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SUNSET ON CHARLESTON HARBOR.

The trailing clouds, rose hued and amber laced,
Lit with pale fire the bay
As on the silver sloping beach we faced
The slowly fading day.
Proud Sumter frowned across the waters red,
Majestic in decay,
Wearing, crownlike, upon her haughty head
The sun's last ray.

A golden veil o'er all the city hung,
Hiding the earthquake's scar,
A slender boat, with gleaming sails a-drifting,
Sped toward the distant bar.
The sunset died. A pink beamed from the heights
And shone answered far,
The city glittered with a thousand lights,
O'er Sumter shone one star.
—Edward Darrell in St. Louis Magazine.

THEIR TRIO.

Scene—The practice room of a young ladies' seminary music club. It is the day before the club's annual concert, and three of its members have, by an elaborate stratagem, secured the room for just one-half hour for a last rehearsal of the trio they are to render. They have locked the door and established themselves in a corner, with a box of bon bons within reach, and their music open before them. Maude, who is youthfully piquant and pretty, rests the tip of one patent leather boot upon a low hassock; the lavender ribbon which decks her guitar makes a harmony for her neck. Helen, who is a young woman of extremely ample proportions, is trying to coddle upon a rather too narrow window seat, while she devours goodies and thrums the classic banjo; and the ink stained fingers of Louise clasp the bit of tortoise shell which is to evoke strains of linked sweetness from her infant mandolin.

Louise—Hurry up now, girls! After we've worked so hard to get the room, we mustn't waste a minute! (Strikes the first notes of the prelude with an air which plainly signifies that she means there shall be no trifling.)

Helen (impatiently, as a string snaps) —There goes my string. Bother! That's always the way when I'm in a hurry. There is nothing more provoking than a little banjo string.

Louise—Unless it's a Greek verb. I've worked for hours—

Helen—Where is my banjo bag? Of course it must go and get itself lost! Well, if I haven't been sitting on it the whole time! I thought I wasn't just exactly comfortable. Here, Lou, unpucker it for me, while I take out this string. I'll only be two minutes.

Maude (cheerfully helping herself to a crystallized cherry)—I think I have my part perfectly now, all but that horrid divertissement on the last page. Oh, if I fail in that I'll feel like expiring! I'll never take part in another concert. It's too trying. I've had enough trouble over my gown to drive one mad. Oh, girls, I had such a lovely letter from Alice this morning!

Louise (intensely interested)—Did you! What did she say? I suppose they're awfully happy?

Maude (con expressione)—Happy!

Helen (whose countenance has been contorted by expressions of acutest anguish during the tightening of her banjo string)—And is he as devoted as ever?

Maude—Devoted! Well, they're simply ecstatic! I wish I had brought the letter. If I had had any idea that Helen was going to keep us waiting like this—let's see—perhaps I can remember what she says. (Clasps her hands about the neck of her guitar and recites with closed eyes)—"Yes, we've been married a whole month now, dearest Maude, and I can truthfully say that I haven't a single regret. Indeed, I never knew what happiness was before. Harold"—

Louise (murmuring)—How lovely!

Maude (continuing to quote)—"Harold is the personification of—the personification of"—pshaw! I can't remember what it's of, but it's something sweet.

Helen (whose interest in the letter has caused her to allow the peg to slip, and who now resumes her struggle with the refractory string)—Well, she ought to be happy, I'm sure! I never saw such devotion—it was perfectly abject. He never even looked at the rest of us if Alice—

Louise (dubiously)—But she had only known him a year.

Maude (meaning to be very sarcastic) —I suppose Louise thinks people ought to grow up together, or else demand a certificate of—

Louise—Not at all! But a year!—And you know, girls, Hal used to be—

Maude (vehemently)—Well, what if he did! He isn't any more. He's all right now, and he simply adores Alice. He'd die for her! How can you talk so, Louise? Just think how he gave up cigarettes for her.

Louise—Yes—exchanged them for a nasty pipe.

Maude—For a pipe, did you say! Well, Alice says she likes a fine meerschaum or brierwood pipe. "Only a year!" Why, Louise, every one knows that love isn't dependent upon time. For my part, I believe in love at first sight!

Louise (groaning)—Oh—oh! Maude!

Helen (laughing)—Maude, you're simply killing!

Maude (defiantly)—Well, I do! Of course I don't mean that I think people should be married right off, or even (weakening under their reproachful glances) that they should become engaged; but I do think—I believe—I know (gathering courage)—yes, I know that people can love each other the very first time they meet. Why, I know a girl—

The others (forgetting their disapproval)—Oh, tell us about her, Maude, do!

Maude (determinedly)—No! Don't beg me. I can't. I've promised. But I met her last summer and she is married now, and she loved her husband before she even knew his name. So, there!

Helen—Oh, I know. It's that girl you told me about last fall. So romantic!

