The Burden.

To every one on earth
God gives a burden to be carried down
The road that lies between the cross and crown;
No lot is wholly free;
He giveth one to thee.

Some carry it aloft,
Open and visible to any eyes;
And all may see its form, and weight, and size;
Some hide it in their breast,
And deem it thus unguessed.

Thy burden is God's gift,
And it will make the bearer calm and strong;
Yet, lest it press too heavily and long,
He says: Cast it on Me,
And it shall easy be.

And those who heed His voice,
And seek to give it back in trustful prayer,
Have quiet hearts that never can despair;
And hope lights up the way
Upon the darkest day.

Take thou thy burden thus
Into thy hands and lay it at His feet,
And whether it be sorrow or defeat,
Or pain, or sin, or care,
O leave it calmly there.
It is the lonely load
That crushes out the life and light of Heaven;
But, borne with Him, the soul restored, forgiven,
Sings out through all the days
Her joy, and God's high praise.

—Marianne Farningham.

THE BATTLE OF THE FLOWERS.

How Nino Came to America.

By Margery Deane.

The Carnival is a festival which for many, many hundred years has been celebrated in all Roman Catholic countries. The word carnival means farewell to meat, and the festival occurs in the weeks before Lent, during which the Catholic region forbids the eating of meat. It is the maddest, merriest time you can imagine, especially in Italy.
But the most delightful of all days is that of the "Battle of the Flowers," a merry fight in which flowers are used as missiles. Dr. Powers and his twin little girls, Dora and Cora, were in Naples just in time for this battle. They were Americans. Wherever Dr. Powers business or pleasure took him, the twins and their good nurse went also. Thoughtless people said that he would "spoil" his children, as if love and kindness could "spoil" any one, big or little. Their mother was in heaven, and she had taken with her their dark-eyed baby brother. The golden haired, blue-eyed seven-year-old twins were all he had.

They were to be ready when the carriage came at two o'clock. What wide eyes looked down upon this carriage when it drew up under their windows! Was there room for any one in it? It seemed hardly possible, for it looked like a great load of beautiful, freshly picked flowers—violets, roses, camellias, pansies and wild-flowers. All the spokes of the wheels and the thills were wound with smilax, and the horses, coachman and whip were also decorated.

When they turned into a large square they found it full of carriages, laden with flowers also, and filled with a great crowd of people on foot, all going toward the Via Roma. For a moment the children were terrified. Men in masks threw them kisses and roses; a big officer with a sword took a bouquet from their hands and gave them his own. They could not understand the strange cries and greetings, all in Italian, and they clung closely together. But Dr. Powers explained that they had nothing to fear. They were to give and to take smiles and flowers; that no one would harm them. Very soon they laughed at the punchinello with the big wax nose, and took his violets and tossed flowers back to those who pelted them; and they watched their father with delight as he threw lovely bouquets straight into the laps of pretty ladies, who laughingly aimed others at his head.

But when they came to the Via Roma! Oh, how can I describe it to you! It is a long, narrow street, with very high buildings on either side. Every window opens on a balcony, and every balcony was trimmed with pink, and white and yellow bunting and the green twigs of trees, and each was full of gaily dressed ladies and children. To every balcony were tied baskets or long boxes, full to overflowing with flowers. But prettiest of all was the effect of long, bright, streaming ribbons fastened to slender poles like fishing-rods. Each lady held a pole, and on the end of the ribbon was a willow basket, which was lowered to the street, or swung to other balconies, and drawn up laden with a bouquet, and another sent down in exchange. It was lawful to steal wherever you could reach. A beggar might toss his stolen bouquet to a princess on a balcony, and she would throw him another.

Our little Americans were soon wild with excitement. Full of glee, they tossed their flowers right and left, seized those lowered to them from the balconies, re-filling the pretty baskets which swung upward so that all the air seemed full of bright ribbons and flowers and perfume. It was a battle. Everything was fair in this war, and it did not trouble Dora and Cora in the least that they were aimed at from a dozen different directions at once. To some of the bouquets sent into their carriage were tied pretty bon-bons.

From the time they turned into the Via Roma until the fun was over and they drove away, a little ragged Italian boy had kept close to them. He was not more than five years old. His curly hair was in a tangled mass about his head, and his face was not over-clean. But it was very beautiful, with its clear dark skin and great black eyes, which seemed to be fascinated by the golden-haired Americans. The big eyes grew bigger and the little face radiant with delight when they threw him, now and then, a rosebud. Good-natured men would lift him on their shoulders where he could almost reach the balconies, and Dr. Powers had once let him stand upon the carriage step and help himself to violets.

As they turned out of the Via Roma to go home, there came a sudden cry and a hush of the laughing voices. Dr. Powers was quickly out of his carriage. He had seen the little ragged boy pushed under the horses, and one of them had cruelly hurt the poor bare ankle so that it was bleeding. He took him in his arms, for the child had fainted with pain, but in a moment he opened his eyes and seeing who held him he shut them again and nestled closer. Dr. Powers hesitated an instant only, and then lifting him into the carriage drove to his hotel. There he laid him in
a bed, the first one little Nino had ever touched, and soon the bruised ankle was bandaged and a soothing medicine had put him to sleep. He had told the good doctor that he had no name but Nino; that he belonged to nobody and lived in the Via Giacome. In Naples, as in no other city, people live in the streets. A poor family may have one room, and that half underground often, but they cook, and eat, and sew, and sleep in the street. Many times I have walked over tiny children peacefully sleeping on the pavement at midnight.

When the excited little golden heads were also soundly sleeping, and dreaming that the sky rained flowers, Dr. Powers went to the Via Giacome to ask about Nino. It was one of the crowded streets of the very poor. It was true that Nino lived there, and that he belonged to nobody. Both parents were dead, but the little fellow seemed to be a great favorite. Everybody gave him food; and a little macaroni out of everybody's dish fed him well, and his ragged clothes were also given to him. I doubt if, in any city but Naples, a five-year-old child could so exist.

Strangely enough these poor, ignorant, ragged people of the streets seem content, and are always laughing and showing their handsome white teeth; but it is very shocking to Americans, accustomed to comfort and luxury. Dr. Powers went back to little Nino with a heartache for all this ignorance and poverty.

It was more than a week before Nino could step. The tangled hair had been cut close, and now clustered in little soft curls about his happy face, and the twins' nurse had bought him some clothes. He did not know it himself, but he was very beautiful lying among the soft, white pillows, which seemed to him a kind of heaven. Dora and Cora played with him and loved him better every day, and, though they did not speak each other's language, there is a language of happy childhood, all their own, which it has no trouble in understanding.

One day, when leaving Naples was talked of, Cora said, with eager, pleading eyes, "Papa, may not Nino go with us?" and Dora added: "Oh, please, you know there's plenty of room at home. Do not leave Nino behind!"

And Dr. Powers, looking down into the pleading faces, and beyond at the lovely dark head on the pillow, and thinking of the dark-eyed boy with his mother, said, "Yes, there is plenty of room. Nino 'belongs to nobody,' and he shall belong to us. We captured him in the Battle of the Flowers!"

The next winter in America in the old homestead, which seemed like a palace to Nino, one of the children one day exclaimed, "O papa, I think the most beautiful flower that fell into our carriage at the Carnival was Nino, don't you?"

And Dr. Powers drew all three close to him and patted the little dark head as lovingly as he did the others, and replied, "I certainly brought from Naples the sweetest bouquet possible."

Letters to the Girls.

DEAR GIRLS—Do not be weary if I ask you to think about another phase of work. Because I have lived more years than you and know something of the emergencies of life, I should be glad if I might help you to meet them better when they arise. The wise old Jews taught each boy a trade; rich or poor, high or low, it didn't matter, each must learn a trade. So we read that Paul was a tent maker, and he tells in more than one letter that he wrought with his own hands, and was not chargeable to anybody; a real, noble spirit of independence. I wish there was something of this sort for girls. I wish each of you would now take up some one pursuit, and become skilful in it. I don't care much what it is, only it would be better if it were something to which your taste points—music, painting, dressmaking, millinery, stenography. I might mention a hundred things girls may do now; some handiwork or some study which shall be your specialty, and which has a marketable value. Do you ask what for? Because the time may come when you* will need it. Riches take wings; especially in America, fortune is a capricious goddess. Smiles to-day are frowns to-morrow. Fathers die; families are broken up; even nice little girls like you, my dears, do not always marry; there is no getting away from the fact that some day the knowing how to do one thing thoroughly may make all the difference to you...
and yours, between comfort and absolute privation.

I have often felt that those who are to be pitied most are not the ones who have been always poor, but the many, many gentlewomen who have seen better days, whose delicacy will not let their needs be known—will not allow them to push for themselves, and who find too late that the world asks and will pay for only skilled labor. With a fair education they excel in nothing perhaps but homekeeping. Alas, they have no homes to keep now, or if they have they depend on outside work for their continuance. I am not trying to draw a dismal picture. Do not forebode evil, but forestall it by an easy provision now.

There is another use for specialties scarcely less important. Some attainment thoroughly mastered, even though no need arises of turning it to practical account, may do good as a recreation and as a refuge from sorrowful thought. You will hardly understand this yet, because thus far life has been full of joy. I dislike to say a word to throw a damper on it, and indeed I will not, if you look at it aright.

In one sense, all life is getting ready for life farther on, and for that there should be, not worry or fear, but wise forethought. I know at least one person who wishes some one had told her years ago just what I am telling you now.

Days of invalidism will come; times of sorrow will come; years, perhaps, when you must endure much. Then some one gift or taste is such a refuge. I have a friend who has been for many years too feeble to do any vigorous work; her life left lonely because her dearest have entered the life beyond; but she paints and she loves flowers. I wish you could see her botany. She had one of Gray's larger works unbound, and bound again with many blank leaves scattered through. Summer by summer the pages grow crowded with her illustrations. Lovely sprays wander from the margins, and lightly droop upon, but do not obscure the print. Each new locality she visits adds its treasures. The humblest wild flowers has its charms for her; her brush fixes its likeness, and then it is remorselessly pulled to pieces for analysis.

Every now and then she takes some sweet, uplifting poem, copies it on a card, and ties it with a ribbon, paints upon the cover the rose, or the forget-me-not, or the pansy, perhaps, with their messages of love, of remembrance, of thought, and sends the dainty token to some friend.

It has been God's way of bringing peace, comfort, and a quiet heart to one much tossed by grief. Sincerely, H. A. H.—NY Observer.

LETTER FROM CHICAGO.

A NOBLE GIFT.

The Presbyterian Hospital of this city has lately received a large addition to its resources, amounting to the goodly sum of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Fifty thousand dollars of this sum were raised by subscription; the remaining one hundred thousand is the princely gift of Mrs. Daniel E. Jones, whose husband, in his lifetime, gave ten thousand dollars to the hospital. With this large sum, the Board of Directors are proceeding to enlarge the building by the erection of a memorial wing, which when completed, will be the finest of any building for similar purposes west of New York city. It will be six stories high, with an imposing front, surmounted by a tower finished in red brick with terra cotta and stone trimmings, and 150 feet high. It will accommodate 250 patients, will be perfectly ventilated, and made absolutely fireproof. At the cornerstone laying exercises, addresses were made by Dr. D. K. Pearsons, Chairman of the Board, himself a princely giver; by Drs. Barrows, Breed, Withrow and Stryker, by Prof. Fisk of the Congregational Seminary, and by Mr. C. L. Hutchinson, President of the Chicago Board of Trade. A box containing records and momentos were deposited beneath the suspended stone by Miss Ruth Jones, granddaughter of Daniel Jones; the stone was then lowered to its place, when Miss Jones gave it three raps with a mallet, saying, "The cornerstone of the Presbyterian Hospital is now laid." It is expected that the building will be completed and ready for use before Christmas.

It may be added in this connection, and as a very gratifying fact, that an increasing number of Chicago's wealthy citizens are becoming their own executors. In this way they avoid expensive contests with greedy heirs, and make sure that their
charitable intentions are carried out. The will of a living man makes its way to its mark, while the will of a dead man is too often the sport of lawyers.

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**Inspiring Confidence.**

Henry Ward Beecher certainly owed a debt of gratitude to his teacher in mathematics, not only for the knowledge acquired through his tuition, but for lessons tending to strength of character. He tells this story to illustrate the teacher's method.

He was sent to the blackboard, and went, uncertain, soft, full of whimpering.

"That lesson must be learned," said the teacher, in a very quiet tone, but with terrible intensity. All explanations and excuses he trod under foot with utter scornfulness. "I want that problem; I don't want any reasons why I don't get it," he would say.

"I did study it two hours."

"That's nothing to me; I want the lesson. You need not study it at all, or you may study it ten hours, just to suit yourself. I want the lesson."

"It was tough for a green boy," says Beecher, "but it seasoned him. In less than a month I had the most intense sense of intellectual independence and courage to defend my recitations. His cold and calm voice would fall upon me in the midst of a demonstration, 'No!'"

"I hesitated, and then went back to the beginning, and on reaching the same spot again, 'No!' uttered with the same tone of conviction, barred my progress."

"'The next,' and I sat down in red confusion.

"He, too, was stopped with 'No!' but went right on, finished, and, as he sat down, was rewarded with 'Very well.'"

"'Why! I whimpered I, 'I recited it just as he did, and you said 'No!'"

"'Why didn't you say 'Yes!,' and stick to it? It is not enough to know your lesson. You must know that you know it. You have learned nothing till you are sure. If all the world says 'No!' your business is to say 'Yes!' and prove it.

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**Rebuked.**

An incident which happened at a dinner party of gentlemen recently is worth recording for the reflection it suggests. One of the guests was known to have a strong appetite for intoxicating liquor, but, after a severe struggle, had succeeded in breaking away from the vice which he had inherited from dissolute ancestors. His only safety lay in total abstinence, and although on this occasion wine was abundant, he did not taste it.

At length it occurred to the host that a practical jest would be amusing, and, by his direction, the waiter filled the tumbler of his guest with gin, instead of water. There being no difference in the appearance, and there being no reason for suspecting evil, the dipsomaniac raised it to his lips.

The instant he tasted it, he comprehended what had been done, and, without a word, set the glass down and left the room.

His nearest neighbor, astonished at his unceremonious departure, turned to see what was the matter, when the grins of the waiter directed his attention to the still full tumbler.

He took it up, examined the contents, and, understanding in turn the cruel joke that had been played, he followed the example of the victim, and, with only a glance of indignation by way of farewell to the host, he, too, left the room and house.

His neighbor in turn sought and found the explanation of this singular breach of etiquette, and the action of the others having furnished him a clew to the sharpest method of expressing the indignation any right-minded man must feel, he, in turn, contemptuously left the table.

To cut the matter short, every guest in turn, amid a silence so impressive that the host lacked either the nerve or the presence of mind to break it, departed in utter silence, until the giver of the feast was left alone.

It is a satisfaction to be able to add that the dipsomaniac had the courage and presence of mind to get into a carriage and drive home at once, where he remained until he had conquered the cravings excited by the taste of alcohol he had unwittingly taken.—Providence Journal.
Hospital Inmates.

On the first of August we made our monthly visit at the Hospital, and, though the day was warm, the invalids found, in their well ventilated wards or under the shadow of the trees on the lawn, pleasant resting places. Four of the seventeen occupants of the Male Surgical Ward were boys suffering from accidents. It was a touching sight to see side by side three cots each with its youthful sufferer. In the first was a boy thirteen years old, who had been caught in an elevator in one of our shoe factories. He had received a scalp wound and his head was bandaged, he had also a slight wound in the face. He has quite an idea of sketching, and in a blank book given him by Dr. Kempe, he had made some amusing pictures of which he was the hero. In one of these he represented himself as caught in the elevator with the blood streaming from his head, and the children gazing at him; in another, the patrol-wagon was taking him to the Hospital and boys were running after it. Other pictures were less personal, but all showed some artistic taste, and when he leaves the Hospital Dr. Kempe will make an effort to give him an opportunity of cultivating his talent for drawing. In the next cot was a boy fourteen years old, crippled for life. He had been working in Sweeting's door, sash and blind factory, and while removing panels his arm was caught in the machinery and so injured that amputation above the elbow was necessary. His left hand companion was a little fellow nine years old, who was injured by being caught in the railroad swing bridge between Somerville and Charlotte. His left foot had been cut and sewed up, but there were in it pieces of dead bone that would probably have to be removed. The fourth boy was not confined to his bed, but on the Fourth of July had lost one eye and injured the other; the physicians still hope to save the sight of one eye. Seven patients in this ward were confined to their cots. One man whose toe had been amputated for gangrene was so well that he was about to return to his home; another man had had a deformed toe amputated. A young man had lost his hand while using a circular saw that was not properly guarded. One patient had been kicked by a horse and broken his leg; another had jumped from Plymouth avenue lift bridge and sustained a compound fracture of the right leg; the bone was splintered in several places. A man who had had a large ulcer on his leg was nearly well. One patient had a scalp wound and fractured ribs. A man who had been struck by a railroad train died just as he reached the Hospital.

There were fifteen under treatment in the Male Medical Ward. But three of these kept their beds all the time. One of these had some disease of the stomach, the two others were typhoid fever patients, one of whom was convalescing, in the other case the disease had not reached its crisis. Most of the patients were comfortable; three had rheumatism and two were paralytics. A sad death had occurred here during the month. A young man eighteen years old, afflicted with melancholia had taken "Rough on Rats," and three hours after was brought by the patrol-wagon to the Hospital. It was too late to save him and four hours later, after terrible suffering, he died. Two others had died in this ward during July. The one death was from consumption and the other from some disease of the lungs.

But four of the sixteen invalids in the Female Medical Ward were most of the time in their beds. One of these had paralysis of one side and was apparently suf-
ferring; another was convalescing from rheumatic fever and had also some disease of the nerves. The cancer patient was sitting up and comparatively comfortable; a dyspeptic patient was deriving benefit from massage. There were no very sick women in this ward.

There were but six in the Female Surgical Ward. Grossmutter was better, was walking around with the use of her cane, and took great delight in "the best of the beautiful flowers," as she pointed out to us a bunch of gay calendulas. No one seems to enjoy the flowers more than this German woman, ninety-two years old. A paralytic was improving. One woman had consumption, another a broken leg, the others were chronic invalids.

The small pavilions were both empty. Dr. Rider had operated for a deformed eyelid on a patient not an inmate of the Hospital.

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The Young Folks.

Four of our young boys were in the Male Surgical Ward suffering from recent accidents, and their cases are reported under "Hospital Inmates." The youngest occupant of the Children's Pavilion was in the Nursery, about an hour old and snugly encircled by blankets with hot water at its back. Another baby, a fortnight older, weighed at first but five and a half pounds.

In the lower Wards we found Flora Howard, a little girl seven years old, who, the previous week, had been run over by a buggy; her head had been bruised and there were dark lines under her eyes, but she was rapidly improving and for the first time sitting up in a rocking chair. On a bed near by was Willie Lundquest, just getting ready for the physician to dress his leg; the nurses were about covering it with wet cheese cloth. He was the little boy who was injured by jumping over a stone. Carrie Myers had a disease of the skin and was improving. Jakey Striker, with skin disease, had just had his head dressed and bandaged; he is a very patient little fellow, his scalp has long been diseased and every day hairs have to be pulled out of his head in some spots, but he submits without complaining. Harry Addison who has sore eyes is improving. The little girl who pierced her eye with a needle is improving and the physician hopes to save the sight of the eye. Most of the other little ones were on the lawn; on one settee were George Pierce, who has a curvature of the spine and Minnie Johnson, who has some disease of the skin. Henry Mattis, who has a diseased hip wears an extension on his right leg. Jerry Shehan, the little fellow with diseased spine, was resting on pillows. Max was on his velocipede, Tommy was playing around. On the piazza were two new hammocks that will be a great comfort to the children.

The Pavilion children are very happy in each other, and it is quite amusing to watch them at their sports. The other day they were playing hospital. A little boy six years old, who has an extension on his thigh, played he was a physician, and a little girl four years and a half old, who wears a plaster of Paris jacket, personated a nurse, and they went around among their companions asking how they felt. As the incident was related to us it recalled the day when we watched a little damsel whose father had been very sick with pneumonia, as she gave medicine to her dolly because she had ammonia.

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The ABC Schemes.

The Managers of the City Hospital are very anxious to complete at once the fund necessary for the payment of the debt now resting on the Pavilion. Twelve hundred dollars will suffice to pay principal and interest, and relieve the building of all incumbrance. It costs a great deal to take charge of all the helpless little ones who
THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

come to us for care and healing, but to-day we plead not for the food that nourishes them, not for the appliances to reach their various diseases, but for money to free from debt the Pavilion that shelters them. The ABC Scheme has not yet accomplished all we hoped from it. The Treasurer of the Hospital, 174 Spring street, has still many G blanks waiting to free the Pavilion from debt. Send for one of them and help on the good work. If only enough will respond, no one will be much burdened, a grand result will be achieved, and we shall be jubilant over a Children's Pavilion free from debt. The appeal we now make asks that each person who responds to it shall send to 174 Spring street for a G blank, collect or contribute one dollar and return it with the blank to the Treasurer. Let the little folks plead for themselves. More than twenty of them are now within the Hospital. Can you see their outstretched hands and refuse them? Side by side in our Hospital are three boys suffering from accident. One was wounded by an elevator, another was caught in a swing bridge, and a third had his arm cut off in a machine shop. Near them is a victim of a Fourth of July accident that destroyed one eye and injured the other. The boys in plaster of Paris jackets are suffering from curvature of the spine; those wearing extensions have diseases of the hip. One little girl has pierced her eye with a needle, but hopes to save the sight, another has been run over by a buggy and had her head wounded. Some of the little ones have troublesome skin diseases, others are suffering from abscesses. All need skilful care and nursing, and rejoice because the Children's Hospital opens to welcome them. Mothers with healthy children will you not as a thank offering help us at this time? Will not those who have welcomed back to health the little ones who have caused anxious forebodings send in their gifts?

And we trust all who are the friends of the children will now aid us.

Memorial tributes will be thankfully received. Remember the sick children appeal to you. Their demand to-day is small. Will you not heed it?

Evening Entertainment.

According to previous announcement a delightful entertainment was given for the benefit of the Children's Pavilion, at the chapel of the First Presbyterian Church, on the evening of July 19th. Two of the young ladies who took prominent parts in it were visiting their friends in this city, and kindly offered their services for this occasion. They assisted the Lady Managers in their preparation for the concert, and other amateur performers united with them in carrying out in a most pleasing manner the following

PROGRAMME.

1—Piano-Tannhauser, .......... ........ Wagner-Liszt MISS DOUGHERTY.
2—Song..........................Selected MISS CLARK.
3—Recitation, Jamie...................... Anon MISS ANNIE LOUISE WHITE.
4—Song, The message ..................... Blumenthal MR. D'ENVER.
5—Piano  a. Minuette ...............Sherwood b. Rigadon ....................Raff MISS DOUGHERTY.
6—Song..........................Selected MISS CLARK.
7—Recitation a. Tobe's Monument ...... E. Kilham b. The Lovers an' the Bobolink...... MISS ANNIE LOUISE WHITE.
8—Song, Thine Eyes so Blue ..................Lassen MR. D'ENVER.
9—Piano—Ballade .....................Chopin MISS DOUGHERTY.

The Lady Managers would tender their thanks to the Trustees of the First Presbyterian church for the use of their chapel, to the proprietors of the Democrat and Chronicle for printing tickets and programmes, to all those who took part in the entertainment for their musical services, and to all who in any way contributed to the success of the evening.
The Out-Door Department.

The new building when we visited it on the first of August was progressing finely. The brick work was completed, the building was roofed, the apartments divided, rough floors laid, and the masons were about commencing to plaster. The windows are large and give a cheerful, airy aspect to the building.

Correspondence.


July 24, 1888.

Mrs. Robert Mathews:

Dear Madam—The little girls of Vick Park gave a Mother Goose entertainment and send the proceeds to you to aid in paying for the Children's Pavilion. Please find enclosed three dollars ($3.00.) Their names are, Grace, Edith, Alice, Ione, Addie, Ray, Edith, Frankie.

Yours, &c.,

Mrs. Horace May.

We hope the good example of our young friends will be followed and that the Pavilion will reap the benefit.

Pleasing Testimony.

In some surgical operations that have been performed on private patients during the past month, surgeons outside the Hospital staff have expressed their appreciation of the valuable assistance rendered by those who are members of the Training School for Nurses.

The Annual Subscriptions.

This is the season of the year when many of the friends of the Hospital renew their annual subscriptions. We are pleased so many have done so already. We gladly add new names to our list and new friends to our cause. Sickness is very expensive and till we are largely endowed our treasury must often be replenished.
The Hospital Review.

By Mrs. Perkins, Miss Alice Whittlesey. $10.00
By Mrs. Oscar Craig. $5.00
By Mrs. J. H. Stedman. $5.00
By Mrs. W. S. Kimball. $5.00
By Mrs. W. S. Hoyt. $5.00
By Mrs. C. R. Rost, $5.00
By Mrs. D. Ryan. $5.00
By Mrs. F. Whittlesey, donation. $6.00
In memoriam Mrs. A. D. Smith. $10.00

Mrs. W. H. Perkins, Treas.

Children's Pavilion Fund.

