

and perpetrated one in green. It so chanced that, buying her material at the same store as Miss Alleyne, she got the same as that intended for the banker.

Now, Mr. Corson was such a charming young tenor, and so gallant with the ladies, that he hated to do anything rude. Accordingly his usual Sunday evening custom was to call for Miss Alleyne, who sang in the same choir, escort her to church, and leave her at her door afterwards. Then he went quickly the few intervening blocks, and spent the remainder of the evening with Miss Battingfeld. This appeared quite proper to the said Miss B., for she knew he sang in the choir of his own church, which didn't happen to be the same as hers.

The Sunday after Christmas came. Mr. Corson had been the fortunate recipient of two ties, a red and a green. Now he hated to offend either young lady by not wearing her gift. A brilliant inspiration struck him. He would wear one, and pocket the other. Surely a good opportunity would come for changing it during his scamper around the block.

The music to be prepared was more than ordinarily difficult for that evening, and as Mr. Corson was putting the final touches to his toilet he hummed over the score. He found himself in a state of nervous tension. In his excitement he accidentally interchanged the order he had planned of wearing the ties, and tied in a neat knot the green one. He also blundered in putting the other in his coat pocket, forgetting to transfer it to his ulster.

The earliest hymn was given out, "Blest be the tie that binds." Soon afterwards the trying part of the service came for the poor man. He looked for the usual warm glance of encouragement from his early inamorata, Miss Alleyne. Instead he was met by a piteously bewildered expression, followed by a stony glare. Poor Miss Chrissie was now convinced that the banker had received like to like, and feared that he would resent it as a palpable insult.

Mr. Corson ran hurriedly over in his mind all the possible permutations and combinations to be made of the circumstances. His great fear was that Miss Alleyne had heard about his weekly Sunday finish-up at the house of Battingfeld. In his trepidation he pulled out his handkerchief to conceal his feelings till he felt calmer. Out jumped the red tie. *There* was a tableau for the initiated!

How he managed to keep up a fair amount of conversation with Miss Alleyne on the way home he never could figure out. When he left her his soul was in a tumult. Under the lamp-post that he had previously selected in his meditations on the subject, he deftly changed ties. He had forgotten which was which, or rather was too dazed to consider the fact that he already had on the proper one.