

Novel Ball Costumes.

WHAT A HOTEL CLERK SAW AT A RECENT MASQUERADE BALL ON THE WEST SIDE

[New York Herald.]

"Some of the dresses that attracted the most attention at the New York Sporting Club's ball at Wendel's Assembly Rooms last Thursday evening, failed to receive that newspaper notice that they deserved."

So spoke the chief clerk of one of the leading uptown hotels last night. A request to favor the public with a description through the columns of the *Herald* was duly granted, as follows:—

"Well, now, I was there, you know, and I saw all the dresses. As I say, I saw all the dresses, and I'll tell you all I can remember, but I'm not strong on the technicalities of women's wearing apparel, and I can only describe the costumes in my own Manhattan Club way."

"You know, continued the clerk, "a group of nine muses came first on the floor at eleven o'clock—Chicago muses, I mean—all carrying baseball bats. They wore white merino neckties braced across the shoulders, domino masks, canvas belts, deep blue stockings and black shoes."

"You've forgotten their skirts," hinted the reporter.

"Have I? Well, the fact is they forgot 'em, too. You see their stockings came up to their neckties. Then there was, of course, a Topsy. She wore a coffee sack princess costume, with oakum trimmings, sandpaper slippers and hair *a la* manila junk."

"You are sure you have got that right?"

"Of course, I've got it right. It isn't quite in the wording your 'assisiety' reporter would use, but, I tell you, you'll find folks'll remember just who wore the dresses I describe and understand what is meant. Now, don't interrupt me. Another striking costume consisted of blue felt, trimmed with wall paper and cut excessively pompadour below the waist. Then there was a macrame polonaise over a blue castile enamelled corsage, with a vanishing skirt. A page's attire, worn by a voluptuous blonde, was very attractive. Of course, I don't need to tell the cut of a page's costume; they're all cut alike to just cover the figure with nothing to spare. The material of the doublet was a finely diversified rag carpet, with oil silk trunk hose, canvas shoes and a Lincrusta Walton tabard slung over the left shoulder. Her companion was tastefully arrayed in a linoleum suit of mediæval armor, cut bias and gored in the most sanguinary manner. Then there was the Bride of Lammermoor, a warm blooded brunette, just such as one of Shakespeare's Italian heroines ought to be, and—"

"What! the Bride of Lammermoor was Scotch, not Italian!"

"I said, 'Lamm her, Moor,' if you please, and I referred to Desdemona. She was dressed principally in the hankerchief that made all the trouble. If she had any thing else on I've forgotten it. Then there was Ophelia, dressed wholly in white, with a train like a hauled down jib, and eyes like the side lights on a topsail schooner. She was a little hollow in the bows, but she rose and fell to the music like a pilot boat on the wind, and as a connoisseur in grace I can tell you that she would have discounted the Empress Eugenie herself in her palmiest days. The daintiest duck of the ballroom, however, was a fairy, about four feet high, dressed in a tight fitting corsage of pale blue silk, cut V shaped and filled in with lace. The short skirt, which fell just below the knees, was of dark blue velvet, slashed in deep gores from the bottom nearly to the waist with embroidered pale blue silk. Her hair was dressed *a la* Diana, and she wore light blue silk boots and dark blue embroidered stockings topped with a light pink or flesh colored band six inches wide. Now, that'll do for the present."

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A DOUBLE-BARRELED RECRUIT.—A young recruit recently enlisted at camp Hancock, near Atlanta, while the country was threatening war with Mexico, and he intended to make a good soldier. One day he was on guard duty, and was slowly stepping along, when an officer approached. After the usual salute the officer said, "Let me see your gun."

The raw recruit handed over his Springfield rifle, and a pleased expression stole over his face.

As the officer received the gun, he said in a tone of deepest disgust, "You're a fine soldier! You've given up your gun, and now what are you going to do?"

The young Atlantian turned pale, reached for his hip pocket, drew a big six-shooter, and preparing for business, said in a voice that could not be misunderstood, "Gimme that gun or I'll blow a hole through you in a pair o' minutes!"

The officer instantly decided not to monkey any further with the raw recruit, and the gun was promptly surrendered.—*Atlanta Constitution.*