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NO. 35

### After a Little While.

there is a strange, sweet solace in the That all the woes we suffer here below

May as a dark and hideous garment rought For us to wear, whether we will or no, cast aside, with a relieving smile,

After a little while. is mirtal roaming ? ut bath certain end:

Though far unto the ocean spaces gray We sail and sail, without a chart for friend, Above the sky-line, faint and far away, there locate at last the one enchanted isle. After a little while:

when our cares come thronging thic. and first With more of anguish than the heart

can bear, Though friends desert, and; as the heedless Eren love pass by us with a stony stare, let us withdraw into some ruined pile,

. Or lonely forest aisle-And contemplate the never-ceasing change, Thereby the processes of God are

in currents of exalted

And from our pretty lives our souls es

We feel the rest that must our cares be

After a little while!

## A CHANGE OF HEART.

The school-directors of District No. Perry Township, were holding a Nobody would have thought it. The drman was leaning against his front-

te with his checked shirt-sleeves turnack and an axe in his hand, surveythe other two members of the board. a stood outside the fence. It was a meeting, nevertheless; and

ject was nothing less important n the selection of a teacher for the Lyman Doty spoke to me about

ing the school," said the chairman, "Lyman Doty!" echoed Steve Teny, a stalwart young fellow, with thick wa hair, white teeth and a square in, to make up for his lack of down-"Why, Lyme Doty good looks, efore I did, long enough, and he hasn't miled anything but potatoes and winer wheat since, that I know of. Better

ick to his farm-ch, Larkin?" ess you're right," responded the d member of the board, a little man | hardly show it to the best advantage. dith a cheerful face and a tuft of gray ticking straight out from his chin.

"Well," continued little Mr. Larkin, eith an air of importance, "I've had application that I guess will suit. a sort of relative of my wife's, and as nice a girl as ever was. Smart, She got a certificate for two years, last examination. She'd make a splendid teacher, Molly Sanborn would,"

"Sanborn!" said Steve Tenney, sharp-"Any connection of the Sanborns "That's where she's from," said Mr. "She's old John Sanborn's

girl-him that died last winter." Steve frowned.

"You won't put her into that school,

en, with my consent?" he said deter-"What?" said Mr. Larkin, with a gasp, while the chairman stared.

"What would you think," the young man responded, "if a man sold you fifty head of sheep, at a good price, and half of them died off in the next week, of a hand? That was the trick John Sanborn | she took her hat from its nail. served me. And he laughed in my face when I wanted my money back. No, putting any of the Sanborns in that School. Bad lot, in my opinion!"

Mr. Larkin's small, bright eyes snap-

and everybody knows it," he admitted. "But what that's got to do with Molly is more than I can see. She's as fine a girl as you ever set eyes on; not a bit of her father about her."

"Well, well, light it out between you. said the chairman, good-naturedly, and returned to his wood-enopping.

The tall young man and the little old

Mr. Larkin was hot and indignant; sieve was cool and immovable.

"There don't seem to be any mercy in | ped in that evening. M," said the former, almost tearfully, as Steve was preparing to turn in at his gate. "If they'd been left off, it would bedifferent; but they're poor as poverty,

"You hadn't mentioned that," said young man, turning back.

he Sanborns, or I lose my guess!"

be first cool wave was depopula-

Steve Tenney held to his opinion con-

these duties over to his younger col-

tter, a month or so after school had be-

given the satisfaction Molly does. The

"My opinion has yet to be altered,"

children rave about her—all of 'em."

But Steve was unimpressed.

ting front purches and increasing the

"If

But Steve Tenney had surrendered with a bad grace. "I couldn't hold out after that, you see," he said to his mother, relating the story over their tea; "but I don't ap-

Steve warmly, "that she'd have anything to do with him?" rove of it. There's not much good in School began two weeks later, when

daughter had to do? But he only said, deprecatingly:

erning to new teacher, and acted ously when his visitor was gone, and e first far as was his custom, to leave register and see if anything was went to bed with a lighter heart, having

wanted-the chairman having turned lie sent the register by a boy, and the next Friday night, she was feeling rather worn out, as she was apt to feel was utterly indifferent as to whether at the end of the week; nor did the prospect of her four miles' walk home serve Whing was wanting. He turned the

thiest when the new teacher was menmed; and he avoided Mr. Larkin's sufortable home, where the teacher the path with a sigh. A neat little buggy was coming briskly The little man made him a call, how-

up the road. Molly gave a start as the driver pulled up the horse and sprang to It was the young director, and was

in the wrong, Steve," he began. "We hain't had a teacher for years that's born," he said, with a humorous solemnity. I won't say that I'm going the malady to neuralgia or to dyspepsia over to the river on business, and hap-

And Mr. Larkin looked discouraged. She spoke about needing a new "oom and water pail," he said, as he "I told her she'd better come to leave my dinner-pail," she said demure-"That school-house had a new broom

fore last!" said the young director,

And Mr. Larkin took a discomfited director as the latter assisted the teacher The next Sunday evening, the young man, sitting in a pew of the small wooden church with his mother, and

allowing his eyes to rove about during the rather long sermon, suddenly discovered a new face, and sat studying it see," he added, making a bold attempt for the remainder of the evening.