Howard Vandeventer, Patrick, Marengo, Ill. $1.00
Miss Ellen Hood. $1.00
Proceeds of concert July 19, 1888. $131.55
Fair held July 14, 1888, by Emma Alice Rebaaz. $1.50
Mother Goose entertainment given by the little girls of Vick Park, Grace, Edith, Alice, Ione, Addie, May, Edith and Frankie. $2.00
Mrs. George Reyon, Irondequoit. $1.00
"Series E," Mrs. W. C. Dickinson. $1.00

Receipts for the month. $140.05
Previously acknowledged. $5,883.88
Total. $6,023.93

We most earnestly solicit contributions for this object, which should be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring street, the Treasurer of the Fund.

Receipts for the Review.

JULY, 1888.

Mrs. Geo. Crocker, Leroy, by Mrs. C. E. Converse. $5.00
Miss Latbrow, Stockport, by Mrs. Alice Wild. $50.00
Mrs. W. Clarke, Buffalo, 50 cents; Dr. F. A. Jones, Charlotte, 50 cents, by Mrs. S. H. Terry. $1.00
Mrs. E. G. Billings, 62 cents; Mrs. J. P. Cleary, 62 cents; J. Craig, head, 62 cents; Mrs. M. H. Cotter, 50 cents; Mrs. A. P. Little, 62 cents; Dr. J. E. Line, 62 cents; Mrs. A. W. Mudge, $1.25; Mrs. G. McCallaster, 62 cents; Mrs. H. C. Roberts, 62 cents; Mrs. C. Rennelson, 62 cents; Mrs. W. C. Rowley, 62 cents; Miss Bella M. Smith, 62 cents; J. L. Stewart, 68 cents, by Miss Fanny Rawlings. $9.20
Curran & Goler, adv., $5.00; E. H. T. cottman, 62 cents; C. Cauley & Co., adv., $5.00; J. Fahy & Co., adv., $5.00; W. H. Glenn & Co., adv., $5.00; Ira A. Lovejoy, adv., $5.00; Mrs. M. M. Mathews, 62 cents; Scramont, Wetmore & Co., adv., $5.00; Mrs. C. A. Torrey, Syracuse, 50 cents, by Mrs. M. M. Mathews. $31.74
Donations for July, 1888.

American Rural Home—Quantity of magazines.
Mrs. Wetmore—2 dressing gowns.
Mrs. Geo. Ellwanger—Beautiful roses and lilies.
Mrs. A. D. Smith—Comode.
Mrs. Edward M. Smith—Quantity of "London Illustrated News."
Mrs. Geo. W. Smith, New York City—6 indestructible dolls.
Friend—New calico dress and two quilted skirts.
Young Ladies' Society—7 short night gowns.
Miss A. S. Mumford—Second-hand shirts and hat.
James Brackett—Second-hand shirts.
Aggie Walker—Reading matter.
Mrs. L. G. Stowe—15 yards of gingham.
Miss Hood—Gingham.
Moore & Cole—Reading matter.
Parent-Stem & First-Twig—2 night shirts.
Miss A. S. Mumford—1 shirt, collar and 2 children's trays.
Mrs. Thomas Chester—Second-hand clothing and reading matter.
Mrs. S. H. Terry—Scientific Americans.
Mrs. Steedman—1 night dress.
Charles Robinson—6 books.
Mrs. Arthur Robinson—Second-hand shirts.
Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins—Marble-top table.
Mrs. W. H. Briggs—Oliver Optic's Annual.
Miss E. Gibson—Reading matter.
Mrs. Hiram Sibley—2 gallons of ice cream once a week for the children.
Miss Florence Montgomery—Worsted—Worsted for the children.

Died.

Died at the City Hospital July 4th, John Cooper, aged 18 years.
July 6th, of Peritonitis, Mrs. E. A. Whaley.
July 17th, of Phthisis Pulmonalis, Edward Cordes, aged 38 years.
July 18th, Michael Noeth, aged 70 years.
July 26th, Joseph Lang, struck by an engine.
July 26th, Robert Eves, aged 18 years.
July 26th, John H. A. Meyer, aged 52 years.
July 28th, Elizabeth Luck, aged 43 years.

Bullets in the Brain.

It has long been known that fractures of the skull, with considerable loss of brain substance, do not always terminate fatally, if skillfully treated; but in such cases the injury is near the surface. A bullet, however, fired into the brain, generally goes through it, and is often lodged against or near the inside of the skull on the opposite
side. Nearly all surgeons have shrunk from handling such cases.

Dr. Fluhrer, of the Bellevue Hospital, New York, has successfully treated a case of the kind. A young man, having shot himself in the centre of the forehead, was brought to the hospital semi-unconscious, and with his right side and limbs paralyzed.

The scalp having been duly turned aside, the wound in the skull was enlarged, and the track of the bullet explored. The probe, having passed in six inches, indicated the line of direction pursued by the ball, and the point at which it would have emerged was marked.

At this point the skull was trephined (a circular piece removed by a trephine or trepan), and the ball was found about an inch from the skull. When it had been extracted by a small forceps, the probe could be passed quite through the head!

The wounds healed, and the patient was wholly restored to health; the paralysis passed off, and the man resumed work in a butcher's shop.

The operation in the above case lasted four hours. There was considerable loss of blood from a wounded artery, which it was difficult to tie. In many cases, wounded arteries may be so situated as to preclude the possibility of arresting the hemorrhage.

The London Lancet, referring to this case, says, "Cerebral surgery is in its infancy; the results already attained have shown that it would not be wise at present to set any limits to its development, and we may therefore hope that even penetrating bullet wounds of the brain may prove to be amenable to surgical measures."

The Lancet adds another interesting case of a different character. The patient had received a bullet-wound of the skull three or four years previous, and had become insane. The surgeon, having detected a depressed fracture of the skull under the scar, a pressure on which caused intense pain, determined to explore the seat of the injury.

An opening was found in the skull, and a hypodermic needle being passed into the brain in four different directions, the last passage resulted in drawing off two drams of clear fluid, probably from a cyst, or sac which had formed within the cerebral substance, the pressure of which on the brain caused the insanity.

In less than three hours all the symptoms of insanity vanished, and the man gave a clear account of his injury and subsequent career. He recovered completely.—Youth's Companion.

That I May Know Him.

"I seem to know more of the Lord Jesus Christ than of the most intimate friend I have on earth."—McCheyne.

[From The London Witness.]

Lord, let me talk with thee of all I do, All that I care for, all I wish for too, Lord, let me prove thy sympathy, thy power, Thy loving oversight from hour to hour!

When I need counsel let me ask of thee: Whatever my perplexity may be, It cannot be too trivial to bring

To one who marks the sparrow's drooping wing; Nor too terrestrial, since thou hast said Nor the very hairs are numbered on our head.

'Tis through such loopholes that the foe takes aim, And sparks unheeded, burst into a flame, Do money troubles press? Thou canst resolve The doubts or dangers such concerns involve. Are those I love the cause of anxious care? Thou canst unbind the burdens they may bear.

Before the mysteries of thy word or will, Thy voice can gently bid my heart be still, Since all that now is hard to understand Shall be unraveled in yon heavenly land. Or do I mourn the oft-besetting sin, The tempter's wiles, that mar the peace within? Present thyself, Lord, as the absolving priest, To whom confessing, I go forth released. Do weakness, weariness, disease, invade This earthly house, which thou thyself hast made?

Thou only, Lord, canst touch the hidden spring Of mischief, and attune the jarring string. Would I be taught what thou wouldst have me do? The needs of those less favored to relieve? Thou canst so guide my hand that I shall be A liberal, "cheerful giver," Lord, like thee Of my life's mission do I stand in doubt, Thou knowest, and canst clearly point it out. Present thyself, Lord, as the absolving priest, To whom confessing, I go forth released. Do weakness, weariness, disease, invade This earthly house, which thou thyself hast made?

Whither I go, do thou thyself decide, And choose the friends and servants at my side. The books I read I would submit to thee, Let them refresh, instruct, and solace me. I would converse with thee from day to day With heart intent on what thou hast to say; And through my pilgrim walk, whate'er befall, Consult with thee, O Lord, about it all.

Since thou art willing thus to deign To be my intimate, familiar friend, Oh, let me to the great occasion rise, And count thy friendship life's most glorious prize!

Grace makes light of sacrifices, because of looking straight to Jesus.
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IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH BY
THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE,
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Mrs. M. M. MATHEWS, Mrs. A. S. HAMILTON,
Mrs. WM. E. HOYT.

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BY SUSAN TEALL PERRY.

On the deck of a homebound steamer
The voyagers gathered one night;
Our fatherland had been spoken,
Its shores were just coming in sight.
'Twas the close of a Sunday at sea;
The waters were peaceful and still—
The "Afterwards" of a wild storm,
Whose winds had gone down at His will.

While hearts on God's mercy bethought,
'Mid silence and quiet repose,
In the hush of that hallowed hour
The voice of a singer arose;
And the words he took for his song
Were those which had often been told—
"Jesus, lover of my soul"—that
Sweet hymn which can never grow old.

And we were both on guard one night—
Quite near each other, too, we stood—
I watched you pace your lonely beat
Behind the cover of the wood.
I raised my gun to take straight aim,
When these sweet words I heard you sing:
Lord, cover my defenceless head
Beneath the shadow of Thy wing.

Your prayer was heard; I could not fire,
And no attack that night was made.
Again I heard those words, and know
You are the man that hymn once saved.
The singer grasped the stranger's hand—
"Remember well that lonely beat,
Those hours so full of dangers, when
I paced with weary, anxious feet.

I thought of home, of friends and all
Those things in life we hold most dear;
And then of Him, who says He'll hide
Us 'neath His wings in time of fear.
And so I sang that hymn you heard—
The singer could not speak the rest;
The blue and gray 'mid tears of joy,
Were folded to each other's breast.

The steamer neared the spoken land,
But her broad deck was cleared of all
Save two, who watched the harbor lights
Over the peaceful waters fall;
And both thanked God they sailed beneath
The same old flag to home's loved shore,
Where blue and gray had clasped their hands,
To be divided nevermore.

The Doctor's "Shadow."

During the outbreaks of cholera in Naples three years ago, the hostility of the lower class towards the doctors was violent. They insisted that the spread, if not the origin, of the disease was due to them, and called them poisoners and murderers. Physicians who made visits at night to the poor's quarters carried revolvers, or were accompanied by policemen.

A French physician who had volunteered his aid, used to go about unarmed and without a guard, at all hours of the night, for, as he said to a friend, "Don Salvatore Trapanese was watching over him."

Wherever he went, at night, a man with a long cloak over his shoulder, carrying a stick in his hand, followed him, as a detective follows the man he is "shadowing." Even in the very heart of the thieves' quarter, this physician was as safe as in the public square at midday. For the man was one of the chief thieves, and his business was to see that no harm came to the doctor.

It all happened in this way. Late one afternoon the doctor happened to be in a church frequented by the poor of the city. The doors were about to be closed, as a man entered and fell upon his knees. His lips moved hastily, and repeatedly he struck the ground with his forehead. As the sexton came up to lock the door, the man threw his cloak over his shoulder, and hurriedly left the church.

As the doctor passed the spot where the man had knelt, his foot stumbled against a long, Calabrian dagger which lay upon the floor. Catching up with the man outside, the doctor handed him the knife, and noticed his pale face and the agitated manner.

"I feel sorry for you," said the doctor. "Cholera in the house," the man muttered through his clenched teeth.

The doctor announced himself as a physician from Paris, and offered his services. The man shook his head, walked away and then returned.

"Are you a stranger?" said he, curtly.
"Yes."
"You have nothing to do with the municipal authorities?"

"Nothing at all."
"Will you come with me?"

They went down into a narrow street, walked a long way in the darkness, through a vaulted passage, into a narrow alley, and halted before a tumble-down house. A man came out, and all three went down a pitch-dark passage, crossed a yard, and stopped before a miserable hovel. The man who had come from the house, raised a lantern and scrutinized the doctor's face, and then they entered the hovel.

A mother lay upon the floor wringing her hands in despair. Three women were on their knees praying. An old woman, a cripple, sat all in a heap before the fire muttering to herself.

On the bed was a little girl, half cold and unconscious. No one stood beside the bed, for the lowest-class Neapolitans are afraid to touch a dying person.

Surreptitiously, under the blanket, the doctor administered an ether-injection. She rallied, opened her eyes, and moaned softly, thereby softening the suspicious eyes around the physician.

The mother rose from the floor and began helping the physician rub the girl with the blanket. The rubbing was useless; the child was sinking fast.

The doctor prepared to give an intravenous injection. As he cut open the vein, all the women shrieked. The child collapsed; the mother cried:

"She is dying! she is dying!"

The doctor held the child in his arms. Savage eyes followed his movements, and amid prayers to the Virgin and threats hurled at him, the night wore on.

A reaction set in toward morning, and warmth returned to the body. She moaned, "Mamma! mamma!" The mother's face glowed with hope. The child was returning to life.

When the doctor left the house he was guided through the labyrinth of lanes and alleys by the father, whose look of gratitude more than compensated the physician for the sleepless night.

Several nights, for they preferred to receive his visits after dark, the doctor visited the hovel. On the night of his last visit, the mother stood on the doorstep, as the doctor departed, praying, "May the peace which you desire be granted unto you!"

As the doctor took leave of the father he asked his name. "Salvatore Trapanese,"
the man answered, and added, “If ever you want me, excellency, my life and my knife will be at your disposal.”

Pointing to where a ragged old cobbler was seated repairing a boot, he said, “Address yourself to that man if you want me.”

For months the physician did not see Salvatore. The papers teemed with accounts of nightly attacks, and the dreaded Camorra—the association of thieves and beggars which once ruled half of Naples—appeared to be renewing its sway. But whenever the doctor went out at night, he saw that he was followed by a suspicious-looking character. Subsequently the doctor found out that the man shadowing him was Salvatore’s brother, who had been ordered by the Camorra to watch over him.

The doctor lost a valuable dog. He informed the old cobbler. That night a man called, whose appearance was not such as to beget a sense of security. He came as a friend of Salvatore.

“You shall have the dog back to-morrow evening, if he be not dead!” said the man.

The next night the dog rushed into the room, dragging Salvatore after him.

The doctor thanked him and shook him by the hand.

“I am a bad man,” said Salvatore, looking confused, “and not worthy of touching your hand.”

The doctor handed the reward he had promised for the dog’s return, two hundred francs. The man put it back on the table, saying: “You saved the little girl. I found the dog—it is all right now.”—S. F. PIERCE in Youth’s Companion.

The Madonna di San Sisti.

I had been often incredulous before when I had heard people break into such raptures about this picture. But I am one of the awe-stricken ones henceforward, now that I have almost knelt before it. No copy of the picture that I have ever seen—and everybody has seen multitudes—even approaches it. There is a power and a beauty and a kind of divine shining in it which no copyist has ever captured.

The picture stands, as is most fitting, parapated from every other, in a room by itself, alone. I noticed, what others have so often spoken of, the involuntary hush which seems to fall on people as they enter and lift their eyes toward it. A spell over-comes. The tread softens. The voice subsides to whispers, or there is no speech. In a sacred silence which you dare not break, you gaze upon that mother and that child. It will not be wonderful if, in a little, you find yourself looking through a mist of tears.

No words can tell the power and the pathos of the picture. In every copy I have seen I have revolted somewhat at the kneeling pope and St. Barbara. Possibly my intense Protestantism had something to do with it. But I had always felt that because of them the harmony of the picture was needlessly invaded. But there is so much feeling in the presence of the real picture. You ascend inevitably and involuntarily from these to that mother and to that wondrous child. The reverence and devotion of these make a path for your own. You worship with them. You think of the creed while you look at them: “I believe in the communion of saints.” And the mother’s face—all the Scripture story of her is written in it. She is virgin and yet mother. She is subdued with the awful consciousness that in her unworthy arms she holds her Lord. She is exultant with the inconceivable honor. It is yet evident that her exultation is chastened by her belief in the prophecy of pain before her—the sword which is to pierce her. Her look is altogether a human look. She cannot pierce the future. She cannot estimate the measure and the method of that future pain. But she accepts that hidden future with an utter trust.

You can almost hear her saying: “Be it unto me according to Thy word.” And the child, I confess it, will be more to me since I have seen that pictured face. How evidently in it there shines the blending of the divine and human. It is a child’s face, and yet not a child’s, and still it is a child’s.

It is not mature like the mother’s and still there is something in it you cannot find anywhere in hers. The consciousness of a divine being and a divine destiny shines out of it. The child sees all he future as the mother cannot; knows all the meaning and the measure of His own pain and of hers as well. His are prophetic eyes. And what He so clearly sees He too accepts. There beams from Him as well, the same utter religious trust. But there is an added element in the child’s face—that
of divine authority. He is, notwithstanding humanity, and childhood and coming sorrow, King and Triumphant Lord. And all this though still a child. O it is wonderful! I am thankful I have seen that picture.—Our Record.

Patrick Henry's Death.

In an age when it was fashionable to avow skeptical sentiments, Patrick Henry was always ready to defend the Christian faith. A member of the Episcopal church, according to his latest biographer, Prof. Tyler, he not infrequently received the Communion. On such occasion his habit was to fast until he had been at the Lord's Table, and then to spend the day in retirement.

One hour, at the close of the day, he spent in private prayer and meditation, and during it no one was suffered to intrude upon his privacy.

While he was Governor of Virginia, he was so alarmed at the spread of infidel sentiments among the young men of the State that he printed, at his own expense, an edition of Soame Jenyns' "View of the Internal Evidence of Christian Religion," and an edition of Butler's "Analogy." When he met a young man of skeptical tendencies, he would give him one of these books. Doubtless the fact that the book was presented by the Governor of his State secured it an attention from the young Virginian which he might not have paid had it been distributed by a more humble colporter.

Patrick Henry wrote out an elaborate answer to Paine's "Age of Reason," but, being impressed by the replies to Paine then appearing in England, he directed his wife, shortly before his death, to destroy the manuscript, which she did.

In his last will, written by his own hand, he concluded thus: "This is all the inheritance I can give to my dear family. The religion of Christ can give them one which will make them rich indeed."

On the 6th of June, 1799, his kindred being sent for, found him sitting in a large, old-fashioned arm-chair. He was dying from an incurable internal disease.

His physician, Dr. Cabell, was about to administer a preparation of mercury. Taking the vial in his hand, the dying man said, "I am sorry to say, Governor, that it is," replied the doctor. "Acute inflammation of the intestine has already taken place; and unless it is removed, mortification will ensue, if it has not already commenced, which I fear."

"What will be the effect of this medicine, doctor?"

"It will give you immediate relief, or"—the doctor could not finish the sentence.

"You mean, doctor," said the sick man, "that it will give relief, or will prove fatal immediately?"

"You can only live a short time without it, and it may relieve you."

"Excuse me, doctor, for a few moments," said Patrick Henry, drawing over his eyes the silk cap he wore. Holding the vial, he prayed aloud for his family, his country and for his own soul. "Amen!" said he, and swallowed the medicine.

Dr. Cabell, who greatly loved the old patriot, had gone out upon the lawn, where, throwing himself under a tree, he wept bitterly. Mastering himself, he returned to the house, and found his patient calmly watching the blood congealing under his finger-nails. The old orator fixed his eyes on Dr. Cabell, with whom he had held many discussions about the Christian religion.

"Doctor," said he, with great tenderness, "I wish you to observe how real and beneficial the religion of Christ is to a man about to die."

He then breathed so gently for a few minutes that those around him knew not when he breathed out his spirit.—Youths' Companion.

Puzzled.

Gilbert Stuart, one of America's great portrait painters, was a humorist and delighted in harmless jokes, such as excited a laugh but aroused no bitterness. Once while he was traveling in a crowded stagecoach, in England, his companions, curious to know the business of the man who amused them by his witty remarks, questioned him closely. In those days gentlemen wore powdered hair tied in queues, and ladies built up on their heads pannetummed top-knots. Stuart gravely replied to his first questioner, "I sometimes dress ladies' and gentlemen's hair."

"You are a hair-dresser, then?" said one of the company.
"What! do you take me for a barber?" exclaimed Stuart, in a serious tone.

"I beg pardon, but I inferred as much from what you said; may I ask what then you are?"

"Why, I sometimes brush a gentleman's coat or hat, or adjust cravats."

"Oh, you are a valet to some nobleman?"

"Indeed I am not! I am not a servant—though, to be sure, I make coats and waistcoats for gentlemen."

"Oh, you are a tailor."

"Tailor! do I look like one? I assure you that I never handled a 'goose that was not roasted."

"What are you then?" asked half a dozen voices, for by this time all were laughing uproariously.

"I'll tell you," said Stuart. "What I have said is literally true. I dress hair, brush hats and coats, adjust a cravat, and make coats, waistcoats, and breeches, and brush also boots and shoes."

"Ha! ha! a boot and shoe maker, after all."

"Guess again gentlemen! I never handled boot or shoe save for my own feet; yet all I have said is true."

"We may as well give up guessing," said one of the company; he's too much for all of us."

"Now, gentlemen," said Stuart, taking a pinch of snuff, "I will not play the fool with you any longer. Upon my word of honor, I get my bread by making faces," and he then so screwed his countenance, that the stage coach shook with laughter. "There, just as I thought!" exclaimed one, "the gentleman is a comedian."

"I never was on the stage, and I seldom see the inside of a play-house," answered Stuart.

The mystified company looked at each other with astonishment. Just then the stage coach stopped at the place where Stuart was to get off.

"Gentlemen," said he, "you will find that all I have said of my various employments is included in these few words—I am a portrait painter. If you will call at my studio in London, I shall be ready to brush you a coat or hat, dress your hair, supply you with a wig of any fashion; accommodate you with coats and shoes, give you ruffles or cravats, and make faces for you."

Two Little Pigs.

One bright Summer morning as I was strolling toward the beach on the Island of Mackinac, I saw a short distance ahead of me two little pigs, one perfectly white and the other perfectly black, both the same size, trudging along side by side in the same direction as myself, seemingly engaged in earnest conversation. They seemed so out of place, and I was so curious to know whether they were bound, that I followed them unobscured. They did not walk aimlessly, but as if they had some special object in view, and some definite destination. I wondered what they would do when they reached the water. I was not long in being answered. Without a moment's hesitation they plunged into the waves side by side, and swam out and away toward another island, six miles distant. I stood and watched them until their two little heads looked like balls bobbing up and down, side by side, all the time. When I related the incident to the landlord a little later, he looked astonished and annoyed.

"Those pigs," he said, "were to have been served for dinner to-day. They were brought here this morning in a boat from that island, six miles away, and we thought we might allow them their freedom for the short time they had to live, never thinking of their making an attempt to return home. And did you notice," he continued, "they chose the point of land nearest the island where they came from, to enter the water? Singular that the little animals should have been so bright. And furthermore, they weren't landed there; that makes it more strange."

I, too, left the island that day, and I have never heard whether those brave little pigs ever reached their destination or not.

—Harper's Young People.

Trifles.

A little bit of patience
Often makes the sunshine come,
And a little bit of Love
Makes a very happy home.
A little bit of Hope
Makes a rainy day look gay
And a little bit of Charity
Makes glad a weary way.
The Pavilion Fund.

Last year little Jean Aitkin, the granddaughter of D. W Powers, sent us nine dollars, the result of a fair for the Children's Pavilion. She lives in New York, but still feels interested in the sick children of Rochester. She has for a long time been working for this object, and came to Rochester expecting to interest other little girls to work with her, for the Pavilion, but the whooping cough isolated her from other children; but she has gone on bravely by herself with but little assistance from others, and the first of September she intended to have a tent and sale on her grandfather's grounds, but the weather prevented any outdoor entertainment. The fair came off on Saturday, and our Treasurer has received the goodly sum of $40.00. We thank the dear little girl for her patience and perseverance as well as for the acceptable gift.

The Invalids.

In the Male Surgical Ward we found seventeen under treatment, five of whom kept their beds. The sickest of these was a man with a gun shot wound, the result of an accident at the Sea Breeze on the 17th of August. He said he had never before been sick.

Jacob Koehler, a musician, was driving when the carriage was struck by a train of cars and his left leg so injured that amputation was necessity. Three toes on the right foot had also to be amputated, but he was getting on finely. Mr. L. who jumped from a bridge and had a compound fracture of the leg was up and going around in a wheel chair. An aged colored man, who before this had lost an eye and an arm, was brought in the previous week with his lower jaw broken in two places, the result of some contest with the son. The patrol wagon had the previous week brought in another unfortunate who had taken "Rough on Rats" and then arsenic. He died a few hours after reaching the Hospital; he suffered greatly.

A house decorator was suffering from the effects of a fall from a ladder. A young man with an abscess on the neck was improving. Mr. D. had injured his head and neck by falling from a ladder. One man with amputated thumb and another with the stump of a hand came in to have their wounds dressed. One patient had a sore leg that discharged very freely. The Italian with abscesses on the leg changes but little. Mr. E. H. Grover had died at the advanced age of 87. He claimed to have been the earliest resident of Rochester then living. He came here very early and lived here continuously. A man with a broken leg had had it put in plaster and had gone home. The boy who had been caught in the elevator, and the one who had lost the sight of one eye and injured the other, by the premature discharge of a cannon on the Fourth of July, had gone home.

In the Male Medical Ward were seventeen patients, eight of these kept their cots; three of these were typhoid fever patients, two had rheumatism, one was a paralytic, another a consumptive, and the eighth was threatened with fever. Two invalids had diabetes. One patient was aged and feeble, another had a bad cough.

There were but ten patients in the Female Surgical Ward, two had left the previous day. Three of these were confined to their beds, one with nervous exhaustion, another with a pelvic abscess, and a third had cancer. Grossmutter kept her bed much of the time as she had a bad cold. A mother with a young infant had general oedema of the arm that rendered her help.
less, and her infant had trouble with its bowels and severe inflammation of the eyes; the little thing required constant care, but mother and child were gaining. A young girl had mental trouble induced by overwork. The patient with broken hip had returned home.

