THE QUEEN'S PARDON

By Clive Holland.

ON the Heights of Portland the December mist, still undispersed by sunrise, hung thick, obliterating all traces of the prison buildings from the roads, where several ships of the channel squadron lay at anchor, and also from the straggling row of houses at the base of the northwest slope.

In the prison itself there was no light as yet save in the corridors, up and down which the ever-alert wardens paced monotonously to and fro. In most of the cells the prisoners slept, tired out with the previous day's hewing of stone and uncongenial tasks; but in one the occupant, a man of thirty-five, good-looking in spite of prison garb, close-cropped hair, and the ravages of toil and despair, lay on his bed awake.

A little more than ten years ago he had stood in the dock of a west of England city listening to a judge with a hard voice, though with kindly eyes, pronouncing sentence of fifteen years' penal servitude. All that an eloquent counsel could do had been done for him, but to no avail. The evidence seemed conclusively damnatory, and the foreman of the jury, after an absence of half an hour, answered "guilty" to the usual question with a ring of conviction in his voice. The judge's words to Thomas Harborde fell on deaf ears. He stood stupidly gazing at a young girl sitting at the back of the court in company of a sweet-faced old lady, as though he saw nothing.

At last a warder touched him on the shoulder, and the same instant a piteous cry of, "O, Tom! Tom! They're going to take you away from me," rang out in the court, over which the dusk of late afternoon was creeping, gradually blotting out the features of those who sat at all in shadow. The prisoner turned round as though about to say something to the judge on the bench, and then, led by the warder, he vanished down the dock stairs to the cells, to be known no longer as Thomas Harborde, but by various numbers: At Portland convict prison as "No. 27."

The sense of innocence brought him no meed of satisfaction; it merely filled him with desperate wrath and blackest despair. In the early period of his solitary confinement he found himself confronted day in and out with the crushing sense of legions of hours, minutes and seconds before he could hope to be a free man—if ever he were to be one again. By good conduct—against the very thought of which he at first rebelled, refusing to accept any boon at the hands of fate—he might reduce these years to two-thirds maybe. What then, millions of seconds, each one to him, a prisoner, an approachable part of life; hundreds of thousands of leaden-footed minutes, each one filled with a poignant despair, must pass ere the time of release drew near. At work, under the scorching sun or in the keen air of winter, in the quarries it was all the same. These hours and minutes became embodied in the persons of the warders and fellow-prisoners, in the presence of his chains.

From a possibly dangerous man he became almost an inanimate machine; a mere cogwheel in the prison routine of daily toil and prison discipline. At first he attacked the stone as though he were revenging his wrongs upon human flesh and blood; at last he tooled it with the unthinking regularity of an automaton. It takes a year or two to trample the human element out of a man of Harborde's type; but the effect of stone walls, silence and brutalized companions, if slow, is none the less sure. Only in his case he became an automaton instead of an animal.

Through the long December night, while the mist enshrouded Portland and restricted the range of lights at the Bill to half a mile or less, and while the sirens resounded from the lighthouse gallery almost continuously, answered faintly by others from vessels far out at sea, or booming harshly from others near at hand, Harborde lay awake reckoning the weeks, days, hours and minutes which comprised the remaining two years of his term. He had just dropped off into a half-sleeping condition when his cell door opened, and instead of the hard face of the warder come to tell him to rise up, he saw the governor and chaplain, with the warder in the background.

What could it mean? He sprang up, rubbing his eyes, and almost before he knew what was happening the governor had told him in a few words that he had received the Queen's pardon, and then proceeded to read the same. What did it all mean? No other thought germinated in his dulled brain. Free! Free to go where he willed! Free to walk out of the jail gates! Never to return within the stone walls which had shut him in from the outside world, as surely as though no other world than that contained within them existed.

