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A LITTLE WILD APPLE TREE.

here's a little wild apple tree out in the par Crooked and stunted and queer in its shap and it waves its long arms as the summe winds sway it, as if it were trying its best to escape.

chosen;
She found such a beautiful place for her m
The orchard is pleasant—I highly respect it
But the little wild apple tree 'tis I love be
—Margaret Vandegrift in Youth's Compani

A RHINE STORY.

The Misses Ladford walked across the road from the German station to

the road from the German station to the small hotel.

"And now," complained the elder Miss Ladford, "I suppose we shall have more unintelligible argument at this ridiculous hotel. Not a soul to speak English of French, and".—

"We shall manage," said her young sister, hopefully. The porter carrying their lurgage pushed open the door, and

sister, noperally. The porter carrying their luggage pushed open the door, and they stepped into a big, square room, with a pewter covered bar at the side. A few men werb playing with grubby cards in a corner. The proprietor shuffled forward and took his pipe from his mouth replactantly.

his mouth reluctantly.
"Bah!" cried the elder Miss Ladford. "That's not German," remarked her young sister cheerfully. "Kellner, ein

zimmer."

If young Miss Ladford had known
the German for hotel proprietor, she
would not have called him a waiter. It
was unfortunate, because the proprietor's brow clouded at the word "kellner," and he appeared to be instructing the porter to take the luggage outside. The two ladies stared at each other dis-"Can I be of any use?"

"Mr. Wallis!" cried the young sister delightedly.
"Mr. Wallis!" remarked Miss Lad-

ford distantly.

In a few words the young man explained everything to the offended hotel

prantice everywhing to the offended hotel proprietor; in a few more words he informed the ladies that he, too, had arrived by the train from Berlin, and that, finding the last train for Luxembourg had gone, he had said a few "I am glad you did that," said Miss Ladford.

mentioned that he had ordered supper for one; while the ladies were up stairs he would amend the order and make it

ne would amend the order and mass it support for three. A stout, apple faced maid appeared and prepared to conduct them stolidly up the broad wooden staircase to their room.

"Mr. Wallis," said Miss Ladford.
"we quarreled I'm afraid, at Bairenth." reuth.
"No, no," replied the young man.
flushing. "Don't dignify our argument
to that extent. It was a mere difference
of opinion." He glanced at the young
sister, who was following the apple

sister, who was following the apple checked maid.

"You made some unkind remarks in your journal last winter about my placi-ing, and I felt bound to tell you that I resented those criticisms. We had been

good friends too."
"I tried to be fair, Miss Ladford. I had every reason not to be unkind.

tated a moment and then held

out her hand.
"Shall we forget all about it, Mr.
Wallis?" 'It will give me great pleasure,'' said

the young man earnestly. And, being in a foreign land where courtly acts can be done without creating derision, he lifted her gloved hand and kissed it. be one without creating derision, he lifted her gloved hand and kissed it.

Such a supper party that night in the bare bearded dining room of the sleepy little hotel at Karthaus, and such determination on Mark Wallis', part to propitiste Miss Ladierd—so much general good humor indeed that the chromo of the Emperor William on the walls stared as though half inclined to assume that the laughter approached leze majesty. Even the apple checked servant became infected by the general gayety and served the dishes with positive cheerfulness, crowning the evening, when supper was over and Mark Wallis had lighted a cigar and had said good night, by remarking (as she took the two pairs of shoes from the tired young women and closed their door) in a confidential whisper, "Jarring cross!" and dismen and closed their door; in a confiden-tial whisper, "Jarring cross!" and dis-appeared with the air of one who has said a reassuring and a comforting word to English women in a strange land. "He improves on acquaintance," re-marked Miss Ladford. "Who, dear?" "Why, Mr. Wallis, of course."

"Oh!"
"I disliked him extremely when I

met him at first." met him at first.

"Because of that notice?"

"That was the principal cause."

"Musical critics," said the younger lady casually, "have a hard task to perfere."

lady casually, nave form."

"And some of them hardly perform ft. But I'm quite sure now, dear, that Mr. Wallis did not mean to be unfair."

Miss Ladford went on argumentatively, as though trying to persuade her younger sister to abandon an indefensible position in the debate. "So much depends, Alice, on the point of view in these matters. Mark Wallis being so strong a Mozart worshiper, you see, he natu-

DETROIT, MICH.

**I hope so," said Miss Ladford.

**Yeu have changed your opini

dear, about him? I'm so glad." Alice

"A woman who doesn't change her opinion," said Miss Ladford dogmatic-ally, "is as tiresome as one who never changes her hats. I don't know which is

worse."

