



Sleeves—The House Beautiful.

All over the country, pretty costumes are already being thought out and prepared. Weather has been so cruel to any out-of-door sport, no matter of what kind, that tailor-made costumes have been most approved of, simply because of their warmth. As long as the wind remains in a bitter quarter, so long must attire be composed of fabrics that have heat giving properties. Therefore, as an example of what is suitable to such a varied temperature as that of our latitudes, I have selected from the many pretty dresses lately seen at the great Horse Show in Paris—which gives the keynote to the fashions of the summer season—one that is made of beige, striped with blue or heliotrope. The skirt, as you see, is quite plain, but it is



cut on the cross in front so as to make the stripes join cleverly in long Vandyked points, the back breadths being set into the waist in flat pleats. The jacket bodice is made with deep basques and revers, the epaulets being of plain beige, cut into sharp vandykes. The *guimpe* that is worn with this pretty dress is of pale or dark blue, to match the stripes; or if they are of heliotrope, it might be of the same colour, or that delicate pinkish mauve called "Ophélie," in *crêpe de chine*, surah or foulard, arranged in a succession of frills or puffs one over the other. The hat is of beige-coloured straw trimmed with yellow cowslips, or any other small yellow spring flower, and bows of wide beige-coloured ribbon striped to match. The boots and gloves are also chosen to correspond exactly in colour

with the dress, and the *en tout cas* as well. This is a useful kind of costume, because it would serve equally well for a dressy toilette for a fête, garden party or flower show. One of those various parts of a dress about which there is just at this present moment no specially fixed fashion is the sleeves. You may really make them in almost any fanciful way that comes into your head, and be nearly certain to be fashionable. I give you examples of five different ways of making sleeves to dresses of two materials. They



will serve as models for all kinds of stuffs, and combination of stuffs other than those I describe. The first is suitable to a pretty spring dress of foulard, or surah. This is seen in pleats with a long close epaulet of guipure, and terminated by a deep cuff of the same. The second would look well with a dress of any light woollen fabric in a pale colour. The fulness of the upper part of the sleeve is gathered together by five little straps of gold, buttoned across with small gold buttons. The lower part is formed of a rich brocade in damasked patterns interwoven with gold thread. The third is one that would be very nice for one of the many spring dresses of foulard that will be so fashionable, particularly when combined with some silken texture that is striped. The fourth is a pretty mixture of lilac cachemire and *faille* silk. The whole undersleeve is composed of the striped silk, whilst the foulard makes a full gathered epaulet or bell shoulder cape to it. The fifth is of rose bengaline and guipure lace in that deep creamy colour called *écru*.

The house beautiful, as that high priest of æstheticism, Mr. Oscar Wilde, was wont to call it, may be now seen in the very magnificent and palatial mansion that is just about to be tenanted by Mr. and Mrs. Mackay, of silver renown. It is situated in Carleton House Terrace, one of the very most aristocratic quarters of London, and was built originally by a former Duke of Leinster. The present representative of that name sold it to an immensely rich man, who, having been hard hit by the recent Baring failures, had to dispose of it, and Mr. Mackay was the purchaser. I think it does one good to go into a very splendid house sometimes, for it is the nearest approach we poor mortals ever get to real Fairyland. I like to see beautiful things, and enjoy them just for their beauty, and not in an appraising spirit that wonders how much everything cost. So now, dear readers, I will in spirit lead you over the principal rooms of this lovely house, and you shall thus realize how beautiful it is. Come first into the entrance hall, and look up to the ceiling which is all one vast design of blue and gold, whilst the walls are covered with great plaques, or slabs of the magnificent pink marble that is brought from the Soudan. What could better enhance the effect than to have those gracefully sculptured pilasters, which are more like statues, placed between them? Then if you want to see a real relic of the splendour of the Moven Age take particular notice of that fine chimney piece, carved by clever sculptors of the fifteenth century, in Italy. Through such a hall we come to the great white marble staircase with its

