THE GOLDEN ROD.

I walk amid the golden rod -Late efforescence of the sod To watch the glories of the light As sunset changes into night.

Ah me! one year ago to-day I wandered in this golden way, A little year--a long, long year, When autumn's mayes were brown and sere.

Not then alone, with tear-dimmed eyes My darling in those haloyon hours
Was with me 'mid the bright wild flowers.

He'll come no more, I idly stray
Along this path at close of day.
The lights fade out, my love is dead—
And golden r d blooms o'er his head,
—Mrs. E. E. Dickinson, in Wayside Flowers.

OUR GIRL.

BY JULIA DITTO YOUNG.

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What did we not suffer for years at the hands of servants? There was the one who stole the horse pistol my uncle carried at the battle of Gettysburg, one who made a chicken fricassee and poured the gravy thereof down the kitchen sink, the one who had epileptic fits, the one who ate a whole box of desiccated cocoanut and nearly died from the effects, the one who preferred kerosene to kindlings for lighting the fire, the one who had escaped from the lunatic asylum and had to be taken back there in a carriage. Dear, dear! Really, I think that the creatures

But at last a radiant being dawned on our darkness and lent us ner aid, one whom we could regard not only with whom we could regard not only with toleration, but even with respect, and to whom we could proudly and affection-ately refer as "our girl," Her parents, both Germans, had died twenty years before, when she was a baby, and she had been brought up in a Lutheran home for orpoans. The matrons and sisters of that institution had thoroughly instructed her in domestic service, but they had apparently tailed to impue her with religious principles, and she was an unworthy disciple of Martin Luther so far as spiritual graces were concerned. She never went to church, possessed no Bible, and when wallzes and German love songs rather

than hymns.
It was a marvel to me how her tiny hands and feet could perform the labor they did, for she was a little butterfly of a thing, and her slight figure in its neat called dress was absurdly diminutive. I am bound to admit that her dimensions were much augmented on occasions of her going out by the adventitious aid of hoops, stiffly starched skirts, and immense Gainsborough hats. She was pretty always, whatever she wore, with her magnificent braids of jet black hair and great black eyes, whose soft brilliancy was not outshone even by her favorite Raine stone earrings. Her complexion was of that clear pale tint so much admired in refined circles, but this paller was exceedingly distasteful to ber, and she was accustomed to remedy abstracting a petal from an artificial Jacquem not rose, bought for the purpose, and transferring some of its perennial

blocm to her cheeks.

I evjoyed a very calm and peaceful season while she lived with me, and not a wave of trouble rolled across my peaceful breast during the whole eighteen months she washed, ironed, baked and scrubbed in our house. Her teign was unmarked by the odors of scorching steaks a d the crash of falling china; the only sounds that ever penetrated to my sanctum were the pleasant ones of her light hearted singing and merry laughter. I think I never saw her depressed but once, when she came up stairs with red eyes to tell me her auni was dead and she would like to go to the

The only thing against her, there's always something, you know, was her going out so much. It never seemed to make any difference in her work for make any difference in her work, for after spending most of the night at a ball she would fly about all next day with no decrease of speed and energy. But my husband said it was perfectly scandalous to have her letting herself in with her key in the wee sma'

see her, what would they think?" he de-

"It's not what any one thinks, it's a question of right and wrong," I declared, gravely. "Ought I to let a young girl living under my roof imperit her health reputation even, perhaps the eternal wel-

I decided that I ought not, and finally when several hapless young women had been murdered by their attendant swains in adjacent cities—you know now those things break out all over the country at once, like an epidemic—I spoke to her on the subject, in a hesitating manner, and in well-selected words of Latin derivation I inform d her that good name in man or woman was the immediate jewel of the soul; also that men were deceivers ever; also that in a shady cell where nor may spy him sits sin to seize the souls that wander by him. But she only laughed, and soon convinced me that laughed, and soon convinced me that she had a more practical knowledge of life than I shall have if I live to be a hundred, so after that I knew she could take care of herself and was more easy

I worried a good deal about her money, though, of course, it was none of my business. I couldn't imagine where it went to, for she had neither the splendid wardrobe nor the comfortable bank ac-count naturally to be expected from the princely income of \$3 a week. Ladies of wealth are frequently heard to asseverate that a servant girl outh to dress de-cently and save money out of her wages. It is so easy, when you yourself are wear. ing sealskin and diamonds, to question, the right of less fortunate mortals to the red ribbons and nickel hairpins where-withal they love to adorn their persons! Without possessing the sealskin and dia-monds, I nevertheless felt it my imperative duty to remonstrate with Kitty upon

her reckless expenditures.
"Tell me Kitty," I said, coaxingly, "what did you do with your last month's

pay?"
"Well," she replied, after some deliberation. "I bought half an ounce of Marie Stuart cologne—that's a quarter of

I laughed. "You are like the man who spent \$10 so foolishly that the only account of it he could render to his wife was, 'I give folve cents to the "Then there's that string of pink Ro-

man pearls—you said yourself they were cheap at 50 cents."

