

# Rumbolt's Heir

BY MALCOLM FURZE.



HERE is nothing else that can be done, of course." The speaker thrust his well-shaped hands through his thick, curly hair. "I am the heir to my uncle's title, but his estate is so encumbered that I am forced to sell them. Of course, I have my profession, but my clients are few and far between, and I have been accustomed to a liberal allowance, little dreaming that some day I should have to pay for it out of my heritage."

The late Lord Rumbolt's family lawyer looked sympathizingly at the young man whose fate was so different from what it should have been. Up stairs, in the room above them, lay all that was mortal of Cuthbert, Baron Rumbolt, whose funeral was to take place that very day. The morning sunshine flickered in through the deep, bay windows, as if mocking the young man whose prospects had been shattered at a blow.

But Anthony Rumbolt was no coward and no fool. Once he had mastered the news he was ready to be up and doing.

"I can't stay here, under the circumstances, for I can't afford to keep up this place on the earnings of a briefless lawyer," he told Carew. "There is nothing else to be done; the dear old place must come under the hammer. I expect it will fall into the hands of some upstart local merchant or a muton-raiser from New Zealand. Thank heaven, my duties will keep me in London, and I shall not be harassed by its desertion."

The lawyer looked at him a little keenly from under his shaggy brows.

"You might marry," he ventured timidly. "You are a prize in the matrimonial market, Lord Rumbolt. Many will—"

"Sell themselves for a title?" burst in Anthony, impatiently. "Don't think of that again, please. I've not sunk so low as that yet, and please heaven, I don't intend to."

"But there are many lovely girls who have enough money—and you are good looking!" put in the elder man, unabashed. "There's nothing like looking all your chances in the face, I say."

"So you want me to look one 'chance' in the face forever after?" added his lordship, grimly. "No, no, Carew, as I have said, I hate all that sort of thing. When I marry, it will be for love alone—love and nothing but love. I'm glad you broke the news of my uncle's bankruptcy to me beforehand. I should have hated to have to face all those gaping relations unprepared. As it is of course, I shall not give myself away, but I shall take it stoically, and let's hope that I shall not be commiserated with, that's all!"

The two men passed out of the library then and into the hall. The coffin was on its way down the broad, oaken stairs—the dead man's last journey across the threshold of the ancestral home he had ruined was just about to be taken.

Anthony slipped into his place as heir-at-law and chief mourner, and many a sooty connection of the late baron's, who had not been aware of the state of affairs at Rumbolt Chase, slipped into the procession which followed the body across the soft, green grass to the little churchyard, where the service was soon read and the dust finally committed to the dust. Then the solemn procession reformed and made its way back to the old mansion in readiness to hear the will read.

All eyes in the room were turned on Anthony Rumbolt as the words fell clearly from the lawyer's lips—words that made him practically penniless, with a title to keep, and only his profession upon which to do it.

There were murmurs of disappointment, growls of angry rage, sobbs from hysterical feminine relatives, who subsided behind their black-edged handkerchiefs, presumably to dry their tears and swallow their secret sorrow.

In the midst of it all the heir stood up and threw back his handsome head with a thoroughly characteristic gesture.

"Friends," he said, and his voice was perfectly steady. "I am very glad to see you here, and to know that you have joined with me in honoring my dear uncle. He was, as you all know, never a very wealthy man, and some—undertakings of his were not successful at the last. That is the reason why so many of you are disappointed of legacies to-day. There is all I have to say, I think. Thank you all very much, and good-bye."

He turned to the old lawyer, shook his hand warmly, and still holding his head high, he left the room, leaving those behind him to retire as best they could.

But his heart was heavy when he went to bed that night, and it did not grow any lighter as the days went on and the time drew near for Rumbolt Chase to be put up to auction. He was young, handsome and a baron, but he hardly knew from day to day where his next meal would come from—as he said himself, he was an impoverished baron!

Then, one glorious spring morning, the news came to him, as he sat in his study chambers in the Temple, that the Chase had been bought by a certain American, one Clive Warrender.

By a name. Whoever it was he wrote a decidedly bold and legible hand, Anthony thought, as he looked over the necessary papers and wrote the words that signed the Chase away from himself and his heirs forever. Then he worked harder than ever at his books, thrust the thought of his lost inheritance far into the back recesses of his mind, and purposely ground all through an unusually hot August.

