

Aunt Diana

The Sunshine of the Family

CHAPTER XVII.

Dr. Greenwood had given Alison strict injunctions that she was to keep her sister as quiet as possible, but it seemed impossible to check the storm of excited talk.

"What shall we do?" she exclaimed, half crying. "Missie will not get any sleep tonight; she is working herself into a fever, and Dr. Greenwood does not wish to give her an opiate. It breaks my heart to hear her going on about papa. I think if she could only see him she would be more contented."

"I will come presently; but, Allie, I am so sorry you are so tired. Miss Harwick is downstairs, and she says she must see you; she seems very much upset. Do you think you could speak to her for a moment?"

"I do not think she is any worse," she replied, cautiously; "but she still suffers a great deal, and she is making herself so unhappy about you."

"I have to go to my father now," he said, quietly, "but in about a quarter of an hour I shall be ready to see Missie. I will wait for you here. Miss Harwick will not detain you many minutes; go, dear Allie." And Alison reluctantly obeyed him.

Eva was pacing up and down the long drawing room, and came up to Alison quickly, holding out her hands to her. "Oh, Alison," she said, and the tears were running down her face unchecked. "I know you do not want to see me, but I begged so hard of Mr. Roger to send you. Of course, you hate the sight of me. You think I am the cause of this, but, indeed, indeed, I never knew Mr. Merle would be so angry!"

"You tempted Mabel to deceive and disobey her father," returned Alison, severely. "You have been hard against the Captain Harper, and then you encouraged and planned this scheme. How could any father fail to be angry when his commands are so entirely set aside?"

"You must not speak against Anthony, Alison," returned Eva, in a subdued voice. "I am engaged to him, he is only my half-cousin. Mabel knew this, and she thought it would not matter coming with me. Mamma would have told you, only I did not wish it to be made public. All she has said is spoiled my happiness. Poor, dear Mabel; if I could only see her, and help you to nurse her. But Mr. Roger says it is quite impossible." And she wiped away some fresh tears.

"There was so much feeling in Eva's words and manner that Alison's coldness relaxed a little. "You must not see her," she said, gravely. "I believe papa has forbidden that for the present, but I can give her your love, and tell her that you asked after her."

"Tell her I shall come every evening to inquire, tell her, too, that I shall not have a moment's peace, thinking that I am partly to blame for this. It was wrong of us, Alison; I see that now. I deserve to have something to bear as well as she, poor darling! You and Mr. Roger must not be too hard on me, for, indeed, I am as unhappy as possible. Anna will tell you."

"I will try to forgive you," returned Alison, with a warm kiss, this evidently surprised and gratified her. "It does not seem a thing better to be hard and bitter against me. We need not add to our own unhappiness in that way. Now I must go, please. Give my dear love to Anna; I know she will be fretting about us." And with a quick nod Alison ran upstairs.

"Well," observed Roger, interrogatively, as she came to his side. "I am glad you told me to go down," was her reply; "there is good in every one, and Eva certainly expected to advantage this evening. She is really fond of Missie, and she cried so about it all. She is not a bad-hearted girl."

"No; and all this will do her a great deal of good. 'Etil is wrought by want of thought, as well as want of heart,' Allie. Now let us go to poor Missie." Missie flushed up very much when she saw Roger, but the next moment her face grew pale.

"Well," he said, cheerfully, taking her by the little hand, "this is a sad affair; but at least we may be thankful it is not worse. I almost think father looks a little better tonight; Mrs. Merle thought so, too. There was certainly a slight concussion of the brain last night, but this evening he seems more like himself."

"Oh, Roger!" and Missie's eyes were shining in a moment. "do you really think so?" But the last word became a sob. "Yes, dear, and Nurse Merle said the same; she spoke more clear and articulately. Now," kissing her forehead, "you will be easy about him, and will try to sleep."

"There is no sleep in my eyes," she returned, with a little of her old excitement. "Oh, Roger, you don't know what it is to be bruised and battered all over, and not to be able to turn without pain. If it were not for that I would go to him."

"Perhaps you will be able to go to morning," he returned, hurrying her, for her flushed face and excited look made him anxious. "You will try to be patiently until the morning, Mabel dear, will you not? Alison is so worn out, she must sleep tonight, and, indeed, we are all overtaxed and harassed."

"Yes, and I am the cause," she returned, contentedly. "Oh, Roger, I will not ask you to forgive me; Alison has, but then she is different. But you, of course, you can never care for me again!"

