

### 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.  
Good by! All wild and strange the sea,  
And pleasant is the shore;  
But though the coast be dear to me  
I shall return no more.  
Yet many a golden tale may rise,  
And many a glistening star,  
Or happy shores of paradise,  
Where our beloved are.  
The eastern sky looks bleak and cold,  
But day is nearly done;  
My boat rocks in a track of gold—  
I follow the setting sun.  
Good by forever, love! and yet—  
What may the darkness hide?  
On sea or land, if we two meet,  
I should be satisfied.  
—M. Kendall, in the Magazine of Art.

### 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 Samp, as the boys called him, never would be invited 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, sweetest little gem of a German girl that ever breathed. That is her parents were Germans, who, having been disappointed 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 sweetest 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 telegraphy of Old Samp, 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 say 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 daring word of love. Daring, because I never could get a word of reply from darling Bismarck upon the subject.

Oh! I was happy. In spite of poverty or Old Samp, I knew that Bismarck loved me, and I never despaired of making her own it until the day when my budding idiocy 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 continually sending the most trivial messages to her distant friends, and then blaming us because they did not answer her.

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

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

"Yes?" returned she questioningly. "It is very strange at least. Mary Jane would let me know if Robbie had got over the measles, I 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 unconcerned while the resolute Mrs. Warner plied me with all sorts of suspicious questions. At length I locked myself into the private office and let Bismarck carry on the conversation.

When Sampson came in he answered her so gruffly that she soon withdrew 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 he invariably let out his spleen upon me."

I grew to dread her; but one day when both Bismarck and Sampson 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 Samp himself, and said in assumed indignation:

"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 beheld old Samp, 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 Samp, 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 written in German. Read it aloud, Miss Lautenschlager."

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

Old Samp, took an angry step toward her.

"Don't deny it, Miss Lautenschlager, you wrote that, now read it aloud!"

I was about to interpose but Bismarck 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 Lautenschlager."

"I had rather not," replied Bismarck, the tears gathering in her eyes.

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

"It is only Mr. Depue's name, written 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 Samp in the eye.

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

I felt perfectly reckless of consequences. After his brutality to Bismarck, I would have liked to throttle him, besides I never believe in jamming 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 little. 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."

Old Samp's sarcasm was beautiful. "Then we are to consider this a practical joke, Mrs. Warner. Mr. Depue, however, may consider himself discharged from his situation, and Miss Lautenschlager, who I find was not to blame in the matter, may fill the vacant place."

"All right, sir," replied I pompously, "I will depart on the next train."

Mrs. Warner withdrew in great indignation, and old Samp, after handing 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 Samp if that wasn't owning up!"

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

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

Still I went carelessly on.

"Now, Bis, I didn't mean to get your duteh up in this manner. I like you, and its only fair that you should like me."

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

The train came rolling into the station.

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

Money never seemed to find my purse a pleasant resting place, and when I was 24 years old, I was made happy by a summons from my uncle in St. Louis, asking me to come to him and help him take care of his large business, for he was getting infirm and I was his only living relative.

Every cent that I could call my own was not sufficient to take me to St. Louis. I managed to get within twenty miles of its suburbs, but there I became bankrupt. I might steal a ride to town, but I was so fearfully hungry.

It was at a little country station and it would be eight hours before the first train would come along. What could I do to procure a dinner? I looked out of the little depot window and saw a thriving looking farm-house a half mile away.

My resolve was taken. I started on a brisk walk for that farm house.

I plied the brass knocker and was answered by a pleasant looking farmer.

"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 mor'n its 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 off by 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 unseen survey of myself and my doings. The door between 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 in that forbidden 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 finishing my work, and thus escape, when I heard from the next room a different sound from that of the sewing machine.

It was that of an improvised telegraph. The tapping of some hard substance 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 heeding 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 then I've heard that women forget all about their young days when they are once settled in life.

Bismarck informed me that her parents 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 run for months afterwards.

That quarter carried me to my uncle's where I became a gentleman of considerable importance, and after a short time Bismarck and myself were married.

