THE LOTTERY TICKET.

JAMES LANNING was a mechanic, a young, honest man, whose highest ambition was to gain a comfortable home for himself and wife, and to be thought well of by his neighbors. He had built himself a house, and there still remained upon it a mortgage of $500; but this sum he hoped to pay in a few years, if he only had his health. He had calculated exactly how long it would take him to clear off this incumbrance, and he went to work with his eyes open.

One evening James came home to his supper more thoughtful than usual. His young wife noticed his manner, and she inquired its cause.

"What is it, James?" she kindly asked. "Why, I never saw you look so sober before."

"Well, I'll tell you, Hannah," returned the young man, with a slight hesitation in his manner. "I have just been thinking that I would buy a lottery ticket."

Hannah Lanning did not answer immediately. She looked down and smoothed the silken hair of her babe, which was chirping like a little robin in her arms, and the shades of her handsome features showed that she was taking time to think.

"How much will it cost?" she asked, at length, looking half timidly up into her husband's face.

"Twenty dollars," returned James, trying to assume a confidence which he did not feel.

"And have you made up your mind to buy it?"

"Well, I think I shall. What do you think about it?"

"If you should ask my advice, I should say do not buy it."

"But why so?"

"For many reasons," returned his wife, in a trembling tone.

She would not offend her husband, and she shrank from giving him advice which he might not follow.

"In the first place," she said, "I think the whole science of lotteries is a bad one; and then you have no money to risk."

"But just look at the prizes," said James, drawing a "scheme" from his pocket. "Here is one prize of $20,000, another of $10,000, another $5000, and so on. Something tells me that if I buy a ticket I shall draw a large prize. And then just think, Hannah, how easily I could pay all up for my house, and perhaps have a good handsome sum left."

The young man spoke with much earnestness and assurance, but he saw that there was a cloud upon his wife's brow.

"It seems to me that the chance of drawing a prize is very doubtful," said Hannah, as she took the scheme. "Here are many thousand tickets to be sold."

The babe tried hard to snatch the paper, and Hannah laid it aside.

"I think I shall run the risk," resumed James, glancing once more over the paper, and resting with a nervous longing upon the figures which represented the higher prizes. "There's Barney; he drew about $800 a year ago."

"Yes, I know it," said Hannah, with more warmth than she had before manifested, "and what has become of the money? You know he has squandered it all away. Ah, James, money is of no use unless we come honestly by it.

"Honestly?" repeated the young man. "Surely, there is nothing dishonest in drawing a prize in a lottery."

"I think there is," kindly, but emphatically, replied the wife. "All games of hazard, where money is at stake, are dishonest. Were you to draw a prize of $20,000, you would rob a thousand men of $20 each; or at least, you would take from them money for which you returned them no equivalent. Is it not gambling in every sense of the word?"

"Oh, no! You look upon the matter in too strong a light."

"Perhaps I do; but yet so it looks to me. What you may draw some one else must lose; and perhaps it may be some one who can afford the loss no better than you can. I wouldn't buy the ticket, James. Let us live on the products of our honest gains, and we shall be happier."

James Lanning was uneasy. He had no answer for his wife's arguments; at least, no answer that could spring from his moral convictions, and he let the matter drop. But the young man could not drop the siren from his heart. All the next day his head was full of "prizes," and while he was at his work he kept muttering to himself, "Twenty thousand dollars," "Ten thousand dollars," "Five thousand dollars," and so on.

When he went home the next night he was almost unhappy with the nervous anxiety into which he had thrown himself. The tempter had grasped him firmly, and whenever he thought of the lottery, he saw nothing but piles of gold and silver. In short, James Lanning had made up his mind that he would buy the ticket. He went to the little box where he had already $120 laid up toward paying off the mortgage from his house. The lock clicked with a startling sound, and when he threw back the cover he hesitated. He looked at his wife, and he saw that she was sad.

"Oh, I'm sure I shall draw a prize!" he said ,with a faint, fading smile.

He took four half-eagles from the box, and put them in his pocket. His wife said nothing. She played with her baby to hide her sadness, for she did not wish to say more on the subject. She had seen that little pile of gold gradually accumulating, and both she and her husband had been happy in anticipating the day when the pretty cottage would be all their own. But when she saw those four pieces of gold taken away from the store, she felt a foreshadowing of evil. She might have spoken again against the movement, but she saw that her husband was sorely tender upon the subject, and she let the affair go to the hands of fate.