"Who is she?" was his first question,

after the services were concluded, ad-Larkin, who had come in late. the latter repeated, in "That?"

astonishment, "Why, that's our teacher waiting to take 'em home." Steve Tenney found himself wishing quite frequently after that that the new

broom and water pail. Not that he should furnish them if he should find that they were not needed; duty," but he felt that he should not object to an interview with the teacher.

He even mentioned the subject to Mr. Larkin, carelessly, when he met him one day, "Well, you see," was the response, she sort of hates to come to you. The

way you felt about her having the school has got all around town, and I up the school at the end of the term, s'pose she's heard of it. She can't help and was quietly married to the young what her father was, Molly can't, and director. she's real sensitive." The young man looked disturbed. That afternoon he left his work at an

early hour-not, however, admitting to himself his purpose in doing so-and strolled down the street, turning offbut he persuaded himself that it was not intentional-in the direction of the school-house.

himself, when he stood opposite the little bare-looking building.

And he went in accordingly, The little teacher looked considerably startled when she opened the door to She dropped the spelling-book she held, and her voice was hardly steady is she expressed her gratification at see-

Evidently, Steve reflected, some idiot. had pointed him out to her at church the other evening. He sat down in a front seat, feeling unpleasantly ogreish. She was hearing the last spelling-class, How pretty she looked, standing there in her dark-blue calico dress and white apron! What a sweet voice she had!

When the class was dismissed, and cord. each other with some awkwardness. "I thought I'd come in," said Steve

at last, apologetically, and see if any-He did not mention the fact of his being some six weeks late in the per-

The girl dropped her eyes timidly. "I-don't think so," she murmured, "What a brute she must think me!" Steve reflected with some self-disgust. He turned carelessly to the corner

where the broom stood. "Isn't this pretty far gone?" he said,

with a conscience-stricken glance at its stubbly end. And the little teacher nodded,

'Your water-pail seems to leak," the lirector went on, indicating the empty meket and the wet floor. "Yes," the girl assented.

"I'll see that you have new ones, Steve conclued. And he was rewarded by a grateful

glauce from the teacher's soft eyes as He took her lunch basket from her arm as they started away together; and | gold, with hand-painted winter scenes

sr! I can't conscientiously consent to having taken it, could hardly surrender it short of Mr. Larkin's gate. He was a little reluctant to surrender it even then. For their first awkwardness had quite worn off; their walk had

been far from unpleasant; and they were feeling very well acquainted. He walked home in an agreeable absorption, repeating to himself the things she had said, and recalling her pretty

way of saying them. He did not pause to consider that it was old John Sanborn's daughter of

whom he was thinking; he was only conscibus that she was a bright young he walked on up the street talking girl, whom it was charming to look at and listen to. His pleasant mood was rudely interrupted by little Mr. Larkin, who drop-

'Lyme Doty couldn't have the school," he observed with a chuckle,

"but it looks as though he was going to have the teacher!" "What?" said Steve, with a sudden, mexplainable sinking of the heart,

"He's banging around considerable, anyhow," said Mr. Larkin. "Went to visit the school last week; and he was asking me to-day whether Molly's got any way of getting home Friday night. He said he'd just as lief take her in his buggy as not. Molly generally walks; but I guess she'll be glad of a lift." "You don't mean to tell me," said

Mr. Larkin stared. What could Steve are with whom old John Sanborn's

"Well, Lyme's a good, steady fel-

"Humph!" was the scornful rejoin-The young man mused long and seri-

come to a firm conclusion. When the new teacher closed school

to cheer her. She locked the door and started down

coming toward her. "I won't make any excuses, Miss Sanpened to think you might like to ride. The truth is that it's a carefully laid plot. Will you be an aider and abet-

The little teacher laughed appreciatively as he helped her into the buggy.
"I must stop at Mr. Larkin's and

to the ground, and sat down on the horse-block to wait for her "Lyme Doty was here after Molly just

now," he said, almost gaspingly, sent him down to the school-house." "We met him," said Steve.

at carelessness, but speaking neverthe-It was that of a young girl-not a less in a shame-faced way, and avoiding remarkably pretty girl, but fair, and the little man's eye—"you see, I feel as fresh, and innocent, with a bright intelligence in the dark eyes and a sweetness Lyme Doty away from her. Pree impudence, his hanging around her that

wav. The little teacher came tripping back dressed, as it happened, to little Mr. and the young director's buggy whirled away in a cloud of dust. "Steve Tenney's taking Molly home

astonishment, "Why, that's our teacher in his buggy," said Mr. Larkin joining that's Molly Sanborn. That's my his wife in the kitchen, and sinking dawife she's with, don't you see? I am zedly into a chair. "I guess the world's coming to an end!" "Steve Tenney ain't a fool," his wife

responded, practically. "I knew he'd teacher would come to him about the get over that ridiculous notion of hisand especially after he'd see Molly." "Says he's doing it from a sense of slowly as the humor of the situation dawned upon him. "Wonder how far his sense of duty'll take him?"

