For incognito a vassal Seeks for service at your castle, Begs a sip of wine or wassail,

Enters with his staff quite alowly; Your to be your servant wholly; Chooses him the seat most lowly;

Waits a moment and then rising, Casts away his slave's disguising, Scopter from his staff devising.

Thus begins the Heart's disaster;
Fast be doffs and femre and faster.
Ye are slaves and be is Master,
Leve is King!
- Elizabeth R. Finley, in Life.

THE MISSING HEIR.

By RETT WINWOOD.



at the death of her husband. She only held it as a trust, however. Some where in the world wandered the truford and master of Summernook, a dis-Raynor. He had not been heard from for several years, however.

"He will come back some time, I'm sure he will." Mrs. Raynor often said. flushed cheeks and flushing eyes, "Then the 'king shall have his ain and garnished everything looking its "But what will you do when Paul

Raynor claims his inheritance?" her friends would ask. To which she always laughingly re-

"Marry bim, of course. I am much too fond of Summernook ever to leave

This threatening spring pight, when all the windows blazed in such cheerfal contrast to the gloom without, man strode up the shadow-haunted

avenue, and, climbing the steps, knocked loudly on the caken door. In an instant a pack of yelling bloodbounds surrounded him, issuing from hidden dens, they tore up the steps like infuriated fiends. The man beheld their eyeballs glowing like coals of fire

through the darkness. "God help me!" he cried, involuntarily, and redoubled his blows upon the closed door. "Is there nobody here. to let me in?" he called out.

He shook the latch vehemently. The next instant a key turned in the lock. and he felt himself drawn forcibly neross the threshold into a spacious, well-lighted hall.

"Were you all asleep?" he gasped. "Another moment, and those brutes would have form me limb from limb,'

"I believe they would," unconcerned ly returned the servant who had let him in-a stalwart, handsome man of some thirty years, with blonde hair, hine eyes and a face much too highbred for his station. Just then came a rustle of silk on

the stairs, and Mrs. Raynor looked over the railing. "Who is it, Jehn? What's the mat-

"I've let in a stranger, ma'am." "A stranger? Good heavens! The dogs might have killed him. I never

heard them growl and snarl so fiercely She came swiftly down the states, her beautiful face quits pale. "Enter here, sir," she said, throwing open the li-

brary door. "You must have been dreadfully frightened."

"Yes, madam, I was," The man paused under the chande ily portraits hanging on the walls. He the villain's cunning!" smiled to see how blonde hair predominated among the men; his own hair was blonde.

"Now, sir, what brings you here?" Mrs. Raynor inquired, keeping her eyes steadily fixed upon his face. I came to claim my own, madam." "Your own, man. Why, who are

"Paul Raynor," the stranger an swered, with a quiet smil-

Mrs. Raynor ultered a startled cry. "I knew H-I knew it." she and, to his lips, "Somehow I felt that you were the missing heir the mament I saw you.

Some one came between their before efforts to save her, the stranger had even touched her fin-

His face was walte and stern.

poster. I can prove film such?" nor gasped almost going into hysteries time to bring forward those who can this species of reptile to coll and strike, in her amazement.

John drew himself up in a way that I have told." Bervant

"The wretch wishes to take advantage of your credulity, my indy. He has heard of the missing heir, and your Raynor-I know he is not."

'Hush, John," said his mistress, haughtily. "You forget yourself."

ed in her aweetest tones: would not come without some proof of "yes. his identity. What have you to offer?" . The man crossed the room and stood ed drawing-room, other bearded lips

said at length, with a quick-drawn missing heir when he came to light, breath. 'I am satisfied, John, con- Here he is, at your feet, darling, ready duct this gentleman to the guest-cham- to take you at your word." ber. He is your muster.'

"Nay, never master of mine," mut- trembling. tered John, as, after a moment's healtation, he led the way up the grand ed, "an idle lest. I meant nothing by staircase to one of the rooms above.

"Sleep well. This is the only night you will ever sleep at Summermook." "No, no! Not yet—how could I? It by the Yale Record: in the sumptuous chamber over the frawing-room. "To-morrow I shall

0--0--0--000--0--0--0 LARGE, handsome house | derive the his long-inshed lids. The next day, after Paul and Mrs. ngainst the stariess sky, Rayner had breakfasted alone in the great dining-hall, and wandered about the terraces for an hour or more, John, who was on neitles all the while,

> mistress had retired, and knocked for admittance.

n your presence. Mrs. Raynor dimb. She rose with have been bewitching.

