

of the bride, all of the same height and size, all wearing precisely similar clothing and closely veiled. One of these is the bride, and it falls upon him to find out which it is. If he has been wise, he has bribed some of the spectators to give him a sign to guide him, but, if not, he attempts to seize the veiled figure whom he suspects to be his bride. If possible, she slips from his grasp and runs away, with him in hot pursuit. An exciting chase follows, until he succeeds in catching her, when he tears the veil from her face. If it turns out that he has chosen correctly, and that she is the bride, the game is ended, but, if not, he must try again, after the captured girl has had time to arrange her disordered dress and take her place once more among her companions. Again he makes a selection, and after another long chase succeeds in unveiling a second maiden, possibly only to find he has caught the same girl again. Many hours are consumed in this way, and it is often daylight before the unlucky bridegroom secures his bride.

Red slippers are not so much worn as they were. The tan suede low shoes and slippers are being a trifle superseded by the smooth kid of the same shade. The smooth kid ones are not nearly so pretty, being cut with straps to cross over the instep and with both straps and fronts embroidered with beads.

The blue book on marriage and divorce is said to contain singular facts, which may be regarded, however, as touchstones of civilization. In Russia, for instance, people may not wed a fourth time, nor after they are eighty years old. In France, the wife whose husband objects seriously to her going on the stage, makes herself liable to divorce by persisting in her artistic desire. In Germany and Roumania "insuperable aversion" is enough. But in Portugal civilization touches the high-water mark. There, if a wife publishes literary works without the husband's consent, the law frees him at once.

AT THE PLAY.

It was a "first night," and the curtain was about to rise upon the third act. At the end of the second act the situation was this: The hero of the play had been accused of a great crime. The officers were close upon his track, and disgrace, ruin and imprisonment were hand in hand with them. At this point he was alone with the woman he loved. He had told her of all the evils that compassed him and in the same instant had told her of his love. Would she risk all for him, fly with him, give up all else for love of him,

or would she choose safety, comfort, an honorable name and home—all of which awaited her acceptance at the hands of another? The curtain had fallen upon the lover appealing, the woman debating. The house remained silent, hushed, almost like a house of death.

There were two persons in the orchestra chairs who were watching the play with an intensity of feeling that could hardly be veiled. One was a woman, young, handsome, bearing in every line of her face and figure testimony that she had never known other than the ease and comfort and security that wealth begets. By her side was a man of apparently the same social rank. This was David Osborne, cashier of the —th National bank. The woman was Eleanor Wheelright, whom many supposed to be his affianced wife. In this, however, they were wrong, as no word of love had yet passed between the two.

At the end of the second act Osborne had turned to his companion questioningly. "It is rather emotional," he said. "Are you ready to guess the outcome of all this passion? Will the girl be a fool and yield to his persuasions?"

"I hope so," Miss Wheelright replied, her tone gentle and sympathetic, "but I shall not call it 'being a fool.' Unless she can give up much for him she does not truly love him."

"Even if he is the criminal?"

"That does not alter the fact."

After this they were silent for a little. At last he spoke again.

"If you were put to such a test, Eleanor, for the man you loved?"

"If I loved him, I think I should be equal to it."

Osborne's face grew a shade more pale as he asked the next question:

"Have you seen this evening's papers?"

"Yes."

"Then you know our bank is in trouble?"

"Yes; I read all the account."

"But that did not tell you all. It did not tell you that I am suspected of embezzling the funds."

She sat very still and waited for him to go on.

"I ought not to have brought you out to-night. But I could not resist the temptation of spending one more delightful evening with you. I knew there would be no public accusation until to-morrow. I could not deny myself these few hours." He spoke very low, so that his words came to her ear in a mere whisper. "You know that I love you; that I hoped to make you my wife. I ought to have been strong enough not to tell you this now. I ought to have waited, but I could not." Miss Wheelright made no answer, but she put out her hand and touched the sleeve of his coat. It gave him courage.

"By morning I may be arrested," he

said, "imprisoned. The amount of the defalcation is very great. If I start soon—at once—I may be in Canada by morning and at least safe from arrest. A train leaves in an hour."

Miss Wheelright's agitation had been shown only by the nervous plucking at her gloves. One of these had been drawn half off. She began now to draw it on again. She held the hand out to him that he might button it. Then she drew her wraps about her. "Come," she said, "we shall have no time to lose. Let us go at once."

"Eleanor, where? Home?" he asked, not understanding her.

"No; where you said. There is time."

She had risen to her feet. Osborne rose also and put out a restraining hand. "Eleanor, think! You may repent," he said, but even as he spoke he began to move with her toward the exit. As they did this the curtain came up on the third act of the play, and almost involuntarily they paused to see the conclusion of the story, which was so much like their own.

The officers had just appeared, armed with the warrant for his arrest, and the lover had turned to confront them. The heroine interposed between him and them, and one of the officers spoke to her:

"Do not make our task any harder, my girl. We have come in time to save you from wasting yourself on this scoundrel. He has stolen the money of widows and orphans who have trusted him, and with this had thought to pave a golden road to comfort and luxury and indulgence—with you. The man will not deny his crime. You can see that from his face. Do not believe that his heart can be good or his love pure when he has so wronged others."

The girl had sunk down, sobbing and covering her face with her hands, after one long searching look upon her lover. At this he came toward her appealingly.

"No, no!" she cried, waving him away. "Go! I don't love y. u. I was about to yield all for you. It was madness, for you are not worthy of it. It is past now!"

At the words of the officer, "He has stolen the money of widows and orphans, and with this had thought to pave a golden road to indulgence with you," Eleanor Wheelright had looked upon Osborne's face and read the truth there.

And when the girl cried out: "It was madness. It is past now," Osborne had looked upon her face and had seen that her own madness was also past.

Seeing this, he put out his arm to her calmly. "Shall I take you to your carriage?" he asked.

She bowed, and they went out together. A moment later Osborne shut the carriage door between them and went alone upon the road, a fugitive—the road that he had carefully paved with stolen gold.