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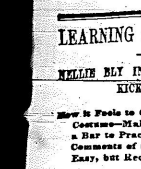
PAGES 25 T

LEARNING BALLET DANCING.

NELLIE BLY IN SHORT GAUZE SKIRTS KICKS AT A MARK.

How It Feels to Go About in an Abbreviated Costume—Making Her Outfit—Holding on a Bar to Practise—Why It Is Healthful—Comments of the Old Professor—It Seems Easy, but Requires Much Hard Work.

I HAVE been learning to be a ballet dancer. I have always had an almost manlike love for the ballet, and when I go to spectacular plays and to the opera I try to get close to the bald-headed row. Breathless with admiration I have watched the ballet twirl on its toes and spring into picturesque attitudes, the very poetry of motion. It seemed so lovely that I longed to learn the art. Prof. Mamert Bibeyran, of No. 1 Irving place, advertised for pupils, and I ascertained that for two years he had conducted the ballet of the American Opera Company and that the great success of the Casino ballet was the result of his instructions. I decided that he should teach me what I wanted to learn.



I felt quite brave until I entered the dance hall. Passing at the entrance I saw at the further end of the hall a young girl in short gauze skirts. She was holding on a bar with one hand and her foot was swinging out into space to the time of a violin in the hands of her instructor. It looked very comical to see her look go out there, from the side and then back, slowly and regularly, while the rest of her body was in perfect repose. She saw me and warned the Professor of my presence.

"I want to learn ballet dancing," I said, by way of introduction, when he came up to me. "How much do you charge?"

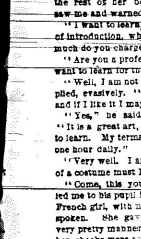
"Are you a professional?" he asked. "Do you want to learn for the stage?"

"Well, I am not on the stage at present," I replied, evasively. "I want to learn ballet dancing, and if I like it I may go on the stage."

"Yes," he said, with an encouraging smile. "It is a great art, and requires time and patience to learn. My terms are $20 a month for a lesson of one hour daily."

"Very well. I am anxious to begin. What sort of a costume must I get?"

"Come, this young lady will tell you," and he led me to his pupil in short skirts. She was a pretty French girl, with no knowledge of English as it is spoken. She gave me her hand in greeting in a very pretty manner. Her eyes were sparkling, and her cheeks were pink from the exercise. She was well worth looking at.



AB DETTO.

"Anything will do to practise in," she said. "I bought crinoline," holding up the edge of her dainty little skirt. "It takes twelve yards for the skirt, and this only cost me seven cents a yard. Three yards of velvet or plush is plenty for your bodice, and then you must have ballet slippers made."

After receiving a few more suggestions about my costume, I gave an assumed name and address, shook hands with my new acquaintances and started out on a buying expedition. I first went to a stage costumer's store and was told to go for an outfit, I concluded to make my own. Accordingly I bought twelve yards of black crinoline and decided to make the bodice of an old evening dress of my mother's. "How much will a pair of ballet slippers cost me?" I asked a man who makes only theatrical shoes.

"Hail depends on the material," he said. "I can make you a satin pair that will last you a long time if you earn them, for $1.50." So he measured my foot, and I went away feeling sorry ballet suits were no more popular, they are so cheap.

That evening I tried to imagine myself a lonely ballet girl such as I had read of in thrilling romances, sitting in her bare attic room, making her stage costume of gauze and spangles, while her tears coursed down her pallid cheeks. I sat on the floor while I divided my black crinoline into three equal parts. Then I cut them, lengthwise, three different sizes. The longest was a little shorter than an ultra-fashionable bathing suit and the third and shortest was—well, it was pretty short.

At 8 o'clock the following day I was at the hall. The Professor mowed me the dressing-room and I was left alone. That dressing was funny! I put on the tights and my black crinoline skirt. I never realized until that moment how short they were and how extremely stiff. My ballet slippers were a satisfying my arrival and they were the prettiest little ones and I half envied the girls I ever saw. I grew so proud of them that I began to feel glad my skirts were quite short enough to show them to advantage.

