

Change of Time



City of Chatham

Will make her regular round trip from CHATHAM to DETROIT every Monday and Wednesday.

Leaving Chatham at 7:30 a.m. and returning leaves Detroit (foot of Randolph St.) at 5:30 p.m. Detroit time, or 4 o'clock Chatham time.

Will also make round trips from Detroit to Chatham every Friday and Saturday.

Leaving Detroit, foot of Randolph St. at 8:30 a.m. Detroit time, or 9 a.m. Chatham time, returning will leave Chatham at 4:30 p.m. Detroit time, or 3 p.m. Chatham time, arriving in Detroit about 8:30 p.m.

Fares:
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A GIRL OF THE PEOPLE

By Mrs. C. N. Williamson.

"Don't take it so hard, my dear," he said. "She loved you and you loved her. That is the principal thing. I don't know why it was necessary for you to be told, though Sir Roger, no doubt, did what he thought was his duty. But at all events, no one else need know. Nothing need be changed."

"Everything is changed!" I exclaimed. "Because everything that I thought was mine is Roger Cope's."

Mr. Westerley sprang to his feet with an ejaculation of amazement and incredulity. "No!" he said. "No; that cannot be. Lady Cope was too just, too loving a woman, strange as were some of her ideas. She brought you up to consider yourself an heiress."

"I'm a beggar," I broke in. "She left no will, so Roger says. He was her heir, and knew all her business. He told me that he had often advised her to make one, but she put it off. Yet it isn't that I care for. I've had eighteen happy years. I oughtn't to ask for more. If she had lived and loved me I wouldn't have minded being poor and leaving dear old Arrish Mell—"

"Surely you won't be called upon to leave!" stammered the vicar.

For an instant I was tempted to tell him the story of Roger's offer and my refusal of it. But it seemed a dishonorable thing for a girl to do; and instead, I merely explained that, as everything now apparently belonged to Roger, who was, as far as known, Lady Cope's only surviving relative, I preferred not to be indebted to him.

"There are things I can do to earn my own living," I went on. "I speak French very well. I sing and play. I can paint a little, and, thanks to poor Miss Fitch, my governess, who was with me for so many years, I have a good all-round education. I ought to find something to do."

"If only I were not a miserable bachelor, my child, you'd not be at a loss for a home," said the kind old man. "Even as it is, I wonder if something couldn't be arranged. It's—it's unbearable to think of you alone in the world. But, thank goodness, it hasn't come to that yet. Sir Roger Cope is human. I have always, until now, supposed him a singularly high-minded young man. He will tell you to look upon this house as yours since he can't possibly want it."

"I think he does want it," I cut him short. "And anyway, it would never be home to me again—not for a day. It seems, too, that I'm not alone in the world. Roger says my mother is alive and he knows where I can find her. I shall go to her, Mr. Westerley."

The vicar's face changed. "I—really, my child," he faltered, "I should—should do nothing rash if I were you. Better think it over; talk with Sir Roger. Or let me talk with him if you prefer. Yes, that is better. I'll see him, and—"

"Thank you, dear Mr. Westerley. He's at the inn, at Lull," I said.

A sudden resolution had come to me. There was no use in arguing with this dear old man, who would never either see things as I did, nor make me see them with his eyes. I would let him go now that he had confirmed Roger's statement. And when I was alone I would make up my mind.

"I shall go and find Sir Roger now," he suggested, with subdued eagerness.

I saw, or thought I saw, that he knew something concerning which he feared questions—something which he did not wish to tell.

"Yes, it is kind of you," I replied. "You have told me that the thing is true, and now it will be better for me to be alone and think it all over. But is there another mystery, another secret about my real mother? Why would it be 'hush' to go to her?"

"Oh!" and Mr. Westerley evaded my searching eyes. "You can't tell how she may be situated now, that's all of course, that's all. There's no mystery. No secret except that which unfors which Sir Roger has told you. I'll go to him, my dear, I'll go to him. And later I'll come back to tell you the result of our conversation."

