COAST GOLDEN ROD.

Imperial beauty, with thy glowing plumes
Toesling and waving in the sairy air—
Queen of the sea-uprising from the waves
Like old-time Venus with her guiden hair,
and Sally,
her 92

Shaken in vain by every sudden storm. Forn rudely by the hister autumn gale, Etili do thy blasing torches proudly stand As beacons, beckening to the far-off sail.

7

From the tall cliff thy hardy bloshoms

Watching the white ships as they come Like tender ghosts of many a sad farewell From those we loved and lost but yearn for so.

Tell me, brave golden rod, art thou content To dwell all lonely by the dreary main While thy sweet inland eleters bloom in

In sheltered nook or sunny western plain? swift comes the answer to my waiting soul, Borns on faint schoes from the restless

T'm nothing but a simple flower of earth, Willing to bloom where God has planted

me."

-E. A. Matthews, in Chicago Record-Mar-

************ WITH A VIEW TO MATRIMONY

By James Blyth. *****

65 CAN a dew anything moar for ye, Saily?" said Bob Heron, the cowman, to his sister, as he finished banging the mud and "muek" off the mats against the outhouse wall,

"Why, whatever ha' come to ye?" said his sister. "D'ye want onything?" For years fislly had taken upon her-

self the unenvisible task of looking after her old father and of "mothering" her three younger brothers. Her efforts to keep them going in food and clothes were won! to meet with more inmerited abuse and foul language than any return in the shape of atten-tion, gratitude, or help. This she felt the more as she was a woman with ideas of refinement that were unusual in the neighborhood of Progathorpe, and took to heart the complaints of her great loutlab brothers that "they hadn't got not mother." Bob's desire to assist her in any way surprised her.

"Narthen to algerby," said Rob, sheepishly. "Can't a dew narthen

Sally hustled about and deftly tidled up the kitchen. Out of the corner of her eyes she watched Rob hanging round uncomfortably with an evident with to ask something and a reluctance to make a start.

"Shall a sinch the bricks down for ye?" inquired Bob. "Come an' do," said Sally. "Tell as

what 'tis. Surely to goodness you sin't

"Will ye prarmus not to put the grin ontew me?" Hob asked.

"Way, what should I want to do that for?" said Sally, who was getting inquisitive, and knew the only way to extract information from her brother was to evince no curiosity. "But just as ye like. I esn't keep muddlin' about here all the mornin'."
"I want ye to tell me what to saay,"

Bob gasped out, "Say? Say what? Whatever are you taskin' about? I don't know the meanin' on't."

"Well! There's a gal!" Bob began,

nervously.

"Ah! There's plenty o' them," said Sally, unconcernedly,

Sally, unconcernedly.

"I want ye to tell me what to may in a letter," burst out Bob. "Lor! Sally! she's a gre't wench! She's bigger'n yew. Har hair's that black! "Tain't like yarn." (Sally was fair.) "She's big as me. An' har eyes!—lor! har eyes fare to goo right trew ye they be se shiny an' se black."

"A love letter?" said Sally. "No.

"A love letter?" said Sally. "No, Bob; I don't know nothin' about love. I ain't goin' to mix up along o' no love. "Noo, noo!" expostulated Bob.
"Tain't come to that yit. But I see har brother t'other dany, an' he axed me to goo over an' see har, an' I axed him if I should write an' tell har I

out." "D'ye want to walk out with her,

then?" said Sally. "I donn't knoo asackly as vit." Boh answered. "D'ye think she'd maake a good wife?"

"How can I tell?" asked Sally, with some show of reason. "Do I know

"Noo," said Bob. "But she bain't like yew. She's a strappin' wench, an' my missus 'ull ha'e to wark to help to

'arn the grub." "Do she wear a fall an' gloves?" asked Sally, slyly, reminiscent of fraternal remonstrances at her own

occasional lapses into gentility. "That she doan't!" said Bob. "She shan't weer noo fall nor noo gloves."