A week elapsed from the time that James bought his ticket to the drawing of the lottery, and during that time the young man had not a moment of real enjoyment. He was alternating between hope and fear, and therefore his mind was constantly on the stretch.

At length the day arrived. James went to the office, and found that the drawing had taken place, and that the list of prizes had been made out. He seized the list and turned away, so that those who stood around should not see his face. He read the list through, but he searched for his number in vain! It was not there. He had drawn a blank! He left the office an unhappy man. Those twenty dollars which he had lost had been the savings of two months of hard labor, and he felt their loss most keenly.

When he returned home that night he told his wife that he had lost. She found no fault with him. She only kissed him and told him that the lesson was a good one, even though it had been dearly bought.

But James Lanning was not satisfied. He brooded over his loss with a bitter spirit, and at length the thought came to him that he might yet draw a prize. He wished that he had not bought the first ticket, and if he could only get back his $20 he would buy no more; but he would not rest under his loss. He was determined to make one more trial, and he did so. This time he purchased the ticket without his wife's knowledge. The result was the same as before. He drew a blank!

"Forty dollars!" was a sentence that dwelt fearfully upon the mechanic's lips.

"Oh, I must draw a prize!" he said to himself. "I must make up what I have lost. Let me once do that, and I'll buy no more tickets."

Another $20 was taken from the little bank, another ticket was bought, another blank was drawn. At the end of three months the little bank was empty, and James Lanning had the last ticket in his pocket. Ah, how earnestly he prayed that that last ticket might draw a prize! He had become pale and careworn, and his wife—poor, confiding soul!—thought he only repined because he had lost $20. When she would try and cheer him, he would laugh, and try to make the matter light.

"James," said his wife to him one day—it was the day before that on which the lottery was to be drawn in which he had the sixth ticket—"Mr. Rowse has been here to-day after the semi-annual interest. I told him that you would see him to-morrow."

"Yes, I will," said James, in a faint voice. "Yes, to-morrow I shall see him."

Young Lanning thought of the lottery and of the prize. This was his sixth trial, and he felt sure that he should draw.

The morrow came, and when James Lanning returned to his home at night he was penniless! All his golden visions had faded away, and he was left in darkness and misery.

"James, have you paid Mr. Rowse his interest yet?" asked Hannah.

The young man leaned his head upon his hands and groaned aloud.

"For heaven's sake, James, what has happened?" cried the startled wife, springing to the side of her husband, and twining her arm about his neck.

The young man looked up with a wild, haggard expression. His lips were bloodless, and his features were all stricken with a death-hue.

"What is it? Oh, what?" murmured the wife.

"Go look in our box—our little bank!" groaned the poor man.

Hannah hastened away, and when she returned, she bore an empty box in her hand.

"Robbed!" she gasped, and she sank tremblingly down beside her husband's side.

"Yes, Hannah," whispered the husband, "I have robbed you."

The stricken wife gazed upon her husband with a vacant look, for at first she did not comprehend; but she remembered his behavior for weeks back; she remembered how he had murmured in his sleep of lotteries and tickets, of blanks and prizes, and gradually the truth broke in upon her.

"I have done it all, Hannah," hoarsely whispered the condemned man, when he saw that his wife had guessed the truth. "All, all has gone for lottery tickets. The demon tempter lured me: he held up glittering gold in his hand, but he gave me none of it. Oh, do not chide me! You know not what I have suffered—what hours of agony I have passed—and you know how cold my heart is now. Oh, my wife, would to God I had listened to you!"

"Ah!" calmly whispered the faithful wife, as she drew her hand across her husband's heated brow. "Mourn not for what is lost. I will not chide you. It is hard thus for you to lose your scanty earnings, but there might be many worse calamities than that. Courage, James; we will soon forget it."

"And Mr. Rowse will foreclose the mortgage. You will be homeless!" murmured young Lanning in broken accents.

"No; I will see that all is safe in that quarter," added Hannah.

At that moment the baby awoke, and the gentle mother was called to care for it. On the next day, at noon, Hannah Lanning gave her husband a receipt for $15 from Mr. Rowse.

"Here," said she, "interest is paid. Now let us forget all that has passed, and commence again."

"But how—what has paid this?" asked James, gazing first upon the receipt and then upon his wife.