The result was only what might have been anticipated. He broke down completely, and the doctor ordered him away for entire rest and change of air. His thoughts turned involuntarily to the forbidden direction. The temptation was too great for him. The physician murmured something about the

continent, a sea voyage, etc., etc., and Rumbolt acquiesced ungracefully, but he packed his bag with feverish haste, and the train took him, not to Dover or Folkestone, but down into the heart of Devonshire, where, in the fairest county of England, his forfeited heritage stood.

He put up at the little inn of the market town, which was situated about ten miles from the Chase. It was rather a rough night, a boisterous gale was howling across his beloved pastures, and the rain was coming down in sheets. Suddenly, below in the hall, he heard a commotion. A private carriage had not with an accident; the horses had just escaped being killed by a tree falling across their path, but the carriage had suffered, being almost crushed by the weight of the branches as they fell. Anthony was soon in the tiny hall, listening to the tale of woe, as a tall, slender girl, with her well-shaded head, came forward into the dim light.

She turned her eyes on the young man who had just joined the assembled company, and Rumbolt's heart gave a big throb, and passed out of his own keeping forever. The eyes that had wrought this havoc were wide and velvety, of a color something between a deep shade of gray and purple—big, innocent, fearless eyes, that rested on his face for the space of a second, and then sought the circumscribed hall for the innkeeper. The latter came forward a little tremulously, but the young lady would doubtless want to be put up for the night, and his lordship had the best room in the house, and the only one that was worth offering to a lady.

"I cannot go on," she said, in clear tones, which reached Rumbolt's ears; "perhaps, Mr. Jenkins, you will place a room at my disposal?"

The innkeeper prevaricated to gain time. He murmured his desire to meet with the lady's wishes in every respect, shrugged his shoulders, and invited her to be seated in the parlor until her room had been prepared. Then he turned helplessly to Anthony, who stood leaning against the balustrade, watching the little play.

"It's your room, my lord, which is the very best," he said, entreatingly. "Might I make so bold as to ask you to—"

He stopped, awed by the serious look in his companion's face. Anthony purposely misunderstood him.

"Give her the best room," he said, magnanimously, "as long as you don't disturb me."

Anthony waved him aside with a laugh.

"Don't 'but' me," he remarked. "Put the young lady in your best room, and make no more apologies about it. There, that will do."

Consumed with a desire to meet the glance of those lovely eyes once more, Rumbolt sauntered into the little room where the lady was waiting until her room should be ready for her. He was rewarded, for the girl looked up at his entrance. She smiled at him so frankly that he decided to ignore Mrs. Grundy.

"It was an awkward accident," he said, taking a chair at the table, while he concentrated his gaze upon some white flowers in a glass case at the other end of the room. "It was lucky that you were near this place."

"It would have been luckier if I had been nearer my own house," she answered, with a faint show of constraint. Something told her that just because this young man was handsome and everything that could be desired, she had better keep him at a distance.

"You will be quite comfortable, I assure you, here," he assured her, smiling. "Do you live near?"

She looked out of the window.

"Rather near," she answered in low tones.

"Then perhaps you have heard of the gentleman who bought Rumbolt Chase?" he ventured, eagerly.

"Gentleman? You mean—er—yes, of course, I know him!—the girl answered, hurriedly. "Niece—girl—I mean—Clive Warrender! Have you met him?"

Anthony shook his head. "No," he answered, decidedly. "And I don't want to, either. You see, I was—the heir, and I was forced to sell the old place, and it went against the grain. One can't keep up a title on nothing, so the place had to go!"

"You—you are the heir?" repeated his companion, wonderingly, a little flush mounting to her half-averted cheek.

"Very bowed," "I happen to be that most unfortunate person," he returned, gravely.

Something seemed to excite his companion's risible faculties, for at this moment she laughed outright, a clear, bell-like sound which irritated Rumbolt.

"Why didn't you—marry money?" she asked, after a pause. "That's what all impoverished peers do nowadays, don't they—or perhaps you are already married?"

It was curious, but with those eyes fixed upon him he was glad to answer in the negative.

"I'm not married, nor ever likely to become a Benedict," he answered, rising to his feet and going over to the fireplace. "I would never demean myself so much as to marry money."

"But if you loved—the girl, irrespective of her money?" The question was asked in a low voice.

Tony shrugged his shoulders.

"I should give the girl too wide a berth to make such a possibility possible," he returned stiffly.

