

TO CORRESPONDENTS.
All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author, not necessarily for publication, but as evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates, to have all letters or figures plain and distinct.

CONSOLATION.

Fate grim came in and dealt with me,
—I said: "Unhappily guest, then art
Not welcome," said she: "Verily
Thou and I will never part."
My head was bowed with weight of woe,
My heart was trembling with its fears,
I could not see my way to go,
So blinded were my eyes with tears,
And every thing seemed mocking me,
The golden glory of the sun;
And singing birds, and humming bee,
I wished the weary day were done
When evening shades did softly fall,
I sat within my lonely room,
And seemed to hear a dear voice call
Gently to me through the gloom.
Grief fled away, 'e'en as to me
The message came that solace brought;
All sorrow banished utterly,
For a diviner strain I caught.
It sweetly said: "Heart, be of cheer,
In Paradise above the bliss,
Where love permits us to be near,
I wait for you, I wait for you."
—Nellie C. Tucker, in Christian at Work.

DR. JOHN AND I.

How Our Little Misunderstanding Was Finally Settled.

Dr. John is so provoking! He will insist that the beginning of it all was my singing; that my voice was to him as a beacon in the darkness, and led him to me, and then the moon came out and showed him my face, and a's heart gave a thump that sealed his fate.

The idea! I say it was all on account of a thunder-storm. If there hadn't been a storm that spread black darkness over all the roads he never would have lost his way, and never would have disgraced the whole family by sitting out in the parlor at almost midnight. And if there had been no storm I never would have felt like singing; with mother lying sick in bed up at the house. Of course, he just insists to tease me a mosquito. It is only when there is a great noise about me that I feel as though I could sing in a way to make the clouds send back the echoes.

New moon can side with whichever of us you happen to like best—with me or my great brown-headed tyrant. The only thing for you to know is that I had never seen each other before. That I had been closely confined to my mother's sick-room all day and so could not resist the tempting gale that shook the trees and made the old house tremble. Wrapping up closely, I stole out to the porch, and here with the whirling leaves and the crashing thunder, shouted out at the top of my voice, of all things, the grand march from "The Prophet."

"Ha, ha, ha," were my words, and I won't be certain that the tune was recognizable but, anyhow, just as a highly triumphant peal of thunder and voice crashed out together, the moon tore a big black cloud in tatters and threw her light on a man who stood directly in front of me. There is nothing at all heroic about me, but I have never been afraid of anything; and he had his back to the light, so I could not see his face. He came forward a step or two and again we were in total darkness.

"I beg your pardon," said he. "There is nothing to be afraid of. My name is John Brownlow. I am a stranger in these parts and could not find my way in the dark. I heard your voice, and guided by it, reached here. Will you be so kind as to direct me to Mrs. Brownlow's? Ah, here come the first drops of rain! It is too bad; but I am afraid I shall have to beg your permission to stay here for to-night—unless my mother's house is not far distant."

It was a long speech for a stranger to make, but it gave me time to consider. "You are Dr. Brownlow?" I said. "Then you are not such a stranger to me. Your mother is a very dear friend of ours. It is impossible for you to find the way to-night, so, if you will, you had better stay with us until the morning. O, no, there will be no inconvenience whatever."

So we started off together, and every now and then I would stumble. It was dreadfully awkward, and for the first time in my life I felt what embarrassment meant.

"I think you had better take my arm." It was the first word spoken, and we were half-way to the house. So I took it and felt more at ease, and then I took him how I happened to be out in the middle of the night. I expected him to be awfully shocked, but he only laughed and helped me over a big branch that had fallen across the path.

The rain began to fall in earnest now, and then—ye shades of propriety!—I and a man whom I had never seen before started off on a solid run. He and I dared to take out of his pocket a great big table-cloth of a handkerchief, and throwing it over my head, calmly knotted two of its ends under my chin. Of course, I was going to be angry, but he just caught my arm and started off again, and there was something so very—well, almost paternal—about the whole thing that I changed my mind and laughed instead.

