

DIED.

CLARK.—At her home in Grinnell, on Monday morning, April 4th, at 4:30 o'clock, of typhoid fever, Irene S. Clark, aged 24 years, 3 months and 5 days.

She was born in Grinnell, and has grown from childhood to womanhood in our midst. Of a delicate and frail constitution, she was bright and active, a fine scholar, a genial companion, a lovable and dutiful daughter, and an earnest Christian. She early confessed her faith in Christ, joining the Cong'l church here when 13 years of age. In all the work of the church she took an active part, and was especially useful in the Sabbath school.

She graduated from Iowa College in 1884, and was considered one of the brightest of the class. Hers was a nature honest, frank and lovable, a character pure and above reproach, and her death will come with great sadness to the faculty and students of the college. After graduating, she relinquished all her brilliant prospects at home, giving up the duties and pleasures of life here in Grinnell, surrounded by relatives and friends, she turned her back on all the comfort of home, and went forth to the dreary and half-civilized land of Utah, "not to be ministered to but to minister." Under the supervision of the New West Education Commission, she opened a school for Mormon children at Midway, Utah. She entered into the work with all the zeal and enthusiasm of which her noble and self-sacrificing nature was capable. After a year of successful work, she was called home by the death of her mother, and has since managed her father's household, and was the light of the home, ever ready to aid others. About two weeks ago she was taken sick, and in spite of all that medical skill and the love of friends could do, she rapidly grew worse. She was ready to go and all things that related to God and the future, had become to her bright and clear.

The funeral will be held this afternoon at 2:00, at the Cong'l church. Her sister, Mrs. Alice Burwell, of Chicago, is sick at present, and will not be able to attend the funeral.

"We, who have looked the last upon faces dear to us, and seen the life spark vanish from sight, can feel, but cannot measure, the value of the faith which assures us death is but the shadow of a coming, greater life."—T. T. Munger.

Assortment and C