The Beauty of the Heart.

A lovely form may charm the eye With fairest loveliness and grace; And oft we may be captured The entrancing beauty of a face; But there's a beauty far more true, Whose radiant charms shall ne'er depe But every mern and eve be new; It is the beauty of the heart.

Beneath the weight of passing year The proudest form must stoop and bend, And all the charms that beauty wears Must fade away and have an end.
The sparkling light must leave the eye,
And from the check the bloom depart; But there's a charm that no'er shall die; It is the beauty of the heart.

"Tis this that acatters o'er life's path The gems of happiness and truth; And many charms in age it hath, As in the rosy morn of youth

A charm that wreathes the earth with flower And doth the sweetest joys impart, Which brightly gilds the saddened hours; It is the beauty of the heart.

MAY'S MISSION.

Pretty May Browning sat in her own little room in her mother's cottage, with pen, paper and ink spread before her, and though her eyes were intently gazing through the open window she saw neither the bright flowers in the carefully trimmed little garden nor the fleecy clouds sailing in the blue sky on the distant horizon, nor heard the low buzz of the bee flitting from rose to rose, nor the loud song of the robin to his mate. The sun glinted her hair with flecks of gold, the summer breeze caressed her temples, but for once the girl was deaf and blind to all save one great purpose, one absorbing thought.

A week before she had met Vernon Wilbur. Picnics were a favorite summer dissipation in the quiet little country town where was May Brown ing's home, and it was at one of these fate had thrown her and Vernon Wilbur together. He was a stranger, spending a few weeks at the small hotel in the village, which occasionally attracted summer guests.

At first something in his light blue eyes had repelled rather than attracted her; but as they sauntered together through one of the leafy paths, and he had told her how as soon as he had seen her he had wished and asked to be pre sented to her, and confided to her how few people in the world possessed for him the subtle chord of sympathy, she began to believe she had done him gross injustice, and was quite convinced she never before had met so charming a man.

Of course this sweeping assertion did not include Dick Travers, tor she and Dick were engaged to be married. Indeed, Dick talked of the fall as the proper time for the wedding to take place, though as yet she had not given her consent to such speed.

She knew now that it was impossible for in this one short week she and Mr. Wilbur had held many long, confidential talks. He had told her that he wrote, and was a poet-that every one in life should have a mission, and that he was quite sure she could make ber name famous by her pen-that he saw the inspiration of poetry in her eyes.

If his words were true she had won derful difficulty in getting the said in spiration any further than her eyes, for it was at this task she was occupied on

this lovely July day.
"May!" called her mother's voice. "Will you come down, dear, and help me shell the peas? It is wash-day, you know, and Mary has not time."

Shell the peas! Oh, what a fall fr the clouds!

And May, usually so bright and ready, slowly put away her writing materials and, with a decided pout on the weet, red lips, slowly descended the

Her task finished, a sudden she fell athwart the window, through which was thrust a handsome, close-cropped head, and two laughing, brown eyes sur veved the interior, while a cheery voice broke the silence.

May. It's too lovely a day for in-doors. Come, get your hat, dear, and let us be

"Not to day, thanks, Dick!" she answered, indifferently. "It was very kind in you to come, but I've something I particularly wish to do this afternoon.

" Not drive, May! Why, what is to be done? I will wait for you a little while if it is important."

"Don't wait. I can't go."

"I've hardly seen anything of you for a week, May. Last night that Wilbur fellow deliberately outstayed me. He'd have had harder work, but that he made me mad and jealous. How can you tolerate him May? There isn't an inch of real manhood about him, yet you smiled on him, and encouraged him to stay until I could stand it no longer, and left him a free field."

"We saw your temper, Dick. You need not recur to it. Mr. Wilbur said it was greatly to be regretted you were ing completion, was to be intrusted. A so rash and hot-headed."

right has he to express any opinion of with infinite precision and care. me to you? If you loved me, May, you

would not have listened to it."

way the peas.

When she turned back the face at the window had gone. Fearful of giving her another illustration of his much to be regretted disposition he had sought refuge in flight; and she was once more free to seek the room which henceforth Vernon Wilbur had told her would appear in his eyes, though they never had beheld it, as the enshrined bower of a

An hour passed and only four lines were imprinted on the sheet; but of these meter and rhythm were quite perfect, and her heart beat high in ex-

When again her mother's voice re called her to this mundane spherethis time, however, to announce a visitor-Mr. Wilbur was below.

Very, very pretty May looked, as with flushed cheeks and bright eyes she ran down to meet him. His lightblue orbs dilated at the picture.

