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DORA'S TRIAL.

BY ELLA W. THOMPSON.

"I do wish," said Mrs. Prudence Hall, holding her darning needle in mid-air for a moment over the coarse blue sock she was mending, "I do wish you could see your way clear to marrying Seth Hallett. He wants you the worst kind, and he'd be such a good provider."

"But I don't like him well enough, Prudy; and I want something besides meat and drink and two calico dresses a year."

Mrs. Prudence Hall had sprained her ankle, and was forced, sorely against her will, to sit day after day in an upper chamber, with a terrible consciousness that everything about the farm was relapsing into chaos and old night for want of her oversight. Her pretty sister Dora had come to stay with her; but she was only a child, you know. "There are two kinds of love in this world," said Mrs. Hall, after a pause, in which she had been taking counsel with herself whether Dora was old enough to be talked to on such matters at all, and it flashed upon her that "the child" was nearly twenty years old. "Perhaps you like Seth well enough to marry him, only you don't know it."

"Tell me about the two kinds of love," said Dora, innocently. "I thought love was love the world over."

"I have never known but one kind, I think, Dora. When I married David Hall, he was the most well-to-do young man in these parts, and we never had a quarrel while he lived. He was a good, practical sort of a man, and never asked me to do anything unreasonable."

"What if he had?" asked Dora.

"Well, I guess I should have argued him out of it. But there is a kind of love that will draw women through fire and water. It makes them throw themselves away on poor, shiftless men that will never provide for themselves nor their children, and they know it as well as anyone else does. It is the greatest wonder to me why such a useless feeling should ever have been created."

Dora had bent low over her work to hide her roguish smiles at her sister's discourse, but at this point she fixed her deep gray eyes on Prudence, not smiling, but simply earnest. "Such love," said Dora, "brings happiness sometimes, I suppose," said Dora.

"Next to never," said Prudence, with great decision. "We ain't made to be happy, and anything that's too good always leaves a bad taste in the mouth. Comfort is a thing in the hand, and you don't gain anything by letting it fly on the chance of happiness."

"Did you ever know anyone about here, Prudence, that threw herself away for love? It seems to me they won't look at a man unless he has a house and farm all ready for them."

"That's when you're right," said Prudence. "You are rather given to high flying notions, and it's time you found out that bread didn't grow ready buttered. Yes, I did know one girl who was pretty and smart and had no end of chances to get married (I think my David courted her a spell, but he never would own it) and her lover was a poor, shiftless critter. Joe Raymond, who never could make one hand wash the other. Even when she was a-dying she pretended that she had been happy and wouldn't have done no other way if she had to do it over again."

"Was she Joe's mother?" asked Dora quickly.

"Yes, to be sure; and when she died we took him to bring up an work on the farm. He's more than paid his way, but he's a rolling stone like father, and won't never come to anything. I forgot to tell you—he's going to-morrow."

"Going to-morrow?" cried Dora, with a great start. "I thought his time was out for another month."

"Well, it ain't rightly out till he is 21, but he was in such a hurry to be off that I gave him the last month."

Then silence fell upon them.

These two women had the same father and mother, though a score of years lay between them. Prudence had been born in the early married life of her parents, when they were struggling with a stony New England farm, and there was work for even baby hands! The lines of duty and patience were deep-graved in her rugged face, which yet beamed with a kindly common sense. But Dora came to her mother late in life, as an old tree sometimes blossoms into loveliness after every one has forgotten it. Her little feet had walked in easy paths, and Prudence yearned over her like a mother.

She sat now by the open fire, bending her graceful head over some delicate work that Prudence would never have found time for; her red dress and the flickering firelight made a picture too lovely for that dull room. "Prudence," she said suddenly, "as this is Joe's last night, I think I'll go down and say good-bye to him."

"You might call him up here."

"No; I think I will go myself."

"I believe I haven't ever told you, Dora, how much you pleased me by giving up that childish way of going on with him that you used to have. It did very well for you to be fond of each other when you were little, but, of course, it is out of the question now."