In spite of his sympathy and kindness he was glad to get away, glad to escape from me. I saw that, and it made me think. But I troubled him with no more questions. If there were a secret I should soon, perhaps, find it out, for I had made up my mind to a very bold step.

Mr. Westerley patted my hand, reassuring me faintly, as best he could; and I bade him good-bye. Yet he suspected nothing.

When he had gone I repeated the word with a sob. "Good-bye, dear, sweet old home that I have loved." I said with wet, wide eyes that took in every familiar detail of the room. "Good-bye, everything that has been dear. You aren't for me any more."

Then the tears which had been held back for so long splashed down. I broke open the envelope which Roger had given me and could scarcely see what he had written. There was more than an address; there was a letter of some kind—a regular allowance, which I at once resolved to reject. My mother's name I found was Mrs. Newlyn, and she lived at 25 Eszel street, Commercial road, Peckham.

Having read the letter I wrote a short note to Mr. Westerley, another to Roger Cope. In both of these I said much the same thing, though I said it in very different ways.

I told the two men—the old friend of my childhood, and the cousin who was a cousin no more—that I had decided to leave Arrish Mell at once. Delay would only be painful. I was going to my mother, and would stay with her if she would keep me, though I intended to find work and not be a burden upon her. In any case a letter would reach me if sent to her address. I ended my note to the vicar with grateful, affectionate words; Roger's closed stiffly and abruptly, for I could not make it otherwise.

When I had finished, the hardest part of what I had to do was still to come. I had to tell the news to the servants, who had been at Arrish Mell Court for so many years that they had become old friends.

It was hard for the loving, simple hearts to understand that I was actually saying good-bye. But they realized it at last; and Evans sorrowfully pronounced that when Mr. Westerley and

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Sir Roger Cope would call after a day or two, he would have them the notes I had written.

There was no time to be lost if I would be away before either the vicar or Sir Roger Cope arrived. In the confusion of my mind at first I had not remembered the present need of money. But suddenly I flushed and quivered, with a humiliating thought.

"Oh, Swift!" I cried, "bring me the green purse that you put away when we came back from town."

CHAPTER VIII.

What I Found at the End of the Journey.

The purse I had desired Swift to bring me was the one which had been in my charge on the night of terror and disaster—the purse that had been rescued for me by a man whose face I had seen once or twice in my dreams since then.

On that night it had held a considerable sum, but the money was all or nearly all gone now. There had been frequent calls upon it during the last day or two at the hotel, and though I had supposed then that I should have plenty of my own by and by, I had not cared to apply to Roger while there remained a fund that I could draw upon instead.

My hand trembled when Swift gave me the purse. She had been away in the next room longer than necessary it seemed, as I spoke, a torrent of blood rushed up to my face. "Swift, how could you do it?" I said. "Don't you think I know? Don't you think I understand?"

"There's nothing to understand, miss," she returned, stolidly. "I'm sure I can't guess what you mean."

"This is your money. You put it into the purse, knowing or suspecting that I would have nothing besides. It was very good, and I thank you; but I can't take it. Tell me how much is yours, Swift, and how much was really there."

"Oh, miss, as if I would have dared!" she answered. "If there's more in the purse than you expected, why, begging your pardon, it's because of your careless way. You didn't know what you had."

"No, but I'm sure—" Interrupting, dear miss," broke in Swift. "But it's too bad of you making out I'd have touched your purse—her ladyship's own purse it was, too. It's as much as you say I'm—well, I won't go on, miss, if you look like that. But do tell me you

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"Ready for what?" I echoed. "Why, to go with you, to be sure."

"I thought you understood," I said, sadly. "I can't take you. I must go alone."

She burst out crying. "Oh, miss, that's the last straw! I must go with you. I would be wicked to stand by and let you go out in the world alone—just like a little white lamb in the ignorance of straying into the butcher's hands."

"I am going to my mother," I answered, choking a little. "She isn't very rich, and—no, I fancy she must live in a small house. She would not know what to do with a maid, and—besides, I couldn't pay you."

