

LOST IN THE NUBIAN DESERT.

AN ADVENTURE IN AFRICA.

Colonel Danrell, the clubman and traveler, has just returned from the Soudan, etc.—Society Journal.

Seeing the above in a metropolitan weekly and being desirous of renewing acquaintance with an interesting old friend, for he always had a new experience of thrilling interest to exploit, I hastened up to his favorite club, and, between puffs of Havana perfectos, I obtained the following account of a weird predicament, which I give as nearly verbatim as my memory allows me.

"The desert!" exclaimed the colonel, rapturously. "Ah, my boy, standing on the brink of the great Nubian sand seas, one is transfixed. The sun was just peeping over the barren cliffs beyond the Nile, tipping them with a dull fire, when the order came to start. My heart leaped, I forgot all dangers, and thought only of adventure, of new sensations. The chief guide gave the word, and we mounted, giving civilization, home, the very world itself, it seemed, a single backward glance.

"There were five of us, with guides and men; and it was the third day of last March that we started over the difficult trail from Korosko, taking the southward trail toward Aboah, leading through the very bowels of the Nubian sands. Our objects were diverse. My own was to discover some rare antiquities of which I had heard rumors, but the principal interest on the part of the others was to rediscover the abandoned gold mines of Aboah. Knowing that the Nubians are confirmed in their indolence and utterly unacquainted with the modern methods of prospecting, the two experts of the party—one a Californian and the other an Australian—both thoroughly familiar with gold-bearing regions, felt convinced that with patient effort, there was a possibility of unearthing a fortune, and the exciting experiment was at least worth the trial.

"For four days our little caravan smiled along the barren sands, passing El Murrah, or springs of bitter water, and all went well. Then the journey, which for the first day or two was full of varied novelties, began to grow painfully monotonous. To make matters worse, the gerbah skins, which were used to carry fresh water from the Nile, were daily growing flatter. The wells of El Murrah were saline and heavy with brackish sediment, and, though the camels drank of the water without suffering ill effects, the men who indulged freely were seized with intense gripings. Two days southward from the wells a strange incident occurred.

"Our way led over the beaten camel trail, centuries old, and yet every month the tract was obliterated by the drifting sands. Now and then we scarcely knew our way save that the route was pointed out to us by the wreckage of former caravans which had shed the sick and exhausted by the wayside, both man and beast, leaving them to the merciless sun and the prowling jackals till death relieved them. There is no place on the face of the globe where the survival of the fittest means so much as here on the Nubian desert, where the caravan never stops; and if the poor native cannot plod on, no halt is made for his recovery. The consequence is, that the farther one progresses, the more skeletons of men and beasts point the uncertain way through the drifting sands, and the sight is surely most depressing.

"My camel was not a particularly fast one. He had a habit of lagging behind, so that once or twice a day the caravan was compelled to halt and wait for me to come up, like a lost vertebra of a skeleton reptile. On this occasion, while somewhat behind the party, a fine young gazelle crossed my path not a dozen rods ahead, dashing with sudden fright into a little ravine which appeared to be closed at the farther end, so that apparently he was made a prisoner. Rifle in hand, I leaped from my camel. Eagerly I made my way through the hot, ankle-deep sand to the little ravine, following it up some distance, ready to bring down my game. To my surprise, however, I found that there were several tracks beyond, and soon saw that my chases was bootless. Dejectedly I made my way back to my camel, which had not stirred, and seemed only too glad for the little respite from the racking toil of the march. Taking a good draught from my gerbah of water, and also filling my canteen, I drew the beast to his knees, as is customary when mounting, so that by placing my foot upon his neck, by his upward movement of the head he would raise me, enabling me to step into the cushioned seat between the humps. As I was fixing my foot on the camel's neck, however, the sudden raising of his head caused a knife to slip from my belt in such a way that it grazed the beast's flanks, giving him a slight but stinging flesh wound. Up he started, and so suddenly, with that quick upward throw of the body, that I was pitched clean over his humps, and fell yards foremost in the sands. Then, to my consternation, with a queer snort of rage, the camel made a little circle, and with his head thrown up like an ostrich pursued by a hunter, he bumped along at a rapid pace over the trail in the direction of the caravan.