The nurse was applying a poultice to the swollen and inflamed limb of Mrs. M., as we entered the Female Medical Ward, where eleven were receiving Hospital care. One patient was threatened with typhoid fever, another had consumption. One was suffering from cancer, another was a paralytic. Mrs. Shannon, the faithful nurse of the Pavilion children, has been quite sick and had just left her bed as we entered the ward. The children have missed her much. Most of the other patients were afflicted with chronic diseases. There were three babies and five adults in the Nursery.

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The Little Folks.

The swinging hammock and the little ones playing on the velvety lawn, and some of the older invalids lounging on the settees, scattered here and there over the Hospital grounds, gave them a cheerful aspect, as we made our monthly visit on the first Tuesday of September.

Willie Lundquest, who had injured his leg by jumping over a stone step, and who had for some time been confined to his bed, ran out to greet us, and, rejoicing in returning vigor, told us his leg was so much better that in about two weeks he could go home. Willie Reus started to come to us, but as he wears an extension he found it hard work to keep up with Willie Lundquest, and we took a seat beside him on a settee under the shadow of an overhanging elm tree. Willie has been with us about five months receiving treatment for a disease of the hip; he has been in bed two months but is now up. Willie Hooper came running up to us pushing Abe Greenburgh in his wheel chair. Willie has had a sore chest and neck; expects soon to leave the Hospital. Abe Greenburgh is the boy whose heels and toes were injured by the swing bridge in Charlotte. He is just ten years old; he has had his leg amputated. The children were much interested in watching the robins, and as we sat talking Jackie Striker, who has a disease of the skin, and Henry Weider joined us. Jackie had his head covered with a cotton cloth and an arithmetic in his hands. Henry whose arm had been amputated above the elbow, in consequence of an injury received in Sweetings' Machine Shop, had his slate and arithmetic with him, studying his lesson. Thomas Heeney, who has three abscesses near the hip, informed us he was "getting on first rate." Tommy told us he and Max had been to a wedding in St. Luke's Church, and they were going to another one very soon. As we entered the Children's Pavilion, two children were swinging in the hammocks, Carrie Myers and Ida Parker. Ida is a new patient; she is three years old and both feet turn in and also turn over. She was born with deformed feet, and an operation will be necessary, and it is doubtful if this is successful as the bones are so much out of shape. Johnie Byan is in possession of the Edith and Julia room. He is but four years old; he was run over by a freight wagon laden with sand, and his right leg so injured that it had to be cut off very near the body. He is a bright little fellow. The doctor says he is a real hero and bears his injury like a man. Willie Taylor whose foot was trodden on by a horse, still keeps his bed; no bones were broken, but the foot was bruised. He had been up and about but had used his foot too much and the doctor thought the bed was the best place for a time. We failed to find Max who was in some part of the Hospital.

We have now four new probationers.
Annual Subscriptions for the Rochester City Hospital, Collected by Mrs. D. Andrews.

Mrs. I. G. Averell .................................. $5 00
J. Arnold & Co ...................................... 5 00
John Taylor & Sons ................................. 5 00
Mrs. Wm. Oothout ................................ 5 00
H. H. Craig ......................................... 5 00
John Kelly .......................................... 5 00
Dwight Palmer ...................................... 5 00
Patrick Coxe ........................................ 5 00
W. A. Hubbard, Jr., .............................. 5 00
Mrs. Wm. Corning ................................ 5 00
Curtice Brothers Co. ............................. 5 00
J. B. Bloss .......................................... 5 00
J. C. Lighthouse ................................... 5 00
Geo. Eastman ...................................... 5 00
Geo. H. Newell ................................... 5 00
F. L. Durand ...................................... 5 00
Stein Mfg. Co ..................................... 5 00
J. H. Seeley ........................................ 5 00
H. Barnard .......................................... 5 00
Mrs. Warham Whitney ............................ 5 00
J. C. Hart .......................................... 5 00
Mrs. A. H. Wheeler ............................... 5 00
Cash .................................................. 3 00
J. K. Hunt ......................................... 2 00
A. T. Soule ......................................... 2 00
Thos. Bolton ....................................... 2 00
Mrs. C. G. Gardner ............................... 2 00
Mrs. H. S. Mackie ................................. 2 00
W. S. Woodruff .................................... 2 00
Porter Farley ....................................... 1 00
Cash, $1; cash, $1; cash, $1 ..................... 3 00
Cash, $1; cash, $1 ................... 2 00
Mrs. D. E. Kittredge .............................. 1 00
Mrs. H. F. Bradstreet ............................ 1 00
M. Savage ......................................... 25
A. V. Smith ........................................ 1 00
W. C. Cunningham ................................ 1 00
Cash, $1; cash, 50c ............................... 1 50
J. J. Snell ......................................... 1 00
J. P. Smith ......................................... 1 00
A. Ernisse ......................................... 1 00
By Mrs. Huntington ................................ 1 00
Mrs. W. S. Oliver ................................ 5 00

MRS. W. H. PERKINS, Treas.

The Out-Door Department.

Our out-door department is progressing daily and looks very attractive. It is plastered, the windows are all in, the door casings are on, the plumbing is completed, and soon we shall report it as ready for use. On the first floor are three rooms beside the small dark one for the opthalmoscope and closets to hold supplies needed for treating patients. Up stairs are two nice rooms with closets. We shall soon rejoice in its completion.

Notice.

The meetings of the lady managers are to be held at the Hospital on the first Monday of the month, except when the month comes in on Sunday or Monday, when they will be held on the second Monday of the month.

Omission.

We regret that the following letter, which was laid aside for special notice, should have been overlooked, and trust that our young friends will accept our tardy thanks for the beautiful wild flowers that accompanied it, and delighted the hearts of so many little ones who cannot visit the flowers in their woodland homes.

To Matron of Children's Pavilion, Rochester City Hospital. From four little sisters, Florence, May, Grace and Alice Dold, for the sick children.

Donations for August, 1888.

dozen under wrappers, 3 dresses, 2 sacques,
3 dozen bibs, 1 cap, etc., etc., for the children.

Mrs. H. F. Huntington—Large basket of pears.

Died.

At the City Hospital August 3, of opium poisoning, John Robertson, aged 58 years.
August 5, of arsenical poisoning, Nicholas Engler aged 83 years.
August 12, Jane Raycroft, aged 81 years.
August 19, William Ross, aged 51 years.
August 20, George Whitbeck, aged 59 years.
August 23, of peritonitis, Ellen Taplin, aged 49 years.

Hospital Report.

Number in Hospital August 1st.............. 96
Number rec'd during month.................. 86
Births.................................. 6

Discharged during month.................... 75
Deaths.................................. 6
Number remaining in Hospital, Sept. 1st.... 97

Receipts for the Review.

AUGUST, 1888.

Dr. J. J. Kemp, 75 cents; Mrs S. Wilder, $1.25, by Miss Grace Holmes . $2.00
G. C. Buell & Co., Adv., $5.00; Wm. Eastwood, Adv., $5.00; Willard J. Smith, Adv., $5.00; Rochester Savings Bank, Adv., $5.00; Steele & Avery, Adv., $5.00, by Mrs. M. M. Mathews 35 00
Mrs. H. G. Baker, Geneseo, $1.00; Mrs. M. J. Burke, Canandaigua, 50 cents; Miss Eaton, West Brighton, 50 cents; Miss Hooker, Skaneateles, 50 cents; Mrs. J. C. Jones, Pawlet, Vt., 50 cents; Mrs. H. Martin, Canandaigua, 50 cents; Mrs. M. E. Norton, Geneseo, $1.00; G. T. Palmer, East Avon, 52 cents; Miss Spencer, Bergen Point, N. J., $1.00, by Treasurer . 6 02
Mrs. ROBERT MATHEWS, Treasurer, 96 Spring Street.

Children’s Pavilion Fund.

“Series G.”, A Friend $2.00; Mary J. Seward, $1.00; Miss C. A. Lee, 50 cents.......................... $3.50
Previously acknowledged.......................... 6,623.93
Total receipts.................................. $6,027.43

We most earnestly solicit contributions for this object, which should be sent to Mrs. Robert Matthews, 96 Spring St., Treasurer of the Fund.

Saving Mother.

A pathetic scene is described in Winslow’s Monthly. A wretched creature, a woman whose appetite conquered all other motives of action, was brought before a Chicago magistrate for drunkeness. Clinging to her tattered gown were two children, a boy and a girl, the former only seven years of age, but made prematurely old by the hardships of his wretched life.

"Five dollars and costs," said the judge sternly. "Seven dollars and sixty cents in all."

Instantly the little fellow started up, and, taking his sister's arm, he cried out; "Come on! We's got to git that money, or mam'll hev to go to jail. Jest wait, Mr. Jedge, and we'll git it!"

The children hurried out of the court-room, and going from store to store, solicited contributions to "keep mam from going to jail," the boy bravely promising every giver to return the money as soon as he could earn it. Soon he came running back into the court-room, and, laying a handful of small change on the magistrate's desk, exclaimed:

"There's two dollars, Mr. Jedge, and I can't git no more now. I ain't as big as mam, and I can't do as much work; but if you'll jist let me go to jail, 'stead 'o her, I'll stay longer to make up for it."

The bystanders wiped their eyes, and a policeman exclaimed "Your mother shan't go to jail, my lad, if I have to pay the fine myself."

"I will remit the fine," said the judge, and the woman, clasping her boy in her arms, sank upon her knees and solemnly vowed that she would lead a better life, and try to be worthy of such a son as that.

Let novels be your cake and sweet-meats, not your constant food, and let them be of the fine and wholesome sort, for there is a dissipation of the mind, which weakens it for any stronger diet. I remember once reading stories until I was startled to find I couldn't read anything else; nothing else would hold my attention. Fortunately I resolved this must be stopped; I would read history for at least thirty minutes every day, and so the habit was broken.
The End of a Spree.

Every boy who disobeys his mother may profitably read the terrible story we are about to relate. John Engberg, a Brooklyn boy, lost his father when he was nine years of age. His father committed suicide, leaving a wife and two sons, John and Louis. John learned the trade of a printer, and became in due time a journeyman, working till the other day for a well-known firm in Fulton street, New York, near the Brooklyn ferry. From the time of his father's death, he was one of the boys who give their mothers trouble and anxiety instead of aid and comfort.

As he grew toward manhood, the love of strong drink increased upon him. He stayed out late; he indulged occasionally in those continuous debauches which are lightly and familiarly called sprees. A spree, as it is practiced in our large cities, is simply a roaming from one drinking house to another, from one haunt of vice to another, until the wretched slave of appetite has expended all his money or all his strength; then he slinks home to distress, alarm, disgrace and disgust his family. The spree has no redeeming quality whatever; it is a mere grovelling in the lowest sensuality; it is a base surrender to a depraved craving for the meanest kind of pleasure.

On a recent Saturday night, John Engberg, to his mother's grief and terror, did not come home at all. She needed his wages for the purchases of Saturday evening, but she needed far more to know that her son was safe. On Sunday he did not appear. The evening of Monday arrived and still he came not.

The mother then sent in search of him her younger son, Louis, who, after a long hunt, found him in a saloon in dirty clothes, and much under the influence of drink, although not intoxicated. Louis entreated his brother to go home, and told him how deeply troubled his mother was by his long absence. At last, the wretched young man—he was but twenty-two years of age—promised to go home with his brother on one condition. He used words like these, "I will go home with you if you will stay down stairs until I have been up stairs and seen mother. I'll fix it with mother and then it will be all over."

They went home together, and carried out the agreement. John went up stairs and stood face to face with his mother.

"Where are your good clothes and wages?" she asked.

"They are gone," said he.

"You are going too," was her reply.

The young man drew from his pocket a revolver, shot his mother with it and then shot himself. Upon being carried to the station house he told what he had done without the least attempt to soften the frightful narrative, and added these words: "She was the best of mothers, and I'm glad I shot her."

The captain of police said it was a poor way of showing his appreciation of his mother's goodness. He replied, "It's the best thing I ever did. Ever since my father's death when I was nine years old, she has had trouble and I caused most of it. I have put her out of her misery."

Upon being told by a neighbor that his mother could not recover, he said, "I'm glad of it."

We commend this awful story to the reflections of those boys who have taken the first steps that lead to such an abyss of sin and shame and crime.

A Cheap Soul.

Some years since I was sitting in a large dry goods store in Chicago waiting for a friend. It was storming a little outside, and the clerks were not very busy. Not far from me stood a cash-boy with his back against a pile of prints, and his elbows carelessly resting on the same. I noted his handsome face, set with dark hair and eyes so expressive, his cheeks bespeaking perfect health. A lady at an opposite counter, while paying a bill, let fall some fractional currency, such as was then in circulation, that fluttered and fell to the floor, and was picked up by the gentlemanly clerk in attendance, except one, a twenty-five-cent piece, which noiselessly skimmed along the floor, and fell near the cash-boy I have alluded to. Without changing his position, he set one foot upon the money, and seemed unconscious of everything except the skylight, and stood gazing up into the open space while search was made for the money.

I watched him stain his soul with a sickening thought in my mind; "What will be the end?" I went swiftly to him and whispered in his ear, "Boy, will you sell your
soul for a paltry twenty-five cents? Don’t you know perfectly well that the money is under your foot? Restore it, and never, never do such a thing again."

The boy turned deadly pale, stooped and picked up the money. "Lady," he gasped, "don’t tell on me, I pray—I beg!—and I will never do so any more. Think of my mother!"

I presume he thought I knew him. I did not then, but afterward found out who he was; and from the fact that he stayed with his employers several years, and was trusted with a high position, I think the offence was never repeated. God had used me to save him from sin.

Boys, the first theft is the longest step you take toward prison; the first glass of liquor takes you nearer a drunkard’s grave than all you may swallow after; often the oath clinches the habit of profanity. A stained soul is hard to purify. There are virtues you can lose; but once lost they are forever gone.

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All for Four Cents!

Fifty years ago roads and bridges were often built for companies, as railroads now are, and to recompense these public benefactors, the State allowed them to collect tolls. This power was often meanly used. When the Connecticut River froze hard enough to bear teams, people went from Hartford to East Hartford on the ice, to save the toll. The bridge company used to pour in the night, bushels of salt on the ice near the shore, thus making it unsafe.

An old gentleman tells the following anecdote, which illustrates the spirit of that company:

When people began to change their wagon-springs from wood to steel, the bridge people held that these wagons became carriages by the change, and ought, therefore, to pay the regular carriage toll of eight cents, instead of the wagon toll of six cents. Of course, there was a grand fuss.

One day I drove over to East Hartford. They raised the gates, and I offered them six cents.

"Your turnout has steel springs," said the keeper. "I want eight cents."

"No you don’t," said I, and, throwing the money at his feet in the presence of a man I knew, I drove on.

On my way back I saw a little darky on the end of the bridge run toward the gate. "I know what that means," thought I. So when I came to the gate I found it shut, and guarded by a crowd of men.

I offered six cents as before, but they demanded two more, and the two I had not paid the other time. I would not pay and they wouldn’t raise the gate. I was just going to drive back and get a saw to cut that gate with, when I saw a large load of hops coming.

"Aha!" I thought, "where he can go I can go!"

But they bargained with the driver of the load to wait, so I was as badly off as before.

After a long while Dr. Bushnell, the well-known clergyman, drove up behind the load of hops. He wouldn’t wait, so they took his carriage over into the other compartment of the bridge, and began to raise the gate. Of course, it went up in front of me.

I saw my chance. Here was a row of men drawn up to stop me, but I had a very spirited horse, and knew what I could do.

When the gate had been raised enough to let me through, I ducked my head and gave my horse a cut that astonished him beyond measure. He went through that line of men like a cannon shot, and I didn’t pull him in until I got well into Hartford.

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Arctic Flowers.

Lieutenant Schwatka tells us in “Woman” that there are 762 kinds of flowers in the Arctic regions, while within the Antarctic Circle not a flowering plant has yet been found. About one-half of the 337 flowering plants on Alpine Heights—that is, between 8,000 and 13,000 feet above the sea—originated in the Arctic regions, and came from Scandinavia with the ice of the glacial period. They were “stranded on the Alps when the ice receded, as a floating object is left by the ebbing tide.”

The polar flowers seldom have any perfume, and the few that exhibit the delightful quality, however feeble, are the class that have crept over the cold border marked by the Arctic Circle; none of the fifty Eskimo flowers have any appreciable odor.

“The color of these boreal blossoms are generally of the cold tints, as if in harmony with the chilly surroundings, instead of the
warm hues that would break in upon the desolation with double effect by sheer contrast where so few cheering sights are to be seen. White and yellow predominate, and these colors seem associated with frosts and cold weather, for it appears that those flowers we call 'everlastings' and which are the longest to defy the nippings of the coming winter weather, are mostly tinted like the Northern snows and yellow Northern lights.

Nearly all the plants of these cold countries are of the biennial or perennial sorts, as the season is too short to give annuals the whole length of time they demand for the maturing of their fruit to insure the next season's growth. These perennials act like our hardy Spring flora, by rapidly pushing their growth before the snow is all off the ground, and with the very first cessation of the vernal cold. I have seen flowers in bloom so close to the snow, on King Williams Land, that I think the foot could be put down and leave an impression on the edge of the snow and crush the flower at the same step; while Middendorf, a Siberian traveler of note, says that he has seen a rhododendron in that country in full flower when the roots and stem of the plant were completely encased in soil frozen as solid as a stone.

"In that boreal zone, and in the snow-swept mountains, we find another kind that actually love to burrow and spread their species in and on the bare snow and ice itself. Naturalists have succeeded in separating forty-two species of purely snow and ice plants from the many that have been submitted for examination. All these require the microscope to determine what they are in the kingdom of nature, and nearly all of them depart from the rule of pale hyperborean hues, and give us rich crimson, or some of the tints of red, which would look cheerful enough in this desolate region, were it not for the fact that the great red splotches on the snow resemble blood."

A lecturer on Lapland and the Lapps, told us last winter that the beauty of the Lapland flowers is marvellous. Acres on acres of the richest bloom are spread out before the eye. Some expanses are blue with violets, some purple with a flower whose name we cannot recall, and the richest golden bloom covers other large areas. In the long summer's day, when, during July and August, the sun is never below the horizon, but "ricochets" from hill-top to hill-top, from the east point round to the same point again, every twenty-four hours, vegetation makes wonderful strides; "barley stalks have been known to grow two and one-half inches during this interval," and in one place in Norway, on a certain farm, three crops were grown in one season. It is not unusual in Norwegian valleys to secure two crops in one season. So the "rapidity of polar growth under a never-setting sun," gives some of our Arctic brethren abundant bloom and cereal growth.—Christian Advocate.

A Horse's Petition to His Driver.

Going up hill, whip me not,
Coming down hill, hurry me not,
On level road, o'erdrive me not,
Loose in stable, forget me not;

Of hay and corn, rob me not,
Of clean water, stint me not,
With sponge and brush, neglect me not,
Of soft, dry bed, deprive me not;

Tired or hot, wash me not,
If sick or cold, chill me not,
With bit or reins, oh, jerk me not,
And when you are angry, strike me not.

"Brussels."

A bright but ignorant school-boy is a perennially amusing customer. What should we do without him?

A Quincy teacher recently, in giving primary language lessons, wrote upon the blackboard the words "Ingrain," "Brussels," "Wilton," and requested her pupils to write each a sentence containing one of these words. One boy displayed his ingenuity as follows; "A hedgehog had Brussels on his back."—Commonwealth.

Miss Florence Nightingale is now a confirmed invalid, and is a patient at St. Thomas Hospital, London. Her services during the Crimean War injured her spine, and she has never recovered from the effects thereof. The illustrious philanthropist is nearly sixty-nine years old.

Idleness is the burial of the living man.—Jeremy Taylor.

Self-admirers and self-flatterers are really self-deceivers.—M. Henry.
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XVII. Deposits made on or before the third days of March, June, September and December, shall be entitled to interest from the first days of such months, respectively, if left for the required time.
If thou dost bid thy friend farewell
But for one night though that farewell may be,
Press thou his hand in thine,
How canst thou tell how far from thee
Eate or caprice may lead his steps ere
That to-morrow comes.
Men have been known lightly to turn
The corner of a street,
And days have grown to months,
And months to lagging years, ere they
Have looked in loving eyes again.

Parting at best is underlaid
With tears and pain;
Wherefore, lest sudden death should come between,
Or time, or distance, clasp with pressure
Firm the hand
Of him that goeth forth,
Unseen fate goeth too.
Yea, find thou always time to say some
Earnest word
Between the idle talk, lest with thee henceforth
Night and day, regret should walk.

Coventry Patmore.

O let the sympathy of kindly words,
Sound for the poor, the friendless, and the weak,
And He will bless you. He who struck the chords,
Will strike another when in turn you seek.

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The charge to patients in private rooms is from eight to fifteen dollars a week, which includes board, medicines, (exclusive of stimulants) and ordinary nursing. An extra charge is made for a private nurse. Private patients choose their own physician, who may be of any school.

The way to heaven: You have only to turn to the right and go straight forward.—Bishop of Lonsdale.
CAESAR DUCORNET.

What Can be Done Without Arms.

Many boys and girls who have no defect in their limbs or senses, think their every day duties great hardships. They often say, "I can't!" and "O dear!" and "What shall I do!" They think they have very hard times because they have studies to pursue, and work to do. What foolish children! They do not know what hardships are. They ought to be ashamed to look in a glass, for their own images ought to cover them with confusion.

Fifty-one years ago there was born at Lisle, in France, at the dwelling of a poor shoemaker, a child which scarcely seemed a child. It had no arms. Its legs were little more than bony sticks, while it had but four toes on each tiny foot. Yet the good shoemaker and his wife loved the poor infant and named it Caesar. Why they gave so helpless a child this high-sounding name, I cannot tell; they certainly could not have done it from any hope that he would ever become a soldier like the mighty Roman who made it immortal. Yet Caesar they called him, and he proved himself more than worthy of his name.

Little Caesar finding he had no arms, began very early to make good use of his feet. When he became old enough to think, he did not lie down and cry, "I can't do anything; I've got no arms!" Not he. He had too noble a spirit for that. But he began to do with his feet and toes what other boys did with their hands and fingers.

Thus with his feet, Caesar drew his bold cut with a knife, drew lines on the floor with chalk, and even clipped figures from papers with his mother's scissors! And he did these things well, too—better than most boys of his age. Bravo, little Caesar!

One day Caesar was found with a pen between his toes, trying to write the alphabet on paper. This was named to the old master, who was so pleased with the boy's efforts, that he offered to teach him to write without pay. The offer was accepted, and in one year the armless Caesar wrote better than any boy in the old writing-master's school! Again I say, "Bravo, little Caesar!"

Having thus reached the head of the writing class, Caesar tried—not his hand, but his feet at drawing! Yes, at drawing! He covered his copy-books with sketches and designs, which were so striking as to attract the notice of an artist. The good artist was astonished. He got Caesar admitted into the Academy of Design. Will you believe it? In a few years Caesar won the highest prizes in all the classes through which he passed. Then the people of Lisle cried, "Bravo, Caesar Ducornet!" They were proud of the boy who painted without arms!

Caesar now adopted painting as his profession. He went to Paris, joined the Royal Academy, and won the second and third medals. His pictures and portraits were in great demand. Princes and noblemen became his patrons. His works were placed in churches and picture galleries. Some of them were of great merit, as well as of great size, and are still carefully preserved.

But how could he paint large pictures? I will permit a gentleman who once visited him while he was at work, to tell you what he saw. He says:

"We shall never forget the impression we received upon entering his painting room. There, extended upon an easel, stood a huge canvas, on which the image of the General was beginning to assume the resemblance of life; and across the whole extent of the canvas ran with incredible agility, like a fly upon the wall, the stunted trunk of a man, surmounted by a noble head, with expansive brow and eye of fire; and whenever the apparition passed along the canvas, he left the traces of color behind him. On approaching a few spaces nearer, we were aware of a lofty but slender scaffolding in front of the canvas, up and down and across the steps and stages of which he climbed and crouched and twisted—it is impossible to describe how—the shapeless being we had come to see. We saw then that he was deprived of arms; that he had no thighs; that his short legs were closely united to the trunk; and that his feet were wanting of a toe each. By one of his feet he held a pallette—by the other a pencil; in his mouth also he carried a large brush and a second pencil. And in all this harness he moved, and rolled and writhed, and painted in a manner more than marvelous! For some minutes we had remained standing in the middle of the room, forgetful of ceremony, and stupe-
fied and mute, when there proceeded from this shapeless being a voice, musical, grave and sonorous, saluting us by name and inviting us to be seated. Then the apparition, gliding down the whole length of the scaffold to the ground, advanced or rather rolled, towards us, and with a bound, established himself on the sofa at our side. It was then that we found ourself, for the first time, in the company of Caesar Ducornet, the historical painter.

"In the course of the interesting conversation that followed, this singular phenomenon exhibited so much joyous humor, so much frank cordiality as won our affections completely. Forgetting everything else, we saw him only a distinguished man, whose friendship we coveted, and with unreflecting instinct, we held out our hand. Ducornet smiled sadly, with a look towards his armless shoulders."

Thus did this wonderful man conquer his difficulties. For thirty years he toiled on in this way, until his feet were struck with paralysis. Then his great heart broke, and on the 26th of April, 1836, Caesar Ducornet died in the arms of his father, and of a friend who had loved him and served him with a father's affection.