Dr. John insisted on seeing mother that very night, and begged that she should prescribe for her and come to see. She really needed medical advice, and turned a deaf ear to all my entreaties. Mother could not, however, resist the kind, strong man that bent above her, and consented to his request. After that, somehow, it did not seem to be so very sad to have mother sick, and I took to putting my front hair up in curl-papers—a perfectly useless piece of labor, for I had the fluffiest bang that grew in all the country round.

Dr. John came every day, and mother improved visibly. When the time came for her to be up and about once more, I was a little startled to find what a wonderful demand her illness had made on my ribbons and runings; for only a pile of sampled and soiled ones met my eye. There was nothing very disappointing about the reflections in which I indulged as I sorted them over and picked out the most respectable looking.

The summer passed quickly away, and although Dr. John had come to pay his mother "only a flying visit," somehow he stayed on, and autumn came and found him still at Silver Brooks and at our house very often. I was a silly young thing, and mother receded very frequently about my absent-mindedness. I would blush very hard all the while she was speaking, and then rush up stairs into my room and weep my eyes red over a dainty blue satin box that contained the relics of five or six suspiciously familiar withered nosegays.

A day came which convinced me that I had not been shedding tears at the shrine of blue satin unrequited. I had run over to Mrs. Brownlow's with a basket of fresh laid eggs and mother's compliments, and found the old lady busily mending away at a torn gray coat. I put the basket on the table, forgot what I came for, and remarked that it was a warm day. I had on a light shawl and the fire crackled merrily on Mrs. Brownlow's hearth. She looked at me over her spectacles and I looked steadily out of the window while I untied my bonnet strings.

"O," she said, when she had looked at me closely for half a minute, "you have been running, I see by your red face, and of course you are warm."
I did not tell her that it had taken three-quarters of an hour to "run" a quarter of a mile.

After awhile she found she needed a button that John had told her lay in his room on top of his desk.

"Just run up and get it for me, there's a dear! It will be right on top, for John never forgets."
So up I went, slowly, step by step, feeling as though I were walking on my head. I hated to go near his room, and I longed to see it. What if I should come home and find me in it! The thought lent wings to my feet, and in a moment I stood before the desk. On its smooth, polished top lay the button, and I laid my fingers on it. The desk was open and a number of papers and thick books lay scattered about on it, and as my eyes fell downward I came as near fainting as I have ever done in my life.

"Percy, Percy, Percy," scribbled all over a visiting card and John entirely scratched out. I snatched the card, and saw how I had scribbled. I did not hear a word dear old Mrs. Brownlow said after that. All I could think of was the card that lay on Dr. John's desk and of a large sheet of paper that lay at home in my bureau drawer with "Dr. John Brownlow," and—sometimes a very feminine substitute for "doctor"—written all over it in my own irregular cigraphy. There seemed to be pins and needles in the chair in which I sat, and I never knew how I got out of the house. I only came to after I had carefully torn up and burned, bit by bit, the paper I had treasured so long.

Dr. John came over the next day, and we went off together for a walk. He gave me a great deal of highly instructive information about some flowers I had picked, calling them by all sorts of incomprehensible Latin names, and I said yes and no like an ignorant school girl, and was evidently expecting to find something in the road. We were coming back, and suddenly he stopped talking. There was a dreadful pause. Like a nit, I could think of nothing to say, and at the same moment exactly I stooped to the right side of the road and pulled a weed, and he stooped to the left side of the road and pulled a weed, and then we both laughed a little and blushed a great deal and walked on.

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He paused for an answer, but we kept on walking. I could not have stopped for the world. "Yes," I said.

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room. "What can he mean? He—she had had that's a good joke. The idea of my spooning, Percy—you and I. He was in dead earnest, too. Well, come inside. There's one good thing about it anyway; it'll be some good follow the happier for it."

"No, Tom, I am a little tired, and I think I'll stay here. Tell my next partner where to find me."

I danced as much as ever, and was very talkative going home. I did not cry at all, but lay quite still and wide awake all night. The next morning I did not look tired, either. I had a glorious color, and my eyes were unusually bright. Two days later I lay unconscious with a consuming fever. Those were dark times for mother, and there were days when she held my hands in hers and breathlessly counted the beatings of the vacillating pulse. I had not been delirious at all, only one night I had sighed continually, and kept repeating: "Good-bye, Percy," in a soft, monotonous voice until day-break. For the rest of the time I was simply unconscious. When I was getting better, mother told me Dr. John had been kind, as only such a dear heart could be, and kept her courage up unflinchingly with his hopes and reliance on my strong constitution. She also told me incidentally what Silver Brooks had said to me before we agreed with him, he had grown so pale and thin.

