Unknown is Best.

dead, lying under the grasses Unseen linger near the the bereft, Having knowledge and sense of what pass In the hearts and the homes they have le What teardrops, than sea waters salter, Must fall as they watch the strife-When they see how we fail, how we falter How we miss in the duties of life.

If the great, who go out with their faces Bedewed by a weeping world's tears, Stand near and can see how their places Are filled, while the multitude cheers; If the parent, whose back is bent double With delivering for riches and gold, Lends an ear to the wrangle and trouble About him before he is cold;

If the wife, who left weeping and sorrow Behind her, bends down from above, And beholds the tears dried on the mor And the eyes newly burning with love;

It the gracious and royal bouled mother, From the silence and hush of her tomb, Can hear the harsh voice of another Slow-blighting the truit of her womb

If the old hear their early-begotten Rejoicing that burdens are gone; It the young know how soon they're forgotter While the mirth and the revel go on

What sighing of sorrow and anguish Must sound through the chambers of What desolate spirit must languish In that mystic and undescribed place

Then life was a farce with its burden, And death but a terrible jest, But they cannot. The grave gives its guerdor

ent they cannot. The property of silence and beautiful rest.

— Ella Wheeler.

Little Miss Turpin's Fate.

A little conversation took place one morning, on the top floor of a dingy old lodging house in the metropolis, that led to strange results. It was in the front room, but made its way very readily through the chinks and crannies in the mortar to the neighboring apartment, where little Miss Turpin was preparing here frugal breakfast. The toasting fork her frugal breakfast. The toasting fork nearly fell from her hand, and her dimity apron narrowly escaped being seduced by the sumptuous flame from the grate, when the harsh, gruff voice of her land-led tell upon her er. ord fell upon her ear.
"I want my money," said Mr. Shad-

"So do I," replied the young doctor, and more. 'He that wants money, means and content, is without three good friends.'"

Can I have my money to-night?"

I think not.

Tto-morrow?"
It is extremely doubtful."
Then you must get out of here.

"When do you want it?" As soon as possible."
Will to-morrow do?"

Then leave me, friend; the room shall be yours to-morrow morning." The young medical student was a man of spirit, and would have vacated these or spirit, and would have vacated these not very alluring premises at once, but he had not where to lay his head, and there seemed a vital necessity just then for some such proceeding on his part. He had discovered two days before that

He had discovered two days before that the faltering and shabby source of his pecuniary supplies had utterly failed, and the knowledge that he was without money or friends in a strange city together with an inability to beg, borrow or steal, had robbed him of sleep.

The only patient he had during his nine months' stay with Mr. Shadrach was a poor little workwoman in the neighboring room, a washed-out, timid, wretched little creature, with scarcely enough stamina about her to raily after a slight attack of pneumonis. Her a slight attack of pneumonia. Her little fee had been ready for him atter every visit—in fact, obtrusively ready, for it was out of the question, of course,

for it was out of the question, of course, to take money.

"It was merely a neighborly service," he said, when upon his fifth visit, he found her up and at work again, and on his departure she had stammered out something about his bill. "I am only too glad, Miss—Miss.

"Turpin," she whispered.

"To be of service to you, and beg you will call me in whenever my presence is desirable."

desirable."

Miss Turpin faltered out her thanks.
A burning flush chased the pallor out of her face, as he warmly pressed her trembling hand in his and bade her

good-bye.
"Poor little girl!" he said, as he strode
"It's bad away to the lecture room. "It's bad crough for a great strong ox like myself to face and battle with this grim old grindstone of a world, but for a miser-able little waif like that—phew, its

He thought of her pityingly till he crossed the threshold of the college, then gave himself up to the subject in hand, which so engrossed his mind that he

which so engrossed his mind that he forthwith forgot the existence of little Miss Turpin. But she, upon her part, repeated over and over the words of young Dr. Blake, blushing again when also became conscious of the fact that she really had the temerity to dwell upon his genial but commonplace courtesy.

Miss Turpin's work was delicate and artistic, but not soul-absorbing, like the dector's. She could tint her photographs all the better for this little episode in her life. The vines and tendrils took tender shapes under her deft little fangers; a shy, sweet melancholy helped to make the shadows at least more and more perfect; under the rosebuds grew the thorns; but there seemed to lurk even in their cruelty a subtle, mysterious charm. It was enough for Miss Turpin to dream. ous charm. It Turpin to dream

arpin to dream.

