

The most learned woman in the world, probably, is Miss Ramnabal, a young lady of twenty, who is now in Paris. She is a native of India, and can read and write and talk in twelve languages, having a wonderful gift in that way, besides being up in mathematics, astronomy and history. She is studying medicine, and will return to India to practice, where she says thousands of her country-women die every year through medical neglect, which may be largely obviated if female physicians are introduced into the country. Mrs. Joseph Cook confirms Miss Ramnabal in this statement, and urges that medically educated female missionaries should be sent to India.—*Young Ladies' Journal*.

Miss Adah Parker is a girl of eighteen, who lives on a cotton plantation two miles from Monroe, La. For the last four years she has had exclusive charge of the place upon which her widowed mother, sister, and two younger brothers reside, supporting them all by her industry. She is her own overseer, supervising all work done in person, and no brawny son of Ceres knows better how to raise a crop or handle labor. The place consists of 200 acres, all in cotton, averaging from one-half to three-quarters of a bale to the acre. Miss Parker is said to be lovely, intelligent, and as modest as she is energetic.—*Ex.*

WHAT ONE WOMAN DID.

There has just died in a town in Maine a woman, aged 45, who in her sixteenth year was left an orphan with seven younger brothers and sisters on her hands and nothing for their maintenance. She at once took up the only thing she could do, millinery, and by taste and energy succeeded not only in supporting her brothers and sisters, but in giving them an education denied herself. One brother is a minister, one a lawyer, and another well-to-do in trade, and the sisters respectably married; and all this she achieved while working half her time in a darkened room, saturated with ether, to still the pain of an internal disease that revenged itself on an overworked body. Nor up to the last was she an hour beholden to friend or relative. Yet this is one of the women whom statisticians often rank as superfluous—not being wives or mothers—and in whose spontaneous self-sacrifice the very ones for whom they toil and bear the burden are apt to see nothing very extraordinary.—*Ex.*

Mrs. Hannah Grant, mother of Gen. Grant, died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. May Corbin, in Jersey City, May 11, aged 94 years. She was a native of Berks Co., Pa. Her funeral was entirely unostentatious, and the remains were interred alongside her late husband in Spring Grove Cemetery, Cincinnati. Mrs. Grant was a woman of more than ordinary strength and beauty of character, and adorned every position in life to which she was called. The General accompanied the remains to their last resting place.—*American Reformer*.

Mrs. Lydia Pinkham, of patent-medicine fame, who died of paralysis on the 17th inst., at her home in Lynn, Mass., was of Quaker parentage. Her maiden name was Estes, and she was born in Lynn sixty four years ago. Her four sons are dead, but her husband and daughter, Mrs. C. C. Gove, survive her. She is said to have been a woman of intellect and benevolence, esteemed by a wide circle of friends.—*Ex.*

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

I know when the good time coming,
That seems so far away—
Such a distant, dim to-morrow—
Shall be a glad to-day!
It will be when all the maidens
Shall place beneath the ban
Of their indifferent scorning,
Each tippling, drinking man.

When every girl and woman
Who knows enough to think,
Shall tell her would-be-lovers:
"I wed no slave of drink.
No devotee of Bacchus
Need bow before my shrine,
And offer a heart divided
Between me and his wine."

If all the noble women
Would tell their lovers this,
"The lips that touch the wine cup
Our own can never kiss,"
I'm sure 'twould answer better
Toward helping on the cause,
And making men abstainers,
Than half a dozen laws

But if women will not do it,
Why, then, we'll work away
With laws and books and lectures:
But still I think and say,

If girls would go about it,
Each, every one, and all,
They could sweep away the traffic,
And crush old Alcohol.

Hurrah! for the valiant maidens,
The maidens tried and true,
Who will not wed wine-bibbers!
Are you among the few?
If so, then you are hasting
The great good time to come;
If not, then you are helping
That fiend and demon, Rum.

Ella Wheeler.

Our Casket.

RUBIES.

THINGS IN THE BOTTOM DRAWER.

There are whips and toys and pieces of string;
There are shoes which no little feet wear;
There are bits of ribbon and broken rings,
And tresses of golden hair;
There are little dresses folded away
Out of the light of the sunny day.

There are dainty jackets that never are worn,
There are toys and models of ships;
There are books and pictures, all faded and torn,
And marked by the finger tips
Of dimpled hands that have fallen to dust,
Yet I strive to think that the Lord is just.

But a feeling of bitterness fills my soul
Sometimes when I try to pray,
That the Reaper has spared so many flowers,
And taken all mine away;
And I almost doubt that the Lord can know
That a mother's heart can love them so.

But then I remember, my children three,
My babies that never grow old,
In glory are waiting and watching for me;
In the city with streets of gold.
Safe, safe from cares of the weary years,
From sorrow and sin and war,
And I thank my God, with falling tears,
For the things in the bottom drawer.

—*Philadelphia Times*.

TRINKETS OF GOLD.

Many of the grandest and most valuable achievements on record have been the results of what seemed small but persistent efforts; those little effects too, often seeming at first to be total failures, but ultimating in magnificent achievements.

Attempted usefulness is always blessed. The effort may not be always successful, but the action is ever full of profit. The hand which rubs the cold limb of another is kindled with kindred warmth.

Hon. W. Davis, Judge of Maine Supreme Court: The moderate use of intoxicating liquors by all in any community is an impossibility. Some persons, if they drink at all, will drink to excess. Every drunkard has been a moderate drinker, and every moderate drinker, if not in danger of becoming a drunkard, is encouraging others to drink, who certainly will become drunkards.

STRIVING.

BY HENRY BURTON.

'Tis not the idle, humming drones
That store the hive with honey;
Men must be kings who sit on thrones,
And manhood's more than money.

We cannot all the prizes take,
We cannot all be thriving;
We can our evil self forsake,
We always can be striving.