Dressed at last in a ballet costume I looked at myself and marvelled at the change. There was everything in dress afte all. I had entered a quiet staid-looking spinster, and presto! I now looked like a sixteen-year-old girl and quite flippant and pert. I did not feel as I looked, however. All at once I grew painfully modest. I was not used to wear a bathing-suit when everybody else around has one on, but when everybody is in full dress one would feel awfully short in a bathing costume. That was my position. I felt girl had forgotten and gone to a full-dress reception in a bathing suit.

For an instant I was inclined to put on my street dress, and pleading sudden indisposition, take my leave, but I looked so healthy and there was no powder-puff around, so I was afraid the statement would not bear out. Several times I got up and started and my heart failed. I went back again and sat down. I pulled at my skirts, but they would not lengthen. I began to fear the Professor would soon think I had fainted or committed suicide. "It's a go," I said mentally, and I opened the door and closed it rather quickly behind me, lest I should grow faint-hearted and go back in. The Professor was seating in the hall playing dreamily on the violin. When he heard the door close he looked up and said:

"Ah!"

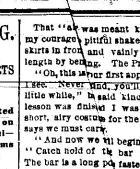
That "ah" was meant kindly, but it reduced all my courage pitiful shakes. I caught my crinoline skirts in front and vainly tried to increase their length by betting. The Professor smiled.

"Oh, this is your first appearance in ballet skirts, I see. Never mind, you'll get used to them in a little while," he said kindly. I did. Before my lesson was finished I was sorry to exchange my short, airy costume for the heavy garments fashion says we must carry.

"And now we'll begin," said Prof. Bibeyran. "Catch hold of the bar with your right hand." The bar is a long pole fastened firmly to the wall. It is for beginners to support themselves on until they learn to balance on one foot.

"Now, first position," he said, taking hold of the bar and facing it. "You put your heel to heel, with the toes in a perfectly straight line. When I say 'Bend,' you raise the heels slightly, at the same time bending at the knees. When I say 'Rise,' you pose the heel whole is touching them on the floor again, and straighten the knee. You do this movement eight times. Now begin."

I clutched the bar tightly and put my heels together, my feet in a straight line north and south. "Bend," said the professor. I bent my knees slowly, going out in the direction of my feet. "Rise," and I got up to my first pose. "Bend," continued the Professor. "There, do not bend with more weight on the right knee. Keep firm, and bend with you weight full in the centre. Rise." I felt relieved to get back.



THE TERRIBLE TOE EXERCISE.

"Bend," he called again. "Hold up the head. Never look at your feet; it is awkward. Keep a bold front, the back perfectly straight and stiff; the movement all at the knees, please, the weight on the centre. Now rise, bend, rise. All right; turn."

"Why turn?" I asked.

"Because one side must have the same ease and proficiency as the other. If you learn exercises on the piano with the right hand only you could not play an equally well with the left. Just so with dancing. If you would not learn one side as well as the other I fear you would be a one-sided dancer. Now, again, this time raise the arm that is not engaged with the bar."

I put my right arm up with a sudden movement, very emphatic and, according to my master, very ungraceful.

"Keep the little finger rounded and the other three tightly closed. Just the thumb on the index finger—so. It gives the hand a small appearance from the front. Never turn your hand flatly to your audience, but always give a side view. Now, raise the arm out from the body, curved, and then slowly carry it in a straight line over the shoulder. Keep the elbow turned back—it looks badly in front and will show the bones when there are any. Slender girls must always be more graceful than plump ones, because there is fear of showing ugly angles."

At first I assemed a stiff, unnatural position, but I persevered.

"When you close," he continued, "bring the arm gracefully down with the elbow well out from the body. You want to always show its lines of curve, and you can't do it with the elbows tight to the ribs."