"I will send, since you request it." again.' He shall find the hearth swept she said. "But I warn you beforehand to you. If it is, you have only your rectly. I want my husband." salf to blame," She pulled the beliscope, and three

minutes later the man whose claims him?" were to be disputed was usbered into the spartment. A smile of triumph wreathed his lips and a strange light burned in his eyes as they fell for a noment upon the tall, stalwart figurthe would-be necesser.
"Am I wanted?" he coolly inquired.

Mrs. Raynor nedded, and pointed ontemponously at her servant.

"This fellow claims to have some thing to communicate that deeply conamisome shoulders with an express

ve shruur. What I have to say can be told in a the very good reason that I am he!"

"You!" gasped Mrs. Raynor, trem-bling with excitement, "What madess is this? You are beside yourself!" "Noy." said John, "I am the true helr

of Summerneok. It was a whim of mine to come here and hire out as a rvant-I wished to study you before declaring myself, and if you were found worthy, leave you in undisturbed possession of the estate."

"This seems incredible!" "Decidedly so," aneered Paul. "The fellow's insolence and assurance are extenordinary. But I have no desirenter upon a long discussion. Here are two certificates-one the marriage of my parents, the other of my birth and baprism. Pray examine them-

Mrs. Raynor took the papers he of fered and burriedly glanced at them. They were all they claimed to be.

As John's gaze fell upon them a look He staggered backward as vulsed it at once, though some one had dealt him a dead-

"Good God!" he gasped. "I have been robbed."

"Robbed?" echoed his mistress. "These papers are mine-the proofs and injustice?" she asked, of my identity-I had them last nightbook-cases filling the corners, and fam- don't suffer yourself to be misled by heart, he whispered, huskily:

Mrs. Raynor turned haughtly away. Is it not so?" "This artifice is too shallow. You improbable. I am fired of the scene. You will be good enough to withdraw,

I swenr-"Not another word," she angrily in-

errupted. "Ger He could do no less than obey. As

Two days went by. John had been

himself at her feet. "Pon't you believe a word the villain "You must—you shall! I would gladly rattlesnake as a bedfellow. says," John exclaimed. "He is an im- give my life for you. For weeks, now, I have lived only in the light of your less due to the fact that the pressure "How? What do you mean? How smile. Walt-be patient. I con't see of the balciothing did not give the dare you say such things?" Mrs. Ray- you sacrifice yourself. Only give me snake the necessary space required by attest the truth of the strange story

neknowledge.

"Hush!" she cried, trying in valu to correspondence Chicago Tribune. calm herself. "Stand our of my way. desire to find him. But he is not Paul How dare you ever speak to me after what has passed?"

She hurried into the house, pretending to be very angry at his presump-Then turning to the stranger she add. tion. But her heart beat fast, and it him about her. was with difficulty that she kept back "I am open to conviction, sir. Paul the scalding tears that rose to her

An hour later, in the brilliantly-lightunder one of the portals that frang were pouring their tale into her ear,

"I have learned to love you passion "Look at that face, ther on mine," he ately already," the so-called Paul Raynor said. "Summernook would be a Mrs. Rayner did so, the color com- dreary place, indeed, without your pres ing and going in her cheeks the while, ence to grace it. You have often de-"They are wonderfully like," she clared your intention of marrying the

But Mrs. Raynor drew back, pale and "It was a foolish speech," she pant-

"Then you do not love me?"

"Take twenty-four hours to think it a board bill. The board bill bored Bill, over," he said, after a dismayed pause, so that Bill sold the bill-board to pay "Remember how dearly you love Sum his board bill. So after Bill sold his

on my despair and your own helpless

Mrs. Raynor did not close her eyes at all that night. It would be hard to go away forever. She did not know how she could bear it. But there was John! His handsome, blonde face had grown very dear to her, and it was atterly impossible to banish him from ber thoughts for two consecutive minnutes.

"Silly goose that I am," she muttered, "I do believe I have fallen in ove with the fellow, and would willingly give up everything in the world for his dear sake. Well, he shall never know of my folly."

And yet she could not help thinking now delightful it would be if John's story had only been true, and he was the rightful heir of Summernook.

