

Current Literature.

THE FARMER.

The king may rule o'er land and sea, The lord may have right royally, The soldier ride in pomp and pride, The sailor roam o'er ocean wide, But this, or that, what'er befall, The farmer he must feed them all.

SEEKING THE LIGHT.

A rose tree climbed by the window side, Coronaded over with green; And ambient kisses of sunlit May, And crystal dews at the close of day, Wooded the pearly buds that, folded, hide The crown of the summer's queen.

Beautiful eyes are those that show Beautiful thoughts that burn below; Beautiful lips are those whose words Leap from the heart like song of birds; Beautiful hands are those that do Work that is earnest and brave and true, Moment by moment the whole day through.

The Palace of Truth.

Richard Turner, a lawyer, let us hope of future fame, returning home the other night in an unenviable bad humor, found a certain little note awaiting him on his mantelpiece. It had just come, his landlady said, and slowly tearing open the envelope, Dick read as follows:

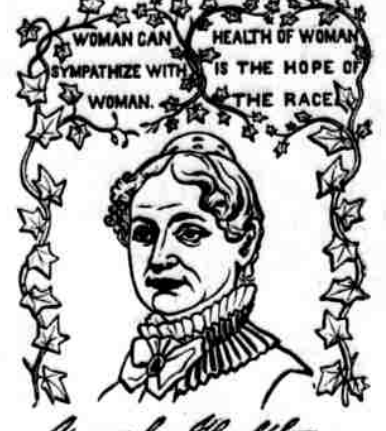
and was well accustomed to being questioned. Alert and vigilant, he watched the cigar dwindle down by slow degrees, while he waited in well-bred silence for a renewal of the conversation. But Dick was drowsy and cross, and when the cigar was smoked out he turned his head aside and fell fast asleep, while his little dog, curled contentedly around his feet, looked up into his master's face with a world of patient love in his honest brown eyes.

whom two hours ago he would have indignantly avoided. But for some reason his contempt for her flattery and falsehood had been strangely modified in so short a time, and he felt a positive yearning to listen to her petty nothings and to see her blue eyes lifted up with that tender glance of admiring trustfulness in his. It must have cost her a great deal of time and patience to cultivate that glance up to its present perfection, and it was unkind, after all, to sneer at the result of such honest and enduring toil.

Mr. Bayberry's Dilemma.

"I never was in such a peck of trouble in my life," mused Benedict Bayberry to himself, abstractedly stroking his chestnut brown whiskers and frowning in a manner quite foreign to his usual "happy-go-easy" disposition. "I used to think if ever I fell in love I'd know my own mind; but I'll swan if I ain't plum beat this time, and no mistake. I'd rather dig a hull field of potatoes or cut fodder six weeks in succession than try to tell which of them two girls I like best. I studied and studied for hours at a time whether I'd ask Selina Peabody or Delilah Dobbins, and the more I study over it the more befuddled I git. Them being sisters, too, makes it kind o' worse, fur when I go to the house I'm sure to see 'em both, and I'm plagued if I can tell which one I'd rather have. Delilah's a little the peakedest, but then she's got such little white hands, and such black eyes, and her cheeks are as red as any double hollyhock I ever see. And then Selina, she's plump as a wood pigeon, and with hair like streaks of golden sunshine, and eyes as shy and blue as white asters. Of course, folks'll talk if I marry either of 'em, bein' as they're poor and Miss Peabody takes in washin'; but I reckon I'm able to please myself, and ain't got to say 'by your leave' to nobody."

"Squire Simonton's and also to his fate; for as he turned into the lane, where the last scarlet and gold leaves had fluttered down from the tall maple by the road, he encountered a little figure in a red and black plaid shawl with blue worsted hood setting on the maize gold hair and the pink-tinted cheek. "Je-rusalem!" muttered Mr. Mayberry, exultantly; "if it ain't Salina! And some-how another, I can't help feeling a little mite glad it is her instead of the black-eyed one; though I did think I couldn't choose between 'em."



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