It might have been the red dress and the firelight that brought such a vivid flash to Dora's cheek as she listened and turned away. She ran lightly down stairs and opened the door of the great farm-kitchen.

that stood waiting for him to look up. He was too intent on his own thoughts to notice her, till she went swiftly across the room, and, taking his hand between her soft hands, turned his face to hers. "Joe, bad boy, were you going away without letting me know?"

The hard lines of his face softened and brightened under her gaze till one would not have known him for the same man. "I thought I should not see you tonight," he said.

"You know better; you know I would have crept through the keyhole for one last little minute with you."

"How long will you wait for me, Dora?"

"Till you come back."

"If it were seven years, think how long it would be."

"If you loved me as you make me believe," said Dora, "you would not go away at all, but work here until you could build a little house, and then we would rough it together."

"No, little Dora, that is not my kind of love; my mother tried that and she lived a slave's life."

"Dora, Dora!" called Prudence from up stairs, "what on earth are you doing down there?"

"I must go now; I must, truly," said Dora, as she felt herself locked in arms that would not give way. "If I live without you for seven years I shall be a homely old maid, and you will not thank me for waiting for you."

He put her away then and looked at her curiously, as if he had never thought of her prettiness before. "Do you know what your name means?" he asked, earnestly. "I saw it in the papers that Theodora means 'Gift of God,' and you have been just that to me. If I had never seen you I should never had a notion about a day's work or a night's sleep. I will write whenever I have any luck and come home on New Year's eve, when I do come, and if you wear this red dress I shall know you have waited for me."

"I think I shall live to wear it when you come home, if it is seven times seven years, Joe, for women are very hard to please," said Dora, slowly disappearing from the kitchen.

"What have you been doing all this time?" said Prudence, severely.

"I was only giving Joe some good advice."

"Well, I hope he'll profit by it."

"So do I," said Dora, heartily.

"It is as easy to say seven years as one; and we regard of Jacob's seven years' service for Rachel, which seemed but as one day for the love he bore her. Rachel's feelings are not thought worthy to be mentioned in holy writ, but if her love was like Dora's every day seemed seven years. And here, in a nut shell, lies the difference between a man's love and a woman's."

Jacob had the sheep to mind, and he did mind them uncommonly well. Joe went to seek his fortune in new scenes, and only thought of Dora when he had nothing else to do. The poet thought he had set a hard task to men when he said:

"Learn to labor and to wait!"

But it is immeasurably harder to be idle than to wait.

Till her lover went away Dora had never cared to ask herself whether she were a child or a woman. Sunshine had been plenty with her, and she had eagerly sugared and gilded the plain things that farm life afforded to her.

Before the first year came to an end she had seen her lover, and she would soon arrive at a patriarchal age if she did not do something to kill the time which died so hard on her hands.

"Teach school! I guess not," said her father, when she broached her plan to him. "You ain't starvin' yet; and if you want some new furbelows just say so, and not come at it slantin' ways like that."

"I don't want anything, father; but there is so little to do at home."

"Nonsense! In my time gals was always full of business. Can't you make sheets and pillow cases and get ready to be married? Who knows but somebody'll ask ye one of these days?"

"Waal, waal, folks can't always have their 'd fathers' in this world. I ain't willin' and that's the end on't."

But this was not the end on't, and Dora easily obtained a school. She developed a governing talent which charmed the committee-men, and the congenial labor in the company of little children took her out of herself and infused new life into her hope deferred.

Every week she walked to the post-office, three miles away, to ask for a letter, going in with a bright flush on either cheek, and coming out pale and dull eyed after the stab of disappointment. I wonder that people in the country are so anxious to be postmasters; if they only knew it, they are actors in more tragedies than any number of a theatrical stock company. Much sealed happiness passes through their hands; but they have to refuse many a "Mariana in the Moated Grange"—weary women who reach a hand out of their dull lives for a letter and draw it back empty.

It was far into the second year before Joe's first letter came. It was surely a fanciful and foolish thing for a school-mistress to do, but Dora carried it to her own little room, and put on the red dress before she read Joe's letter.

Joe was working the mines in Colorado. His luck had not yet come, in suggests at least, but hard work and sober living were slowly giving him the advantage over other miners. He was never so well, and he loved her better than all the world.

