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Aunt Diana

The Sunshine of the Family

CHAPTER XIV—(Continued.)

"Oh, Mabel, my poor dear!" And Allison knelt down by her. She had not noticed how haggard the left arm hung down, and how Mizzie would not let her touch it.

"It is all broked and out," she said, her husband contracting heavily with pain. "The doctor must see it presently! Mabel be has fishbed in the other room; not now. Oh, Al'on, where are you going? You shall not leave them. What done is undone? If self——" But her fear 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 strangest, a dark, grave-looking young man, come out of her father's room. He turned to Allison's account, and presumed to attend to her sister as soon as possible. "Sir,

"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 assured us by hiding her arm under her mantle. She was broked, that was all, she told us. Keep her quiet, and I will be with you directly."

Mizzie was hurrying back to her chair, with her eyes closed, but as Allison entered she opened them full on her sister, and the Allison miserable look in them convinced Allison that she was dreading the worst.

"Tis not look so, Mabel darling," she said, kissing her softly. "Indeed we do not know; they have told me nothing. Dear pape 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 come, 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 bitterness. "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 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 deeds and disobedience? and ask him to forgive me? I need you so! Oh, pape, pape, if I need you so!" And the poor girl laid her face on Allison's shoulder, the second a relief to her to pour out her feelings. He had been so angry, and then the horrible accident had happened, and she thought at first that her father was killed. "When they found he was alive, they 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.

"Pray!" 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, cheerfully: "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. Mizzie 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; Mizzie Leigh was not in a condition to render any assistance; the sudden conflagration 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 Allison to wait upon the doctors and receive their directions, the very telegram they came made her helpless. Her one thought was that she must not hinder their work; there was little for her to do. The fact of her father and her wounded arm Mabel had fainted again. Allison could not have bears to witness the poor child's sufferings. Perhaps Dr. Greenwood knew this, for he contrived some reason 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 fit 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 seemed to take 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, this is not fatal as they seemed at first. Your father has not received a blow, but has stunned, but consciousness has returned, and he is sensible. 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 hope so; 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 grateful catch in her breath; it seemed to her as though she were passing through some hideous nightmare; the very horror seemed to numb her consciousness. She understood that night how people could live through the greatest calamities, and certainly of pain she endured the surgeon.

Dr. Greenwood thought her a very brave girl. She blamed quietly to his direction, 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 he promised to come out that moment he repeated the charge to him.

"Come, Allie," said Roger, taking her arm. "The Greenwood will stay with father until we come back." And he led her away.

Allison rotired 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 quarter hours ago in preparation for her brother. 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 he dreaded it. "It was not a collision; something must have given way—the coupling chain, the hinks—and they were going down a steep incline at express speed. Dr. Cameron says some of the cars actually went over the embankment, and were completely overturned; and one or two were turned entirely over. He was in the same compartment with father and Mabel. They felt a jolting sensation, and the moment they were thrown from their seats the carriage side was completely smashed, and they were all fast in a heap. Dr. Cameron was on the top, and he was happily unhurt, with the exception of a few bruises; father was unconscious, and Mabel struggled up beside him, and came to father, and so Dr. Cameron saw 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 feel equal to it, I will go upstairs, in the way, where is Miss Leigh?"

"Oh, I ought to have gone to her," exclaimed Allison. "How dreadful for her to be alone, and not to be able to help us! She has been suffering from an accident herself, Roger; but, of course, all this will make it worse."

"Poor Miss Leigh!" he said, thoughtfully. "Is she very fond of your sister?"

"Is that you, Allison?" asked the poor woman, in a feeble voice, as the girl came to her bedside. "I know all about it, dear; Sarah has told me. Poor children, poor children! and I am not half grateful enough to you, and thoughtful; we shall manage better to-night, and Sarah will watch by Mabel, to-morrow you shall, 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 thankfully to be dismissed.

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.

"Poor pet," she returned, tenderly. "how happy Mabel will be to know you are better! But, if she is lying quite quiet, by the sedative is telling her, but she is not asleep."

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

CHAPTER XV.

The dreary night watching was a new experience in Allison's life, for she had been two years at the time of her mother's last illness, and the silence and inaction seemed oppressive to her. Roger, fatigued with his day's work, was sleeping heavily with his head against the wall, and Allison gliding in and out of the room, and twice stole to the bed, to find her sister's pretty behind his head.

Once or twice she went across the passage to look at Mizzie. She was glad to find her sleeping. Sarah was in her place, sitting bolt upright and nodding. Now and then her father spoke a few words; Allison was thankful that they had not inflicted pain on him.

