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After a Little While.

There is a strange, sweet solace in the thought that all the woes we suffer here below are but a dark and hideous garment which we wear, whether we will or no, and which, with a relieving smile, we can cast away.

After a little while.

No mortal roaming 'till hath certain end; though far into the ocean spaces cry; we sail and sail, without a chart or friend, till we reach the sky-line, faint and far away, and then, as at the end of the enchanted tale, after a little while.

Oh, when our cares come thronging thick, and fast, with more of anguish than the heart can bear, though friends desert, and, as the heedless blast, even have passed by us with a stony stare, let us withdraw into some ruined place, or lonely forest aisle.

And contemplate the never-ceasing change, through the processes of God are wrought, and from our pretty lives our souls estrange, till, bailed in currents of exalted thought, we feel the rest that little our cares bring.

After a little while!

And Mr. Larkin took a discomfited leave.

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 for the remainder of the evening.

It was that of a young girl—not a remarkably pretty girl, but fair, and fresh, and innocent, with a bright intelligence in the dark eyes and a sweetness in the full lips.

"Who is she?" was his first question, after the services were concluded, addressed, as it happened, to little Mr. Larkin, who had come in late.

"That?" the latter repeated, in astonishment. "Why, that's our teacher's daughter—Molly Sanborn. That's my wife's daughter, don't you see? I am waiting to take 'em home."

Steve Tenney found himself wishing to get acquainted with the new teacher, and he went in to see her about the broom and water pail.

Not that he should furnish them if he should find that they were not needed; 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's sort of late to come to you. The way you know, the new teacher gave up the school at the end of the term, and I suppose she's heard of it. She can't help what her father was, Molly can't, and 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 off, but he persuaded himself that it was not intentional in the direction of the school-house.

"I might as well go in and see about that broom and water pail," he said to himself, when he stood opposite the little bare-looking building.

The little teacher looked considerably startled when she opened the door to him. She dropped the spelling-book she held, and her voice was hardly steady as she expressed her gratification at seeing him.

Evidently, Steve reflected, some idiot had pointed him out to her at the end of the evening. He sat down in a front seat, feeling unpleasantly greasy, and he was the last to get up.

How pretty she looked, standing there in her dark-blue calico dress and white apron! What a sweet voice she had! though putting out "heaven, men, pen," as she called the line of fidgeting fingers could hardly show it to the best advantage.

When the class was dismissed, and the last small student had rushed, whooping down the street, the teacher and the young director stood looking at each other with some awkwardness.

"What?" the latter said, said Steve at last, apologetically, and see if anything was meaning.

He did not mention the fact of his being some six weeks late in the performance of his duty.

The girl dropped her eyes timidly.

"I don't think so," she murmured.

"What a brute some self-disgrace!" Steve reflected with some self-disgrace.

He turned, however, to the corner where the broom stood.

"Isn't this pretty far gone?" he said, with a conscience-stricken glance at his staidly.

And the little teacher nodded.

"You must come to see me," he said, and he went out, indicating the empty bucket and the wet floor.

"Yes," the girl assented.

"I'll see that you have new ones," Steve concluded.

And he was rewarded by a grateful glance from the teacher's soft eyes as she took her hat from its nail.

He took her lunch basket from her arm as they started away together; and having taken it, he 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 comfortable in the afternoon reception at the home of a friend, 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 a little late to tell the daughter of whom he was thinking; he was only conscious that she was a bright young girl, whom it was charming to look at and listen to.

His pleasant mood was rudely interrupted, however, by the sight of blackened eyes of Mr. Larkin, who dropped it at that evening.

"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, unexpecting sinking of the heart.

"He's hanging around considerable, anyhow," said Mr. Larkin. "Went to visit the school last week; he was asking for the broom and water pail, and 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 Steve, "that she'd leave anything to do with him?"

Mr. Larkin stared. What could Steve care with whom old John Sanborn's daughter had to do?

"Well, Lyme's a good, steady fellow."

"Humph!" was the scornful rejoinder.

The young man mused long and seriously, as the visitor was gone, and went to bed with a lighter heart, having come to a firm conclusion.

When the new teacher closed school the next Friday night, she was feeling a little better, as she was able to feel at the end of the week; not that the prospect of her four miles' walk home served to cheer her.

She looked the door and started down the path with a sigh.

A small little buggy was coming briskly up the road. Molly gave a start as the driver pulled up the horse and sprang to the ground.

It was the young director, and was coming towards her.

"I won't make any excuses, Miss Sanborn," he said, with a humorous smile. "I won't say that I'm going over to the river on business, and happened to think you might like a carefully laid-out trip. Will you be an aider and abettor?"

The little teacher laughed appreciatively as he helped her into the buggy.

"I must stop at Mr. Larkin's and leave my dinner-pail," she said demurely.

Mr. Larkin was standing at the front gate. He stood staring at the young

PERSIAN HORSES.