My cheeks were burning and I felt as if I had taken a new lease on health and life by the time I had completed my first lesson. I have tried swimming, dancing, driving, riding, fencing, swinging and the gymnasium, but none of them ever equaled the perfect and exhilarating exercise I got during my two days learning to be a ballet dancer. I felt quite eager for my second lesson, and began to regret my engagement exchanging literary work for the ballet. I kicked off my long skirts and donned my short ones with much pleasure.

"Do you only have professional people as pupils?" I asked of my ballet master.

"Oh, no," he replied. "I teach deportment and society dancing as well. I have some pupils, society people, who are anxious to carry themselves well, and the best way to obtain it is to study deportment or the ballet. It is not only the key to all dances, but the key to grace and ease. I call this calisthenics instead of ballet dancing."

"Well, they tell me that ballet dancing impairs the health," I said.

"Ridiculous, my dear child. It gives force to the nerves and muscles and develops the body. It throws the head up, the shoulders and arms back and turns the feet out. This is the only exercise which develops all parts of the body. In Boston I have had doctors bring women whose health was impaired to me for cure. Now, after our little lecture, we will go to work."

"We will commence at first position, the same as you learned yesterday."

I found my master was going to make me perfect in every exercise before he allowed me to pass it. This would use up all my lessons and I would have seen very little of what's to learn, so I urged that he put me forward."

"This is an art, and if you do not learn the first well, you cannot learn the rest."

"But I want to see what it is like. Rush me on and give me an impression of what it is."

"My dear child, I am not all-powerful. I cannot pass my hand over your head and make you a ballet dancer. How can you take an attitude when you can't balance on one foot, or how can you pirouette when you have not learned to stand on your toe?"

"Take first position." I did, heel to heel. "Slide a point in line with your shoulder." This was done by raising the heel and sliding the foot away from its mate, leaving a distance of fifteen inches between them. "Pose the heel." Her my heel rested on the foot. "Now bend and rise without lifting the heels from the floor and then close from, ankle with ankle, which leaves you in third position."

This was done repeatedly until my master was partially satisfied. Then he told me to stay in third position and bend and rise, lifting the heels. Ankle touched ankle, and I needed the aid of the bar to keep my balance. Fifth position was more awkward still. The feet had to be put very tightly, with heel touching toe, and so without moving I had to bend and rise. It was with difficulty I did it at first, but after a few days' practice I was surprised at my own suppleness.

"Now make very straight point," said my professor briefly.

"What is straight point?" I asked.

"It is to slide along the floor, carrying the foot and keeping the toe on the floor, the knee very straight and stiff, allowing movement only to the hip and keeping the rest of the body as firm as a statue. Pose your arms nicely, now batements."

"What does batements mean?" I asked helplessly, standing at the while with my toe posed on the floor.

"It means to do this," and the professor gave a sudden kick way up in the air.

"Oh!" I said; "batements means to kick. All right, here goes."

"No, no; not kick," interposed the master quickly. "That is not elegant; mules kick. Now do this in good time—one, make a point; two, batements; three, down; four, close the front. Well, repeat."

Did I kick? Well, it was the funniest exercise of the lot. I felt a little diffident at first and the kick was very low.

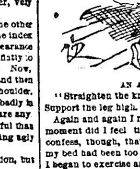
"Batement in line with the nose," said the master, "longer, longer."

He put out his hand on a level with my chin, I kicked but did not touch him. He urged me to kick higher. I did, and my foot touched his hand. He raised his hand to a level with my eyes and I launched a kick that surprised the gentle master of ballet myself. You see, I was so eager to kick that I forgot all about my balance. Well, I did not fall, but I cut one of the most laughable capers one ever saw. Next I had to kick out at the side, always retaining an immovable front position. It was easier than the front kick. The back kick was the most difficult of all.