"In vain I shouted, in vain I shrieked all the Arab coxings and imprecations that I knew. This, quite exhaust-

ed, I squatted in the sands, alone, panting, outraged and desolate, watching my mount fade to a speck on the horizon. I grew resigned, however, feeling that within three or four hours at most my comrades would be returning for me.

I shall never forget the first sickening sense of loneliness that oppressed me there in the great desert, apparently abandoned of heaven and earth. I had no food and only a little water. I knew that it was days and days by camel journey from any succoring hand, and that I was now completely at the mercy of the nomadic bands of robbers which invest the rocky ravines, and would, moreover, be beset by the jackals and vultures the moment I showed signs of fainting under the scouring sun. The strain grew maddening. For a long time I bore it; and then, no longer able to fight with the demon of silence, and haunted more than ever now by the presence of human and animal skeletons half buried in the drifting sands, I arose and plodded on. But little did I dream that there was yet a more dreaded enemy than vultures, leopards, or even the predatory robbers soon to encompass me.

"The first warning that I had of its terrible approach was the soft obscuration of the sun, which stood so straight overhead that it cast my form in a creling shadow about me just to the tips of my toes. A sort of silken mist floated before the copper sky. Then this thin cloudiness seemed to descend, the wind arose, and the sirocco grew heavier and more oppressive. I bowed my head, pressing forward with increasing difficulty now. Up from the limitless southwest the dreaded scourge was closing down upon me. 'My God!' I murmured at last, losing courage at the sound of my own voice. 'It is a simoon!'

"The wind was rising in a gale. I heard the roar of the sand blast from afar. These gusts of hot, white atoms grew sharper and fiercer now; and if I had worn a King Arthur coat of mail, I scarcely think it would have been proof against that volley of deadly dust. It penetrated my clothing till I felt the layer of it chafing the flesh at every movement. My nostrils were clogged so that breathing became more labored and painful. My ears were stuffed up so that it deadened the increasing whistle and roar; and though my eye were almost closed, the awful volley seemed to penetrate the very lids. Then I finally succumbed, falling to my knees, and at last prone upon my face, covering my head with the ample folds of my burnouse.

"For a long time I lay there in the thick, drifting mounds, the monotonous shriek of the simoon lulling me to sleep. It was not a refreshing repose, but one filled with frightful nightmares and monitions of evil. Once in a while the shrill cry of a lost jackal or a desert bird broke the abhorrent spell, but the sound brought no cheer. After what seemed to be a dangerously long time, I awoke, recovering from this sort of daze rather than sleep, and looked vaguely about me. Shaking the sand from my burnouse, I took my watch. It had stopped, the dust having penetrated it and clogged its delicate machinery. I stood up, and brushing the sand from my eyes, peered over the trackless plain. Nothing but a dead grim waste of whiteness; but, thank Heaven, the storm was abating. I vaguely remembered the direction of my course, although the trail was now wholly obliterated, and started bravely on. But so chafed and faint was I that I soon found all effort torture, and at last sank in my tracks with a moan.

"For a long time I lay in a sort of stupor. Then I heard a voice. It was more human than any I had heard in the loneliness of the desert, although it was a moan of anguish rather than a call of rescue. I rose and turned sharply in the direction of the sound, and soon perceived a kneeling, swaying figure at some distance. The thought of a human being, let him prove whatever he might be, made my poor heart leap. I came closer, and was amazed to discover that the swaying figure was that of a half naked and more than half-blind slave boy. There was a moveless shape half-buried in the drifting mound before him. I uncovered it, amazed to find that it was a Nubian sheik lying upon his face, quite dead.

"When the slave realized the presence of another human being, he fell groveling at my feet as if I had been an angel come from heaven. His mouth and tongue were swollen with fever, and he could not drink. He was chattering wildly in a language I did not understand, raving, and more than half-demented. The sheik had been robbed of everything worth carrying away, the scoundrels leaving him only his burnouse and a small skin of water, which was already flat and dried into a chip. The poor traveler must have died from exhaustion, for there were no wounds upon his person save a few scratches on the wrist where the slave boy had tried to suck a drop of blood from his dead master to keep himself from perishing. As the slave was more used to the tortures of the desert, naturally the sheik had succumbed first.