Wonderful Speed and Endurance or Very Short Measurements.

Mr. Wolf von Schierbrand, whose bubble pricking letters from Persia were not opened by the subjects of the Shah, is back again in the United States, and one of his early calls after his arrival in New York was at the office where he got his first lessons in the Persian language.

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 unmistakably to the tourist of a non-progressive people. The hills are in general low, and the best horses are of the Arabian and after them come the Turcomans. Some of the latter attain to great size, and are used by the rich for display purposes. The Persian is a fleet and hardy horse, capable of running 100 to 150 miles without rest. He is educated to get along with very little water, and to subsist on balls of highly concentrated food, the two principal ingredients being wheat and barley.

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 the horse, and he is not fed on the road, but is taken care of 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 larger circuit of which is about five miles. Only one meeting is held each twelve-month, and it is at the beginning of the Persian New Year, which is in the month of March. Turcomans, and a few Persians, take part in the races, and the chief race is of about twenty miles. Mr. Schierbrand saw a distance run in 27 minutes 45 seconds. Either the rider or the horse is correct, 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 rider or the successful horse.

No entrance fee is charged to the races, and no betting system is carried out. About two hundred thousand persons cheer the contestants, the walk of the city being dense with people. The cheering is done by the Turcomans, and from them the spectator gets a grand view of the horses. The Shah witnesses the sport from a pavilion, and also his officers and members of the court. The Persians are mainly boys, but sometimes a heavy weight, a full-grown man, acts as pilot. The Arab from Bagdad is prized more highly than any other breed of horses. The Persians are of a fine, elegant build, and he is sure-footed, but lacks a striking degree. The tourist is led to use the lash freely to make any kind of speed between the race stations, which is the course of the rough bridle paths.

PREPARING FOR CHRISTMAS.

Designers for Holiday Novelties Already Hard at Work.

"Few people sweltering in this August heat have an idea that we have women hard at work at the present time racking 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 Christmas 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 referred to. Most of them were in white satin and plush. There were fifty different designs. One was a banner of 12 inches in size, with white satin folded down each side and tied back with gold cord to represent curtains. The picture represented an angel, the face being remarkably pretty. Another was a standard banner, leaf-shaped, covered with white plush and having a border of gold cord. On the centre was the representation of an artist's palette containing a hand-painted picture. Through the palette was put a bunch of dried grass. Another handsome design was a punch of white satin, with white plush border and containing embossed flowers in colored plush. A very beautiful design was a jewel-box 15 inches long by 6 inches wide covered with pink plush and bordered with gold cord. On the top there were embossed flowers in light and the whole was lined with light-green satin. A number of the models were made in Japanese silk, which is to be a prevailing novelty for the coming holiday trade. One of these was a wallet in white, with a corner turned back. On the front there were embossed flowers in light-green silk. Another design resembled 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 long white plush and gold wire. A very pretty design is a white satin satchel bag on which is embossed in white plush a half moon and an open ivory with natural-colored leaves, all in plain silk. Designs in white plush and gold, with hand-painted winter scenes and gold-wire bugs at the stem, were also shown.

A Fight For Life.

A correspondent writes. At the time of which I write I was a settler in Dakota, north of the Northern Pacific. One day in the month of February, a neighboring town to transact some business in connection with my farm.

At two o'clock I started off for my fifteen-mile drive north. Everything went well at first—the team jogged along in the snow, and the wind was going home, and I hardly noticed that the wind had lulled until I saw a heavy bank of clouds ahead of me. I felt sure that this indicated a change in the weather, and I knew that I did not reach some house in a short time I should be lost on the prairie and probably freeze to death. I could not locate my exact position from memory, and to me 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 before the night, for 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 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, and I knew that I did not reach some house in a short time I should be lost on the prairie and probably freeze to death. I could not locate my exact position from memory, and to me 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 before the night, for if the team could have kept the track I should have frozen in the wagon.

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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 arranged by the parents. Love matches are the exception. Persians as a rule try to arrange what they consider suitable matches for their children. Polygamy 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, but 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 a man can get rid of his wife, saying before witnesses "That thou art divorced," yet practically to obtain a divorce in Persia is almost as difficult as it is in Europe. In Persia the poorest of women will not consent to a settlement, which has to be made good in case of divorce; and at her marriage her relatives exact from the husband an acknowledgment of a far larger portion than the wife is entitled to. It is the duty of the world save her brothers and sisters, the young girl is veiled mysteriously; so that, unless there is a mutual disinclination, or too great a disparity of age the Persian youth looks naturally upon the "dower" as a life insurance policy. The future wife, often the cousin, are betrothed from childhood. As a rule, classes do not mingle in marriage. The sons of merchants wed merchants' daughters, and the sons of tradesmen wed tradesmen's daughters. The marriage of the lower or middle classes need not aspire in vain. The mother of the King's eldest and favorite son, the most powerful man in Persia, is a daughter of a merchant, who caught the Shah's eye while washing clothes at the brook side. Many a poor and handsome girl is wedded without a portion for her beauty's sake.