But more and more imposing, grander
ad grander grew this one figure of her
accy around which revolved the sateltes of health and wealth, popularity
ad fame—ail that could render life

aweet and desirable.

Perhaps it is detrimental to my heroine to say that she would have been quite Aostent to have lived upon the fruits of ber own fancy for the remainder of her natural life. Had circumstances com-pelled her to change her abode, and had she thus lost sight of Dr. Blake, the freams would have gone along just the assee, the fact of his dying in a neighsring hospital of weakness and want and the quenching of all her material in a panper's grave not interfering in the inest with Miss Turpin's airy fabric. It would have been impossible to convince Miss Turpin that he could reach so dire an extremity, had not the knowledge been forced in upon her in a way that size could not refuse.

She absolutely heard the gruff voice of Mr Shadrach upon the morning in question, and the low, musical, but bitterly smacking words of the dector in reply.

She sat down upon the rugs and clasped both her hands. He was going away, then! Until that moment she had not

both her hands. He was going away, then! Until that moment she had not realized the extent of such a disaster. She could have borne, perhaps, to have been compelled to go away herself, because the inevitable for her had become long since a matter of course; but to have the iron hand of inexorable necessity grasp this magnificent young man was terrible. He had the flashing eyes, the lordly mien, the exultant step—for thus had little Miss Turpin been wont to classify the somewhat alluring personal attractions of young Blake—he to become the prey of an adverse destiny!

Miss Turpin's breakfast that morning was a failure. By dint of long practice and an exceedingly gracious gift of housewifery she had always managed to get up extraordinary little meals for herself. It was as if a little sooty angel sat up aloft in the chimney and assisted the culinary efforts of the lone little youngen. Her toast was of brown the most golden, her coffee was of Mocha the most delicious, her bit of steak so juicy and appetizing, that sometimes poor Blake. in the neighboring room. the most delicious, her bit of steak so juicy and appetizing, that sometimes poor Blake, in the neighboring room, with some chunks of brown bread float-ing helplessly in a chalky fluid before him, finding this savory odor under his nostrils, raised his clenched hands at the stern wall between them in envy and degratic

despair.

But even the little angel in the chimney became impatient with the behavior of sittle Miss Turpin that morning. The little woman, usually so practicable and capable, while straining her ear to listen

capable, while straining her car to listen to faltering, stumbling steps in the next room, deliberately burned the toast and boiled the coffee, and the sooty wings spread themselves, taking flight in disappointment and disgust.

She held her breath as the familiar footstep passed her door, and slowly one by one went down the wormeaten stairs, Oh, where was he going? What would he do? She had read sometimes of an evening, when working hours were over, the shaded lamp upon the table at her side, the coals leaping and blazing in the refulgent grate, her little slippered feet upon the fender—she had read of people who, having neither money, means nor content, had drifted into a moment of frenzy and despair, and thus leaped the awful bar that separated the known from the unknown, content to risk any frenzy and despair, and thus leaped the awful bar that separated the known from the unknown, content to risk any fate but that which awaited them here. She had read thus of poor, strange unfortunates, and her heet had ached in their behaff. But now? Well, now her heart had almost ceased to beat. She put away her work—of what avail was it, all blotted and blurred by her tears or ruined by her shaking brush? All day she feared and trembled; at nightfall some intuitive hope caused her to brighten the fire, cook a dainty meal, and, placing the table opposite the door, leave the cosy room open on the windswept, gloomy corridor.

Then she waited and waited. The clock struck at midnight; then bne, two, three from a neignboring belfry. The meal was cold, the fire burned lew; the chill, gray morning had almost dawned, when at last it came; yes—thank God! faitering and slow; but it was his footstep; none other could quicken little Miss Turpin's pulse.

He reached the landing, the door of her room. Why, truly, he did pause—yes, and stagger in.

Any other woman but this, perhaps, would have recoiled with discust and

yes, and stagger in.