As for myself I was shocked when I saw the changes disease had made in me. Every body called me the prettiest girl in Silver Brooks, and, though far from being vain, still I found a good deal of satisfaction in the bright, rosy image reflected in my looking-glass. But now my skin was of a dazzling whiteness, and my eyes seemed to be all over my face, while the light played almost mysteriously on my yellow hair.

"The pretty dear," old Mother Gerkins had said, wiping the tears out of her eyes with her apron. "The pretty dear! Ah, but she's like the angel in the picture in the church-ruch."

As soon as I was out of danger Dr. John's visits ceased. Weeks passed before I saw him again, and then we only met and bowed politely and passed on. And so it happened many times, and the slow summer dragged on again until October.

I was sitting in my room one day, writing to a distant friend, when I saw the Brownlow man coming in at the gate. How it happened I do not know. In a firm, clear hand was written on a fresh sheet of paper:

"Dr. John, please come to see me."
And I rose, still without a thought, and making my way down stairs, gave it to the man (he had come on a message to mother) with the request to deliver it right away.

In the evening when the sun had set I wandered down into the garden to cut some roses that were rich and sweet with the dew of twilight. Mother had gone out to her neighbor's, and it was lonely in the house.

I had stooped down to train a tender vine that was straying about for support, and when I rose, Dr. John stood beside me.

"You wanted me, so I came."
His voice was richer, sweeter than ever, and came to me like manna in the desert. I had not realized before how hungry I was for the sound of it.

"Yes, yes; that is, I—My hands groped blindly for my head, and pressed so firmly between my ears, a bewildering sense of it all came over me of all I had suffered, unjustly, yet through my own fault. Had I not told him that day when I kissed him that he was all the world to me, that I loved him above my very life, ah, then all would have been well!"

"John, oh Dr. John, it has all been a mistake—right from the very first. I love you, only you—with all my strength—with all my strength—I love you."

I guess we were both a little insane for the next half hour. He spoke, sign language was enough for us just then, and neither spoke a word.

"But Tom Woods" asked my great big-hearted lover, with a little frown down the middle of his forehead.

I laughed a little, and cried a little and—well, I don't care if I did kiss him. I guess I had all the right wanted!

"O John, dear John, if we had no both been so proud, it would have come right in the middle of the night when you found us together on that balcony—John, please don't look at me! I can't tell it at all, if you do—I John, we have been so very foolish, but of us. I—I was only pinning his cravat on."

Dr. John looked for a moment though he did not at all understand, and then our eyes met, and we laughed neither of us had laughed for a year, or even in our lives. Perhaps, Ah, well, I might laugh, for there had been sadness enough. I found out, too, that lovers don't mind pauses in the lead, and a great while elapsed before Dr. John spoke again.

"Little girl."
I looked up at him, and smiled an shook my head.

"Little woman," I corrected.

"Ah, yes, little woman. But is it my little woman—my own—well, I gave him some proof that he had not guessed wrong, and on a lovely day in the new year Dr. John and I were married.

I have found out since that he is dreadful tense, and he makes me give in to him in every thing. But the only real "difference" we have ever had was when we were going to name baby. I was mad for five minutes, and then—well—what can I do? When I am angry Dr. John just kisses me, and "it takes two to quarrel," you know.—Richard Dare, in Leed's Mercury.

Latest Styles in Fans.
Fans usually match the gown in color, and are in great variety. The most beautiful, and naturally the most costly, are those made of ostrich and marabout feathers combined, with sticks of pearl, amber or shell. Nothing has yet been devised more graceful and elegant, especially when in the colors of the gown. There is nothing in Paris more attractive than the show windows of a certain manufacturer of fans on one of the boulevards. There is an arrangement of steps on which to exhibit these dainty wares, covered with delicate lace over satin the color of the fans to be exhibited; one day they are all pale green, another red and gold and black. There are feather fans of every possible description, lace fans, lisse fans with open work pearls sticks, all hand painted, as are the spaces between them, and fans made of net and ribbons. Fans made in the shape of leaves, of flowers set of butterflies all vie with each other for popularity. As an additional indication of the progress of good taste the medium is the proper size.—Ladies' Home Journal.