And at that moment the innkeeper returned, saying that the room was ready for the lady, and she promptly followed him out into the hall.

Fortunately, he was not in the hall when she came down the next morning, her groom having driven over a smart dogcart to fetch her, and she es-

caped with a mixed feeling of resentment and relief. Once at the Chase she sought a big, sunny room, where a sweet faced woman lay on a couch with a book in her hands.

"My darling Clive, I thought something dreadful had happened to you!" the elder woman said, taking the lovely, flushing face between her two thin hands and kissing her tenderly. "Fortunately, Jenkins told me you were putting up at the inn, so I knew you would be all right. What an escape you had! Thank God, you are safe!"

"Oh, I'm all right, aunty," the girl answered, throwing aside her cloak and kneeling by the couch. "Is your head better to-day? If so, I will tell you of my adventure."

Mrs. Warrender patted her niece's hands affectionately, and listened to her account of the meeting with the heir.

"Poor man!" the girl sighed, softly. "He was so handsome—and looked so sorry, aunty. If he comes to-day I shall show him round—"

"And do the honors, though I am afraid he will hardly allow you to do that, considering what a violent dislike he seems to have taken to you already, though he has never seen you," the invalid answered, stroking the bright hair.

An idea was borne in upon Clive's mind at her aunt's words. Why let him know that she was the Clive Warrender whose money had enabled her to buy his heritage from him? Why not make out that Mr. Warrender—Lord Rumbolt believed him to be a man—was away from home, and that his wife, to whom she was companion, was too ill to see him?

Her decision was quickly made, for a servant came in at that moment to tell her that a gentleman was down stairs who would like to see the place if it was possible.

Going slowly down stairs, she found herself at length face to face with Lord Rumbolt in the big, old-fashioned drawing room.

He started upon seeing her, and she anticipated the question his lips were framing by saying quickly:

"Mr. Warrender will be delighted for you to see as much of the house and grounds as you like. Mr. Warrender is, I regret to say, too ill to come down stairs, or she would have welcomed you in Mr. Warrender's absence, which she much regrets."

"But you—" He stopped, and she smiled at him bravely.

"I?" she repeated. "Mrs. Warrender keeps a paid companion."

He jumped at once to the conclusion she wished.

"Ah! You are the companion. Now I understand—"

The glance he gave her was such as made her turn round hastily to the door. "I will show you round, or would you rather go by yourself?"

He hastily vetoed the latter suggestion, and together they made a tour of the house and gardens.

After the rains of the previous day the skies had cleared, and a brilliant sun shone high in the blue heavens. Rumbolt was young, his companion was young, the earth was fair—hope was in the air—the summer hours flow all too quickly, and she dared not ask him to stay to lunch lest, unconsciously, something should arise to disclose her identity.

But Rumbolt was very much in love for the first time in his life, and the obstacles were as nothing. This young girl was a paid companion to wealthy Mrs. Warrender, and he loved her. Why should she not become his companion? His profession brought him in enough to justify his asking such a girl to marry him. So he cut at the corn as he walked through the scented fields and wandered by the silver trout streams, and when he caught sight of her pink linen gown through the hedge, two days later, he made haste to overtake it.

Something in his eyes warned her. She noted the danger signal, and a shy flush rose to her cheek as she extended her hand in greeting.

Then he became conscious that he did not know her name. She had never told him beyond the bare fact that it was—Marty. "Miss Marty," he cried, all at once plunging into the subject that was uppermost in his heart. "I have something to say to you, and you will listen to me patiently, won't you? I am poor, but I have reason to believe that you also earn your own livelihood, and I want to know if you think you could ever bring yourself to give up your luxurious life here and marry me? I love you, darling, with all my heart and soul. Come away and be my queen, my best beloved. Say you will try very hard to love me."

He caught one slim hand that hung at her side and carried it to his lips. "I worship the very ground you tread on," he said, fervently. "Give me, oh, give me just a little hope that some day you will take pity on me."

"You love me?" she asked, softly.

"You are quite, quite sure of that, whatever happens?"

"I am quite, quite sure of that," he answered, passionately. "Look in my eyes and read it for yourself."

Thus adjured, she raised her lovely eyes to his, and in a second he had caught her, trembling and blushing, to his breast.

"Whatever happens—till death us do part!" he cried, triumphantly. "You can never go back upon that, darling!"