See, my children, from this sketch, what wonders may be done, what hinderances overcome, what victories won, by industry, patience, cheerfulness and perseverance. If any of you ever think your lot a hard one, remember Caesar Ducornet, and take courage.

My Nasturtiums.

Quaint blossom with the old fantastic name
By jester christened at some ancient feast,
How royally to-day among the least
Considered herbs, it flings its spice and flame;
How careless wears a velvet of the same
Unfathomed red, which ceased when Titian ceased
To paint it in the robes of Doge and Priest.

Oh, long last royal red, which never came
Again to painter's palette, on my sight
It flashes at this moment strained and poured
Through my Nasturtiums in the morning light,
Like great souled kings to kingdoms full restored,
They stand and draw them to their height
And shower me from their stintless golden hoard.

"H. H."

The world is not to be reformed or elevated into holiness, it has to be converted.
—John Hall, D. D.

Wonders of Surgery.

Medicine has made a wonderful advance within a century. The books of a prominent Vermont doctor recorded from 1773 to 1790 a total of four thousand two hundred and seventy-one visits, in which he administered one thousand six hundred and thirty doses of physic. It is estimated, also, that he drew from his patients during the same period about a hog's head full of blood! Nor was the only fault of the medical practice at that time one of excess. In multitudes of cases the physic was the reverse of what was needed. This doctor's practice was not exceptional. The change since that time amounts to a revolution.

The advance in surgery has been still greater. The power of anaesthetics to render operations painless, and the power of disinfectants to prevent all suppuration, have enabled experts to secure marvellous results.

A few years ago the most skillful surgeons shrank from all operations that involved the opening of the abdomen. Now the abdomen is freely and safely opened for difficult operations. Says Sir William Stokes in the Lancet, in view of what has already been done in experiments on animals, and in diseases of chest in man, "It is no wild flight of fancy to anticipate the time when a diseased lung may be found amenable to operative treatment."

He makes a similar remark in reference to the brain, kidneys, liver and spleen.

"It is not unreasonable to hope that regions hitherto barely touched by the operator may eventually become familiar ground for the exercise of his art."

In former articles we have given some account of the surgical skill in restoring severed fingers; in transplanting skin and bone from animal to man, to repair loss on the part of the latter; in filling up large wounds with sponge, which speedily becomes organized.

Some time ago, in Paris, it being impossible to bring together the parts of a severed tendon in a young man's finger, the physician freshly cut the ends, and inserted a piece of tendon from a young dog, and sewed the ends together. The operation was wholly successful. We see, from the papers, that a similar operation has just been performed in this country.—Youth's Companion.
A Touching Incident.

The "short and simple annals of the poor" furnish many an illustration of the noblest traits of character. The following sketch, published some years ago in a Cincinnati paper, has a touch of genuine sympathy scarcely excelled by that tenderest of little English stories, Rab and His Friends:

In a pottery factory here, there is a workman who had one small invalid child at home. He wrought at his trade with exemplary fidelity, being always in the shop with the opening of the day. He managed, however, to bear each evening to the bedside of his "wee lad," as he called him, a flower, a bit of ribbon, or a fragment of crimson glass—indeed, anything that would lie out on the white counterpane and give color to the room. He was a quiet, unsentimental man, but never went home at night without something that would make the wan face light up with joy at his return.

He never said to a living soul that he loved that boy so much. Still he went on patiently loving him, and by and by he moved that whole shop into positively real but unconscious fellowship with him. The workmen made curious little jars and cups upon their wheels, and painted diminutive pictures down their sides before they stuck them in the corners of the kiln at burning time. One brought some fruit in the bulge of his apron, and another, engravings, in a rude scrap-book. Not one of them whispered a word, for this solemn thing was not to be talked about. They put them in the old man's hat, where he found them; he understood all about it, and, believe it or not, cynics, as you will, but it is a fact that the entire pottery full of men, of rather coarse fibre by nature, grew quiet as the months drifted, becoming gentle and kind, and some dropped swearing as the weary look on the patient fellow-worker's face told them beyond mistake that the inevitable shadow was drawing nearer.

Every day now some one did a piece of work for him and put it on the sanded plank to dry, so that he could come later and go earlier. So when the bell tolled, and the little coffin came out of the lonely door, right around the corner, out of sight, there stood a hundred stalwart workingmen from the pottery with their clean clothes on, most of whom gave a half-day's time for the privilege of taking part in the simple procession and following to the grave that small burden of a child, which, probably, not one had ever seen.

Wouldn't Let Him Speak.

There is a time to keep silence, but it evidently was not the right time in the case of a boy mentioned who lives in Norwalk, Conn. He got a sliver in his foot, and in spite of his protestation, his mother and grandmother decided to place a poultice over the wound. The boy vigorously resisted. "I won't have no poultice!" he declared, stoutly.

"Yes you will, Eddie," declared both grandmother and mother, firmly; and the majority being two to one, at bed-time the poultice was ready. If the poultice was ready the boy was not, and he proved so refractory that a switch was brought into requisition.

It was arranged that the grandmother should apply the poultice, while the mother was to stand with the uplifted switch at the bedside. The boy was told that if he "opened his mouth," he would receive that which would keep him quiet. As the hot poultice touched the boy's foot, he opened his mouth. "You," he began.

"Keep still," said his mother, shaking the stick, while the grandmother busily applied the poultice.

Once more the little fellow opened his mouth, "I"—but the uplifted switch awed him to silence.

In a minute more the poultice was firmly in place, and the boy was tucked in bed. "There, now," said his mother, "the old sliver will be drawn out and Eddie's foot will be all well."

As the mother and grandmother moved triumphantly away, a shrill, small voice came from under the bed-clothes,—

"You've got it on the wrong foot!"

A Doll's Mission.

This little incident from the Christian Worker may give a hint as to other ways of helping poor and sick children:

Some time ago, two little girls living in Troy sent a large wax doll, whom they named Gracie, to the "Bible and Fruit Mission," with the request that it might be loaned at different times to children in Bellevue Hospital "who did not want to see the doctor, or who felt badly about taking
their medicine.” So Gracie has taken up her residence inside those gray stone walls which shelter the poor sick people of New York, and every now and then she pays a visit to the children’s ward.

One day, it happened that there were only boys in the ward where Gracie was taken, but one little fellow, whose bandaged legs told the story of his being there, held out his arms longingly for the doll. His radiant face and the gentle touch of his thin fingers, told without words the happiness of possession, and the sighs of pain and weariness ceased for a time. Gracie’s pink cheeks and blue eyes, her long white dress and flannel sack were examined by a dozen pairs of curious eyes. All the little boys in the room who were able to move about gathered around the bed where Gracie held her court, encircled by Georgie B.’s loving arms. For more than an hour the children played with the lovely doll, and when she was carried away, each one begged to shake her pretty hand, and showers of kisses were thrown after her as she disappeared.

Did the little girls whose thoughtful kindness gives repeated happiness to the children of Bellevue, think of those wonderful words of our Saviour which makes a service done for “one of the least” as if it were done for Jesus?

School for Male Nurses.

Mr. D. O. Mills formally transferred to the city of New York the new Training School for Male Nurses at the school in the Bellevue Hospital grounds, at the foot of Twenty-sixth street, East River. The building is of Carlisle stone and red brick, with terra cotta trimmings, five stories and basement in height, with a frontage of 75 feet on Twenty-sixth street and 80 feet on the East River. The building is furnished completely from top to bottom with white oak chamber and antique oak office, reception, and dining-room furniture, linen, bedding, tableware, silver and range furniture, and as now given to the city, cost the donor nearly $100,000.

That is a good day in which you make some one happy. It is astonishing how little it takes to make one happy. Feel that the day is wasted in which you have not succeeded in this.—Talmage.

Donations for September, 1888.

H. J. Moore, Mr. Tower, Moore & Cole and Mrs. M. Hyde—Reading matter.
Mrs. C. D. Van Zant—Second hand clothing for the children.
J. H. Stedman—Night shirt.
A Friend, and Mrs. L. Farrar—Old cotton.
E. H. Cottman—3 mahogany chairs.
Mrs. Thos. Dransfield—Boy’s suit, 2 under wrappers and old cotton.
A. S. Hamilton—Large basket of tomatoes.
Mrs. Howell—Basket of peaches.
Women’s Christian Temperance Union of Fairport—Quantity of flowers.
Florence and Laura Ellwanger—Beautiful flowers.
Mrs. Geo. Ellwanger—Grapes and reading matter.
Elizabeth Huntington—Candy and papers for the children.
Catharine, Harriet and Becky Oliver—Candy.
Mrs. Landsberg—Clothing for the children.
Mrs. Henry Moore—Children’s clothing.
Mrs. A. S. Hamilton, Mrs. Arthur Robinson, Mrs. S. B. Roby and Mrs. Bronson—Boy’s night shirts.
Mrs. W. H. Briggs—Flowers.
Mrs. C. M. Lee—Old linen and cotton and Illustrated London News.
Mrs. D. B. Beach—Infant’s new flannel blanket.
Mrs. Jane Wickley—Flowers.
Mrs. H. F. Huntington—Night dresses for children.
St. Luke’s Church—Quantity of fruit, flowers and jelly.
Mrs. S. H. Terry—Scientific Americans and reading matter.
Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins—5 arm chairs.
Hattie McMullen and Olive Owen—2 books for the children.
Mr. Harned—200 loaves of bread and 1 dozen pies.
Misses Anderson, Exchange street—Water cooler.
Mrs. James C. Hart—20 yards of cotton for night shirts.
Mrs. John N. Pomeroy—San Francisco, knitted doll.
Mrs. J. B. Adams, Geneseo—Box of old cotton, not credited at the time of its receipt, as it came without the name of the donor.

Florence Lattimore and Grace Gordon last August came to the Hospital laden with books and playthings. They found Max Kraus in the Pavilion and gave him their treasures and did not leave their names. We thank these young friends for the interest they manifest in the Pavilion children, and hope next time they favor the children with a visit they will let their good deeds be known, so that they may receive our thanks.
### Annual Report of the City Hospital from Oct. 1, 1887 to Oct. 1, 1888.

**Cash on hand Oct. 1, 1887:** $15 41

**Amount received from counties and county towns:**
- Monroe County: $349 29
- Penfield: $116 29
- Gates: $30 86
- Brighton: $15 43
- Pittsford: $55 72
- Perinton: $23 22
- Clarkson: $58 00
- Albion: $73 00
- Orleans County: $11 15
- Sweden: $15 41

**Total:** $753 60

**Amt. received from City for patients:**
- City patients, Sept. 15, 1887 to June 15, 1888: $3,340 37

**Amount received from donations and voluntary contributions:**
- Donation festival Dec. 1887: $11,000 10
- Annual subscription: $847 75
- Endowed bed: $200 00
- Gifts: $95 00
- Received from Review: $50 00
- Donation Box: $3 80

**Total:** $12,196 65

**Amount received from interest on investments:**
- R. City Gas Co.: $700 00
- N. Y. C. R. R. div.: $150 00
- U. & B. R. R. div.: $21 00
- Interest on deposits: $75 54
- R. C. Bond: $181 00

**Total:** $2,197 54

**Amt. received from cash borrowed:** $11,824 60

**Amt. received from all other sources:**
- Paying patients: $13,724 21

**Total:** $44,052 38

**Amount paid for salaries, labor, etc.:** $9,369 28

**Amount paid for provisions and supplies:**
- Groceries: $4,706 74
- Butter: $1,549 00
- Milk: $2,326 88
- Meat: $4,848 64
- Fish: $389 34
- Flour: $698 80
- Crackers: $137 34
- Ice: $229 18

**Total:** $14,776 21

**Amount paid for fuel and lights:**
- Gas: $1,203 40
- Coal: $2,888 51
- Kindlingwood: $11 00

**Total:** $4,102 91

**Amount paid for medicine and medical supplies:**
- Medicines: $1,804 38
- Liquors: $365 83

**Total:** $2,170 21

**Amt. paid for furnishing:**
- Furnishing: $1,665 30
- Matron's items: $132 01
- Crockery: $293 44

**Total:** $2,019 75

**Amt. paid for ordinary repairs:**
- Plumbing: $413 15
- Painting: $643 69
- Carpenter work: $318 31
- Mason work: $20 54
- Elevator Ex.: $141 55
- Steam Laundry: $67 00
- Steam boilers: $119 06

**Total:** $1,729 30

**Amount paid for all other purposes:**
- Paper and stamps: $44 68
- Insurance: $534 40
- Grass cutting: $48 00
- Balance on brick oven: $150 00
- Extra water supply: $273 00
- Sundries: $61 78
- Hemlock water: $166 30
- Holley water: $87 81
- Donation Ex. Dec. '87: $507 08
- Notes paid (1887): $2,019 75

**Total:** $9,924 41

**Cash on hand:** $43,986 07

**Bills payable Oct. 1, 1887:** $4,052 38

**Bills payable Oct. 1, 1888:** $17,624 60

For the year ending Oct. 1, 1888, the Hospital has treated 198 patients, amounting to 6,213 days, without any pay; also treated 583 patients, amounting to 24,454 days, who have paid in part.

Donation, Countess Cansacchi, Piazza Araceli, Rome, 100 francs, $20, by Dr. W. S. Ely.

MRS. W. H. PERKINS, Treasurer.

### Hospital Report.

**Number in Hospital September 1st:** 97
**Number rec'd during month:** 64

### Bills payable Oct. 1, 1887
- 1887: $5,800 00
- 1888: $11,824 60

**Total:** $17,624 60

For the year ending Oct. 1, 1888, the Hospital has treated 198 patients, amounting to 6,213 days, without any pay; also treated 583 patients, amounting to 24,454 days, who have paid in part.

Donation, Countess Cansacchi, Piazza Araceli, Rome, 100 francs, $20, by Dr. W. S. Ely.

MRS. W. H. PERKINS, Treasurer.
The Quarto-Centennial Offering.

The Silver Wedding of the Rochester City Hospital and the Hospital Committees of the Rochester Female Charitable Society.

Custom decrees that when twenty-five years of married life have been completed, the wedded pair shall throw open their doors, call back their children to the family hearthstone, and receive the congratulatory greetings of kindred and friends, accompanied by silver offerings.

On the 3d of November, 1888, twenty-five years will have passed since the wedding of the Rochester City Hospital and the Hospital Committees of the Rochester Female Charitable Society. The Hospital, in recognition of this anniversary, proposes to combine with its Donation Reception, to be held at the Rink, on Thursday and Friday, the 6th and 7th of December, a Silver Wedding Festival, to bring out the three daughters, the Training School for Nurses, the Children's Pavilion, and the new Out-Door Department, and receive from our beneficent citizens a grand jubilee offering of $25,000, with which to discharge the debt now resting like an incubus on the Hospital, and give to it a start for the future.

At the Annual Meeting of the Rochester Female Charitable Society held November 3d, 1863, in response to a communication from George H. Mumford, President of the Board of Directors of the Rochester City Hospital, two committees, an Executive and a Visiting Committee were appointed, to confer with the Hospital Directors and devise plans for furnishing the Hospital and putting it in working order.

These committees were to make their own arrangements, fill vacancies, and report to the Rochester Female Charitable Society. The Executive Committee met with the Directors of the Hospital and appointed a Soliciting Committee of Ladies, who worked effectively and raised $5,000. The Hospital was at once furnished, and churches and individuals responded generously to appeals, and tastefully fitted up wards and private rooms. The Directors chose the physicians and requested the Female Charitable Society to take the entire management of the Hospital, with the exception of the medical department. The trust was accepted and delegated to the Executive and Visiting Committees, thus constituting them the Board of Lady Managers of the Rochester City Hospital.

On the 28th day of January, 1864, the Hospital was formally dedicated, and on February 1st, received its first patient. Three months later the sick and wounded soldiers knocked for admission, and every available space, except the two Female Wards, was devoted to them. Between June 7th, 1864, and September, 1865, 448 soldiers were welcomed to its healing ministries.

The Hospital when first opened, loomed up in our city as the Bethesda, the house of mercy, for the sick and suffering, but the Hospital of 1888 offers far greater comforts to the invalids than were dreamed of by it in its early days, and it stands to-day, in its increased proportions, a worthy memorial of those who for twenty-five years have been the custodians of its interests. Witness its large, well-ventilated wings; its medical and surgical appliances adapted to modern ideas; its improved system of sewerage; its sanitary plumbing; its elevator; its isolated pavilions where contagious diseases, once necessarily rejected at the Hospital, can be treated without exposing the Hospital patients; its large Training School for Nurses, a blessing not to the Hospital only but also to our whole community; its Children's Pavilion, where twenty little ones are now cared for; and its Out-Door Department, the memorial gift of a former citizen, where those not needing constant Hospital care receive free treatment.

Through all these twenty-five years, some of the best physicians and surgeons of our
city have freely given their services for the help of many who had only thanks to offer in return. They have also often contributed liberally for appliances which the Hospital treasury could not supply. The Lady Managers have sought faithfully to discharge the trust committed to them, and the burden of raising funds for current expenses has been often greater than the work of providing necessary supplies for the Hospital.

Sickness in all its bearings is expensive, and with constant oversight and watchfulness, the Hospital expenditures are almost always far in excess of its receipts. Till this charity is largely endowed, it will need to appeal constantly to our beneficent citizens for aid. Within the past few years the increase of accidents within the city has been very large, and a vast amount of charitable work is done in our Male Surgical Ward for which the Hospital receives no compensation. We have now in the fever wards of our Hospital thirteen cases of typhoid fever. Some of these patients require constant care, day and night nursing. Three little children come from one family where the mother has died. For such as these we plead, and we trust our Silver Wedding Offering will reach the amount of $25,000, and thus enable us to discharge the indebtedness which for several years has been accumulating, and which greatly cripples this charity.

Our work is so comprehensive, that four charities unite in this appeal—the Hospital proper, the Training School for Nurses, the Children's Pavilion, and the new Out-Door Department. Subscription papers have already been started, our citizens will be publicly appealed to, and while we hope for large contributions from our beneficent citizens, the smallest offerings will be thankfully received. Come up generously to our aid, and let the Hospital records show that the jubilee offering of 1888 is the crowning blessing of the Rochester City Hospital.

**The New Out-Door Department.**

The new building, the memorial gift of Mrs. Mary S. Jewell, of Vineland, New Jersey, is about completed, and presents a very satisfactory appearance. The plumbing and sanitary closets are very perfect and the rooms well adapted to their future uses. Adjoining the waiting room are two rooms for the examination of patients. The North-west room is for the eye and ear patients, and the dark closet for the Ophthalmoscope opens from it. An interesting description of this wonderful instrument will be found in another article in our paper. The Eye and Ear division of the Out-Door Department is already organized and will immediately go into operation. The other divisions will soon be arranged. Dr. W. Rider spoke in very strong terms of the satisfaction he felt in the new building. A couple of hard wood tables and some cane seated chairs would be very acceptable for this building.

**The Ophthalmoscope.**

One pleasant morning, not many months ago, several ladies were seen collected about a spot of the Hospital lawn. The central figure of the group, was she who, as the reader will remember, has given the Hospital its new Out-Door Department. Ground was to be broken for the new edifice, and the question was put "Where?" Someone suggested a place which the plans showed to be directly under the "dark-room" in the Eye Department—this promising to be a prominent feature of the new addition. How many of those who read this know the object of this dark-room? How many appreciate the value of the instrument, for the use of which the room is provided? The instrument is called the ophthalmoscope. If you ever have occasion to spell this long word, kind reader, pray do not forget, as some have done, that the third
letter is an "h," if you do, some one will be sure to think you have forgotten—as you certainly have not—the two Greek words for "eye" and "to view." This, then, is the little instrument for examining the interior of the eye.

If you wanted to look into the bottom of an earthenware jug, you would have no trouble in accomplishing your purpose, were it not for the fact that you get in your own light, as we say. How may this be avoided? Place the jug on its side, next to a lamp on the table, the mouth of the jug toward you. Take a small mirror, or any reflecting object, having a hole in its center; with this you can reflect the light into the farthest recesses of the jug, and by peeking through the hole of the mirror, you can see, without obstruction, the rays of light. From time immemorial, medical men have wished to see what condition of affairs obtained at the bottom of their patients' eyes, yet no one chanced to reason out the ophthalmoscope, till Germany's— or better, the world's—greatest physicist, Helmholtz, described the instrument, since then modified by many, yet essentially the same as used to-day. From that time, the progress of ophthalmology has been the progress of ophthalmoscopy.

A dark-room being provided, in which to use this instrument to best advantage, the practiced observer can see the optical defects of an eye; he can see the delicate retina, the termination of the optic nerve, with its blood vessels, its circulation—often an index to the condition of things inside the cranial cavity; the numberless clearly-defined diseases of many otherwise invisible structures; he can often locate bits of steel that have been driven into the eye, so that with a magnet they may be withdrawn; in fact the ophthalmoscope throws light in the fullest sense of the term, on all things within the eye. This little mirror, unaided, drove a "dreadful word "amaurosis" off the pages of medical books. At least, this term, signifying "blindness from a cause unknown" is to-day seldom used for the reason that the causes are so much more readily seen.

So taking it all together, wasn't it a graceful act to recognize the unmeasurable services of the ophthalmoscope, to suffering humanity, by turning over the first sod in the spot selected by the ladies, that morning not many months ago?

Hospital Inmates.

On the fourth of October we made our monthly visit at the Hospital, and found much that was interesting in the Male Surgical Ward. The many railroads that now enter our city and the extensive building operations in its different parts, while they give employment to many of our citizens, increase also the rate of exposure, and every few days the ambulance brings to the Hospital some wounded man who needs immediate treatment. Whether the man be rich or poor his case receives prompt attention; present relief is furnished by the resident physicians, and if necessary some member of the surgical staff is speedily summoned.

A glance at the diary of our supervising nurse gives some intimation of the work done in the Hospital during the month of September. On the 1st a plaster of Paris jacket was applied to an out door patient. On the 6th, Dr. Little cut the tendon of Achilles and put on plaster casts to Ida Parker, a little girl with two club feet. On the 8th, Dr. Rider operated on a cyst, near the upper angle of the eye, and removed six drachms of fluid. On the 10th, a would be suicide, who cut his throat, was brought in, he received treatment, did well and went home. On the 17th, a man whose foot was nearly severed by a railroad accident had his leg amputated, and as soon as his case was disposed of, another man was brought in with a Potts' fracture; this was reduced and suitable dressing applied.
On the 22d there were thirteen cases of typhoid fever, and as many on the 4th of October, the day of our visit. Not one of these have died, and all at that time were doing well. Many of these patients have been very sick, some delirious, requiring special nurses to care for them, night and day. Of the four children in the isolated pavilion three were from one family, that had been drinking well water. On the 24th, Dr. Little amputated the middle finger of a man's right hand. To a case of fractured femur, extension and bandages were applied. On the 25th, a man whose face was cut with glass received treatment; he speedily recovered and has gone home. A boy about fourteen years old was found near a railroad bridge with depressed fracture of the skull; he was insensible for days, and threw himself about so that it took two persons to control him and prevent his injuring himself. Trephining was performed with decidedly satisfactory result, and it is hoped he will recover. On the 26th a man whose head was injured in a runaway accident was operated upon. On the 29th, a man with diseased bone of heel and tibia came in, requiring nourishing food and tonics.

We found in the Male Surgical Ward a man whose big toe is being treated with water dressing; and the man who received a gun shot wound in Charlotte, who is improving steadily. An Italian in the Cross Ward with an abscess is now able to sit up in a wheel chair and is very happy.

At the time of our visit there were eighteen in the Male Surgical Ward, but three of these were confined to their cots, the man above alluded to whose leg was amputated, the one with a gun shot wound, and a man whose ribs were broken by being run over by a hand car. One man had burned his foot with hot lead, another had abscess on the hip, a third was suffering from an old ulcer. Mr. McCabe had died during the month, in consequence of injuries received from falling from a church.

Twenty-two were receiving treatment in the Male Medical Ward. Nine of these were confined to their beds; five of them were typhoid fever patients; two were afflicted with rheumatism; and two had diseased lungs. Two patients had diabetes. All in this Ward took their meals in the Ward, and the dinner about being served to them looked very tempting, it consisted of roast beef, roast chickens, tomatoes, potatoes, squash, and bread pudding.

The Female Medical Ward numbered sixteen patients. Three of these were typhoid fever cases; two of them were convalescing, the third was still delirious. Two inmates had diseased kidneys. Among other diseases treated in this Ward were paralysis, bronchial troubles, cancer, ulcer on limb, consumption, and general debility. One death had occurred during the month from cancer.

There were but eight patients in the Female Surgical Ward, and at the time of our visit most of them were in the dining room eating their dinner. Grossmutter was sitting on the side of her cot with her table before her, and seemed to be enjoying the food prepared for her. No death had occurred during the month. Two babies had been brought into the Ward very sick, the one had cholera infantum, the other was a case sent in by the Humane Society, the little thing was suffering from neglect and lack of nourishment, but both were improving.

