

THE ROAD.

This common road, with hedges high
Confined on either hand,
Will surely enter by and by
Some large luxurious land.

The many wayfarers on foot
Have tailed from stage to stage,
And others roll along the route
With easy equipage.

All seek, methinks, that wide domain
Wherewith my thoughts are set.
Press onward! Leave the dusty plain!
Hasten! 'Tis farther yet!

And in the end shall great repose
Descend upon my soul,
When, at the eager journey's close,
I reach the sudden goal.

Content, enlargement, fragrance, ease,
Joy in the evening's cool,
The subtle silence in the trees,
The gleam upon the pool—

Dreamer! In vain thou hastenest;
That glorious land resign;
Take by the road thy joy, thy rest;
The road, the road is thine.

—J. B. C., in the Pilot.

THE 7.45 EXPRESS

By FRANCIS CHURCHILL WILLIAMS.

TWO men were sitting in the smoking room of a London club. One, a tall, athletic looking fellow, with black hair and clean-cut features, was slowly blowing rings of smoke in the air as he lay back in the big armchair.

The other man, slight and clean shaven, with a singularly mobile face and twinkling gray eyes, was looking over a daily paper. Between them was a small table, furnished with a couple of stands of club soda and a decanter, which gave signs of having been well used.

"Gerald," said the small man all at once, dropping the paper into his lap, "what do you think of train robbers?"

The tall man looked up in lazy surprise. "Topsy Russell," he drawled, "now, what in the name of all that's wonderful ever put such a question as that into your head?"

"The paper," explained the other, "and seriously I ask you, what do you think of train robbers?"

"And just as seriously I reply," returned the tall man, "that I think the fellows who strip you of your watch and valuables and depart with your Gladstones or portmanteaus are clumsy rogues at the best. And the people they rob—well, they're a shade less admirable; for in every case I have heard of they appear to have acted like cowards or fools, and a rogue's always preferable to either of these, to my mind. And now that you have my candid and doubtless, authoritative, opinion on train robbers, please finish that soda and try one of these cigars; they are worth trying, if I say it myself."

"Only one more question," said Russell, as he took the proffered weed. "You laugh at the way railway travelers act in these little affairs. Now, how would you act? Suppose a fellow were suddenly to put a pistol to your check and insist on a desire for your watch! No one is near. You are alone in the carriage. What would you do?"

"I'd knock the pistol out of his hand, while pretending to comply with his demand, and throw him out the window after it."

Caruthers said this quietly and determinedly, and Russell knew him too well to suspect braggadocio, so he only laughed lightly at his companion's emphatic reply and proceeded to envelop himself in clouds of smoke.

"Well," said the tall man, looking at his watch and starting up, "I must be going. The express starts at 7.45 and I've to stop at a couple of places before making the station." And he rang for his bag and overcoat.

"Now, Gerald Caruthers," said his companion as Gerald was being helped into his coat, "remember what you have told me. If I hear of any attempt at train robbery on the 7.45 express I shall not write to you, but shall at once have the track examined and the body of the robber discovered and insured. I suppose you will be willing to do that much for your victim, won't you?"

"Oh, certainly," laughed Caruthers, and the next moment he had swung Russell's hand and had gone.

At the station he secured a first-class ticket and then set about to find an empty compartment if possible.

As luck would have it the second coach he looked into was unoccupied, and he quickly stored his portmanteau away, and settling himself luxuriously in the corner, uttered a silent prayer that no one would come in to interrupt, with the usual traveler's commonplace and platitudes, the nap he had in prospect.

He looked at his watch; only one minute remaining till train time, and already he heard the doors being banged to as the guard went his rounds.

And then—then, just as he was putting his watch back into his pocket with a breath of relief, the door of the compartment was suddenly jerked open and, framed in the narrow opening, appeared the figure of a man of slight stature, with gray beard and bent shoulders.

He peered cautiously into the coach, and his eyes traveled quickly and with apparent indifference over the big frame of Caruthers. Then he stepped in, and with a silken bow he dropped a small handbag on the cushioned seat, pulled his soft wool hat over his eyes, sank down in one corner of the compartment and thrust his hands deep into his trousers pockets.

Caruthers witnessed these movements with some satisfaction, and, after a glance or two at his companion, and an instant's look outside at the yellow lights which were flying by as the express gathered speed he spread out his legs, pulled his coat up about his ears and proceeded to make himself comfortable for the 120-mile ride before him.