Allison was thankful that they had not informed him of their fears.

"They do not seem to know, pape," she returned, gently; "they think you are a great shock, and you are suffering from nervous exhaustion. They will better by and by."

"There seems something wrong about my limbs," he muttered mournfully "you are sure you do not know what they think?"

"Quite sure, dear pape," she replied, so earnestly that he could not disbelieve her, "but I hope and trust" her face quivering a little, "that you may soon be better."

"You are a good girl, Allison; your mother always said so, and I am sure I am. He sighed heavily, and turned his face away; and Allison, dared not say more, but it seemed to her that the sight of her sister with the band and sling laid her cheek on the pillow, and the action a child's love would alone be the means of her comfort and devotion." Her pape seemed to pity him, and it gave her a pang.

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 vigil was over, but she felt too weary for the day's work. That 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 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 favor. She took possession at once of the patient, after a feeble protest on the part that he objected to nurses, but she soon fear her silence be consented to the change. Dr. Greenwood soon convinced Dr. Cameron of the wisdom of the step, and he was quite satisfied.

Mabel's sleep had not refreshed her as they hope; the pain of her broken arm making her feverish. She could not turn in her bed without suffering, and she was anxiety for her father, and failed to be the comfort Allison tried to make her. Poor Miss Leigh, who seemed sufficiently recovered to sit in her room, spoke vaguely of her father, and Mabel's fears were lest Miss Leigh take her place.

"Indeed, dearest, there is no need for you to speak so," returning to her side, with a strong yearning to console her. "Dear pape asked after you the first time he spoke to me. You should have heard how tender he was. You should have heard how tender he was. And he kissed me because my arm is broken, and he knows I am suffering such pain. If any one hated me they would pity me for me," returned Mizzie, in a faint voice.

"No, no; you must not take it in that way," endeared Allison, quite shocked, "as she essayed Mizzie's fair hair. She looked so pale and pretty, and the blue eyes had such a pathetic look in them, that Allison parted the soft fringe, and the soft curls by quite smooth and kissed her broad white forehead. A different blush at her, with the poor arm wounded arm folded on her breast, and Allison felt a strange lump in her throat. Allison stood looking at her, Mizzie raised her unhinged 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 sighing voice. Mizzie heard her healthy and then seemed as though she would sob her away, only Allison held her still.

"Oh, I don't deserve it; please don't be so good to me. I have been altogether hard ever since you came home."

"Never mind all that now, dear," interrupted Allison, hastily; "I have really away and then starting a low groan. "Oh, this pain. And I shall never be able to move again without it! I did not want you to come home; I thought you would be in my way, and I thought you would. I was jealous of you, and I did not want the others to see you. Roger was never fond of me as he was of you, and I wished him to be fond of me, and I was so jealous and small I did nothing but peal conduct under a low tone. In the dark hours my weakness and strength is low, conscience sometimes brings a vivid mess into the business of one's being, bringing hidden faults to light.

"Dear Mabel, we will forget all that," returned Allison, gently; "we will try and love each other more."

"Oh, it is easy for you to love people," returned Mizzie, almost petulantly; "you have a lot of you, and you are never cross and disagreeable as I am. Roger makes you his companion, and Mabel is too rough when you are in the room, and now pape will love you more."

"Hush, dear; what nonsense—"

"It is not nonsense. I have returned, in a fingering tone, "I will never forgive me now. He told me that he hated deceit; that he could not be able to think the man he loved, and should never see Eva if he could help it. Oh, he was angry at me indeed! I suppose so angry, so unlike himself, for I would not say I was wrong. He took hold of my arm and almost shook me to make me speak, but I think I was the that was who had a dumb spirit."

(To be continued.)

CITY FAILURES ON FARMS.

It Is Answered 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 in a New York reporter. "There is no denying that the country is summer time charming to the city dweller.

"The city man passes the city farmer houses where the rich green in the front yards is set off by flower beds of all sorts, while in the country farmer cows are either grazing lazily or lying down peacefully, and in the fields the crops appear to be growing without any attention from the farmer. Farmer's lot looks mighty easy to the city man, and the enthusiasm is stirs up in him and the enthusiasm when he speaks of going to the country is not chilled by the cold-water men 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 hop or rest 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.

"But he has got a moderately good piece of farming although he may not make a fortune out of it. He finds that nature is generous, but she will be not trifled with. She gives up her treasures when properly approached, but resents undue familiarity from amateurs.