Any other woman but this, perhaps, would have recoiled with disgust and horror, and, above all, with fear, for the young man was evidently not himself. His hair damp and disheveled, hung in heavy disorder about his face and neck; his eyes glassy and lurid, blazed upon hers; a red flame burned in his cheeks; a slight foun fleeked his trempling line.

slight foam flecked his trembling lips He fell into the chair at the table, and He fell into the chair at the table, and looked wonderfully upon the food before him; but that which would have been frantically devoured six hours before was like the ashes of bitterness to him now. He had not tasted food for thirty-But it was not hunger that ortured him; it was thirst-an appall

ing thirst.

He drank the pitcher of water from Miss Turpin's hand and looked pleadingly for more.

"Do not be afraid to give the patient water," he murmured eagerly. "In cases of febrile debility they sometimes suffer—suffer. I recommend, by all means, water—water—water.' Then he fell back with a groan of agony.

Miss Turpin ran out of the room and days stales counted on the decrease.

Miss Turpin ran out of the room and down stalrs, pounded on the door of the German tailor below, who, with his wife and five children, was enjoying in sleep the only immunity granted them from endless labor and toil, bade him fly for the best doctor in the neighbor-hood; ran un the stairs again like a deer. ny for the best doctor in the neighbor-hood; ran up the stairs again like a deer, and found Dr. Blake insensible, his head thrown back upon the chair, hi-cyes half closed, his stentorious breath-ings audible in the corridor below. The little German returned with the best medical aid in the vicinity, even that of the eminent Dr. Havershaw him-self.

All this fuss and confusion had aroused

All this fuss and confusion had aroused Mr. Shadrach, who followed them up the stairs and protruded his long, hairy chin in the doorway.

"It is, perhaps, best that you should know, madam," said the surgeon to little Miss Turpin, "that it is a doubtful case. Your husband is in a very critical condition. If this worthy man will assist me we will get him to bed. Our only hope will be a powerful sedative, to be given at onee."

The worthy man alluded to was Mr.

The worthy man alluded to was Mr. Shadrach, whose eyes almost left their sockets when he found the doctor preparing to put his young lodger in Miss Turpin's bed.

Turpin's bed.

"Why-why," he gasped, looking at Miss Turpin, "this won't do, will it?"

Miss Turpin bowed her head. She could not speak, but it seemed to her that her heart made all the noise that was neces ary.—Its convulsive throbs moved the shawl she had thrown over her shoulders.

Don't chatter here." said the doctor. thinking Mr. Shadrach was addressing him. "Just do what I bid you, and the more quietly the better."

more quietly the better."

Half an hour later Miss Turpin was alone again, save for the body of the doctor that lay upon the bed. He was helpless there, perhaps dying; his face was strange and distorted, his eves half closed. A confused, unintelligent nurmur flowed from his lips, his hand clinched and unclinched; at times a groan seemed wrung from his vitals.

Miss Turpin's features were pale and haggard, her eyes streaming with tears. Yet, in the midst of an anguish that partook of dispair, with threes of pain and terror unspeakable, there was born to her a solemn and almost sinister joy, the first ever given to that sterile soul.

When the doctor came in the evening he thought he had never seen so patient and noble a face; there was something in it that went to his heart.

"Be comforted," he said, "let us rely

upon the youth and strong physique of your husband."

The incoherent muttering of his patient attracted the doctor's attention. Sharp and strong sentences fell upon his ear, that excited his professional curiosity. When he heard from Miss Turear, that excited his professional curi-osity. When he heard from Miss Tur-pin of the enthusiasm and zeal of the young student, as much as she dared tell him of his defeated aspirations and hopes, the good doctor's eyes kindled with sympathy.

"Let him only get well," he said, "and we will sweep these lions out of his path."

his path."
Miss Turpin smiled through her 'He will get well, thanks to you,

she said.

"And to you." he added, looking around the room with approbation. It had been suddenly metamorphosed into the model of a chamber for the sick. The open fire, with its cheerful blaze and ventilating draft; the subdued light; the white and warm drapery of the bed; her own little couch near by; pretty, shadowy pictures upon the walls tinted by her own hands—an eloquent silence reigning over all.

'It is lucky for yonder lad," thought "It is lucky for yonder lad," thought he doctor, "that in all this big wretched the locky is his the doctor, "that in all this big wretched barrack the one little snuggery is his

wn."

