

originated, and carried on by the members of our sex, whether in connection with, or in addition to the S.P.C.A., which might empower them with the authority to draw attention to cruelties that would otherwise pass unheeded, and unremedied.

A useful washing dress is a most necessary affair in summer time, especially for those of my kind readers who affect cotton costumes and are not troubled with expensive laundresses. Nothing looks prettier, nor is more becoming to English girls than a fresh, clean, well 'got up' cambric dress on a hot summer day. It is very much the fashion now to trim these with lace or embroidery, 'broderie anglaise' as it is called, in contra distinction to other kinds of work, and the great thing in arranging a dress of this kind is to have it easy to wash and iron. Now please look at the accompany-



ing little sketch, and I think you will find it fulfils these requirements. The skirt is trimmed with flounces of work or guipure, slightly gathered on, or they can be run on flat, and the cambric of the dress full'd slightly to the waist as you see. The bodice has the embroidery set on at the side seams and left loose (not sewed down) so as to fasten across to each side, whilst the laundress can easily iron it when open. The frills on the shoulders should be either gauffred, or done with an Italian iron. This style of costume is most suitable to cambrics, prints, hollands, or foulards, and other washing silks. It would also look very well in plain white. The one I give you was pale water green foulard, which is one of the best tints to go with a white trimming. Of course, the most fashionable colours now are this light green, pale pink, heliotrope, or old rose, and grey.

Summer hats and bonnets are now becoming very pretty—indeed, in my opinion it is the time of year when all millinery has the very best opportunity of being becoming and tasteful, because flowers and fruit are in season, and to wear them is quite appropriate. With the shady hats that are so very fashionable just now a large quantity of flowers or fruit may be worn without their looking overdone or top-heavy. Those seen lately at the Prince and Princess of Wales' garden party, where every one puts on their very best, particularly some of the hats, were adorned with flowers. The young Princesses Victoria and Maud wore the basket hats that look so picturesque, covered with a trimming of roses. Their little Edinburgh cousins also had light straw hats garlanded with roses. Fruit now is a little superseding flowers, and I therefore give you this week a white crinoline lace hat trimmed with mixed white, black, and red cherries with their own leaves and stalks. These should be laid round the front of the hat like a wreath, and terminate at the back as if tied with the ribbon bows, which may be of any colour to suit or match the costume. The little straw bonnet below is of a soft shade of green in willow straw. It is trimmed very simply with a row of pink roses or rather a mauve tint, and two little black wings set on in front with ribbon velvet to correspond. This is a useful little bonnet, easy to trim at home, and suitable for either a smart or a

quiet occasion. The toque is quite a summer one, and though it has its crown composed of light blue silk, the high-pointed brim is made of dark blue straw. This brim is cut down in the middle so as to rise in a point on each side. Thus it affords a space for the knotted ends of the pale blue



handkerchief that drapes the crown, and is tied in front so cleverly as to let the extreme points of the two ends stand up like two wings. A small tuft of shaded blue ostrich feathers trims the back.

Jam time is upon us, for it is essentially the fruit season, and this no good housekeeper will ignore, but take every advantage of, accordingly. Preserves should be looked upon as one of the first accomplishments of a good housewife, and to make them a success care and attention are requisite, and the watchfulness and general treatment that come never so perfectly as from the hands of a refined woman. Now, on this subject I shall have much to say, therefore, rather than be wearisome, I shall ask your kind leave to let my remarks extend to next week as well. Since luxuries in the way of preserves, and bottled fruits have become so much more reasonable, many people think it positive waste of time and money to make their own, giving as the reason that it is so much easier and less expensive to buy them ready-made. It may be easier, very possibly, but I query whether it is less expensive, and if you are the good cook in this line that most of our Scotch neighbours are, you will know that no bought jam was ever so delicately flavoured as your own, nor can you be certain that when they are the manufactured wares of the large wholesale makers, they are so carefully supervised or as cleanly and purely dealt with as the infinitely smaller quantities over which you can keep a watchful eye. This is said with no want of respect to the great jam-makers, whose preserves are certainly wonderful for the money, but they would probably agree with me in their own minds, that like many another home manufacture, home-made jam when thoroughly well done is quite unrivalled. Those housekeepers who are obliged to buy their fruit in towns are heavily handicapped by the chance of its not having been gathered dry, which is naturally fatal to the keeping powers of any jam. But a thoroughly respectable greengrocer will now and then kindly take the trouble to see that the fruit they supply to their customers does not linger on the road from the market gardeners who supply the market. When it is possible, see that your fruit is gathered some fine, dry, sunshiny morning, and if you cannot preserve it immediately after picking, which is most advisable, and are obliged to keep it, do so in a dry room or cellar. I have always found the best way in the case of the juicy seed fruits is to lay them out on sheets of brown paper, separating each berry or bunch as much as possible. Stone fruits should be similarly treated, and not allowed to touch each other, and turned over daily. Having for many years been in the habit of making over two hundred pounds weight of jam annually I think I may lay claim to a little experience in the matter. In the preparation of the fruit there is a great deal of difference between the wholesale and home-made preserves. In peeling, stoning or halving stone fruit only a silver knife