"Never mind."

"Ah, but I must mind. Tell me, Hannah."

"Well, I have sold my gold watch."

"Sold it!"

"But I can buy it back again. The man will not part with it, if I want it. But I don't want it, James, till we are able. Perhaps I shall never want it. You must not chide me, for never did I derive one iota of the pleasure from its possession that I now feel in the result of its disposal."

James Lannon clasped his wife to his bosom, and he murmured a prayer, and in that prayer there was a pledge.

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Two years passed away, and during that time James Lanning lost not a single day from his work. He was as punctual as the sun, and the result was as sure.

It was late on Saturday evening when he came home. After supper, he drew a paper from his pocket, and laid it upon the table.

"There, Hannah," said he, while a noble pride beamed in every feature, "there is my mortgage. I've paid it—every cent. This house is ours; it is our own house. I've bought it with dollars, every one of which has been honestly earned by the sweat of my brow. I am happy now."

Hannah Lanning saw that her husband had opened his arms, and she sat down upon his knee and laid her head upon his shoulder.

"Oh, blessed moment!" she murmured.

"Yes, it is a blessed moment," responded her husband. "Do you remember, Hannah, the hour of bitterness that we saw two years ago?"

The wife shuddered, but made no reply.

"Ah," continued the young man, "I have never forgotten that bitter lesson: and even now I tremble when I think how fatally I was deceived by the tempter that has lured so many thousands to destruction."

"But its horror is lost in this happy moment," said Hannah, looking up with a smile.

"Its terror may be lost," resumed James, "but its lesson must never be forgotten. Ah, the luring lottery ticket has a dark side—a side which few see until they feel it."

"Are not all its sides dark?" softly asked the wife. "If there is any brightness about it, it is only the glare of the fatal ignis fatuus, which can only lead the wayward traveler into danger and disquiet."

"You are right, my dear wife. You were right at first. Ah," he continued, as he drew the faithful being more closely to his bosom, "if husbands would oftener obey the tender dictates of the loving wife, there would be far less misery in the world than there is now."—Waverley Magazine.

Are Americans Popular in England?

As a matter of fact, no English politician ever thinks of mentioning the United States in the speech without some complimentary adjective, and the British public, which has long ceased to be the most stolid public in Europe, and become instead, thanks to cheap reading, one of the most hysterical and sentimental, always cheers heartily any allusion to "our cousins beyond the sea," and agrees rapturously with the speaker that "blood is thicker than water." An American who tries to persuade himself that his country has a political foe in England had better stay in America if he wants to keep his faith whole. It would hardly survive a fortnight in England itself. Englishmen bear no grudges. They are as proud of Washington as Americans themselves; most of them are not even aware that there was such a thing as the War of 1812; while they quite cheerfully admit that all through the Civil War and the Alabama business they were in the wrong, and were rightly made to pay for it. In the visitors' room at the Reform Club on Pall Mall you will find over the mantlepiece a facsimile of the Declaration of Independence, and above it medallions of Washington, Lincoln and Grant. There is something rather fine in a people that can thus candidly publish and acknowledge two of the greatest blunders in their history. But the British have grown into a big habit of always exempting Americans from the ordinary divisions of nationality. Cecil Rhodes was far from being the only Englishman whose patriotism went beyond the empire, and included the race. The least imaginative Londoner feels himself and his country in a very special degree united to America. It is the nation of all others he would most like his own to be on friendly and even intimate terms with.—Sydney Brooks, in Harper's Weekly.

Telephone Troubles in Abyssinia.

In Abyssinia there are at the present time 800 miles of telephone wires already erected, and about 1000 miles in course of construction. The contractor has had almost every imaginable trouble to contend with. Tremendous rainfalls were the first source of damage, washing out miles of pole line. Scarcely had this damage been made good when the poles again began to fall. This time the cause was termites, or white ants. The destruction was stopped by erecting iron poles, but the latter proved very attractive to the natives, who tore them out and converted them into tools. This has been stopped by royal decree, and the principal trouble encountered now are elephants, who use the telephone poles as scratching posts, thus knocking them down, and monkeys, who find the wires delightful swings. The rapid growth of the jungle also gives some trouble, and makes it necessary to keep a party of men constantly employed cutting away the young growth.

Canada Pushing For Business.