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**The Little Folks.**

Nurse Shannon had recovered and was back at her post, happy among the little ones, when we visited the Children's Pavilion. Dinner was about ready, George Pierce the little boy with deformed spine, and Ida Parker the little girl with club feet, who had been operated upon the past month, were seated at the bread and milk table. Max was reclining on his bed playing a mouth organ, and Mary Hill, the little
girl brought in by the Humane Society, with a growth in her ear, was dancing to his music. The growth had disappeared and Mary was much better. Jackie Strieker had still a bandaged head, but was improving; Gorham Cunningham, a new patient, five years old, had a rupture; Willie Taylor's foot that had been stepped on by a horse was better and he was up; the Greenburg lad whose leg was amputated in consequence of an injury received at the railroad swing bridge, in Charlotte, was improving; he had during the month celebrated his tenth birth-day, one of the managers had brought him a cake with ten candles. He said if his leg was off he had had the best birth day he ever had known. He said the boys ate the cake and then had an out door procession, headed by Max, and had carried in it the lighted candles. Harry W. had injured his left arm in a planing machine and amputation had been necessary, but he was doing well; Charlie VanRiper, fifteen years old, was an eye patient. Fourteen of these children gathered around the large table in the Boys' Ward. Max presided at one end, and Tommy, who now has three ulcers, at the other. The sickest inmate of the Pavilion was Christian Scheffer, fifteen years old, he was kept very quiet in the Edith and Julia room. He is the boy who was found unconscious near a railroad bridge, on whom the operation of trephining has been performed. There were two babies in the Maternity Ward.

We are happy to acknowledge through Dr. Ely the receipt of 100 francs, $20.00, from the Countess Cansacchi of Rome, Italy. Though never in America she heard of our Hospital through Dr. Ely, while he was in Paris, and desired to express her interest in it as above. The number of charities in which her sympathies are already enlisted is very large, and we appreciate all the more, her thoughtfulness of us.

### In Memoriam.

On Sunday, the 16th of August, Orpha Lawrence died in the City Hospital. At the time of her death she had been an inmate of that institution for eighteen months. Hers had been a long and painful illness, but like her Master she was made perfect by suffering. The period of her residence in the Hospital was a season of repining. At first of fretful disposition and inclined to complain of her fate, she gradually acquired a resignation and serenity of spirit beautiful to see. It was a pleasure to visit her so bright and cheerful was her conversation. She prepared for her approaching death as women prepare for their marriage—with her own hands. She made her shroud, and by careful foresight provided the means for her burial. For her Death was not a king of terrors but a messenger from the Great King, bringing her release from the pain of her prison house and entrance into the freedom of the children of God. Her last days were made happy by the loving ministrations, and with a prayer on her lips for all who had comforted her in her sorrow, she fell asleep in Jesus.

By a strange providence her husband lying sick in the same hospital died a week after her. He was buried as was his wife from St. Andrew's Church in the church lot. The names of these two follow each other on the Parish death register, and their graves are side by side in the cemetery. Of Mrs. Lawrence it could with truth be said that God's loving correction had made her great. She was great in patient endurance and great in simplicity of faith.

A. S. C.

### Lectures for the Training School.

Every week a lecture is delivered in the Hospital for the benefit of the members of the Training School. The past month Dr. E. V Stoddard has delivered three
lectures on "Remedies." On the 20th of September, Dr. E. H. Howard, the physician in charge of the Insane Asylum, lectured on "The Care of the Insane." The Nurses take notes at these lectures and afterwards write out the lectures.

Receipts for the Review

SEPTEMBER, 1888.

Miss E. O. Patrick, Marengo, Ill. ........ $ 50
Mrs. A. Vanderhayden, by Miss Pixley. 62
Mrs. Geo. T. Ingalls, by E. H. T. Cottman 62
Mrs. H. G. Arnold, 62 cents; Mrs. C. M. Curtis, 62 cents; Mrs. D. M. Childs, 65 cents; Mrs. J. T. Fox, 62 cents; Miss F. B. Gregory, $1.25 Mrs. C. J. Hayden, 62 cents; Mrs. G. D. Hale, 65 cents; Mrs. M. Hallowell, 62 cents; Mrs. E. Hanford, 62 cents; J. H. Kohldeisch. 62 cents; Mrs. A. Morse, 62 cents; Mrs. Wm. McKennan, 62 cents; Mrs. E. P. Willis, 62 cents, by Miss Grace Holmes 8 75
Mrs. J. B. Adams, Genesee, 50 cents; Miss Cronin, 65 cents; Mrs. H. Dagge, Brighton, 50 cents; Mrs. A. L. Goddard, Moscow, 50 cents; Mrs. W. J. Humphrey, Warsaw, $1.00; Mrs. Geo. W. Miller, New York, $3.00; Mrs. W. E. Sill, Geneva, 50 cents; Mrs. S. E. Smith, Geneva, 50 cents; Mrs. S. R. Seward, 62 cents; Mrs. F. DeW. Ward, Genesee, 50 cents, by Treasurer 8 27
Mrs. ROBERT MATHEWS, Treas., 96 Spring Street.

Children's Pavilion Fund.

SEPTEMBER, 1888.

Louise Wren, Dime Card 179 ........ $ 70
Fair held by Jean Aitkin, New York 40 00
Miss R. Swain ........................................ 1 00

Receipts for the month .................. $ 41 70
Previously acknowledged ........ 6,027 43
Total receipts .................. $6,069 13

We are desirous of raising the money to pay off the debt on the Pavilion, and most earnestly solicit, from every friend of sick and crippled children, an offering, either small or large, for this object, to be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring St., Treasurer of the Fund.

Mrs. C. C. Sweet and Miss M. B. Scanlan have received their caps and been admitted to the Training School as Nurses. There are now five probationers.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, September 2d, of senility, E. H. Grover, aged 87 years.
September 16th, Orpha Lawrence of carcinoma of cervix uteri, aged 31 years.
September 22d, Kitty Mulvey, of acute bronchitis, aged 34 years.
September 24th, Benjamin Lawrence, cardiac failure, aged 29 years.
September 26th, James McCabe, of internal injuries due to a fall from a building, aged 21 years.
September 26th, Daniel Hysner, of bronchitis, aged 73 years.
September 27th, R. D. Hall, of chronic nephritis, aged 73 years.

My Work.

BY MRS. M. P. HANDY.

I come to Thee, O Lord, for strength and patience,
To do Thy will;
Help me, O Father, in this world of duty,
My place to fill.

I may not go and labor in Thy vineyard,
Where, through long hours,
Brave men and women toil, and from Thy presses
The red wine pours.

My work, at home, lies with the olive branches—
My field is there—
To train them fitly for the heavenly garden
Needs all my care.

Thou givest us, Thy servants, each our life-work;
No trumpet tone
Shall tell the nations, in triumphant pealing,
How mine was done.

But 'twill be much if, when the task is ended,
Through grace from Thee,
I give Thee back, unharmed, the precious treasures,
Thou gavest me.

The voices that spoke to me when a child, are now speaking through me to the world.—Bishop Simpson.
THE HOSPITAL REVIEW
IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH BY
THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE,
MRS. MALTBY STRONG, MRS. WM. H. PERKINS,
MRS. M. M. MATHEWS, MRS. A. S. HAMILTON,
MRS. WM. E. HOYT.

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By mail........................................ 50 cts.

[Entered at the Post Office at Rochester, N. Y., as second-class mail matter.]

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Subscriptions for The Review, and all Letters containing Money, to be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, Treasurer, No. 96 Spring Street.

Letters of inquiry, and all business letters, are requested to be sent to Mrs. M. M. Mathews, Corresponding Secretary, No. 96 Spring Street.

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One Column, 1 Year... 20.00

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THE LAST WEEKS
OF THIS MONTH

THE SACRIFICE
MUST BE MADE

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Abou Ben Adhem.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom...
An angel writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
“What writest thou?” The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answered, “The names of those who love the Lord.”

“And is mine one?” said Abou. “Nay, not so,”
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said, “I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow men.”
The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem’s name led all the rest.

It seems that life is all a void,
Onselfish thoughts alone employed;
That length of days is not a good,
Unless their use be understood.

The Magne-Jewell Memorial.

On Thursday, the twenty-fifth of October, the Magne-Jewell Memorial, the new Free Out-Patient Department of the Rochester City Hospital, was dedicated.

The Directors, Lady Managers, Hospital Staff and Clergy of the city were well represented on the occasion.

At 4 o’clock Mrs. M. Strong announced that the hour for commencing the exercises had arrived, and called upon Dr. W. S. Ely to make some statements in reference to the origin and uses of the new building.

DR. ELY’S REMARKS.

I have been requested to say something with reference to the object which has brought us together on this occasion. For a long time we have needed accommodations in the Hospital, for the treatment of
patients applying for relief from conditions which ordinarily do not require detention in the Hospital.

We have needed, in fact, what is called a Free Out-Patient Department.

As the city has grown in population, the number of cases of accidents, emergencies, and diseases of various kinds applying for advice and treatment has steadily increased. It is justly believed that a general Hospital is specially fitted to render valuable aid to those unable to pay for competent medical and surgical skill.

An attempt was made by the Directors and Lady Managers to provide rooms in the Hospital building for the reception and proper treatment of the class of cases referred to. But it was found that no room was available for this purpose. Accordingly the present site was selected as a fit one for the erection of an addition which would answer the requirements of an "Out-Patient Department." Early last Spring, Dr. Rider and myself surveyed the ground, and made a drawing of a building which we deemed adequate for the purpose desired. Through the kindness of Mr. W. D. Powell, Architect, plans, elevations and specifications were prepared, which were approved by the Medical Staff, the Directors and Lady Managers, and the question then arose as to the source from which funds could be obtained for carrying out the design.

Quite unexpectedly and most agreeably this want was met. According the present site was selected as a fit one for the erection of an addition which would answer the requirements of an "Out-Patient Department." Early last Spring, Dr. Rider and myself surveyed the ground, and made a drawing of a building which we deemed adequate for the purpose desired. Through the kindness of Mr. W. D. Powell, Architect, plans, elevations and specifications were prepared, which were approved by the Medical Staff, the Directors and Lady Managers, and the question then arose as to the source from which funds could be obtained for carrying out the design.

Quite unexpectedly and most agreeably this want was met. Some of the older citizens present may remember Mr. and Mrs. Magne, who came to Rochester as early as 1816, and are identified with the name of a street in the Northwestern portion of the city. They were members of the first church organized in Rochester, and early manifested a lively interest in all of its charities. Their daughter, Mary S., married Mr. Jewell; she was present with her mother at the opening of this Hospital. Later Mr. and Mrs. Jewell moved to Brooklyn, and Mrs. Jewell finally made her home in New Jersey. Although separated from Rochester, she retained a pleasant remembrance of the Rochester Charitable Society, and of this Hospital as one of its outgrowths, and had felt for a long time a desire to embody her interest in some practical form. At the time that the plans for this building were being made, she had expressed through Mrs. Strong, President of the Lady Managers, her intention to give something to the Hospital as a evidence of her regard for the city of her birth, and as a memorial of her father and mother, who are buried in Mt. Hope Cemetery, and also of her husband. She was informed that there was a very urgent need for this addition to our present buildings, and was induced to come to Rochester and confer with the ladies and with the Medical Staff. I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Jewell, and of showing to her the plans for this structure. She at once evinced a laudable zeal in the matter, and after careful consideration expressed her willingness to contribute three thousand dollars for the erection of this addition, according to the plans and specifications previously referred to. Her offer was accepted by the Lady Managers, and by the Directors, and she at once gave her check for the full amount named.

The contract was let to Mr. W. H. Gorsline, and work was commenced early in the summer; and we now have the pleasure of meeting for the formal acceptance of the building erected by Mrs. Jewell's liberal gift.

Those who met Mrs. Jewell, when she was here, were much impressed with her earnestness and simplicity of manner, and when we learned that she was not rich, and that this gift would probably deprive her of what some of us might consider the comforts of life, we felt that her liberality could not be too highly appreciated.

There has thus been provided a new, commodious and permanent addition to the Hospital, which is to be known as the "Magne-Jewell Memorial, Free Out-Patient
Department of the Rochester City Hospital," and is to be used for the treatment of all classes of diseases and injuries not requiring detention in the Hospital, though when such detention is deemed necessary, it will be advised subject to the general rules regulating the admission of patients.

On the first floor there are a reception room, and two private rooms for the examination and treatment of patients. Ample closets, hot and cold water and every needful convenience have been furnished.

An Eye and Ear Department has already been organized, and is in operation under the charge of Dr. W. Rider. Other departments will soon be opened, and it is intended to make the service complete and far-reaching in its operations. The building is so arranged as to permit of two clinics being held at the same time, and at least four clinics daily, or twenty-four a week, can be accommodated in the rooms now thrown open. Two pleasant rooms on the second floor will be used for the present as additional quarters for the nursing department. Until further notice all classes of patients will be received at 12 o'clock daily, and will be given advice and treatment gratuitously when unable to pay for the same.

In compliance with the request of Mrs. Jewell, the devotional services were conducted by Rev. James B. Shaw, D.D., who called on Rev. Louis Washburn of St. Paul's church to lead in the Lord's Prayer, in which the audience joined.

As the new building is closely associated with diseases of the eye and ear, Dr. Shaw read from Mark 10th, the account of restoration of sight to blind Bartimæus, and from the 7th of Mark, the narrative of the opening of the deaf man's ears, and from Matthew 25th, how heaven regards these ministrations to the afflicted, after which he offered the following prayer:  

O God, thou art the Alpha and Omega, the first and the last, ever holy, ever loving. With Thee there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning. Thou art the same yesterday, to-day and forever, that was, and is, and is to come, the Almighty—blessed be Thy name.

Glory be to Thee, O God, that we are here to-day, and here for a purpose so dear to every one who loves his kind. We thank Thee, O Father of mercies for this institution, for all the good it has done, the sufferings it has alleviated, the lives it has saved, the homes it has kept from being broken up; how many dying pillows it has smoothed, how many departing spirits it has soothed. Glory be to Thee for it all. We commend to Thee the band of noble and self-sacrificing women who for so many years have watched over this institution with a true maternal care. Give them the wisdom, the patience, the love and the faith which they so much need. We commend to Thee, those who from day to day and night to night minister to the sick. Help them to bear their heavy burdens and discharge their arduous duties. Give skill to the physicians and efficacy to medicine. Give healing mercy, O God.

Nor would we forget the generous donor, to whose sympathy for her suffering fellow creatures we are indebted for this building, Spare her to a good old age, free from care, free from sorrow, as far as may be free from infirmity; and when God's hour strikes, may the light of her life go gently and sweetly out. In some gracious way, O Lord, let her know how well pleased Thou art with what she has done.

Again we commend to Thy fatherly care this City Hospital. Multiply its friends. Lengthen its cords, strengthen its stakes, enlarge the bounds of its habitation. Make it a greater and still greater blessing to this city and all this region, and O forbid that from year to year it should any longer have to beg its bread.

And now, O God, we dedicate this "Magne Jewell Memorial" to Thee, for the good of Thy creatures and the glory
of Thine own great name. Be pleased to accept the offering and evermore fill its rooms with the sunshine of Thy presence, and the glory shall be to the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost, world without end, Amen.

The benediction was pronounced by Rev. J. W. Stewart, of the First Baptist Church.

This telegram of greeting and congratulation was sent after the ceremony:

ROCHESTER, Oct. 25, 1888.

Mrs. Mary S. Jewell, Vineland, N. J.:

The Trustees, Lady Managers and Physicians send greetings and congratulations.

Though this Out-Patient Department has been organized quite recently, Dr. W. Rider reports for October, that he has had sixty visits and performed six important operations on the eye.

Twenty-Fifth Annual Report of the Hospital.

LADIES OF THE CHARITABLE SOCIETY.

In the winter of 1847, a charter was granted to twenty-four gentlemen constituting a board of Directors, for the Rochester City Hospital, and sometime after, the centre of the Hospital building, as it now stands was completed. In the Fall of 1863, the Directors decided to place the building in the care of the Ladies of the Charitable Society, if they would collect the funds necessary to prepare it for the reception of the sick. They gladly accepted the offer, and sixteen ladies were appointed as an Executive and Visiting Committee, who with hearty zeal commenced the work, trusting their long deferred hopes would soon be realized of having in our midst a place for the needy sick. The response to the appeal for funds was so generous they were enabled to invite the public to inspect the building Jan. 28, 1864.

Of the twenty-four Directors, who are now called Trustees, 20 rest in Mount Hope, two resigned, and two, Mr. James Brackett and Mr. Samuel Wilder, have still an abiding interest in the Hospital.

Of the sixteen, the original committee, ten are numbered with the departed dead, two resigned, and one resides in a distant city, while three still remain in the Board of Managers. Mrs. M. Strong, the President; Mrs. W. H. Perkins, Treasurer; and the Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. M. M. Mathews. These, with Miss Hebbard, our Matron, who has been with us from the first, these six (out of 41) who are still working for the Hospital, know what changes it has undergone, in the 25 years now elapsed, what struggles it has passed through, what a blessing it has been, and how dear it is to many hearts.

The Training School for Nurses, which was opened September 1880, has had 570 applicants.

During the past year 22 have been received.
Advised to resign................. 3
Resigned of their own accord........ 3
Expelled................................ 2
Probationers not accepted........... 4
No. of pupils now in the School...... 26

Miss S. M. Lawrence now has charge as Supervising Nurse, but we still remember the first two in the place, Miss Smith and Miss Markham. This is an expensive portion of our Hospital work, but of vast benefit in the care of the sick, not only in the Hospital, but in this community and in neighboring towns.

The Children's Pavilion is not yet quite free from debt. The amount of $6,133.85 has been received by the Treasurer of the Fund, Mrs. Robert Mathews; $179.75 was received from the A B C Schemes; $6,000 Mrs. Perkins has paid on the debt. Remaining in the bank $133.85.

Within the year, $3000 has been generously donated by Mr. and Mrs. Hiram W. Sibley in loving memory of two dear children, Margaret H. and Hiram Sibley, Jr., to endow a bed in perpetuity in the Pavilion, where some poor stricken child
may share the comforts and the care of this portion of our work: $800 provides for a child’s bed for a year. Two ladies have each thus provided for two little ones.

The Pavilion has afforded care and treatment for 57 children in the year, and is a most valuable acquisition. We rejoice that we have it for the children’s sake.

Our thanks we would also offer to Mrs. Mary S. Jewell of Vineland, New Jersey, for the very generous gift of $3,000 for a memorial of her parents and husband, to be called the “Magne-Jewell Memorial.” Mrs. Jewell was a former resident of this city, and it is very gratifying that she should have thus remembered this institution in its great need of an addition which enables our Ophthalmic and Aural Surgeons, and other members of the staff to relieve needy applicants.

More than twenty years since, Dr. Charles E. Rider asked for a portion of the Hospital, where the facilities for treating his patients could be more satisfactory, and the best that could be given was afforded him. Now Dr. Wheelock Rider speaks in glowing terms of the want so well supplied. Already has it been put into service, and could Mrs. Jewell know the thankful hearts which will keep her memory fresh, she would feel amply repaid.

Mrs. C. E. Converse, the Accountant, furnishes the following statistics:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Number</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Number of patients in Hospital for the year</td>
<td>956</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Recovered</td>
<td>240</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Improved</td>
<td>224</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Unimproved</td>
<td>65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Transferred to the Alms House</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Died</td>
<td>69</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Births</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Number remaining October 1st</td>
<td>91</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Of these there were patients who paid in full</td>
<td>175</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Patients who paid in part</td>
<td>583</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Number of days these 583 patients were in Hospital: 24,454
Patients for whom nothing was received: 198
Number of days the 198 patients were in Hospital: 6,123

Can any one say, “This is no charity?” or ask why it requires so much money to carry it on. The largest number have been admitted this year.

Remaining November 1st, 123.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Country</th>
<th>Number</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Natives of the United States</td>
<td>623</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>England</td>
<td>51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ireland</td>
<td>72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scotland</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Germany</td>
<td>99</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Russia</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Italy</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holland</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wales</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Denmark</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Switzerland</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poland</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sicily</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Canada</td>
<td>59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>West Indies</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prince Edwards’ Island</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sweden</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Total: 956

Our thanks are due to many, many warm friends of the Hospital who have never wearied in the work. The daily Press so kindly aid us by their columns generously given, and which help us more than we can tell.

A band of faithful, energetic ladies give their thought, time and work for the different departments. Many are the wants which press upon its care-takers, and constant will be the demands which must be met by the benevolent, or the Hospital doors must be closed, to which none would consent.

Let us remember the words of Him who
said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

"Can it be, O gracious Master,
Thou dost deign for alms to sue,
Saying by thy poor and needy,
Give as I have given you?"

"Yes, the sorrow and the suffering
Which on every hand we see,
Channels are, for tithes and offerings,
Due by solemn right to Thee.

"Right of which we may not rob Thee,
Debt, we may not choose, but pay,
Lest Thy face of love and pity
Turn from us another day."

Mrs. M. M. Malhews,
Corresponding Secretary.

The Quarto-Centennial Festival.

The Donation Festival of the Rochester City Hospital will be held at the Rink on North Washington street, Thursday and Friday, December 6th and 7th, 1888, during the days and evenings.

The Lady Managers extend to all our citizens and those of the neighboring towns, a cordial invitation to aid us in this benevolent work. We look to the gentlemen as well as ladies and children for encouragement, and by their presence and gifts, to manifest their interest in this labor of love. We hope to see them, one and all. The refreshment tables will be furnished with the choicest and most palatable viands, dainties and luxuries to be procured. Dinner will be served from 12 M.; supper from 5 P. M.

The fancy tables will afford an opportunity for the purchase of Christmas and New Year's gifts, and will be under the charge of Miss A. S. Mumford, 139 Troup street, where articles may be sent.

Articles for the Children's Pavilion Table will be thankfully received by Mrs. Charles H. Angel, corner of East avenue, and Portsmouth Terrace, or at the Rink on Donation days.

A table with articles for infants and children will be in charge of Mrs. A. S. Hamilton, 71 South Washington St., where articles may be sent.

Mrs. W. S. Kimball will have the care of the flower and candy table.

Mrs. Johnston will take charge of the mite boxes—to her the old ones may be returned and from her new ones procured.

On the 6th of December the German ladies and those of St. Paul’s, St. Peter’s, Christ’s, St. Andrew’s, the Third Presbyterian, Universalist, and Brick churches, will welcome their friends, and on the 7th, the Central, Unitarian, Baptist, First Presbyterian and Plymouth church ladies hope to be well patronized.

Subscriptions to the Hospital Review may be made to Mrs. Robert Mathews: also, donations for the Children's Pavilion, Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, the treasurer, will be happy to secure the cash donations for the expenses of the Hospital. The Managers trust that all will cheerfully give for this object donations as they are able.

Donations for any of these objects may be sent to any of the Lady Managers: Mrs. M. Stsong, Mrs. W. H. Perkins, Mrs. M. M. Mathews, Mrs. D. B. Beach, Mrs. Freeman Clarke Mrs. H. H. Morse, Mrs. J. H. Brewster, Mrs. H. F. Smith, Mrs. Clark Johnston, Miss A. S. Mumford, Mrs. Myron Adams, Miss A. E. M. Wild, Mrs. M. Landsberg, Mrs. Wm. E. Hoyt, Mrs. L. S. Chapin, Mrs. A. S. Hamilton, Mrs. Oscar Craig, Miss Lois Whitney, Mrs. H. F. Huntington, Mrs. James C. Hart.

Mrs. W. S. Kimball will have the care of the flower and candy table.

Mrs. Johnston will take charge of the mite boxes—to her the old ones may be returned and from her new ones procured.

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The table in charge of Mrs. A. S. Hamilton will be filled with everything beautiful for infants and children. Do not buy the entire outfit for the winter, till you have seen her attractions. Any knitted, crocheted, or embroidered articles will be thankfully received at 71 South Washington street.

The Treasurer of the Review and of the Pavilion Fund has been unexpectedly called away from home. The October receipts for both these objects will be published in the December Review.
The Quarto-Centennial Offering.

We feel this month, as if we longed for a magic wand to touch and move the hearts and purses of our patrons. A heavy debt of over $20,000 is resting on the Hospital, and current expenses are making daily and pressing demands on its treasury.

A Collecting Committee has been appointed to raise $2,500, as a quarto-centennial offering to the Hospital, to enable it to liquidate the debt that is now crippling it, and to give it a fresh start for the future.

While there are many who cordially respond to this Committee, there are others who ask why it is that the Hospital is each year in debt, and why such large contributions are needed to sustain it.

The City Hospital is not supported, as its name implies, by the city, but is largely a charitable institution. The private patients are the only ones who fully pay what it costs to supply their needs. The past year 198 patients have been cared for 6,113 days, for whom the Hospital has received nothing, and 583 patients, for 24,454 days, for whom only partial payment has been made.

We have at present 123 inmates under treatment; there are 26 nurses in our Training School, and 60 Out-Patients, the past month, have received gratuitous advice or treatment. The Hospital Staff renders free service, in accord with the demands of modern science, to all who are unable to pay for it.

The applications now for the comfort and welfare of the sick and the wounded are much more numerous and expensive than under the old regime, but the chances for recovery are proportionately greater. The Trained Nurse—the system of massage—the well ventilated apartments—the free use of antiseptics in the Surgical and Maternity Wards add to the expenses, but the invalid reaps the benefit. Beef tea and milk cost something, but they have proved a good diet for the 24 cases of typhoid fever that this fall have been treated at the Hospital, not one of which has proved fatal.

Besides the debt and the current expenses, for which we are now seeking to raise $25,000, we have an urgent want. A new laundry, in the near future, seems an imperative demand. Are there no Jewells in the midst of us to emulate the generous act of our absent friend?

It is well to be the executors of our wills; to see the good we would do started during our lives, and to know that when our hands are resting from labor our works survive us.

"Are you dreaming in the night time of a great and glorious way? Waiting friends there is no future but beginneth with to-day."

