

He would not appear in a hurry to look. Of course she thought the same. But suddenly neither could wait another minute. Both turned at once. But horrors! The smiling countenances turned to gray stone. "Clyde," breathed Edith. And "Edith," breathed Clyde.

"Let's get out of here at once," said Clyde hoarsely. But as soon as the house door was closed, each stood glaring at the other. "What is the meaning of this?" said Mr. Mannering in a thundering voice.

"Oh! Oh! This is horrible. Why did I ever marry such a brute!"

"Well, you did, so explain yourself. You didn't expect to see me there, did you?" said Mr. Mannering.

Edith at last was aroused. "No! and neither did you expect to see me there," said Edith in a furious tone. After quite a scene, each cooled down and explanations began. After seeing that in each case it was done as a favor to another person, it began to seem really funny. Each enjoyed a good laugh.

"Clyde, let's ask them to dinner. I'll ask Billy and you ask George."

"Agreed," said Mr. Mannering.

The following morning Mr. Mannering appeared at young Walton's office and asked him to come to dinner the following evening. As he was about to leave, Walton said, "Mannering, how about the girl at the theatre?"

"It is quite a good thing that you didn't go, for you would have been terribly disappointed," said Mannering.

"In what way?" asked Walton.

"Because the girl you expected to meet there was a married woman and her husband worships her," answered Mannering.

"Such is life," said Walton, sadly, "he worships her and at the same time she is meeting other men."

"You had better forget her, for there are others, and I know that you can find them, too," said Mannering. "Be on hand tomorrow evening." With this he left Walton to his own thoughts.

In the afternoon, Mrs. Mannering was out calling and stopped in to see Miss Williams, and to ask her to dinner the following evening. Suddenly Billy, who saw that Mrs. Mannering was in no hurry to tell her about that which she wanted most to hear, broke out, "Oh! Edith, who was the man at the theatre?"

"Billy, feel glad that I went in your place and that you were relieved from the shock which you surely would have received."

"Why, what do you mean, Edith?"

"Well, a married man met me there and his wife thinks the world of him."

"How terrible," cried Billy, sinking into a chair and covering her face with her hands.

"Never mind," said Mrs. Mannering, as she left, "There are just as good fish in the sea as have ever been caught."

On Friday evening Miss Williams and Mr. Walton met, but under entirely different circumstances than before planned. It was a case of love at first sight, as any one could plainly see.

A few days later Miss Williams received a letter from Mr. Walton asking permission to call. This was readily granted, and was the beginning of a friendship which soon ripened into love. In two months they were engaged and on the twenty-fourth of June they were married. Of course, this was quite a shock to everyone, but especially to Mamma Williams, who had always dreamed of having her daughter have a large wedding.

Two months of married bliss sailed by. One fine September day, Billy, now Mrs. George Walton, decided she would pay Mrs. Mannering a call. Mrs. Mannering ordered tea and a pleasant conversation was started over the tea-cups, which drifted on to the subject of husbands. "Oh," said Mrs. Walton, "George is such a dear. There was never another man like him. Of course, I know he is no angel, but—"

By this time Mrs. Mannering had quite lost her temper by the continued singing of George's praises. "No 'buts' about it, he certainly is no angel. He's just as bad as other men. Didn't he put a personal in the paper which was answered by a married woman?"

"Well, how did he know a married woman was going to answer it?" asked Billy.

"That makes no difference, he even went so far as to send her theatre tickets," said Mrs. Mannering.

This was too much for Billy. She was so angry she could scarcely control her temper. "I'm going home. Goodbye." Without another word she was gone.

Upon reaching home she threw her hat on a chair, put her head on the table and began to cry. George arrived home at six o'clock. On entering the door and seeing the scene he naturally asked the cause. Hearing him enter, Billy stood up, facing him. She was very pale, but one could see at a glance she had been crying. When he again asked her the cause, she sobbingly told him all Mrs. Mannering had told her. George turned first white, then red. "You can't deny it," cried Billy, "you know it's true."

George felt called upon to explain. After he had finished, Billy asked him how long before he had met her had this happened.

"Just two days before I met you at the Mannering's dinner. You see I wanted a wife, and I couldn't find one, so I put my personal in the paper. But I didn't mean a word I said in those letters. I might have known that that personal would get me in trouble."

Suddenly Billy's face cleared. She ran to her husband and hiding her face upon his shoulder, she whispered, "Yes, you did mean every word you said, dear."

"No, I did not."

"Yes, you did, because, because—"

"Because why, dear?"

"Because you wrote all of those letters to me. I was the girl who answered your personal, but Mrs. Mannering went to the theatre in my place because she said it wouldn't be proper for me to go to meet you. And since she was married it would be all right for her to go."

"Ha, ha!" laughed George. "This is rich! And to think Mannering went in my place. My, but that must have been a happy home when each turned and saw the other!"

"Well, I knew you would never do anything like that purposely," sighed Billy contentedly, as her husband stooped to kiss her."

HELEN HUSSEY.

*Today carries on its broad shoulders  
the memories of yesterday,  
the service of today, and the promises of  
tomorrow. Who would not live Today?*