

The Tale of Two Ties

"Jigglety, jagglety, jogglety, jum,
Why, bless my soul, but the Joodle is come,
Come with his cane and his high silk hat,
But my ! he's forgotten his green cravat."

—*Old Fairy Tale.*

ROMEO and Juliet were in a sad case, but here I move my pen to tell a sadder. It will be remembered that Romeo had a sweetheart before he doted on Juliet. So had my hero, but a large part of his trouble arose from the fact that he kept her on conjointly with the later.

The Christmas season of peace and good will was approaching. If we let Miss Alleyne stand for the name of the earlier, and Miss Battingfeld for the later, we shall elucidate the problem the sooner. Miss Chrissie Alleyne had gone through tender passages in her first days of "coming-out" with Mr. Corson, our hero, a fascinating young tenor in the Presbyterian Church near by. Since that time she had felt the attractions possessed by another, a banker.

The events I am about to relate took place in the year of grace eighteen hundred and ninety-four, when knitted silk cravats were all the rage as donations to mankind. Miss Alleyne had not much time on hand for thinking out individual needs, so she lumped the two men. At first she determined to knit them both cravats exactly alike, both for economy in silk and time. But after she had bought sufficient red silk, she remembered the auburn beard of the banker. So she harked back to Eaton's and got some green.

The cravats were finished in due time, and carefully put up in dainty boxes. Just as she had finished doing them up she was called away. She afterwards addressed them from memory. When they had been dispatched she began to feel qualms of uneasiness, but too late.

In the meantime the handsome tenor's other acquisition, Miss Battingfeld, had also been seized with the popular craze for home-made neckties,