The Endowed Beds the past year have proved a great blessing to the afflicted. In the bed of the Female Charitable Society, 6 patients have been comforted for 262 days; In the Erickson Bed, 4 have been received for 211 days; in the Firemen's, 2 for 257 days; in the Greenwood Bed, 6 for 109 days; in the Semple Bed, 3 for 193 days, and in the Whitney, 8 for 143 days.

Will this community sustain the City Hospital, the Training School for Nurses, the Children's Pavilion, the New Out-Patient Department, and thus afford the greatest opportunity for the saving of precious lives and limbs? If so, let the response on Donation Days reach $25,000.

What can we say more but to urge our friends to anticipate the benediction of the Master. "Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; for I was an hungered, and ye gave Me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave Me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took Me in; Naked and ye clothed Me; I was sick, and ye visited Me." "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My Brethren, ye have done it unto Me."
The Invalids.

The first of November, when we made our monthly visit to the Hospital, was a most perfect day, the soft breezes and sunny skies lured the invalids from the Hospital Wards, and the seared and withered leaves were attractive playthings for the little folks from the Children's Pavilion.

We found much that was interesting in the Male Surgical Ward, where eighteen patients were receiving treatment. Two of these were confined to their cots; the one, an Italian, had received an injury in the back by being run over by a hand-cart; he was, however, recovering. The second was a man whose feet and ankles had been severely burnt, by falling into a kettle of hot tar, used in making asphalt pavement; the sloughs had all come off and the wounds were doing nicely. A man whose arm had been crushed while coupling cars had had it amputated below the elbow, and was doing well. The man who at the Bay was shot through the lungs, and whose recovery at first was considered doubtful, was up and around, though still suffering some difficulty in breathing, as the ball has never been extracted. A man with ulcer on the leg was improving. One whose hand had been crushed while coupling cars had had his thumb amputated. A patient whose ankle joint was destroyed by necrosis of the bones of the foot was being prepared for an amputation. A man both of whose arms were broken, the result of a railroad accident, was brought in, in an unconscious condition, had had his arms put in plaster of Paris casts and was getting on finely; he was up, walking about the ward. The ward assistant whose hand had been badly cut with glass was improving. A plaster cast had been applied to an old fracture of the leg. A man with compound comminuted fracture of the elbow joint had had an operation performed by Dr. Whitbeck, the excision of a portion of bone.

The youngest patient in the ward, a boy with abscess on the hip, had had it opened. Dr. Whitbeck had removed the whole of the second finger from a man's hand on account of diseased bone, and he had also removed dead bone from the leg of another patient. Dr. Whitbeck had also operated for dead bone on the forearm of a man. A boy with fractured ankle had had splints applied. A man whose thumb had been previously amputated and was not doing well was brought in and the wound was re-dressed. A patient whose head was injured, the result of an accident, died the same day he was brought to the Hospital.

In the Male Medical Ward were twenty patients, five of whom were confined to their cots. Some in this ward were suffering from consumption, inflammatory rheumatism, Bright's disease, diabetes and diseased heart and lungs. One patient had been aspirated, having one quart of fluid removed. A poison case had died soon after being brought in. Much sympathy was expressed for a poor man without hands, who had become discouraged and had taken poison. He recovered and had left the Hospital. The typhoid patients had all recovered and gone home.

In the Female Surgical Ward we found a little girl who in an epileptic fit had fallen on a hot stove and burned her right arm to the elbow. She was getting on splendidly, was almost well. Mrs. McE., who has an ulcer on her leg and who for years has been a patient sufferer, had been brought down from the Medical Ward and we found her exercising out of doors. A woman who had fallen down stairs and had concussion of the spine was doing well, was able to sit up. Another who had fallen down stairs and was bruised, but had sustained no fracture was up and exercising on the lawn. Another woman while chopping wood had had a piece of it fly up and strike her on the eye. Sight was destroyed and the eye will have to be removed when the woman has strength to bear the opera-
Four eye patients were progressing finely. A girl from one of the printing offices had a lacerated wound on the fore arm; stitches were put in and dressing applied. Three surgical operations had been performed that had resulted favorably. Of the twelve inmates of this Ward, none was confined to her cot.

Nine of the eighteen patients in the Female Medical Ward keep their bed most of the time. Some of these are typhoid fever cases, one is from the Maternity Ward, one suffering from debility, another is recovering from a surgical operation, one has diseased lungs, another is a new patient. One who was helpless from paralysis when she came to the Hospital is now walking without assistance. One convalescing from typhoid returns home in a few days.

There were six babies and five mothers in the Maternity Ward.

The Children's Pavilion.

We found the Children's Pavilion almost deserted, for, with the exception of three who were confined to their cots, all the little folks were out of doors. In the Boys' Ward John Leight was sitting up in bed. He had fallen into the cellar of a new house and had broken his leg. This had been put into splints and he was progressing finely. Gorham Cunningham, a little fellow who had been operated upon for hernia was in bed in the Girls' Ward, and in the Julia and Edith room was a little girl, an eye patient. Dr. Rider had amputated a portion of the right eye. The little thing was doing well. Many of the children were on the lawn, amusing themselves with the rustling leaves. Willie Foster, an eye patient was carting them away in a wheelbarrow, and Mary Hill, who was sent us by the Humane Society, and Sady Holohan and Jerry Sheehan were striking them with sticks. Eager to join this group was Ida Parker, the little girl three years old, with club feet. Mrs. Shannon, the nurse, was sitting on the piazza holding Ida and seeking to please her, as the surgeon who had operated on her feet said she must not walk, but the little thing longed for her freedom and could not understand why she could not join her companions. Our hearts ached for three little boys, brothers, who were sitting on the piazza convalescing from typhoid fever—Godfrey, George and Louis Hilfiker, aged seven, ten and twelve years—they had been very sick in the Hall Pavilion, but had so far recovered as to be removed to the Children's Pavilion and were longing to go home and see their mother, not knowing that she had died of typhoid fever, the same disease from which they were convalescing. George Pierce, who has curvature of the spine, was swinging in one hammock, and in the other was Abe Greenough, the boy who was injured by the swing bridge at Charlotte, and from the stump of whose amputated leg pieces of dead bone had been removed. Minnie who has had an attack of bronchitis was on the piazza. She has a brother in the Hall Pavilion, sick with typhoid fever. Max and Tommy were out of sight. During the month a little girl had been brought in by her mother. The child had an abscess on the lower part of the cheek and Dr. Ely had opened it. The boy whose arm was amputated after being caught in a planer has gone home, as has also the one who was stepped on by a horse. There were seventeen children, besides the six babies, under treatment in the Children's Pavilion; three others in the Hall Pavilion sick with typhoid fever. One of the latter is but three years old.

A Good Record.

There have been twenty-four cases of typhoid fever this autumn in the Hospital and not one of these has proved fatal. Eighteen of these have been males.
Evening Entertainments.

On Thursday evening some of the nurses of the Training School will appear in their uniforms, and give interesting practical demonstrations of some of their methods of work at the Hospital.

On Friday evening there will be a Fancy Dress Party, opening with a grand entree. One set will personate Patience, Bunthorne, Grosvenor and the aesthetic maidens, from the opera of Patience. Then we shall also see Mother Goose, French costumes of the time of Louis XVI, and also of the Directory. Polish ladies, Darkies and Yankee school girls will swell the number, and Old Time Folks and the little Mikados will appear with many other attractions. A fee of twenty-five cents will be charged for admission to the Fancy Dress Party.

The Pavilion Fund.

We are glad to find that our young friends are still remembering us. Two dollars and fifty cents have been sent us as the proceeds of a fair held at the Sanatorium, at Avon Springs, by Miss Kate Washburn, Portland, Maine, Miss Laura Selmer, Dover, Delaware, Miss Emelie Porter, Towanda, Pa., and Miss Clara Carson, Avon, N. Y.

The First Presbyterian Church Mission Band generously contributed twenty-five dollars; Louise Selden, Clara Landsberg, Marie Woodworth and Marion Duncan held a fair and added $24 22 to our fund. We thank our young friends for their acceptable gifts.

We hope on Donation Days to receive Thank offerings for the dear babies who have come to brighten homes, and for the spared lives of beloved children. We hope also for Memorial gifts. Every friend of the children must bring something. We are anxious to complete the sum necessary for the removal of the debt on the Children's Pavilion, and hope the contributions on Donation Days will materially diminish our indebtedness.

The Training School.

Dr. Stoddard has this month delivered the fourth and fifth lectures of his course on "Remedies," before the Nurses of the Training School. Dr. Ely has also given two lectures on "Death."

Five lessons have been given to the "Bandage Class," each lesson being a practical illustration of the best methods of applying and removing bandages.

Miss Lawrence, the Supervising Nurse, has also given three lessons on Massage.

One of our nurses went out to assist one of the city surgeons, not on the Hospital Staff, in a surgical operation.

Miss Spear has completed the first month of her probation and received a cap and uniform.

A new probationer has this month commenced service.

Cash Donations.

Mrs. Mary S. Jewell, for the "Magazine Jewell Memorial" $3,000 00
Mrs. Freeman Clarke, to endow a bed annually in the Children's Pavilion, in memory of Freeman Clarke Webb, 200 00
Annual Subscription.

Mrs. M. Strong. 5 00
Mrs. A. F. Manvel, St. Paul, Minn. 5 00
Mrs. W. H. Perkins, Treasurer.

The A B C Scheme for the Children's Pavilion Fund.

The friends of the City Hospital, who interested themselves in circulating the A B C scheme for the purpose of paying off the debt of the Children's Pavilion, may be glad to learn that up to October 1st $1,179.75 has been received by the treasurer and paid on this debt. It is encouraging to notice in the reports for September that some persons who still hold the G schemes are filling them up and returning them, adding little by little to the sum lacking to free the Children's Pavilion from its remaining indebtedness. It is hoped that the
young folks, who have labored so diligently in this cause, will rejoice before the third anniversary occurs in the fact that the last thousand dollars has been raised by their efforts, and will delight also to continue their work for the children who have been so benefitted through them.

MRS. W. H. PERKINS,
Treasurer.

Donations for October, 1888.

Olive Owen—"Book for children.
Mrs. Pauline Lee—Bushel of grapes.
Mrs. Edward Harris—Second-hand clothing, old cotton and reading matter.
Mrs. Wm. Smith—5 new shirts.
Mrs. Putnam—3 bushels of quinces.
Mrs. C. F. Ford, Mrs. O. N. Child, Mrs. Eliza J. Loop and Mrs. Maltby Strong—Quantity of reading matter.
Frederick—Quantity of old linen, cotton and flannel.
May Carpenter—Reading matter.
Mrs. Geo. Carpenter and Mrs. Ellwanger—Magazines.
Miss Saxton—Quantity of grapes.
Mrs. Warner—Second-hand clothing.
Mrs. Ellwanger—Quantity of reading matter and gas fixtures.
Mrs. Frank Breuerer—Bed tidies.
Mrs. Eugene Glenn, Mrs. R. T. Tuttle, of Perry, N. Y., Miss Kate Jeffrey—Each old cotton and reading matter.
Mrs. Wm. E. Hovt—2 flannel blouse waists, one-half dozen t-a knives, bag of worsteds, tray, old cotton, 1 cap, "Tale of Three Cities" by Henry James.
Mrs. Earle B. Putnam—150 cans of fruit, and 50 pounds of sugar.
Third Presbyterian Church—Wine.
Mrs. Max Landsberg—Quantity of second-hand clothing.
Mrs. Stoothoff—Bed quilt and old cotton.
Mrs. Angell—Second-hand shirts.
Mrs. C. M. Day—2 crib comfortables.
Mrs. J. H. Stedman—2 night shirts, 2 cans of fruit.
Miss Wild—Basket of pears.

The 150 cans of fruit and 50 pounds of sugar sent by Mrs. Earle Putnam and the bed quilts by Mrs. S. Stoothoff were especially acceptable and very useful.

Hospital Report.

Number in Hospital October 1st. .... 91
Number rec'd during month ....... 86
Births ......... 5
Discharged during month ....... 182
Deaths ......... 4
Number remaining in Hospital, Nov. 1st. .... 123

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Oct. 4th, Augustus Bloxom, of chronic nephritis, aged 46 years.
Oct. 10th, John Andrews, of chronic nephritis complicated with pleurisy, aged 50 years.
Oct. 23rd, Augustus A. Vogel, from internal injuries received in fall from building, aged 41 years.
Oct. 28th, J. J. O'Byrne, of opium poisoning, aged 56 years.

The Sufferers from the Fire.

On Saturday afternoon, the 10th of November, we again visited the Hospital. The fire of the preceding evening had strongly emphasized the blessing to this community of our Hospitals, where prompt and skillful attention can be rendered the suffering. At half past seven the first case came in and others followed in rapid succession, till there were seven of the victims at the Hospital. The first to arrive was a man with fractured jaw and compound comminuted fracture of the left leg and probably a concussion of the brain; he died about twenty minutes after his arrival. The second was badly burnt about the face, neck and hands; he had also a compound comminuted fracture of the left leg, which required amputation above the knee. The third had jumped from the third story window, fractured both thigh bones and had also a severe concussion of the spine, and bruises on the forehead and over the eye; he was in a very low condition. The fourth was a young man with ankle badly sprained; he had a plaster of Paris cast applied. The fifth and sixth were boys about fifteen years old; one had jumped from the fourth story window, and had a compound fracture of both legs above the ankle; the other had jumped from the fifth story, had severe bruises on the face and nose, and the tarsal bones of the left foot were comminuted, and the right leg was also fractured. The seventh victim had fallen and sprained one ankle, and fractured
THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

Dr. Ely arrived before the second wounded who needed rest. Drs. Tait and Remington were on hand. Dr. Ely arrived before the second patient and was soon followed by Dr. Williams and Dr. Whitbeck.

Convalescent patients were removed from the Male Surgical Ward to make room for the victims of the accident. Nurses and physicians found plenty to do and as we visited the Hospital the friends of the sufferers were importunate to see the wounded who needed rest.

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Because it is publishing the life of Abraham Lincoln, by his private secretaries. Of this it has been said, "The young man who is not reading it robs himself of that which he will one day hunger for." The coming year presents the most important part of this great history, which may be begun at any time. But if it is printing those remarkable articles on "Siberia and the Exile System," by George Kinnan, which are attracting universal attention and are being reprinted in hundreds of foreign newspapers but are not allowed to enter Russia, the "Chicago Tribune" says that "no other magazine articles printed in the English language just now touch upon a subject which so vitally interests thoughtful people as this important one on the Arctic Regions and the Sea.

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Jerome Keyes.

XVI. Interest not exceeding four per cent. per annum will be allowed on all sums which may be on deposit on the first days of March, June, September and December, for each of the three preceding months during which such sum shall have been on deposit.

XVII. Deposits made on or before the third days of March, June, September and December, shall be entitled to interest from the first days of such months, respectively, if left for the required time.

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The Donation Festival.

The Donation Reception, our long looked or, anxiously awaited harvest festival has come and gone, and the Treasurer’s report indicates the response made by our beneficent citizens to our appeal for $25,000. Our wants were never so pressing, our cry for help never so emphatic, and the papers of the city most heartily endorsed and advocated our cause.

The annual offerings of many of our citizens were largely increased; the bequests of two former friends swelled the amount; enough was contributed to pay the current expenses for December, and liquidate all our indebtedness with the exception of the coal bill and the debt on the Children’s Pavilion. Our petition for a laundry has not yet been answered, but we have faith to believe that some practical, beneficent citizen, appreciating its imperative necessity, will ere long come to our aid.

The Managers gratefully recognize and highly appreciate the zeal of their friends, as manifested in their exhausting, untiring efforts before and at the Donation Festival, to advance the interests of the Hospital, and they witnessed with regret the additional labor devolved on those who had charge of the tables, in consequence of necessary preparations for the evening entertainments.

The Rink was most tastefully decorated. The gay bunting, the many flags, the rainbow arch, the booths with their artistic
adornments and attractive wares, the refreshment tables laden with tempting viands, and the eager, animated throng, intent on rendering the festival a success, made a pleasant and suggestive picture.

"At the receipt of custom," a little west of the center of the Rink, sat the Treasurer of the Board of Managers, Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins. Near her were the President, Mrs. M. Strong, and some of the Lady Managers, and occasionally some of the Hospital Directors. We looked in vain for some of Charity's daughters whose locks have silvered in her service, and who in days agone have been wont to welcome us to her banqueting hall, but who, in consequence of absence from the city or feeble health, were detained from mingling with us. We felt though absent in the flesh, they were present in spirit.

The general arrangements of the Rink were under the supervision of Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins and Mrs. H. H. Morse.

The rainbow spanned the hall from north to south, separating the kitchen department, in charge of Mrs. L. S. Chapin, Mrs. Max Landsberg, Mrs. Sidney S. Avery, Mrs. George Gilman and Mrs. Edward Williams, from the refreshment tables that occupied the main body of the hall just west of the arch. On Thursday the German ladies and those of the Universalist, St. Paul's Brick, Christ, St. Peter's, St. Andrew's, St. Luke's and Third Presbyterian churches received their friends, and on Friday those of the Plymouth, Unitarian, First, Second and Park Avenue Baptist, First Presbyterian and Central churches. The Ice Cream and Silver table was in charge of Mrs. Myron Adams, Mrs. L. P. Ross, Mrs. E. V. Stoddard and Miss Rumsey. The Coffee, Tea and Oyster table was presided over by Mrs. Oscar Craig, Mrs. Azel Backus, Mrs. A. M. Bennett, Mrs. H. P. Brewster, Mrs. A. McVean and Miss Sarah Frost. Messrs. S. J. Arnold, C. Sugru, McSweeney, A. O. Gordon, J. Ward Stebbins, N. S. Phelps, H. S. Hanford, John T. Fox, Ira Hebbard, D. E. Jackson and George W. Sweeney officiated as carvers. Just north of the Treasurer's table, Miss Sarah B. Pitkin and Miss H. Smith, in the absence of Mrs. Robert Mathews, received contributions to the Children's Pavilion Fund and subscriptions for the Hospital Review. West of their table were the Scales, in the keeping of Margaret C. Wright, Grace C. Steele, Bessie Whitbeck, Sada P. Bishop and Clara J. Landsberg, our young friends, who before this have been zealous workers for the Hospital. Near by, Mrs. J. W. Whitbeck sold tickets and badges for the evenings' entertainments.

Miss Mumford's Fancy and Domestic table occupied the southwest portion of the main hall. Among her treasures were a very beautiful silk quilt, the work of Mrs. S. G. Andrews, and a great variety of oriental and embroidered sofa pillows; a large and attractive assortment of fancy articles, mouchoir, photograph and glove cases, bags and embroidered and hand-painted articles, collected and given by Mrs. S. L. Ettenheimer and her friends; an embroidered baby's pillow on linen, the work of Mrs. Edward C. Robinson; a very delicate hand-painted mouchoir case, thistles and fungi on a white ground, trimmed with pink and Nile green lace, the gift of Mrs. John S. Ely; artistic calendars, painted by Mrs. E. E. Howell; and decorated china from Miss Lois E. Whitney. Mrs. Thomas Chester contributed a large collection of fancy basket work, including baskets, traveling cases for liquor flasks, cologne bottles and tumblers. The Children's Fancy table, in charge of Misses Emily Brewster, Isabelle Hart and Master Wentworth Hoyt, and the Christmas Card table of Misses Bessie Fitch and Alice Little were near the General Fancy table, and the little folks worked nobly and added materially to the Hospital treasury. Near them Mrs. Clark
Johnston received and distributed the Mite Boxes. On the west side of the hall was the Lemonade table. On the elevated platform at the south side of the Rink were the Oriental Booth of Mrs. G. Ellwanger, and the cosey Tea Booth of Mrs. George H. Perkins, tastefully decorated by Mr. J. Field, Carroll, Hutchings, Southard & Co. and Mr. Williams. Between these was the Flower and Candy Booth of Mrs. Wm. S. Kimball, where masses of foliage plants made a pleasing background, and gracefully wreathed smilax, a canopy for the choice orchids, roses, chrysanthemums, lilies of the valley, carnations, bouvardias and other flowers that formed a pleasant feature of the festival. The Oriental Booth contained perfumes, incense, Japanese and Oriental wares, and a great variety of creeping, crawling and flying creatures. Mrs. Perkins' Tea Booth was a most restful and inviting retreat, where at leisure one could sip the fragrant cup and gaze on the busy scene below. On the elevated platform on the north side of the hall were the Basket Booth of the Minerva Club, Mrs. A. S. Hamilton's Infants' and Children's Table, and Mrs. C. H. Angel's Children's Pavilion Table. The Basket Booth was itself a basket, ingeniously fashioned of bamboo rods and decorated matting, containing baskets of all sorts and sizes, useful, decorative and ornamental. Mrs. Hamilton's booth and that of Mrs. Angel's Children's Pavilion were artistically decorated by Messrs. James Field and W. J. Smith. The former displayed an endless variety of clothing and other articles for the use, comfort and amusement of the little folks; elegantly embroidered dresses, flannel sacks, knitted and crocheted garments, dolls' bedsteads and toys. Conspicuous on Mrs. Angel's Pavilion Table were the sweet-faced dolls, twelve of these dressed by friends in Perry, who last year conferred the same favor on us. There were also dolls' dining chairs, arm chairs, knitted, crocheted and decor-ated articles, and a basket table in charge of our young friends.

In whatever aspect we view the festival we must regard it as the most successful one ever held by the Rochester City Hospital.

THE EVENING ENTERTAINMENTS.

In consequence of the special demands made by the sufferers from the fire and the typhoid fever patients, the Nurses from the Training School were unable to carry out the programme announced for Thursday evening, and through the kindness of those who had participated in the rainbow dance at the Orphan Asylum donation, the Managers were enabled to substitute the Rainbow Tea and Dance.

The rainbow arch, loaned by the Managers of the Rochester Orphan Asylum, made of tarlton, of the seven prismatic colors, spanned the eastern side of the Rink from north to south, and in front of this were arranged the tables for the rainbow tea. These with their bands of tissue paper covering the center, their fancy napkins, their glasses, candelabra ornaments, and other table appointments, each table representing in all its details one color of the rainbow, made very pretty tableaux. We supped at an orange table, and noticed that even the cider jelly and the chrysanthemums shaded into the orange.

In the evening, Meyering's orchestra furnished the music. The dances were arranged by Mrs. George Hollister and Miss Lois Quinby. Seventy-five couples engaged in them. The ladies were in full evening costume, dressed in tarlton, each set representing one of the prismatic colors, the violet taking the lead in the grand promenade, which, after many changes, was followed by the pretty Spanish dance, a novelty to modern eyes. Next came the blending of all the colors in the waltz, after which an opportunity was afforded for all to engage in the dance.

On Friday evening Meyering's orchestra
again supplied the music. The general arrangements were in charge of Mrs. A. S. Hamilton, Mrs. James C. Hart, Mrs. Wm. E. Hoyt, Miss Lois E. Whitney, assisted by Miss Ruth Quinby, Mr. Josiah Anstice and Mr. Dellon M. Dewey. The center of the hall was cleared for the dances, and every available space around it was occupied by spectators, each wearing the requisite badge marked R. C. H.

The Louis XVI. set, led by Mr. Haywood Hawks and Miss Jerauld, was the first to make its appearance. The gaily ornamented velvet dresses and the laces of the gentlemen, the long trains, broad laces, open dresses and satin petticoats of the ladies of this set were very imposing, as were the rich fabrics, scant skirts, short waists of those of the time of the Directory. The aesthetic maidens were graceful in their Grecian toilets, and Patience seemed the embodiment of life and enjoyment, inspiring all who watched her movements. The Princess Ida costumes were very pretty. The quiet uniform of the Hospital nurses gave variety to the scene. The simple costumes of the Kate Greenaway sets, the gay young Mikados, the blackbirds and the flowers, all added to the interest of the occasion.

The sets that attracted most attention and caused most amusement were the Yankees and the Old Time Folks. The Yankees came in munching apples, pulling strings from their pockets and doing all sorts of ridiculous things. The long tallow candle curls, the huge cape bonnets, the big rag baby, that Cornelia-like the mother displayed as her chief jewel, the huge hats and the outlandish pants of the gentlemen were in strange contrast with the court costumes of the time of Louis XVI.

The most amusing set of dancers we witnessed was one in which a lady was costumed in her old-time, full skirt and short train wedding dress, pink slippers, and large high lace hat trimmed with flowers. She wore light curls, and was abundantly rouged. Her vis-a-vis was a petite maiden in short cherry silk, that displayed a pretty foot and ankle. She wore a very sheer white muslin apron, long-sleeved and high-necked, gathered in at the throat, that served in the pauses of the dance as a fan. A Gipsy hat with long blue streamers completed the toilet. The third lady wore a dark old-fashioned silk, high powdered hair and large comb; the fourth was enveloped in a huge cape bonnet that concealed every vestige of her face, and covered a large portion of her body. The gentlemen who figured in this set wore long, swallow-tailed coats, some of fancy silk and some of gay striped awning cloth, tow wigs, and high, clumsy looking hats, but the most conspicuous articles of their toilets were the short, loose, broad striped pants, made of gay awning cloth, and in the vigorous movements of the dance the wearers seemed very anxious to display their striped limbs. In the interlude between the dances two of the party swung a jumping rope, while others, including the wearer of the wedding dress and the youthful maiden, jumped over it.

The whole affair was said to be the most amusing entertainment of its kind ever given by the City Hospital.

"School."