Dora lived on this letter for many weeks, and she set "Colorado" for a copy so often to her scholars that they will write that won't better than any other in their dying day.

Letters came oftener as years drew on; sometimes Joe was up in the world, sometimes down; once his carefully hoarded gold was stolen from him and he had to begin all over again; but this was nothing to a long illness, in which a friend wrote to Dora as soon as Joe was out of danger. Then Dora envied the doves their wings.

New Year's day was the hardest of all to bear. She could not help a strong pressure of excitement when she put on the red dress, which grew more and more old-fashioned, and watched the sun go down on the road which Joe must travel when he comes home. The next morning she fitted her shoulders sadly to the burden of another year.

One young farmer after another found his way to the old farm house on Sunday evenings, and Dora pushed them down the inclined plane of discouragement so gently that they scarcely knew whether they wanted to court her or not. It was not the least of her trials to meet the entreaties of her mother and the rough arguments of her father, when one or two more persistent suitors would take nothing less than "no" for their answer.

Dora could give no reasons for continued refusals to marry, only she loved no one well enough—a reason which should be all sufficient if parents remained immortally young, but it loses weight after sixty.

As the seventh year came to a close, Dora's heart beat light in her. Joe had mentioned seven years, as if he meant to come home then at any rate. She wore out the first day of the "glad New Year" with busy cares till late in the afternoon, when an old man, spent with much walking stopped to rest himself in the farm house kitchen. Prudence bestirred herself to give him a hearty luncheon, and when he was warmed and fed he began to talk of his travels. He had been seeking his fortune all over the West, and never finding it had come back to die at home. He mentioned Colorado and Denver, and when Dora found herself alone with him for a moment, she said:

"Did you ever see Joseph Raymond in Denver?"

"Joe Raymond? Oh, yes! knew him well; lived with him high on to a month. His wife was a real good cook; couldn't be beat out there."

"You say he was married?"

"To be sure; a right smart feller, and mighty fond of his wife. Women are scarce in them parts."

Prudence came in, and the old man went on his way, all unconscious of the great stone he had cast into the still waves of Dora's heart.

"What's the matter?" said Prudence, "you're as white as a sheet."

Dora's only answer was to start out of the house and run, as for her life, down the frozen orchard path by which she could gain upon and overtake this terrible old man. She might have said, with the "holy Herbert":

"My thro's are all a case of knives, Wounding my heart With scattered smart."

Only misery must have time to crystallize into a memory before it takes the form of poetry. She stood before the old man at the turning, bearded and breathless.

"How did the Joe Raymond look that you lived with?" gasped Dora.

"I never said 'Joe Raymond,'" said the old man, peevishly; "I said Jim Joe, who"—but Dora was off again before he could finish the sentence.

She ran back through the orchard, giving thanks with all her heart that she had not suffered herself to be persuaded of Joe's faithfulness on one hearing. Her feeling of grateful awe, as if she had escaped from sudden death, kept her from mourning much over the passing away of the seventh anniversary of Joe's departure, with no sign of his return.

His letters had wholly ceased, and there was nothing left for Dora but to possess her soul in patience. When another New Year dawned upon her, she put on the old red dress more from habit than any gleam of hope in her heart, and did not care to look in the glass. In the twilight she walked slowly down the orchard path, and leaned on the gate that opened into the rose-garden.

Suddenly a man sprang out from behind the wall.

"Theodora, my gi of God!" he said; and Dora, though she recognized no mark of the lover who had left her eight years before, felt that no other knew that pass word, and suffered herself to rest contently in his arms, in the ineffable content that comes after long waiting.

When Joe and Dora went into the house, and she looked at him by candle-light her heart almost misgave her; his luxuriant beard and the manly assurance of his manners were not at all like her Joe of beloved memory, and a terrible barrier seemed to rise up between them, while Prudence remained in the room with her company manners, which sat more awkwardly upon her Sunday gown.

When Dora tiptoed softly by her sister's door at a very late hour that night, Prudence was lying awake for her. "Don't tell me," she said, "that you've been waiting for Joe Raymond all this time!"

"I won't tell you if you don't want to hear it," said Dora.

"Do you know whether he came home any better off than when he went away?"