"You'll have to treat her different to what you do me," said Sally, "or she won't put up wi't."

"I'll trate her prarper," Bob promised. "She shall bev all the grub she can get down har, but she shan't ha'e noo bare nor stout. They doan't dew ye a might o' good,"

Bob was an adolescent valetudinarfan in his way, and was just then strong on total abstinence.

wouldn't write no letter," said Sailly; "that's dangerous—she might hev ye up for breach o' promise." "D'ye think soo?" said Bob, who in

all ceremonial matters was guided by

"That 'ould be best-to see ber, said Sally. "How offen her ye seed her 2"

"I doan't knoo much on har, tha'as a fack," admitted Bob. She's in sarvice out at Chetbridge, an' har brother axed me if I'd like to goo

"Well, that appears funny to me," mused Sally, keeping her counte-ance, but chuckling inwardly. "What d'ye want to write for?"
"I'm a gooin' to dew the thing prar-

per," Bob explained. "Not snam's as yew an' yar chap what never came to narthen. I want to her a prarper onnerstandin' afoor I gits engaged, an' I hain't got noo mother, wusa iuck, an' thote as yew'd help me."

"You get your onnerstandin' talk-in," advised Sally, "That fore strange to me she should set her brother on to you like that."

"D'ye think soo?" said Bob, ner-

"Her you ever kissed her?" asked

Sally, slyly, "Hlaame it, noo!" Bob roared. "But I should wholly like tow," he added, softly.

"Take her out an' kiss her then an' be done wit," said Sally, more experienced in wooing, "But do you mind you bain't sucked in."

"What d'ye mane". ked Bob. brother wholly holler tew."

"D'ye think soo?" stuttered Bob, slarmed at unconsidered possibility was forced to take a seat away over ties. "But har eyes mask ye jump on the extreme right of the demothey be so bright. She's the prattiest crats. Personally he did not object, he added, by way of self-conso-ject, for he was among some good

bain't got noo mother to dew it, wuss opponents and being out off from

It may be incidentally remarked that Bob was 22 years of age, and, his own side. Growing weary or with his brothers, was always in this state of affairs, he filed a claim menting the want of a mother. That upon the seat of Senator Sewell, lady, during her life, left the charge of her young children altogether to Sally, and neglected them and her ator would never be able to return home equally.

"Yew may take your oath o' that,"
answered Sally, firmly, in reply to
Bob's hint. "If ye got sucked in you'd
lay it all onto me. You must hoe your own land. You'd better tell her brother you'll meet her o' Sunday."

sequently acted on her advice.

When Bob had finished the milking occupied on Sunday morning and arranged for ton Post. an eccaing substitute he grew into a fever of unrest. "Sally," he called, "wheer's my clane shut? Wheer's my collar? Will ye black my bewts for me? I'll give ye tuppence. Come an' tie my tie. Shall a weer a flower? D'ye think she'll like to goo to chap-How dew a look in my new

sister alone; the others had gone to bed. His face wore an expression of mingled indignation and shame.

"Good night, then," said Sally, knowing there was more to come. the lamp.

"Blaame it," struck in Bob, hoarsely, "she an' har brother met me at "Young man, will you kindly Chetbridge just as the Swar was presume that the court knows a copenin'. She said she was dry, soo t little law, and proceed with your axed her in to hev some at. Trreglasses o' stout for har and tree
glasses o' asle for har brother, I
paald foor—thans ninepence—an' a
glass o' mild beare for use is tenpany a farden. Then arterwards lower court.—Evening Wisconsin. Mary's-on-the-Fern, an' she said as we was travelers, an' walkin' made har whoolly dry. Soo we went into the King's Head, an' she had t'esis moor giasses o' stout, an' a half o' mild for me. Tha'ss fivepence-ha'p'ny, and tenpence is one and t'reppence-ha'p'ny. She never paald

fer narthen." "Why, Hob, bor, you must ha' been tool," said Sally, chuckling inwarda fool, ly. For Bob is notoriously parsimo-

