

## DISILLUSIONED;

OR,

## THEY ALL DO IT.

As I sat one evening pondering over many things, basking in the genial warmth of a bright coal fire, I was startled by the sudden apparition of a queer little figure standing before me on the hearth-rug. On his head was a little conical red cap; his body was clothed in a tight-fitting suit of some glossy material, and on his feet was a pair of long, pointed red shoes, turned up slightly at the toes, and in his hand he carried a slender wand. His hair



was neatly tied in a long queue behind, and he stood before me for several seconds before he spoke. At length he did so, saying in a strangely shrill though not unpleasant voice, "Ha! ha! would you like to be astonished?" at the same time skipping on to a chair and sitting down upon it with his legs crossed. "My dear sir, whoever you are," I replied, "I am astonished already; where the mischief did you come from?" "Ho! ho!" the mannikin laughed, "never mind; but if you want to be surprised, follow me," and he jumped off the chair and pirouetted towards the door. I felt that I was unable to resist the desire to accompany him, and in a few minutes we were in the street. Waving his wand over me twice or thrice he exclaimed, "There now, you are invisible. We will have some fun." In front of us was a lady, and as we followed her I could not but notice what a beautifully shaped foot and ankle she possessed. Such symmetry I had never or seldom seen before, and I gazed long and admiringly at the beautiful member. My companion glanced into my face and seemed to read what was passing in my mind; for he chuckled to himself and muttered, "Sly dog, sly dog; but wait. We will go home with her." I was about to demur at this, when I recollected that I was invisible, and we accordingly followed the lovely feet to the residence of their owner. Presently she stopped at a very fine house, and opening the door went in. We slipped in, of course unperceived, and accompanied the lady to her boudoir. Here she threw herself into a low chair, and murmuring, "Thank Heaven! at last. I thought I should a-died," wrenched her beautifully neat little boot off, and thrust it with a sigh of relief into a corner



of the room. My eyes fell upon the foot, now divested of its outer covering, and I staggered back in horror and amazement. I behold a hideous, lumpy structure, on which were numerous knots and bumps. "Corns," whispered my guide. "But how does she get

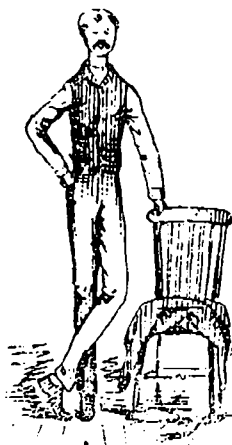
that"—indicating the foot, "into that?" indicating the cast-off boot. "That," he re-



plied, "is one of the things no fellow can make out, but—they all do it. Come," he continued, "we will go and see something else." We were again in the street; advancing towards us came a tall, magnificently built young man. As he passed us I could not help turning to admire his splendid physique.



"What a figure!" I said to my companion. "What a torso! What a model of grace and strength combined! What a development in the lower limbs? Is he a demigod?" My guide chuckled to himself and said, "We will go with him, I know him." We turned and followed the Apollo, who we just overtook as he was closing the door of his residence. We accompanied him to his dressing room. "Phew!" he exclaimed, "it's fearfully hot. There goes," and he pulled off his overcoat, "and there," off came his undergarment; "that's more comfortable." Ye gods! my Apollo was converted into this—"and now



I'll get these confounded things off," he continued, rolling up his urther apparel, and divesting his legs of a pair of things that looked like this—"now I feel better."



My companion grinned, and as I turned to express my dismay he said, "That's nothing: they all do it. Come along." Once more we were outside the house: a carriage whirled by; in it was seated a young, fair girl; her glossy hair hung in profuse masses down her shoulders far below her waist. I gazed in



rapture at the bright glow of health on her cheeks, and I caught a glimpse of a dazzling row of pearly teeth as she opened her rosy lips to smile at a passing acquaintance. "How beautiful!" I ejaculated, "how lovely!" "Come then," whispered the mannikin, "be quick, jump inside." As he spoke I found myself in the carriage, which presently stopped at the home of its fair occupant. She alighted, entered the house, and, with us, unseen, at her side, repaired to her toilette table. In two minutes the glossy wealth of tresses hung over a chair back; the snowy teeth reposed in a tumbler of water; the swelling bust was placed on another chair, and a plunge of the face into a basin of water entirely removed the blooming tint of health, and before us sat a woman at least fifty years of age, with a few



scattered grey hairs adorning an otherwise perfectly



BARE POLI.

I was horror struck and felt faint, seeing which my little cicerone whispered, "Let us go; that's nothing—they all do it."

(To be continued.)

Madame Modjeska writes to a Cincinnati newspaper that her name was once spelled Madrzejewski.—*Ex.* Once was enough.