The prison bell clanged, startling him into a state of wakefulness. The governor had finished reading the official-looking paper, and with the conclusion of the formal part of his duty he added a few words of congratulation. Harborde seemed to have no comprehension of their meaning. He remained standing in the centre of the narrow cell speechless. At last the chaplain made him understand the import of the document which had just been read over to him.

"Free! Free! It is impossible," he exclaimed, and then he threw himself on the bed in an agony of joy. The clanging of the bell afresh, the slamming of doors, the echoing of footsteps down the resounding corridors, recalled him to a sense of his position. A warder entered with a suit of clothes. With trembling fingers he removed his prison garb, worn, soiled with weather and labor and intolerable. The trousers felt chilly after the thick, tight-fitting knickerbockers, and rough, thick worsted stockings. The coat seemed to fit him nowhere. With one look round his cell, on the walls of which he had done innumerable calculations to keep himself from insanity forced by the terrible silence and sense of loneliness, "No. 27" now no longer a mere figure, a machine, but a human being, stepped into the corridor.

There was a breakfast for him such as he had not tasted for nine long years, but he had no appetite. The one idea now possessing his mind was home, escape whilst the governor was willing for him to depart. He swallowed a few mouthfuls, drank a few gulps of cocoa, and then with the allowance money in his pocket hurried to the gateway.

He was free. Free to go wherever he liked. Free to start for home as fast as steam could carry him. Free to stretch out his arms to the placid gray-blue waters of Western Bay now denuded of their mantle of fog and sparkling in the sunshine. Free to breathe the pure air uncontaminated by companions criminal and vicious. But the waters, the hillside, the lovely stretch of verdant country extended before his eyes, had no charm for him save that they spelt freedom. Behind him lay the prison house, the flagstaff from which no ensign of dread fluttered to tell of his escape. Before him lay freedom.

He rushed down the road, waving his arms with the reawakened instincts of a boy escaping from school, oblivious alike to the sympathetic gaze of women he passed, and the half-contemptuous remarks of the men. He dashed into the bleak, shabby little railway station, only to learn that there was no train for an hour. Already his limbs, unused to such riotous movements and still feeling the lag of the chain, had begun to fail him, making the half-jocular suggestion of the solitary reporter, that he should "take a little exercise and walk to Weymouth," out of the question.

"I'll have to wait," was all he could think of to say.

"Doin' time ain't altogether exhilarating' or strengthenin' work," the porter remarked.

Harborde nodded his head, yet longed to tell him he was an innocent man. The porter, however, had vanished, to return in a few moments with a paper.

"Here, mate," he exclaimed, with rough kindness. "You won't know all yesterday's news, I'll go bail."

Harborde seized the paper. No! he knew nothing of yesterday's news, nor of that of thousands of days which had once been yesterday. He could see nothing at first. The print swam in a confused jumble before his eyes. When his sight cleared he commenced to read. How strange it was! He used to be a great reader before he became "No. 27." And now he seemed to know nothing of the world. New names confronted him everywhere. Names of those in authority, names of towns, names even of countries. Where was Mashonaland and Matabeleland? He was confused. He read on. This delicious new found turmoil of the world, how good it was after all.

At last his eye caught a small paragraph stowed away at the bottom of the third column on page six of the paper. He read and reread it over and over again. "Her Majesty, the Queen, has been graciously pleased to pardon Thomas Harborde, who was convicted of forgery at the Winchester assizes some ten years ago, and who is now completing his sentence of fifteen years' penal servitude at Portland. Harborde will be released this morning. The step has been taken in consequence of the dying confession of a man at Bristol." Nothing more! Now he knew why he had been released. And so death had taken Edward Tilwell out of the hands of justice. It was hardly fair of death.

The porter came up whistling to tell him the train would start in ten minutes. He got up, thrust the paper into the man's hands, and pointed to the paragraph.

"That's me."

"You Thomas Harborde?" exclaimed the man. "Then all I've got to say is it's a hanged shame the Queen didn't send a coach-and-six for you. Let's have your hand, man, to wish you good luck. Got a missis? No? So much the better; poor soul, if you had, it would cut her up terrible."

