

SUNSET.

And now on my last cruise I go,
And in a lonely quest;
Yet the wind wakes; the strong tides flow
Forever to the west.

BISMARCK.

Everyone thought me a remarkable
lucky youngster when I secured the
position of assistant operator in the
little telegraph office at Ellicott, but I
soon found out that Old Sump, as the
boys called him, never would be in-
vited to join the angel band if he did
not sandpaper off the ragged edges of
his uneven temper.

Jacob Sampson, properly was my
employer, and if I did not get drilled
in that office! But there was one ray
of light—one oasis in the desert of my
life in that wretched little prison, and
that was—Bismarck.

Bismarck was the prettiest, sweet-
est little gem of German girl that
ever breathed. That is her parents
were Germans, who, having been dis-
appointed in a son, had named their
only daughter after the great Count
Von Bismarck.

Bismarck had never been outside of
the State, and nothing but the sweet-
est little accent in the world would
have told you that her parents were
not simon pure Americans.

Her place in our office was that of
copyist and pupil; she had been well
educated, and was now learning the
graphology of Old Sump, who treated us
both with all the arrogance of a low-
bred man.

But for all the vigilance of his little
mole-like eyes, I found opportunity to
sneak many a sweet word to pretty little
Bismarck, and had often noted the
tenderness in her big blue eyes, and
the flush on her cheek grew to rival
the damask rose when I had uttered
some darning word of love. Darning,
because I never could get a word of
reply from darling Bismarck upon the
subject.

Oh! I was happy. In spite of pov-
erty or Old Sump, I knew that Bis-
marck loved me, and I never despaired
of making her own until the day
when my budding idiosyncrasy bloomed
into the perfect flower.

Mrs. Warner was one of the worst
female cranks that ever bothered the
human race. She was completely
gone on telegrams. Unfortunately she
had plenty of money and was continu-
ally sending the most trivial messages
to her distant friends, and then blaming
us because they did not answer her.

One day when Old Sump was at din-
ner she bothered me nearly out of my
wits, and entirely broke up my little
tete-a-tete with Bismarck.

"Mrs. Warner," said I, "wera out.
If you had received a telegram I
should have sent it to you."

"Yes?" returned she questioningly.
"Is it very strange at least, Mary
Wane would let me know if Robbie had
got over the measles, know."

"Perhaps she thought a letter would
do."

"No, she knows that I would want
to know immediately. I think there
must be some mistake. I will wait
until Mr. Sampson comes in."

"And she did. I stole a glance at
Bismarck but she seemed utterly un-
concerned while the wretched Mrs.
Warner pined me with all sorts of sus-
picious questions. At length I
locked myself into the private office
and let Bismarck carry on the con-
versation.

When Sampson came in he answered
her so gruffly that she soon with-
drew and then he turned upon me
shortly:

"Why didn't you send that woman
about her business. Haven't you got
a tongue in your head?"

"She didn't think that I was worth
noticing," replied I, meekly.

This sort of thing lasted for a week.
She always came in about dinner time,
she always waited for Sampson, and
she invariably let out his spleen upon
me.

I grew to dread her; but one
day when both Bismarck and Samp-
son were at dinner, there came a
change.

Mrs. Warner's errand boy came in
her stead.

"Mrs. Warner wants to know if you
have heard from Mary Jane's
baby?"

"No," replied I curtly. "There has
no message come."

"Are you sure?"

"Of course I am. Trot back to Mrs.
Warner and tell her now."

"Well I don't know," remarked
he. "Mrs. Warner thinks you don't
know as much as you might. Won't
you please write down what you
said?"

"Yes I will," cried I, in desperation.
I hastily caught up a form and finding
that Bismarck had been scribbling
some German sentences upon
it, I was about to throw it down
again, when a thought struck me.
Mrs. Warner never could read that.
I dashed it into an envelope saying
hastily:

"Take her this and then try and
keep away from here."

The boy had not crossed the street
when I began to feel uncomfortable.
Then I laughed in satisfaction as I
thought of the time Mrs.
Warner would have trying to make
it out.

Bismarck came in directly, looking
prettier than ever.