should be used, especially in the case of cherries and other acid stone fruits. The most careful handling is needed in any of the three operations so that the berry, or plum should not retain a bruised appearance afterwards. Even with the two most ordinary preserves, namely gooseberry and black currant, though it is certainly rather laborious, each berry ought to be topped, and tailed, and that not with the fingers, which rarely fail to break the skin or to mash the fruit. I prefer an old pair of scissors, and this little extra trouble is well worth the while in the improvement, and wonderful difference it makes in the jam. The hulls of raspberries and strawberries are unfortunately hardly amenable to this snipping process, but even in their case it is best to use a silver fork.

Summer and Autumn flittings have already begun, and if there is a thing that is the corner stone of our comfort on these occasions, it is to be provided with a thoroughly useful waterproof, comfortable, and above all not too cumbersome trunk. We "poor weak women," as the men kindly call us with the superiority and bumptiousness peculiar to their sex, are generally chaffed about the size and volume of our luggage, and general impedimenta. But now, by a clever invention, a trunk has been made of a peculiarly prepared wood fibre overlaid with a waterproof cement into sheets. These sheets have a layer of thick canvas cemented to each, and when welded all together a substance or plate is the result, of about quarter-of-an-inch in thickness. Though comparatively thin this peculiar stuff will bear no end of knocking about, and is not only lighter, but thus more durable than the wicker dress baskets covered with waterproof, which we have long thought the acme of delightful and unweighty luggage. Where weight is a matter of money, as in foreign and Colonial travelling, the advantage of having one's possessions placed in a casing that is not a serious item in the "ponderosity" of one's boxes, is naturally very great. So as many of my kind readers may be thinking of their annual outing, I tell them of this as a useful thing to know.

The new Swiss belts, or *corselets*, as the French people name them, I particularly wish to call to your attention. You have probably often noticed them in one or another form in the sketches I have given you of dresses from time to time. Well, now I wish to recommend them to you for those summer dresses to which you may find it useful to wear blouse bodices, because they are so far prettier and tidier than merely an ordinary ribbon waistbelt. Many people find a difficulty in keeping the blouse nice and taut, as sailors say; it has an unpleasant way of bagging at the waist by an extra movement, and not resuming its place. This can be greatly obviated by wearing an ordinary ribbon band round the blouse itself under that of the skirt, and by having the usual ribbon band with a buckle outside all. But the Swiss belt is better still, and keeps matters much more in order, and shipshape, (dear me, I am getting quite nautical!) and is less trouble in the end.

### The Other Side.

#### A REMEMBRANCE.

No traveller in Switzerland who has ever noted the peculiarities of the country can have failed to mark the wonderful and suggestive contrasts (so delicately dwelt on by the late Matthew Arnold), between the terrible Alpine heights, given over to snow and desolation, where the very blood seems poisoned in its course, and the fruitful and smiling valleys on either side. A remembrance of this kind, connected with the forbidding pass of the Simplon, and the beautiful valley town of Domo d'Ossola, prompted these lines.

There are fresh blooms and ripening trees  
Down in the valleys sweet;  
All perfume gathers to the breeze,  
All flowers beneath the feet.

This is below—but up, thou seest  
This mountain, bleak and bare;—  
Thou Something at my side that fleest,  
Ah! canst thou be Despair?

Betwixt me and that lovely land  
What leagues of anguish lie!  
Is there a place where one may stand,  
Still under stiller sky?

ONE, rich in mercy, reigns, who knows  
All that thy spirit keeps;  
A little space beyond these snows,  
Waiting, Italia sleeps.

{ CLAUDE BERWICK.  
{ A. R. G. HUNT.