

Power of the Heart.

This important little organ of the body is the primary source of the movement of the vital stream. As with each stroke the heart projects something like six ounces of blood into the conduits of the system, and as it does so some seventy times every minute and four thousand two hundred times in an hour, and it does the same thing one hundred thousand and eight hundred times in twenty-four hours, thirty millions of times every year, and more than two thousand five hundred of millions of times in a life of seventy years.

The mechanical force that is exerted at each stroke amounts to a pressure of thirteen pounds upon the entire charge of blood that has to be pressed onward through the branching network of blood-vessels. This gives an exertion of force that would be adequate in another form of application to lift one hundred and twenty tons one foot high every twenty-four hours. Yet the piece of living mechanism that is called upon to do this, and do it without a pause for three score and ten years, without itself being worn out by the effort, is a small bundle of flesh that rarely weighs more than eleven ounces.

It must also be remembered that this little vital machine can not at any time be stopped for repairs. If it gets out of order it must be set right as it runs. To stop the action of the heart for more than the briefest interval would be to change life into death.

An Inside View of Mormonism.

The *Independent* prints a pathetic letter "from the heart of a Mormon wife," in which the following paragraphs occur:

"In discussing the Mormon question we must not forget that for twenty years this community was isolated by a thousand miles of barren waste from civilization. During this time it was literally a kingdom within itself, and Brigham Young was king, his word law; his command a commandment from God. How far the youth reared under these conditions are responsible for imbibing false doctrine the intelligent man or woman can soon determine. I speak feelingly, for I was nurtured under these circumstances. The acceptance of polygamy as a 'divine revelation,' the cross by which the crown is reached, was the natural result of this education. So much have I suffered from these words 'duty' and 'sacrifice' that I almost shudder at their very sound, fearing some new trial that comes in their wake.

"It has now become a question in the minds of many Mormon wives how long they could desire life after all hope of earthly joy is crushed out of it. A silent protest is working in the hearts of many, very many women in Utah to-day. The strength of this system is being undermined by its very weakness, to prove, after forty years' trial, that it is a higher and a better form of social life.

"The work of disintegration has commenced, and from within can Mormonism only be effectually helped to eradicate its errors. This work, so long delayed, has now begun in good earnest. There is no one man who can ever hold the control that Brigham Young held over this people; and in the hands of twelve men the community are freer to exercise individual judgment.

"That some will have to suffer is only the work reformation always brings; but that as little of suffering shall be caused the innocent as is possible under the circumstances all humanitarians must desire. If the past were provided

for, and justly, the future provided against, the great difficulty will be met.

"Let families already formed by polygamic contact remain so, and bring about their own dissolution in their own way. This would cause the least suffering. But in any other case let some legislation be had which shall give financial protection to innocent women and their children.

"Human law must give some help to these long-suffering women, innocent victims to a false condition; but God alone can heal the heartaches, bind up the wounds so deeply made. In obeying a command, divinely clothed, they fully believed God would be their strength—taught as thousands have been from children to so believe; and now the spiritual life of this Church is seen more plainly in its women. Still, I have it from the lips of many a young wife and mother, 'I am fainting by the way; but for my children's sake I must bear up. What will be the end of all this suffering?' How many more have found early graves, the strain of mental anguish added to physical labor proving too much for their powers of endurance. When I recall the days, weeks, and months which have rolled into years of mental anguish, through which I have passed, I wonder how it is I live."

Wanted to be Liberal.

He must have been from the West. He was idling about old Burling Slip, when he took a stumble and brought up in the river. A ready hand threw him a plank to sustain himself, and he was soon hauled out.

"Gentlemen," he said, as he gave himself a shake, "what's your time worth per hour?"

"I'm getting twenty-five cents," replied one.

"And you were about nine minutes fooling with my case.. About nine but we'll call it ten. Your charge should be about four cents. About four, but we'll call it five. I haven't anything smaller than a dime, but one of you can run across the way and get it changed!"

"Oh, we don't want pay," remarked one.

"You don't? But you must accept of something. Here, boy, run over and buy me a couple of pears!"

The fruit was purchased and placed in his hands, and as he put one pear in his pocket and bit into the other he remarked:

"And if you ever come within fifty miles of where my uncle lives he'll be glad to have you stop all night with him. He keeps a hotel, and his charge won't be over two dollars!"

—*Wall Street News.*

What Ma Said.

Five or six couples had been invited in to play cards and listen to music, and peaches had been passed with other refreshments. The party was just ready to break up when the terror of the family entered the parlor and called out:

"There, pa, what did ma tell you?"

The "governor" probably knew what was coming, but before he could get the youngster out of the way he shot off the other barrel with:

"Ma said if we bought cling-stone peaches we'd save at least half, and we have!"

At a recent wedding in Canton, Mo., the parson closed the ceremony with the sentence: "Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder," when an aged woman exclaimed with great earnestness: "Or no woman either; for they're just as bad as the men."