She pushed him from her a little. "My name is—Marty," she said, with an adorable little smile. "I must break the news to Mrs. Warrender, and perhaps she will see you to-morrow!"

Then she hid her face on his breast again and sped away so swiftly that he decided she wanted to be alone, and resisted the temptation to follow her.

He received a short note that evening at the inn. It was in a bold, declamatory hand, and was signed "Clive Warrender." The writer desired to see Lord Rumbolt at 10 o'clock the next morning.

"So at last I shall see the brute!" he murmured, as he replaced the small sheet of note paper in the envelope. "I hope he will let me, may of his wife's companion before the year is out. There is nothing to wait for."

It was with curiously mixed feelings that he had awaited in the library the coming of the master of the house. The room in which he stood bore little or no trace of masculine occupation, but the fact escaped Anthony's attention at the time, though afterward it occurred to him,

There was a slight hesitation outside the door—it opened slowly, and admitted, not the tall, overbearing man he expected to see, but—Miss Marty, looking for all the world rather ashamed of herself.

He strode forward eagerly, but she held up her hand.

"Mr. Warrender—?" he said, in tones of surprise. "Has he sent you to say—"

"I am Clive Warrender," she said, steadily. Then she slipped into a chair while Rumbolt drew a long breath.

She glanced up furtively between her fingers, after a long pause. The silence was becoming unbearable. She would rather he had commenced to storn and rave at her!

Anthony's handsome face was in danger of being spoiled by a very decided frown. Miss Warrender took the bull by the horns, and, rising, she went over and laid a very contrite little hand on his shoulder.

"You said—you would love me—what ever happened!" she murmured, softly.

"Tony, you aren't going to take back your words—because—because I happen to have a little money—"

His mouth began to show signs of reticence. It was hard to be stern when she was—so near!

"But I told you—" he began.

"She broke in with a little, troubled laugh.

"I know you did," she answered. "If you hadn't perhaps I shouldn't have deceived you—so it's all your fault. In fact—stepping back from him and looking rather severely at his troubled countenance—" "I don't know that I should have thought of you at all—I if you had not said you would give a girl with money a wide berth—you know you did, Tony, there's no denying it!"

"Suppose I don't deny it?" He was certainly reticent.

"Suppose—I give in," she returned, all at once. "I'm sorry to have caused you any inconvenience, Lord Rumbolt, but I give you back your promise—I—with a sob—"don't want to marry—"

He strode over to her again and pressed her in his arms. The sob had quite undermined his courage.

"You are going to marry—?" he said, passionately, "of course you are, Clive, darling—who are you going to marry? Tell me quickly!"

The spirit of mischief died hard in her. She struggled to free herself, and sweeping a low courtesy, she smiled happily.

"I am going to marry—Lord Rumbolt's heir," she said. And the said heir, coming to his senses, stopped further confessions with his kisses.—New York Weekly.

**BREAD AND BRAINS**  
**Education of the Community Through the Efficiency of the Schools.**  
The public school is not to be regarded as a "private snip."

The public school is—or ought to be—a public concern operated for the benefit of the public.

The latter is the conception of an Iowa educator and publicist—Cap. E. Miller, superintendent of schools of Keokuk county, who is making the schools of his county really public.

He does this by enlisting the schools in the work of the community. For instance: Miller got a jeweler at the county seat to offer a prize to the school girl in the county who would make the best loaf of bread and bring it to a county exhibition of out of school work.

Immediately bread making was advanced to a fine art in Keokuk County. Mothers were consulted. Hundreds of girls got busy.

Each school district had an exhibition, and the best loaves were selected for the county exhibition.

The result? The homes of the county never had such bread on their tables generally. Scientific bread making worked wonders. The contest did for the villages and farms what the cooking school does for the city—only more.

Girls who had never before given a thought to bread making saw in it a worthy accomplishment. Some of them have subscribed for cooking magazines and have bought cook books. They are preparing to make themselves good housekeepers.

And, not least of all—The public schools of the county have become linked fast to the homes of the county.

Mr. Miller has done a like thing in offering prizes to the boys for the best corn, etc., and has them studying along the lines of scientific agriculture.

And withal the schools themselves have been greatly improved—not by the study of fads, but facts.

This educator has pulled himself out of the worn rut of pedagogies. He has vitalized the schools. He has made them what they should be ideally—live centres of communal life and progress.