"Meeting with such companions in misery, for a little time I almost forgot my own perils and suffering. Slowly the slave lad revived under my

simple ministrations. Then I got somewhat of his story. The sheik's caravan had successfully resisted attack upon the march, but the two had become separated from the company, and being overtaken were robbed and left to die. All this had taken place more than three days since; and the slave had kept up the lonely and maddening vigil by his dead master with almost sublime heroism. Knowing that my comrades would soon be retreating to recover me dead or alive, as soon as the slave was able to walk we took the burnouse from the dead sheik and started back toward the trail. The way was very difficult and slow, and I was compelled almost to carry the emaciated lad bodily. On we plodded till the darkness settled about us, and then making ourselves as comfortable as possible, we lay down side by side and watched out the night.

"The next morning, although the slave boy was in much better physical condition, I felt that I myself was fast succumbing. I arose once or twice and tried to make a little circle over the sand mounds to get my bearings, but soon gave up the endeavor. I figured matters out with the calculation of a physician. I had water enough to last us another day or, for myself alone, two days. I almost wished I had not happened upon the slave now, for it might be that my own life would be sacrificed in this deed of charity. Then I drove the selfish thought from my heart. If one perished, we should both perish. He had been a godsend, giving me companionship, and how did I not know that he had not saved me from something worse than death—from madness. With brotherly care I divided the water drop by drop—water more precious than blood. The slave was grateful—pitiably so at what he perceived to be my sacrifice. When he saw that I was going to pieces, however, he not only refused to lap up these precious drops of salvation, but actually thrust out his arms to me with the offer of his own blood to save me. This touched me very deeply. I had opened my canteen and saved his life for a little while, and now he was ready to open his veins to save mine!

"On the morning of the second day I gave up hope, and began a rambling letter to my friends in case they should ever find me. Even this little exertion overcame me; and after a few scrawls I gave up the task. Hours of complete unconsciousness in the broil of the sun came offener now. Again the slave lad's long suffering on the desert served him well. I realized that he would survive me by a day, or perhaps more. I gave him my effects, weapons and all, making him understand that in case my friends came my belongings were to be turned over to them, and that the slave himself should be rewarded. Then I sank in my dust bed falling into a sort of coma.

"I was aroused by the crack of a rifle. The lad had used my weapon well, bringing down a small antelope with a single shot. Too weak to rise, I turned my head and watched the boy crawl over to his prize. After what seemed to be the struggle of his life, he dragged the deer toward me. Then I closed my eyes with a prayer of thankfulness, and soon felt the warm blood of the gazelle, dripping from the bullet wound on its breast, bathing my swollen lips. The effect was magical. I revived—I lived again! The slave was now saving my life even as I had saved his. The gratitude he showed gave me renewed courage.

"But, strange as it may seem, the happy incident of the shooting of the young deer exercised rather a depressing than a hopeful influence upon the spirits of my staunch champion. The poor little lad refused to partake of the saving grace which he had vouchsafed me. Hourly he grew weaker. Delirium followed, and I was compelled to use my poor strength to force the raw food into his mouth, and all to no purpose. Can any one realize how my heart was now pricked by a consciousness of the heroism of this Nubian slave during these terrible hours? Ah, the vigil was long and bitter—through torrid days, and nights black as only Nubia knows them, with death and desolation encompassing us on every hand, the prowling jackals and the starving tigers calling fiercely to one another at the smell of blood, only awaiting my sinking into sleep to plunge into the carnival which should end all for me. In order to rob the night of its terrors and the day of its madness, I strove with my poor patient, who was fast ebbing into the last slumber, with none to succor, none to restore, I felt that with him gone I should lose all hope, all wish to live. We seemed like the last two surviving human beings of earth, and I chose that he, the child of Nubian darkness, and I, the son of Western day, might go hand in hand together.

"On that last day of my desolate watch the sun was sinking over the limitless sand ocean, and I thought to see it no more. I tried to pray. Ah, what had all these bitter days been but one living, blood sweating prayer—one cry borne up as from the pits of deepest Tophet into the responsiveness of heaven! I became prophetic now. The past seemed to become clear and unclouded, the future transparent and filled with loveliest visions. I knew this to be the beginning of the end, and so sank back resignedly, even welcoming now the cup I had so long shrank from with weak and wailing terror—the blessed hemlock of oblivion.

"Suddenly, along the borders of the afterglow on the horizon I saw a dark object stealing up like a phantom, bathed in the glory of celestial twilight. The sight was so supernatural that it stirred me strangely; but I soon perceived that it was no phantom of my wasting mind, but a reality—a blessed truth. Soon that moving ob-

ject took the proportions of a serpent moving toward me—on, on, slowly, solemnly like a penitent's procession toward a pagan temple; and then realizing at last, I moaned aloud, 'It is the caravan!' and so sank back unconscious.