"Indeed, you are wrong, my dear little sister," he said, soothingly; "I do care for you very much, all the more that you are so unhappy. When you get well again I shall see you, and I shall be of my own mind, and I shall see how times will change, and what you think we shall do."

wished I should like to die, and then perhaps I would be sorry for me. If anything happens to papa, I could not live. Oh, if I could only see him, and ask him to forgive me!"

"My dear, he has forgiven you over and over again," returned Roger, in rather a husky voice, for he found all this very trying; "that is the best of it. One need never be afraid of losing a father's love. It is not to be lost, Mabel; the thing is against nature. If I sinned against father over so, I know he must forgive me, just because I am his son."

"I will arise and go to my father," murmured Alison, half to herself, but Missie heard it.

"Yes, read that to me; I have been repeating fragments of the verses all day; that is, if you are not too tired, Alison," with renewed thoughtfulness.

"Roger will read it," returned Alison, feeling the task would be good for her brother, and distrusting her own voice; and though Roger looked a little shy over it, he did not refuse.

Missie lay with closed eyes and listened, and he harassed expression passed from her face.

"Thank you; that was beautiful," she said, when he had finished. "How nicely you read, Roger! Now I will try to be good and not wake Alison. Perhaps with a light is shaded, I may drop off to sleep."

Alison was in sore need of rest by this time; her head ached as well as her limbs; but she had one more duty to perform before she laid down in the little bed that had been prepared for her in Missie's room, and that was to bid her father good-night.

"I will promise to send you a note as well as usual," Alison would say. In her most cheerful manner, for she knew Missie must not be encouraged to be morbid. "Just now, darling, I can only remember you are ill, and that your poor arm is giving you trouble, so much to bear."

But in spite of Alison's assumed cheerfulness she was growing pale and thin. Her close confinement in Missie's room tried her; no one but Alison suited the sick girl's fancy—no one else seemed to understand her little ways. Miss Leigh's gentle, mournful, irritated her; she had never cared much for Anna, and she had lost all desire for Eva's companionship, and though her father had generously withdrawn his prohibition, Eva had only once been admitted to her room. The interview had been a little embarrassing. Eva had cried and begged, "she to forgive her, and Missie had been kind and magnanimous in her answer; but after the first few agitating minutes their talk had drifted into silence; Missie was languid and out of spirits, and Eva did not possess the art of soothing a broken-spirited person. Both of them had yet to learn that similarity of tastes and the boisterous spirits of youth do not lay the foundation of a lasting friendship. While Alison and Anna seemed to cement their intimacy more every day, as the good qualities of each became more apparent, there were symptoms that Missie and Eva would drift still further apart.

"I do not think she is any worse," she replied, cautiously; "but she still suffers a great deal, and she is making herself so unhappy about you."

"I have to go to my father now," he said, quietly, "but in about a quarter of an hour I shall be ready to see Missie. I will wait for you here. Miss Harwick will not detain you many minutes; go, dear Allie." And Alison reluctantly obeyed him.

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"You tempted Mabel to deceive and disobey her father," returned Alison, severely. "You have been hard against the Captain Harper, and then you encouraged and planned this scheme. How could any father fail to be angry when his commands are so entirely set aside?"

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"I will try to forgive you," returned Alison, with a warm kiss, this evidently surprised and gratified her. "It does not seem a thing better to be hard and bitter against me. We need not add to our own unhappiness in that way. Now I must go, please. Give my dear love to Anna; I know she will be fretting about us." And with a quick nod Alison ran upstairs.

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"No; and all this will do her a great deal of good. 'Etil is wrought by want of thought, as well as want of heart,' Allie. Now let us go to poor Missie." Missie flushed up very much when she saw Roger, but the next moment her face grew pale.

"Well," he said, cheerfully, taking her by the little hand, "this is a sad affair; but at least we may be thankful it is not worse. I almost think father looks a little better tonight; Mrs. Merle thought so, too. There was certainly a slight concussion of the brain last night, but this evening he seems more like himself."

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"There is no sleep in my eyes," she returned, with a little of her old excitement. "Oh, Roger, you don't know what it is to be bruised and battered all over, and not to be able to turn without pain. If it were not for that I would go to him."

"Perhaps you will be able to go to morning," he returned, hurrying her, for her flushed face and excited look made him anxious. "You will try to be patiently until the morning, Mabel dear, will you not? Alison is so worn out, she must sleep tonight, and, indeed, we are all overtaxed and harassed."

"Yes, and I am the cause," she returned, contentedly. "Oh, Roger, I will not ask you to forgive me; Alison has, but then she is different. But you, of course, you can never care for me again!"

