

white, a flowered crêpe fichu, and a white cap tied under the chin with black velvet over bunches of glossy black curls—made a perfect picture—and small blame to Bumble!

Then there was a trio from the Royal Free Hospital, than which nothing could have been more life-like.

The Mrs. Todgers of Miss Rundle, most gorgeous in sky blue *poult de soie*, her face peeping coyly from the depths of a white straw poke bonnet, lavishly trimmed with flowers and rosettes. The Mrs. Squeers of Miss Meares, in black skirt, lace trimmed dressing jacket and huge mob cap, was at once located by the pudding basin and large wooden spoon, ready at any moment to mix and administer brimstone and treacle to the boys from Dotheboys Hall (had any of them ventured to be present), her good intentions being, as we know, to keep them in health and quell their abnormal appetites.

The Miss Pecksniff of Miss Hogg was to the manner born.

Betsy Trotwood and Mrs. Lupin, of course, were there, Miss Farley as the former, in her more human vein; and as for Miss Elma Smith as the landlady of the "Blue Dragon" at Salisbury, gowned in black satin painted with giant crimson roses, with muslin apron

and frilled white fichu, a gorgeous Paisley shawl over her arm, and a wondrously becoming cap tied over her tiers of grey curls, no one wondered that Mark Tapley the ostler fell a victim to her buxom charms.

But who were these? Two chubby boys in black. Trews, gaiters, cut away coats with velvet collars, brocaded satin waistcoats, white fronts and black ties, lank black hair, worn to the shoulders, very black brows, and sparkling eyes. The mysterious pair were masked, and just of a height. They entered arm in arm, bowed, and together passed into the crowd. The Brothers Cheeryble! But who were they? That is still a well kept secret.

Miss Storr was there as charming Little Nell, and the Miss Flite, of both Miss Wade and Miss Strong, were excellently natural. Several Dolly Vardens were gaily flitting around. Miss E. Spencer, in quilted blue petticoat, cream sprigged paniers and a large flowered hat coquettishly adjusted on golden curls, was greatly admired. Miss Constable and Miss Pearce were also very bright in this sprightly character; and the "Marchioness" of Miss Bellamy, from Hendon Infirmary—poor little drudge!—claimed a passing tear.



THE PRIZE COSTUMES:
FLORENCE DOMBEY AND THE ARTFUL DODGER.

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