"No," said Harborde, as though speaking to himself, "I was to have been married; but that's years ago now, and I'm an old man."

"Old!" interjected the porter, "you're no more than five-and-thirty, I'll go bail. You do look older, to be sure. But wait till you've been out a bit, you'll soon rub off them lines and look a bit more uppish."

The engine at the end of the short train of carriages relegated to the Portland line after becoming too thoroughly out of date for even the Somerset and Dorset local service between Weymouth and Dorchester, gave a thin, wintry squeak, and Harborde, in a fever of apprehension lest it should start without him, tumbled into the first carriage that came handy, ticketless.

The porter came to the door. "You've got no ticket. Here, give me a shilling, and I'll get it for you. Book to Weymouth?"

"Yes," said Harborde, fumbling in his pocket for the money.

"Now you're all right," the porter exclaimed, returning a couple of minutes later; "here's the ticket and the change. No, thanks; you'll want all you've got. Good-bye, mate, and good luck."

With a bump and a groan the train moved out of the station and ambled along the line running at the back of Chesil Beach at the rate of eight or ten miles an hour. Harborde was one of but half a dozen passengers, but there was no one else in his compartment. He had nothing to do but think of all that had happened. He had heard nothing of those at home for many years; they might all be dead. How would he have the courage to go to the door with this possibility? What would he do if Jane told him his mother was dead? He covered his face in his hands at the thought, and sobbed as only a strong man can sob in the corner of a carriage. With a great jerk the train pulled up at the station, and Harborde got out. His fellow-travelers regarded him with curiosity, for his friend, the porter, had told every one of them who he was when he examined their tickets, inveighing bitterly the while against the caustic humor of pardoning an innocent man.

Harborde noticed nothing of this. He inquired of a porter the next train on to the junction for Applebury, and then discovered that he was both hungry and faint for want of food. He went out into the slippery, muddy street at the back of the house on the Parade, and in a garth found a quiet little eating house, where he was served with a meal by a girl who had a pitying eye, after consultation with her superior in command. At 3 o'clock he was again on his way in the train, in the company this time of other fellow creatures, who one and all regarded him with a feeling akin to that with which they would have submitted to the company of a dangerous animal. Harborde noticed it after a time, and putting his hand to his head suddenly made the discovery that his hair was noticeably short. After this he realized that he was a marked man, and no longer wondered why the lady opposite drew her warm plaid dress away from his feet, and the other lady with two children sidled as far from him as possible, and asked the guard to find her seats in another carriage at the next station.

He was innocent, but how could he explain it to them? If they could but know how he had suffered surely they would weep. He hadn't the paper with him; even if he had perhaps they would not believe that he and the Thomas Harborde mentioned in the paragraph were one and the same. Two men got in where the lady with the children got out. They each of them threw him a glance, shrugged their shoulders and then became immersed in their papers.

It was quite dark when Applebury was reached and Harborde, luggageless, speedily passed out of the station without being recognized. There seemed little alteration in the place. Several of the shops—now gay with Christmas goods and finery—in the main street now had large plate-glass windows in place of more countrified fronts, but were otherwise much as fifteen years ago. For a moment he stood confused, staring up and down the street, regarded by the passers-by with curiosity. Then he remembered that he would have to go along the street, past the grocer's whose window projected a yard into the footpath, turn down the by-street, and then again turning take the road leading to his home.

In ten minutes he reached the garden gate. He had run part of the way, and now he could not make up his mind to go up the drive to the door. What if they were all dead? He grew sick at the very idea. There was a light in his mother's room, which was at the front of the house. What if she was ill—perhaps dying? At last his legs carried him up the drive which swept around the little front lawn in a semi-circle. He heard the bell tinkle shrilly at the back of the house. The sound seemed like home. All at once he remembered how, years ago, he banged it with a long-handled broom till it jangled against its fellow on either side.