"I really haven't thought to ask him," said Dora, carelessly.

Prudence groaned and turned her face to the wall.

Joe waited only till the next day to tell Mrs. Hall the story of his success, which looked very moderate in his traveled eyes, but seemed a noble fortune to her homely ideas.

"I never thought before," said Dora's father at the wedding, "that a woman could keep a secret, and I guess it ain't much more common than snow in dog days."

"How long would you have waited for me?" whispered Joe in Dora's ear.

"Forever," said Dora, solemnly.

And Mrs. Prudence Hall, as she overheard the word, thanked her stars that Dora's foolish notions had not wrecked her at last on a poverty-stricken marriage.

Marrying a Rich Man's Daughter.

Howard Carroll is the author of the long biographical articles about living men, which have been so much read and copied from the New York Times, being personal studies of Horatio Seymour, Hannibal Hamlin, Simon Cameron, Allen G. Thurman and others. He is a brisk, cheery young fellow, hardly thirty years old. He married the interesting daughter of John M. Starin, the steam-boat owner, who was also a freight contractor for tugging everything for the Hudson River Railroad. After marrying, Carroll went to Europe with his bride for six months and had a good rest, spending his leisure with Consul Packard and with Campanini, the singer, who is about thirty-six years old, is worth \$250,000 made by singing, has quite a domestic wife, who goes everywhere with him, and is regarded as the principal man in all his portion of the country; the only one there who drives a pair of horses to his carriage.

I said to Carroll: "What are you doing now?"

"Well," said he, "I am kept poor supporting my rich wife. All kinds of letters are written to me from the newspaper fraternity, demanding pecuniary assistance on the ground that I am now just reveling in gold; and when I don't send it I get a second letter from each applicant, calling me a pup. Here is one saying my fortune has turned my head—that I am no longer of any account, etc. I wonder if the fellows who write these letters ever think twice. When a man marries a girl who has some problematic fortune, he comes to her some years hence, unless her father should find some public institution and give his money to that, her marrying a poor fellow does not make him rich, but merely makes her poor. If she should have some spending money coming to her, what right has he got to it? If he would undertake to live upon it he would be little of a man, it seems to me. So the fact is, I am doing just the work I used to do; and I don't think I have as much spending money as I had before."—[Gath in Cincinnati Enquirer.]

William Tecumseh Sherman.

General Sherman generally feels pretty lively when he gets among his old boys, and they are not in much awe of him, even if he is at the head of the army. At Baltimore the other day, one of them came up to him, and holding out his hand, exclaimed:

"Here's one of them old Eighth Missouri bunnies, General."

"Eighth Missouri; you don't say so?" responded the General, warmly.

"There's no hogs about here, General," said the veteran.

General Sherman looked at him with a quizzical air and said: "You boys give me a great deal of trouble."

"But I made you fight like thunder," was the remark of the old commander, which raised a laugh.

Another veteran said to the General: "I have not seen you since you crossed the Mississippi at Hard Times."

"Were you there?" asked the General.

"Yes, sir."

"Whom were you with?"

"I was in the Commissary's Department, and your staff rode up nearly half-starved, and we fed you on potatoes."

A feeble old soldier, in shaking hands with the General, remarked that at bean soup he was then eating was different from that they had at Carlisle, "for here, said he, 'you don't have to dive for the bean.'"

"No," said General Sherman, taking a big mouthful, "this is good."

"Been a long time since you ate it before, General?" said another.

"No," was the reply; "I have it every day at home when I can get it."

The Miner's Prayer.

Joaquin Miller, has the following in the Century Magazine for July:

When they had finished the hymn for the second time, the man from Maine grasped the hands of Lazarus and Nut Crackers and cried out:

"Once more, boys! Once more! And, boys, the pat and main thing in the prayin' and the singin' is that the kid's sort o' side pray for the mine. Now, all together."

"From Greenland's icy moo-u-n-Uins—"

Yes, boys, heave it in for the mine, on the sly, like. Keep her up, now!

"From Injy's coral str-a-n—"

Where Africa's sunny foe u-u-Uins

Roll down their golden sa-u-n—"

Yes, boys, keep wear eye on the mine; don't coast a cent more, you know, to come right out flat-footed for the mine, so that she can't miss in the mornin' under no possible durned circumstances."

