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NEW YORK.

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THE CHATHAM COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Madeline's Last Moving Day.

By HARRIET NORTON.

Copyright, 1907, by M. M. Cunningham.

"Madeline, I see those Bulgavia apartments will be ready for occupancy April 1. I wish you'd stop off there on your way home tomorrow."

Mr. Stanhope lowered his paper and glanced first despairingly at Madeline, then half supplicatingly at his wife.

"My dear, I don't believe we can improve on this apartment. I'm sure we have room enough."

"But the landlord was here today and said he would not repair, and that horrid stain in Fred's room!"

"Well, that is not the landlord's fault. The servant upstairs admits she left the water running. I'll have the ceiling calcimined."

"You'll do nothing of the sort! This janitor is perfectly overbearing anyhow, and when I complained about Mrs. Brant's dog running up and down the hall he said there was nothing in the leases against keeping a dog. Just as if there wasn't a law against maintaining a nuisance! Anyhow, I think Fred ought to have a larger room, and we can fit it up as a den, and Madeline ought to have the north light for her work."

Madeline broke in earnestly: "Oh, mother, dear, I do so little here at home now that my room does very well indeed."

"Well, I heard that those Bulgavia apartments had a butler's pantry and—Anyhow, you stop off and see them."

No one answered. Mr. Stanhope sat staring with his unseeing eyes at an article in the evening paper on the proper preparation of food for infants, but before his mental vision passed a succession of moving vans, furniture that needed revarnishing, pictures that had to be reglazed.

Madeline, on her part, focused her mental vision on a succession of days lost, illustrations unfinished, while she restored order in the new home, while she devoted to packing and unpacking her fragile personal belongings.

As for Fred, he tiptoed out of the library and down the hall to where patient Norah was singing over her dishwashing.

"Say, Norah, mother's got the moving bee in her bonnet again. Bet we're out of this house by April 1."

Norah dropped her tea towel in wide-eyed dismay.

"Sure, an' a sunshiner kitchen I never worked in. Ol' ve a good mold to give me notice."

Madeline's girlhood had been spent in a pretty suburb half an hour's ride from the bustling city, but Mrs. Stanhope had wearied of the ubiquitous servant girl question that stalks at the heels of every suburban housewife. In town even if they had no maid, they could at least eat at a nearby restaurant. Besides, she wanted Madeline to be something more than a household drudge. There were business openings in town for a bright girl, but Madeline was not strong enough to commute.

After all, it was Madeline who not only secured a position in a fashion design studio, but who went to intelligence offices for help and haunted real estate offices for desirable apartments. For four years Mrs. Stanhope had seemed absolutely obsessed by the desire to occupy new and more desirable quarters. Each spring they had moved until the pretty new furniture with which Mrs. Stanhope had started her career as a housewife looked far less presentable than the old fashioned stuff they had sold at the auction before leaving Craffton Heights. All her ambitions seemed to center on showing off the new apartments to her women friends and assuring them she had secured a bargain which should make them turn green with envy.

The next morning Madeline and her father left the house together.

"Do you think it is becoming a mania?" he asked anxiously.

"No; she has nothing else to do. I wish sometimes—"

Madeline stopped and looked down the long stretch of asphalt pavement. Her father supplied the words.

"That we were back in Craffton Heights, where she had roses to train and the neighbors' chickens to shoo off our lawn. Seems as if all city women are restless."

"Yes; I guess it's in the air. I felt as though I must be doing something big, getting somewhere, for awhile after we moved to town, but now—"

"I hope those Bulgavia apartments will all be on a court, with no closets and an exorbitant rent."

"No such luck," responded Madeline, with a forced smile. "They'll be very modern and all desirable, and if you are a dear, sensible father you'll have a business call to Chicago about April 1. It will be over when you come back."

Brave as were her words, Madeline's eyes turned grave as soon as her father turned away. And all day the thought of her mother's restless spirit, the inevitable moving, the noise, the discomfort, burned in on her heart and soul until she could hardly work. Finally she flung aside her pen and asked to be excused for the afternoon. She might as well get it over with, so she boarded the car which passed the Bulgavia. The new apartments were considerably farther out than she had anticipated, and as one passenger after another dropped off and the soft spring air crept into the car a sudden desire to see Craffton Heights with its suburban restfulness took possession of her.

"B. and A. depot!" bawled the conductor.

Madeline sprang to her feet. The Bulgavia apartments were half a mile beyond, but this was the last station of the B. and A. inside the city limits. And the B. and A. led to Craffton Heights!