"The knee must be kept stiff during all the movements at the body. Strike out the foot as if you want to touch the crown of your head. Bravo." I never knew before how much pleasure there was in a kick, and I fear had I continued longer I should have become a chronic kicker.

Soon after this I was given a most peculiar exercise. It began by slowly sliding the foot in a half circle to the front, to the side and to the back. The speed was increased as it grew awhile. I was standing on one foot and the other was flying around in a circle like a top. Again I was told to slide a very large circle and let the toe but touch the floor in the rear.

"Raise your foot, curve the knee, bend the body at the waist and turn the face to the raised hand. That is attitude." I did not bend exactly to please him, so he came, and taking hold of my shoulder and toe, tried to make them meet; at least it felt so to me. Afterward I could assume the position more easily. While yet in attitude he called:



AN AERIAL KICK.

"Straighten the knee and arm. Point the toe. Support the leg high. That is arabesque. Close." Again and again I repeated this, and not for a moment did I feel tired or lose interest. I must confess, though, that the following day I felt as if my bed had been too short. I was very stiff until I began to exercise and then it all left me.

In the next exercise I was told to stand on one foot and raise the other foot, resting the heel on the ankle. Then I had to make a kick with the knee straight. This was done higher and higher, each time with greater rapidity, to develop the muscles and make them flat and elastic. A few more exercises, which are too tedious to tell of, and I had, against my master's advice, who wanted to make me perfect, finished "on the bar."

I was now placed in the centre of the floor without any support, and to the music of the violin I had to move my arms in rotation, first with an outside and then with an inside curve. This was done with my feet in first position, then in second, and so on. If you want to know how difficult it is, place your feet tightly in first toe and make curves above your head and at either side and in front. It is no child's play. This rotation of the arms is made with the feet in all the different positions in order that one may be sure of her balance. Then all the exercises were gone over again, the only difference, which is all the difference in the world, being that I had no support, but must balance myself or fall. Attitude and arabesque are done. If everybody studied ballet-dancing for a few lessons the fine work of the dancers on the stage would be more appreciated. It looks very easy from the front to see the graceful girls fall into those lovely positions, but it takes years of practice, and hard work at that, to be able to do so.

A DIFFICULT POSTURE.

I began the preparation for the pirouette by standing on the toe of one foot. The heel must not touch the floor. The pirouette, attitude and arabesque are the most difficult things I attempted. It would be folly for me to insinuate that I learned them. It takes years to become an artist of the ballet, and I could not do it in ten lessons. What I attempted was done imperfectly, and much against the wishes of Prof. Bibeyran, but my only desire was to get an insight into the work done by the ballet.

The first thing to strive for in ballet dancing is firmness and a good balance. Another exercise is to take one position, bend, jump with both feet off the floor, and close in a different position. While doing these exercises the master plays the violin, and the dancers count to keep time, changing rapidly from one position to another. But to attempt to tell all about ballet dancing would take a volume. I know that is a grand exercise, and that while I was learning every one remarked my healthier appearance.

NELLIE BLY.

THE OBSERVANT CITIZEN.

Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland was the lady of honor in a pleasant theatre party at the Madison Square night before last, under the escort of Mr. Theodosius Garretson Robinson, who has been a lifelong friend of the Stedmans, and is the guest of Mrs. E. C. Stedman. Mr. Robinson has been a lifelong friend of the Stedmans, and is cordially received in most of New York's literary coteries. He has special claims to distinction in the world of letters as the editor for a time editor of that remarkable journal, the Panama *Star and Herald*, which is shut down now periodically by the tyrannous Government of the United States of Colombia, and is fined $500 per each issue during the prosecution period. Things used to be different when Panama was an independent State, instead of being, as now, a province, paying tribute to Bogota, which is 700 miles from the sea. As a poet, man of business, friend of Paine, the Bible and Ingersoll man and millionaire litterateur, Mr. Tracy Robinson is an equally desirable companion.