The Canadian Government, says the Westminster Gazette, has had built in Glasgow a traveling "stand," such as is commonly used at exhibitions, for the purpose of touring the country, advertising the advantages of life in the Dominion. The wagon is now in Edinburgh. From there it is to travel through a large part of Scotland. The exterior of the wagon is painted bright vermilion, with appropriate mottoes, and when it comes to a standstill the sides and ends throw up, converting it into a stand, on which are shown specimens of the products of the colony. By means of the stand it is hoped to reach remote and otherwise inaccessible parts of the country.

The Farm

About Sweet Corn.

If sweet corn is grown, it will be a good plan to save a few of the earliest and best ears for seed. By careful selection every year the corn will be earlier each succeeding spring, and if quality, size and plumpness of grain are also considered, great improvement in the sweet corn can be made.

The Horse's Food.

It is claimed that two per cent. of a horse's weight of good, nourishing food is all that he should be fed a day. By this rule a horse weighing 1500 pounds should receive thirty pounds of food, but it must be considered that something depends upon the amount of labor performed, as well as the digestive capacity and appetite of the animal.

A Butter Hint.

Farmers who receive circulars containing offers of preservatives of milk and cream, or of methods of doubling the amount of butter from the milk, should consider such propositions very carefully. Butter is made from the cream only, and the proportion of butter obtained depends upon the amount of butter fat in the milk—the fat being in the cream. It is impossible to get something for nothing, and any product devised by the use of special agents is simply not butter, but coagulated milk, the price of which in market will be less than that of pure milk

Celery in Your Back Yard.

Vacant ground about the garden or back yard of the home may be utilized profitably in this way, with but little labor. Ground that has been used for onions, early potatoes, early beans or some such crop may be planted to celery late in the season, if good, strong plants are used. Clear the ground, plow or dig as deeply as possible and pulverize well. Mark out deeply in rows three and one-half feet apart. Fill half full of well rotted fertilizer, and harrow until the ground is almost level. Set the plants in this furrow, using a line to get the rows straight. —Indianapolis Sun.

Losing Animals.

No animal can remain at a standstill without loss to its owner. If an animal is not gaining, then the food and labor are thrown away. If an animal loses only a pound in weight, then the farmer not only suffers a loss of that which he once had, but must incur additional expense to regain that one pound; but the time lost cannot be recovered. These facts show the importance of keeping the stock in good condition, and having each animal make an increase daily. When there is a falling off in the weight or the yield of milk is reduced the cause should be sought, and if an error has occurred, or there is fault in the management, a change should be made for the better without delay.

For Good Hay.

The mowing of the meadow for hay deprives the soil of the elements of fertility, and the same occurs when the cattle are allowed to graze on it. Every pound of meat and milk sent to market carries in its composition the riches of the meadow, and though the process may be a slow one, yet a time is sure to come when the grass will be less nutritious and the growth less rapid. Then will the cattle use only that which is the most succulent and nourishing, leaving the more undesirable grasses to take possession, along with weeds, until finally the meadow must be plowed and seeded down, in order to change the variety of food produced by it. It then fails to produce sufficient green food and it yields sparingly of hay.

Keep Chicks Growing.

Whether the chickens are being raised for the market or for winter layers, it is essential that they make the best possible growth from birth to going into winter quarters or to the market. The range, to a large extent, solves the question of food and of healthy growth, but it is necessary that the chicks have some other food than that picked up on the range, or they will wear themselves out trying to get enough to eat.

Then, if they roost under cover at night, and they should by all means do this, there is the question of lice which must be given proper consideration, for a few lice will cause the chick to lose more weight in a month than can be made good by two months of feeding. Everything possible must be done to keep the chicks growing during the summer; keep them making a strong, steady gain, and then they will be profitable, and not otherwise.

By-Products For Stock.

It is assumed that the reader is not the kind of a farmer who sells all of the produce on the farm and uses the unsalable portion on his own table. People who do this are not getting from farm life what they should. There is no good reason why the farmer's table should not contain the best his farm produces. He is entitled to it, and so is his family. On every farm there is a quantity of green vegetables which are too often thrown on the refuse heap when they should be fed to the stock. Fowls or swine that are confined will welcome the green tops of vegetables, and some kinds of vegetables may be fed tops and all.