She left the train and gazed around in surprise. The depot building was entirely new, a pretty brick and tile affair, with trim flower beds all laid out for spring planting. She crossed the tracks and followed the street leading to their old home, but was amazed to find that the trees, mere stripplings when they left, now intertwined their branches over the sidewalk. An air of permanency and restfulness seemed to envelop the community. Progress was there, but not half finished buildings, torn pavements and moving vans. How the ivy had grown over the Burden gateway! In front of her own old home she stopped and almost rubbed her eyes. Had it really been that pretty?

No; there was a new porch on the south side, and a bay window had been thrown out from her room. What a lovely room it must be, with that flood of light pouring into it!

"I wonder if they'd care?"

With firmly set lips she threw hesitation to the winds, opened the low iron gate and walked up the well kept path to the front door.

"I beg pardon," she said as a white haired lady opened the door, and then she stopped, and her face turned first scarlet, then white. "Oh, Mrs. Carruth, I did not know you had bought the place. I just thought—"

A gently insistent hand drew her inside the door and led her into the sitting room. Madeline leaned against the door jamb, staring around her. It was just as they had left it.

"Why, I thought everything was sold."

"Yes, but somehow Henry traced nearly all of the things, and what he could not buy he somehow managed to duplicate at secondhand shops. Henry always did think your mother's house was the finest in Craffton Heights, and before he was doing so well he used to tell me that he meant some day to earn a house just like it for me."

Madeline felt the room spinning around her. There were other things Henry Carruth had tried to tell her more than once, but he had been a poor, struggling lawyer and she a well paid illustrator even then. She had talked of a trip to Paris, a career—where had it all gone? Lost in wanderings through a desert of apartment houses, studios, teas and luncheons. But Henry had realized his ambition or part of it at least. Perhaps now he did not care so much about the rest.

She never knew just how it happened, but Mrs. Carruth had soon taken away her wraps, and then, after a comforting cup of tea, she had led her guest over the old house. The bay window had made a great improvement in Madeline's quarters; otherwise

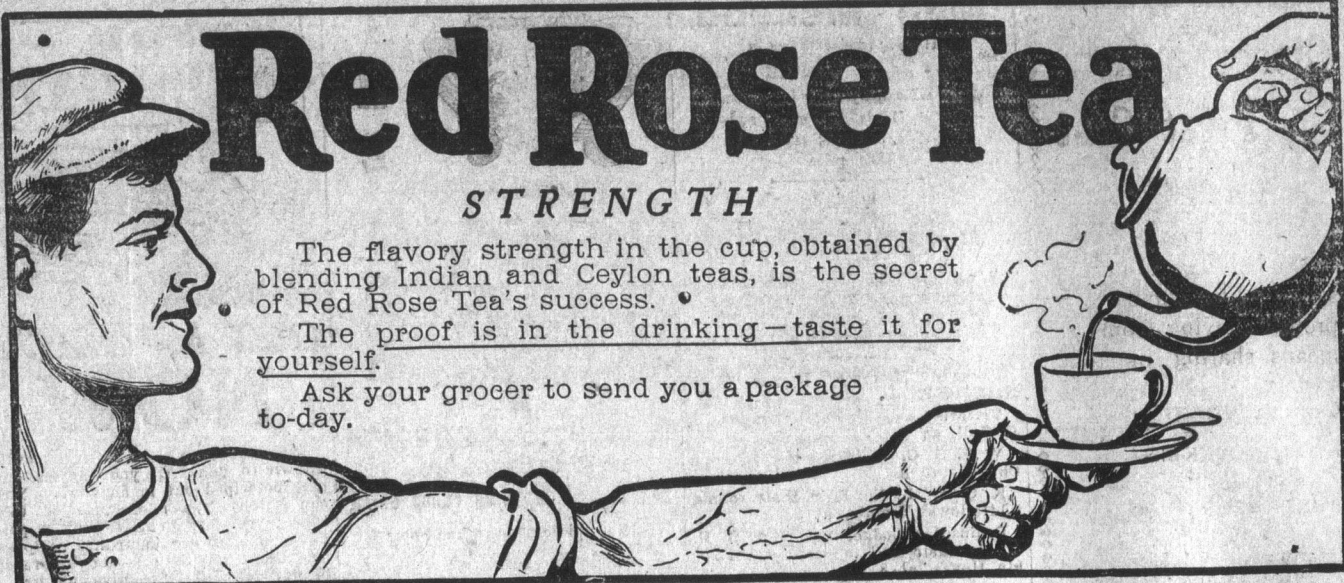
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CANADA'S WILD FLOWERS.

Lieut.-Governor Clark Enters Plea Against Their Destruction.

An exhibition of botanical drawings and paintings of "Canadian Wild Flowers" loaned by the artist, Mrs. Agnes Chamberlain, was recently opened in the East Hall of Toronto University by the Lieutenant-Governor, Hon. Mortimer Clark. The collection was exhibited by Mrs. Chamberlain at the Colonial Exhibition in London, England, and together with three books that she has written, represents a life's work devoted to this study. Although Mrs. Chamberlain has now reached her 74th year, one of her books was completed within the past six weeks.