"When I revived long after, there was the cool mouth of a flask pressed to my lips and strong, tender arms were about me. I opened my eyes. 'Comrades' was all I could murmur; but they heard it and there was a shout of triumph.

"My God! We thought you dead long, long ago, I heard them cry brokenly. 'What could have saved him till now? It is a miracle—a miracle!'

"I tried to speak, but there was no breath within to give my heart utterance. I turned and drew the burnouse from the brow of the still figure at my side. 'Save him!' I cried, though my voice fell in a whisper. 'Save him; for it was he who saved me!'

"But they only shook their heads. One glance told the truth. My poor slave lad, my rescuer, my savior, my one joy in darkness and sorrow had moved out on that long, bleak pilgrimage through the Unknown Desert that knows no return path, yet with the glory of departing day wreathed about the still ashen forehead the saintly halo of a hero and a brother."

—New York News.

TOLD BY SHAPE OF FACE.

The Oblong and the Round as Indicators of Character.

The physiognomist divides the faces into three so-called grand classes—the oblong face, the round face, and the pyriform or pear-shaped face. The oblong face is one which would fit more readily into an oval than a round or pear-shaped diagram. For mere physical beauty the oblong or oval face has the highest standing, and the artists who paint youthful beauty endeavor to get what is called the pure oval to the face. Individuals with an oblong or oval face are naturally of a strong and active nature, with keen powers of perception and much imagination. They are self-reliant and persevering. They are not, strictly speaking, highly intellectual, although they are often talented. They are constant in friendship, and strong in their affections.

The round face belongs usually to a subject whose neck is short, shoulders broad and round, chest full, and in whom a tendency to stoutness in middle life is indicated by the plumpness of youth.

The round-faced woman very often has small feet and hands. In character the round-faced subject is lively, amiable, impulsive, and frequently fickle. She lacks persistence, and she loves ease too much to do any serious and patient plodding, which we all know is necessary to attain good results.

The pyriform face indicates the intellectual type. The woman with the pear shaped face has a high, broad forehead. Her features are generally delicate and finely modeled. Her neck is slender; she is tall rather than short; her chest is not broad—frequently, on the contrary, it is narrow. She has intelligent eyes, and she never appears to have great physical endurance.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Australia could do with 300,000 British wives, Canada with 90,000 and the Cape with 30,000. There are said to be nearly 1,000,000 too many women in the British Isles.

A bacteriologist recently made microscopic examination of washings from a woman's train worn on the streets of London, and found it to contain 110,672,000 microbes of disease.

Lord Amherst of London collects crowns, and has a cabinet with a number of fine specimens of discarded skypieces, including the crown worn by Charles II at his coronation, the crown worn by George IV, and the one made for Queen Adelaide.

A man arrested for theft in Lyons, France, was found to be tattooed in the most extraordinary way. He had a perfect picture of the assassination of Henry III, by Jacques Clement, on his chest, and an equally good one of the death of Carnot on his back.

The value of the coal mined in Japan is almost equal to that of all other minerals combined. It varies from the hardest anthracite to peat, but the quality is usually inferior to that of American coal. Modern machinery and methods have been introduced in the operation of many mines.

A musician at the Cambridge City hospital recently succeeded in calling two cows from the far end of a field simply by producing a peculiar note on to strings of a violin. They first stopped grazing and looked toward him; then came to the fence and put their heads over it, and finally answered the note of music by short lowing, accompanied by uneasy stamping of their feet.

The mango, which is now being cultivated in Florida, is said to have originated in southern Asia and the Malay Archipelago; it is now found wild in the forests of Ceylon and in regions at the base of the Himalayas. It was introduced first in Brazil, on this continent, and thence was taken to the Barbadoes in 1742. At the present time it is common throughout the tropics all around the world, but is finest in India. There are over 500 varieties.

Tennessee has a larger debt than any other state—\$16,200,000.

DISPOSAL OF THE DEAD IN CITIES.

Burial Near Populous Town Should Be Prohibited.