The young wife immediately assumes the responsibilities of her position. Carefully tended as a bride for the first year of her wedded life, she is then left to her own devices, and her mother-in-law, if she have one, or if she be the daughter of a widow her mother usually accompanies her to her new establishment. Mothers-in-law have a better opinion of Persia than some other countries. They are regarded as the natural guardians of the inexperienced bride and the proper caretakers of the young mother and her infant offspring. From the mother-in-law are learned the arts of housekeeping. Under her eyes all purchases are made from the lucksters or female pedlars, for a visit to the bazaar by a young wife before she has blessed her husband with a child, is a very carefully supervised and a very profitable one. The 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 foot tree during the first year of her marriage.

But the first year of her wedded life has passed away, and relatives and friends have been summoned to the celebration of the happy birth of a son or daughter. 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 only blessed with a daughter, still she is not content with the title of "Mother of the Oriental woman, and she may hope that heaven may bless her with a son.

Consulted in all matters, the Persian wife has her husband's trusted confidence and counselor. "But she is veiled, the poor thing, clove veiled!" exclaims the pitying Englishman. Yes, she is veiled. And both would she be to part with what she looks on as a distinguishing privilege. Her veil is a badge of modesty and the token of respectability.

And has she any accomplishments, any education, or is she merely a woman of the arts of housekeeping, are easily answered. Many of the Persian middle-class women are highly educated according to Oriental ideas. They read and often write poetry; they know the art of the pen, and are mistresses 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 of a more useful 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 family income by their knowledge of some business or trade, and none of them are idle.

THE SALARY OF A JOCKEY.

Horse-Racing an Expensive and Dangerous Business—A Rider's Salary.

If any one believes that horse-racing is not an expensive business when one's horse does it, there is daily to look about him to be satisfied. A stable of six or eight horses or even eight is not kept up for less than \$75 a day, exclusive of jockey fees and railway travelling. There is a trainer, and a salary of from \$150 to \$200 a month, a foreman at \$75 to \$100, and there are generally two darkey grooms for each horse. Then there is the feed-stable 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 jockey takes a great deal out of the profits, too, when there are any. The Murphy, the colored jockey, who just now enjoys the distinction of being called the Archer of America, receives \$200 a year from Baldwin for the first year on his services, and \$2,000 a year from Corrigan for the second call. That is, when Baldwin has a horse in a race Murphy must mount for him. When Baldwin has no entry or it is withdrawn, then Corrigan can ride the jockey. When neither has a horse on, then Murphy can ride for the owner that pays him the best. What with salaries, fees, gratuities and a turn now and then at the pool box, Murphy is said to have an income of \$15,000 a year. When he was a big and unexpected stake the lucky owner usually gives him from \$500 to \$1,000 as a present. Lucky Baldwin got him \$300 extra the year he won the Derby with Volante, and \$750 the other day when he won it with Silver Cloud.

The next best paid of the jockeys is Duffy, rider for the Haggin stable. He receives \$100 a year, and can ride for anybody else when Haggin has no horse in the race. Last year Murphy won fifty-five mounts and lost but thirty-three. Duffy won thirty-three mounts and lost seventy-nine. Kelly is rider for Porter, Ashe, and Withers, the boy who was injured the other day, rides for W. G. Barnes. Both are well paid. Many men think about the jockeys should be enabled to earn such large sums, but when the hazard-nature of the business is taken into account and the skill and judgment required, considered, the boys do not seem overpaid.

It is the most dangerous occupation in the world. The liability of horses to bolt, stumble, to shy, or to do any one of the dozen things that may excite excitement are likely to do, is almost sure to result in disaster if indulged in at the frightful speed with which they go. The accident to Withers and the other day, was a startling illustration of the perils of the track. Again, some horses—indeed, most race horses of high blood—have a habit of shying at the sight of rabbits and such a few carefully preserved valentines, some bottles that they are the mysteries of the "secrets" which are the life of childhood's free-masonry. By 10 she has a gold-piece, generally bestowed by a bachelor uncle, and perhaps some token from some friends that are dead. There are pressed four-leaf clovers, pincushions with zoological tendencies, gray flannel rabbits and such a few carefully preserved valentines, some bottles that they are the mysteries of the "secrets" which are the life of childhood's free-masonry. By 10 she has a gold-piece, generally bestowed by a bachelor uncle, and perhaps some token from some friends that are dead. There are pressed four-leaf clovers, pincushions with zoological tendencies, gray flannel rabbits and such a few carefully preserved valentines, some bottles that they are the mysteries of the "secrets" which are the life of childhood's free-masonry.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—Chicago gamblers last year cleared \$300,000.

—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 foiled a telegraph pole painter in Sandusky.

—The latest feminine folly is a bed spread made from old kid glove backs.

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