"I have come to ask you to take a stroll with me," he said, in his weak, low voice. "Such days as this are inspirational, and I am sure in every bush and tree you will find lurking some new and beautiful thought."

Ah, if Dick had but asked her to go out to seek inspiration she might have responded with as much alacrity as now!

So it happened that, returning from his lonely drive, a little repentant for his hastiness, and ready to blame his own jealous and impetuous temper for unjust suspicion, he saw directly in front of him two figures slowly strolling along.

He was not long in recognizing them both, and a great, hot wave of indignant anger surged up to his face. He was wonderfully tempted to leap out in front of them, and by a vigorous application of his whip teach this miserable pretender a lesson he would not soon forget. But he resisted the temptation and drove on, deigning them, as he passed, neither word nor glance; but May, catching a glimpse of his face, felt s sudden fear.

She had never seen Dick-dear old Dick-wear that look before, and Mr. Wilbur, for the rest of their walk, found her very silent, and it is to be feared that neither from tree nor shrub nor the radiant sunset did she gather inspiration. And though Mrs. Browning's delicious teas were far more inviting than the repast spread at the hotel, he was not bidden to enter in and feast. Yet May had condemned herself theerby to a long, lonely evening.

If Dick had come in all might have been explained; but Dick, white and miserable, was bending over his desk writing a letter, which, though savoring nothing of poetry, cost him as infinite labor as all her inspirations. Many a sheet he began and never finished, before, at last, a few curt lines, which almost hid the pain their birth had given him, were left to stay and reach their destination.

Next morning May found them be side her breakfast plate. These were all the words they contained:

"I have been blind, May, but I see drive with me yesterday, and why you let me go away the night before. You'll forgive me that I didn't recognize the truth you have tried to tell me in everything but speech, and so the sooner given you back your freedom. If you'll seep the few gifts I have sent you, I should be very glad, for they are hateful enough in my sight, and the weather is somewhat too warm to build

a fire for their funeral pyre." This was all. But for the last phrase born of the great bitterness of a young rt, May might have relented and ent back a few lines which would have rought her lover to her feet; but these hardened her.

Within an hour she had gathered together every token of his love; then slipping from her finger the pearl ring which thad betokened their engagement, she put that with the rest, and dispatched them to him without a

"Mr. Wilbur says that every woman has a mission," she told herself, lest she should fancy her heart ached. "Nothing now need interfere with my work. I shall write a great poem; I can make my own experience its foundation, and so send it into the world to

teach other women man's perfidy." "I have broken my engagement," she said that evening to Mr. Wilbur, when he called; but the shadows hid the sudden flash of triumph in his light. steely eyes.

It was strange, she thought, as the days wore on, but Vernon Wilbur's attraction for her had fled. Somehow he wearied her. She wished he would not come so often: but she did not care to offend him, for he was to give her the name of the editor to whom her precious poem, now rapidly approachlast she had put to it the final correct "Mr. Wilbur! Confound him! What tion, the last stop, signing her initials

She had tasted some of the first fruits of future triumphs, when she had read For all reply the girl exasperatingly it to him in its completed form, and he had to have outdoor employment.

shrugged her shoulders, and rose to put | had listened with upturned eyes and bated breath.

"Your mission soon will be fulfilled," he said to her; "but oh, May, what might we not accomplish to gether-two such poetic minds! would not separate you from your mother, dear, if you would become my wife; but here, in this pretty cottage, we would be happy together. May I hope, my love? Will you cast your lot

with mine?" But May had fled shuddering from his extended arms; and a few hours later there followed him to his hotel the hastily scrawled note, which he read, cursing his fate, since the pretty nest he had so carefully striven for, he learned, all luxuriously feathered as it was, never might be his. Penniless and love-lorn he must again return to daily toil for daily bread, too much time having been squandered in a vain pursuit for food and shelter, with the necessary accompaniment of a wife.

There was now nothing left for May but to find consolation in her mission With trembling hands but hopeful heart she dispatched her poem to its destination.

Days merged into weeks and she heard nothing from it, until at last she sent a tiny note asking for some news of it. The reply was brief:

Her sacred work had long since been consigned to the waste paper basket, condemned as rubbish, and unreturned to her for want of return postage.

The blow was terrible. She had not even kept a copy, and never could she gather up courage to make a second effort.

With the heartless letter in her hands she flew to the woods, where, secure from interruption she might fling herself face downward upon the sward and sob out some of her heart's grief.

So wrapped was she in her own misery that she heard no step approaching until some one called her name.