"I shouldn't be surprised at any-thing," said Mrs. Larkin, mysteriously. The Larkins-and, perhaps, Lyme Doty-were the only people who were not surprised when the new teacher gave

The chairman of the school-board is wondering over it yet.

PREPARING FOR CHRISTMAS. Designers for Holiday Novelties Al-ready Hard at Work.

"Few people sweltering in this August heat have an idea that we have women "I might as well go in and see about hard at work at the present time rackthat broom and water pail," he said to ing their brains over what shall be the new designs for Christmas cards next winter," remarked a dealer to a reporter, 'Not only that, but it would surprise you, perhaps, to see some of the entirely new and elegant models for next Christ-mas already made. Just wait a moment

and I will give you a surprise.

The dealer brought out from a small back room a pile of large flat pasteboard boxes. They contained the cards re-ferred to. Most of them were in white satin and plush. There were fifty different designs. One was a banner 8 by 12 inches in size, with white satin folded down each side and tied back with gold cord to represent curtains. The picture represented an augel, the face being rethough putting out "hen, men, pen," to a long line of fidgeting youngsters could dard banner, leaf-shaped, covered with dard banner, leaf-shaped, covered with white plush and having a border of gold On the centre was the representhe last small student had rushed, tation of an artist's palette containing and the chairman nodded his agree- whooping down the street, the teacher a hand-painted picture. Through the Another handsome design was a pinborder and containing embossed flowers speed between the rule stations which the flowers that the course of the rough bridle the flowers. My only hope was that sign was a jewel-box 18 inches long by paths. 6 inches wide covered with pink plush and bordered with gold cord. On the top there were embossed flowers in plush, and the whole was lined-with light-green satin. A number of the models were made in Japanese silk, which is to be a kota, north of the Northern Pacific prevailing novelty for the coming holiday trade. One of these was a wallpocket in white, with a corner turned back. On the front there were embossed flowers in plush. Another odd design resembles a pocket-book. It is covered with pink plush, and the corner is turned over, showing a lining of green silk. The point where the part turned over meets the plush is marked by a bug of white plush and gold wire. p.etty design is a white satin satchet bag on which is embossed in white plush a half moon and an open lily with natural colored leaves, all in plush. Designs of autumn leaves, in white plush and

and gold-wire bugs at the stem, were also shown. The Folly of Hair Dye. I regret very much to notice the growing popularity of the custom of dyeing dark hair locks light among my fair country-women. I was present at an afternoon reception at the house of an American lady the other day, and in my immediate vicinity sat four ladies, all Americans, each one of which had her hair dyed of a different hue. One head boasted of reddish chestnut locks, another was of a red-gold color, a third was canary yellow, and a fourth was of the palest gold. Now, there is nothing positively immoral about the practice of lyeling one's hair any more than there is in painting one's face or of blackening one's eyes. But all these performances tend to give the person that indulges in them a highly improper aspect, Moreover, to certain constitutions some forms of this hair-coloring process are highly injurious, A most lamentable case of this nature has just come under my own observation. It is that of a young French married lady, who, not being content with her own hair, which was of a pretty light brown tint, went to a fashionable hair dresser and went through a tiresome and oft-repeated process to change the color of her tresses into a golden hue. She was forced to remain some hours every morning for several days with her head coated with sort of paste, and this process had to be repeated every month, as the blende color wears off as the hair grows out. It results in agonizing headaches. I have seen her at a soirce with the large tears running down her cheeks from sheer excess of pain. The other day her sufferings culminated in an attack of insanity. She was removed to an asylum, and the physicians in attend-ance give very little hope of her recov-

If there exists such a malady as a bram-poisoning she is undoubtedly its victim. The hair-dyeing business is means a cheap amusement. For the purposes to which the unfortunate lady aforesaid submitted herself, and which must be repeated every month, \$10 for each application is demanded by a fashionable hair-dresser. A bottle of the most potent and popular of the blonde hair-dyes costs \$8. Each bottle suffices to color a good head of hair just once, Some of these dyes destroy the hair, causing it to fall out by the handful, Others produce terrible headaches, that result being by no means uncommon, But the sufferer usually attributes-to anything in short, rather than its

real cause. Hagar recommends a mixture of equal parts of partly desiccated alum and citric acid as a non-poisonous substitute for oxalic acid. The mixture must be reduced to a fine powder, and might be dispensed where oxalic acid is asked for and the dispenser has his

### PERSIAN HORSES.

Wonderful Speed and Endurance or Very Short Measurements.