The next day she was sitting alone in the drawing-room when one of the servants out her head in at the door. and said "My lady, here's a strange young

woman who claims to have business of importance with you. I could not put her off." Mrs. Raynor looked surprised and a walked boldly to the door whither his

little startled as her glance fell upon the person in question. She was scarcely past girlhood, and had the Send for this stranger, this upstart lovellest face the widow had ever seen adventurer," he said, his air that of a The mouth was sweet, the eyes dark tant relative of the deceased Mark prince. "I wish to unmask him here and melting, the face a perfect oval. But for her pallor, and a certain heart-The man's audacity nearly struck broken, despairing look, she would

"Forgive me for troubling you, madam," the stranger said, in a trembling voice, before Mrs. Raynor could collect that the result may be most damaging herself to speak. "I will go away di-"Your turchand? Good gracious.

child, why do you come here to seek "Recause I have every reason to be-

lieve that he is now tarrying under this roof." Mrs. Raynor uitered a startled cry.

"Who is he?" she hoarsely uttered. What is his name?" "Harry Hanks, and mine is Amy, I will tell you the whole truth, madam,'

said the poor creature, with a sudden burst of tears. "It is shameful, but you ought to know. My husband heard that the heir of Summernook was miss-"Let him spenk, then," lifting his ing, and laht a plot to decrive you, and get possession of the inheritance. He has a strong resemblance to the Raynors, and that is what put the idea ery few words," said John. "Yonder into his head. I found it all out by dventurer cannot be Paul Raynor for means of a memorandum he left in his desk; and followed him to see that no wrong was done."

Mrs. Raynor started to her feet, trem-

"God bless you, child! You are just in time."

Glancing from the window at this moment, she saw her two suffers approaching the house from opposite directions. Drawing the young wife foreibly forward, she pointed them out.

"Which is your husband?" "There he is," Amy answered, with

an eager little cry.
"Thank Heaven!" said Mrs. Raynor, drawing a deep breath of relief. She waited until the gentlemen came

nearer, then pushed up the sash, and depped out, compelling Amy to follow, "Here is your wife, Mr. Hanks," she said, presenting the trembling creature to the pretended Paul Raynor. "Take her home, and see that you are kind

The villain's face was a sight to beof surprise and terror swept over his hold; rage, shame and terror all con-

Before he could recover from his confusion, Mrs. Raynor had turned to John, taken both his hands, and was looking earnestly into his honest eyes. "Can you ever forgive my harshness

Something in her face made hin lier, and glanced quickly around the they were stolen from my room while bold all at once. His arm glided round room. It was a very large apariment. I slept. Oh, madam, for God's sake, her waist, and drawing her close to his

"I believe you do love me, after all, "Yes," she answered, smiling rognishinnot expect me to credit a story so by into his eyes. "I always intended to give my heart to the true heir of Summernook, and now I have found him."-Good Literature.

Rattlesnuke in His Bed.

G. C. Conant, a homesteader in the he went out with slow reluctant steps | coded portion of the Rosebud Indian had the misery of seeing his rival reservation, in the Bonesteel country. clasp Mrs. Raymer's band and raise it had a thrilling adventure with a rattle snake which invaded his home.

Conant had been absent from his dismissed from the service of his mis-tress, but he still lingered about the in the evening. As it was raining, he She leaned toward him and stretched premises. He was nearly crazed with decided to go to bed early. Le did the dread that the woman he loved not notice anything strange about his out both hands in her eagerness, gen- the dread that the woman he loved not notice anything strange about his about glad that he had returned at might fall a victim to the adventurer hed at the time he retired, but about who sought her favor, in spite of his midnight he was awakened by a movement near his body, under the bed-Finding her alone on the terrace in clothing. He jost no time in springing g. retion. It was John, her own see. the late twilight, he impulsively finng from the bed, and, lighting a match and turning down the bederothing, was "Listen to me, darling," he cried, horrined to find that he had had a huge

That he was not bitten was doubt-The snake, which was killed by the

frightened homestender, had eight ratmade him look less than ever like a His passion and despair moved the ties, and these are now worn as an woman more than she was willing to ornament by Count as a memento of his midnight experience.-Sloux Falls

No Reason For Two Trips.