"The principal cause of the city man's failure as a farmer is lack of capital. Men who would like to think of trying to support his family and live on the produce of a farm, instead of a business established with a capital of $2,000 will not hesitate to go to 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 rare.

"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 the money, and without it the city farmer will quickly find himself in debt, despondency and despair.

"Even if he has the capital the city farmer must not think he can be a farmer without some exact knowledge of the business. But with a little of both, a good supply of faith and courage, with some common sense and love of the soil, a man can safely abandon the city and go to the long hours of labor, the indifference and greed, for the freedom, healthfulness and sure reward of the farm life."

CUBS ARE SUPREME IN THE BASEBALL WORLD

Final Victory Over Detroit Gives Chicago Team Greatest Record in History of Game.

OUTCLASS TIGERS EVERY WAY

Michigan Fans Admit Chance Has Past and Accurate Machine that Knows All Tricks.

Final Game.

The victor.....Chicago Cubs
The vanquished.....Detroit Tigers

The score—	R.	H.	E.
Cubs.....	1	0	0
Tigers.....	0	0	0

The batteries—
For Chicago—Overall and Kling.
For Detroit—Donovan and Schmidt.

Attendance	6,210
Gross receipts	$4,207.80
Each club's share	1,309 87
National commission	937 75

Totals for Five Games.

Attendance	62,222
Gross receipts	$34,024.00
Players' pool (four games).....	46,115 19
Cubs' share (20 players).....	27,669 11
Each player	1,383 72
Tigers' share (20 players).....	27,669 08
Each player	1,383 40
Each club owner's share.....	19,081 00
National commission	9,407 00

The total attendance for five games last year was 78,986, and the gross receipts $108,778.50.

Chicago will hold its world's baseball championship title at least another year. The Cubs by shutting out the Tigers at Detroit Wednesday, 2 to 0, established themselves as the nonpareils of the diamond. They eliminated the Tigers in four out of five games and won their glory in the most closest and decisive manner. In their long struggle for another title of world-hosters the Cubs overcame every obstacle in their path, and now stand out above all their rivals in a close by themselves. In driving home final spike through the pennant and into the nostrand the Cubs gave the Tigers their worst trounsing of the entire series.

Give Foes Their Best.

To wind up the holiday of the American League champions the Cubs went at them with the best they had at their disposal and fought an egress style battle from the very outset. The confidence of the National Leaguers was marked. They knew as well as they knew their names that they were the winners of the Tigers, and every catch, every throw and every move by the Cubs bespoke their superior skill as mechanics and their absolute confidence in each other and the team as a whole. In justice to Manager Jennings and the Tigers they must be awarded much credit for the game stand they made. While it was a foregone conclusion that the Cubs would capture the big share of glory, the Tigers put up as valiant a stand in the last ditch as ever a beaten band of athletes did.

Their battle to keep Chicago's total of runs down was superb, especially as there was small hope held out to the Tigers of getting any runs for themselves off Overall. Every man in the Detroit outfield helped to protect Donovan by at least one catch that brought surprise to the fiews of the Cubs.

It was errorless ball all the way through for the Tigers as well as for the Cubs, but the play which stuck out like a sore thumb was O'Leary's dash back into center field for Tinker's Texas leaguer in the fifth inning. The shortstop reached the ball just as it fell to the ground. He went over on his head, but, when Crawford picked him up, was still holding the ball.

Although that catch was made with nobody on the bases, it was still lucky for the Tigers, for Evers hit a two-bagger later in the inning, and without O'Leary's startling piece of fielding another tally would have resulted for the Cubs.

In the attack upon Donovan there was glory enough for all of the cubs, but to Evers and Chance went most of the honors. The manager and the Trojan hogged three clean wheeks apiece, one of the leader's being a home run, which he sent from Coughlin to first.

While the integrity of the national game needs no defense, it brought great satisfaction to the Cubs to be able to say that put the Tigers out of business in four out of five games. Last year they did it in four straight.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

A course in mental healing will form part of the curriculum at Tufts college at Boston, Mass., this year.

The Michigan Federation of Labor went on record in favor of woman suffrage and against prohibition.

Two persons were killed and three probably fatally hurt when an auto hurled an embankment at Ashland, Pa.

The loss of dead in the collision at Rosslyn Point has now reached twenty-one and the injured are placed at nine.

The cotton mill of the Williamsport (Pa.) mill works was destroyed by fire, involving a loss of fifteen to $100,000. About 250 men are thrown out of work.

Specifications having bids for dredging Pearl harbor, Hawaii, where the United States is to establish an important naval station at an estimated cost of $2,500,000, have been issued at Washington, D. C.