Five minutes later he was sound asleep and making that fact unmistakable by the most tremendous snores.

But if Caruthers snored loudly his brain was fully as active as were his lungs, and for a time he passed through a series of adventures in dreamland which were anything but unpleasant.

Now if there was anything against which Caruthers was for all time and most vehemently opposed it was high collars, and therefore he struggled hard to push away his tormentor and remove the objectionable neck piece. But all to no purpose.

To his surprise, he found his arms weighted down as if with lead. His persecutor coolly continued to fit on the collar, and finally, having done this to his satisfaction, pushed over his head until the top edge of the collar cut into his neck and was choking him.

Caruthers used every endeavor to raise his arms, but in vain. Great drops of sweat seemed to drain down his face as he tugged at his invisible bonds, and all the time he felt the little old man passing his hands, which were plump and smooth, over his body, thrusting them now into his pockets, now inside his vest and again pulling at his fingers.

All at once, however, even the desire for resistance left the dreamer, his sensations became dull and he fell again into unbroken sleep.

His next sensation was when his eyes began to feel the light and he slowly became aware of a dull, dead feeling in his arms, a fullness of the head and a dry contraction of the throat. After a while he was sensible of the motion of his resting place, and at last his eyes took in enough of what was about him to show him that this was no haberdashery's shop, but the inside of a railway carriage traveling at high speed, that there was no high collar about his neck, and that no little old man stood opposite him.

But it was some time, nevertheless, before his brain became clear enough to appreciate that all he seemed to have gone through with lately was only a dream, and that he now was in the 7.45 express from London, and probably—how many hours on his journey?

He slipped his fingers into his waistcoat pocket for his watch. Then, with an exclamation of surprise, he raised himself quickly to his feet and some weeks quickly stood there feeling for the handsome hunting case which he could find nowhere.

It took him but a minute to realize this, and also that the gold cuff buttons he had worn, and his diamond scarf pin were gone, and that a curious stone studded ring had disappeared from the little finger of his left hand.

They all had gone; but where? A sudden recollection of the old bent man who had entered the compartment just before their departure and been his silent and apparently indifferent traveling companion, made him peer closely into the corner in which that figure had been curled when he last saw him. But the corner was empty now.

As Caruthers' glance moved quickly over the opposite seat, however, one object caught his eye. He picked it up. It was a handkerchief, innocent of any markings, but smelling very strongly, as he instantly became aware, of chloroform.

The pungent odor told Caruthers all he needed. It was a complete confirmation of the theory which had flashed upon him at first. He had been robbed and in all likelihood by the little old man who had been his companion.

Caruthers pressed his face against the window. He was familiar with the country through which the train was passing, and he soon saw where he was. The express was fifty miles out of the metropolis, and by schedule must have made a stop at R—, about ten miles back. It was there, he decided, that the thief had got out.

As soon as the guard had opened the door of his carriage at the next station, half an hour later, Caruthers jumped down, and dashing into the telegraph office, quickly dispatched a statement of the facts to the chief of police at R—. His message offered a generous reward for the apprehension of the rascal and the recovery of the articles of which he had been robbed, with the least possible publicity.

Two hours later, arrived at his destination, he left the train, took a hansom to police headquarters and notified them that a dispatch addressed in his name might be received from R—. If such a dispatch did come, it was to be sent to B— Hotel, he ordered. Then he was driven to the hotel, and, having engaged a room, turned in and quickly fell asleep.

It was 7 o'clock in the morning when he was awakened by a knock on the door of his room and a telegram was handed him. It was from the police at R—, and ran as follows:

"Have got thief and recovered all articles. Thief disguised. Young man. Think he is old hand at business. Communicate at once."

Caruthers went the servant double quick for a morning paper, and having satisfied himself that the news of the robbery and of the capture of the thief had at least not gained circulation outside of R—, he dressed himself leisurely.

knowledge the corn. Come quickly. This outwounded place is damp, and they won't believe my story.

"TOPPY."

In amaze, which rapidly gave way to laughter he could not restrain, Caruthers read the message a second time, and then he telegraphed to the chief of police at R—:

"Hold thief. Dangerous man. Pay no attention to his story. Be with you to-morrow. G. CARUTHERS."

It was a week or more and late speed men which Caruthers saw when the "dangerous man" was led forth from a cell at the police station at R— next day.