**Electricity in the Art of War.**  
We have seen how all-important electrical methods of communication are to an army on the offensive, from the recent campaign in Manchuria. We have also heard—however, rather indifferently—of the important part played in the recent naval battle by the Japanese wireless telegraph apparatus. At the battle of Mukden it was the telephone and the telegraph which really won the fight, and now it is reliably reported that the part played by the Japanese wireless telegraph system in the recent naval battle was just as important. It is said that Admiral Togo had many small scouting vessels equipped with wireless apparatus, which were watching the Russian fleet constantly and communicating with shore stations, the latter forwarding the information to the Admiral. At no time after the Russian fleet approached Japan was he ignorant of its position. But it is another use of electricity in the art of war to which we wish to call attention—the coast defense service. It is being used here for many purposes. \* \* \* To operate the power plants and the electrical apparatus in the United States coast defense requires about 200 officers and 5000 men.—Electrical Review.

**A Record Walk.**  
The waltzing championship and fifty francs were recently won in Paris by M. Vincent and Mlle. Scherich. They danced successfully for six hours and forty-five minutes—just a minute longer than the couple who won the second prize. Forty-four couples competed.

**RAILROADS AND FORESTRY**  
**Tremendous Demands Upon the Wood-Land of the Nation.**  
The railroads of the United States require 120,000,000 wooden crossties, and every year 100,000,000 new ties must be cut. This strips annually 200,000 acres of perfectly wooded ground; it actually scars many times that area. With the tremendous demands of the paper makers, the mining engineers, the builders and a thousand more users of wood, it is no wonder that the railroads are forced to go further and further away from their lines to get their ties. In vain have they tried to substitute metal. To-day the great Pennsylvania system is forced to go to Virginia, West Virginia and Kentucky for white oak, and the Southern supply of yellow pine is in halting distance of practical extinction. As a consequence of these conditions, which promise to become worse rather than better, many large railroads are experimenting with the planting of firs to supply their own ties. Sometimes the trees are set out along the right of way, but in the more important instances, on other land owned by the railroad or purchased especially for the purpose. Some of the roads, the Pennsylvania, for instance, is going into this work with a careful application of intelligent methods of forest management. In the Middle West and South, roads like the Illinois Central, the Michigan Central and the "Big Four," are setting out catalpa trees, which do fairly well in the right soil. The Pennsylvania, after varied trials, has found the yellow locust to be the best wood, more enduring even than the white oak. A white oak will last about ten years, and then goes out of use on account of the rail cutting into it, rather than from disintegration. By the end of the year the Pennsylvania will have more than 100,000 locust trees set out over some 2500 acres. A wonderful sight these plantations must be in the June blossoming time, and an excellent lesson to the community in the necessity for decent care in lumbering and forest management. But this single road will set up the annual cutting from 39,000,000 trees, a fact that shows strikingly the absolute necessity for larger provisions for reforestation than these useful experiments of individual corporations.—The Country Calendar.

**WORDS OF WISDOM.**  
Virtue by calculation is the virtue of vice.—Jobert.  
If thou hast a loitering servant, send him on thy errand just before his dinner.—Fuller.  
We are as near to heaven as we are far from self and far from the love of a sinful world.—Rutherford.  
There never was any heart truly great and gracious that was not also tender and compassionate.—South.  
Unhappy he who from the first of joys—society—cut off, is left alone, amid this world of death.—Thomson.  
Every lie, great or small, is the brink of a precipice, the depth of which nothing but Omnipotence can fathom.—Reade.  
Never hold any one by the button or the hand, in order to be heard out; for, if people are unwilling to hear you, you had better hold your tongue than them.—Chesterfield.  
**How an Idaho Tunnel Was Cooled.**  
The boring of the Ox Bow tunnel, in Idaho, is one of the great engineering feats of the age. The Payette River at this point makes a loop, and by putting a tunnel through 1200 feet, the river bed is left dry for two and a quarter miles. It is the intention to mine the river bed for gold.  
Ordinarily the putting through of this tunnel would be a simple matter, but at 300 feet from the upper end and 250 from the lower hot water was struck. The heat at first was from ninety-five to 105 degrees, increasing as the work progressed to 132 degrees at the hottest point. Different fans and blowers were experimented with to cool the air in the tunnel, but without success until William Fleck, the superintendent of the work, thought of spraying the walls of the tunnel with water pumped from the river.  
Very simple pumping apparatus and common garden sprays were used with complete success. The tunnel is twenty-eight feet wide and nine feet high, and the flow of hot water amounted to seventy-five miner's inches. The cold water cooled the hot water and it was pumped out with common pumps.—Scientific American.  
**The Desire to Accommodate.**  
There is nothing that people appreciate more than being served by those who really enjoy accommodating them. What a comfort, at a strange hotel, especially, to be served by those who seem anxious to please us, who seem to take real pleasure in making us feel at home and comfortable! There is no quality which will help youth along more rapidly than the cultivation of this desire to please, to accommodate. It appeals to everybody; it creates a good impression.  
A sunny, impudent Pullman porter often destroys the pleasure of a whole journey on a train. An impudent clerk in a hotel office can make everybody in the house uncomfortable, and much service is done, even if it could be had for nothing.  
It is noticeable that a boy who always tries to help whenever he can and to make everybody comfortable, who is accommodating in everything, is very popular, and, other things being equal, most likely to be promoted.—Success.