Louise—Yes, romantic—and silly. How could she love a man before she knew his thoughts or feelings or tastes?

Helen (at hazard)—Perhaps she did know, Lou—er—instinctively.

Louise—Nonsense! I believe in long engagements.

Helen—Well, I don't! I think, when people love each other, they should be married and begin helping each other at once. I don't like the idea of engagements—its like joining the church on probation.

Louise (seriously)—But surely, Helen, a broken engagement is better than a wretched marriage. Don't be unreasonable!

Helen—A girl has no business to get engaged to the wrong man. I despise a flirtation—it's so common!

Maude—That's why I detest Margaret Crayson so. The way she ——

Louise—But, Helen, sometimes people make mistakes.

Helen—It's usually their own fault.

Maude (dramatically)—Is it?

Unless you can come to a crowd all day
On the slowest face that fixed you,
Unless you can look at the angels may
With the breaths of heaven between you,
Unless you can dream that his faith is fast
Through behoving and unbehoving,
Unless you can die when the dream is past,
Oh, never call it loving!

(Helen sighs expansively. Louise looks pensively through the window. Maude fingers her lavender harness. There is a dead silence.)

Helen (abruptly)—Girls, what does "behoving" mean, any way?

Maude—"Behoving!" It means—"Behoving" means—Louise, what does "behoving" mean?

Louise (earnestly)—Now, it seems to me that I'd have to know a man was worthy—no matter how fascinating. He'd have to attract me by his goodness.

Maude—Ugh! "Goodness!" There are lots of good men I simply abominate! The man I love must be brave and cultured, and he must love me better than his life or his honor or—or anything! I believe I could overlook a man's faults if he loved me to distraction.

Helen (musingly)—Then he'd be good for your sake.

Maude (with the fervor of youth or inexperience)—Of course he would. That's where a woman's power comes in.

Louise—You girls talk as if a man were a pliable clay image.

Helen—Well, not exactly that, but pretty near it.

Maude—I believe that when a woman inspires the right kind of love——

Helen—What is the right kind?

Louise (solemnly)—Paul says: "Men love"——

Maude—Horrors! Lou won't let the least shred of romance into her views. Now, I want my husband to adore me. No matter how frivolous I am, he must consider me perfection. I don't want to be ruled or reverenced. I just want to be loved. I want my husband to be always thinking about me, and doing things for me—hand me a cherry, Helen. Fred Willard sent me those. Lovely, aren't they? Well, as I was saying, I want my husband to be intellectual and handsome, and (as an afterthought) of course, he must be good; but, no matter what else he is, he must be devoted to me. My ideal man isn't a cold blooded being like that lank creature we met yesterday who goes about doing good works. No! He's young and chivalrous and patriotic, and cultured and manly——

Helen—Do you think he exists on this poky old planet?

Louise—The highest type of man——

Maude (impatiently)—Do listen to Lou! It sounds like one of Bacon's essays. Go on!

Louise—I don't ask for a perfect man; but I do insist that he should have fine instincts. He should love nature and beauty. He should live for other than sordid aims——

Maude (nibbling a cherry)—Yes, indeed! I do so hate a stingy man!

Louise—And, when he marries, he should seek a woman to be his companion and helpmeet and inspiration. And his children—well, I don't see how a man can be bad if he has children!

Maude—I think Louise is cut out to be a spinster, and deliver lectures before all sorts of women's societies and associations and that kind of thing—don't you, Helen? Imagine the figures a man would have to go through before he could understand her! What were you going to say, Lou?

Helen—I was going to ask Lou if her ideal man must be educated.

Louise—Well, not necessarily. I could love a man who had never entered a college if he felt within his soul the desire to know and the purpose to improve, and if——

Maude—There she goes again! That poor man!

Louise—And if I felt that I was necessary to the highest development of his nature and that he was necessary to mine.

Helen—Seems to me you want to reduce marriage to a science. You'll take a husband to further your development, just as you'd take a tonic or—or an emetic to——

Maude—Oh, Helen! How perfectly ridiculous!

Helen—Did you ever meet a man that came up to your ideas, Louise?

Louise (promptly)—Certainly not! When I do, I'll marry him—that is, if he asks me.

Maude—Now, when I marry, it will be purely——

(At this instant the clock strikes the hour. Maude is shocked into silence. Consternation lengthens each face. There is an impatient knocking at the door. Cries of "Time's up!" "Let us in!")

Omnes (mournfully, as they grasp their neglected instruments)—Oh, girls! Our trio!

Tableau.

—Amy Elizabeth Leigh in Kate Field's Washington.

The Care of Brushes.

It is very common to find people who are dainty in all their surroundings and who consider themselves thoroughly neat, who yet are careless about drying their toilet brushes. To wet a brush and leave it shut up in a close box insures its being moldy and rank in a short time. All toilet brushes that are used for the hands, mouth or teeth should be thoroughly rinsed and hung up where they will dry in a draft immediately after they are used. It is a good plan to rinse them and hang them in strong sunlight.