After a police search extending to all parts of the United States and Europe, Dr. George Mortier of New York was arrested in Philadelphia on the charge of obtaining $100,000 by means of fraudulent notes.

AROUND A BIG STATE

Brief Compilation of

ILLINOIS NEWS

PIOUS POSTMAN HELD AS THIEF.

Robert F. Palmer of Joliet Waives Examination in Bonded Court.

Robert F. Palmer of Joliet, president of the City Letter Carriers' Association of Illinois, was arraigned before United States Commissioner Mark A. Foote in Chicago on a charge of robbing the mails, waived examination and was held under $2,000 bond for the grand jury. The prisoner was released later on $2,500 bail and was taken to his family in Joliet. With his brother he is a member of the Methodist church of a Bible class in the Methodist Sunday school, were present during his arrignment in court, he developed nervously and said that he was going home "tonight with the big, big, heavy cross." Palmer's arrest was made on the complaint of Postmaster Hinz, who recently suspected of stealing, but swore that "never in all the time he was a Christian did he do a "decoy" was used." Palmer is a prominent Methodist. He has not delivered Palmer was taken to Joliet and placed in the jail, pending a hearing. Hinz said that the letter was in the office and pointing out it behind a case, out of the proper place.

SWEPT BY PRAIRIE FIRE.

Barns and Haystacks in Perry County Destroyed by Flames.

The worst prairie fire in the history of Perry county has been raging and the efforts of the farmers to check the flames makes you feel little one hundred. Hundreds of acres of dry prairie have been swept and best of Pinckneyville have been swept by the flames and several large barns and haystacks have been destroyed with a loss of thousands of dollars. All of the farmers in the vicinity have been the worst of the flames and the damage done. The origin of the fire is not definitely known, though it is probable that sparks from passing trains are responsible. The drought has not crippled the mining industry of southern Illinois, a number of the largest collieries having suspended operations, owing to the water famine.

ENDS HER LIFE MYSTERIOUSLY.

Woman Discovered—All Possible Marks of Identification Before Suicide.

Miss Anna Carson, a young woman living in Chicago, committed suicide after drinking something possible a carbolic acid. The cause of her death. Mystery surrounds the death of the woman, as she had no reason for ending her life so far as her family and friends know. Miss Carson had no love affair so far as known, and she was at odds with her brother, who is a prominent lawyer in Chicago, could assign no cause for his sister's act. Members of her family are doing everything possible to find the mystery which surrounds her death. The woman cut the marks from her clothing and removed all means of identification before she could find her. It was not until her body was viewed by a physician, who, by a number of use of a class, that her identity was established.

$500,000 FIRE IN ROCK ISLAND.

Blaze Burns Over Ten Acres and Ties Up Railroad Traffic.

Fire caused $500,000 damage in the yards of the Rock Island Lumber Company and the Rock Island Sash and Door Works in Rock Island. The flames started in the southwest corner of the yards and spread to the southeast gale, swept and, finally, to the river, destroying everything north and west in two hours. Twenty million feet of lumber, a hundred thousand dollars worth of sash and door and a quarter of a million dollars of athletics did.

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NEW ILLINOIS ROAD LICENSED.

Congressman McKinley Incorporator of Cairo & St. Louis.

The Secretary of State has licensed the Cairo and St. Louis Railway Company, with capital stock of $10,000, the principal office to be in Cairo. The line is to be constructed from Cairo in or near Cairo, to a point in or near East St. Louis. Incorporators are the first board of directors are William R. McKinley, of Canton, O., Mark C. Fox, Decatur, and George W. Burton, all of Champaign, and L. E. Fisher of Danville.

CHILD STARTS BIG FIRE.

With Matches Found in Pocket Lighted the Blaze Causes Costly Blaze.

Charles Kohl, aged 5 years, a pocket full of matches, was left alone, while his mother was busy, and he found a pocket full of matches. Hence the 5-year-old set fire to the building with matches he found in his father's pocket. The flames also destroyed Charley Wooten's house and all his household goods.

Two Killed in Cave-In.

William Kennedy Bunde and Ernest Wilkman, road commissioners, were digging a hole in a road near Ladd when the cave-in occurred.

Asphalt Plant Burned.

Fire at Venice, a suburb adjoining town above the south side of East St. Louis, destroyed the plant of the Barber Asphalt Company and several dwellings. The fire department of East St. Louis was called but was the scene. The fire started at 2:30 o'clock and was the scene. The fire started at 2:30 o'clock and was the scene. The fire started at 2:30 o'clock and