It seemed that everybody in the little motel awoke early the following morning. At 6:30 the round cheeked maid came up with coffee and rolls, and these they had near to the open window that looked on the square in front of the station. Miss Ladford, in admirable spirits and enjoying new the whole adventure, aw Mr. Mark Wallis below and remarked to her young sister that the grown. and enjoying now the whole adventure, aw Mr. Mark Wallis below and re-marked to her young sister that she sup-posed she had better go down in order to make sure about the Luxembourg train. Alice Ladford cordially seconded this resolution and said that she for her part would rather stay up stairs and

write.
"Train doesn't go till 8," said Mark
Wallis cheerfully. "There's nothing to
see at Karthaus, so I thought of having
a look round."
"I am tired of sightseeing." remarked Miss Ladford. "This will have
all the charm of novelty. May I come
with you?"

"I want you to."
"Doesn't matter about a bat, does it?

"Doesn't matter about a hat, does it?
Nobody knows us."
"Nobody knows us here," he agreed
lightly. "In town we are of course important people. At least you are. Critics
don't count."
"There we lived down the principal lane.

don't count."

They walked down the principal lane
of the village. The sun was in its
pleasantly decorous mood, less obtrusive
than it had been, but showing nevertheless a polite attention. Two stout matrons at their doorways remarked to
each other confidentially that she was
older than he, and after some haggling
decided that there was a difference of
five years.

five years.

"Nearly everything happens for the best in this world," said Mark Wallis.

"If that train had not been late last "If that train had not been late last night, it would have been long pephape before I had a chance of making my peace with you."
"I cannot permit," sne said quaint-ly, "any reference to a former discus-tion."

"As a matter of fact, I particularly want to be on good terms with you, Miss Ladford. I haven't many enemies.

and I do not want to think of you as one of them.

"I believe," she said quietly, pulling a blade of grass as they walked slong, "that we are going to be very excellent friends."

"I'm so clad!" he cried honestly.

"I'm so glad!" he cried honestly.
"Indeed, I hope that we shall be some-thing more." She did not look at him, and he went on. "Do you know, Miss and ne west on. "Do you know, miss Ladford, I feel very much the want of companionship at home? I'm almost 28, but already I am beginning to dread the possibility of journeying through my life a lonely traveler. Twenty eight is not too young for a man to marry, is

for a moment to her throat. Her thoughts went back swiftly to her first thoughts went back swiftly to her first and last proposal. Dear, dear, what a long time ago that was—mearly ten years ago, she foared! She remembered how she had refused the offer because she had an idea that it would be foolish to say "Yes" to the first. And since— Miss Ladford remembered this with a little sigh—there had not been a second. "What I mean to say is;" said Mark Wallis, with nervous enthusiasm, "that the time comes to every man when he

wains, with nervous enthusiasm. 'that the time comes to every man when he meets some one he really likes. If he misses that chance, it is quite likely that an exactly similar opportunity may never occur again. And, although it may appear very sudden to you, Miss Ladford, it's not really sudden, you know.'.'

know.".

The poor blade of grass was getting terribly maltreated. For a self possessed person, Miss Ladford appeared singularly tremulous. She found that when she lifted her eyes from the ground the neat

lifted her eyes from the ground the neat little cottages danced.

"I think—I think we had better re-turn," she said hesitatingly. "We mustn't miss the train, and we ought not to keep my sister waiting." "Oh, Alice won't mind!" he said cheerfully.

"She's a dear girl," said Miss Lad-ford, and account of the said of the said of the said

"She's a dear gir," said Miss Ladford, endeavoring to regain her self possession. "Although she's my sister, I have never quarreled with her."

She can keep a secret too.

"When you know her better, Mr. Wallis, you will find that she is quite unlike me. That is why we get on so well together, I think. I don't like to think that I shall ever have to say good by to het."

"It won't be quite saying goodby," urged Mark Wallis. "You see, a honey "We must talk about it," she inter-

"We must talk about it," she interrapted shyly, "when we meet in town."
"I would rather know now, "he said.
"Until we reach Luxembourg, then "
"No, no," he said good humeredly
Me took her hand and placed it on his
arm. "I must know now. Your sister
will be anxious." Her hand trembled.
"Point of fact, Miss Ladford, I want

"Point of fact, Miss Ladford, I want Alice to marry me as soon as we get back to town, if you don't mind."

The way seemed very long back to the little hotel, and the sunshine appeared strangely blurred. Nevertheless Miss Ladford, like a sensible woman, said no word until she reached the Bahnhof, where her pretty young sister was waiting. Then she went up to her and krissed her.

"I—I don't mind," she said unsteadily.—W. Pett Ridgs in Woman at Home.

"I regret to observe," said Skillton,
"that there is to be another yacht race
for the America's cap."
"Regret? Why, it indicates that
England and the United States are coming together again!" said Jones.
"That's just it," said Skillton. "We
were beginning to get along so nicely,
and now all the old troubles will be respened."—Harper's Bazar.

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