"Yes," I admitted—they bad looked so soft and pre'ty on per neck while she was waiting for her lover the previous evening that they were cheap at any

The list of her purchases was soon exhausted. "There's car lickets and a toothbrush, and I think that's all," she concluded, "except a box of powder. "You wouldn't believe how quick I use

going on with great ardor to expatiate upon various forms of investment, when a vision of Kitty married and my bousehold gods a prey to her succes or stopped the opportunity to escape from the inquisition.



IT WAS NOT LONG AFTER THIS THAT SHE BROUGHT ME A LETTER ADDRESSED

TO HERSELF. It was not long after this that she rought me a letter addressed to berself, whose contents she was quite unable to would have given me a brain fever, only, as my husband said, 1 hadn't enough brains to have it with.

whose contents all was fourther said and technical terms. The letter was from the lawyer of a wealthy lady in was from the lawyer of a wealthy lady in St. Louis, for whom Kitty's mother had worked a long time in her girlhood as a child's nurse. The lady had died six months before the date of the letter, and her mind during her last illness reverting for the discreet men of the profession and the person who had so tenderly and faith fully cared for her children, she resolved to make some little provision for the old age of that person. The lady had lost sight of her old servant for many years, and in the event of the servant having died before herself the legacy-\$500-was to revert to a certain charity; but if the servant survived the testatrix the money was to go to her and her heirs for-

> "Don't you see, Kitty? It's perfectly plain. Your mother died twenty years ago, more's the pity, so the money stays in St. Louis; but if she had died within six months then you would have

I paused, startled by the agitation in

Kitty's face.
"What's the matter!" I said, gently. Surely the child was not going to cry for her mother now, when she had been for a score of years free from toil and trouble and battling with the "I can't tell you-I never meant to tell!"

sobbed Kitty. "You must tell me every word!" I said.

firmly, and as no one can withstand my determination where a secret is to be unearthed, Kitty told her story, in a voice choked by tears.
"You remember when I told you my

aunt was dead and I wanted to go to the uneral? Well, it wasn't my aunt—it was my mother! She didn't die when tather did. She put me in the Home and tried to work, but she was a little thing l ke me, and not strong, and she was very pretty and so—"

A fresh burst of sobbing filled up the A fresh burst of sobbing filed up the liatus better than any words. Poor little Kitty! I saw now whence she derived and spluttering, succeeded by swealing her vanity and innocent love of finery. It will never be known what long dead the statement of the little will never be known what long dead at a drunken man, but I couldn't help it. bequeathed to her her power of self-denial, of devotion, of silently bearing aspersions and ill-repute rather than betray her mother's un worthi-

think your influence was of no avail in 'After a while she wore plainer clothes

and began to have a hard time every way. She was real poor these last few years, and I helped her all I could. Fifteen months ago she got sick with a cancer, and after that I took all the care of her."

"But you have been here, living with

me!" I exclaimed.
"Yes; but I bired a bedroom and had the woman that lived in the house go in and tend to mother all she needed," Kitty explained, simply. Of course I couldn't pay as much as I ought, but the woman is real good—she is waiting for what owe. The doctor was kind, too; he wouldn't make out any bill at all. Well, she suffered everything for a year and then she died. The very last day she read in the Bible I gave her when I was a little girl, and we clasped her nands over it in

"But, Kitty, I don't understand-did you go to balls all the time your mother

was so sick?"
"Oh, no. ma'am! Sometimes I went, be fore she got very bal, but toward the last I speni every minute I could with her, and many a night when you thought I was dancing I sat by her till daylight and then hurried back here long before you were up."



'DO YOU EXPECT ME TO STAY DOWN HERE AND WATCH EVERYTHING? WHY, I'MAM A POET."

Tears of shame rose to my eyes. I had entertained an angel unawares.
"Why did you not tell me?" I said representally. "I would never have thought any the less of you.'

"I know it, ma'am, but I just couldn' bear to have you think any the less of her. I would have worked my fingers to the bone rather than have her go to the poorhouse or to a hospital whe e people would score her-people who wouldn't know what temptations she had.' "Kitty, you are a little beroine!"

"I wish you could have seen her in her You wouldn't believe how quick I use ne up."