And so the days went by, each one

And so the days went by, each one freighted with hope and fear. There came one at last upon which rested the life or death of the young student. "Some time this evening," said the doctor to Miss Turpin, "he will regain consciousness; be sure that you do not leave his bedside. I would not for the world at that critical moment, that a strange face should meet his own."

Miss Turpin turned p.de, and stretched out her hands with a gesture of entreaty. Then she slipped from her chair to her

Then she slipped from her chair to her knees, and from thence to the floor. Now had come the supreme moment of torture. Now her labor, her joy, her

Now had come the supreme moment of torture. Now her labor, her joy, her life was done.

A strange face! What face could be stranger than her own?

"Tut, child!" said the doctor; "I thought you had more courage. There is every hope for him. Can't you bear joy as you have sorrow? I only want that he shall first see the face of his wife, the dearest to him in the world."

He put down his hands to her, but He put down his hands to her, but still she hid her face from his. Her whole frame trembled. She wished

still she ind her face from his. Her whole frame trembled. She wished that she could die there and then. "Oh, doctor," said she, lifting at last her eyes to his, "how can I tell you? how can I make you know? I am not his wife!"

his wife!"

The doctor drew back coidly; but as her frank, earnest eyes caught his own, he could not resist the innocent pleading there. he might be a poor Magdalen even, but he had never seen so childlike

and yet womanly a creature.
"We must think of nothing now but our patient," he said, gently; "your face is at least familiar and dear to him." "Alas! no," she said: "it is strange almost unknown. It is far better

most unknown, ould go away."
Then she told the doctor all. And as we went on to confess how she had ared shelter this poor neighbor of hers, without a roof to cover him, withou money, without friends, sick unto death money, without Friends, sick unto death, helpless and alone—how she dared at any risk to shelter him and to nurse him back to life—the good surgeon's eyes blinked under his shaggy brows. He put his heavy hands in benediction upon her beared bend

bowed head. Thou good little Samaritan!" he

said.

And two big, hollow, nandsome eyes upon the white bed in the corner also filled with tears. He was so weak, this poor young Blake, that he could searcely help sobbing outright at so touching a story.

"Why—why," he faltered to himself, "in little Miss Turpin's room! Oh, thou merciful heaven! in little Miss Turpin's bed! With the cheery little fire in the grate to foil yonder bitting blast, with all the little knick-knacks and furbelows about—the little pictures on the wall, her bird-cage at the window, and a neat medicine stand, with and turbelows about—the little pictures on the wall, her bird-cage at the window, and a neat medicine stand, with lots of spoons in various doses, each spoon with little Miss Turpin's name; and to her, then, under heaven, I owe my life! Ah, may God do so to me, and more also, if I desert little Miss Turpin, or let little Miss Turpin desert me!"

"And now," said the sweet, sad voice of Miss Turpin, "take me to his bedside. I am foolishly weak, I can scarcely see. Let me look upon him just once more before I go. You will take care of him now, doctor, won't you? But let me say good-bye."

The doctor, undecidedly, scarcely knowing what to say, half carried her to the bed.

"Good-bye, good bye," she said, bending over him, her warm tears fall-

bending over him, her warm tears fall-ing on his pale, sunken face, her hot, trembling hands, clasping themselves together.
But suddenly two other hot, trembling

hands seized hers in a feeble grasp—the hollow, sunken eyes of the student lasten themselves upon Miss Turpin's face with a very hungry tenderness.

"Oh, no," he said, "you cannot go from here, not for the world; you see the good doctor has said it will not do

the good doctor has said it will not do
to have a strange face at my bedside.
Yours is the dearest to me in the world,
I love you, Miss Turpin. It is perhaps a sad fate I offer you; but oh! be
still more 'generous—be my wife. I
have, dear 'ittle Miss Turpin—oh! I
have loved you long!"

He didn't say how long he was too
weak to taik. He didn't tell her that
perhaps his love dated only a little half
hour back, when he listened to that wondrously touching little story of hers.

hour back, when he listened to that won-drously touching little story of hers.

What mattered it? Cannot love be as strong as life and deep as the sea, howseever and whenever it is born? Good Dr. Havershaw took care of their future. It began in a neat, two-story brick house, with a big brass sign upon the door, to which the worthy surgeon drew attention enough to set the pot to boiling.

drew attention enough to set the pot to boiling.