The door opened. A flood of light streamed out on to the gravel. It was a strange face, and the face sent an icy shock to his heart. Far outside himself he heard a voice his own asking if Dr. Harborde were in. A year seemed to pass before the servant said: "No;" adding, "did you wish to see him particular?"

"Yes."

"He'll be in in half an hour."

"Is—is Mrs. Harborde in? Is she alive?" said the man at the door, throwing the words at her when once his tongue consented to frame them.

"Why, Lor' bless me, yes! Come, none of that."

But it was no use. The man she had just noticed had suspiciously short hair and a strange, wild-looking face, had pushed past her, thrown open the sitting-room door, stumbled into it and thrown his arms around a sweet-faced old lady who rose in alarm at his sudden entrance.

"My son! my son!" rang out through the house. "Mother! mother!"

The girl stood rooted to the spot, then she ran to Jane, and the two of them came out into the passage. In the sitting-room with its pink-shaded lamp a woman was seated kissing every line on her son's face—every line that the long years had written. And he stroked the hair that still lay thick, though white, in a coil at the back of her head.

Suddenly the man started up.

"Jess?" he asked, huskily.

Some one who had lain, half-stunned with joy, in a wicker chair well out of the range of the lamp-light, came into his vision.

"Jess!" he cried, folding her in his arms whilst the room swam round, "my Jess!"

"Tom!" came the answer.

"But I am old," said he; "so old."

"And I also, with the sadness and loneliness of waiting. But now—now I am young again."

The voice of the elder woman broke the silence after a moment: "For this my son was dead and is alive again." And they began to be merry.—Black and White.

What Can a Boy Do?

This is what a boy can do, because boys have done it:

He can write a poem. Alexander Pope wrote his famous "Ode to Solitude" when he was only twelve years old.

He can write a great book. Macaulay wrote his first volume, the "Primaise," which took the literary world by storm, before he was in his teens.

He can write a successful play. Jon O'Keefe, the famous Irish actor and playwright, wrote a play that is considered good to-day, when he was only fifteen.

He can become famous. Charles Dickens did his "Sketches by Boz" so well that before he was twenty-two his name was known to all the world.

He can "make his mark" so well that it will open his career. Palmerston, England's great statesman, was admired in school for his brilliant work, and wrote letters home in English, French and Italian that are models of composition to-day.

He can enter a great university before he is thirteen. William Pitt did it.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Farm

Feed Sheep Salt.

Experiments recently made in France for the purpose of ascertaining the nutritive value of salt for sheep, show that sheep which had been fed salt gained in weight four and one-half pounds more than those which received no salt.

First Plant Small Area.

Special crops, such as potatoes, fruit and other kinds of vegetables, may be exceedingly profitable in many localities, but in making a change in your products be sure and go slow at the beginning, planting but a small area of a crop with which you are unfamiliar, and learn your market and demand as well as the adaptability of your soil for it, before engaging extensively in it.

Farm Notes.

All stock should be kept out of the young orchard.

For pigs milk and mill feed make the cheapest feed for winter.

Whenever a sheep is seen to refuse water there is something wrong with it.

With all stock the value of good feed is wonderfully increased by close attention.

Pruning the top of the tree to correspond with the loss of roots in removal is best done in the spring.

A horse does better with just enough food to replace the wastes of his system, and of a kind to keep him feeling well.

One of the best systems of economy on the farm is that which not only maintains fertility, but keeps it constantly increasing in the soil.

Harness hung at the rear of horses will not last half as long as if hung where the ammonia cannot reach them. Have a harness room.

A sufficient amount of bedding should be stored under shelter so that it will keep dry and can be used as needed.

No matter how favorable the season the stock should not be allowed to run in the pastures or meadows too late. The grass plants must make some growth as a winter protection.