But Caruthers smothered his laughter at the sight, smoothed Russell's wrath as far as possible by apologies, and, having paid the costs and fines which the police demanded that some one should pay, after his explanations, walked out of the station with his friend.

To this day, however, Topsy Russell has serious doubts as to Caruthers' statement that he "believed Russell's telegram a forgery," and he awaits a chance to turn the tables on the man he "robbed."—New York News.

Sentence Sermons.
Empty hours make aching hearts.
No man can be happy all to himself.
A great intent makes for noble intent.

There is no known way of insulating sin.
A prayer can be long without being tall.

A clean heart is the secret of a clean head.
The painfully pious are never powerfully so.

It takes more than liftiness to make a saint.
Malice is sharper at the hilt than in the blade.

Worship is more in looking up than in bowing down.
He makes little out of life who is always on the make.

Depreciating others will not help the world to appreciate you.
The service of another is a sovereign cure for our sorrow.

When a man catches up with his own ideals he has begun to die.
A man's soundness does not depend on the amount of sound he makes.

The milk of human kindness does not seem to keep well in blue bottles.
The man who is willing to go to heaven alone may find he is going the other way.

When opportunity is measuring your head she will not take in the bump of self-esteem.
There is no comfort in a crown on the top of the head when there is a frown on the front of the face.

It is a good deal better to live in a glass house and take your chance on stones than to have no windows at all.—Chicago Tribune.

Her First Appearance.
It was at the mature age of three that Mrs. Kendall—then Madge Robertson—made her first appearance on the stage. The theatre was the Mary Johnson in London, then under the management of her father, and the play was "The Seven Poor Travelers."

Her part was that of a blind child, and at the rehearsals it had been impressed upon her that she must keep her eyes shut in order that the audience should think she could not see. "Under the circumstances," says a writer, "it need hardly be said that the first thing she did on going on the stage was to open her eyes as widely as she could. Sitting in the front row of the pit, which then corresponded to the boxes, 'Baby Madge' saw a favorite servant, who had been allowed to go to the theatre in order to witness her debut. For the part the child had been provided with new shoes. Proud of their possession and with supreme disregard for the eternal fitness of things, the little girl stalked down to the footlights and, addressing the servant, said: 'Sarah, look at my new shoes!'—New York World.

Keeping Well the Best.
I have often been horrified by finding people of Caribad or Marienbad, or some other of these severe water cures, who had come there simply on their own initiative, and without any medical advice. This is really tampering with one's constitution.

I am coming to the conclusion in recent years that it is better to trust to air and to exercise than to waters for the renewal of the physical system. Since I have taken to golf I find so much improvement in my health that I no longer pine, as I used to do, for the water cure. But there again every man must judge for himself. If a man has too profound a love for the pleasures of the table it is almost a necessity for him to go to one of those places where the system seems to get a thoroughly complete washout.

But if a man be of moderate appetite and be able to keep himself well under control, even when temptation is great, then he has no reason for going to Homburg or Caribad or Marienbad. He had better seek good mountain air, play golf and keep out of doors.—T. P. O'Connor.

Ice-man Wouldn't Trust.
An extra piece of ice was wanted. A wagon went to a neighbor's door, but there was no small coin in the house wherewith to pay for the desired article.

"Well, never mind," said mamma; "you run out, Blanche, and get a nickel's worth; the man will trust you until to-morrow."

Now Blanche was not accustomed to dealing on credit, and did not take kindly to the idea, but was moving very slowly to do her mother's bidding when some words in large letters on the top of the wagon attracted her attention and suggested an unanswerable objection.

"But he won't do it, mamma! Look there on the wagon! It says, 'Not in the trust.'—Lippincott's.

Danger in High Heels.
A Kentucky woman died recently from a cancerous growth, caused by a cancerous growth due to the wearing of high-heeled shoes. This growth appeared about fourteen months ago and spread rapidly, necessitating the amputation of the right leg below the knee about a year ago. This heroic remedy proved of no avail, as the poison had affected the whole body.—Baltimore American.

The Farm

Care of Cabbage Plants.
Take care of the cabbage plants left over after setting out the patch for summer use, but take just enough care to keep them in healthy condition, transplant last of August or first of September, in well prepared and well fertilized land, work them frequently and nice winter cabbage will be your reward.