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

East-bound grain rates, says the Chicago dispatches, are firm at 15 cents. This is something like saying the man sat firmly on the ground.—Wall Street Daily News.

### A WAR REMINISCENCE.

Ned Buntline Tells of a Famous Dash for a Rocket Battery.

In the winter of 1863 an infantry brigade, with Howard's Battery L, Third Artillery, and two battalions of cavalry, Eleventh Pennsylvania and First New York Mounted Rifles, all under Gen. Wessels, made a reconnaissance out from Suffolk, Va., on the Franklin road.

The mud was hub-deep to the gun carriages, and they had to double teams to get the guns along at all. The infantry spreading through the fields off the roads got along a little better—but it was hard marching and growlers were in the majority. About ten or twelve miles out the cavalry drove in a rebel picket ahead of us, and soon after we were checked by a heavy battle line of the men in gray.

The brigade was at once deployed and skirmishers were thrown out to feel the enemy while we waited for the guns to come up. They were far in the rear and there was no telling when they could be got to the front.

Suddenly from a little knoll in front of the rebel position a rocket battery, a recent importation on an English blockade-runner, opened sharp upon us. The huge rockets tearing and hissing through the trees and underbrush scared the cavalry horses fearfully and the men were scared about as badly. Not one in a hundred of them had ever seen a rocket, except such as are used in fireworks, and the horrible missiles appeared worse than they really were.

The writer had seen Congreve rockets used to repel a Seminole attack on Fort Dallas, near Key Biscayne, in 1839, and probably he was about the only one in command who knew what such a battery could do. Gen. Wessels was furious. We could only reply to the rockets with musketry. A deep stream and a muddy flat ahead of us made a cavalry charge next to impossible and the infernal rockets were literally demoralizing the men.

Suddenly an old sergeant, who sat in his saddle at the head of twenty mounted scouts, roared up to Gen. Wessels, saluted, and said:

"General, if you let me try it I think I can get in on the flank of that rocket battery under cover of these woods and take it, if you'll keep up a fire front till I charge, and then support me by a forward movement!"

"Try it, Sergeant, try it!" said the General earnestly.

In a minute the mounted scouts filed off to the rear, led by the Sergeant, and were soon out of sight. The whole line now opened a heavy fire, and the men in the rocket battery had a shower of lead sent in among them at long range, to which they answered as fast as they could work their rockets.

Twenty minutes passed by, and then, through his glass, Gen. Wessels saw the scouts in the edge of the woods, not 300 yards from the rear of the battery, ready to charge, every man with his rifle at a present.

The next instant, swift as a flight of arrows, they were seen plunging forward over dry ground upon the rocketmen, and at the same instant, ceasing to fire, Wessels ordered his whole line forward with the bayonet.

The surprise was so sudden and complete that the battery and the men who worked it were in the hands of the scouts in less than a minute, and with a cheer our whole line crossed the creek and held dry ground on the other side with the captured battery in their midst. The Confederates were driven back nearly half a mile before they rallied and made it so hot for us that we had to slow up and skirmish while our guns were coming forward.

We had the rocket battery now, but none of our men or officers knew how to work it to advantage, so we could not use it on the enemy. So we had to keep peppering away with rifles and muskets till near night and then our guns were up. The Confederates then fell back to their fortified lines near Franklin and we drew off and returned to Suffolk, pretty well worn out with Virginia mud.

And that is the brief history of the only rocket battery I ever fell in with from '61 to '65. It was rough but not half so dangerous as it seemed, for it could not be handled like shot and shell and sent where it could do the most harm.

NED BUNTLINE.

### The Planchette.

There are some indications that the mysterious little planchette board, like roller skating, is coming into fashion again. No adequate explanation of it has ever been received, though many have been offered. The construction is as you see, a plain, heart-shaped cedar board fixed upon two metal legs, to which are adjusted wheels that move easily and lightly in all directions. At the point of the heart a hole is made, and a sort of round case is fixed to hold an ordinary pencil firmly. That is all there is of it.