Mr. Wolf von Schierbrand, whose bubble pricking letters from Persia were not relished by the subjects of the Shah, is back again in the United States, and me of his early calls after his arrival in York was at the office he got his first lessons where in incisive journalism. The Persia of reality is far different from the Persia of romance and imagination. It is a land without roads and without civilization. The rough bridle paths speak unmisakably to the tourist of a non-progressive people. The saddle is in general use, and the best horses are the Arabs, and after them come the Turcomans. Some of the latter attain to great size, and are used by the rich for display. The average Turcoman is a fleet and hardy horse, capable of going from 100 to 150 miles without rest. He is educated to get along with very little water, pursued Mr. Larkin, chuckling and to subsist on balls of highly concentrated food, the two principal ingredi ents of which are suct and barley flour. When the master contemplates a raid, he gradually reduces for a period of thirty days, the food and water allowance of the horse, and thus inures it to privation. Grass does not grow in the vicinity of Teheran, and the principal food of the horse is barley, except for two months each year, when the daily ration is of herbs possessed of laxative

properties Outside of the gates of Teheran is the race course, the longer circuit of which is about five miles. Only one meeting held each twelve-month, and it is at the beginning of the Persian New Year, the opening of Spring. Anabians, Tur-comans, and a cross between the Cossack and Turcoman compete, and the chief race is five circuits, or about twenty-one miles, Mr. Schierbrand saw the distance run in 27 minutes 47 seccorrect, or the winner was a wonderfully good horse. The purses were of gold and silver coins, tied up in little bags, which were pitched to the successful lockeys, who caught them in their turbans. No entrance fee is charged to the races, and no betting system is carried out. About two hundred thousand persons cheered the contestants, the walls of the city being dense with peo-The outer walls overlook the course, and from them the spectator gets a grand view of the horses. The Shah witnesses the sport from a pavilion, as do also his officers and members of

mainly boys, but sometimes a heavy The Arab from Bagdad is prized more justified. The ordinary saddle horse has an easy to a striking degree. The tourist has to use the lash freely to make any kind of

## A Fight For Life.

of which I write I was a settler in Da-Road. One day in December I went to a neighboring town to transact some business in connection with my farm, fifteen-miles drive due north. Every thing went well at first—the team jogged along at a good pace, knowing that they were going home, and I hardly noticed that the wind had fulled us til I saw a heavy bank of clouds ahead of me. I felt sure that this indicated a change in the weather, and made up my mind to

get home as quickly as possible. The horses responded to my call in a cheerful manner and rattled along at a good pace. I suddenly remembered that I had brought no overcoat or rugs with me, and had even neglected to bring any gloves. The clouds in the north suddenly began to rise and grow blacker and blacker, and a cool wind came sweeping down. In a few minutes the whole sky was overcast with dense clouds and a fine dusty snow was seen filling the atmosphere, and sifting into every part of my clothing. I was convinced that this was a "blizzard," and from its appearance it promised to be one of the worst kind. Every minute the sky got darker and the wind blew fiercer, and every moment the cold increased and the blinding snow came thicker. I was now thoroughly aroused to my danger. I knew that if I did not reach some house in a short time I hould be jost on the prairie and probably freeze to death. I could not locate my exact position from memory, and to see was impossible, as in the blinding snow I could barely find the track before me. I reckoned that at the rate I was traveling I must have gone ten miles out of the fifteen, and I knew there was no chance of being able to reach home that night, for even if the team could have kept the track I should have frozen

in the wagon. The wind was howling and shrieking like a thousand demons, and every demon voice in that fearful wind seemed

to scream out for the possession of my little, lost self. The terror of my position seemed to make me even colder, and as I sat shiv-ering and shaking in the storm I remembered that a new danger had arisen, for the next feeling would be a sense of calmness and repose indicating sleep, and before it was everlastingly too late I made up my mind to get out of the wagon and try to walk by the side and lead the horses, so as to keep myself awake But another danger now arose; the snow was drifting into every little hollow and piling against every little ridge. The horses were quite blinded by the storm and refused to go ahead. They turned round with their tails to the wind and tried to run with the storm. My fingers were numbed by the most fearful pain I ever experienced and ny ears were stinging with the frost.

There was no time to be lost. Seizing hold of the horses' heads I held them France. The distance between the two while trying to remember about what cities, as the crow flies, is at least two part I was in. The extreme peril of hundred miles. The expense of conmy position seemed to quicken my facul- structing such a canal, of dimensions ties, and I judged that I must not be requisite to admit the passage of large far from a certain haystack that I had men-of-war, even though the Gironde seen in a slight hollow as I drove past river could be partially utilized, would in the morning. As the darkness of right had not quite set in, I thought I ould perhaps manage to discover that haystack, and then I could pull out crough hay to cover myself or perhaps creep into the stack myself. It was a bleach desperate effort and I made up my mind

to try it. By carefully leading the horses along tues. the ridge, I tried to note every little -Judge O'Gormon, at New York hollow on the left-hand side. For a recently refused naturalization papers ong time I discovered nothing to reward me for my efforts and the night was to an Englishman who admitted that last term, and a water pail the term before last!" said the young director,
emphatically.

list asked for and the dispenser in the last term and the cold grew more intense and the wind howled fiercer than gate.