**Timely Fashion Hints**  
New York City.—The summer has been one of much silk and no indications point to even increased vogue for it and for all rich materials. Illus-

long. In fact, the long skirt has by no means been retired. One rarely sees a fine gown with a short skirt.

**A Fetching Waist.**  
The collar and guimpe of one waist were of the embroidery with a neck full of Valenciennes. The sleeves were elbow puffs with a shallow cuff of embroidery, and a triple cuff of Valenciennes. A belt of the embroidery was fastened with a round buckle of mother-of-pearl.

**Lingerie Gowns.**  
The long skirted lingerie house gowns in white mull and batiste, extravagantly wrought over with inset laces are well adapted for afternoon and evening wear. The laces used are entrecote of different widths carried out into elaborate designs upon both skirt and bodice.

**Brown Vells the Rage.**  
There seems to be a vogue this season for brown vells, just as there was once for emerald green. The motoring woman revels in brown chiffon vells, usually spotted with chenille or velvet.

**Dancing Gowns of Muslin.**  
Many of the dancing gowns of the season are of muslin and flowered net. When the material is plain, nothing is prettier than the artificial flower trimmings seen on many of them.

**Birds Not in Favor.**  
Birds that look as if they had just been shot or had their necks wrung are in little favor this year. Most of the so-called birds are make-ups.

**An Important Factor.**  
The bandeau or cachepolign plays as important a part in forming the chic of the hat as it has during the past season.

**House or Shirt Waist.**  
The shirt waist embroidered by hand always possesses a certain distinction and elegance that separates it from every other sort. Here is a model that is especially designed for such treatment, and includes all the newest and latest features. The model is made from linen on which the work is executed in mercerized cotton thread and the effect is in every way satisfactory, but there are other desirable materials and the amount of work included in the design and the selection of the thread are always matters of choice, while linen alone includes a variety of weaves and weights and is adapted to many needs. For the heavier waists butcher and etamine are admirable, while for the thinner sort the fine, lighter lawn and the lustrous Japanese all are satisfactory, but cooler

**A LATE DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.**

two and an eighth yards forty-four, one-half yard of lace for chemise-like, two yards of lace for frills, one-half yard of velvet for vest or three-quarter yards of all-over lace when long sleeves are used.

**Colors to Be Worn.**  
Black seems to be more than ordinarily popular, from the numerous models in black which were shown in the openings. Much favor appears to attach to golden-brown, and to brownish-olive and olive green, the last two in several tones of their respective colors. Plum color, and soft tones of mauve; Houx and Saxe blues; mahogany, cardinal and poppy of the stronger reds, and Marotte and Guignol of the paler reds, were all represented in the new hats; with noisette, nickel and silver of the neutral colors—the same colors, with others, distinguishing also the piece velvets and other millinery materials manufactured for the approaching autumn and winter.—Millinery Trade Review.

**The Full Skirt.**  
The reign of the full skirt is to continue for some time to come, apparently. Looking over a portfolio of croquis, sketches sent over by Paris designers, it was evident that it is going to take just as appalling an amount of dry goods to make the fall gowns as it did last spring. Sleeves are a little smaller, but skirts extremely full.

**The Tunic Is Attractive.**  
When becomingly worn, the tunic is decidedly attractive. The usual form is a double skirt, with the upper half open in front. The lower skirt is always trained, or, at least, very

the medium size is five yards twenty-one, three and three-quarter yards twenty-seven or two and one-eighth yards forty-four inches wide.