And now in her stylish brougham, with a liveried lackey at her command, with her rustling silks and dainty laces, with her wildest fancies more than realized, who could find fault with the fate of little Miss Turpin?

Entomologically speaking, the butter-fly gets up from its grub and floats through the air with the greatest of ease. Physiologically speaking, the boy makes the butter fly by putting it down with his grub, with the greatest of grease. Scientifically considered, both are cli-matological. Please pass the butter, my well-bred friend.

The Flandrau Indians, who now number three hundred and fifty souls, and live in respectable houses in Moody county, Dakota, have raised 10,000 bushels of wheat this year.

FOR THE PAIR SEX.

New York Fashion Notes

Redingotes are revived.

Very small bustles are worn. Tiger-skin muffs are a recent novelty Pocket-shaped muffs are again in

Black wraps are de riguer for street

The new greenish-blue is known as Black cut jet beads now trim all dressy

black suits. Walking dresses are short enough to

show the shoes. Fichus will be more worn this winter han ever before.

Fichus will be more fashionable than ver this winter.

Fancy feathers are the leading feature in bonnet trimmings.

The new lace fraises are made very high, and frequently wired. The hair is generally worn low, whether it is becoming or not.

Bits of tinsel, jet and many jet beads are added to feather ornaments. Gold threads shot into brocaded stuffs grow more and more fashionable.

Some very handsome plain cloth suits have fur bands as their only trimming. Both black and white Breton and point

New muffs to match costumes are in reticule shape, trimmed with lace or

Normandy point is the most suitable lace for muff trimming, on account of

lace for mult trimming, on account of its durability.

Silk with jet beads interwoven in the habric comes for combining with black satin and valvet.

Only very young ladies wear short resses for evening parties or on cere-nonious occasions. Pale drab corduroy and wine or plum-

lored camel's hair makes a warm and essy street costume. Costumes of seal-brown ladies' cloth

camel's hair and corduroy velvet wil much worn in mid-minter. The richest toilets are of black satin and silk profusely decorated with jet embroideries, fringes and passementer-

Quilted satin petticoats, in colors to match costumes, bid fair to displace felt and cloth balmorals for mid-winter

Normany point is a new black silk accoff great beauty and durability, and specially suitable for trimming black

Silk plush of the same shade the dress makes a handsome trimming when applied in panels and as revers, collars and cuffs.

A new style of dress pocket is cut in quare-cornered shape and attached to be edge of the basque, where it hangs

Muffs are made of the materials of the dress this winter, lined with fur, pocket shaped, and ornamented at the openings with frills of Breton lace. Plain soft Indian muslin mob caps, with shirred ruflles of the same, and narrow pink, blue, and white ribbons run in the shirrings, are very fashion-able.

Scarfs of white, blue, rose, and red chenille appear among imported novel-ties for throwing over the head and shoulders when going to evening enter-tainments.

The newest three-cornered necker-chiefs of brocaded blue, rose, and cream silks, have the corners rounded, and are bordered with double plaitings of point d'esprit or Breton lace.

Dress seams are now frequently curved to the arm-hole, after the fashion of a few years back. It is claimed that the long seam, reaching to the shoulder, makes the waist appear large.

A new idea in kid gloves is the Foster glove, fitting the hand as a shoe does the foot, laced with a cord between a double row of buttons, thus enabling a lady to wear the smallest possible size.

A new fabric for combining with black satin in costumes is silk in which let

satin in costumes is silk in which jet beads are woven in stripes, figures, palms, diamonds, and leaf designs, or with beads covering the entire surface. Silk-faced cloakings, with fur backs, have the upper side of silk in armure or matelasse designs, or else soft repped silk or Sicilienne, while the reverse is of

soft, thick fleece, almost as warm a Lace ruffs for the neck are again in vogue; they are worn very high, are made of several plaitings of the lace, and are tied with narrow satin ribbons, knotted on the left side of the neck or directly in front.

suits, made very plain, of dark shades of green, blue, garnet, and plum, have many rows of machine stitching in contrasting color of silk as a finish to the overskirt, petticoat, and other parts

Frosted flowers are coming into fash-Frosted flowers are coming into fashion for evening dresses. An easy way of frosting those which have lost their freshness is to touch them lightly with white of egg and then scatter frosting powder, which is merely powdered lass, over them.

