



**A Pretty Dust Cloak—Parasols—Ill-Used Women—A King's Kindness—Legal Impertinence—How to Wash Prints and Foulards.**

A pretty dust cloak is not always an easy thing to compass, whether bought or made at home; but it certainly is an indispensable item in a lady's summer outfit, and is particularly needed at this time of year, on account of the various races and out-of-door entertainments now in prospect that necessitate long drives. As dust cloaks are not called upon to be also waterproof, they may be of any thin and light material preferred that is virtually impervious to dust. The one in my sketch is made of foulard, in any dark or light colour, and is entirely arranged in knife kiltings, or accordion pleatings in one long length. The yoke



is covered with flat pleats of the same width, and the rest of the mantle is set on so that the upper edge turns out like a frill. The same arrangement obtains round the neck, and is a finish to it. The beauty of this kind of cloak lies in its elasticity, which is consequent on the pleated fashion of its construction, thus enabling it to fan out and cover a light, puffy dress without crushing it. This mantle might be made in alpaca, or even in batiste or brown holland if cheaper fabrics are desired than foulard, sarah, pongee or tussore silks.

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With summer mantles, I really think I may now venture to chat about parasols. For they must soon be used,

and are already prepared for the coming hot days. I have lately seen two that came from Paris, and are unique in their design and beauty. The first is a lovely combination of butter-cup yellow and petunia violet tulle, the yellow being uppermost. Inside, and out, it is covered with these ephemeral materials, both of which are left full at the edge like a stiff little flounce that almost forms a ruche, so bushy is it. Ears of green barley keep the soft materials down in their places, and a knot of ribbon in the combine colours trims the stick of the sunshade. The other you



must please suppose to be made of black foulard printed with a design of bunches of small field flowers, in which the red of the poppies predominates. It is edged with a flounce of poppy-red chiffon, and a large bunch of mixed field blossoms, such as cornflowers, buttercups, daisies and green barley is made into a trail that spreads over one side. Any one can really fashion a pretty sunshade now, for they admit of endless variety in their material and trimming, but they ought always to match the dress they accompany. If you cannot manage this, it is best to have some plain *en tout cas* of shot silk in two dark shades that will go with anything and everything in the way of a toilette.

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Ill-used women is a curious title to take for one of my paragraphs, but I am tempted to use it because of various remarks from correspondents on the Jackson case, to which I alluded a week or two ago. Though I confess I think the taste that can drag under public notice the matrimonial difficulties of two people very questionable, I have the greatest sympathy for those who are miserably mated, and who find everything turn out so differently from what they expected. Knowing, however, what can be done by persistent sympathy, good temper and diplomacy, which is but another word for tact, and, above all, by that wonderful quality which is a woman's best strength—patience—I would beg those of my fair readers who are wives to see that they are slow to anger, and very plenteous in mercy to the individual who has broken his promises, though he is their husband. It must not be forgotten that of the two sexes men are generally very much more human than women, and an enthusiastic bride is so very apt to idealize the man she marries, and then blame him for eventually falling short of the pinnacle on which she has set him. But there is a very important thing to be remembered; if death should come and take away the one who was at first the joy, and later on, perhaps, the misery of one's existence, there will be found a deep and lasting satisfaction which the world cannot take away, in having nothing wherewith to reproach oneself in one's behavior to him. Of course, there are good and bad men; but generally speaking, men lack moral courage, a quality in which women are not so deficient; they hate a scene, and would do anything to avoid it, and frequently, if obliged to face it, will assume a violent demeanour, as a sort of stimulant to help them through it. But we must be fair and look at both sides of the question. I am sure that no intelligent

woman will deny that the members of her sex can be dreadfully exasperating if they like. Many of us can recall instances when we have seen a silly woman devoid of tact, bent on demanding and exacting demonstrations of affection from her husband, who is weary and worried, and then bitterly reproaching him with no longer loving her if he does not immediately respond to her advances. When people are very tired, very anxious, or immersed in some absorbing subject, they are apt to be also very irritable. If an unnecessary interruption, still worse, a foolish annoyance like the foregoing comes across them, one can hardly be surprised that they lose patience. Selfishness, thoughtlessness and lack of sympathetic tact on the part of the wife are the explanations of many an unnecessary domestic explosion, that with a little more self-control on her side might have been averted. If only people would try to remember that they can make themselves what they like by a little steady determination. Even in the most ordinary relations of life, pleasant manners go a long way towards preventing friction between two people. A soft answer and politeness cost so little, but they often do turn away wrath. I know a very sweet and beautiful lady of high social position who is married to an extremely wealthy man who is about the most selfish, ill tempered, contemptible little piece of humanity it has ever been my luck to meet. But her treatment of him is perfect. She shows him, as her husband, every respect, and insists on his children doing the same as their father, as if he deserved it. And when his selfishness and absurd personal vanity are too obtrusive and his temper vexatious, she is perfectly kind, but very dignified, with that quiet manner that gives him nothing to find fault with, but which has in it neither the fear nor the abjectness of a sycophant. Thoroughbred people, such as she is, are known by their graceful tact and the calm atmosphere of feeling they bring with them, which is very infectious. A wise friend once gave me some hints that I have always thought useful, and which I may recommend to the notice of any of my fair readers who have followed these remarks of mine with interest. In worry, or in trouble, "avoid anything like the martyr air and look. Adopt cheerfulness if you have it not. Sweetness and patience without imposing superiority are great and gracious solvents of domestic trouble; persistent thoughtfulness for others is hard to withstand: and the faculty of forgetting things said and done by people in fractious, adverse, irritable, perverse or blinded moods—*oblivion* incessant, and starting anew, is a golden, all golden rule."

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Legal impertinence I am truly pleased to see is at last coming in for its well-deserved share of censure. Why counsel when they have to examine and cross-examine a poor woman should degrade the majesty of the law and dignity of the court, by turning the unfortunate female into a laughing stock on which to explode the fireworks of their own generally very poor wit, I am at a loss to understand. If these limbs of the law choose to be frivolous, and waste the time of the judge, jury and other barristers by a wordy sparring match between themselves, all well and good, but they have no right to do so with the witnesses. I remember some time ago hearing of a lawyer who was rather fond of doing this sort of thing, but cleverly served in return. He was notably plain in appearance, not to say downright ugly—but unfortunately none the less of a bully, a fact that he rather prided himself upon. At last the day came when he had to examine an old Lancashire woman, who had rather freely expressed herself as to some facts put forward by the other side being humbug. "Now my good woman," said this legal luminary, "tell me what you mean by humbug?" The old lady hesitated, and did not at once answer, till on his worrying her with perpetual cross-questioning, at last she said with a twinkle in her eye, "Wull, sir, if I was to call ye a pratty man, *that'd* be hombug." And I think you will agree with me that she had the best of it.

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How to wash prints and foulards is a very necessary thing to know, now that this summer will bring these into our daily wear, and their colours are often ruined when submitted to the tender mercies of the laundress. Have some luke-warm water ready and put a little bran into it, wash your print, or silk, quickly through. Then as rapidly rinse it in cold water, and hang it to dry in a room where there is neither sunshine nor fire. Iron it with a rather cool iron on the wrong side, and it is done. You must use no soap to it.