Patrick's wife was "ailing," and Patrick put on his Sunday best and walked four miles to the doctor's house to tell

"Now," said the doctor when he had heard all Patrick had to say, and had prepared some medicine, "here is something for your wife. I've written the directions on the bottle, and I want her to try is faithfully for a fortnight. Then, if it doesn't relieve her, come to me again, and I will give you another prescription."

"Now, docther, see here," said Patick, standing straight and looking grimly at the physician, "if you have your doubts o' this corin' Mary, as it's ivident you have by the way you spake, why don't you give me first what you're goin' to give me last?"-Youth's Companion.

A tale of financial difficulties, but having a happy ending, is thus told

Bill had a bill-board. Bill also had "If you can?" sneered Paul, darting mernook, and how hard it would be to bill-board to pay his board bill, the a keep glance like lightning from un-



Circular Skirts and New Coats.

els there comes one most attractive new one which presents a skirt with unoroken lines from waist to hem, that a woman's club and a man's This is of circular cut, and the original club are comparable, which, as wellis in a heavy white satin-one of the tints that are catalogued as "vieuxblane," or old white. The bodice is en- he starts his argument upon false tirely of white double chiffon bretelled premises. Miss Winslow then prowith lace, but the skirt shows a glorlous decoration in the bold design that is worked with ribbon and chiffon, strands of each being used just as sew- the way, that she makes out something ing or embroidery silk would be. The of a case for the club movement. ribbon makes the stems and follage and the roses are done in pale pink chiffon stands, the whole standing ou n artistic relief against the dead-white satin background.

The coat of all kinds and many colors is making history for itself in the current fashions. Indeed, to such an extreme does it seem to be pushing itself that one rather expects that this season shall go down in history sartorial as the cost summer, just as the time of two years ago is now referred to as the white summer.

From the shortest little "dinkey-doo" affair that ends its abbreviated career ere it reaches the waistline, down to the full-length surrout that covers up the entire tollette, the coat is an indispensable part of the summer wardrobe. Some of them there be that are surely not the slightest protection against wind or weather, such as the little unlined lace coats that are added rather as a finishing touch to the tolletts-an afterthought but which are wonder fully effective, nevertheless. But others, again, while light in weight and texture, such as the silky mohairs and the lustrous Siciliennes, to say nothing of all the broadcloths and the raw silk weaves, are really of some use, as well as the generous measure of chic which they add to one's appearance.-Newark

Latest Thing in Blues.

Last summer Miss Roosevelt visited the fair and made white linen and white automobile vells famous. This year she made a very early appear arce in a washable gown of peculiar blue. Some enterprising tradesman immediately proceeded to make the "Alice blue" famous, according to the

Washington Times. "And dear me!" says the fretful girl, "just when my modiste told me that everything was to be rose colored. I think it very inconsiderate of fashion to be so capricious. There was nothing to do. I had to put aside my rosecolored linen for another season. could not afford to have both made up. There is one cheery consideration," as she smiled the clouds away. "One could never have the blues is a gown of Alice blue. It is just the most be coming shade of blue you ever saw."

Alice blue is neither baby blue nor navy. It is a medium between pale blue and military blue. A woman of taste who recently bought linen of the best quality for a gown and who desired it to be exactly the prescribed shade, had her laundress wash the matterial and hang it in the sun. The goods as she purchased it was a degree too dark, but after a tub and sunbath was still a distinct true blue, and Venetian designs. The designs but with the softest silvery lights up on it. "They may tell you what they please," said she, "I never yet have seen a linen that would not fade a from washing and wearing. Now mine has had a dip and will change

very little more in tone." The favored blue shade appears in everything from organdles to poplins. Parasols, gloves, and hats are dominant in the latest popular color of fashion. More especially is it attractive, though, in the linen gowns for general wear through the summer. Every girl with blue eyes should have a gown of Alice blue.

Take Sunshine Baths.

Recent statistics show that the death rate from consumption is less than it was ten years ago, and not because we have found any specific in drugs, but because we know the dead ly enemy of the tubercule is sunlight and that they will not flourish in a per son who breathes deeply of fresh air and who is well nourished. In 1896 Dr. Koch clearly showed that these bacilli are killed by sunlight in "fron a few minutes to several hours, ac cording to the thickness of the layer.' The tubercule bacilli are, of course They are destitute o chlorophyll, they love darkness. Even diffused daylight will destroy them.

but not nearly so quickly as sunlight If every housekeeper decided to war against this enemy, to open up every closet and dark room to the beneficent power of sunshine, to exercise daily in the open air, to give intelligent thought to the admittance of fresh alt at night and train the children "it the way they should go," another gen eration would see a much more rapid yielding of the great white plague, And evidently, just as the wild beast of the forests give way as civilization advances, this minute but deadly mi crobe would be unable to maintain it self in its struggle for existence, and would most certainly be subdued. Good Housekeeping.