Put a pencil at the point, as you see, put two hands upon the board, as you also see. After keeping the hands lightly and quietly in their places a few minutes, planchette will often begin to write. It usually scribbles out yes and no, and senseless gabble of one sort or another, to which no importance must be attached. It is claimed positively, however, that the board has written intelligent answers to questions, which those holding their hands upon it could not possibly be aware of. It may be. But, before believing this is true, ask some questions and see for yourself. It is one of those cases in which the word of a second person must be taken. Above all, do not have any superstitions

about the thing, taking for granted that the writing is done by spirits.

Planchette is merely a puzzle, to be investigated as any other scientific subject would be, on the same sort of evidence, and weighed by the same judgment. Don't admit the element of humbug and witchcraft and nonsense and superstition into your soul. Thus you will not be likely to lose your head, even when amusing yourself with planchette. It is a fascinating study in psychological science, nothing more. It may be that there are powers and forces in the human organization that have hitherto been undeveloped in all but a few exceptional cases. It may be that we are on the verge of some marvelous discoveries in mental science. So much it is safe to admit.

The board writes best in the position shown, with two hands, a right and left, upon it. What does the writing nobody knows. The best authorities have concluded that it is done unconsciously by the person whose hands are upon the board. A nervous fluid is supposed to pass from the hands and form a current that moves the board. The explanation at best is a lame one. But this much is certain: Planchette writing as an entertainment can do no harm as long as the experimenter does not let go his common sense and put a superstitious faith in its revelations.—Utica Observer.

### Showing Him the Sights.

The passion of the true Californian is to show the stranger around and make the most of San Francisco. Sometimes it does not matter how poorly grounded the enthusiast may be in the geography of the city or the personality of its prominent men. If a live son of the climate, he will never give in. Yesterday a gentleman, who hailed from south market street, wandered with a new arrival over Nob hill, and was giving his friend from the old dart cords of fine, free, nontaxable information.

"Why, in some parts 'tis a finer city than Watford," remarked the new arrival, admiringly. "And who lives there, Dinis?"

Dinis did not know, but he was equal to the occasion. "What house do you mean, Micky?" he asked, sparring for time.

"That big house over there," said the new arrival, indicating the Coiton mansion.

"Oh, Dave MacClure lives there," said Dinis promptly. "He's a great politician and very rich."

"Faith, then, rich he must be to live in such a great house," said the stranger unctuously. "An' whose place is that, Dinis?" pointing to the Hopkins house.

"That's the coroner O'Donnell's," said Dinis confidently. "en that place there that brown-stone house, is building for Judge Toohy, en that (leveling his finger at Mr. Crocker's house) is Tom Scanlan's lot."

"En who's Tom Scanlan?"

"Wen of our countermen, Micky. He runs the water front."

The stranger was silent for some moments, doubtless contemplating the greatness of the owners of these lordly palaces.

"En how does this compare with Watford, Micky?" asked his friend, evidently disappointed at the absence of any expression of wonder.

"Fairly, only fairly, Dinis," said the new arrival calmly. The honor of Watford was safe in his hands. As the pair passed down California street, Dinis, driven to desperation at the nil admirari condition of his friend, was telling him that there was a telescope in the Telegraph hill observatory through which people could tell the color of the whiskers of the man in the moon.

"Arra, what good would that do 'um, Dinis?" said the incorrigible. "What good would that do 'um if they could not spake to him?" This was too much for the cicerone. He lapsed into a gloomy silence and let Micky have it all his own way, discoursing of the "power of the quality" in Watford.—San Francisco Alta.

Ruskin on Labor and Intellect.

It is a no less fatal error to despise labor, when regulated by intellect, than to value it for its own sake. We are always in these days trying to separate the two; we want one man to be always working, and we call one a gentleman and the other an operative; whereas the workman ought often to be thinking and the thinker often to be working, and both should be gentlemen in the best sense. As it is, we make both ungentle, the one envying, the other despising his brother, and the mass of society is made up of morbid thinkers and miserable workers. Now, it is only by labor that thought can be made happy; and the professional should be liberal, and there should be less pride felt in peculiarity of employment and more in excellence of achievement.

### 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 walking 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 cauldron. 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 because 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.