MATCHED TEAMS.

Their Value—How to Match Horses—The Business a Science in Itself.
The value of well-matched teams over carelessly matched, especially carriage teams, is not generally given much intelligent thought. The matter was very clearly placed before me recently, says M. L. Hines in National Stockman.

"I want to show you one of a span of horses which I have purchased. If you have time now come around to the stable. I'll have a step." Thus spoke a friend, a prosperous jeweler, who has a great love for and good understanding of trotters and roadsters. Going to the stable I was shown a grandly built bay, with straight back, clean limbs, a fine head and beautiful black mane and tail.

"If I can make this fellow I can sell the span for a thousand easily," said the jeweler. "But where is his mate?" You said you had purchased a span." I was then given a little lesson in matched teams.

The span in question had been purchased by a wealthy woman, whose coachman knew nothing of the art of handling horses. The span were of the same weight, about the same height, and had the same black points. They were called a well-matched span, but they were not. The one possessed a straight back; the other was inclined to "sway." One was four inches longer from center of the breast to tall than his mate, and as for their heads they were different in outline. Then the mate to the one shown me was, previous to being matched, driven single, and when sold had not been accustomed to the double harness. The coachman knew so little of his business that he could not make the horse keep in place. The horse was cranky and nervous, and the natural result was a runaway.

Of course after that the woman offered the span for sale. She had paid \$700 for the bay and accepted of the jeweler \$400 worth of diamonds for them. He saw they were poorly matched, and sold the poorer one to a grocer for \$250 and kept the better. He is now on the lookout for a perfect mate, and as he has a standing offer of \$1,000 for the span, once he gets a satisfactory mate, he can afford to pay \$400 for such a horse and make a handsome profit.

Matching horses is a science of itself. It is not enough to get horses of the same general looks, if first-class prices are wanted. It took a friend and myself a year to find just the mate for a handsome carriage horse. It was a matter of some weeks to get the right pair. The fifty might have been selected that would make fair teams. In matching, the eye of the true horseman is sufficient, but the inexperienced must depend a good deal on the tapeline. Measure from the top of the head to withers, from this point to the top of the hips and from here to the root of the tail. Measure the length of the legs from joint to joint, the length of the head, the distance between the eyes, the circumference of the body over the withers and around the flanks. Then measure the distance to the ground from the top of the head when elevated to its full extent, and don't forget to measure the stride. After these measurements have been satisfied see if the horses are matched in gait. If not try to overcome the difficulty, for that is an important matter. Once get a pair well matched and you will not hunt for a purchaser.

A HUSKING HORSE.
An Excellent Device That Saves Both Time and Labor.
I send you a sketch of a husking horse I am using, writes a contributor to Farm and Home. It is strong, light and handy. Fig. 1 shows a side view, and Fig. 2 the top. It is ten feet long and thirty-four inches wide. Legs two feet long. The side pieces are of 1x4 inch stuff, cross pieces the same, and legs 1x2 inch stuff, tapered. Legs are bolted or nailed to side pieces; cross-

pieces mortised in; legs braced to side rails. Put a thin board on top to keep fodder from sagging through. My mode of husking corn from the shock is as follows: I put two hands to each team and wagon, with high side boards on right hand side of wagon box, and a small box fastened to the left side of wagon box between the wheels.

We place a whole shock of corn on the husking-horse at a time, and throw the merchantable corn in the wagon, and the small stubbles, damaged ears and seed ears in the small box. I bundle and tie my fodder in small bundles and lay them to one side, and then pass on to the next shock. I claim by following this plan that I can do the work better, easier and save the fodder better than by any other way; and by husking direct into the wagon, I have my husked corn every night in the crib, and save having to pick it up off the ground. Sorting it at the time of husking is quite a saving of time. I always place

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