"I wouldn't want a penny, miss, and I'd be a general sooner than leave you," persisted Swift, almost fiercely. "I didn't know what she meant by a 'general,' associating with the word with high officers of the army, but I appreciated her intention. We were miserable together; and when I went down to the carriage, there were all the others in the hall, not a dry eye among them. Somehow, I got through the good-byes, and took one last, long, yearning look at the old house as I and my luggage were driven away."

I left Lull at two o'clock in the afternoon. Three hours later I arrived at Waterloo Station. My thoughts had been so busy that my journey had not seemed long. Indeed, I had almost dreaded the end, because of the necessity for action it would entail; and besides, I had begun half to repent my rashness in flinging myself upon the world before I was absolutely certain that I could have my mother's protection. When she had been at a distance, I had looked upon her as a sure refuge. Roger had given me her address, and had said positively that she was to be found there. I was her daughter, and it had seemed natural that when the floods of disaster had swept me off my feet, I should try to grasp her hand.

Eszel street, Commercial road, meant nothing definite to me. I vaguely thought of Peckham as a suburb, and I had some dim picture in my mind of a neat little ivy-draped brick house in a small garden, such as I had often seen in the village of Lull.

The London I had known best was the region of parks, big, splendid houses, and smart shops. It was not foolish enough to suppose that my mother, who had been described as poor, had her home in such a neighborhood as that, but as I was driven

through street after street, even meaner and more squalid than the ones I had seen on the night I followed Lady Cope from the Lyceum Theatre, I grew sad and amazed. Was it possible that while all my life I had lived among beautiful things, the woman who had brought me into the world had been—

—here?

At last we turned into a narrow street, lined on either side with little gray houses, all exactly alike. It was as if a wall of dirty brick stretched along, with low doors and windows cut into it at intervals; for there was no separation between the houses.

Each house had a door of its own, with a window on the ground floor, and above, two more windows. On the broken pavement, or in the gutters, ragged children swarmed; dwarfish girls carrying big-headed, squalling babies almost as large as themselves; toddling boys, with red-rimmed eyes and grimy faces. The babies all seemed to be crying; their young nurses shrilly bidding them be still, or exhorting the boys who shouted over their games to come home at once if they did not wish various horrible consequences to befall them.

It was a dreadful street; the worst I had ever seen, and I wished that my driver would make haste in passing through. But, to my surprised alarm, he stopped, drawing up the cab at the pavement. "He is going to enquire the way," I thought. Yet no; he was claiming slowly off the box. I looked out. We were exactly in front of a door cut in the long gray wall of blackened brick. Over the door was a number—55. My heart gave a leap, and I almost called out a protest. It could not be true. Any place but this.

The driver opened the cab door. "Here you are, miss; 55 Eszel street," he said, smiling that I sat still.

To be Continued.

AN ILLUSTRATED VILLAGE.

Little Swiss Town One of the Quaintest in Europe.

When next you go to the Lake of Geneva, by all means pay a visit to the little known village of St. Legier, near by, on the road between Vevey and Blonay, one of the quaintest villages in Europe and one of the prettiest on account of its extraordinary adornments. St. Legier and the adjoining village of La Chaux are nothing more or less than illustrated villages. They are as profusely illustrated as the modern magazine, for nearly all the houses bear on their outside walls some striking picture or comical caricature from the brush of a great man in the village, M. Alfred Beguin, a painter of local renown and not unknown in Paris, says Pearson's Magazine.

A house in St. Legier has no use for a signboard to tell the world that it is an inn, a cycle shop, a forge or a dairy. M. Beguin's picture does that. On a stable wall he draws a picture of a spirited runaway horse knocking down men as he leaps for freedom; on the white wall of the little village forge are pictures of men making horseshoes for dear life and shoeing a frisky steed; on the wall of the dairy a dairy maid balances a pail of milk on her head, while scenes of local life, as pictures of the annual summer exodus to the mountain pastures with the cows and goats, and caricatures of the local bigwigs make a bright picture gallery of the village. M. Beguin lives in one of the most imposing houses in St. Legier, whence he obtains a full view of the crooked little village street and of the Dent du Jaman towering up in the distance. For many years past he has amused himself by painting the houses, and in the first place he acquired most of his skill and boldness in painting in this way.

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