On Thursday and Friday evenings, December 13th and 14th, Robertson's amusing Comedy, "School," was charmingly rendered in the Clinton street Opera House, for the benefit of the Rochester City Hospital, by the Gilbert Dramatic Society, assisted by the Rochester Opera Club Chorus, under the direction of J. Matt Angle and D. M. Dewey, with the following cast of characters:

Jack Poyntz, .................Mr. Pomeroy P. Dickinson.
Beau Farintosh, .................Mr. J. Matt Angle.
Dr. Sutcliffe, .................Mr. M. B. Turpin.
Mr. Krux, .................Mr. James M. Bruff.
Lord Beaufoy, .................Mr. Cyrus H. Polley.
The Hospital Review.

Thanks.

The managers of the Rochester City Hospital would tender their grateful thanks to the editors and proprietors of the city papers for their notices, advertisements and effective editorials, that contributed so largely to the success of the Donation Festival, and for their untiring efforts to stimulate contributions to the $25,000 fund needed by the Hospital; to the Democrat and Chronicle for a large and very liberal amount of printing, including cards, placards, programmes, etc.; to James Field for the use of flags, bunting, and for his tasteful decorating of the Rink; to Carroll, Hutchings, Southard & Co., for a large amount of decorations, and to Messrs. Carroll and Williams for personal services in decorating; to Mr. W. J. Smith for personal services in decorating, and for hanging placards and also for the services of one man Friday morning; to Burke, Fitz Simons, Hone & Co. for the use of 300 yards of flannel for decorations; to Hotel Ontario for the use of the flags of all nations; to the Rochester Orphan Asylum for the use of the rainbow arch; to Charles W. Trotter for the use, putting up and taking down of ranges, and for the services of one man for two days; to Bascom & Morgan, for gas pipe and for the use of gas stove; to eight men from Whitney's elevator, for services at the Rink for two evenings under charge of Henry Backus; to Copeland & Durgin, for the use of 68 tables; to Mr. Wm. C. Bush, for the use of tables; to Howe & Rogers, for the use of rugs; to J. W. Martin & Brothers, for the use of a piano; to Major Cleary, Chief of Police, for the services of policemen, and to the policemen for protecting the Rink night and day; to W. H. Glenny & Co., for the use of dishes; to A. G. Yates, for Silver Lake ice; to Mr. Dickinson, for one half ton of coal; to Mr. William B. Morse & Co., for lumber; to the proprietor of the Osburn House, for the services of Mr.
McSweeney as carver, and to Messrs. S. J. Arnold, C. Sugru, McSweeney, A. O. Gordon, J. Ward Stebbins, N. S. Phelps, H. S. Hanford, John T. Fox, Ira Hebbard, D. E. Jackson and George W. Sweeney, for carving; to Danford and Knapp, for a large amount of cartage; to K. P. Shed, for cartage and use of baskets; to Clements Brothers, for cartage; to the Executive Board for the removal of garbage; to all who took part in the evening entertainments at the Rink, or contributed by their presence, gifts or services to the success of the festival. They would also gratefully acknowledge their indebtedness to Mr. J. Matt Angle and Mr. D. M. Dewey, as stage managers at the opera of "School" also, to Mrs. O. W. Moore for personal services in connection with the Dramatic entertainment; to Messrs. Edward Walbridge and Morley Turpin, for the sale of tickets for five days; to Messrs. David Hays, Wm. Burke, Whitney Williams and George Pond, who acted as ushers, and to the members of the Gilbert Dramatic Society and Opera Club chorus, for their successful and gratifying representations on Thursday and Friday evenings at the Opera House.

RECEIPTS
AT THE
Donation Festival,
HELD AT
WASHINGTON STREET RINK,
December 6th and 7th 1888.

CASH DONATIONS.

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<th>Name of Donor</th>
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<td>D. W. Powers</td>
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<td>W. S. Kimball</td>
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<td>Legacy from the late Mrs. Carter Wilder</td>
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<td>Alfred Wright</td>
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<td>The late Chas. Fitz Simons for a free bed in the children's pavilion for 2½ years</td>
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<td>Hiram W. Sibley</td>
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List of Contributions Collected by the German Ladies:

Collected by Mrs. Henry Klein and Mrs. Carl F. Lomb:

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Total: $119 00

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**Total amount:** $201.00

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**Collected by Mrs. Rudolph Holheinz:**

- H. Bartholomay: $300.00
- Phil Bartholomay: $2.00
- Mrs. Bandbeck: $1.00
- R. H. Holheinz: $2.00
- Wm. Bartholomay: $5.00
- H. Bartholomay, Jr: $1.00
- G. H. Haas: $5.00

**Total:** $316.00

---

**Collected by Mrs. Frederick Cook:**

- Frederick Cook: $25.00
- Joseph Siegfried: $5.00
- William Siegfried: $5.00
- Frederick Miller: $5.00
- Louis Wehln: $5.00
- Henry Norden: $5.00
- P. F. Rauber: $5.00
- C. Eckhardt: $5.00
- R. Weis: $5.00
- John Rauber: $10.00
- Robert Kaucher: $1.00
- Frederick Roth: $5.00
- Geo. Wagner: $5.00
- Herman Bunn: $5.00
- C. C. Myers: $6.00
- E. Satterlee: $10.00
- John Weis: $20.00
- August Koeh: $5.00
- Louis Baurer: $5.00
- Casper Wehle: $10.00
- Charles Metzlter: $5.00
- P. J. Myers: $5.00
- Cash: $10.00
- C. W. Zimmer: $3.00
- Jacob Goering: $10.00
- G. C. Jacobs: $1.00
- Mat. Kondolf: $10.00
- Peter Pitkin: $5.00
- Henry Waltjen: $5.00
- George L. Felsinger: $5.00
- W. H. Sparr: $1.00
- Friend: $5.00
- E. Bloss Parsons: $25.00

**Total:** $325.00

---

Following is the list of subscribers to the fund amounting to $445.50, which was raised by the ladies of the Jewish congregation:

**Collected by Mrs. J. L. Garson and Mrs. H. Goodman:**

- Mrs. J. L. Garson: $3.00
- Mrs. L. Adler: $3.00
- Mrs. H. Rice: $2.50
- Mrs. A. Adler: $2.00
- Mrs. Levi Adler: $2.00
- Mrs. Sol Adler: $2.00
- Mrs. S. Baurer: $2.00
- Mrs. J. Shreier: $2.00
- Mrs. A. Rosenburg: $2.00
- Mrs. J. Marks: $2.00
- Mrs. M. L. Garson: $2.00

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The Hospital Review
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**Total** $51 50

Collected by Mrs. Leo Stein and Mrs. I. A. Baum:

| Stein Manufacturing Co.     | 25 00  |
| S. Stein                    | 10 00  |
| L. Lowenthal                | 3 00   |
| Mrs. R. Lichtenstein        | 3 00   |
| Mrs. Leo Stein              | 3 00   |
| Mrs. Tiechner               | 2 50   |
| Mrs. Jacobi                 | 2 50   |
| Mrs. Bronner                | 2 00   |
| Mrs. Leo Bloch              | 2 00   |
| Mrs. J. Ettenheimer         | 2 00   |
| Mrs. Wm. Wolf               | 2 00   |
| Mrs. C. Barry               | 2 00   |
| Mrs. M. L. Guttman          | 2 00   |
| Mrs. I. A. Baum             | 2 00   |
| S. L. Ettenheimer           | 3 00   |
| W. Miller                   | 3 00   |
| E. S. Ettenheimer           | 3 00   |
| Mrs. M. L. Guttman          | 2 00   |
| Morris Schwartz             | 2 00   |
| Mrs. Louis W. Moore         | 1 50   |
| Mrs. N. Stein               | 1 50   |
| A. G. Fechenbach            | 1 00   |
| Mrs. Wiley                  | 1 00   |
| Mrs. W. Beir                | 1 00   |
| Mrs. Epstein                | 1 00   |
| Mrs. W. Miller              | 1 00   |
| Mrs. M. Moerel              | 1 00   |
| Mrs. Pincon                 | 1 00   |
| Mrs. Savage                 | 1 00   |
| Mrs. H. Schwartz            | 1 00   |
| Mrs. C. Strauss             | 1 00   |
| Mrs. H. Rosenberg           | 1 00   |
| Mrs. D. Abeles              | 1 00   |
| J. Miller                   | 1 00   |
| H. Schwartz                 | 1 00   |
| Mrs. B. Herman              | 1 00   |
| Mrs. G. Wile                | 1 00   |
| Miss Hortense Solomon       | 1 00   |
| Mrs. Straussman             | 1 00   |
| Mrs. S. Wile                | 1 00   |
| Mrs. Dittelbach             | 1 00   |
| Mrs. S. Abeles              | 1 00   |
| Mrs. S. Guggenheimer        | 1 00   |
| Mrs. J. Goodman             | 1 00   |
| Master Sim. Wile            | 50     |

**Total** $80 00

Collected by Mrs. B. Rothschild and Mrs. I. M. Hays:

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<td>D. M. Garson</td>
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<td>D. Rosenburg</td>
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<td>Mrs. Felix Wolff</td>
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<td>Mrs. H. Rosenburg</td>
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<td>T. Meyer</td>
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<td>Mrs. H. Rosenburg</td>
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<td>A. Dinkelspiel</td>
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<td>J. M. Garson</td>
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<td>J. Katz</td>
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<td>M. Meyer</td>
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<td>Ed. A. Beir</td>
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<td>Mrs. M. Garson</td>
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<td>Mrs. J. Cauffman</td>
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<td>Mrs. M. Lipsky</td>
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<td>Mrs. E. Kirstein</td>
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<td>Mrs. D. M. Garson</td>
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<td>B. Murk</td>
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<td>H. Lempert</td>
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<td>Mr. Rosenbaum</td>
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<td>Mrs. A. Hays</td>
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<td>Mrs. Hochstetter</td>
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<td>A. B. Wolf</td>
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<td>Mrs. Goldberg</td>
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<td>Mrs. Steefel</td>
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<td>A Friend</td>
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**Total** $94 50

Collected by Miss Minnie Hochstetter and Miss Picard:

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<td>M. Goldsmith</td>
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<td>S. M. Benjamin</td>
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<td>A. Benjamin</td>
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<td>A. Block</td>
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**Total** $80 00
THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

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Sol. Strauss ........................................ $ 1 00
E. Kaliski ........................................ 1 00
Abe Strauss ........................................ 1 00
Sam Strauss ........................................ 1 00
E. Steinfeld ........................................ 1 00
Fred Van Bergh ................................... 1 00
Morris Van Bergh ................................ 1 00
Fechenbach ........................................ 1 00
Joseph Blumenstiel .............................. 1 00
P. .................................................. 1 00
Cash ................................................ 50

Total .............................................. $31 50

Collected by Miss Lillie Strauss and Miss Claire L. Wolff :
Chas. Blum ......................................... 5 00
Cash ................................................ 2 00
Rudolph Stern ...................................... 2 00
Ludwig Stein ....................................... 2 00
Sol. Savage ........................................ 2 00
Sam Solomon ....................................... 2 00
Jacob ............................................... 2 00
Isaac A. Wile ...................................... 2 00
Marcus Strauss ..................................... 2 00
A. Stettheimer .................................... 2 00
J. Lempert ......................................... 1 00
M. Aronson ......................................... 1 00
Max Schwartz ....................................... 1 00
Sol. Solomon ........................................ 1 00
Sam Garson .......................................... 1 00
Chas. Garson ....................................... 1 00
Abe Garson ......................................... 1 00
Hirman Stern ....................................... 1 00
David Hays ......................................... 1 00
Walter Hays ........................................ 1 00
Albert Beir ........................................ 1 00
Henry Hays ......................................... 1 00
The A. Hays ........................................ 1 00
Moses Marks ........................................ 1 00
W. Fishel ........................................... 1 00
Maurice Garson .................................... 1 00
Henry Guggenheimer .............................. 1 00
Albert Guggenheimer ............................. 50
Marcus Hirschfield ................................ 5 00
Henry Cohn ........................................ 2 00
J. A. Eichman ..................................... 1 00

Total .............................................. $125 50

RECEIPTS FROM LUNCH TABLES

Thursday, December 6th, 1888.

German Ladies' table ................................ $ 151 38
Universalist Church table .......................... 80 00
St. Peter's, Christ and St. Andrew's Church tables ........................................ 156 00
Brick Church table ................................ 166 05
St. Paul's Church table ............................ 101 75
Third Presbyterian Church table ................... 124 72
St. Luke's Church table ............................ 90 62

Total .............................................. $870 52

Friday, December 7th, 1888.

Central Church table ................................ $ 84 65
First Presbyterian Church table ................... 117 00
Baptist Churches' tables ........................... 190 87
Plymouth Church tables ............................. 71 45
Unitarian Church table ............................. 153 00

Total .............................................. $616 47

RECEIPTS FROM FANCY ARTICLES.

Miss Mumford's table ................................ $ 629 50
Mrs. Ellwanger's Oriental booth ................... 245 12
Mrs. Kimball's flower and candy table .............. 118 50
Esther Chapin's basket table :
Sale of baskets .................................... $70 00
Mrs. C. D. VanZandt ................................ 10 00
A Friend ............................................ 20 00
Mrs. L. S. Chapin ................................ 5 00
Cash ................................................ 5 00

Total .............................................. $110 00

Mrs. Hamilton's children's table ................... 167 40
Mrs. Geo. Perkins' tea table ........................ 50 63
Beulah W. Smith's table ............................ 22 81
Margaret Wright, scales ................................ 10 00
Mrs. Adams, ice cream (evenings) ................... 18 80
Mrs. Gordon, lemonade .............................. 61 55
Check room ......................................... 50 90
Evening entertainments ................................ 541 60

"School" by Mrs. Moore and others
December 13th and 14th, 1888 ......................... 175 50

Total .............................................. $2,201 8
Of the above subscriptions the sum of $465 is still unpaid. The total receipts of the donation up to date amounts to $21,157. HO.

Donated Bills.

Henry S. Hebard, $45.60; Copeland & Dur-gin, $90.00; Schmitt & Kalbfleisch, $30.00; James Field, $85.00; H. S. Diggin, $10.00; Frank Van Doorn, $7.50; Hilbert Truck Co., Cartage. H. C. Wisner $80 in goods.

MRS. WM. H. PERKINS, Treasurer.

In consequence of the illness of the treasurer, there may be some errors or omissions in her report. Should there be any, these will be corrected in the January REVIEW, where the recapitulation will be given.—Ed.

DONATIONS FOR Refreshment and Fancy Tables.

The Tables of the German Ladies—Mrs. Frederick Cook, Chairman, assisted by Mrs. Edward Bausch, Mrs. Henry Mutschler, Mrs. Henry Klein, Mrs. Julius Schmitt, Mrs. C. F. Lomb, Mrs. George Koch, Mrs. C. S. Mensing, Mrs. Julius C. Hoffman, Mrs. Rudolph Hofheinz, Mrs. William Bartholomay, Misses Libbie and Emma Goetzman, Celia Woelters, Anna Bausch, Emma Block, Maggie Bauer, Hattie Hertzberger, Miller, and Maggie Gerling.

Mrs. Zimmer, turkey.

" Frederick Goetzman, turkey, Charlotte Russe, coffee, cake.

Mrs. Henry Klein, turkey, cake.

" Rudolph Hofheinz, turkey, coffee, cake.

" C. F. Lomb, turkey, Charlotte Russe.

" C. S. Mensing, turkey, chicken salad.

" Mrs. John Weis, turkey, celery.

" Schnarr, alamode beef.

" Henry Bartholomay, alamode beef, coffee cake.

Mrs. J. J. Bausch, alamode beef, cranberry jelly, pickles, catsup.

Mrs. Frederick Cook, chicken pie, lobster salad. Miss Celia Woelters, Mrs. Rudolph Weis, lobster salad.

Mrs. Albert Will, chicken salad.

" Frederick Will, chicken salad, Charlotte Russe.

Mrs. Edward Bausch, chicken salad, biscuits.

" Conrad Hertzberger, Mrs. Julius Hoffman, chicken salad, cake.

Mrs. Bernard Felock, Mrs. Boughton, Mr. Beque, Mrs. Meitzler, Mrs. Henry Will, Charlotte Russe.

Mrs. Henry Brinker, Mrs. Louis Hertzberger, hams.

Mrs. Wm. Bartholomay, napkins, fruit, olives, catsup.

Mrs. Dr. Schmidt, biscuits, lemons, cranberry jelly.

Mrs. E. Schauer, coffee cake.

Miss Bauer, Mrs. Henry Bausch, Mrs. L. Hoffman, Mrs. Albert Hoeret, Mrs. Henry Koble, Mrs. E. Miller, Mrs. Joseph Shale, Mrs. Frederick Shale, Mrs. T. Hoffman, cake.

Miss Block, cake, catsup.

Mrs. George Koch, wine jellies.

The Universalist Church Tables of Mrs. H. S. Hanford, Chairman, assisted by Mrs. D. Bly, Mrs. E. B. Chace, Mrs. F. M. McFarlin, Mrs. Geo. M. Sweet, Mrs. W. E. Balkam, Mrs. J. W. Hannan, Mrs. F. D. McCord, Mrs. H. S. Tucker, Mrs. Cyrus Polley, Mrs. Alice Taylor, Mrs. George B. Montgomery. Waitresses:—Misses Fanny McFarlin, Teddie and Florence Remington, Laura Chace, Jessie Holley and Carrie Smith.

Mrs. J. W. Hannan, Mrs. George Crouch, sr., Mrs. George Crouch, jr., turkeys.

Mrs. D. Bly, turkey, chicken salad.

" James Sargent, turkey and jelly.

" Thomas Bolton, goose.

" H. S. Hanford, duck.

" S. Remington, Mrs. I. F. Force, chicken pies.

Mrs. E. B. Chace, tongue, flowers, olives, fruit.

" Marsh Whipple, tongue, biscuit.

" K. Clinton, ham.

" F. M. McFarlin, lobsterserad.

" J. Moses, Mrs. George Sweet, Mrs. George Stilling, chicken salads.

Mrs. W. E. Balkham, chicken salad. Charlotte Russe, angel food.

Mrs. J. M. Dunning, 2 dishes Charlotte Russe.

" J. W. Graves, Mrs. Milton Smith, Mrs. Wm. Pitkin, Mrs. J. G. Ardy, Mrs. J. S. Graham, Charlotte Russe.

Mrs. H. J. Howe, Mrs. D. Garrison, Mrs. J. S. Irwin, pies.

Mrs. H. S. Tucker, potatoes, squash, turnip.

" C. Ferry, Parker House rolls, wine jelly.

" F. B. M. Cord, bread, pickles.

" M. N. VanZandt, biscuits, lemon jelly.

" J. B. Whipple, biscuits, cranberries.

" R. Milliman, biscuits.

" J. Curtiss, Savatoga potatoes.

" J. C. Cook, Mrs. W. R. Gray, Mrs. C. M. Palmer, Mrs. N. Miller, Mrs. J. F. Sage, cake.

Mrs. Douglas. Hovey, 2 dozen celery.

" Mrs. N. B. Phelps, 2 cans fruit.

" Mrs. John Force. Mrs. J. White, flowers.

" Mrs. Frances Polly, napkins.

" Mrs. B. D. Williams, $2.00.

" H. S. Greenleaf, $5.00.

Mrs. W. L. Halsey, Mrs. J. B. Prentiss, turkeys, cranberries.
Mrs. T. Evershed, turkey, pickles.
Mrs. W. A. Baldwin, Mrs. B. E. Chase, Mrs. A. G. Yates, Mrs. J. W. Warner, turkeys.
Mrs. T. G. Moulson, chicken pie, squash pies, jelly.
Mrs. C. B. Hatch, Mrs. Eugene Glen, chicken pies.
Mrs. P. B. Hulett, ducks, pickles.
" D. B. Beach, ham, cake, mince pies, pickles.
" S. G. Andrews, tongue, bread, pickles.
" Jonas Jones, chicken salad, lemon pie.
" E. Martin, Mrs. J. L. Hatch, Mrs. E. F. Woodbury, Mrs. Eugene Curtis, Mrs. H. H. Warner, Mrs. H. W. Sibley, Miss H. S. Mumford, chicken salads.
Mrs. George Weldon, Charlotte Russe, wine jelly.
Mrs. J. S. Killip, Charlotte Russe, cake.
" C. Clark, Mrs. F. W. Elwood, Mrs. J. J. Robins, Mrs. Frank Ansden, Mrs. A. J. Hatch, Mrs. R. S. Kenyon, Charlotte Russe.
Mrs. D. H. Griffith, clam chowder.
" Mrs. H. M. Ellsworth, wine jelly, cranberry, cherry pies, fruit, and Saratoga potatoes.
Mrs. George A. Hotchkiss, lemon jelly.
" Mrs. Charles L. Newton, Mrs. W. C. Hadley, Mrs. E. W. Walker, Mrs. G. E. Merchant, Mrs. W. L. Kingman, Miss Lois Whitney, cake.
Mrs. Alfred Jackson, cake, wine jelly.
" Miss Lovecraft, cake, cheese.
Mrs. N. Thompson, pickles.
Mr. W. R. Corris, olives.
Mrs. A. E. Perkins, 2 bottles olives.
" J. W. Gillis, Mrs. James Kelly, Mrs. W. C. Dickin- kins, Miss Ansden, biscuits.
Mrs. J. W. Fisher, fruit.
" W. N. Oothout, basket grapes.
White Bros., flowers.
Mr. Robert Meyers, Japanese napkins.
Mr. S. D. W. Cleveland, $3.00.
Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Israel Foote, $8.00.

The Brick Church Tables of Mrs. C. E. West, Mrs. Alfred Wright, Mrs. W. H. Gorsline, Mrs. Charles Angle, Mrs. W. R. Taylor, Miss M. R. Shaw, Mrs. E. D. Chapin, Mrs. L. G. Wetmore, Mrs. Irvin Moses, Mrs. S. J. Arnold, Mrs. Julia Davis, Miss M. E. Thompson, Mrs. S. C. Steele, Mrs. G. N. Storms, Mrs. C. F. Weaver, Mrs. George Motley, Mrs. James Lord, Mrs. A. N. Lindsay, Mrs. E. D. Webster, Miss H. E. Stone, Mrs. John Woodbury, Mrs. Alex. Prentice, Mrs. C. C. Laney, Mrs. Carrie McKindley, Mrs. John M. Steele, Mrs. J. D. C. Rumsey, Mrs. J. H. Humburch, Mrs. A. G. Wright, Misses Lilie Motley, Nellie Motley, Margaret Carson, Mary Haak, Helen Strong, Lilie Leavenworth, Marion Wright, Carolyn Chapin, Rena G. West, Louise Steele, Florence Storms, Clara Reed, Grace Otis, Carrie Upton, Upton, D. McBride, Mrs. Robert Little, Mrs. A. Clark.

Mrs. W. H. Gorsline, turkey, 100 oysters, 6 lobsters, 6 heads lettuce, bread, fruit.
Mrs. J. H. Humburch, turkey, duck.

Mrs. Robert Little, turkey, olives.
" Marvin Culver, turkey, biscuit.
" Alfred Wright, turkey, 4 dozen celery, 3 bottles salad oil, 2 chickens, pickles, flowers, ice.
Mrs. S. J. Arnold, Mrs. J. D. C. Rumsey, Mrs. George Motley, Mrs. A. G. Whitecomb, Mrs. C. F. Weaver, turkeys.
Mrs. Ell Upton, Mrs. Frank Upton, ducks.
Mr. A. W. Rogers, ham.
Mrs. C. E. Angle, 4 chickens, 3 lemon pies, cheese, pickles, flowers.
Mrs. J. H. Lord, 3 chickens.
" E. P. Reid, Mrs. A. G. Wright, 2 chickens each.
Mrs. Eli Leavenworth, Mrs. S. C. Steele, Mrs. J. H. Chase, chicken pies.
Mrs. A. Stevens, 2 tongsue.
Miss Mary Shaw, 2 dishes Charlotte Russe.
Mrs. A. Prentice, 2 dishes Charlotte Russe, flowers.
Mrs. J. R. Culross, Mrs. J. C. Woodbury, Mrs. A. M. Lindsey, Mrs. Clark Johnston, Mrs. H. A. Strong, Miss Mary Haak, Miss M. E. Thompson, Charlotte Russe.
Mrs. Ira L. Otis, 6 mince pies, 2 loaves cake.
" Carrie A. Broxley, Mrs. B. F. Shaw, Mrs. L. G. Wetmore, each 2 loaves cake.
Mrs. Sherman, cake, kisses.
Miss Frances Eddy, Mrs. P. Ford, cake.
Mrs. E. A. Webster, cake, 2 moulds wine jelly.
" Louis Chinn, 2 moulds jelly.
" Carrie McKindley, 4 glasses jelly, cake.
" W. R. Taylor, 6 moulds cranberry jelly.
" Uriah Lee, 2 mince pies.
" C. C. Laney, 3 loaves brown bread, flowers.
" S. P. Moulthrop, olives.
" Mrs. W. H. Matthews, pickles, biscuit.
" E. D. Chapin, Mrs. Edward Webster, Mrs. G. N. Storms, Mrs. John M. Steele, Mrs. Mary Carson, biscuits.
Mr. W. Corris, 1½ bushels potatoes.
Mrs. Jacob Howe, 10 lbs. crackers.
" Charles H. Wilkins, fruit.
" Griffith, $5.
" Mrs. I. S. Disbrow, $1.50.
" S. Teal, Mrs. E. Lyon, Miss Dunning, each $1.00.