Lest the stood staring at the young gate. He stood staring at the young gate.

ever. Suddenly I thought something had broken the force of the wind for the moment, which could only be caused by some building or haystack. I im-mediately led the team toward what I hoped was the haystack, and was delighted to find that I soon ran full tilt up against the very thing I was looking

By dint of very great effort I managed to unhitch the horses and let them run loose. I thought it was only fair to give them their liberty and let them run me if they could find the way. And now my main troubles arose. found I could not pull out enough hay to make a covering for myself, and my

ands were becoming so benumbed that I was hardly able to do anything. By this time the darkness of night had set in and to the other terrors was added the certainty that I must soon succumb to the fatal drowsy feeling that was fealing over me. I wanted to get on the lee side of the stack and lie down out of the wind and sleet. It was only by a most determined effort that I groused myself and strove to think how I could save my life. Again the exigency of the danger seemed to sharpen my wits and I saw that my sole chance lay in setting fire to the stack and warm-

ig myself by its flames. My fingers were so numbed and painful that I could with difficulty find my matches. There were only a few in the box I discovered, and the furious wind made me more nervous than ever. I knew that I must set it afire from the leeward side or the fire would not last loug, for if it had the wind to fan it there would be no chance of its continu ng till morning; so I tried to light it from the sheltered side. I first of all pulled out enough hay to make a little oile, and then I carefully struck a match by rubbing it on my trousers. Fortunately the first one was enough, and I soon was surrounded by a nice blaze. The flames increased rapidly, and I thought the whole stack would soon be onds. Either the time taken was not had collected on the sides and the top onsumed; but luckily the snow that melted as the fire approached them, and

in this way partly subdued the rapid In about a quarter of an hour I was thoroughly warmed through and through except my feet and hands. These extremities I now knew were frozen, but how much they were frozen I was unable to tell. The heat thawed the snow from the ground, and I was thle to stand on the bare prairie sod, and placing it in a heap, sat down and waited for the dawn. When I look back at it now it seems like hideous nightthe different legations. The jockeys are mare. Surely never was there a more weight, a full-grown man, acts as pilot. and surely the means to save a life were But at the same time the highly than any other breed of horses, fact of setting another man's stack on fire never struck me as being unreason-

> I sat and watched the greedy flames the fire might not go out. Toward morning the last vestige of hay was gone, and nothing remained but the embers. As a last resource I was compelled to stir up the ashes and stand in the midst of the last remains of the fire. I was at times almost choked by the fumes, as they were swirled by the furious wind

> When daybreak came at last I looked round in the gathering light, and thought I saw a shanty down the "slough" (valley). As the light increased I was able to see clearly, amid the falling snow, it was a house.

The farmer received me with every hospitality. He would not listen to my offering to pay for the stack, but seemed delighted to think that it had saved human life from a painful death. He drove me home after breakfast, where we found my horses lying before my stable door, both frozen to death.

Bullying a Bully. than being himself bullied; and the man who ridicules every one else is ordinarily the most sensitive to sarcasm. At a eriminal trial "the counsel for the plain tiff" had threatened, and in some cases had cruelly brow-beaten, the witnesses when it chanced that a hostler, who was

simplicity personified, was called to give his testimony. 'Now, sir, I hope we shall have n difficulty in getting you to speak up!" said the attorney, in a very loud, com-

manding voice. "I hope not, sir!" shouted the wit ness, at the top of his lungs. "How dare you speak to me in that

"I can't speak no louder!" screamed the hostler. "Have you been drinking?"

"I should infer so" (fiercely) "from your conduct; what have you been drinking?" "Coffee, sir!" hoarsely vociferated the knight of the stable. 'Something besides coffee, sir, you'v

been using! Don't look at me like that,

sir!" (furiously) "look at the jury, sir Did you have something in your cof-"Yes sir!" 'What was it?"

"Sugar!" "This man is no fool, your Honorhe is worse!" stormed the counsel.
"Now, sirrah," turning to the wit ess, "look at me! What besides sugar did you take in your coffee this morning?" "The hostler collected his forces

drew a deep breath, and in a voice that could have been heard blocks away, bellowed out: "A spune! A spune, an' nothin

Bay of Biscay.

## the Medditerranean Sea with the Bay of Biscay by means of a canal from Narbonne to Bordeaux, is being revived in

be enormous. Punish your passions, lest they punish -Electricity is now applied to the bleaching of cotton and linen fabrics. Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of vir-

MARRIAGE IN PERSIA. Great Importance of the Mothers-in-Law in that Country.

