

tive element; closely following are some kindly little fairies and picturesque peasants giving cheery greetings, while a strange Turk, one Sultan of Sulu, swaggers forward bearing on his arm a coquettish Dolly Varden.

Certainly the "gentlemen" of the evening lack nothing in the way of variety in their choice of partners; there are girls of all nationalities and periods—Japanese, Spanish, Dutch, girls of the early Victorian Period to the latest Gibson Girl, whose dress is a work of infinite labor, consisting of sketches in pen and ink or water-colors on white muslin, each sketch representing some well known Gibson picture. Then there is a dainty little pair, Master and Mistress Popcorn, whom I saw surreptitiously eating the decorations from each other's costumes as they danced about. I flew forward to sting them, but missed them in the crowd and encountered instead Lord and Lady Fauntleroy. I was so astonished to find them fiddling that fortunately I did them no harm. Two "Sweet Girl Graduates" tried to give a scholarly air to our assemblage, but their academic garbs were overshadowed by the kaleidoscope of colors presented by June, Summer, Dawn, a Lampshade and a Buttercup, with whom they got tangled up.

Sinbad the Sailor is a charming little fellow, and his attentions to Martha Washington, against whose knee he sometimes leans with confiding affection between dances, are very touching. A dainty Fishermid is the cause of more than one conflict between the Turk and the Virginian, the Pirate and Tommy Atkins. A special and gigantic edition of "All Hallows in the West" is issued for the night of the ball, but we observe that its circulation is small and confined to the orchestra!

A piano and three fiddles discourse sweet music with such spirit that the fun and frolice of the hour become contagious, and old and young, grave and gay alike join in the whirling throng and "chase the glowing hours with flying feet," until the witching hour of night draws on and the revellers retire, leaving me to sombre reflection.

My coat was as bright and yellow as gold,
My waist was most elegant too to behold,
But nobody loved me, for that I was told.

Poor little WASP.

AFTER THE BALL.

We were very tired, and the sad thought forced itself upon us when we sought our pillows that night, that on the morrow our fair "Summer" would bid a long farewell to "All Hallows." Nearly four years have passed since she first came among us and endeared herself to us by her sweet sunny ways, and now her school-days are over. Sadly shall we miss her cheery presence from our midst,