"Say, Bis," coaxed I, lounging up to
her desk. "Own up now that you are
just as absurdly in love with me as I
am with you."

She turned upon me a look which
would have turned the head of old
Sump himself, and said in assumed in-
dignation

"Will, you are utterly ridiculous."
I knew it pleased her though, and I
was about to repeat my theme with
some brilliant variations, when I be-
held old Sump, coming from one way
and Mrs. Warner from another.

The two entered together.

"Mr. Sampson, will you just look at
this telegram? I can't make it out at
all. Will you please read it for me?"

I felt a tremor waltz up and down
my spinal column when she paused.
Old Sump, put on his glasses, and
took the paper into his hand. He
looked at it a minute, and then he
glanced at Bismarck.

"Ahem! Miss Lautenschlager, did
you write out this telegram?"

"No, sir."

"You must have done so, it is writ-
ten in German. Read it aloud, Miss
Lautenschlager."

"I know nothing about it," replied
Bismarck, turning white as she took
the paper.

Old Sump, took an angry step to-
ward her.

"Don't deny it, Miss Lautenschla-
ger, you wrote that, now read it
aloud."

I was about to interpose but Bis-
marck spoke up quickly.

It must be a mistake, Mr. Sampson,
it is not a telegram, only something
which I scribbled in an idle moment."

"Indeed! Read it, Miss Lauten-
schlager."

"I had rather not," replied Bis-
marck, the tears gathering in her
eyes.

"Read it, I say, I will know what is
going on in this office," shouted old
Sump, his bald head growing purple
with anger.

"It is only Mr. Depue's name, writ-
ten over a couple of times, and my
own," replied Bismarck bravely, but
turning from red to white.

"And you wrote it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Pretty occupation for a young
lady," he sneered. "The next thing is
how did Mrs. Warner get hold of it?"

"I sent it to her," said I, boldly,
looking old Sump in the eye.

"What did you do that for?" he
asked, nearly excited enough to strike
me.

I felt perfectly reckless of conse-
quences. After his brutality to Bis-
marck, I would have liked to throttle
him, besides I never believe in jann-
ing the cat back in the bag when his
head is out. I answered boldly:

"Because she is around here boring
us continually. I thought I would
give her something to study on a lit-
tle. I hoped it would keep her at home
an hour or two. I could not myself
read the writing, but thought it was
only scribbling, as it really was," con-
cluded I, casting a beseeching look
at Bismarck.

Old Sump's sarcasm was beautiful.

"Then we are to consider this a prac-
tical joke, Mrs. Warner. Mr. Depue,
however, may consider himself dis-
charged from his situation, and Miss
Lautenschlager, who I find was not to
blame in the matter, may fill the vac-
ant place."

"All right, sir," replied I pompous-
ly, "I will depart on the next train."

Mrs. Warner withdrew in great in-
dignation, and old Sump, after hand-
ing me my salary, shut himself up in
his private office.

"Bismarck," whispered I, "can you
ever forgive me?"

"You were not to blame, I ought
not to write such things."

"Oh, why did my stupid tongue say it!"

"Never mind Bis, you'd had to have
owned it sometime!"

"Owned what, sir?"

"Why, that you adored me, of
course."

"I did not own it, sir."

"Oh! yes you did, Bis. Ask old
Sump if that wasn't owning me!"

How she did take that piece of im-
pudence! I tried to joke her out of
it, but in vain.

"I never will be your friend again,"
she said.

Still I went cheerfully on.

"Now, Bis, I didn't mean to get
you into a tangle in this manner. I like
you, and it's only fair that you should
like me."

She turned her back upon me and
would not answer me.

The train came rolling into the sta-
tion.

"Good-bye, Bismarck. I'm going to
write to you and you must answer
me," said I in agony.

She did not reply and I was obliged
to go, for it was the last train that
stopped at Ellicott that day.

I plied the brass knocker and was
answered by a pleasant looking farm-
er.

"Any clocks you would like to have
repaired to-day?"

"Wal, now, I dun'know; there's that
old clock father left me. 'I've allus
thought I'd like to have that put to
rights."

"Very well, I would be pleased to
straighten it up for you."

"What do you charge?"

"One dollar, sir."