Club Women on Women's Clubs,

"In the reams that have been written about women's clubs, nothing has and a black border. ever appeared that was more amusing well-informed, intelligent woman that ex-President Cleveland's recent article on "Woman's Mission and Woman's Clubs," says Helen M. Winslow, in the Delineator. "A man may be thoroughly posted on subjects of national importance -- or finance, good government, the equipment and management of wars, on duties even that appertain to the highest office in the United Statesand yet, he may know so little about what the women of his country are doing and the real purpose and accom- as much as possible, and must be very plishment of the club movement as to full at the bottom, and also sufficiently make him the poorest authority in the ample at the centre of the back.

land on the topics." Mr. Cleveland Hand in hand with the flounced mod- makes the mistake that used to be common among men-but it is happily now obsolete with most of his sexinformed persons know nowadays, is not and never was true. Therefore, ceeds to recount some of the good that the women's club has done and is doing to-day. And it may be said, by

Philosophy of Clothes.

The age of the blue stocking lins passed and nowadays the woman who dresses unbecomingly through choice, and not for the sake of economy, is regarded as either mentally weak or as seeking some eccentric form of self-advertisement, which, is but another phase of unpardonable vanity, says the Indianapolis News.

In the commercial world the dowdy, insignificant woman, even if she has mental ability, is at a discount when compared with the well dressed woman, confident and smiling, with bright capacity written all over her comely person.

The latter has learned an essential fact-that confidence is born of good lothes and therefore, with the genuine brain power, reasons the necessity of

making the most of all her good points. By doing this she engenders the feeling that her dress adds to her appearance, she knows that it is finished in every detail, and thus assured, her business assumes first importance and success is gained by the forgetfulness

The woman orator, the actress, the singer, the musician, all understand "the philosophy of clothes" as a powerful adjunct to their personality, And this personality is to them of as paramount importance as their own individual gifts.

A Venetian Glass Collection.

A large addition has been made to the Venetian glass collection in the Stamford University Museum through the generosity of a large firm of art glass workers of Venice. The museum's collection, already the best in the United States, will now contain almost every known variety of Venetion glass. The Venetian room is the result of the interest taken in Stanford university by the firm which has done the extensive mosaic work in the church, which employs some of the most famous French and Italian

artists of the day. The latest addition to this valuable collection consists of about eighty pieces. It includes fourteen beautiful specimens of Agatata ware; several replicas of pieces in the Bornbrinski collection, some dating back as far as the seventh century; replicas from the collection of Empress Augusta, and of the Milan, Murano, Vienna, Louvre Florence and British museums. The famous Stade collection is represented by a deep ruby-colored vase. There are several pieces of Moresque, Aventurina, Milledori, in Roman, Pompellan are different from those first sent over, being more varied and embracing many exceptionally graceful and artistic combinations.-San Francisco Chronicle.

Embroidered Waists.

Ever so many embroidered waists

re worn. These waists may be bought ready made up, or they may be had in boxes rendy to make up, or one may have the linen or other material stamped and do it oneself.

In this case embroidery is done as much as possible in the Japanese fashion, soft yet heavy in appearance. The pattern is confined to the fronts and the turn-over collar and cuffs. - Philadelphia Record.



A wisp of white ostrich tips goes to make it an ideal picture bat. Of colors, blue threatens to be as

much the rage as was brown last win-In the way of accessories the new white linen shopping bags are among

the latest novelties.

