

self, and will be most appropriate to throw over one's head on leaving a theatre or a ball-room, or for the country when you want to ramble through the park and shrubberies. For the evening the *couverture* consists of light material lined with thin silk and garished with lace and loops of ribbon; for example, you can have one in ivory-white *chenille* spotted gauze with an English point *ruche*, lined with absinthe green surah, and ornamented with ribbon of the same hue. Another is quite white, in Brussels point, sable tails as light as small feathers taking the place of ribbon. A more serious one is in orange-coloured *crepe* adorned with black Chantilly lace butterflies.

That cremation is gaining ground in the esteem of the educated classes as the most rational and sanitary means of disposing of the dead is shown by the cluster of eminent persons whose bodies have been burned at Woking lately. The Duke of Bedford, Baron Huddleston, and Mr. Kinglake, the historian, have been cremated within the month.

A distinguished German officer passing through London the other day told a correspondent a good story of the late Red Prince. "We were on watch before Metz," the officer said, "on a bitterly cold night. Chilling snow and rain were coming down in torrents when suddenly the Prince galloped up to where we were stationed, and, after a hasty 'Good evening,' inquired if we had any schnaps about us. 'I am almost frozen,' His Royal Highness added. We had one bottle of Cognac between us, and it nearly broke my heart to answer in the affirmative. The Prince took the bottle with a grim smile, and also took a mighty pull at it. 'Donnerwetter, what is it?' he then inquired, as if dissatisfied. 'Cognac, your Royal Highness,' I answered. 'Cognac? Then I will try it again,' he exclaimed. The bottle was raised to his lips, and we could hear the liquor gurgling down his thirsty throat. Again the Prince paused, taking a long breath, and we got a whiff of the spirit, which we took ruefully as the remains of our bottle. 'It really tastes like Cognac,' said the Prince, with the critical air of a connoisseur. 'Will you allow me to take a pull at it?' 'At your service, your Royal Highness,' I replied somewhat sadly, and for the third time the base of the bottle was turned up to the sky. 'Very good Cognac indeed, comrade,' said the Red Prince, with a smile. 'Many thanks for your kindness,' and handing back the bottle with about an inch of fluid remaining, he turned his horse's head and rode away into the darkness of the night."

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TOMMY:—(who had concealed himself under the sofa during the betrothal scene.  
Sister, let me see your ring.  
His SISTER:—Why Tommy?  
TOMMY:—I want to see if the galoot told the truth when he said his heart was in it

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