"That's mo'n it's worth. I'll give
you a quarter an' your dinner?"

"All right, sir. I'll do it."

Fortunately he did not wait for me
to finish my work before dinner, he
took me at once to the kitchen.

I wonder what the old fellow thought
of my appetite, I saw him watching
me with an astonished look.

"Don't you wish you had given me
a dollar instead of my dinner?" slipped
out of my mouth before I thought.

"I swan I do," replied he with a
guffaw. "But if you can tinker as well
as you can eat, I won't find no fault."

After dinner he conducted me to a
pleasant sitting room and placed an
old fashioned clock upon the table for
me to manipulate.

He then left me. I looked at that
clock with defiance and tackled it with
a vim. It came to pieces readily
enough. All I could do was to rub it
a little and put it together again, but I
would do that much any way.

As I was busy scouring up the dust-
covered wheels, I became conscious
that there were some girls in the next
room taking an unseemly survey of my-
self and my doings. The door be-
tween us was wide open, and I could
hear them tittering as they looked
through the crack behind the door. I
could hear too the click of a sewing
machine and the rustle of cloth as that
forbidding domain, but I concentrated
my mind upon my work, and soon I
began to wonder if ever I could put
the thing together again.

I tried it; it was a vain endeavor. I
changed it a half-dozen times but still
it was no go. What was to be done?

I called my futile brain to my aid, and
was about to inform my employer that
I had left some very important tools
where I had last plied my trade, and
propose to go back for them before fin-
ishing my work, and thus escape, when
I heard from the next room a differ-
ent sound from that of the sewing
machine.

It was that of an improvised tele-
graph. The tapping of some hard sub-
stance upon the window pane and to
my experienced ear it said:

"Look under your chair. You
have dropped one of the wheels."

I glanced quickly around. There lay
the wheel. Instead of picking it up, I
tapped with my jack-knife upon the
table:

"Who on earth are you?"

"An old friend," came back
promptly.

"Bismarck!" I shouted, bounding
into the other room overturning table
and clock in my haste.

There she was, the precious darling,
prettier than ever.

I caught her in my arms never heed-
ing the astonished lookers-on, and
hugged her and kissed her with all the
pent up fondness of five years, and she
returned the kisses.

She will not own it now, but she did.
I would take my oath to it, but 'till
I've heard that women forget all about
their young days when they are once
settled in life.

Bismarck informed me that her par-
ents had died of cholera almost
as soon as they had landed in Paris,
and that she had returned to
America and had sewed for her living
ever since.

I put that clock together before I
started for town, and what was more
astonishing, the thing actually ran for
months afterwards.

That quarter carried me to my uncle's
where I became a gentleman of consid-
erable importance, and after a short
time Bismarck and myself were mar-
ried.

No, my uncle did not die and leave
us all his property, but for all that we
are the happiest couple in St. Louis,
fog with my darling Bismarck; money
does not make the man.—Sara B.
Rose, in Chicago Ledger.

A Watch With One Wheel.

A curiosity in the way of watches
was shown by Mr. E. Sordet, director
of the watchmakers' school at Geneva,
before the horological section of the
Society of Arts. This wonder is noth-
ing less than a watch with one wheel,
manufactured in Paris in the last cen-
tury by a M. Gautrin. The watch was
presented to the National Institute in
1790, being then in a deplorable state;
but the teacher of the repairing section
of the school, M. Emile James, has,
after many hours of labor, succeeded in
re-establishing harmony between the
various organs, so that it is now in
going order. The great wheel which
gives the watch its name occupies the
bottom of the case and is 33 mm. in
diameter. Its axis carries two
pinions, one of which receives the
motive force from a barrel, and the
other carries the minute work. The
function of this great wheel is quad-
rangle. First, it acts on a lift, then on
a lever operating on another destined
to lower the axis of the watch, and
lastly on a third lever, the latter serv-
ing to return power to the great wheel
at the moment when the action re-
sults by the rise of the axis.

Boiling Water in a Sheet of Paper.