It was Dick, her lover, who stood beside her. Ah, her lover now no longer "May!" he said. "What is it child? Will you not tell me? Poor little girl! What is troubling you?"

The tender tone was more than she could bear. How it happened she did not know, but in a moment she found herself sobbing, not tears of wretchedness, but tears of joy; for Dick's arms were about her and her head was on Dick's heart.

She tried then to make him understand some of her humiliating confession; but he would not listen to itonly a few days later he came to her, with a roguish smile on his face, and held up before her a little slip of paper. It was an advertisement, in doggerel

rerse, for some patent toothwash. "This is one of Mr. Vernon Wilbur's poems," he told her. "Evidently not very lucrative occupation, since he has left the hotel a month in arrears

for his board." But seeing the quick tears of mortification start to May's eyes he bent and kissed them away. But in long after years the girl learned that only her false mission in life had failed her, and her true mission-the mission of a loving wife and tender mother-had met its now. I know now why you could not richest and its fullest completion .-Jenny Wren.

A Curious Conundrum.

The Buffalo Express is in receipt of the following curious conundrum, which the sender suggests ought to be printed: A crocodile stole a baby, "in the days when animals could talk," and was about to make a dinner of it. The poor mother begged piteously for her child. "Tell me the truth," said the crocodile, "and you shall have your baby again." mother thou at last said: thought it over, not give him back." "Is this the truth you mean to tell?" asked the crocodile. "Yes," replied the mother. Then by our agreement, I keep him,' added the crocodile, "and if it is a falsehood, then I have also won.' said: "No, you are wrong. If I told the truth you are bound by your promise; and if a falsehood, it is not a falsehood until you have given me my child." Now, the question is who won? We are not certain as to who won, but if the crocodile was hungry we are willing to back the opinion that the baby lost.

Accounting for a Deficiency.

At the end of the year, when an Ohio bank cashier could not make his books balance, the president sat down with him and said:

"Mr. Symonds, it is evident that you have made a clerical error comewhere.'

"But I have verified my figures over and over again," protested the cashier. "Just so, but yet you have overlooked the error. According to your books this bank is \$700.22 short?"

"Yes, sir." "And according to my private memoranda you are a \$400 trotting horse and a \$300 diamond pin ahead; while the rats probably ate up the twenty-two cents. Please correct the error and furnish a clean balance sheet."

Mr. Symonds isn't a bank eashier any

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

Forbearance It is in our daily associations with other people, whether in society, in

business or at home, that we are in the deepest need of forbearance. We are irritated at many things, and seem goaded on to utter bitter words, or spiteful allusion, or stinging repartees. We see error so plainly that we long to crush it out by violent means, or we see faults in others which seem to merit our severest rebuke. Or, we are suffering under some real or fancied unkindness or injustice which we burn to resent, and which appears to us to warrant the sternest indignation. The forbearance which, while enduring these heart-burnings, can yet enforce silence on the tips until the hot emotions have had time to cool, and have been brought to the par of reason and judgment, command our respect and

Religious News and Notes. There are 108,000 Dunkards in the United States.

The Methodist Protestant church in the United States has a membership of

The American Bible Society distributed over 100,000 Bibles among emigrants during the past year.

The Church of England temperance society; reports 339,687 members in twenty-five dioceses, against 302,610 members last year in twenty dioceses.

A vigorous movement for the evangelization of the people is being made in Geneva, Switzerland, five halls being used for the purpose in different parts of the city.

The Rev. J. H. Blasser has left the Congregationalists in Miami because he has changed his views as to sanctification, believing in it now as an instantaneous experience.

The Methodist Episcopal church, on an average, organizes ten new Sundayschools, dedicates fourteen new churches and adds two new parsonages each week during the year.

Dr. E. T. Baird and Dr. R. L. Dabey are publishing articles in the Southern Presbyterian papers to prove that the constitution of the Southern church was meant only for "a church of white ministers."

The king of Siam, though less than thirty years old, is said to be one of the most enlightened and progressive monarchs now living, and though a pronounced Buddhist, is extremely liberal toward all other faiths.

There is in the Congressional Library a Bible which is thought to be from four to five hundred years old. It is written in Latin upon vellum, and is embellished with 146 minature paint. ings and more than 1,200 illuminations, which are as brilliant now as when ex-

ecuted. It cost \$2,200. A census of church attendance in St. Louis shows that the total on a recent Sanday of churchgoers was 119,493. Of these, 85.171 were Roman Catholics, 6.926 Presbyterians, 7,420 Methodists, 3,651 Lutherans and 4,515 Baptists. In the Sanday-schools there was an attendance of 23,102.

