NUMBER FOUR.

When I was a young man, I was professor of languages in the Black Lorraine. One of my best pupils was Miss Hanson, a very young person, very intelligent and amiable. She was I think each other's sweethearts, and—I may as well admit it first as last—we became very mutually attached.

The duties of Miss Hanson had become very onerous, obligations too much so for her delicate frame, and I, jealous in one sense of her health, and desiring her good her strength, looked about to see if something otherwise could not be obtained for her. Study would I at once have made for my wife and time then elevated the possibility of her earning her own support, but in the dim vista of my fancies such a thing was not to be thought of. And so, as a last resort, I did what I could, I did, to do what I could, and succeeded beyond my efforts.

A wealthy gentleman of my acquaintance who had several young children, wanted a first class governess for them. I readily recommended Miss Hanson, and, her application proving satisfactory, she was duly installed in her new situation. She found it to be easy, pleasant and profitable, and, my mind relieved as to regarding her, I took increased pleasure, relatively to the duties of our vocations, in attend to pedagogy for a year or two the present duties of capitals. I judged that we would both be benefited for the faithful discharge of our engagements during each other had neither been we should otherwise be. To be sure, it would have pained me well to have received frequent letters from my crowned Clara, but as she expressed herself very much averse to letter writing, I would not require her to deprive herself for my sake.

Several months after Miss Hanson entered upon her work as governess the student son of her employer came home. He admired Miss Hanson from the first, and it was not long before he made her aware of the fact. He was pouting in his suit, he was wealthy, he was present with her, and my pupil soon transferred her affections and her engagement to him. The employer, discovering what was taking place, was enraged at his son's folly and at the lady's presumption, so he ordered it, and would listen to nothing but an utter abandonment of the engagement. He turned the young lady away, and she proceeded to New York in search of another situation. She had entered into arrangements to teach for six months, and I felt a strong sympathy for her. At the expiration of this time they again met and proceeded to the city of Dunak to wedlock.

All this time no word whatever in my ear of disquiet or trouble. Calmly I labored on, only now and then pausing to think sorrowfully of my Clara and to feel renewed satisfaction that she was so well placed. But suddenly I heard of her conduct—of all things her marriage—and of course she was lost to me as much as though I had known her to be noble. I could not overlook such deceit and deceitfulness.

Five years rolled away, and on a wild, stormy night I arrived at Dunak. Feeling very much fatigued, I asked to be shown to some room in the inn. Hardly had I been left alone when some one knocked on the door next to mine.

"Who's there?" said a woman's voice.

"Father," was the reply. "Mrs. Jenkins is better and wishes to see you. I told her that you were not very well and had retired, but she will take no denial."

"Then she must come up here, pa. We can never dress again and go down to her."

"Let me see, what was Mrs. Jenkins's maiden name?" asked one of the women in the next room, when the father had withdrawn.

Hitherto I had been sitting in contemplative mood before my fire, hearing because I would not help it, the partition being so very thin.

"Why, she was Clara Hanson—don't you know. She was our schoolmate in Boston years ago."

You may judge that there was a very sudden and violent alteration in my state of mind. In breathless expectation I awaited the coming of the father. She had really married Jenkins then. Presently the door opened and a slow tread. There was a noisy meeting, much breathless, many questions, many fervent expressions of affection, of delight at being once more together.

"Now, come now, let us hear each other's adventures," said Clara, and when her friends had related theirs she began to talk of hers.

"Can you imagine my feelings as I heard that woman tell what I have already told, and much more? I heard all this as in a dream, yet I know that it was reality—as well as anything can be in this unreal world. Presently I rose, and stealing softly into the hall laid just before the door of the room where Clara was, one of my cards, and in excited silence waited the result. It was what I had reckoned on. Mrs. Jenkins saw it instantly as she stepped from her friends' room. "Some one has dropped a note," I heard her say. I heard her move toward the light. Then she gave a little shriek and rushed back to her friends.

"Oh, Mr. —— has been here. He must have seen us come in and followed us. What shall I do?"

"Who is Mr. ——?" You did not mention him. Why do you fear him?" asked the friends.

"Oh, he was an old beau of mine," said Clara, "and I would not meet him for the world."

"Why, how many beaux had you have?" was the laughing inquiry.

"I had a great many, and I was engaged to him when I married Mr. Jenkins. Mr. —— was the bridegroom"—discharge.

CORN HUSKING.

Lot O De Boer Early—Favorable Report of the Steam Husker.

Thousands of western farmers would profit by heeding the advice of eastern philosophers to put the corn husked early, and yet in many instances, no doubt, to hurry for more than the weather would grant, impossible. John M. Stahl, a progressive Illinois farmer, in a communication to country Gentleman, says:

As compared with the eastern states, we have to deal not our corn very cheap. Our corn brings about 10 cents a bushel less than corn of equal quality and condition in the east. Yet husking machines so pare the work based than is the expense practice is most excellent. To husk corn standing in the field testing the wheat is unmeasurably satisfied. It is unquestionably wonderful. And to have corn husked in the field, even in Illinois, we have, so far as I know, only a husking machine, which, in this county, I do to have the husking corn all finished by Dec. 1.

If corn is husked before Dec. 1, the air is very little damaged. On quite wet and, or if the fall is unusually wet, the case stands. Injuries of the throwing down of the stalks, by or the ground may be somewhat damaged, but there rarely is wet 8 feet, and of the corn, and the husks

I consider will not equal 1 per cent. The great loss is of the fodder. The stalks cannot be protected until the ears are husked, and even till Dec. 1 the best part of the fodder is lost. Half of the fodder are blown off by the wind or rained off by the rains before husking. Thus the husks and the outer husks are washed and blackened. The use of coal through the failure to save corn fodder is enormous, and as long as it continues the farmers guilty of frequent complaints of hard times with good prices.

It is best to husk fodder by the husk. I prefer to get as much as possible. Two cents per bushel and board is good pay here. I would not be interested with a husker that cannot walk to husk—husked corn running, 100 husks of corn—per day of actually good corn. Husking husker now promises to be a success. It husks, husks and so shuck the husks than the husks and it more nearly and more low in the manger. With husker husks husks and husks husks husks