

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.

PRETTY IDEAS.

ALTHOUGH 'Watteau' paniers and draped skirts are displayed on the stage, and in some of the newest French models, English-women cannot quite make up their minds to forsake the plain jupe, which, say what we may, is ten times smarter and more artistic than anything built in broken lines. After the holidays our dress-makers will—fresh from Lutetian rambles—perhaps manage to convince us that the straight-hanging frock is *démouée*. In the meantime we cherish a fashion which may be taken from us.

There is no lady in England who is more popular, or whose taste in dress meets with more general approbation, than H.R.H. the Princess of Wales; and I saw the other day a charming selection of bonnets which had just been sent for the inspection of herself and her daughters, and, moreover, had been greatly admired by them. One of them is portrayed in Fig. 1. It fits the head in charming fashion, without in any way disguising the form either of the face or the hair-dressing. The model was in brown velvet, with an up-standing bow of the same in the centre, and pretty ostrich tips on each side. It was characterised by that extreme simplicity which commands admiration whenever the Princess of Wales is seen in public.



There was a hat of the three-cornered form, made in plum colour, with ram's horn feathers turning reverse ways; and a Plateau had been crinkled into a most becoming hat trimmed with nitroil velvet, the brim edged with fur. Red velvet bordered a black velvet toque, with waved brim, having wired tails of fur by way of trimming intermixed with bows of black satin and red plumes. Another plateau displayed some fine embroidery, a couple of roses nestling gracefully at the back. Quite a gem of a bonnet was made of blue velvet, with a crown of Impeyan pheasant, showing a variety of metallic tints. Both in the hand and on the head you see at a glance how becoming these headgears must be.

My second sketch portrays a gown combining smartness and utility. The principal material is a black hopsack, a



material which has won for itself such favouritism, and is just now quite the rage. A new idea is carried out in the make of the broad revers. Buttoned on to the lining by

means of silver buttons, and hooked here and there just under the coat, they can be taken off at my lady's pleasure, and be replaced by white moiré revers secured in the same manner. The tight-fitting waistcoat fastening at the back is in the white watered silk, and consequently matches the cuffs and the piping of the hop sack revers. Smaller silver buttons are stitched on the gilet, to which the coat is temporarily secured on either side. This is a regular cutaway jacket with a very full tail, or rather basque, ending at the hips. The high collar is turned back to reveal a round under one, both being, of course, composed of the moiré. The *chapeau* is built in black chip with a fancy white lace like border, black satin with a narrow edging of white is chosen as a garniture.

So few *mamans* seem to possess imagination in the dressing of their thirteen and fourteen-year-old girls. And yet this gawky age should by rights be the easiest to clothe. For hasn't Mademoiselle 'Gawk' the advantage of being able to wear blends that savour of dainty childhood as well as important womanhood? The *gamine* I give is wearing a most becoming costume. The skirt is composed of chest-



nut coloured velveteen, while the coat is made of parchment cloth. An old English style of puffing in the brown velvet varied by the introduction of little cloth straps, converts the sleeves into something quite unique. The *velours* yoke, which develops into epaulettes, is designed on entirely novel lines, and is edged with mix; the collar and cuffs being also finished off with fur. Instead of a work-a-day pocket, mademoiselle possesses a dainty brown velvet bag, buckled on to a folded band slung loosely round the waist. This toilette, crowned by a chestnut *velours* cap with crimson quilts, makes quite an ideal walking frock.

Though economical, the mode of evening bodices made of a different material to the skirt is decidedly *rococo*, and is one that is apt to be exaggerated by people devoid of taste.

The egg-blue 'palm' brocade composing my tea gown seems especially woven for this delightfully *négligé* connection. A Russian embroidery, in which dead gold and



dead blue play hide-and-peek, trims the hem and the opening of the gown. Daintily-arranged *crêpe* lace and a gathered chemisette in light blue *crêpe* de Chine complete a garment quite out of the common run of tea gowns.

Going to Mme. W—— I asked what was to be worn in the way of gowns during summer. 'Crepon,' she replied. 'But new crapes such as have come in fancy weaves are also stylish, especially the one that resembles basket cloth. This

is 10a. a yard, 48 inches, and greatly in demand. Henrietta cloths are rarely worn. Nun's veiling has been abandoned. Mouseline de soie will trim everything. The ornaments are dull jet spangles. These spangles are put on either in single rows or in overlapping rows four inches in depth. To be stylish one must be spangled; madame added, 'although it seems incongruous when mourning is concerned.' One of the *crapes* in hand was a *crêpe*. The skirt was in two ruffles, the bottom only a foot deep. They were scalloped at broad distances and outlined with narrow knife plaitings of mouseline. A braid pattern above followed the line of the scallops. The body was full, gathered into a folded belt of dull armure silk and a broad yoke, ruffled with the *crêpe*, put on plainly, the scalloped edges outlined with knife plaitings and hung nearly to the waist. The leg-of-mutton sleeve had scalloped cuffs that turned back to the elbows.

HELOISE.

The late lamented Lady Dover was one of the wittiest of her sex. One day the conversation happened to turn on Scotland and the Scotch people. Lady E—— told her Ladyship that she never knew a Scotchman who was not wedded to his country. 'They make very fashionable husbands, then,' said Lady Dover, 'for I never knew one that did not run away from his wife.'

At a church in Scotland, where there was a popular call, two candidates offered to preach, of the names of Adam and Low. The last preached in the morning, and took for his text, 'Adam, where are thou?' He made a most excellent discourse, and the congregation were much edified. In the evening Mr. Adam preached, and took for his text, 'Lo, here am I!' The impromptu and his sermon gained him the church.

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