Take a piece of paper and fold it up,
as schoolboys do, into a square box
without a lid. Hang this up to a walk-
ing stick by four threads, and support
the stick on books or other convenient
props. Then a lamp or taper must be
placed under this dainty experiment. In
a few moments the water will boil.
The only fear is lest the threads
should catch fire and let the water
spill into the lamp and over the table.
The flame must therefore not be too
large. The paper does not burn be-
cause it is wet, and even if it resisted
the wet it would not be burned through,
because the heat imparted to one side
by the flame would be very rapidly
conducted away by the other.—Nature.

FARM AND GARDEN.

The Treatment of Garget, and the Use of the
Brush on Cows.

Garget, or caked udder, which is
known to medical men as Mammitis,
or inflammation of the udder, is most
common in the spring, when the cows
are about to come in. It prevails more
or less at all seasons, especially among
large milkers and highly fed cows, and
to some extent in cows that are badly
cared for, and exposed to the rigors of
the weather. The first indication of it
is hardness of the udder, and a stop-
page of the flow of milk, or the ap-
pearance of thick, stringy matter, in
place of the milk. Sometimes it ap-
pears in the form of a blood-like mat-
ter in the milk. This may not be ap-
parent until the milk has been set for
cream, when the red matter is found
at the bottom of the pan or pail. In
very rare cases, nothing but a blood-
like fluid is drawn from the teats, and
this sometimes continues for weeks.
The disease may be produced by vari-
ous causes. Physical injury to the
udder, as by blows, pressure, undue
exercise when the udder is full of milk,
exposure to cold by lying upon snow
or ice, or in wet places, or in cold
barns; over-feeding, chiefly before
calving, or too soon after it; or by
forcing the cow to a large production;
or by constitutional tendency to it
when she is near calving; all these are
frequent causes of this disorder. There
are cases in which from some physical
defect in the udder, the glands are
unable to secrete milk from the blood,
but exude the blood itself, or an
imperfect milk, which has some of the
properties of the blood (chiefly it is
red globules or coloring matter), and
which throws up cream very little
differing from that of ordinary milk.
Such cases are very rare, and are
wholly incurable. Garget is more
easily prevented than cured. This re-
mark will apply to the whole list of
diseases and other troubles, to which
cows are subject. A careful,
observant dairyman, may not have a
case of it in his dairy for years, while
a neighbor may be losing half his pro-
duct through it. Prevention lies in
very careful feeding for a few weeks
before calving, during which time no
grain should be given; avoiding excess
of rich food, especially of cotton-seed
meal, which is a dangerous food in this
respect, on account of its highly nitro-
genous character; by carefully pro-
viding warm shelter and bedding for
the cows at all times, and avoiding
exposure to severe weather, especially
cold rains, or damp snows; and lastly,
by careful driving, and the banishment
of dogs from a farm where cows are
kept. The treatment consists in
giving a cooling purgative, as a pound
of Epsom salts, repeated after two or
three days; also, in warm fomentations
of the bag, with gentle rubbing and
kneading of the hard portions of the
udder, until they are softened, and
then after the udder has been dried
with a soft towel, to apply camphorated
soap liniment, mixed with an equal
part of ether; this is to be well rubbed
into the skin with the hand. This
tends to allay the inflammation, and
to prevent swelling of the glands. All
the milk should be drawn off. If it is
thick andropy, a solution of carbonate
of soda or saleratus in warm water,
should be injected into the teats, and
after a few minutes milked out. This
alkaline injection will dissolve the
curdled, acid milk, and bring it to a
condition to be drawn off with ease.—
American Agriculturist.