The newest cloaking material is drapee silk; the under side is of silk, such as Sicillienne, with thick rep, armure, and pique or matelassee, all of silk, while the wrong side is of soft and thick fleece, forming a lining almost as warm as fur. as warm as fur.

The convenience of the chatelaine braid keeps it fashionable. The manner of wearing it at present is in two plaits or braids turned up, club like, on each side of the back of the head, with a crimped crown braid or some puffs of hair set up on the top.

New designs for combination cos-tumes' of silk and velvet or silk, or satin and wool, have the plain or kilt front breadth ornamented with two or three scarfs of soft silk fastened at the sides and tied across in the middle in a single knot with fringed out ends.

single knot with fringed out ends.

A popular style of dressing the hair frizzes or fringes the foretop or bang, and, waving the crown hair, shades the temples with it, then gathering all the hair together and adding a switch, i necessary, disposes it to one heavy drooping loop, and two upright loops pulled wide on the back of the head.

A comfortable manner of making a dressing gown for every-day wear is double-breasted, with a double row of buttons down the front, or one broad trimming—an exact fac simile of the newest shaped uisters, cut to the figure, but a little wider in the skirt. The model from Paris was made in dark-

blue cloth flannel, and had an applique trimming of dark blue velvet tambour stitched in white.

A fashion which promises to be popu-A lashion which promises to be popular is that of wearing jackets of a material and color different from the dress. These jackets are made in the casaquin fashion, tight-fitting and with deep basques and square poekets. In thin cloth or cassimere, of some very dark color, they are very becoming, showing off the figure to great advantage; but off the figure to great advantage; but those of embroidered cashmere, bro-caded silk or fancy velvet are more dressy and effective.

Word comes from Paris that the pol-

word comes from Paris that the poi-onaise, which has been discarded for a time, is again taken into favor under a new name—"habit redingote." An example mentioned was of dark em-bossed blue velvet, worn over a satin petticoat to match, trinmed in front petticoat to match, trimmed in front with two deep plaitings, large pockets at the sides, edged with silk and chenille fringe; the polonaise almost as long as the skirt at the back and draped very gracefully; in front it is only closed to the knees, where it opens with a large satin and velvet bow. Another polonaise was of striped purple velvet, and it opened over a satin skirt embroidered in chevrons of gold, orange and coppercolored silks; a large collar and deep cuffs of satin similarly worked.

Children's Health in Winter.

Too much attention cannot be paid to the feet. Every child should be pro-vided with rubber overshoes and wear them whenever the pavements were damp, taking care that they are instantly removed on coming in-doors. High rubber boots, lined like the well-known rubber boots, lined like the well-known Arctic overshoes, are a comfort and convenience for boys and school-girls in snowy weather. The boy who can resist the temptation to plunge into a snow drift and who can walk quietly along through a clear path, with a wall of snow on either side, is an anomaly in boydom. These boots enable him to dare the deepest drifts with comparative impunity. Every child should have at least two pairs of shoes, and stockings and shoes should be changed and the feet rubbed dry whenever there is the least suspicion of dampness. is the least suspicion of dampness. Nothing lays the foundation of so many

and the feet rubbed dry whenever there is the least suspicion of dampness. Nothing lays the foundation of so many colds as damp feet; while a wetting is rarely injurious if the clothing is at once changed. It is not the getting wet so much as the remaining so, which does the mischief.

Children are frequently martyrs to ear-ache. The best preventive for this is to keep the cold air out of the ears. To this end the worsted hoods which come for girls are excellent; while boys may wear a woolen scarf around the head and cars. Mothers who prefer hats to hoods may easily add ribbon strings wide enough to cover the ears, and these will not look badly on even a handsome hat.

It is to the full as important that children should be warmly clad at night as during the day. Nor is it sufficient that the bed clothing should be warm. Every one who has had the care of children knows what restless sleepers they are, and how they kick off even the most carefully tucked in coverings. Delicate children should sleep in flannel, while for more robust constitutions canton flannel is sufficiently heavy. Night-drawers are to be preferred to night-gowns for all but babies, and the legs of the drawers should be long enough to reach to the feet. Indeed, that style which covers the feet, also, like a stocking is an excellent one. Night-gowns for babies should be long enough to come more than down over the feet, and flannel wrappers should be provided for very cold weather. In every household where there is a baby there should be at least one open fire at which its feet may be toasted upon occasion. No one can sleep healthily when cold, and the baby will rest much better if laid to sleep upon a warm blanket than between cold sheets.