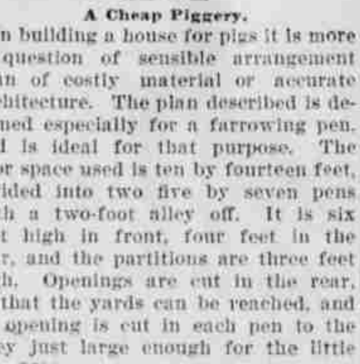
A cow with a big udder is not always an enormous milker, nor is a thick, yellow skin an unfailing sign of rich milk, although these are among the indications, respectively, of abundance and richness of milk.

Watch the hen that first comes off the roost and that last retires at night. She is said to be the best layer.

There ought always to be a shallow box full of dry dust in every poultry house, both winter and summer, and it should be often renewed. A constant and never failing dust bath is the very best remedy for lice.

A Cheap Piggery.

In building a house for pigs it is more a question of sensible arrangement than of costly material or accurate architecture. The plan described is designed especially for a farrowing pen, and is ideal for that purpose. The floor space used is ten by fourteen feet, divided into two five by seven pens with a two-foot alley off. It is six feet high in front, four feet in the rear, and the partitions are three feet high. Openings are cut in the rear, so that the yards can be reached, and an opening is cut in each pen to the alley just large enough for the little



pigs to get through and feed from the trough set across the middle of the alley.

The whole arrangement is simple and inexpensive, yet thoroughly comfortable, even though built of old material so that some cracks are left; these will serve for ventilation if care is taken to have the portion where the bed is well sheltered from wind. In the illustration the two pens (marked 5x7) are shown. B B is the alley way, A the trough for the little pigs with the openings described cut in each partition near the trough. C C indicate the troughs for the sows. By the way, when pigs are growing, try the virtue of beef meat in the ration; it will do the pigs a lot of good and save feeding so much corn, which is bad for them. —Indianapolis News.

Keeping Sheep.

Sheep are the most profitable stock on the farm, and no farm is complete without a flock of sheep. Twenty-five or fifty ewes will destroy more weeds and briars on the farm than four good men and will turn them into money, writes a correspondent in Farmers' Guide. Let anyone drive through the country and they will find the neatest and cleanest farms where sheep are kept. It is true that there are some clean farms, where there are no sheep, but they could be kept as clean with sheep, which would prove a profitable investment for the farm. Sheep will rid the farm of weeds where other stock will not, and anyone who will take the care of sheep can make 100 per cent. on his investment. The farm will become richer and the flock better.

There is no better meat for the table than good mutton. A great many people say they cannot eat mutton, but I find that is a mistake where they get good mutton. I have been in the sheep business for twelve years, and we have had a lot of fun about such prejudice. They all eat it, and all we need to do is to send good sheep to market and there will plenty of demand for it. The only thing is to produce a good article. We need more sheep and better ones on our farms. There has never been a time in the twelve years we have been breeding but what good lambs would bring five or six cents per pound in May or June. Anyone can take even common sheep and a good ram and have lambs by that time that will weigh from eighty to 100 pounds. The ewes will shear from seven to ten pounds of good wool, which comes in extra.

It don't matter how good or how poor the land is, sheep can be raised at a profit if they receive the right kind of care.

We believe that there is more clear money in the sheep business than in any other line of farming and stock raising. Sheep are easier to handle than any other farm stock, and the work with them more pleasant. They are the best soil fertilizers we have.

Question of the Balanced Ration.

Most dairymen find that they get the best results from their cows during the month of June, when they are pasturing on luxuriant grass. In supplying winter feed it should be the aim to get just as near June conditions as possible.

Analyses of fresh mixed pasture grasses show digestible nutrients as follows: Protein, 2.5 per cent.; carbohydrates, 10.2; and fat, 0.5. From this it will be seen that there is a liberal supply of protein, and if we are to approximate these conditions in winter it is necessary to furnish feeds that contain plenty of protein. Where cows have been wintered on feeds deficient in protein the milk flow is greatly stimulated and the yield is greatly increased when turned on pasture. The experience of this station is that when we continue to feed plenty of protein there is not this difference in turning cattle on pasture.