Our barbarous custom of burial was initiated by the belief in the resurrection of the living body. The consequence, natural desire to save it from destruction was strengthened by a prejudice of early Christians against the Roman pyre. But even the wonderful ingenuity and lavish expenditure of the Egyptians have been unavailing to preserve mummies eternally, and if we could, it is questionable whether we would make the dross we leave behind after a slow death the permanent habitation of our immortal souls. The prospect of remaining in a body tortured by disease or decrepitude with senility is not alluring.

Yet we set aside valuable tracts of land for the stowage of such bodies; until, regardless of the sacred promise of their perpetual "rest" and inviolability, municipalities seize the room when needed and fling the remains upon a dung heap. Almost every page of the records of London and Paris contains examples of the desecration of abandoned graveyards, and there is hardly a city in the old world that has not disturbed at least one of these resting places of their whilom inhabitants. In our towns of rapid growth the cemetery of today becomes the heart of a metropolis tomorrow; the demolition of graveyards in New York and Boston has been a frequent occurrence until it fails to attract attention.

When the Colon cemetery of Havana became overcrowded, the Cubans found it necessary to clear it of skulls and promiscuously shoveled them into a common boneyard. It presented an aspect so ghastly that General Wood concluded to cover the pit and to reopen it only for the next overflow of skeletons, expected in about five years. In certain cemeteries in London corpses are buried in standing posture because no room is left to lay them down. Bodies of the poor generally are packed over each other in tiers, and the trench is kept open until filled. In the poverty corner of Calvary cemetery this has been the customary treatment of the remains of paupers. Newtown, where Calvary is situated, harbors 80 corpses to every living inhabitant. The convenient villages of Corona, Elmhurst and Woodside, once parts of Newtown, which now are annexed to New York, and constitute the geographical centre of the enlarged city, might increase in population if it were not for the proximity of vast and dreary charnel fields.

A law relating to public health provided 40 years ago that no grave be dug or opened south of 86th street, and that no cemetery be opened in any part of the city and county of New York. This law should be enforced and applied, not to greater New York alone, but to the territory within a radius of one hundred miles around every populous town. People who insist on their inanimate bodies remaining inviolate should have them carried to a distance where they can neither inconvenience nor injure the living, who need the room and are natural heirs of the departed. Famous intertural cemeteries, like Mount Auburn, Boston; Greenwood, New York, and Laurel Hill, Philadelphia, could be transformed into admirable parks. Monuments of architectural beauty might remain undisturbed. Others might be replaced by trees, with suitable tablets to mark the spot of those upon whose dust they grow. The Turks, loth to desecrate the grave of a Mussulman, have adopted a similar custom, and thereby have made the cemeteries of Constantinople attractive to strangers. Two hundred city lots are now required to bury in the old-fashioned way the seventy thousand persons that annually die in greater New York. We probably could save more than a hundred and fifty of these precious lots if ashes of the seventy thousands were placed in urns, preserved in niches of a Coliseum, or strewn on the waves of a river. As cemeteries are exempt from taxation, the municipality would derive an income from the lots, which the living then would use, and from the improvements they would make upon them.

Another important advantage would accrue to every needy mourner, in saving him from useless extravagance. He incurs at present the expense of \$50 at least for a plain funeral; land values in the suburbs of cities preclude a reduction in the cost of burial. The expense of cremation is only \$25, and could be largely reduced if the custom became more general.

Let our intelligent population set the example, as it does in San Francisco, where almost a thousand bodies are annually cremated, and the ignorant masses will be sure to follow. Considering the marvelous progress we have made in every other direction, it is strange that we have failed to adopt the most rational means for the disposition of dead bodies. We hardly are abreast of Homer's contemporaries, who realized that, however well a cemetery may be managed, corpses can do harm, but ashes never can. True religion does not and never can teach that it is godly to injure those we leave behind when we die.—Municipal Affairs.

A Blow at Duelling.

A student named Ruff has just been sentenced to three and a half years' confinement in a fortress for shooting and killing a fellow student in Carlsruhe. It was proved against the convicted man that he deliberately picked a man of another student corps, who was very young and had had no experience with a pistol. The conviction is generally approved, although some of the German papers complain that it is not severe enough. The majority of them are willing to accept it as a move in the right direction.