Overworked Women.

Nothing is more reprehensible and

Overworked Women.

Nothing is more reprehensible and thoroughly more wrong than the idea that a woman fufilisher duty by doing an amount of work that is far beyond her strength. She not only does not fulfill her duty, but she most signally falls in it, and the failure is truly deplorable. There can be no sadder sight than that of a broken-down, overworked wife and mother—a woman who is tired all her life through. If the work of the household cannot be accomplished by order, system, and moderate work, without the necessity of wearing, heartout the necessity of wearing, heart-breaking toil—toil that is never ended without making life a treadmill of labor, then, for the sake of humanity, let the

Better to live in the midst of disorder better to he in the midst of disorder than that order should be purchased at so high a price—the cost of health, strength and happiness, and all that makes existence endurable. The woman who spends her life in unnecessary labor who spends her life in unnecessary labor is by this very labor unfitted for the highest duties of home. She should be he haven of rest to which both husband and children turn for peace and refreshment. She should be the careful, intelligent adviser and guide of the one, the tender confidant and helpmate of the other. How is it possible for a woman exhausted in body, as a natura consequence in mind also, to perform these offices? No. it is not possible. The constant strain is too great. Nature gives way beneath it. She loses health and spirit and hopefulness, and more alwan all, her youth—the last thing that a woman should allow to slip from her, for no matter how old she is in years she should be young in heart and feeling, for the youth of age is sometimes more attractive than youth itself.

To the overworked woman this green old age is out of the question; old age comes on her, sere and yellow, before its time. Her disposition is ruined, her temper soured, her very nature is changed, by the burden which too heavy this very labor unfitted

temper soured, her very nature is changed, by the burden which, too heavy to carry, is dragged along as long as wearied feet and tired hand, can do their part. Even her affections are blunted, and she becomes merely a machine—a woman without the time to be womanly, a mother without the time to train and the state of woman without the time to be womanly, a mother without the time to train and guide her children as only a mother can, a wife without the time to sympathize with and cheer her husband, a woman so overworked during the day that when night comes her sole thought ard intense longing is for the rest and sleep that very probably will not come; and, even it it should, that she is too tired to enjoy. Better by far let everything go unfinished, to live as best as she can, than to entail on herseif and family the curse of overwork.—Sanitary Magazine.

"Men often jump at conclusions," says the proverb. So do dogs. We saw a dog jump at the conclusion of a cat, which was sticking through the opening of a partly-closed door, and it created more disturbance than a church scandal.—Boston Post.

Cremation in Alaska.

Cremation in Alaska.

Rev. Sheldon Jackson, of Denver, Col., synodical missionary of Colorado, New Mexico, Utah and Montana, recently made a visit to Alaska, and while there saw many interesting things. He gives an account of a visit made to a garden owned by a Mr. Davidson, of Fort Wrangle.

At the upper end of Mr. Davidson's garden he saw a white sheet stretched between two poles, and looking as if it might be intended for a scare-crow. Upon inquiry he found that it contained the ashes of a boy that was drowned the week before. His friends had promised Rev. Mr. Young that it should have a Christian burial; but during Saturday night they took the body up the beach, and early Sabbath morning burned it, the charred wood still remaining.

Several large dry sticks were laid side by side upon the beach. Upon these were placed the body of the boy. Other sticks were piled over the body, and the whole set on fire amid the wails and superstitious incantations of hired mourners.

In about an hour the body was con-

In about an hour the body was consumed. After the fire had cooled down, the ashes were carefully gathered up, and placed in a basket until a suitable box could be carved for their permanent preservation. When all was ready, an old Indian woman, bowed down with age and infirmities, took up the basket and started for a pine tree which had previously been selected for the purpose. She was followed by the mourners and friends with bowed heads and loud wails of sorrow. At the base of the tree two poles, about eight feet high, were driven into the ground two feet apart. The basket containing the ashes was tied between poles, and a mustin bag, like a large pillow-slip, pulled down over the poles and basket and closed at the bottom. On the outside of the sheet is sometimes rudely painted a face, through which the spirit of the departed is supposed to look out upon the bay.