In a test conducted with twenty-one cows, in the spring of 1899, we found that in a lot of eleven that were turned on pasture there were seven cows that gained in the yield of milk while four lost, the average being a weekly gain of 3.6 pounds per cow. Eight cows out of eleven gained in the per cent. of butter fat, the average being 0.18 of one per cent. One cow lost both in yield and in test, while three others lost in yield and gained in test. There were five cows that gained both in yield and in test. This shows that there was very little gained in total production by turning on pasture, but this is accounted for by the fact that the cows previous to being on pasture were fed liberally on a ration containing plenty of protein. At the same time that we carried on the pasture experiment, a lot of ten out of the twenty-one were fed on soiling crops. These cows did not yield as well as those on pasture, as might be expected in early spring, when the grass is green and succulent. Only three cows out of ten gained in the yield of milk, the average result being a weekly loss of 4.2 pounds per cow. Seven cows gained in the per cent. of butter fat, the average being a gain of 0.09 of one per cent. As in the pasture lot, one cow lost both in yield and in test, and six lost in yield but gained in test.

As far as the experience of the station goes, when cows are kept on a liberal ration that is well balanced and approaches the conditions existing with June grass, there is very little increase in yield and practically no decrease in test due to pasture or soiling crops.—Kansas Experiment Station.

The Butter Fat in Milk.

The contention that the butter fat of milk lies in the quality of food given to cows seems to be conclusively disproved. It depends on the cow and not the feed, otherwise any indifferent cow, scrub or "any old thing" might be made a good butter cow by enough good feeding. But this is not so. The New York Experiment Station has gone pretty well to the bottom of this matter, and here are the facts from a recent bulletin:

1. A cow fed during ninety-five days on a ration from which the fat had been all nearly extracted continued to secrete milk similar to that produced when fed on the same kind of hay and grain in their normal condition.

2. The yield of milk fat during the ninety-five days was 62.9 pounds. The food fat eaten during this time was 11.6 pounds, 5.7 only of which was digested, consequently at least 57.2 pounds of the milk fat must have had some other source than the food fat.

3. The milk fat could not have come from previously stored body fat. This assertion is supported by three considerations. (1) The cow's body could have contained scarcely more than sixty pounds of fat at the beginning of the experiment; (2) she gained forty-seven pounds in body weight during this period of time with no increase of body nitrogen, and was judged to be a much fatter cow at the end; (3) the formation of this quantity of milk fat would have caused a marked condition of emaciation, which, because of an increase in the body weight, would have required the improbable increase in the body of 104 pounds of water and intestinal contents.

4. During fifty-nine consecutive days 38.8 pounds of milk fat were secreted, and the urine nitrogen was equivalent to 33.3 pounds of protein. According to any accepted method of interpretation, not over seventeen pounds of fat could have been produced from this amount of metabolished protein.

5. This quantity of milk secreted bore a definite relation neither to the digestible protein eaten nor to the extent of the protein metabolished. In view of these facts it is suggested that the well-known favorable effect upon milk secretion of a narrow nutritive ratio is due in part to a stimulative, and not only to a constructive function of the protein.

6. The composition of the milk bore no definite relation to the amount and kind of food.

7. The changes in the proportion of milk solids were due almost wholly to changes in the percentage of fat.

Voice Culture.

Baby heard Leila say that one of the girls in the choir had strained her voice. A few days afterward Leila went into the kitchen and there on the floor sat baby, holding the tea-strainer to her lips and singing through it.

"Oh, baby," she said, "put up the tea-strainer."

But baby answered, "No, I'm straining my voice."—Little Chronicle.

In the French army soldiers are allowed to have gardens in any spare barrack ground and grow vegetables, which help out their rations.

