

His reception at Miss Battingfeld's was far from cordial. He could not imagine what the trouble was. He supposed that he should have asked her out more frequently than his somewhat narrow means had permitted of late. The lady kept getting a trifle more chilly in her demeanor. At last the remark seemed jerked out of her—"Don't you like green as a color in ties?" He said, "Of course I do." "Well, why don't you wear the one I sent you?"

The poor young tenor blushed deeply, and after a few perfunctory expressions of gratitude, he staggered out into the street.

When next seen he was considerably thinner, having undergone an attack of brain fever, consequent on trying to unravel the tie problem. Now he can never hear that favorite old hymn without prickly sensations.

Miss Alleyne suffered in the same way, for she had worked herself into a nervous fever over the possibility of a mistake in the cravat sent the banker. He, however, appeared three days later wearing the green tie with his most self-satisfied air.

M. E. HUNTER, '98.