She's N. G.
Commercial Poultry says: "The mongrel hen is a cull of culls. She has been produced by no particular care in breeding or any judicious culling on the part of her owner. She is of the lowest grade and constitutes the tail end of the race she represents. It is utterly impossible for her to produce anything any better or worse than herself. In the phase of the school boy, 'she's it.' She is much sought after by a mink goes out after poultry, although a mink prefers a better bred fowl. If her wings are good she saves herself when the circuit rider comes in the neighborhood."

Experience With Celery.
If only one variety can be grown, Golden Self-Blanching; if two, Golden Self-Blanching for early and Winter Queen for late and early spring. For winter storage in the North, I know of no more convenient or better way than to use boxes, placing the celery as closely together as possible, with all the soil left on the roots in the boxes, and all placed in the darkest corner of cellar. The roots should be kept moist by occasionally pouring water along edge of boxes, pressing the celery tops back so as not to wet them. It will then blanch finely and keep till April if cellar is not too warm.—William M. Clegg, in the Massachusetts Ploughman.

Pulling Hardback.
I pulled hardback out by hand the first part of August, 1900, and have not had any trouble with it since. My view is that if pulled in August when the ground is dry, what roots are left in the ground will not sprout. But if pulled in the spring or perhaps late in the fall, what roots are left will sprout and come up thicker than ever. There was not a very large amount of this weed in my pastures. I think in some places the largest bushes would have to be pulled with a team.

I cannot very well tell how much it would cost, as it varies so much in different fields, but it does not cost so much that one could not afford to do the work. I think it can be killed by mowing two or three years, for the reason that we never see it in our meadows that we mowed every year.—C. L. Marsh, in the Massachusetts Ploughman.

Artichokes.
A Benton County subscriber asks for information regarding artichokes and their cultivation. He wants to grow them for his hogs. They should be planted early in the spring, as early as the ground can be put in proper condition, and the planting and cultivation are much the same as for potatoes. Pieces of the tubers are dropped in rows, three feet apart, and a foot or more apart in the row. Cultivate shallow and often, till the stalks shade the ground well enough to prevent weeds from growing. A peck ought to plant half an acre, and if the land is rich the yield should be between 200 and 400 bushels per acre. But, as the hogs do the digging, you will have to guess at the yield.

This much can be said, however, that plenty of tubers will be left to seed the ground again after the hogs have done their best. Artichokes are hard to get rid of when once rooted in the soil, but for the purpose you want them that is no objection.—Indiana Farmer.

How to Get the Best Prices.
To get the best prices for eggs one must not buy them to sell, but must have enough hens to supply the demand. All eggs should be collected daily, and should not be allowed to remain unsold for over twenty-four hours. No stale nest eggs should be used, and every precaution must be taken that each customer may never be disappointed. When the confidence of customers is secured, the matter of good prices will be settled, as the majority of persons are willing to pay any price when they know that the eggs purchased are fresh. No one can make a specialty of supplying fresh eggs unless he carefully avoids those eggs found in stolen nests or in out-of-the-way places. The reputation for supplying choice fresh eggs must be made, and no mistakes must occur at any time, as a single bad egg will deteriorate the whole in value. Those who pay extra high prices are not always judges of the quality of eggs, but they have faith and reliance in him who supplies them.—Farm and Fireside.

Utilizing Old Orchards.
There are many farms in the country well suited to sheep raising which are not used for that purpose because their owners raise other crops which are profitable. During a recent trip the writer passed through a section where sheep were being raised in old orchards, and he promptly left the train to investigate. It was found that orchards in this section had been planted about the same time, and while they were still bearing good fruit, they were fast nearing an age when they would be no longer profitable. New orchards had been set, but instead of abandoning the old orchards the ground had been seeded down and turned into fine pastures for sheep, which were doing finely. Not only this, but it was found that the orchards had taken on new life, and were making a profit for their owners. There is a point in this worth any one's attention under similar conditions. In some sections sheep raisers make a business of seeding down and pasturing their orchards, and while there may be some question as to the wisdom of this plan with a comparatively young and thrifty orchard, there can be no doubt as to its value in cases like that indicated.

What We Grow.
We grew 540,000,000 bushels of wheat this year, and it brought a dollar a bushel.
We grew 2,400,000,000 bushels of corn, and it is worth \$1,200,000,000.
We will harvest 11,000,000,000 bushels of cotton, and it is worth \$30,000,000,000.
We grew the largest crop in five years, and the largest hay crop on record.

