

stirring bubbling saucepans of "fudge" and maple-cream, vigorously cutting bread for innumerable plates of sandwiches, destined to disappear later on with magic-like rapidity, or gravely deciding the all-important question of flavoring for jellies.

What exercise of care and forethought is required to remember all the little details and to put the finishing touches here and there. At last everything is completed, and late in the afternoon the weary little band of workers surveys with pardonable pride the array of tempting looking jellies and custards, cakes and bon-bons, each artistically decorated with ferns.

Then with light hearts and gay chatter all hurry off to dress—by no means an easy performance, when one is intent on keeping one's neighbors in ignorance of the character represented. ffl

With what elaborate care the screens are drawn, what skurryings too and fro and surreptitious dashes to one's partner to borrow pins and hairpins or to have flowing tresses dressed in unfamiliar style. Soon phantom figures begin to flit past by twos and threes, wearing ghostly white masks or ferocious looking black ones. Motley groups gather in the play-room, and strange accents meet one's ear. Now the first notes of the Grand March are sounding and a wasp flitting by makes me drop my pen in haste. L. S.

AT THE BALL.

In my robes of gauzy yellow and black, with wings flapping uncomfortably between my shoulders, I emerge from my room unconscious that my appearance may be suggestive of harm or alarm to my neighbors; I approach "Priscilla," the veritable Puritan maiden of Longfellow's Romance, complete from quaintly fashioned gown to dainty cap and 'kerchief; she was standing at the head of the staircase waiting for me, or possibly for John Alden. However, as he did not arrive, we went down together and in the play-room fell in with a goodly company.

Representatives of many nations, characters from fiction and fairy-lore, historic dames and lords of high degree were assembled there in bewildering confusion. Here a tall Son of Mars in scarlet tunic and military helmet bends with gallant devotion towards his fair partner, a coy maiden in high waisted gown and fascinating eighteenth century poke-bonnet; there the dashing "Virginian" encounters a red-shirted Pirate and they have a heated altercation, displaying bowie knife and pistol to the shuddering spectators, who withdraw to a distance of reasonable safety. Then a Highland lassie trips by, accompanied by Paddy from Erin's Isle, equipped with tall hat, long tailed coat and shillalagh. Suddenly there bursts upon our dazzled vision a gorgeous Pierrot escorting a Siren in silken array of palest green, adorned with shells and pearls from her na-