"Indeed, you are wrong, my dear little sister," he said, soothingly; "I do care for you very much, all the more that you are so unhappy. When you get well again I shall see you, and I shall be of my own mind, and I shall see how times will change, and what you think we shall do."

looking around the empty room, when Nurse Merle appeared, carrying Missie in her arms.

"Oh, Mabel, where have you been? You have frightened me so!"

"Go to sleep, Alison," returned Missie, in a happy voice. "I have only been to see papa, and he has forgiven me, and now I can rest."

"She will be quiet now," whispered the nurse. "I have covered her up warmly, and she will rest until morning." And she was right. Though Missie lay awake, feverish and full of pain, she gave no more trouble, and poor Alison was allowed to sleep undisturbed until morning.

For the next few days Missie was very ill. Her agitation of mind brought on a slight feverish attack, and when this had yielded to the doctor's remedies her weakness was excessive. Her nerves had been jarred and unstrung by the accident, and the least noise, the slamming of a door, or even a louder voice than usual, made her change color and burst into tears. It was impossible for her in her shattered state always to repress irritability. Again the old sharp tones and words recalled Missie's faulty temper. But there was this improvement—she struggled bravely against her besetting sin, and would ask pardon quite humbly of Alison.

"I have been so very sorry," she would say, with tears in her eyes. "I wish you would not be so sweet and patient with me."

"I will promise to send you a note as well as usual," Alison would say. In her most cheerful manner, for she knew Missie must not be encouraged to be morbid. "Just now, darling, I can only remember you are ill, and that your poor arm is giving you trouble, so much to bear."

But in spite of Alison's assumed cheerfulness she was growing pale and thin. Her close confinement in Missie's room tried her; no one but Alison suited the sick girl's fancy—no one else seemed to understand her little ways. Miss Leigh's gentle, mournful, irritated her; she had never cared much for Anna, and she had lost all desire for Eva's companionship, and though her father had generously withdrawn his prohibition, Eva had only once been admitted to her room. The interview had been a little embarrassing. Eva had cried and begged, "she to forgive her, and Missie had been kind and magnanimous in her answer; but after the first few agitating minutes their talk had drifted into silence; Missie was languid and out of spirits, and Eva did not possess the art of soothing a broken-spirited person. Both of them had yet to learn that similarity of tastes and the boisterous spirits of youth do not lay the foundation of a lasting friendship. While Alison and Anna seemed to cement their intimacy more every day, as the good qualities of each became more apparent, there were symptoms that Missie and Eva would drift still further apart.

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BANK BURGLARS.

Crooksmen Got \$130,000 In This Country During the Past Year. The accompanying map, prepared as part of the annual report of Pinkerton's Agency to the American Bankers' Association, during its recent convention in Denver, gives an accurate record in its black discs of the number of bank robberies in the United States in the year ended Aug. 31, 1908.

What the yegman is to a metropolitan neighborhood the outlaws and professional thieves are to the vast regions of the Middle and Far West. That they should find a centre of activity in the Mississippi Valley is in itself a curious fact. Their absence from the East and glimpses into the lives of lawbreakers past and present are also afforded by the map and the report of which it is a part.

During the year there were 80 burglaries of banks in the United States. The loot was worth \$129,004.49, or an average of \$1,612 for each robbery. The largest loss was \$23,000, stolen from the Farmers and Manufacturers' Bank of Rock Hill, Mo. The \$6.55 stolen from the State Bank of Hewitt, Minn., represented the smallest profit of the lawbreakers. Some of the largest bank thefts were \$7,700, in Adair, Ill.; \$6,200, in Hanover, S. D.; \$4,431, in Church's Ferry, N. D.; \$6,006, in Queenom, Kan.; \$5,500, in Mounds, Okla.; \$4,200, in Carney, Okla.; \$4,000, in New Franklin, Mo.; \$3,319, in Huron, Kan., and \$5,100, in Stephen, Minn.

In addition there were ten hold-up robberies in the year, the outlaws escaping with \$25,027.45 in loot. The largest was in Texola, Okla., \$5,000 being stolen. Others of the more serious losses were \$3,640, stolen in Aldrich, Mo.; \$3,317, in Chautauque, Kan.; \$2,700, in Granite Falls, Mo.; \$2,541, in Tyrone, Kan., and \$2,200, in Clinton, Ill.

Even a cursory glance at the lists



MAP SHOWING BANK ROBBERIES FOR THE PAST YEAR

brings out one of the curious facts in connection with the bank robberies. They were all committed in small towns, even the names of which are unfamiliar to the average American. No city of any size figures in the records.