But the egg crop any year is worth more money than any other crop.

of bone overlaid with muscles and encased in hide requires a certain quantity of nutrient for mere existence. To supply this much alone only enables it to continue life, but does not appease the appetite which craves still more food. If provender beyond maintenance requirements is supplied the steer converts some of the surplus into fat and stores it away among the muscular tissues of the body, in the bones as marrow, under the hide and about the viscera, says Field and Farm. This fat is fuel in the animal economy for which nature shows an eagerness by manufacturing and laying up a certain amount against the time of need. When first put on full feed the steer gains rapidly in fat, gratifying the feeder as the increase is reported by the scales. After a few months however, the appetite loses its keen edge, and the steer shows a daintiness not exhibited at first when taking food. If placed on the scales from time to time smaller and smaller gains are shown each day. The fattening process may be likened to inflating a bicycle tire or a football with air. The operation is rapid and easy at first, but becomes more and more difficult until the limit is reached. The steer finally reaches the point where it shows no gain whatever, although consuming considerable feed. It has been fattened to the limit, and retrogression is soon evident. The wise feeder, recognizing these conditions, aims to feed cattle rapidly and as soon as they are in acceptable condition disposes of them without delay.

Growing Draft Horses.
Here is some sensible advice from a good farmer who grows draft horses. He says: "What I have to say on this subject is intended to apply to the common horse raiser—the farmer. It is just as necessary in all classes of business to know what not to do as it is to know what to do, horsebreeding not excepted. The horse for the farmer is the draft-horse horse. He is the only horse that can be raised by the farmer with little trouble and expense. He is in reach of almost every farmer in the country. It is a profitable business on the farm to raise a few good colts. I say good colts, for it is just as easy to raise good ones as poor ones. It is just as easy to raise good horses as good colts or good sheep, or hogs. It does not pay to raise poor ones—leave that for the other fellow. The farmers that raise good stock of any kind are the men that select good sires. Select a sire from one of the pure breeds of draft horses, Percheron, Shire or Belgian, it matters but little which breed. It is only a matter of choice to the breeder himself. Be sure and sire a good individual. The better the dam the better the result. Always breed their produce to a pure bred sire of the same breed. In a very short time your mares are all alike and of the same type and disposition, all bearing a family resemblance. You will not have the disposition of the broncho in one and the trotting horse in the other, but you will have a class of horses that are easily handled, easily fitted for the market and an everyday market at home and abroad.—Indiana Farmer.

Cattle Mysteriously Dying.
Subscriber to the Tribune Farmer writes that magazine: "Three weeks ago I found a big fat year and a half old heifer dead in the pasture. She had just died. We skinned her, and there was no mark on her with the exception of some bruised blood around one ankle. We opened her; her heart and liver seemed normal. She had no blood left in her body. Had died to death. The manure she passed during the night was full of blood. This week I found the next best heifer nearly dead. We got her up and tried to get her home. With help she staggered along for a couple of rods, fell down, and was dead in half an hour. I skinned and opened her; the heart was slightly spotted. In cutting some vein a lot of watery looking blood ran out. The intestines seemed full of the same watery looking blood. She had a bruised spot on the flank the size of a saucer, and the joints of the hind legs had some bruised blood in them. This heifer seemed some day she died. Her voidings were very black looking. She walked home quite smart the night before, and was licking salt with the rest of the cattle, but was dead by 2 o'clock the next day. What killed them so suddenly? They had no change of feed; were running on the same pasture all summer. This is the third mysterious or sudden death I have had in my pasture in a little over a year, and I would like to know if it is poison, or what. It is that killing the cattle."

"Were it not for the second death in your herd," replies C. B. Smead, in the same paper, "I could with safety say the first one died with intestine hemorrhage, due to the rupture of some large blood vessel; but the second one of this kind no one can with certainty tell the exact cause of death. Should you lose any more you had best call the attention of your State authorities to the matter, and have some examinations made. You speak of the herd running on the same pasture year after year. Now, I desire to call your attention to the fact that there may be acid poisonous weeds or shrubs there just the same, and that it is only occasionally that an animal will eat them and die. I speak of this, as many seem to think that inasmuch as the pasture has been used before, it is impossible for anything poisonous to be in the field."