Use the Brush on the Cows.
Few persons consider the skin as
an excretory organ. It is supposed
to be—by those who think at all—
merely a protecting covering for the
muscles and animal frame, and some-
thing for the outer protective coat of
hair, or fur, or wool, or feathers, to
grow upon. But the skin is really the
most important outlet for the waste
matter of the whole body of an animal.
It is by no means a tight covering, but
contains myriads of pores or openings,
through which watery vapor escapes,
and with which also escapes a large
quantity of impure matter from the
blood. At times, the skin discharges
a large quantity of liquid matter,
which we call perspiration, and it is
always discharging moisture, which
escapes insensibly. At least, the skin
does this when in a healthy condition,
and when this excretion stops, it is an
indication that something is wrong.
Besides this, the skin is constantly
changing its substance; the outer por-
tions scale off, or exfoliate, while it is
renewed from within; so that in course
of a short time, the whole skin wears
away and is renewed. Where the skin
is covered with hair, these scales are
apt to gather and with the perspiration
to become compacted into a mass,
stopping the pores and preventing the
escape of the waste matter, which
being retained in the blood, does much
harm. For these reasons, constant
attention should be given to the skin,
brushing it, both to remove the ex-
foliated matter and the dried perspira-
tion, and to excite it to healthful action
should not be neglected. Horses, as a
rule, are fairly well attended to, be-
cause it is a custom to curry and
brush them regularly. But in many
cases, they are not sufficiently cleaned;
consequently their health is impaired.
The skin becomes clogged, and the
perspiration is retained in the blood,
producing more or less blood-poison-
ing, which may result in a variety of
disorders, at times producing farcy,
which ends in glanders. At best, the
coat becomes harsh, dry, and staring;
the skin is tight, or, as it is called,
"hide-bound," and becomes irritated,
producing itching, with perhaps the
loss of hair. Eruptions on the skin,
and pimples, and perhaps the well-
known "scratches" result from the re-
tention of these impure matters. To
avoid all these troubles, the horse
should be thoroughly brushed with a
stiff, clean brush, for at least ten
minutes, morning and night; and in
the summer, when perspiration is pro-
fuse, the skin should be sponged, or
washed down with a wisp of wet straw,
and then rubbed dry, before it is
brushed.

ridicule what they called our over-
niceness and fussiness, when the cows
were curried and brushed twice a day,
with as much currag as was given to the
horses. "What! currag a cow? Never
hearn tell of such a thing!" But a
cow needs it, even more than a horse;
and for several reasons. A cow,
whose milk is used for food, unless she
have a perfectly clean skin, cannot
give clean milk, and then the butter
will be bad. The skin should be in a
perfectly healthful condition; and the
blood pure, or the milk will be impure
and unhealthful, and the butter or
cheese will be tainted. Neither clean-
liness nor healthfulness can be secured
without regular brushing of the skin
and the removal of all the filth which
will gather upon ill-kept cows. This
should be done before the cows are
milked, both morning and evening.
The morning cleaning should be a
thorough one; a simple brushing, to
remove dust and loose hairs, will be
sufficient for the evening. It will help
very much, for both horses and cows
to have the stables so floored that the
animals can be kept from fouling
themselves.—Idem.

Minor Topics.

Fertilizers will give quicker result
than manure, but the effects of ma-
nure are, as a rule, more lasting and
durable.

It is too often the case that the gar-
den is neglected on the farm. The
luxuries of the garden should be en-
joyed by the farmer, and the fruits
should also be given their proper place
on the farm.

Sheep like a little clean straw scat-
tered on the shed every day. Stir up
the solid bedding, and then spread
evenly half an inch or so of fresh
straw on top. The sheep will lie
down, and you will see how much they
enjoy it.

The winter pork-packing season in
Chicago closed on February 28, and
since its commencement, on Novem-
ber 1, the packers have slaughtered
and salted 2,421,000 hogs,
against 2,011,381 for the correspond-
ing period of a year ago.

Don't feed your chickens only corn.
Remember that you can help them to
lay eggs by feeding them ground bone,
ground eggshells, etc. See that they
have a constant supply of fresh water.
Feed only when they seem to be hun-
gry.

There is no animal that has been so
greatly improved in price and breed-
ing as the western mustang. Fifteen
years ago one could buy unbroken
nags in California for \$6 or \$7 apiece.
To-day a good native saddle-horse on
that western slope is worth \$100.

Dr. Voelker found that the average
weight of clover-roots on an acre to be
about three tons, and that this fur-
nished about 100 pounds of available
nitrogen, and for that reason the clover
sod, when turned under, makes an
excellent fertilizer for wheat.

A potato to be in the best condition
for seed should be kept where the tem-
perature does not fall below 40 deg.
nor rise above 50 deg., and also where
no light will come to it. The air
should not be too dry or moist, and
when cut for seed the pieces should be
allowed to dry slightly before planting.