Closing Castle Garden.

"Matters with us have reached a crisis," said Superintendent Jackson, of Castle Garden, yesterday. "We have no money and no immediate prospects of getting any, and I see nothing for it but to shut up shop. The Commissioners of Emigration have had no funds since the 1st of May. Since then Commissioner Forest has paid the salaries of the employes, trusting to the future to be reimbursed. There are over one hundred persons on the pay rolls of Castle Garden and the Ward's Island institution. We are also in debt about \$20,000 for supplies, and on the 1st of July there will be \$5,000 interest due on the loan on the Ward's Island hospitals. We had every reason to suppose that the steamship companies had been notified, and were willing to contribute the very moderate head tax of fifty cents to maintain our work. They gave us to understand that they would do so at our meeting with their representatives on Monday, and the sudden announcement of their refusal was a complete surprise."

"Do you not expect to receive the \$200,000 appropriated for the use of the Commission by the Legislature?" was asked.

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Birds Flying in the Night.

One of the phenomena which have been noticed in connection with the cold weather of the past four weeks is the scarcity of some species of birds which usually make their appearance from the 1st to the 15th of May. Although in the milder weather of last month the early birds came thick and fast, passing on their way to the north, the tide of migration has apparently been stayed by the unfavorable weather, which has retarded as well the growth of vegetation in some ways. Many of our birds which may be seen here regularly in numbers on certain dates every season have not appeared at all, or but few of them have been seen.

It is well known that flights of birds occur quite regularly in autumn before the storms, and in spring after them. It is also well known that many birds in their migrations travel during the night, resting during the day. We were prepared on the rise of the mercury Saturday evening to note a flight of birds during the night, and were not disappointed. The early hours of the evening passed without much having been heard of the birds, except now and then the chirp of a warbler, or the noise of a small flock passing overhead.

At eleven o'clock, however, bird calls began to resound high in the air and on all sides, and from twelve to two in the morning multitudes of birds were heard passing overhead; some low, some so high that their notes came back like a faint echo from the darkness. Occasionally a flock of warblers or sparrows would pass, flying so low that the rustling of their wings could be heard. Now and then a flock of some small birds passed high overhead, making their call notes a continuous musical ripple through the night. From the regions of the upper air, high above all, came back the tones of the plover and other shore birds, all tending towards the north. This vast multitude of birds continued to pass throughout the night. The notes of many, such as the bobolink, tanager, Wilson's thrush and white-crowned sparrow, were recognized; during a walk Sunday morning these birds and many others were found in numbers. Those who wish to observe the smaller land birds, now on their way to the north, should be on the alert, for in a few days from this time very few birds will be seen here, except our summer residents. This flight of birds, which is probably not local, may extend over the entire portion of the northern United States, east of the Mississippi, or even further. Countless millions of birds are now spreading inland from the States remaining from their wanderings in Southern forests to their old homes in the North.

Wonderful Longevity of Our Widows.

The widows of the soldiers and sailors of the war of 1812 are, fortunately for themselves and unfortunately for the public treasury, blessed with marvelous health and strength. According to the latest official reports from Washington, twenty-six thousand of these interesting ladies present themselves every three months before the accredited agents of the government and draw their pensions with a precision that shows a high condition of financial discipline. Their ages, individually or collectively, are even to hint at, but the date of the late war with Great Britain is pretty well back in the century, and is a more trustworthy record than even Judge Speir's family Bible. In the darkness and uncertainty that develop the pension office at Washington regarding the possible claims against the government arising out of the late war, the roll of the relics of the heroes of that patriotic epoch in our history may afford some light and instruction. The total number of killed and wounded in the 1812 fifteen campaigns was a little more than five thousand. At the end of seventy years the pension list of the widows alone outnumbered that of the casualties by five to one. If the widows of the veterans of the rebellion stand by the treasury as patriotically as those of 1812, the commissioner of pensions in 1950 will have a couple of hundred thousand of them on their books.

An Historic Love Affair.