"Big bank robberies in cities are a thing of the past," remarked a detective, referring to these figures. "For one thing, the banks in the great cities have more money at stake. They must make their vaults impregnable. A bank in New York, Philadelphia or Chicago, for instance, did not keep more than \$250,000 in cash and securities in its vaults ten or fifteen years ago. Now the great banks frequently carry from \$5,000,000 to \$10,000,000. With such sums, no walls can be too thick, no vaults too strong."

With the exception of \$1,226 taken from a bank in Truxton, N. Y., on Dec. 30 last, none of the burglaries was committed east of the Allegheny Mountains. None of the ten hold-up robberies in banks occurred nearer New York than Granite Falls, N. C., on the south and Clinton, Ill., to the west ward.

West Stamping Ground. A glance at the discs on the map indicates the center of the burglaries. The report shows that the largest number of bank robberies in any one State was 12, in Minnesota. Then came Oklahoma, with 8, Missouri and Kansas, with 6, and North Dakota and South Dakota, each with 4. Of the hold-up robberies, there were two each in Kansas and Oklahoma, and one each in Colorado, Illinois, Missouri, Nebraska and North Carolina. When asked why the burglaries and hold-ups were thus confined to a comparatively small section of the country the detective replied:

"The Middle West is a stamping ground for thieves, because, for one thing, the distances are so long and the police so vast that it is difficult for the areas and sheriffs to give effective service. Twenty-five miles of comparatively open country between even small towns gives the thieves many chances to escape."

POINT IN TYPEWRITING. Why is Some Work the Periods and Commas Show So Black and Deep. "When in anything typewritten you see the periods and commas punched black and deep," said an experienced typewriter to a New York Sun man, "you may know that the work was done by a beginner or by one who had not yet done sufficient work to have acquired a perfect touch."

"The reason for the deep punching of the punctuation points is very simple. Naturally enough the beginner at typewriting plays upon all the keys with equal force, but as the types attached to the keys present unequal amounts of printing surface it follows that equal force applied to all the keys results in more or less unequal printing on the paper."

"For instance, a certain amount of force applied to the B key might produce of that type a fair impression on the paper, but the same force applied to a period might drive that, a mere point, clean through the paper. In fact, it is not unusual for beginners on the typewriter to punch holes in the paper with their periods."

"But as the learner progresses in her art she comes to realize that some types must be touched more lightly than others and gradually her periods become less black and deep, and with further practice she comes instinctively, and almost unconsciously, to grade her touch on

all the letters and signs until at last she is able to produce typewriting that is nothing less than artistic in effect, true and uniform and beautiful.

"It is something fine to see, the good work of the intelligent, sensitive and truly competent typewriter."

TOOK UP HUSBAND'S BUSINESS.

Success of Widow Who Runs Blacksmith, Carriage and Wagon Shop. Mrs. C. L. Orrick is the name of a woman who owns one of the largest blacksmith, carriage and wagon shops in the city, says the Denver Post. In the midst of glowing forges, paint pots and numberless wagons, she was found. Although small and slight in figure, she has a determination in her gray eyes that commands instant respect, and her mass of silver-threaded hair gives one the impression that she has endured much in the last few years.

"Tell about myself and all this—these wheels and wagons? Why, there is nothing so very interesting about them, is there? This factory is dirty and grimy and a queer place for a woman to spend her life, but it means everything to me. Seven years ago I had a kind, good husband, two dear little babies and a lovely home. Within nine days my husband was dead, my house and everything I owned gone, and I was left with a heavy mortgage and with only a little insurance money."

"You see, this is the way it happened. My husband was the kind of a man who does everything to make his family happy, but who never said anything about his work or how much we had. We had a beautiful home and I never thought of the business. I hardly knew a horse shoe from a wagon wheel; in fact, when he was suddenly taken ill, and only lived nine days, and after we were settling things, I found that both our home and the shop were heavily mortgaged."

"The shock was dreadful for a time,

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Mrs. Michael Bloom of Lewistown, Pa., who is 80 years of age, says: "For a long time I have been so feeble that I have had to be wheeled around in an invalid's chair. I had no strength and took cold at the slightest provocation, which invariably settled on my lungs, and a cough would result. My son learned of the cod liver preparation called Vinol, and procured a bottle for me. It built up my strength rapidly, and after taking three bottles I am able to do most of my work, and I can walk a quarter of a mile easily. Every aged or weak person who requires strength should try Vinol. I am delighted with what it has done for me."

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