

Current Literature.

A GLEANER'S CAROL.

Gold are the skies above, Gold is the earth beneath, As gold will glow the grove...

But Summer still is here, Our brows with kisses greet, As golden lies the here...

There's gold upon the clouds— A glimmer from Heaven's streets; Red gold the brown earth shrouds...

Sing for the sunset glow! Sing for the warm, sweet earth, As evening breezes blow...

"TOO POOR TO TAKE A NEWSPAPER."

"Good morning, Mr. Farley. I just called to see if you would like to join a club for taking the paper..."

"I won't hinder you if you are in a hurry. I shan't take no paper till times are easier than they are now..."

"A fiddlestick for newspaper receipts! My girls can fry pork, make Johnny cakes and bread, and a hearty pudding, and folks can live on them..."

"No; I am going to hold it a little longer. I see it is quoted higher than last week..."

"I shall not sell mine for less than six." "Why, Hetty, that is what they pay for dressed pork!"

"What they paid last year; pork is high in market!" "Six cents! Why, you goose, I never heard of such a price..."

"Mr. Farley, I reckon I shall have to give the girls six cents, for I want to make up a carload to-day..."

"You do not mean to say that you sold your lot of butter at eighteen cents!" "Yes, sir! Cash down; right in my wallet!"

"I am sorry you won't take a paper; if you did, you would have known that butter is up at twenty-eight cents..."

"Don't talk any more about it! Fifty dollars!" So Mr. Edson drove on to finish up his club for the newspaper...

"Here, wife, is two dollars! Send it over to Edson and tell him you want that paper. I said I never would subscribe for a paper, but you may..."

"When Mr. Farley sold his potatoes, he got 75 cents a bushel for them. The boys had \$20 apiece. One sent to the Country Gentleman for a year's subscription..."

"Never mind, father," said his wife, mildly, "you and I are getting old; we had better save our strength, and we do not want the children to work as hard as we used to..."

"Mother, somebody's a comin'," said Levi, as he rushed frantically through the door, apparently almost out of breath...

"How did I know that butter had taken such a jump! The last time I heard about it, thirteen cents was all they could get for it..."

"I saw in a paper over at Mr. Edson's last August that it was up to twenty cents..." "Yes, I dare say; the newspapers know it all!"

"Learn nothing! Half of the rubbish they print is false. As if those editors knew as much about farming as I do, who was born and bred on this farm..."

"They know enough to print what butter is worth, and perhaps we could learn a better way of making butter than to churn in this everlasting old churn..."

mother used that churn, and she made as good butter as anybody, and never scolded about it either..."

"Father, there is a man down in the lot who wants to buy your potatoes. He says he will give you a good price if you wish to sell..."

"I wonder who has come now," said Vinny, as she turned from the stove oven to look out of the window, just in time to see a man drive up..."

"No, sir; Mr. Farley is in the potato lot. Now, Hetty, let me churn, and you run over to Mr. Edson's and get his weekly market report..."

"What is the hurry, Hetty?" asked he. "Don't stop me, please. There are two men at our place; one wants potatoes, the other hogs..."

"I shall not sell mine for less than six." "Why, Hetty, that is what they pay for dressed pork!" "What they paid last year; pork is high in market!"

"Six cents! Why, you goose, I never heard of such a price." "That's because you don't take the papers, sir. Vinny and I will have six, or we shall not sell..."

"Mr. Farley, I reckon I shall have to give the girls six cents, for I want to make up a carload to-day, and pulling out his pocket book, he gave them ten dollars apiece to bind the bargain..."

"Thunder! No! If you pay them six you will pay me the same! My hogs are just as good as theirs!" "Well, just as you say. How did it happen there, as so much better posted than you on current prices?"

"Just as if we don't know that potatoes are worth seventy cents, and butter thirty, and live pork six; oats fifty cents, and beans—" "Hold on, Hetty! There's a man over in the lot that wants to buy our potatoes at thirty cents a bushel..."

"Don't sell at less than seventy, Johnny! If you wait a few days, you will get more than that..." "Here, wife, is two dollars! Send it over to Edson and tell him you want that paper..."

"When Mr. Farley sold his potatoes, he got 75 cents a bushel for them. The boys had \$20 apiece. One sent to the Country Gentleman for a year's subscription..."

"Never mind, father," said his wife, mildly, "you and I are getting old; we had better save our strength, and we do not want the children to work as hard as we used to..."

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"They know enough to print what butter is worth, and perhaps we could learn a better way of making butter than to churn in this everlasting old churn..."

"You need not preach or grumble; my

mother commenced to apologize, blaming all the disorder on the children, saying: "I never see such work; they are worse to-day than I ever knew them to be..."

The children having rallied from the panic began to move around the room, eyeing the stranger hawkishly, and every now and then passing between him and the fire..."

The stranger to relieve the parental embarrassment said to little Johnny: "Well, sir, do you go to school?" Little Johnny stammered like a wind mill, but finally got out a "Y-e-s..."

"Johnny, say, yes sir," said the father, and he proceeded to give the whole family a lecture on manners..."

The stranger's endeavor to get some talk out of the children having ended so disastrously, he at once proceeded to lay before the household his business..."

The father in the meantime tried to keep order by various threats. Order and discipline and manners are never thought of when strangers are not there, and as strangers are seen so rarely the children grow up and are as likely to say "Yes, ma'am," to a man as to a woman..."

O, how many parents in our land, if judged by the standpoint of theory, science and common sense, are failures. How pleasant it would be for that teacher if they had not been failures..."

Reclaiming White and Bog Lands, Etc. We had a pleasant call on Wednesday from Mr. Croly, of Polk county, a successful farmer and old subscriber of this paper...

Washington Wheat in New Orleans. Philip Ritz writes from Deming, on the eastern line of Arizona: "At Yuma we cross the Colorado river and enter Arizona..."

Wandering Blue.—A wandering tailor giving his name as Frank Morgan located here a few weeks ago, says the Eugene Guard, and by steady appearance soon gained the confidence of some of our merchants...

Real estate appears to be improving in value at Eugene City. Frank W. Osborn has been appointed recorder of Eugene City. A good appointment...

Hard and cold rains for the last few days. Snow two inches deep this morning and still snowing hard. Eugene is overrun with the invincible "bummer." Scarcely a day passes but what brings from three to eight to harangue and "auger" our merchants...

The second week in April is to be a week of vacation at the State University. The average student rejoiceth. While wandering in quest of items one day this week, we dropped into Cherry & Day's factory and found Geo. Midgley at work on a water wheel for the woolen mills...

Mr. P. B. Sattel, proprietor of the Warm Springs, situated on the McKenzie River, about sixty miles from Eugene, died while out hunting, from hemorrhage of the lungs. He went out hunting alone and was found dead in an old deserted cabin, where it is supposed he died Tuesday or Tuesday night...

A spiritual medium, in the form of a table tipper and rapper, has been creating quite an excitement here for the last two weeks, affording everyone an opportunity to converse with their departed friends. Your humble correspondent was present one evening. But from some unknown cause none of the spirits would have anything to do with him...

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