Says the Easton, Md., Ledger: A valentine seen by a reporter, which was sent to a girl in Easton by a youth in Washington, brings to mind the story of a name, and a name of note, in American history. The name of the sender of the missive is Return J. Meigs, and the same Christian name has been in the Meigs family for several generations. Many years ago, in ante-revolutionary days, Jonathan Meigs courted a young lady, who rejected his addresses. Meigs continued to love the girl, and though too proud and sensitive to try a second time to win her, he determined never to marry any one else, and to live and die a bachelor, unless she, of her own volition, relented. After a few years the lady did relent, or perhaps got to know her own heart better, and sent a letter to her former suitor. Meigs got the letter, and found in it only the two words, "Return Jonathan." It was enough. Jonathan did return, and made her his wife. Their first child was baptised "Return Jonathan," to commemorate the brief letter that saved the Meigs family from extinction; and from that day to this there has been a Return J. Meigs in every generation. The sender of the valentine referred to is the grandson of Gen. M. C. Meigs, late quartermaster general, now retired.

Hint to Candidates.

A citizen who lately built himself a residence was the other day showing a friend through it, and when everything had been noticed and discussed, he asked:

"Well, do you see anywhere you could improve it?"

"Yes, I noticed a bad error right at the start," was the reply.

"You have no balcony in front."

"But I didn't want one."

"Well, perhaps not, but when you are running for office and the band comes up to serenade you and the populace calls for a speech, you will either have to go to the roof or come down to the ground to respond. A balcony is a sort of middle ground—just high enough to escape making pledges, and not too high to promise all sorts of reform. Ought to have a balcony, sir—regret it if you don't."—[Texas Siftings.]

and his own that the ship companies should contribute to the support of the Emigration board, and that he intended to withhold his signature to the bill until the steamship companies promise to pay the very moderate fifty cents head money for the maintenance of institutions which are of inestimable value to the companies in caring for their passengers. But even if the Governor does sign the bill I think the Board will decide to close the landing depot at Castle Garden. We will need \$200,000 in making many necessary repairs, paying our debts and maintaining the present inmates of the hospitals."

"What is the remedy for the present state of affairs?"

"I can see only one. Let Congress pass at once the two bills before me. This is the only way to force the steamship lines to do their duty. The business of carrying immigrants is enormously profitable—far more so than anybody outside the steamship offices know—and these companies should be compelled to contribute this mere pittance for the expenses of protecting their passengers from thieves, and caring for them when sick or destitute."

"Will the closing of the Castle Garden result in a repetition of the old scenes of outrage and robbery upon the poor immigrants?"

"There is every reason to believe that such will be the case. You can easily see that even if the steamship companies are so disposed—and they can do just as they choose in the matter—they cannot protect their passengers from the sharpers and worse who will infest the piers of the companies and lay in wait for their prey. With all the machinery of our police force even, we are not always successful in protecting the enormous crowds that are coming here now."—[N. Y. Herald.]

Increase of Eggs.

The production of eggs is a thing desired by every poultryman, and one of the most profitable branches of the poultry business. Ordinarily every hen will lay a certain amount of eggs in the year, but with proper food and care they will lay more than if neglected and forced to search for their own living. The production of eggs is a great drain on the hen. During laying time from one and a half to two ounces of food will be concentrated food is secreted through the tissues every day or every other day. Four ounces of solid food is the average amount consumed daily, which shows almost an equal amount needed for egg production and to supply nourishment and wastes of the body. To the thinking mind this is well known, and few persons keeping poultry, who have a love for their feathered flocks, and desirous of gaining some things by their keeping, but do feed and care for them well, obtain the best results.

A desirable food for laying hens must consist of grain in variety, wheat, oats, seeds, barley, corn and buckwheat, wheat and buckwheat being the best. But to keep up flesh, muscles and heat, oats, barley and corn are necessary to keep them thrifty at all times. Corn should be used sparingly, particularly in summer, as it is too healthy and drying to blood and tissues, but with other grain in cold weather it is desirable and cheap, and fowls like it much better than other grain. Vegetables and calcareous matter are absolutely essential to egg production, and fresh meat occasionally helps to keep up the "shelling out."—[Poultry Monitor.]

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