Minnesota has adopted a law pro-
hibiting the manufacture or sale of
adulterated dairy products, and the
governor has appointed Rev. W. C.
Rice, dairy commissioner, whose duty
it will be to see that the law is en-
forced. He will find plenty of work to
do in St. Paul and Minneapolis, and
especially in the latter city, where tons
of adulterated butter are sold annually
as genuine creamery or dairy.

Fruit trees require careful attention
when recently set out. The first two
or three years are important ones in
the life of a tree. It can then be
sparingly pruned at any time of the
year. The knife should then be ap-
plied whenever required, in order to
avoid cutting away large branches
when the tree becomes more fully de-
veloped and matured.

An Old Acquaintance.

"I am so glad to know you, Mrs.
Johnson, I am an old acquaintance of
your husband."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, long years ago, twenty years
ago, before he knew you. I was his
first love. We were, indeed, betroth-
ed."

"Yes, my dear," puts in Mr. John-
son. "Yes, that was very long ago."

"But you have not forgotten it,
John, have you?"

"No, no; but—"

"Do you remember our parting? Oh,
how sad!"

"Yes, it was; but—"

"We can talk about it now, for your
wife must know me as a friend of her's
as well. See this, Mrs. Johnson. Let
me give you this. It was the ring
John, your husband, pressed upon my
finger when his heart was free, when
we pledged our troth. I give it to
you, because—"

"Why, John! I declare. If this
isn't the ring you said you lost; the
ring I gave you when I was engaged
to you in 1865."

—There's a coolness among the three
now.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Cattle Statistics.

Ohio has 1,017,000 head of cattle,
making 24.8 head to the square mile.
Iowa has 35.9 to the mile, Illinois 26,
New York 18, and Texas 5.9. For
the United States at large this is 8
head for each 640 acres. Germany
has 32 per square mile, Great Britain
54. In the United States there are
three head of cattle for each four in-
habitants, while in Europe there is
only one animal for each six persons.
This tells the story better than a whole
volume why Europe imports so much
of our meats and why in the future she
will continue to do so. In this coun-
try the increase of live stock, notably
on the plains, is much faster than the
increase of population, while in Eu-
rope during the last twenty years the
reverse is found to be true. Viewed
in this light, it will be a long time be-
fore the market will be overstocked
with well-matured beef.

But few farmers ever think it ne-
cessary that a cow should be brushed.
We have seen neighbors laugh and

PASSING EVENTS.

A large acreage of potatoes will be
planted this spring by New York farm-
ers.

Chinese failures at Portland, Ore-
gon, of late, have been frequent and
settlements small.

Two vessels are on the way from
Hong Kong with seven hundred coolies
for Victoria, B. C.

Every county in Indiana except two
is represented by democratic office-
seekers in Washington.

Experiments show that the heating
value of wet coal is 25 per cent less
than that of which is dry.

It is calculated that the Mazatlan,
Mexico, custom-house will this year
collect \$3,000,000 in revenue.

Byron's original MS. of his poem,
"Faith thee well, and if forever," was
lately sold in London for about \$88.

Only three hundred copies of the re-
port of Guiteau's trial were printed by
the government, and most of these are
in the hands of speculators.

The United States steamer Chicago,
the last and largest of the new steel
cruisers built at Roach's ship-yard,
Chester, will be launched June 22.

Hon. Daniel Agnew, ex-chief justice
of the supreme court of Pennsylvania,
has been chosen to address the alumni
of Western university. He is one of
the oldest graduates.

The Yuma Indians, who numbered
three thousand fifteen years ago, are
now reduced to fifteen hundred. Their
chief, Pasqual, is supposed to have
long since passed his centennial year.

"Banish the devil of modern arith-
metic from our public schools," said
Hon. Henry C. Robinson in a speech
on public education in Hartford the
other day. "It assaults the brain and
impairs the life. It develops pre-
cocity, and precocity is unmanly, and
unmanly is a monster."

The four-story brown stone resi-
dence, No. 2,009 Chestnut street,
which was presented to Gen. Grant by
a committee of Philadelphia citizens
immediately after the close of the civil
war, will be sold at auction on June
12. The committee paid \$33,000 for
the house in 1865, and