly to think of it. Now, Alice, 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 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. I will just speak to her."

"Is that you, Allison?" asked the governess, in a feeble voice, as the girl came near 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 are asked after her! She is lying quite quietly; the sedative is lulling her, but she is asleep."

"Poor child!" was all his reply, and then he closed his eyes again, but as Allison withdrew into the shadow of the curtain tears 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, as "so might they Heavenly Father have pity on them."

"I 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 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. And 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," tugging restlessly away and then uttering a jolting groan. "Oh, this pain! 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!"

"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," returned 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 I feel 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.)

CITY FAILURES ON FARMS.

It is asserted Newcomers expect too much from Nature. "More city men turn farmers at this season than at any other," said a farmer who has become a city man to a New York reporter. "There is no denying that the country in summer looks charming to the city dweller. The city man passes the cozy farmhouses where the rich grass in the front yards is set off by flower beds of all sorts, while in the pastures the cows are either grazing lazily or lying down peacefully, and in the fields the crops appear to be growing without any attention from the city man. Farming looks mighty easy to the city man, and the enthusiasm he stirs up in his wife and children when he speaks of going to the country is not chilled by the real estate man to whom he appeals for a good, small farm."

"Hundreds of city men move to the country every year, and about ninety-nine out of every one hundred go back at the end of the twelve months much wiser. The one man who succeeds out of each hundred has a real love for farming, and capital enough to buy or rent the right kind of a farm to experiment on. His wife and children are able to adapt themselves to the hours of farm life, going to bed at dark and getting up with the sun. "Such a man gets a moderately good thing out of farming, although he may not make a fortune out of it. He finds that nature is generous, but she will not be trifled with. She gives up her treasures when properly approached, but presents undue familiarity from amateurs. "The principal cause of the city man's failure as a farmer is lack of capital. A man who would not think of trying to support his family and lay up a competence from the proceeds of a business established with a capital of \$2,000 will not hesitate to engage in farming on half that or less. There have been cases in which a farmer achieved success on a small capital, or no capital, but they are few. "A farmer must buy seeds, implements and live stock, and have hired help, and he cannot begin to take his living from the soil for at least six months after he starts, and even then only a small part of it. These things cost money, and without it the city farmer will quickly find himself in debt, despondency and despair. "Even if he has the capital the city man must not think he can be a farmer without some exact knowledge of the occupation. But with a little of both, a good supply of faith and courage, business common sense and love of the soil, a man can safely abandon the city with its long hours of labor, its indifference and greed, for the freedom, healthfulness and sure reward of the farm."

A Medical Bill. Patient—I have a touch of ague. Physician—Yes. Patient—I shall keep within doors for a week. Physician—Yes. Patient—Shall I diet myself carefully. Physician—Yes. Patient—I shall take ten grains of quinine twice a day. Physician—Yes. Patient—I shall take ten grains of quinine twice a day. Physician—Yes. Patient—How much is your bill? Physician—Half a guinea.—Punch.

"Or Money Cheerfully Refunded"

"You say in your advertisements," said the man who had laid a package on the counter "that you guarantee satisfaction or money cheerfully refunded."

"What's the matter?" asked the head of the department, as a frown overspread his face. "Come, now, you're not looking a bit cheerful. I bought a shirt here day before yesterday, and I find that it is not satisfactory. I was told—"

"You will have to see the clerk who sold you the shirt." "Will he refund the money?" "If he wishes to do so, he can." "Ah, over there he is. Here, my friend, do you remember selling this shirt day before yesterday? You told me it was—"

"I don't think I sold you the shirt. I never saw you before." "Yes, you did. You sold me this shirt and guaranteed that it—"

"No, you are mistaken. I never guarantee anything." "You don't, eh? Well, you advertise that you guarantee satisfaction or money cheerfully refunded. Here, look at this paper. This is your 'ad' isn't it?" "This is today's paper. It hasn't anything to do with day before yesterday."

"Where's the proprietor of this store?" "You'll find him back in the office." After he had waited around for nearly an hour the man with the shirt succeeded in intercepting the proprietor as he was trying to slip out to luncheon. "You advertised that the money is cheerfully refunded when the goods you sell are not satisfactory."

"I must ask you to talk to the clerk you bought the goods from. I don't know anything about this matter." "I have talked to the clerk, and he says you are the only man who cheerfully returns money. This shirt—"

"You will have to excuse me. I'm in a hurry. Go to the clerk." "I'm in a hurry, too. I've wasted a lot of valuable time here now, and I want to get this matter straightened out. The clerk says he doesn't give the guarantee and can't, therefore, cheerfully refund. The head of the department looked unhappy when I asked him if he would cheerfully refund, and now I find that you are not inclined to be cheerful when I ask you to return my money."

a narrow hemstitched border of a single solid color, as blue or red; and I am free to say I liked those; and for that matter I have had handkerchiefs with downright fancy borders that I liked; and finding that old handkerchief the other day, which was one of that sort, and rather flary, was nothing less than a pleasure to me.

"I suppose that really the only correct thing for a handkerchief is one all white, but, like so many other things in life, they are monotonous. True, as we grow older we form fixed monotonous habits from which we hate to depart. We come to a time when we don't like to be disturbed in our routine of life. We are best satisfied keeping along in our settled ways. But still we may have our fancies, and it may be one of our comforting habits, indeed, to cherish these fancies.

"And I always liked the handkerchiefs with the colored borders. I like the colors. Staid as I am, there was a time when I wore always red neckties. Yes, sir, though I now realize that I was a creature of habit even then, for I wore always neckties of the same sort without regard to what the style might be.

"It was a pleasure and comfort to me to wear them. I worked hard and never lost sight of the job, but I permitted myself this freedom and luxury of wearing red neckties. In fact, I let myself have my own way, and I think that was an actual help to me.

"I don't know but what I should wear red neckties now if I didn't think they'd look sort of queer on a man of my years. We're so mind-full of what other people would think. But still I like red neckties, and I guess that when I get rich, when I can, without setting the world at defiance, indulge my harmless fancies more freely. I shall again wear them, though by that time—for just now the riches don't seem to be coming very fast—I may have become so extremely sedate that red neckties will have come to seem to me a superfluity."—New York Sun.

DUAL PERSONALITY.

Features of a Case Which Resulted From a Sandbagging.

An interesting case of alternating personality is described in a recent number of the Journal of the American Medical Association. The patient was subject to spells of wandering of which he had no recollection in his normal state. After one of these he found himself in London, without having any idea how he got there, and passing into another he found himself in a similar plight at the Cape of Good Hope. After that he was free from these attacks for three years, when they again returned, though not of such long duration.

In the intervals he complained of more or less headache, which seemed to be aggravated when his attacks came on. The patient was easily hypnotized and then was able to give an account of his doings while in his secondary condition, of which he normally had no recollection, and after coming out of the hypnotic state he had the same tired and exhausted appearance as he felt after one of his periods of secondary consciousness.

While hypnotized, however, he was amenable to suggestion, which was not the case in his secondary consciousness. The marked resemblance, however, of his expression, demeanor, &c., in the two conditions was noticeable, and Gayer is inclined to suspect that the hypnotic state is closely analogous to the conditions of the dissociation of the personality in this patient. The patient attributes the attack to a sandbagging received in 1902, but is of a neuropathic predisposition and had previously suffered from nervous symptoms ("tender spine," left-sided hyperesthesia) following an attack of typhoid fever in 1898. He is still under observation and has had no disturbances of consciousness since November, 1907, but is regarded as only improved, the abulia and suggestibility remain and a return of the dissociation of personality is considered possible.

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