His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, in his address, referred to the exhibit as a "wonderful collection of drawings and paintings," and declared that great credit was due to the ladies of the city for the trouble they took in always being on the lookout to provide something new for the gratification of the citizens. After seeing the collection he was sure it would be a revelation to many to know that there were such a number of beautiful flowers growing in this country. A great number professed to be fond of wild flowers, and a number undoubtedly were, but these very people would grow indignant if reminded of the peculiar manner in which they had their appreciation. As a rule the first thing they did on walking through our forests or other places where such flowers abound was to pluck them and dig up the roots, thereby destroying the plant.

It was a matter of gratification that Mrs. Chamberlain was kind enough to put this beautiful collection on exhibition. He thought the collection should be placed in some historical receptacle, where it would be safe, and where it would be seen by all.

And Mrs. Carruth turned to find her son by the window, his rugged face pressed against the old damask hanging where he had found his first and only love that afternoon.

It never gets damp or lumpy. Each crystal dry, full of salt-life. That's why particular people use WINDSOR SALT.

Too Much Gambling.—Owing to the recent gambling revelations, six officers, who were attending the Military Riding Institute, have been sent back to their regiments, a number of others have been ordered to their rooms under arrest, and all the others attending the institute, which is the most famous riding academy of the German army, have been forbidden to go to the best known hotels.

A good reputation robs many an act of a suspicious suggestion.

Wisdom in Brief.

Doing nothing for others is the undoing of one's self. We must be purposefully kind and generous, or miss the best part of existence. The heart that goes out of itself gets large and full of joy.

Some people seem to rake up all the sorrows of the past; to then they add the burdens of the present; then they look ahead, and anticipate a great many more trials than they will ever experience in the future.—D. L. Moody.

We should be perfect in all we do, not merely for the present, but to help in the formation of a good character. We should not be like the soapstone that crumbles as it is rubbed, but like gold, that shines brighter and brighter the more it is used.—Mary Lyon.

You can unlock a man's whole life if you watch what words he uses most. We have each a small set of words which, though we are scarcely aware of it, we always work with, and which really express all that we mean by life or have found out of it.—Prof. Henry Drummond.

It was once remarked to a dying saint that it must give her great comfort to look back upon a well-spent life. "Yes," she said, "it does, but the well-spent life is not mine, but my Redeemer's, and it is indeed an unspeakable comfort to know that His perfect righteousness is mine."

Riches consist in what is left over. The character of the surplus defines what one is worth. A man with a million dollars is poor if he has nothing else. His property is invested in false securities. Character is the one thing that survives life. We must take it along when we pass beyond.

"How do you keep so happy when you are so many hours all by yourself in this darkened room?" a visitor once asked a cheery old lady, who, suffering from her eyes, had to sit day after day with the shades drawn. "My dear child," was the immediate answer, "I have been feasting on happy memories."

What makes life dreary is the want of motive.—Elliott.

Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices.—Emerson.

"Strong minds suffer without complaining; weak ones complain without suffering."—Rochefoucauld.

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DISTRICT

WAPASH

Mr. Mitchell preached in the Methodist Church on Sunday.

Stanley McGath, of Thamesville, delivered tea through here last week.

Mrs. Wm. Hawkins is slowly recovering.

Fred Kelley is laid up with a catarrh on his eye.

Alex. McMahon, of Inwood, spent Friday at George Phillips.

Mr. Basset, of Thorncliffe, built a piece of Page wire fence for Mr. Liberty last week.

Reform seldom begins at home.

Michigan

Tim. Kelley has his new threshing machine outfit.

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INSIST ON RECEIVING IT.

CROTON.

Mrs. Art. Boylan, Dawn Mills, visited her brother, S. E. Peters, here on Friday.

Mrs. Butler shot two owls recently. One of them measured 4 1/2 feet from tip to tip of wings.

Mr. Brown, of the Bell Telephone Co., was in the village on Friday last.

Mrs. Bradley, Bothwell, visited her sister, Mrs. D. M. Healy, Friday.

A number from here attended the concert in Florence.

Some of our farmers are planting their corn a second time.

John Ross has started the work on his new house.

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Healy, Dresden, and nephew, visited friends in this vicinity on Friday.

Politicians are like bees on the move. Mr. F. F. Pardee, M. P., held a meeting at Rutherford, and Joe Armstrong, Petrolia, W. J. Hanna, Sarnia, and Hugh Montgomery, of Plympton, held meetings here to tell the electors what they had done.

Voting day will determine how the people view the subject.

Percy Paddock painted Norris Lampman's house.

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