There are little racks which hang on the wall to hold the nail and the tooth brushes, and which serve the purpose of drying them better than any other contrivance which we have. If they are dried in an ordinary mug the water drips down and discolors the top of an ivory handle. Above all things, the tooth brush should be kept scrupulously clean, and it cannot be done unless it is kept thoroughly dried after being used and occasionally exposed to the purifying effects of the sunlight.—New York Tribune.

To Baffle Burglars.

French ingenuity has contrived a remedy for the inefficiency of ordinary contrivances. Doors for houses and apartments, those contrivances being mostly of so little avail against professionals who, wasting no time in efforts to raise the tumblers and move the bolt, simply insert the end of a short iron lever or "jimmy" between the door and its rabbet, forcing the whole affair inward, tearing out both locks and bolts on the way.

According to the new device for meeting this difficulty, a combination is resorted to of the iron doors with the ordinary lock in such a manner that locking the door sets a clamp in place which will resist an enormous strain, but on the return of the proprietor the unlocking of the door in the usual way shifts the upper end of the clamp from the door to the frame, where it presents no obstacle to the opening of the door. The mechanism of the lock itself need not be very elaborate, although the picking of the lock would move both the bolt and the clamp, for if there are tumblers enough to prevent picking with a bit of wire, and if the jimmy is insufficient for the purpose, the point of security is attained.—New York Sun.

They Took a Walk.

An amusing anecdote is told of Louis XVIII of France.

This inoffensive monarch took breakfast one morning. Then his ministers called upon him.

"Well," said the king, "how are the public affairs?"

"Getting along very nicely, sire," said the ministers.

"Hum! In that case," said the king, "I think I will go and take a walk."

Next morning after breakfast the ministers called again. "Well, how do the public affairs get on to-day?" asked the king.

"Very badly, indeed, sire," said the ministers.

"Hum!" exclaimed the king; "in that case I think I will—go and take a walk."

Next day no ministers called on the king.

"What has become of my ministry?" said the king, after breakfast.

"Sire," said the palace functionary who was in attendance, "parliament has turned out the ministry."

"Ah!" said the king; "then it's they who have taken a walk this time, eh?" —Youth's Companion.

Formation of Chalk.

A French scientist, M. Walther, has made some observations in the Mediterranean sea of the manner in which chalk is formed by sea weeds. He particularly studied the lithothamnia of the Bay of Naples, which grow at depths of from 100 to 300 feet, a class of alga remarkably poor in organic matter, but rich in mineral constituents, among which carbonate of lime is preponderant. They grow to be about as large as the hand, and then die without suffering change of form by decomposition. Living plants attach themselves to dead ones, and thus extensive deposits are formed. Beds of pure, uncrystallized chalk remain after the gradual disappearance of the organic matter, the vacancies left by which are gradually filled with calcareous substances. Beds of chalk thus formed may, under some conditions, attain great thickness.—Journal of Health.

Cures for Witchery.

Rev. Joseph Doddridge, in his "Notes of the Settlement and Indian Wars in Pennsylvania and Virginia," in that portion of the work treating of "Witchcraft" says:

The diseases of children supposed to be inflicted by witchcraft were those of dropsy of the brain and the rickets. These were diseases which could neither be accounted for nor cured, consequently they were ascribed to some supernatural agency. For the cure of diseases inflicted by witches, the picture of the supposed witch was drawn on a stump or piece of board and shot at with a bullet containing a little bit of silver. This silver bullet transferred a painful and sometimes mortal spell on that part of the witch corresponding with the part of the picture struck by the bullet.

Why He Took Down the Fire Escape.

A local hotel keeper gives a queer excuse for not having a fire escape from a bedroom in the second story. He says that he had one placed there a year ago, but the first two weeks three boarders skipped their bills by its means and then he had it taken out.—Springfield Republican.

"German Syrup"

Here is an incident from the South —Mississippi, written in April, 1890, just after the Grippe had visited that country. "I am a farmer, one of those who have to rise early and work late. At the beginning of last Winter I was on a trip to the City of Vicksburg, Miss., where I got wall drenched in a shower of rain. I went home and was soon afterward with a dry, hacking cough. This grew worse every day, until I had to seek relief. I consulted Dr. Dixon who has since died, and he told me to get a bottle of Boschee's German Syrup. Meantime my cough grew worse and worse and then the Grippe came along and I caught that also very severely. My condition then compelled me to do something. I got two bottles of German Syrup. I began using them, and before taking much of the second bottle, I was entirely clear of the Cough that had hung to me so long, the Grippe, and all its bad effects. I felt tip-top and have felt that way ever since." Peter J. Briald, Jr., Cayuga, Hinds Co., Miss. ®

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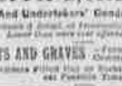

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