* * *

The very breathing, moving image of Mrs. James Brown Potter got into a Broadway car yesterday at Fourteenth street and sat demurely down. She was dressed magnificently, and her six-green plush wrap, which reached to her ankles, was trimmed with splendid black fur, caught at once the eye of every woman in the car. The owner's peachy face, bright brown eye, aristocratic nose and generally handsome features were equally admired by the masculine fellow passengers. Everybody has seen people who draw wide apparently deprecating admiration. Things soon began to get uncomfortable for the wearer of the sea-green plush. Women whispered to each other, men nudged their fellows and finally a deaf man next to the driver said in a distinctly loud voice: "James Brown's trotter, you say? I didn't know Brown had a trotter." Whereupon the fair unknown stopped the car in desperation, elbowed into Bond's on Broadway, near Twenty-third street, and gave an order for flowers to be sent to a well-known society leader, for other than herself.

* * *

As picturesque a pair as any on Broadway are Louise Thorndyke and Dion Boucicault, now once more restored to the metropolitan throng. The great matrimonial adventurer is as stocky, as florid-faced and as white-mustached as ever, his bald head well covered with sealskin, matched to his last year's overcoat cousin. They were to begin now a ten-weeks' season at the Star Theatre, but when Abbey got control of that house he quietly drew his pen through the Boucicault engagement and a lawsuit has begun over the matter. So the Boucicaults are quite at liberty to be as picturesque and as luxuriously at leisure as they choose, waiting meanwhile for the Boucicault divorce case to come up for trial in London when Mrs. Agnes Robertson's season is over.

* * *

The literary folk who devote Sunday afternoon and evening to social interfourse oscillate between Col. Bob Ingersoll and Mr. C. C. Stedman and Mrs. Wheeler Wilcox's receptions. Among the regular visitors at the Steadmans' Mr. and Mrs. Richard Watson Gilder, Mr. and Mrs. Ogden, Mr. and Mrs. Holbrook and Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Janvier are nearly always to be seen. The Janviers are recently from Mexico and talk more interestingly than ever of that marvellous semi-tropical land of oranges and tarantinas. Among Mrs. Wilcox's habitues are John Fiske Mc Kean, the poet; Booth, the artist; Mrs. Robertson Noxon, Mrs. Diehl, Mrs. Tupper and Annie Wolf, who writes letters about all sorts of things over the nom de plume of "Fanny." Fanny is also an intimate companion of Mrs. Wilcox's. Men about town are expected to drop in at Ingersoll's, as they have the pleasure of his acquaintance—and get a drop of common sense.

* * *

Henry F. Meech, of the Buffalo Academy of Music, is a clever addition to the ranks of metropolitan managers, and as handsome and withal as unassuming a manager as the profession holds. He makes his first New York venture in company with Frank Sanger and Steele Mackaye, as the result of a romantic attachment which has felt since childhood for the author of "Hazel Kirke," who was a boy in Buffalo with him, and whose seventeen years have been devoted to building up a host of his fellow-townsmen on favoring breezes. As a result of these old associations "Anarchy" was produced in Buffalo last night, and Mr. Meech comes here now to help it to success at the Standard, and will probably continue in the managerial theme. He is so genuinely modest and so intensely earnest.

* * *

Notice a Frenchman, or an Italian or a Spaniard enter a strange restaurant, and see how he reveals his European training as soon as he crosses the threshold. He stands for a little slightly, then he takes a seat. This little ceremony means, in English, "Gentlemen, I am a stranger, but I hope no intruder." When he has paid his score to the cashier, especially if he has given the cumpinier, as in the wires there are three heavy cables. At other points of the pole, which is not particularly strong, and this is decidedly out of plumb, iron and zinc chutes of various sizes are in the wrote run from near the beams down to the ground.