One Sees a Great Deal of Brown.
We grew the largest crop in five years, and the largest hay crop on record.

But the egg crop any year is worth more money than any other crop.

Fashion Notes

New York City.—Fitted coats with vest fronts are among the newest and smartest shown and are very generally adopted. This one includes also



COAT WITH VEST FRONT.

the new sleeves, which are full at the shoulders, and a novel roll-over collar that is extended down the fronts. As illustrated the material is wood brown broadcloth with the vest of white cloth and the trimmings of velvet, but all suiting materials and all materials in vogue for coats of the sort are equally appropriate. The long lines, that are

the same as the first one. The art of dyeing, too, has been brought to a state of perfection never known before, and communication between the silk workers of the world is so rapid that a discovery made by one is soon known to all the others. The reason so many modern silks do not wear is because they are adulterated to meet the demand for cheapness, their wear ability being in exact proportion to the amount of silk they contain.

Some Fur Styles.
The old favorites in fur still hold first place—ermine, sables (both Russian and Hudson Bay), chinchilla and Persian lamb, either alone or in combination. White fox will also be used, especially as a trimming and for evening use.

Tuck Skirted Skirt With Flounce.
Skirtings of all sorts and in all variations are to be noted on the latest gowns made of soft and pliable fabrics. This very graceful skirt is adapted to all these and can be utilized for many occasions. As illustrated it is made of crepe de Chine in the new color known as apricot, which is exceptionally attractive and beautiful. The flounces over the hips at the same time giving a yoke effect which is most becoming and eminently fashionable. All materials that are soft enough to allow the necessary fulness are appropriate.

The skirt is circular with a gathered flounce that is joined to its lower edge. The upper portion is shirred to form a hip yoke and laid in two groups of graduated tucks, which also are gathered and drawn up slightly, so confining the fulness. The flounce is tucked at its lower edge, gathered at the upper, which is concealed by the lowest tuck of the skirt.

A LATE DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.



given by the seams that extend to the shoulders, are peculiarly desirable, as they tend to give a tapering effect to the figure.

The coat is made with fronts that are cut in two portions each, backs, side-backs and under-arm gores, the vest being separate and attached under the fronts on indicated lines. The sleeves are made in two portions each and are finished with roll-over cuffs at the wrists. The collar and revers finish the neck and front edges and are rolled over onto coat.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is three and five-eighths yards twenty-seven inches wide, two and one-fourth yards forty-four inches wide or one and seven-eighths yards fifty-two inches wide, with three-fourths yards of velvet and three-fourths yards of any width for vest.

Good and Bad Silk.
The women whose taffeta skirt splits the second or third time she wears it is apt to sigh for the silks of her grandmother's day, with their seemingly imperishable qualities, but, as a matter of fact, silks are much better now than they were before. The ancestral silks, which were woven on hand looms, were never of an even texture, whereas with modern machinery the last inch of a hundred yard piece comes out exactly

Red Reefers For Children.
Children's little red reefers are again in favor. Russian blues are made in this brilliant color, and with these are worn white kid or black patent leather belts. Some of the blues are trimmed in green, others in black cloth and velvet. Red is also popular in linen dresses. The new sweaters are buttoned at the back. In these, too, red is in the lead. White is also called for, but it spoils easily, and is not so well adapted for children's wear.

Popular Shades.
All of the hyacinth and porcelain blues, the French shades of rose, and those exquisite if rather trying tones known as the coral shades are popular, and the various tints of yellow and orange are repeated perhaps more frequently than any other relieving colors.

Cloth Gowns Without Coat.
Many women will appear in cloth gowns, minus the coat. The bodices will, of course, be heavily lined.

Veil Hints.
Most of the veils are bought ready made with hemstitched hems, and are long and of ample width. When laid back across the brim of the hat, the veil forms a curtain at the back. On the street the curtains are carried straight on the breeze.

Fals Blue and Lavender.
Fals blue and lavender combinations are even more in evidence than they were last season, and the milliners delight in using these two colors together.

ered and drawn up slightly, so confining the fulness. The flounce is tucked at its lower edge, gathered at the upper, which is concealed by the lowest tuck of the skirt.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is eleven yards twenty-one inches wide, eight and one-



TUCK SKIRTED SKIRT WITH FLOUNCE.

half yards twenty-seven inches wide or six yards forty-four inches wide, with eighteen yards of banding to trim as illustrated.