In Persia a girl marries to fill the place of her husband's confidant and friend; to rule his household and, above all things, to be a mother of children The marriages of the rich are generally dictated by policy; while those of the middle and lower classes are often ar ranged by the parents. Love matches are the exception. Persians as a rule try to arrange what they consider suitable matches for their children. Polygumy is the exception and not the rule. and where there are two or more wives there are also two or more establishments. Neither lodgings, money, servants, clothes or jewels are held in common, and the only source of contention is the society of the husband. But the

wives instead of being jealous rivals, are usually the best of friends. While it is quite true that theoretically man can be rid of his wife by saying before witnesses, "Thou art divorced, vet practically to obtain a divorce i Persia is almost as difficult as it is in Europe. In Persia the poorest of women do not marry without a settlement which has to be made good in case of tives exact from the husband an ac knowledgment of a far larger portion than is actually paid to him. It is the liability to pay this, the "mehr," that restrains the husband from divorce save on the strongest grounds. In cases where mutual distaste is very strong, and divorce desired by both parties, the matter is simply arranged by the wife agreeing not to exact the whole or even part of her settlement. There another safeguard against frivolous divorce; a divorced man or woman does

not find it easy to make a respectable marriage. The marriage of first cousins is the favorite union. The reason is that cousins have been acquaintances and friends from childhood, while to all the rest of the world save her brothers and sisters, the young girl is a veiled mystery; so that, unless there is a mutual lisinclination, or too great a disparity of age the Persian youth looks naturally to the "daughter of my uncle" as his future wife. Often the cousins are betrothed from childhood, As a rule, classes do not mingle in marriage. The sons of merchants wed merchants' daughters, the young tradesman mates with his like, and so with the members of the servant and soldier classes.

But in Persia, as everywhere else, extraordinary personal attractions soon become known and have their advandle classes need not aspire in vain. The mother of the King's eldest and favor-Many a poor lothes at the brook side. and handsome girl is wedded without a portion for her beauty's sake.

The young wife does not immediately assume the responsibilities of her position. Carefully tended as a bride for the first year of her wedded life, she willingly remains under the tutelage of her mother-in-law, if she have one, or if she be the daughter of a widow ber mother usually accompanies her to her new establishment. Mothers-in-law have a better time in Persia than in some other countries. There they are regarded as the natural guardians of the mexperienced bride and the proper care takers of the young mother and her in-fant offspring. From the mother-inlaw are learned the arts of housekeep ing. Under her eyes all purchases are made from the hucksters or female ped lars, for a visit to the bazar by a young wife before she has blessed her husband with children would be considered a scandal among the upper, middle, or tradesman class. Only among the very poor or the villagers does the young wife, save on ceremonial occasions, leave the shadow of her husband's roof-

tree during the first year of her mar-But the first year of her wifehood ha passed away, and relatives and friends have been summoned to celebrate the happy birth of a son or daughter. If the former, then indeed is the position of the wife a happy one. She receives the congratulations of her friends and acquaintances and holds high festival, Her husband dignifies her by the title of "Mother of Hassan," or whatever the little one's name may be, and from that day her own name is no longer used. If she is not cursed with sterility, that ter-

hope that heaven may bless her with a wife is her husband's trusted confidant and counsellor. "But she is veiled, the poor thing, closely veiled!" exclaims the pitying Englishwoman. Yes, she is veiled. And loth would she be to part with what she looks on as a distinction and a privilege. To her the veil is a

badge of modesty and the token of respectability, And has she any accomplishments. any education; or is she merely the mother of the children? These questions are easily answered. Many of the Per sian middle-class women are highly educated according to Oriental ideas, They read and often write poetry; they sing and play as a rule well, and are misstresses of all the arts of plain and fancy needlework: cooking is a second nature to them; pastry making and confectionery are among their pleasures. The accomplishments of the poor ones are naturally of a more needful kind. They are good cooks and bread bakers; they make the clothes of the entire household; they often are able to add largely to the daily income by their knowledge of some business or trade, and none of them are idle.

## A Curious Custom of Divination.

ately climb up an oak tree in the center ears of Keshava." of the garden and seat themselves on the branches. Beer is handed up from the ground and after the third glass has been drained the president delivers the ciety, where a Mr. Common maintains that the photographic camera sees more peror should yet be a centevarian.

THE SALARY OF A JOCKEY. Horse-Racing an Expensive and Day gerous Business-A Rider's

Salary. If any one believes that horse-racing s not an expensive business when one forse doesn't win he has only to look about him to be satisfied. A stable of say twelve horses or even eight is not cept up short of from \$40 to \$75 a day, exclusive of jockey fees and railway ransportation. There is a trainer at a salary of from \$150 to \$200 a month, a oreman at \$75 to \$100, and there are generally two darkey grooms for each horse. Then there is the feed-stable outfit to be kept up and an endless array of little things to be bought. Then there are the entry fees and forfeits

that in the course of a season amount to a great deal of money. The jockeys take a great deal out of he profits, too, when there are any. Ike Murphy, the colored jockey, who just now enjoys the distinction of being called the Archer of America, receives \$6,000 a year from Baldwin for the first call on his services, and \$2,000 a year from Corrigan for the second call. That is, when Baldwin has a horse in a race divorce; and at her marriage her rela-Baldwin has no entry or it was with-Murphy must mount for him, When drawn, then Corrigan can call on the inckey. When neither has a more then Murphy can ride for the owner what with sularies, fees, gratuities and a turn now and then at the pool box, Murphy is said to have an income of \$15.000 at year. When he wins a big and unxpected stake the lucky owner usually gives him from \$500 to \$1,000 as a pres ent. Lucky Baldwin gave him \$500 the past five years. extra the year he won the Derby with