Then in the fall the potato grower has more or less unsalable tubers which might be fed to cows to advantage if fed in connection with oil meal or other nitrogenous food. The wheat grower has an opportunity to obtain an abundance of wheat screenings which could be fed to young pigs if first ground, to their advantage. Learn to use the wast products of the farm intelligently and you will be surprised to see what you can accomplish with them.

Feed Chicks Skim Milk.

Time was when a separator was considered a luxury not to be thought of unless one had a large herd of cows. Now a good separator can be had as low as $50, and it will pay for itself in many ways. It will enable one to obtain a greater amount of butter fat from the milk than by the old methods of hand skimming, and it will give one a supply of fresh skim milk which may be used to advantage for feeding purposes. During the winter we use skim milk in abundance for the laying hens, but when we have several hundred chicks in the spring, as is frequently the case, the skim milk goes largely to them.

Our plan is to give the chicks a very light feeding of grain early in the morning before they are allowed to go the range; at noon they are given all the skim milk they will drink, and then, after an afternoon on the range, they have quite a heavy grain feed to go to bed on. We find they grow quickly under this treatment and are rarely troubled with any bowel difficulty. The skim milk can be fed to calves to advantage if it is not desired to feed it to chicks, and if the milk is clean and fresh they will thrive on it, especially if some bran is mixed with it.

Selecting the Cows.

The ability to utilize food and convert it profitably into milk and butter is a quality of cows that varies with individuals. Among both ordinary dairy cows and cows of pure breeds the variation in this respect is quite remarkable, as illustrated to a marked degree in the study of the herd owned by the Connecticut Agricultural College, that was made during the year 1898. According to this study, the cow with the best record produced during the year 509 pounds of butter, at a profit of $42.82; while during the same time the cow with the poorest record produced 172 pounds of butter, at a loss of $4.09. The variations in the amount of butter and milk produced by individual cows in this herd are not exceptional. The records of station herds and of hundreds of private herds where individual records have been kept show variations fully as great as these.

It is plainly evident that success in dairying depends very much upon the productive capacity of the individual cows that make up the herd. A very practicable way to improve the herd and increase the average productive capacity is to dispense with all the cows which the scales and the Babcock test together prove to be unprofitable. It would be pretty safe to assert that twenty cows selected in this way for their high and economical productive capacity, would be more profitable than twenty-five, and possibly even thirty cows, selected in the ordinary random method of making up a herd.—Massachusetts Ploughman.

Gooseberries a Paying Crop.

The gooseberry is a good seller. It is tough, hardy and goes in most any market. I raised two hundred bushels last year; eighteen quarts growing on one bush, and they brought from ten to fourteen cents per quart. If going to take up one branch of small fruit culture I should recommend gooseberries. They are easy to pick; one woman picked 104 quarts in seven hours. For picking I pay one cent per quart for gooseberries, while for raspberries I double it and offer as an inducement to remain with me for the season a quarter of a cent extra, which almost always keeps them.

For gooseberry worms London purple is most efficacious. Place one pound in a gallon jug, pour on two quarts of boiling water, stir and fill with cold water. Place in a tin corn can about one inch of this mixture, add to it three and a half gallons of water and spray for worms of which there are two crops during the season. When you see the first hole eaten in a leaf apply the spray. The last brood will not be very numerous.

Gooseberries and currants should be set deep to grow good roots and bear well. New roots are white. Currants will grow from cuttings, but gooseberries must be laid down and rooted. Both should be pruned every year, the old wood being cut out; the new is bright and should remain. The best time to prune is in the fall, after which the bushes should be tied up. Spraying with bordeaux mixture will prevent rust, which sometimes affects the gooseberry. The best variety is the Downing. The Boston currant market demands Fry's Prolific, a red variety; while the New York prefers the white which is the sweeter.

Currants thoroughly mashed and mixed with sugar, pound for pound, sealed up cold and uncooked, will keep until needed for the table. Currants are a fruit much wanted at the seashore.—A. A. Eastman, in the American Cultivator.

Farm Notes.

Close inbreeding is a short cut to temporary success.

A poor appetite in an animal suggests some weakness.

All things considered, early plowing is best for fall wheat.

Hogs may be fed corn as soon as the grain begins to harden.

All animals require a variety in their food in order to make the best gains.

A fattened old cow has a larger proportion of waste than a young animal.

Set the milk as quickly as possible after milking to get perfect rising of the cream.