Between Twenty-second and Twenty-third streets a pole with eleven beams which NEAR ST. JOMES HOTEL. the fire escapes start. The pole is built in greatly inclined plane. In a big Yankee hotel like the Grand Pacific, say, at Chicago, you not only want an elevator to carry you up to your room, but a tram-car to put you down at your bedroom door. You just is a luxury which the Yankees have not yet learned to put into their carriages. Washington is built on this principle, and so was Babylon, the Rome of the ancient world—Broadingnagians who had seven-leagued boots to step from hill to hill. Washington can be something like one of our mourning-coaches with broken springs, an exceedingly extortionate thief, whose color is distinctly of the night. The electric tram does not move on seven-leagued boots, so that it would require a man of Washington who wished to "do" Washington, and who was not a professional walker, somewhere in the neighborhood of (as the Americans say) 365 days to perform his task.

South Carolina's Senators.

[From the Cincinnati Commercial.]

South Carolina has only two legs in the United States Senate. Both of them belong to Wade Hampton the other. Butler lost his at the battle of Brandy Station. He is not the first or only Senator who lost his legs at that same station, or "got off his pins," as Hamilton Fish would say in bowling wherever he speaks. Hampton lost his through a disagreement he had with a solid shot from a gun. The ball, mule like, kicked about something he didn't like, and Hampton's leg happened to be in the way, and it was taken off above the knee. It is a bad day for Senator Hampton's leg, which had to come off after all. Ever since the original row, which is a profane history—a fact, however, which does not reflect on its accuracy, the sacred history of the affair is that the noble Wade Hampton was riding in a deer, or bear, or possum hunt (there is a doubt), upon him and consequently his leg. The reader is welcome to either story, or—happy thought—to both of them. Butler had been told so often that he is the handsomest man in the Senate he believes it, especially since Van Wyck has gone and only Ingalls remains to contest the palm of love and beauty.

Under the Blue Sky.

[From the Sacramento Bee.]

Mrs. Clara M. Byrne, of this city, who has a farm in El Dorado County, six miles above Pleasant Valley, invited some of her friends to spend Thanksgiving with her. Her reception-room had the blue canopy of heaven for a ceiling, and a carpet of autumn leaves and pine needles. But it presented a truly beautiful appearance as the gay dresses of the ladies, dotted in and out among the trees, seemed to vie with those monarchs of the forest with their variegated foliage.

ROTTEN TELEGRAPH POLES.

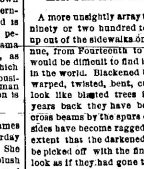
DANGER OVERHEAD FROM BEAMS THAT ARE ALMOST READY TO DROP.

What a Reporter Saw in Sixth Avenue Between Fourteenth and Thirty-fourth Streets—Lashed Together to Keep Them Upright—Poles that Lean Over and Almost Fall from Too Much Weight.

A more unsightly array than the one hundred and ninety or two hundred telegraph poles that stick up out of the sidewalks on both sides of Sixth avenue, from Fourteenth to Thirty-fourth streets, it would be difficult to find in any other civilized city in the world. Blackened by time and the elements, warped, twisted, bent, curved and mutilated, they look like blasted trees in a blighted forest. For years back they have been punctured up by scores of linemen, and the layers of the tree men until their sides have become ragged and scarred to such an extent that the darkened and decayed timber may be picked off with the fingers. Many of the poles look as if they had gone through a baptism of fire and brimstone, so charred they look as if they were almost staggering under the load of wires. They vary considerably in height. Some tower above the tops of the houses, others reach up to the eaves of buildings, and several elevate their heights only a few feet above the street lamps. Despite all this ugliness, they are by no means ornamental, and not a few people consider them dangerous, especially during the winter season.