"You shouldn't use it at all—you don't seed it, and it's a't out of style." I said, was hardly any gray in it even then. She

every time I pay you." I said, and was expect the woman that nursed her to wait forever, and I went and bought those pink pearls, for I do like to look nice evenings, and someway at doesn't seem as if I could pay every-

> "I should think not, indeed! Not out of \$3 a we k!? I said, half laughing, half crying, and I put on my rubbers and gossamer and rushed down town in the rain, and sent the doctor's certificate of the woman's death and our minister's name for a reference, and my own very respectable name and address, and everything else of the sort I could think of to the lawyer in St. Louis, coolly informing him at the same timthat we would like the \$500 in a New York

> And in less than a mouth the board bill and the undertaker's bill were both paid, and Kitty was married and settled in one of the little new houses on Hertel avenue, which smelled dreadfully or new plaster and paint, and of which she was prouder than any queen of her

> As I wrote the last words a vile and overpowering odor assaulted my nostrils, and I bastened down to the kitchen There stood the new girl calmly regarding a black, shriveled mass, which instinct alone told me was the scalloped oysters or my luncheon

> "Pitv ye didn't kape an eye on it yer-sif, ain't it?" she observed. "Do you expect me to stay down here and watch everything?" I said, wrath-Tuily. "Why, I write up stairs all day— I'm a poet!" "Is it so, indade?" said she with the deepest compassion. "Well! I supposthere's room tur all sorts o' quare folas in the wurruld!"

> TALMAGEAS A STORY TELLER. How a Reporter Mixed Up His Ser-

mon with a Political Interview. NEW YORK, Feb. 5 .- Dr. Talmage is a good story teller. He has a high regard plenty of charity for those who are inclined to be convivial. He appreciates a good joke, no matter at whose expense it may be, and he told me an amusing story about his experience with a Philadelphia reporter. I asked permission to print it. Mr. Talmage said:

"Twenty years ago I was a young preacher occupying a pulpit in Philadel-phia. One Sunday night, after service, I was sitting in my study when there was knock at the door. I cried 'Come in.' and a reporter entered. That he had been drinking I could see at a glance. He was profusely and verbosely polite. and apo ogized for his presence first and afterward of his lateness. He wanted my sermon, must have it, he said, or wou'd get into great trouble. I told him I had no notes and he said I could easily lictate it to him as be was a rapid write I gave him a seat at a table and he wrote at my dictation. His potations must have been recent, for when he rose from the table with a column and a half of my sermon in notes he was much more intoxicated than when he came n. His legs refused to perform their office any degree of accuracy, and so I helped him up. My study was in the rear of the church and the only egress to the street was by means of an alley between the church and the school-house. This alley was dark as pitch, and as I belped the re-porter out I said to him, 'Be careful now, ed and spluttering, succeeded by sweating and a fall. I know it is a shame to laugh at a drunken man, but I couldn't help it. I laughed so heartily that I could not walk a step for two or three minu'es. Then I hastily got a lantern and went to the rescue. I found the reporter twin-d around the pump handle and engaged in what looked like a life or death struggle with it. He was using bad languaged in the leaves of notes were

"She used to come down to the Home to see me," continued Kitty, "and she wore the most beautiful silk dresses, but even when I was a little bit of a child I knew she didn't come by them rightly. And I saved up the pennies visitors would give me to buy candy, till I had enough to buy her a Bible. It took me a long time. I thought maybe it might do like this: Dr. Talmage, preaching iss ber some good."

O Luther! Martin Luther! did 1 really | John xiv.: 1-2 and said: When I was Governor of Pennsylvania'-1 can tell you I stared when I saw that. I found scraps of my sermon mixed in with redhot denunciation of prominent Pennsylvania politicians, and advice to the Federal government and the State authorities. I was aghast, and determined to write to the paper and complain. Looking a little further I discovered what purorted to be an interview with ex-Gov. Pollock. Into that all the missing por-tions of my sermon had been put. Then the full magnitude of the joke burst upon me, and I laughed till the tears

> with the sermon in equal parts. I never wrote to the paper, the thing was too good to complain of." SYDNEY REID Drown's Bron Bittere.

ran down my face. Somehow the repor-ter had managed to mix the interview



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"You shouldn't use it at all—you don't need it, and it's a'l out of style." I said, severely. "Now, Kitty, how do you suppose you and that your man are ever going to be rearried and set up house. Recping nicely? You two ought to get tone one of those little new houses out on Hersel avenue."

"He saves a good deal," said Kitty.

"I know it, but you ought to help him; tou ought to be put away half your wages."

"Said, and it's a'l out of style." I said, was hardly any gray in it even then. She was was hardly any gray in it even then. She was always pretty, to the last. Oh, I don't want you to think hard of her. She was never bad to me."

"She must have been some good, to have such a good daughter," I said, yently.

"And I was never going to tell, only the letter came about the money, and the undortaker has been kind of cross lately about the \$33 Lowe him vet, and I can't son. Proprietors, New York.

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