Volante, and \$750 the other day when ne won it with Silver Cloud The next best paid of the jockeys is Duffy, rider for the Haggin stable. He eceives \$5,000 a year straight, and can de for anybody else when Haggin has no horse in the race. These are the two best riders on the turf. Last year Murphy won fifty-five mounts and lest, but Duffy won thirty-three ounts and lost seventy-nine. Kelly is ender for Porter Ashe, and Withers, the who was injured the other day, rides for W. G. Barnes, Both well paid. Many may think it absurd that jockeys should be enabled to earn such large sums, but, when the hazard-

quired considered, the boys do not seem overpaid. t is the most dangerous occupation has taught a drove of hogs to run after him whenever he sings "Yankee Dooin the world. The liability of horses to die." bolt, stumble, to shy, or to do any one of the dozen things that horses under excitement are likely to do, is almost sia, was the daughter of a miller, who at the frightful speed with which they mine years. ceath of his horse, Forrest, the other nearly one thousand silk worms susgallops and become uncontrollable. Such brutes are a constant menace to grooms and jockeys, and accidents are far more numerous than the public typuoid fever. Now his head is cover-

## The Drawer is Locked.

hears.

A woman from her earliest conscious grows up she stamps each notable adven- that his creditor was dead, hunted up ture and each pleasant friendship upon his family, and paid the debt with iner mind by some token. Our dime terest, suseums, with their meagre collection generally devotes to her keepsakes. At and measured five feet three inc she begins storing it with horse-chest- height. nuts and broken bits of colored pencils generally bestowed by a bachelor uncle, of courtship. and perhaps some token from some friends that are dead. There pressed four-leafed clovers, pincushins side the roses are crimson, and on the with zoological tendencies, gray flannel rabbits and such, a few carefully preserved valentines, some bottles that once held perfumery and now present only a faded recollection to the nostrils. only a laded recollection to the nostrils.

At 17 she has some faded violets, some coin Parish, La , and its head was cut looks of hair a few serges of dry grange off. Three days later a chicken found locks of hair, a few scraps of dry orange the head and was picking at it when day her own name is no longer used. If peel, and carefully tucked in a further-the head and was picking at it when she is only blessed with a daughter, still peel, and carefully tucked in a further-the jaws snapped, caught the chicken most corner a bundle of notes tied up the laws snapped, cause and killed it outright. ror of the Oriental woman, and she may with a bine ribbon. As the years paster by -- Harry L. Falk, swimming in the with a blue ribbon. As the years pass heel, and a silken curl which shows a and swam ashore with a line fish. keepsakes are fewer and are oftener the Denison, Tex., fell from a tree, and souvenirs of sad days than of glad ones. hurt herself so that she has not since Finally, after a long time, some one been able to use her arms. She has lays away in the drawer a thumbed and testament, with a lock of gray hair the brush with the toes of her left foot. and a threadthin wedding ring. Then

### the drawer is locked. Hindu Religion.

It is rather sad, to perceive how com-

pletely some European observers mistake when Henry was born. and misinterpret the Indian people on the question of their religion. They style them "idolators"-imagine that Hindus attribute divine qualities to the uncouth figures, the red stones, the lingams, carved snakes, and grim Bhowanis which they worship, because they find Mahadeo adored in one place, Gunpat in another, Kali elsewhere, and trees, ors. rivers, and cows objects of prayer, they says he saw a snake near Nigger Creek suppose the Hindus, one and all, polywhich was black on one side and cream theists. Yet it would be almost as unjust to ascribe polytheism to Londoners colored on the other. It was as big because one church is dedicated to St. Matthew, another to the Holy Trinity, stones at the monster, but these misa third to St. Bridget. All these various, sless bounded from its back as if it were gods and sacred objects are for the edu- of rubber. cated Indian mere "aids to faith," manitheological students bearing the name of "Wingolfites," which has for years elevated—of the all-pervading and unthrop, Mass. It measured over all observed on the Wednesday before As- divided Para-Brahm. Even the poor twenty-nine and one-half inches, large cension day the curious custom of divi- peasant of the fields, and the gentle claw eleven inches, and small claw ten ning for the emperor's destiny. The Hindu wife, perambulating a peepul- and three-fourth inches. It was a reway of doing this is unique. The mem-tree smeared with red, will tell you that markably symmetrical lobster for one bers of the association proceed from the symbol they reverence is only a so old and large.

Berlin to the village of Pichelswerder symbol. There is hardly one of them en the Havel, and here they celebrate so ignorant as not to know that comthe anniversary of the guild at the Wil- monplace of Vedantism, "every prayhelmshohe restaurant. They immedi- er which is uttered finds its way to the peep coming from a freight car. He

> A currous discussion is now taking place at the London Astronomical Soa considerable time.