It is not unusual along this mile of posts, extending from Fourteenth to Thirty-fourth street on

Sixth avenue, to see these immense sticks, pointing upward to the skies, with twenty and twenty-two cross-arms in the shape of cross-beams fixed in them. The beams are heavy pieces of timber fitted into notches cut in the poles and spiked there with large spikes. The weight of these beams separately is heavy, and where there are twenty or more of them it must be enormous. But this is not all. On each of them there are hung ten wires, making 200 wires on the beams alone. Attached to the poles in some instances



FIFTH ST. AND 6TH AVE.

there are other wires. Of course, all the poles are not called upon to carry such weight, for the reason that it is very questionable, if one may judge from their condition and appearance, that they would be able to istand the strain. This is a specimen of the condition of the city in other localities.

Winter, with its snow and iceland stormy weather, puts an added burden on those weather-beaten poles and beams. Frequently during the winter months the wires are covered with sleet and break under the icy weight. Immense icicles, too, hang pendant from them, which the first breath of sunshine loosens upon the heads of unfortunate pedestrians. The beams, too, get covered with frozen snow and ice. All these add to the weight the poles are constantly compelled to support, and it is not to be wondered at that poles originally intended to carry one-third of the weight bend, bow, twist and lean under the pressure of three times as much. Exposure to the elements, the constant gnawing tures of the linemen with the spurs used in climbing, the action of rain eating into the holes made at the foot and up the sides, have largely conduced to their decay. Dry rot, in many cases, has apparently set in, and to all appearances many of the poles now in use have long since finished their mission.

On the block between Nineteenth and Twentieth streets is a pole with only twelve cross-beams nailed to it. It appears to have all it can do to stand up under the weight, and has a leaning to the south.

A little above the corner of Nineteenth street there is a decidedly ugly warped looking stick with ten beams. Close to the foot it is as black as if it had gone through a campaign of ink. Down near the sidewalk it is as calm away and scarred that pieces can be picked off without the slightest difficulty. To judge from outward appearances it has all the ills of the flesh.

Opposite or nearly opposite the Church of the Holy Communion stands a very hard-looking pole, with a leaning towards the church. Two cross-beams are up to advantage above, and in notches between the beams long boxes, evidently inclosing some kind of machinery or apparatus used in connection with the wires. In addition to the wires there are three heavy cables. At other points of the pole, which is not particularly strong, and this is decidedly out of plumb, iron and zinc chutes of various sizes are in the wrote run from near the beams down to the ground.

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South Carolina's Senators.

[From the Cincinnati Commercial.]

South Carolina has only two legs in the United States Senate. Both of them belong to Wade Hampton the other. Butler lost his at the battle of Brandy Station. He is not the first or only Senator who lost his legs at that same station, or "got off his pins," as Hamilton Fish would say in bowling wherever he speaks. Hampton lost his through a disagreement he had with a solid shot from a gun. The ball, mule like, kicked about something he didn't like, and Hampton's leg happened to be in the way, and it was taken off above the knee. It is a bad day for Senator Hampton's leg, which had to come off after all. Ever since the original row, which is a profane history—a fact, however, which does not reflect on its accuracy, the sacred history of the affair is that the noble Wade Hampton was riding in a deer, or bear, or possum hunt (there is a doubt), upon him and consequently his leg. The reader is welcome to either story, or—happy thought—to both of them. Butler had been told so often that he is the handsomest man in the Senate he believes it, especially since Van Wyck has gone and only Ingalls remains to contest the palm of love and beauty.

Under the Blue Sky.

[From the Sacramento Bee.]

Mrs. Clara M. Byrne, of this city, who has a farm in El Dorado County, six miles above Pleasant Valley, invited some of her friends to spend Thanksgiving with her. Her reception-room had the blue canopy of heaven for a ceiling, and a carpet of autumn leaves and pine needles. But it presented a truly beautiful appearance as the gay dresses of the ladies, dotted in and out among the trees, seemed to vie with those monarchs of the forest with their variegated foliage.

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PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS, PLUSH, LARGE SIZE, 21 PICTURES, 75c.
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