Pretty Things to Wear

New York City.—Simple blouses or shirt waists fill a need and always are in demand, however much more elab-

orate ones may be liked. This one is laid in box pleats for its entire length and is becoming to the generality of womankind, while it is absolutely simple and well suited to wear with the jacket suit. The sleeves are among the latest of the season, wide and full at the shoulders and narrow at the wrists where they are finished with deep cuffs. As illustrated the material is royal blue taffeta with figures of the same color, but all the season's waistings are correct.

The waist consists of the fitted lining, which is optional, fronts and back, which are laid in box pleats, and the closing is made at the centre front. The sleeves are in one piece each and can be arranged over the linings or joined to the cuffs as may be preferred.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is three and three-fourth yards twenty-one inches wide, three and three-eighth yards twenty-seven inches wide, or two yards forty-four inches wide.

Yellow Rose Tones.

A flowered chiffon in yellow rose tones was made with a plain full skirt over an under-skirt of taffeta and an interlining of plain yellow chiffon. The waist was full and plain, cut low and square, and had a very high girdle sharply pointed top and bottom. Around the decollete was a flat band of heavy cream lace headed by a tiny quilling of cream chiffon. On one side was a rose and leaves made of chiffon and ribbon. The sleeves were a short elbow length and were composed of three small puffs divided by bands of the lace.

Chiffon With Pleatings.

Chiffon is well adapted to accordion pleatings. A lovely blue with a flowered border had a double skirt, both accordion pleated. The bodice, also pleated, was mostly of the flowered part, as were the pleated sleeves. There was a girdle of the plain chiffon and a large rosette of blue chiffon and tulle directly in front on the bodice.

In Brown and Cream.

For a symphony in brown consider a girl seen on Broad street. She was the rare sort of girl who can wear golden russet brown. Her choice was a long, close, severely made coat of broadcloth in that shade, showing only a few inches of the skirt of the same. Beneath this tripped pretty russet ties and spats. Her muff and little tailored neckpiece were of the calfskin newly used this winter, and her small, close toque was fashioned of the same silky golden brown and creamy skin. The whole ensemble made a picture sartorially and artistically delightful.—Newark Advertiser.

Loose Outer Wrap

In the outer wrap this season coats are worn loose and baggy, with dolman-shaped sleeves and capes of the regulation coachman cut cover the gown almost entirely. A long pongee coat, severely plain, was lined with gray and white squirrel fur, the lining being entirely concealed when the coat was closed. The only trimming was of several silk frog trimmings down the front. This is another instance of thin fabrics being utilized out of season. Fortunately, in this case, however, the fur lining supplies the necessary warmth.

New Short Sleeves.

Unhappy is the woman who has not a pretty wrist. She looks on the new waists and the new theatre and visiting gowns with despair, for they all have short sleeves. Not necessarily elbow sleeves, but with the cuff ending a good four inches above the wrist. The fashion is pretty and graceful, but it calls for a well-turned wrist and forearm. The short sleeve and the transparent guimpe are characteristics of the fashions of 1904 and will probably continue through the coming year.

Seven Gored Pleated Skirt.

The skirt that is snug over the hips yet provides abundant fulness below remains a favorite and is promised continued vogue for an indefinite period of time. This one is quite novel and eminently effective, while it suits the woman of generous proportions as well as her slender sister, a feature by no means always found in full skirts of any sort. The model is made of brown henrietta, in the new shade known as onion, stitched with corticelli silk and is exceptionally smart, the material being one of the latest whims of fashion. It can, however, be reproduced in all seasonable suitings and in all materials in vogue for separate skirts.

The skirt is cut in seven gores, the front, side front and back gores being extended to form straps, which are lapped over pleats laid at the front edge of each succeeding gore, and at the back is an inverted pleat that can be stitched flat, as illustrated, or pressed into position, as may be preferred.

The quantity of material required

for the medium size is eight and three-fourth yards twenty-seven inches wide, five yards forty-four inches wide, or four yards fifty-two inches wide.

A LATE DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.