## NEWS IN BRIEF.

-Chicago gamblers last year cleared \$350,000.

-Albany, N. Y., is the oldest town in the old thirteen colonies. -A steam laundry in Reno, Nev., is

driving the Chinese to despair. -In some places in Arizona there has been no rain in three years.

-Sitting on the roof is becoming a summer night fashion in New York -A woman with a hot kettle folled telegraph pole planter in Sandusky.

-The latest feminine folly is a bed pread made from old kid glove backs. -A chicken snake, killed in Florida, was found to contain a china nest-egg. -A plow, rigged to a locomotive, is cutting sod for embankments in Jersey. -The honey crop of Los Angeles

county, Cal., is figured to be 1,000 tons. -When Cleveland society is much agog it is said to "wink its eyelids

-An exchange apologizes for a mis-print of "monkey dudes" for money dudes.

-A Santa Barbara, Cal., beekeeper has extracted five tons of honey this reason. -Arthur Rehan, brother of Ada, will take "Nancy & Co." on the road

next fall. -Railroad building promises to be unusually active in Arkansas during the next year.

amazingly in number in France within -Los Angeles, Cal., ladies have pledged themselves to eschew song birds in their millinery.

-An average of fifty unaddressed

-Youthful criminals have increased

postal cards are daily mailed at the New York post-office. -Pinafore is being given aboard a real ship at a summer resort a short distance out from Chicago.

-An Amador County (Cal.) man has applied for a patent on a process for making butter by boiling the cream. -An ear of corn measuring eighteen inches in length was recently taken from a field near Sylvania, Georgia,

-A Preston (Ct.) man has a cat ous nature of the business is taken into whose favorite tidbit is a nice fat grassaccount and the skill and judgment re- hopper, which she captures for herself. -A bright boy in Wolcott, N. Y.,

> -Mrs, Marina Wright, of Addison, Vt., is over 102 years old, and has lived

day, was a startling illustration of the pended in paper cones, and all spinning perils of the track. Again, some horses industriously.

—indeed, most race horses of high blood | —Melocipede is the new name of a and mettle—are inclined to be vicious musical bicycle so fashioned that the and headstrong. They frequently run rider can kick out melodies, waltzes away in their exercising and training and reels as he travels along the road, -Robert Smith, of Lexington, Ind. lost his nice black hair as the result of

ed with hair three inches long, very kinky like a negro's but as white as -Fifteen years ago a man quit Berlin, Canada, owing a ten-dollar board ness inclines to reminiscence. As she bill. The other day he returned found

-Rose Leslie, whose immense size of odds and bits, would pale into nothinade her famous as a circus attraction. ingness when compared with the bottom has died in Lowell, Mass., aged twenty drawer of a girl's bureau. This she five years. She weighed 615 pounds,

-A Maine groom who could talk no given by her dear friends. Some of French, and a French bride who could these are the mysteries of the "secrets" speak no English, were married the which are the life of childhood's free- other day in Lowell, Me. They both masonry. By 10 she has a gold-piece, had understood the unspoken language -A Marechal Niel rose tree at Lon-

are don, Ont., is a peculiar one. On one other lily white. The tree has not been grafted, "budded," or tampered with in any manner. -A big turtle was caught near Lin

the welding slippers are laid away in Conestoga River, near Lancaster, Pa., the drawer which holds the valentines, saw a black bass within arm's length and still, as the years pass, comes a pair of him. He grabbed for it, was lucky of the weest shoes, kicked out at the enough to catch his fingers in the gills, silvery gold in the light. After this the -Five years ago Lida Garrison, of

> succeeded in learning to paint, holding -The one baby that is said to have been born in the White House was christened "Henry Walker," is now forty years old, and lives in Montgomery, A a. His mother, a niece of President Polk, was visiting her uncle

-A Macon (Ga.) negro is gradually changing color. Two years ago he was as black a person as ever was born, but now his skin, besides being dotted with hig blotches of white, is assuming a color similar to that produced by the mixture of dun and light-brown col--Frank Butler, of Prairie City, Ill

around as a man's thigh. He threw -An eleven and three-fourth pound

-A train band in the Salem railroad yard on a hot night heard a chicken's went in, and among a lot of eggs found one through which a chick had stuck its head. The little fellow was removed and now thrives at the train hand's

home. -Mme, Govuli, aged one hundred is given for the emperor. Then at the than the eye, and Mr. Raynard main. and fourteen years, and formerly maid word of command all glasses are hurled tains the contrary. As photographic of honor at the Court of Emperor Paul to the ground amd the notion is that the plates vary according to the make, and I., was buried recently in the cemetery emperor will live as many years as there are broken glasses. This year twelve is in different individuals, it is probawalked with firm step the younger sisglasses were broken, so that the empe ble that the discussion will continue for ter of the deceased, aged one hundred