With the popular check gowns, wampum chains finished with an elephant's tooth for a pendant. New coats of lace trimmed with velvet bows are going to be a feature of

Express. Very cool and fresh-looking are the checked volle dresses made over lawn slips and inserted generously with Val-

Buckles and cabochons for bats in

Indian bead work, showing pale plak

evening dress, says the Rochester Post-

flowers on a blue ground, or vice versa, with a dash of gold. A black and white check parasol, finished with a puff of pompadour ribbon, in turquoise blue with pink roses

Elderly women are wearing to great extent white fine fichus with their black satin gowns, and also dainty white collars and cuffs. The long plain coats are being trimmed with elaborate collars and

touches of handsome buttons. A pretty idea for bridesmaids is for the administration of justice, on the them to carry a rope of smilax in their right hands and to have their bou quets arranged on their left arm.

cuffs, sets of real tace and also with

Very long skirts are not now in fashion, and the round length skirts flare



New York City.-The popular sur- with point d'esprit, wide Valenclennes plice effect has penetrated even to lace and heavy twine-colored renaisthe bathing suit and the latest and sauce lace in great profusion. The



and separate chemisettes. The one for some years, such as gros grains, Illustrated is among the very best soft twills and Oriental silks, are in and most graceful and allows a choice style. of the sleeves that are gathered into bands or left loose and of a pointed or round collar. Again, the blouse can be joined either to the skirt or to the jacket is always certain to find a welbloomers as may be preferred. In the come, for no matter how many the case of the original the material is wardrobes may include, there is alblack Sicilian with trimming of broad ways sure to be room for one more. banding, but available materials are This one is in every way desirable yet many, serge sharing the honors with is absolutely simple and involves the Sicilian, while taffeta is well liked by some people and color may be anything that one may prefer, although with trimming of Valenciennes inser-

smartest are made with wide collars sleeves were short and full, with deep frills of lace over the point d'esprit, and the waist had three or four rows of shirring to mark the waist line in

The Craze For Matching.

The craze for matching every detail of the costume has extended to handkerchiefs, which are offered with dainty colored borders and decorations. Yearly these are shown in the shops, but modish women do not take to them extensively, and the white embroidered or lace-trimmed handkerchief is still the favorite.

Of White Taffeta. A pretty cloak of white taffeta had a yake and waistcoat of white cloth, emproldered in blue. The material was stitched round the yoke in small, loose pleats, which gave just sufficient fulness to the cont.

Flowered Organdie. A flowered organdle with large clusters of pale hydrangeas was much ad-

mired. The effect was a warm laven-der, with plenty of pink in the color scheme. The skirt was very full and quite plain. These Are Styllsh.

Soft finished taffeta, louisine and

weaves that have not been in evidence

A Late Design by May Manton.



taste. is attached and is closed at the left of trimming. the front. The bloomers are the usual | The jacket is made with fronts and ones that are generously full without back, the fronts being laid in pleats excessive bulk and are gathered at which are pressed into place for their their upper edges. The skirt is cut in entire length, while those at the back seven gores and is laid in a backward- are stitched to yoke depth. The sleeves turning pleat at each seam, which is are in flowing style, gathered at their stitched flat for a portion of its length. upper edges, and the big collar finishes

The quantity of material required for the neck. the medium size is ten yards twentyseven, six and three-quarter yards the medium size is four and a quarter forty-four or five and seven-eighth yards twenty-seven, three and threeyards fifty-two inches wide with quarter yards forty-two or two and eight and a half yards of banding.

A Street Gown.

The street gown which seems to be taking better than any other model is the princess skirt and short bolero jacket. The princess skirt is the antithesis of the fashionable pleated skirt. It is tight fitting and reveals the lines. of the figure over the hips. The bole ros are the slightest little affairs, many of them hardly more than capes, and the effects are all loose and informal.

For Evening Wear.

A pale pink liberty silk gown for evening had a box-pleated skirt, the spaces between the pleats shirred on cords. The skirt was trimmed with inch-wide tucks set far apart, with one wide band of lace set about at the knees. The waist was low-necked, and had a lace fichu, the ends of which fell half way down the skirt front.

Coats Are Attractive.
Coats and cloaks are very attractive this year, though some of them seem over-trimmed. Such a criticism might with justice be made of a linen coat seen the other day. It was entirely of banding and two as covered with eyelet holes, and trimmed yards of lace for frills,

the darker tones at - held in the best | tion, but everything seasonable is appropriate for the design, batiste, linen The suit is made with the blouse, and all the thinner washable materials, bloomers and skirt. The blouse is fin- while for the slightly cooler days the ished with the big roll-over collar be- Scotch flannel and albatross are well neath which the shield or chemisette liked, with any pretty banding as

The quantity of material required for

three-eighth yards forty-four inches wide, with seven and a quarter yards