A bold Baptist missionary in St. Petersburg recently baptized the cashier of a great railway in a swimming bath of the Imperial bank, and in the presence of the officials. He seems to have great influence with the Russian officials. He has made an appeal to General Ignatieff in behalf of exiled

Oneer Habits of Anta.

Writing upon auts a naturalist remarks that among the habits and customs of some species is one which he dares not set down as a mark of civilization lest he should incur the censure of the Anti-Slavery society. It is, however, true that certain species ants make systematic raids upon their neighbors, in order to rob them of their larvæ and pupæ, which they convey to their own nest, and bring up with care as their own children, in order that they may become their slaves, and the slaves most frequently selected are black ante, although the slave-makers are not very particular.

One species of ants is simply a war-rior; its mandibles are not adapted for working, but are excellent as weapons; and it has become so dependent upon its slaves that it can neither attend to its own larvæ nor feed or clean itself. To deprive this species of its slaves would be equivalent to condemning it to extinction. Strange to say, on the return of the warrior ants from an expedition if they bring no pupe the slaves receive them with threatening gestures and seem inclined to resist their entrance; but if the warriors return loaded with captives the slaves hasten to caress them and relieve them of their loads, to which they attend with great care.

Several years ago the bleaching powder made in the world was 55,000 tons per annum, whereas it is now over 150,-000 tons. By this increase every sheet more. His health was so bad that he of white paper and every yard of calico had to have outdoor employment. TOPICS OF THE DAY.

A statistical abstract just issued by the United States treasury department contains statistics of the annual production of gold and silver in the United States from 1857 to 1881 inclusive These figures show that the production of gold has declined from \$55,000,000 in 1857 to \$36,500,000 in 1881, and that the production of silver has increased from nothing in 1857 to \$42,000,000 in 1881. The total production of gold and silver for 1881 was \$78,600,000, an increase of \$3,000,000 over the year previous. The largest production recorded in any one year was in 1878, when over \$96,000,000 was produced of gold.

It is estimated that there are in London at the present time no fewer than 25,000 unemployed mechanics, artisans, clerks and unskilled laborers, and that throughout the country there is a floating population of 50,000 vagrants. The depth of misery reached by some of these unfortunate people is brought to light by an inquest lately held on the body of the wife of a London watchmaker. A daughter, aged nineteen, testified that there were seven in the family, and that their food consisted chiefly of bread and lard and tea. They all slept in one bed, the father, mother and five children, their only covering being the clothes they wore during the day. Sometimes they went a day or two without food.

Mrs. Beecher told an interviewing correspondent of the Indianapolis Sentinel so many interesting things the other day that he wrote two columns about it. Some of the incidents related may pass into biography. Her husband's first congregation at Lawrence women and one man. "Henry" expelled the man for unworthiness. Henry received six dollars a week, and Mrs. Beecher hired two rooms over a stable, where they began housekeeping. Their only article of furniture was the bed upon which Henry had slept while at college. "When I got here to Brooklyn," concluded Mrs. Beecher, "the public began to get my husband away from me; he couldn't help it, of course; he is one of the most modest of men, and flushes now when he meets strangers."

An exploring expedition has left San Francisco for Alaska, under the direction of Edward Schieffelin, who has been a practical miner for twenty-five years, and has amassed an ample fortune among the mountains. He intends to ascend the great Yukon river as far as possible, and for that purpose he has constructed a small stern-wheel steam er, which will be carried upon the deck of a schooner to the mouth of the river. He has taken three companions with him, and made all the necessary arrangements for a three years' cruise. He will establish a base of supplies at the point where the Tananan empties into the Yukon, and thence make prospecting tours by land and water in every direction. The chief purpose of this expedition is to discover mineral treasures, but it can scarcely fail to be otherwise important if the generous plans upon which it is projected are carried out. Mr. Schieffelin believes that Alasks is upon the "mineral belt which encircles the world, and the proof is strong enough to take the chances."

