

JUST IN TIME.

Every one was surprised when Alice Oake became engaged to the young German Theodore Max, and it all happened because she thought Paul Norman had slighted her. The blonde, blue-eyed young foreigner was interesting, but in her heart of hearts she treasured the memory of the dark-haired lover.

The wedding day drew near, and one afternoon Alice drove over to a neighboring china manufactory to make some purchases, and at the same time to visit the works.

All attention was shown the young heiress as she made her way through the various rooms where deft hands turned the dirty clay into things of beauty and artistic worth.

The room where the decorators worked particularly interested Alice. One young girl was engaged in painting delicate pink flowers in a pale blue dish.

The occupation seemed a charming one, it struck the fancy of the young lady. The girl looked up and smiled.

"I wonder whether you could teach me to do that?" she asked.

"Ah, yes, madam," replied the girl, with a foreign accent. "If madam could take lessons in the evening, I should be delighted to earn a little more."

"Come to me to-night," said Alice, "and we will talk it over."

And at night the girl came—an innocent simple creature, who needed little urging to talk of herself.

She was from Dresden; she had learned to paint china there—all the world had.

She longed to return, but she had a purpose in coming to America—and it was not accomplished. No, mademoiselle was mistaken—it was not to make her fortune. She would tell mademoiselle, who looked so kind. It was to look for her lover. Oh, he loved her, and she loved him. They were both in the china works, but her grandfather would have her marry her cousin, and he turned Theo from the door—yes, and with anger and threats, if he should come again.

They met once and vowed eternal constancy; then he came to America.

He thought she was married, but Providence had arranged otherwise; her cousin was dead and her grandfather also. So she had come to find Theo. Did mademoiselle ever hear his name? That would hardly be likely; but she asked every one—"Theodore Max of Dresden."

Theodore Max, from Dresden! Miss Oake started violently. "Tell me how he looks," she said. "In the least like this?" and she drew from her work-basket a photograph. "It might be his own portrait."

"It is!" cried the girl. "Oh, do you know him?"

"I think I do," said Alice. "I will send for him. What shall I say?"

"Only that Sophia Brett never married her cousin Andre, and is here," said the girl.

But Miss Oake only telegraphed to Theodore Max, "Come at once."

"Theodore," she said to him, before she led him into Sophia's presence, "you loved Sophia Brett once?"

He answered frankly: "Fondly. But I could not marry her; so I came away."

"She is free," said Alice.

"What can you know of Sophia?" asked her lover.

Alice drew her engagement ring from her finger and gave it to him.

"Give this to Sophia," she said. "I will give her a dowry. I see you love her. I know she loves you, and I found out long ago that I never loved you at all. Go to my boudoir. You will find her there."

Again the world wondered. When wedding veils are bought and wedding breakfasts ordered people expect a wedding ceremony.

They were not disappointed, but the bride was not Alice. The feast was at her home. She graced the ceremony with her presence. She was as gay as the bridegroom, and as loving at the bride, and far more elegant. And she kissed little Sophia with unaffected tenderness, and shook hands heartily with Theodore Max as the young couple bid her adieu and went off upon their wedding trip.

But while the guests still lingered, Alice Oake stole away into the conservatory, where a tiny fountain tossed its waters into a marble basin, and there, as though waiting for her—as indeed he was—stood Paul Norman. His dark face glowed with joy.

"Alice," he whispered, "have you come to me at last?"

Her only answer was to drop her head upon his bosom.

And you may be sure that there was another wedding soon, and this time Alice was the bride.

Not Appreciated.

One night a policeman who was patrolling Grand River avenue and trying the doors of business houses came to a grocery and found the door unlocked and the key in the lock. He sprung the bolt, put the key in his pocket and sauntered on, and in the course of an hour he found opportunity to send word and the key to the proprietor. He didn't expect any particular praise for his action, but he was hardly prepared for the storm which soon swooped upon him. The grocer himself, with battered hat, torn coat and two fingers bleeding, suddenly appeared before him and said:

"If I've any influence in this town I'll have you off the force inside of two days!"

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Matter? Ask me what's the matter? Oh! I'll fix you!"

"For what? For finding your store unlocked and sending the key to your house?"

"Yes, sir! I was down there hunting up mustard for a sick child at home, and what do you do but lock me in and promenade off?"

"Is it possible?"

"And there I've been for an hour or more, and would be yet if I hadn't crawled through a cellar window! Oh! I'll lay for you, old guardian of the peace!"—Detroit Free Press.

Cleveland, Thurman & Reardon

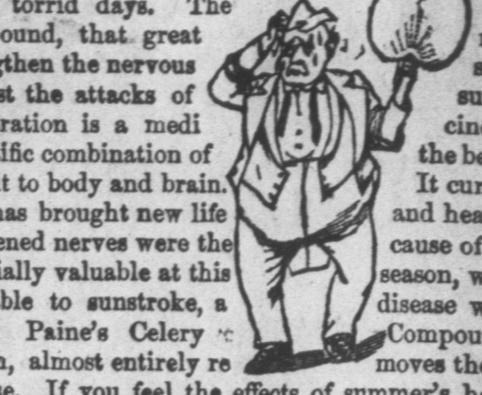
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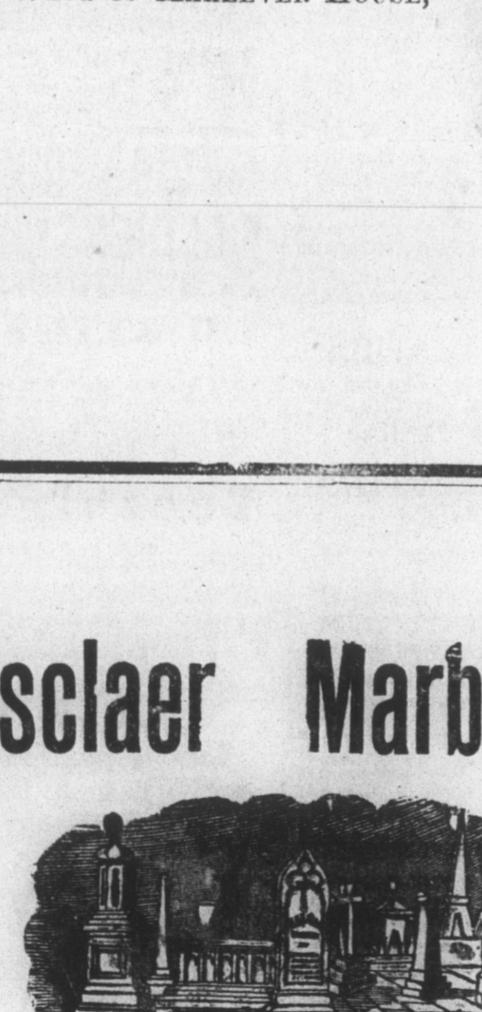
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