gorgeous balustrade of the same exquisite carving marvelously preserved. Very suitably the walls are covered with rich old Beauvais tapestries representing the adventures of Columbus alternated with sumptuous brocades in green and gold. Before we enter the rooms do just stop and look at the framework of the doors, which is all of white marble, in designs that strongly recall Raphael's inimitable art. And the doors themselves,—what could be more rich looking than the mosaic inlaying of their panels? The ceiling of the staircase is worth a moment's attention, for it looks like a roof of lustrous white flowers, and indeed so they are, for it is divided out into spaces, and each space contains its flower composed of beautiful pearly shells. Equally beautiful is the ceiling of the great dining-room, but here, instead of flowers, the design is made in ivory white on a ground work of gold. One hardly realizes the costliness of the panelled walls, though the upper part of them is all mahogany, and that near the floor of satin wood. But we must not linger, for we have yet to see the ball-room and drawing-room on the first floor. I think one could hardly think about dancing with so much to look at, for the ceilings are covered with lovely paintings and the walls with priceless pictures by the great Dutch masters, when more splendid tapestries do not take their place. This embroidered satin that covers all the lovely furniture, was fashioned by fair ladies' fingers in the reign of King Louis XVI. of France, and if we only had time you might spend days looking at all the snuff boxes, miniatures and other art treasures in these innumerable cabinets. We must go before we leave and look at the two bath-rooms; are they not quite a dream? One is Japanese, the other Pompeian. All these lovely fruits and flowers, which are so typical of each country's style of decoration, are made of *cloisonné* enamel; and only think how beautiful they would be when illuminated by the electric light, which, indeed, is the only light permitted, and, I think, with good reason in so superb a dwelling.

Johnny's Joke.

Mr. Wagon was the victim. His son Johnny is a mischievous lad, and the other day resolved to play a trick on his brother. He arranged certain attachments to that brother's bed, worked by cords running to his own room, and then went off fishing. While he was gone his brother was sent away to be absent over night, and some company arrived at the house.

Mr. Wagon gave up his share of the room in which he slept with Mrs. Wagon to a young lady who was nervous about sleeping alone in a strange house, and occupied his absent son's bed. Johnny got home late at night, and, wholly ignorant of this change of arrangements, went to his room, which was next to his brother's, and prepared to perpetrate his designs.

The first proceeding was to haul on a cord which ran between the blankets spread on his father's bed, and, being fastened at the top, would pull the clothes off. Mr. Wagon was tucked in, when suddenly the clothes began to slip, and he found himself uncovered. He thought he might have kicked them off, and sat up and took hold of the clothes to pull them back.

Meanwhile Johnny had jerked another cord, which pulled the pillow off the bed. Mr. Wagon discovered his loss, and reached for the pillow, and when he got it the clothes went off again. He was much excited at that, and again went after the clothes and again lost the pillow. That time the pillow went under the bed, and Mr. Wagon went under after it, and immediately came out again very much excited, for the floor was strewn with brambles, and he had gotten into them. He resolved to scold the maid for leaving so many pins about.

Once more he made an attempt to get the pillow, and, as it was a long way under, he made a frantic dive for it, and just then Johnny, who was shaking with laughter, pulled the last cord and the whole bed came down upon Mr. Wagon and jammed him upon the brambles. His frantic howls brought his wife and friends to the rescue, and he was pulled out.

And then the gas was lighted, and somebody discovered the cords running to Johnny's room. Mr. Wagon at once hastened there. The lad explained that he thought his brother was in the bed, but it didn't make any difference. His yells were mistaken, by a man sleeping half a mile away, for a cry of fire, and he jumped out of bed so hard that he sprained a toe. And the next day, when Johnny went to school, he got spanked again because he wouldn't sit down, and is now resolved to run away from home the first chance he gets, as this part of the country is such a discouraging region for a boy.