There was an extraordinary scene at the Grand Opera-house in Cincinnati one afternoon not long ago. A gentleman, apparently thirty-five years of age, was not sed walking around the lobby intently looking at the audience, as if was somewhat excited, and it was easy to be seen that he did not go there to witness the performance. All at once, just after the close of the first act, he quickly passed down into the dress circle, and taking a handsome, welldressed lady by the ear, compelled her to go out with him. She was literally led out by the ear. The husband states that he has been married to the lady ten years; that she has an inordinate inclination to go to matinee performances, thereby neglecting her home and children; that he endured this as long as he could, and then told her if she went to the matinee again he would lead her out by the ear, and he simply kept his word. He furthermore expressed great affection for his wife, but said he was determined to prevent her further demoralization. The parties are connected with excellent families and stand well in social circles. The ludy is young, accomplished and intel-

Commenting upon an important matter, s New York paper observes: "Some statements which have just been made by Dr. William M. Smith, health officer of the port of New York, are extremely interesting. A large number of our citizens, belonging mainly to the lowest classes, however, are prejudiced against vaccination, while-at the same time they believe the smallpox is bred in this country by the immense number of emigrants continually arriving. It is well to learn, therefore, on good siderably over 900.

authority, that out of nearly three hundred and fifty thousand emigrants who entered this port during the ten months ending April 30, 1882, only eleven cases of smallpox developed among them during the passage. This is an exceedingly small proportion. It proves that the measures taken by the various transatlantic passenger steamship lines to prevent the spread of this dreadful disease among persons intending to emigrate were prudently suggested and effectively applied. It will therefore be seen both that vaccination is an excellent preventive, and that the extreme feeling against emigrants, because they are supposed to propagate smallpox, is nothing but an ignorant prejudice that should be immediately dismissed."

In applying for an increase of her pension from twenty-five dollars to fifty dollars a month, Mrs. Priscilla D. Twiggs, of Baltimore, now in her eighty-first year, shows an honorable title to the bounty of the government. She writes: "I imagine few have stronger claims upon the liberality of the government than I have, every male relative having been in the United States service; my grandfather, Commodore Decatur, Sr., having been in the French war; his two sons also held commissions in our navy. Commodore Stephen Decatur, Jr., distinguished himself by recapturing and burning the frigate Philadelphia in the harbor of Tripoli, in which engagement his brother, James S. Decatur, was killed. Again, during the war with Great Britain in 1812, he further distinguished himself by capturing the British frigate Macedonia. My father, Captain McKnight, was in the marine corps at the time of his death. burg, Ind., consisted of twenty-four Both my brothers were lieutenants in the navy. The elder, Lieutenant Stephen B. McKnight, was with Commodore Porter on board the Essex, and was afterward lost at sea on board the United States sloop-of-war Wasp. As before stated, my husband fell at the storming of Chapultepec, and my only son, George T. Twiggs, was killed in an engagement one month previous, he being on his way to his uncle, General D. E. Twiggs, as his aid." The Senate pension committee reported the application favorably.

An Arctic Tragedy.

With Horn sound begins the interest in Spitzbergen, as the place was the scene of as cruel a tragedy as was ever enacted. The story has in it all the dramatic elements of a thrilling novel of the old school, and finds a fitting denouement in the mines of Siberia. On one of the innermost islands of Horn sound, a few years ago, were found a heap of nine skulls, said to be those of a Russian crew murdered by a party of whalers. These murderers were never discovered, but another and still more remarkable discovery was made in the year 1835 by a Norwegian sea captain, near this place, and it is of this I intend to tell. It is the commonest occurrence for ships that venture up here to lose one or more men a trip, and so when the other members of the small crews-say five or six men-return home and re port that they have lost comrades, no particular attention is paid to the news beyond the little circle widowed by the lost men.

It happened somewhere about 1849 that the crew of a Russian whaler made their way back to Archangel and reported that they had lost their captain and two men on Spitzbergen through an accident, details of which were given. The captain and his men were moursed and in a little while the affair was for-In 1853, however, th gian captain in question, while out hunting for reindeer, found three human skeletons, and beside them a gun from which the stock was rotting. On the barrel of the gun were scratched a number of inscriptions in Russian, which the Norwegian was unable to make out. He brought the gun home with him, and sent it to Archangel, where it was found to contain the history of the captain and the two men, previously reported as having been killed by accident. The inscription told how the owner of the gun and his two men had been basely deserted by the others of the crew, for whom they were out procuring food, and left to die of exposure. Those of the crew then alive were arrested and sentenced for life to work in the mines of Siberia. The poor captain and his men must have suffered terribly, for, from the dates on the gun-the last of which was March 3 .- it was learned that they had survived a greater part of the

Estimated cost of building railroads in different countries, per mile: England, \$200,000; France, \$100,000; Russia, \$135,000 ; Austria, \$109,000 ; Germany, \$105,000 , Italy, \$100,000; United States, \$58,000.

There have been 3,802 persons indicted in Ireland during the present year, and the total number of arrests under the coercion act has been con-