When fed dry shelled corn is more economical than corn meal to feed to fattening hogs.

To obtain the best results the farm work must be done in the best manner and at the proper time.

In growing fruit for market, it is of great advantage to have varieties of fruit that will keep long and bear transportation well.

In a horse the shoulder should suit the purpose for which it is intended. If for speed, it should be flat. If for draft, it should be upright.

With all flowers, if the seeds are not wanted especially, it is an excellent rule to remove the seed vessels as soon as the bloom begins to fade, or else gather the flowers for decoration uses when in their prime.

Potatoes as Medecine.

The good results of administering potatoes in certain forms of diabetes are affirmed by a French physician, Dr. Mosse, who states that he has effected cures by this means.

NEW IDEAS IN TOILETTES

New York City.—Eton jackets are peculiarly well adapted to young girls

MISSES' ETON JACKET.

and are in the height of present styles. This one can be used with or without the collar and made with either the plain or full sleeves and is adapted to all the season's fabrics. It is shown, however, in bluette cheviot with trimming of fancy black and white braid and handsome gold buttons. The narrow vest is a peculiarly attractive feature, and can be made from a variety of materials. The cape collar adds largely to the effect and gives the fashionable droop to the shoulders, but can be omitted if a plainer garment is preferred.

The Eton is made with fronts and back and is fitted by means of shoulder and under arm seams and single darts. The narrow vest is applied over the front edges and the cape collar stitched with corticelli silk is arranged over the whole, its inner edge serving to outline the vest. The full sleeves are wide and ample, finished with shaped cuffs, and can be made either with fitted linings or loose as may be preferred. The coat sleeves are made in regulation style and cut in two pieces each, being simply stitched to form cuffs.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is three and one-half yards twenty-one inches wide, three and one-eight yards twenty-seven inches wide, or one and one-half yards forty-four inches wide, with two and one-half yards of braid to trim as illustrated.

A Stylish Gown.

A simple gown of champagne colored net was made with a skirt laid in small pleats. In fact, almost every skirt is pleated. This skirt had a front panel and two encircling bands of gold color silk lace, bordered on either side with a narrow stripe of gold tinsel braid. The flare of the skirt was supplied by a wide foot ruffle, shirred and finished with small circular tucks. The waist had a yoke and collar of shirrings, and had two rows of the gold bordered lace running across it. These were trimmed with a little fringe made of strips of the net stitched and finished at the ends with tinsel balls. The girdle was of champagne colored silk.

In Orchid Shades.

Orchid the new purple used for evening frocks, is an exquisite blending of the tints of passion flowers, lilacs, violets and roses, and bears intensifying with embroideries of orange blossoms, the shining, deep green leaves and golden fruit making an admirable contrast.

An evening wrap designed to be worn with a gown of this kind is lined with gold satin and bordered with a garland of sprays of flowers and leaves in gold tissue, appliqued on orchid tinted chiffon.

Three-Quarter Coats.

Three-quarter loose coats made of a silky finished linen canvas in light blue, old rose and mauve are smart-looking trimmed with a wide band of white silk Hercules braid. For forenoon driving with a pretty straw hat they will be quite irresistible, met on country roadways. Short coats when more than half of heavy white laces, announces Vogue, promise to be much worn, both in white canvas and light weight yachting serges.

Military Shirt Waist.

The love of the military, said to be inherent in feminine human nature, is making itself apparent in prevailing styles and appears in the waists as well as in the outer garments. The very stylish model illustrated shows the characteristic epaulettes and is appropriate to the whole range of waisting materials. The model, however, is made of white vesting simply stitched and trimmed with pearl buttons. To facilitate the laundering the epaulettes are finished at the front edges and buttoned into place.

The waist consists of the fronts, back, epaulettes and sleeves. The back is tucked to give the effect of a single box pleat at the centre and the fronts to form wide box pleats that extend from the shoulders, while at the centre is a regulation box pleat through which the closing is made. The epaulettes can be finished separately at the front, as in the case of the model, or stitched to position as preferred. The sleeves are the favorite ones of the season that form wide puffs below the elbows and are finished with shaped flared cuffs.

The quantity of material required

MILITARY SHIRT WAIST.

for the medium size is four yards twenty-seven inches wide, three and one-half yards thirty-two inches wide, or two yards forty-four inches wide.

A Late Design by May Manton.