"D'ye think soo?" he said, uneasily. "Arter that," he continued, "we set under the hedge for a bit, an' she axed me to kiss her. Soo a did, but she stunk o' beare soo a didn't think much on't. Then she kep' a scrowgin' up agin me till she went asleenp. When she woke up we walked to Turlbam an' I axed her if she'd like too goo to chapel. But she said that wuz past six an' she wuz dry; soo we went into the Queen's Head an' she had t'ree moor glasses o' stout bed and board against my will and an' a half o' mild for me. Tha'ss fivepence-ha'p'ny an' one an' t'reppenceha'p'ny is one an' nine. Gooin' hooam any bills or expenses she may hereto Chethridge that woz gettin' dark; after contract or incur. but she wanted to set under the hedge agin. Howsomedever, I said

the ground was damp, an' she said as I was a sorft fewl, an' on to the Swan afore they shut. But I'd had enow on't an' cooms booam. Tha'ss just like yew yo-mixin' me up along of a wench what cost me one an' ninepence an' would ha' done moor if I'd ha' let her. Now's the time when I feeal I hain't got noo mother. I shan't gi'e yew yar shil-lin' this weesk out o' my money. I must look arter myself same as yew dew; livin' hare, kep' like a queean a-dewin' narthen. Nice dewin's I call it."

And Bob went up to bed grumbling and cursing, while his sister laughed silently downstairs.

Bob is still a bachelor. But he has another girl in his eye, and wants Sally to test her quality before he commits himself to another one-andninepenny Sunday.-Black and White.

Giving Their Lives to Science, Casks are going to be used in the ocean to determine the direction of polar currents. Here's a chance, says the Philadelphia Times, for those peo-ple who want to go through Niagara's rapids in barrels to gain immortality.

Scuator Depew's Usual Luck.

All of Senator Depew's good luck did not come to him when he was married. He is going to get a seat "They say as fish-hawkers cry in the senate upon the reputations stinkin fish the loudest," answered side. When Mr. Depew entered stinkin fish the loudest, "An" har the seate all the desks on the republican side were occupied and he fellows, but politically it was a lit-"I spooz," he said, after a pause, "I the embarrassing, being forced to spooze yew 'ouldn't write for me an' ax her if she'd walk out wi' me. I hear the conferences of his political conversation with the members of believing that the New Jersey sento the senate. His belief proved to be well founded, and yesterday, when the senate convened after the holidays, the name of Depew appeared on the desk of the front row "D'ye think soo?" said Bob, and sub- on the republican side of the chamber which was for so many years occupied by Mr. Sewell .- Washing-

Upset Court's Dignity.

While the United States supreme court was occupying temperary quarters in the senate judiciary room and the famous old courtroom was being remodeled, an incident At last Sally got him off and turned occurred which was kept from pub-her attention to the midday dinner. licity because of the limited num-She sat up for his return at night. He came in about ten and found his ber of persons who were able to crowd into the room while court was in session. A young lawyer "Well how did ye get on?" asked from a Western state was present-ing an argument. He read lengthy "I doan't want noo tea," said Bob; extracts from the law, continuing this until the patience of one of the justices was exhausted. He but making a pretense of turning out leaned forward in his seat with a deprecatory gesture, suggesting:

pence; and neither o' them offered to was the mistake I made in the

Had to Conquer Or Die.

"I was just about gone," writes Mrs. Rosa Richardson, of Laurel Springs, N. C., "I had Consumption so had that the best doctors saul I could not live more than a month, but i negat to use Dr. King's New Discovery and was wholly cured by seven bottles and am' now stout and wall." It's an uncival d life-saver in Consumption, Pneumonia, La Grippe and Bronchitis; infallible for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Hay Fever, Croup or Whooping Cough. Guaranteck buttles 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at Adamson & Winnek Co.'s drug store.

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