FOR THE FAIR
LATEST
NEW YORK FASHIONS



AN ELABORATE MODEL.

as well as in the more elaborate models. The very smart May Manton waist illustrated has a novel yoke or shoulder strap effect, that is cut in one with the tucked fronts and can either be made to extend over the shoulders or be cut off at the seams as shown in the back view, and exemplifies both the drooping shoulders and one of the many forms of the bishop stock. The original is made of French flannel in cream white stitched with pale blue corticelli silk, but all the

the medium size is six yards twenty-one inches wide, two and three-fourth yards forty-four inches wide, or two and one-fourth yard fifty-two inches wide.

Apron to the Front.
Apron effects are very modish and quite usually becoming. Though they have the look of an overskirt they are in reality the skirt proper, being eked out with graduating flounces. As often as not the apron is of some strong material, while the flounce, which is pulled on as well as flared, is of a light and airy-fairy texture. When it is heavy the fabric must be of the richest—a trimming of itself. If it be plain it may be adorned with appliques not too far apart. A very pretty one, however, is entirely of black net. Inch-wide rows of black gros-grain ribbon follow the shape of the apron, pointing downward at the front. Five rows are at the foot of the very full flounce. Rows of ribbon are on the full blouse and the sleeve ruffles, the blouse being further enhanced with an applique of yellow lace. This is an attractive model, too, for a shirred dress.

Adorned by Handwork.
Handwork is always a feature. Just now it is more than ever so. While the choicest embroideries fairly cover some robes, there are others, delightfully attractive, which are alive with French knots and faggoting, the two friends that are still with us, despite iconoclasts who have declared them done for since some months. French knots are charmingly attractive, whether they emphasize other designs or are strewn by the hundred in massed groups. As for faggoting, it and any sort of ajour stitching is very much the thing.

Long Ribbon Sashes.
A pretty idea is to wear broad and long ribbon sashes with evening toilets. Some of these are tucked and the ends are fringed. The sash may be the



BLOUSE JACKET.

season's waist materials are appropriate.

The foundation lining is snugly fitted and is in every way desirable where wool or silk is used, but can be omitted whenever it is not desired. The fronts of the waist proper are tucked for their entire length and are extended to form the yoke or shoulder straps and are joined to side portions that are tucked for a few inches only below their upper edge. The back, however, is simply plain, and the closing is effected through a regulation box pleat at the centre front. The sleeves are in shirt style with the straight narrow cuffs closing at the outside that are the favorites of the season. At the neck is a stock elongated at the front to give a bishop suggestion.

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

Woman's Blouse Jacket.

Blouse jackets make the favorite wraps for general wear and are seen in all the latest models both for suits and separate coats. The very stylish May Manton model illustrated in the large drawing shows the new flat collar and trimming, but can be left plain and without the basques as shown in the small sketch when preferred. The original is made of flecked cheviot in gray and white, stitched with corticelli silk and trimmed with pipings of dark gray and drop ornaments and makes part of a costume, but all suitings and jacket materials are appropriate.

The jacket consists of fronts and back and is fitted by means of shoulder and under-arm seams. The back is plain, but the fronts are gathered and blouse slightly and becomingly. The little capes are attached to the strap trimming and are arranged over the neck. The sleeves are full and finished with becoming cuffs, but the straight, narrow ones can be substituted if desired. The basque portions and triple postillion are joined to the lower edge. The quantity of material required for

color of the gown or of contrasting color, as preferred, and still be modish, but the silk lining of the gown must be the same shade as that of the sash and whatever flower is chosen to be worn on the corsage or in the hair.

A Deserted Fad.
The fad that prevailed so long of wearing a black hat with a white or a light gown no longer flourishes.

Misses' Three-Piece Skirt.

Flounced skirts are much in vogue for young girls as well as for their elders and always are graceful and comfortable, as the ample flare provided at the lower edge means freedom of movement. The very stylish May Manton model illustrated is shown in nut brown etamine, trimmed with a band of satin faced cloth stitched with corticelli silk, but all suitings and skirt materials are appropriate. The skirt is cut in three pieces, and is fitted at the upper edge by means of hip darts and laid in inverted pleats at the centre back. To the lower edge is attached the circular flounce, the seam being covered by the stitched band. The upper edge can be finished with a belt or cut in dip outline and underfaced or bound.

The quantity of material required for medium size (fourteen years) is



MISSER'S THREE-PIECE SKIRT.

five and one-half yards twenty-seven inches wide, three and one-half yards forty-four inches wide, or three yards fifty-two inches wide.