Morning and evening the parents of the boy come out from their hut, and turning their faces to the north utter In about an hour the body was con-

upon the bay.

Morning and evening the parents of the boy come out from their hut, and turning their faces to the north utter loud cries of distress. And this will be kept up for months, for they have never heard of the great Comforter, who alone can comfort sorrowing hearts. Those whose bodies are burned are suppose, to be warm in the next world, and the others cold. They believe in the transmigration of souls from one body to another, but not to animals. And the wish is often expressed that in the next change they may be born into this or that powerful family. The funeral ceremonies of chiefs often last four days. If slaves are then sacrificed it relieves their owners from work in the next world. Dead slaves are often east into the sea. At the funeral of chiefs, the traditions and history of the tribe are rehearsed. If these ceremonies are not conducted properly the water of death swallows up the departed soul, or it is lost in the forests. But, if conducted properly, the chief of the gods speaks the word, and the water of death is small, and the soul is carried to a place of rest, or forgetfulness. Then after a long time it comes back to some descendant on its sister's side and lives another life. To such superstitions these people are bound, body and soul, and to rescue them from this, smellorating and elevating their condition in this life, and presenting to them a glorious immortality through the crucified and risen Savior, is the work of the board of home missions.

How an Item was Lost.

He commenced, as he seated himself

He commenced, as he seated himself in the sanctura:

"When I was at the Centennial—"

"Great Scott!" thought the city editor the's turned up again, after so many ears of blessed peace and silence," and a cut the stranger's sentence short by aurling the dictionary at him.

The stranger dodged and came up with melanches will be result in the stranger.

a melancholy smile, repeating:
"When I was at the Centennial—"
The pastepot followed the dictionary,
out the stranger didn't seem to mind it
any more than if it was a fly. He fastened his eye on the city editor and repeated: When I was at the Centennia -

"When I was at the Centennial—"
"Man," said the city editor, "I will hire a hall for you. Life is too short and business too pressing to listen to any old Centennial yarns now."
"When I was at the Centennial—"
"Dry up!" yelled the city editor.
"Go off and die!" howled the telegraph editor.

graph editor.
"Give it to us in sections!" put in the ommercial editor.
"Call a policeman!" growled the man-

ng editor. he man arose, buttoned his coat up The man arose, buttoned his coat up his chin, pulled his hat down over his eyes, thrust his hands into his pockets, and strode out of the room. He paused on the threshold and remarked, as fast as he could ta'k:

"Wheniwasatthecentennialofthe battle of Vocktown I met awan from Dos

tle of Yorktown I met aman from Des moines whowas killed accidentally and I wasgoing totellyouaboutit, but you areso blamed smart and cussed previous I guess I won! I guess I won't.

And thus was a good item lost on a very dull day,—Des Momes Register.

An Orphan's Work.

The other morning an orphan was abroad on Cass avenue. The sun had scarcely risen when he rolled a barrel of scarcely risen when he rolled a barrel of water-lime not yet unheaded from in front of a new building down the street to a large pile of leaves, and in ten minutes the barrel was deftly and neatly hidden from sight. A Pawnee indian out on the war path might have suspected "old 'hat" hidden there, but no white man ever could. When his work was done the poor orphan walked away about half a block and sat down in front of a house. The frosty air had just begun to make his teeth click together when a milk-man drove up and rang his bell. After he had delivered his milk he noticed the boy and asked:
"Bub, why are you sitting here in the cold?"

"I'm waiting to see the rats come out from under that big pile of leaves there,"

from under that hig pile of leaves there," replied the boy.

"Rats under the leaves? Well, I'll fetch 'em mighty quick!"

He seized the reins, gave the horse a sharp cut and headed him for the rats' nest. The wagon struck the heap, rose up, and next instant lay broadside on the pavement, while the milk jumped in all directions. The driver scrambled up, caught and quieted the horse and then looked around for the orphan. No one was in sight. If he could have seen around a corner and down alley he would have beheld a boy crawling through a hole in the fence, but he couldn't have caught him—not by a jug-full—Detroit Free Press.