The Christ, St. Peter's and St. Andrew's Churches Tables of Mrs. J. Moreau Smith, Mrs. J. W. Stebbins, Mrs. George Moss, Chairmen, assisted by Mrs. S. H. Briggs, Mrs. Herbert Ward, Mrs. J. B. Ward, Mrs. Fred Allen, Mrs. G. P. Thompson, Mrs. C. R. Parsons, Mrs. C. Laney, Mrs. George Archer, Mrs. Samuel Wilder, Mrs. George Raines, Mrs. Frank Embry, Mrs. Edmund Smith, Mrs. J. C. Kalbfleisch.
Davis, Otis, Emily Smith, Carrie Quimby, Edith Ashley, Lois Quimby, Newman, Birdie Stewart, Humphrey, Bessee Morris.
Mrs. George Elwood, Mrs. H. B. Clark and Mrs. Wm. Smith.

Mrs. Freeman Clarke, 6 turkeys, 4 ducks, 6 glasses jelly, pickles, lobster and chicken salads.
Mrs. J. Moreau Smith, turkey, brown bread, 4 jars pickles, 2 moulds cranberry jelly.
Mrs. W. N. Jones, turkey, jelly.
" A. C. Smith, turkey, salad.
" L. Ward, turkey, biscuits.
" Laney, turkey, rolls.
" H. R. Selden, Mrs. C. R. Parsons, Miss Sauer, Mrs. A. S. Mann, Mrs. E. M. Smith, Mrs. L. Ward Clarke, Mrs. Joseph P. Thompson, Mrs. George Rains, Mrs. Thomas Leighton, Mrs. George Edlward, Mrs. Bowden, turkeys.

Mr. A. Schake, 2 chickens.
Mrs. Samuel Wilder, 4 ducks.
" C. C. Woodworth, 3 ducks.
" F. Embry, Miss I. P. Quinby, chicken pies.
" J. E. Hayden, ham.
" Wm. S. Kimball, Miss Argyle, Mrs. L. A. Ward, Mrs. George Archer, Mrs. E. M. Osburn, Mrs. Hiram Sibley, Mrs. I. S. Averill, Mrs. C. Ellis, Mrs. J. F. Alden, salads.

Mrs. C. H. Angel, chicken salad, biscuits.
" Frank Enos, oysters.
" J. B. Ward, Mrs. J. W. Stebbins, Mrs. A. Sprague, Mrs. J. A. Biegler, Mrs. L. E. Morris, Mrs. W. K. Chapin, Mrs. H. Scronant, Mrs. H. F. Hart, Mrs. R. A. Sibley, Mrs. David Hoyt, Charlotte Russe.

Mrs. W. H. Ward, Charlotte Russe, cream.
" C. C. Woodworth, 2 dishes Charlotte Russe.
" Howard, Mrs. Ira Otis, pies.
" D. L. Polley, tarts.
" Deitrich, chocolate cake, biscuit.

Miss C. Steele, Miss Otis, each 2 loaves cake.
" Dewey, Mrs. Griffin, Miss Quinby, Mrs. George French, Mrs. W. S. DeLee, Mrs. F. P. Smith, Mrs. J. M. Davis, cake.

Miss Davis, ole cottoes.
Mrs. W. H. Ward, celery, jelly.
" George Selden, cranberries.

Miss Amelia Wright, Mrs. J. H. Kennedy, jelly.
" Royce, lemon jelly.

Mrs. George Humphrey, wine jelly.
" W. H. Shuart, 4 doz. biscuits, olives.
" J. C. Kahlbold, biscuits, jelly, pickles.

" Harding, Mrs. S. H. Briggs, Mrs. H. I. Ward, Mrs. Kindon, biscuits.

Mrs. M. B. Sanford, brown bread.
" J. G. Cutler, 3 bottles olives.

" Harvey W. Brown, grapes.

" S. Millman, H. V. Clarke, fruit.

" Steele & Avery, 250 napkins.

James Mathews, 1 box of cigars.
Salter Brothers, cut flowers.
Mr. Hill, celery.
Mr. Cooper, celery.

Powers Hotel, hot vegetables.
Mrs. Theodore Bacon, $1.50.

St. Luke's Church Tables of Mrs. J. O. Howard, chairman, assisted by Mrs. Edward W. Williams, Mrs. George D. Williams, Mrs. Mary E. Chapin, Mrs. J. Z. Newcomb, Mrs. Wilson Soule. Waitresses—Misses Rowena Sill, Florence Howard, Lulu Hathaway, Minnie Stowell, Marion Horton, Nellie Hone, Sadie Cochran and Julia Backus.

Mrs. Frank Brewster, Mrs. Harvey Gorton, Miss R. B. Long, Mrs. E. M. Moore, Sr., Mrs. Henry Moore, Mrs. Thomas Rains, Mrs. C. Rogers, Mrs. D. A. Watson, turkeys.

Mrs. E. Ely, 3 chickens.

Mrs. G. W. Fisher, Mrs. George C. Carter, pork and beans.

Mrs. Robert Mathews, ducks, rolls.
Mrs. Walter C. Lewis, Miss Northrop, Mrs. Jus. Woldorf, ducks.

Mrs. Allen Cummins, Mrs. Hathaway, Mrs. Charles B. Potter, Mrs. Wilson Soule, Mrs. Alexander Thompson, chicken salads.

Mrs. Charles Fitch, 3 dishes shrimp salald.

" Wm. Eastwood, tongue.

Miss Wild, chicken salad, jelly.

Mrs. John Moore, ham.

Pomeroy Brewester, 3 dishes Charlotte Russe.

Mrs. Charles H. Babcock, Mrs. P. Farley, Mrs. S. B. Raymond, Mrs. W. C. Rowley, Mrs. Charles Ford, Charlotte Russe.

Mrs. Henry Anstice, Saratoga potatoes.
" Josiah Anstice, 4 pies, cheese.

" Mary E. Chapin, 4 pies.
" J. O. Howard, pumpkin pies.

Mrs. King, mince pies, Saratoga potatoes.

Miss M. M. Montgomery, butter balls.

Mrs. N. Kingman, jelly, rolls, pickles.

Mrs. Wm. Rebasz, 2 lemon jellies.

Miss Saxton, 2 bowls jelly.

Anderson, 2 dishes cranberries.

Mrs. Harmon, 2 glasses jelly.

Miss Pitkin, 3 lbs. sugar.

Mrs. Dr. Angell, Mrs. E. C. Clark, Mrs. Milton Clark, Mrs. R. McLaughlin, rolls.

Mrs. Gregory, Mrs. L. Sherwood, biscuits.

" George Selden, Miss Sarah Frost, Mrs. S. B. Raymond, Mrs. W. C. Ford, Charlotte Russe.

" A. M. Bristol, Miss Sarah Frost, Mrs. R. Hart, Miss J. Hawks, Mrs. B. R. Lawrance.

Mrs. H. Pool, Mrs. Q. Van Voorhis, cake.

Mrs. F. Whittlesey, nut cake.

" Emma Gerson, fig cake.

" Edward Frost, sponge cakes, cream, apples.

" Geo. M. Williams, cake, pickles.

" Geo. M. Williams, cake, cranberries, rolls.

" Foster Warner, celery.

" J. M. Backus, basket fruit.

" Drake, box grapes.

" Henry B. Hoyt, 2 doz. oranges.

" James R. Chamberlain, tomato and cucum-

" Henry Anstice, Saratoga potatoes.

Mrs. J. H. Hill, turkey, Saratoga potatoes.
Mrs. Henry H. Morse, 2 ducks.
" S. D. Bentley, ham.
" J. H. Brewster, chicken pie.
" Wm. S. Little, chicken salad, celery, flowers.
" Edward Harris, chicken salad, wine jelly.
Mrs. F. Macumber, chicken salad.
" M. D. L. Hayes, Mrs. John Palmer, Miss E. Breck, Charlotte Russe.

Mrs. Joseph Harris, 3 mince pies.
" Charles C. Morse, wine jelly.
" J. C. Van Epps, Edan cheese, cranberries.
" David Cory, Mrs. John Mandeville, each 100 biscuits.

Mrs. Clark Copeland, grapes, flowers.
" S. S. Brewer, oranges, bananas.

The Plymouth Church Tables of Mrs. A. M. Moser, Chairman, assisted by Mrs. J. B. Bloss, Mrs. Wm. R. Seward, Mrs. Wm C. Seward, Mrs. Jerome Keyes, Mrs. Daniel Clark, Mrs. Samuel Griswold, Miss Helen Hooker. Waitresses—Misses Wait, Helen Hooker, Bertha Hooker, Marion Robbins, Mary Smith, Kittie Keyes, Ida Adams, Mary Seward. Florence Day, Grace Haywood, Ada Kent, Lizzie Darrow and Mollie Hibbard.

Mrs. Joseph Farley, Mrs. John Hopkins, Mrs. W. S. Osgood, Mrs. Fred Sherwood, Mrs. Brackett Clark, Mrs. Durbin, turkeys.

Mrs. Myron Adams, Mrs. Wm R. Seward, Mrs. Hiram Hoyt, each 2 ducks.

Mrs. Wm. N. Emerson, chicken pie.
" A. M. Moser, chicken pie, mashed potatoes.
" E. V. Stoddard, salad, cranberries.
" L. P. Ross, Mrs. C. Darrow, Mrs. Daniel Clark, Mrs. H. E. Hooker, salads.

Mrs. E. B. Booth, Mrs. D. A. Robbins, Mrs. Jerome Keyes, Miss Mary Farley, Charlotte Russe.

Mrs. Henry Brewster, ham.
" W. R. Frary, Mrs. Charles Hoyt, each 2 mince pies.

Mrs. Mary Ford, Mrs. G. G. Wanzer, each 2 squash pies.

Mrs. James Brewster, 2 lemon pies.

Misses Mary Smith, Jessie Van Doorn, lemon jelly.

Mrs. Wm. Miles, Mrs. Hogel, Mrs. Samuel Porter, each 100 biscuits.

Mrs. M. Stillwell, Mrs. W. C. Linton, each 2 loaves cake.

Mrs. E. B. L. Taylor, Mrs. Rhodes, Miss Ida Adams, Mrs. Samuel Porter, Mrs. F. C. Colby, cake.

Mrs. Joseph O'Connor, Mrs. E. W. Peck, olives.
" S. F. Hess, pickles.
" James A. Daly, sugar.
" Galusha Phillips, 3 dozen oranges.

Mrs. Wm. C. Seward, Saratoga potatoes.

Miss Lizzie Darrow, Mrs. E. Wellington, celery.

Mrs. John McKercher, Mrs. J. H. Kent, grapes.

Mrs. Wm. Williamson, paper napkins.

Mrs. J. B. Bloss, $2.

The Unitarian Church Tables of Mrs. Joseph Curtis, Chairman, assisted by Mrs. E. T. Curtis, Mrs. Thomas Leighton, Mrs. Darwin Andrews, Mrs. D. Richmond, Mrs. H. E. Boardman, Misses Clara Warner,

M. E. Dudley, Louise Alling. Waitresses—Mrs. Wilson Soule, Mrs. G. A. Furness, Mrs. Wm. Hall, Mrs. W. J. Curtis, Mrs. Lee Richmond, Mrs. F. A. Brockett, Mrs. Herbert Grant, Mrs. D. E. Kitttridge, Mrs. P. S. Goodwin, Mrs. H. C. Brewster, Misses Mary Howe, May Hines, Mary Pyott, Jessie Post, Fanny Alexander, Florence Howard and Lena Salmons.

Mrs. Wilson Soule, turkey, cake.
" D. Richmond, Mrs. Wm. Hall, Mrs. J. A. Hinds, turkeys.

Mrs. Mary Hallowell, Mrs. J. L. Angle, Mrs. Thomas Leighton, Mrs. Lewis Chase, each 2 ducks.

Mrs. Joseph Curtis, chicken pie, wine jelly, Charlotte Russe.

Mrs. Horace Brewster, Mrs. S. L. Brewster, chicken pies.

Mrs. John Bowser, ham, wine jelly.
" B. F. Blackall, biscuits, brown bread, baked beans.

Mrs. E. T. Curtis, Misses Allen, biscuits.
" Charles Young, cake, cranberries.

Miss F. B. Bishop, Mrs. B. E. Brown, cake.

Mrs. Wm. Cornning, Charlotte Russe, celery.

Misses Jessie Post, Fanny Alexander, celery.

Mrs. Henry Barnard, Charlotte Russe.
" Wm. N. Oothout, mashed potatoes.
" Herbert Grant, pickles.

Mrs. J. D. Curtis, pumpkin pies.

Miss Mary Howe, mince pies.

Mr. Arthur Leutchford, $10.

Miss Clara Warner, $5.

Mrs. Sarah Willis, Miss Maria Porter, each $2.

First Baptist Church Tables of Mrs. K. P. Shed, Chairman, assisted by Mrs. Arthur Leutchford, Mrs. Lewis Sunderlin, Mrs. A. W. Mudge, Mrs. A. H. Cole, Mrs. T. Rogers, Mrs. John Sage, Mrs. J. Lockhart, Mrs. John Barhite, Mrs. R. A. Seeing. Waitresses—Mrs. George Peer, Mrs. W. E. Woodbury, Mrs. Robert Page; Misses Mattie Robins, Alma Leutchford, Kate Andrews, Stella Booth, Roda Crouch, Etta Stewart, Hattie Richmond, Bessie Ocumappaugh and Jessie Shed.

Mrs. E. R. Andrews, Mrs. F. B. Bishop, Mrs. J. W. Whitbeck, Mrs. T. E. Depew, Miss Stella Booth, turkeys.

Mrs. Wm. N. Sage, chicken pie.
" J. Judson, oysters.

" John Sage, Mrs. C. J. Russell, Mrs. R. A. Seeing, Mrs. A. H. Cole, Charlotte Russe.

" Fred. Avery, tongue.

" E. O. Sage, Mrs. W. M. Mudge, Mrs. Arthur Leutchford, salads.

Mrs. Lewis Sunderlin, vegetables.

Mrs. K. P. Shed, vegetables, cheese, nuts, 2 loaves cake.

Mrs. J. B. Jameson, Mrs. C. T. Crouch, pies.

" Henry Mann, Saratoga potatoes.

" B. Babington, Mrs. J. H. McGuire, a friend, cake.

Mrs. W. E. Woodbury, a large supply of choice fruit.

Mrs. L. S. Chapin, Mrs. Herbert Grant, 3 baskets fruit.
Mrs. Battelle, pickles.

"S. C. Coleman, olives.

"J. B. Stoddard, Mrs. George D. Hale, Mrs. Lucy Caldwell, biscuits.

Mrs. Beers, jelly.

Miss Ednah Hurst, flowers.

Mrs. John Stewart, Mrs. H. T. Rogers, each $1.

Second Baptist Church Tables of Mrs. John T. Briggs and Mrs. J. B. Mosely, Chairmen, assisted by Mrs. E. P. Oimsted, Mrs. Marvin Culver, Mrs. F. E. Glen, Mrs. E. D. Elwell, Mrs. W. W. Gilbert, Mrs. Eastman Peck, Mrs. H. M. Webb, Mrs. T. B. Ryder, Mrs. K. A. Hogeboom, Mrs. Herbert Tompkins, Mrs. J. L. Raze. Waitresses—Mrs. T. B. Ryder, Misses Lucy Peck, Clara Huntington, Minnie Donnelly, Lillie Wood, Grace Eiwell, Anna Cramer and Kittie Cramer.

Mrs. J. B. Mosely, turkey, jelly, Saratoga potatoes.

Mrs. C. B. Woodworth, Mrs. C. H. Williams, Mrs. M. B. Anderson, turkeys.

Mrs. M. Galusha, ducks, biscuit.

"Cooper, chicken pie.

"Emil Keuchling, ham.

"Dr. Seeley, Mrs. T. S. Newell, Miss A. Huntington, tongue.

Mrs. Henry Webb, chicken salad.


Mrs. E. Oimsted, Mrs. J. T. Briggs, Mrs. C. P. Work, Mrs. Douglass, Mrs. E. J. Cogswell, Mrs. T. B. Ryder, Charlotte Russe.

Mrs. M. Culver, salad, jelly, flowers.

Mrs. Lucy Peck, Charlotte Russe, olives, salad dressing.

Miss C. Huntington, 3 pies.

Mrs. J. L. Raze, 3 pies, jelly.

"E. D. Elwell, 2 pies.

"John Palmer, jelly.

"W. W. Gilbert, jelly, pie.

"Mrs. S. C. Donnelly, Mrs. Cobb, Mrs. J. G. Cramer, Mrs. H. Tompkins, Mrs. Spinning, cake.

Mr. T. Aldrich, fruits.

Mrs. Weaver, biscuits.

Messrs. White and Schlegel, flowers.

Mrs. J. T. Cramer, 100 Japanese lanterns.

Park Avenue Baptist Church Tables of Mrs. Ira Hebbard, Chairman, assisted by Mrs. C. W. Oviatt, Mrs. E. Caldwell, Mrs. D. M. Humpstone, Mrs. Henry Sage, Mrs. D. Dewey, Mrs. L. McMaster. Waitresses—Misses Ophie Lee, May Cooper, Hattie Dewey, Bertha Whiting, Hattie Oviatt, Susie Hart, Katie Eustace, Alta Hebbard, Jessie Humphstone and Helen McGill.

Mrs. Marcenius Briggs, Mrs. A. Townsend, Mrs. W. Castleman, Mrs. B. Dewey, turkeys.

Mrs. W. Castle, 2 ducks.

"McCarthy, tongue, jelly.

"St. Stark, Mrs. Hedley, Mrs. Edmonds, Mrs. E. S. Caldwell, chicken salad.

Mrs. Wolston, Mrs. H. Highie, Mrs. J. Eustace, Mrs. T. H. Pattison, Charlotte Russe.

Mrs. B. F. Harris, 4 quarts cranberry sauce.

Mrs. M. Lee, Mrs. Wilmoth, Mrs. Charles Widen-er, each 2 mince pies.

Mrs. O. H. Crossmann, 2 mince pies, fruit.

"Mrs. R. Banning, 4 pumpkin pies.

"O. B. True, 50 biscuits.

"Arnold, 50 biscuits, 2 loaves cake.

"L. McMaster, Mrs. Martin, Mrs. L. Arnold, cake.

Mrs. L. J. Persons, jelly.

"C. W. Oviatt, pickles.

"J. Broddy, fruit.

White Brothers, flowers.

Mrs. H. Phinney, $1.

Mrs. A. T. DeLany, Miss Scribner, each 50 cents.

"G. Mixer, 25 cents.


Mrs. Maltby Strong, Mrs. Gilbert Brady, Mrs. B. Hough, Mrs. George C. Buell, Mrs. Emmett Hollister, Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, Mrs. Harrison Lyons, turkeys.

Mrs. R. T. French, turkey, cranberry sauce.

"D. Walbridge, chicken pie, pickles.

"Oscar Crane, Mrs. S. Roby, Mrs. J. C. Hart, Miss A. S. Mumford, chicken pies.

Mrs. D. M. Gordon, Mrs. F. Macomber, Mrs. T. Ives, Mrs. Wm. Lee, ducks.

Mr. George Brown, ham.

Mrs. George Jennings, Mrs. George Hollister, Mrs. Wm. N. Ootbou, chicken salads.

Mrs. G. M. McAllister, chicken salad, oranges.

"A. M. Bennett, Charlotte Russe, Saratoga potatoes.

Mrs. H. D. Williams, Mrs. Arthur Hamilton, each 2 dishes Charlotte Russe.

Mrs. J. W. Canfield, Mrs. Loss, Mr. I. Teall, Mrs. C. F. Pond, Mrs. S. H. Terry, Mrs. David M. Childs, Miss Wilkin, Mrs. Elmer Smith, Charlotte Russe.

Mrs. E. P. Gould, 4 pies, fruit, pickles, bread.

"Howard Barrows, pies, cake.

"N. Millard, jelly.

"George Gould, jelly, pickles.

"James Nichols, Mrs. Arthur Robinson, each 2 loaves cake.

Miss Salie Hall, walnut cake.

"Farrar, 2 loaves queen cake.

Mrs. Poote, cake.

"S. Gould, 100 biscuit.

"B. R. McAlpine, 300 biscuits.

"Wm. Gormley, Mrs. A. McVean, each 200 biscuits.

Mrs. George D. Olds, biscuits.

"F. E. Furman, pies, jelly.

"Wm. Chapin, cranberries, pickles.

"Azel Backus, oranges.

"Henry Goodl, Mrs. John T. Fox, each 2 baskets.

Mr. James Backus, olives.

Mrs. S. S. Avery, napkins.

Miss Denny, Mrs. E. Tompkins, Mrs. J. C. Curtis, Mr. C. P. Ford, each 92.

Mrs. C. Wait, 50 cents.
The Central Church Tables of Mrs. H. R. Stockbridge and Mrs. H. H. Pryor, Chairmen, assisted by Mrs. L. L. Williams, A. P. Little, Mrs. Charles Alling, Mrs. E. M. Wellington, Mrs. S. N. Carhart, Mrs. Samuel Sloan, Mrs. Henry Wray, Mrs. E. B. Fenner, Mrs. John Archer and Mrs. W. B. Morse. Waitresses— Jennie Edgerton, Genevieve Wa't, Mina Snow, Lottie Dewey, Una Stockbridge, Ella Archer, May Townsend and Eda Pryor.

Mrs. Albert Hastings, Mrs. Will. Hubbard, Mrs. S. Sloan, Mrs. Joseph Alling, Mrs. D. L. Covil, Mrs. W. B. Morse, turkeys.

Mrs. H. Martin, ducks.

" H. F. Smith, Mrs. H. A. Brewer, Mrs. W. Watson, chicken pies.

Mrs. L. S. Graves, ham.

" H. H. Pryor, tongue, jelly, cheese.

" E. D. Day, tongue, celery.

" V. Alexander Mrs. F. M. Ellery, tongues.

" H. Wray, chicken salad.

" S. Carhart, Mrs. F. Dewey, Mrs. J. W. Goss, salads.

Mrs. L. L. Williams, Charlotte Russe, jelly, pickles.

Mrs. E. B. Fenner, Mrs. Charles Alling, Mrs. John Archer, Charlotte Russe.

Miss G. Wait, cake, jelly.

Mrs. S. L. Dobben, Mrs. Monell, Miss F. Fox, Mrs. L. Hotchkiss, Mrs. John Ford, Mrs. W. P. Hawkins, cake.

Mrs. H. E. Henderson, Mrs. F. K. Adams, Mrs. A. L. Mabbett, celery.

Mrs. Stanton, mince pies.

" W. Naylor, lemon pies.

" H. T. Brama, pies.

" W. A. Hubbard, Mrs. C. Crittenden, biscuits.

Miss C. Semple, Mrs. Smith, cranberries.

Mrs. H. O. Edgerton, cranberries, fruit.

" H. R. Stockbridge, grapes, olives.

" Luitweller, Saratoga potatoes.

" John M. Davy, $1.50.

" Swarthout, $1, Mrs. Wm. Alling, $.1.

The Lemonade Table of Mrs. D. M. Gordon, Mrs. C. F. Pond and Mrs. H. P. Brewster.

Mr. C. A. Deavenport, 1 box lemons.


The Tea Booth of Mrs. George H. Perkins, Mrs. Wm. H. Ward, Mrs. Erickson Perkins and Mrs. Wm. Eillwanger.

Carroll, Hutchings, Southard & Co., artistic decorations.

Mr. Carroll, valuable personal services in decorating booth.

Howe & Rogers, use of rugs.

Smith, Perkins & Co., Oolong and English breakfast teas.

Mrs. I. Teall, cake.

Mr. W. Bush, use of tables.

Mr. Wm. M. Hoyt, cups and saucers.

Salter Brothers, plants.


Carroll, Hutchings, Southard & Co., James Field, decorations and services in decorating the booth.

Frost & Co., a generous supply of greens for decorations.

J. Keller & Sons, quantity of smilax.

Wm. S. Kimball, potted plants for decorations, orchids, flowers.


Mrs. E. S. Avehill, $.5.

The Fancy and Domestic Table of Miss A. S. Mumford, Miss Lois E. Whitney, Mrs. S. E. Ettenheimer, Mrs. W. E. Hoyt, Mrs. Thomas Chester, Mrs. H. F. Huntington, Mrs. John H. Brewster, Mrs. Henry Anstice, Mrs. E. W. Peck, Mrs. J. M. Whitney, Mrs. Arthur Robinson, Mrs. Granger A. Hollister, Mrs. James C. Hart, Mrs. John P. Gray.


Mrs. Warham Whitney, handkerchief bag, 2 infants' shirts, 3 infants' s-called, 3 worsted hoods, 7 pairs infants' socks.

Mrs. H. F. Huntington, 2 sofa pillows.

Miss Alice Whittlesey, toilet cushion, hem-stitched apron.

Miss Ida Adams, doll's baby basket.

Mrs. J. B. Albert, apron.

Mrs. E. W. Peck, rose bowl square, 7 silver cases.

Mrs. S. G. Andrews, elegant silk quilt, 12 dressed dolls, 8 boxes cake and cookies, 4 jars pickles.

Mrs. Henry Anstice, set of table mats, emery.

Miss May Carpenter, 4 carnation pen-wipers, bunch of perfumed nuts.


Miss Whittlesey, hood.

Mrs. E. J. Howell, decorating 13 calendars, value $.29.

Mrs. John P. Gray, tea-cloth, lamp shade.

Mrs. Calvin Waite, knitted skirt trimming.

Mrs. A. Byron Smith, decorating 5 calendars.

Miss Ada Keut, 2 calendars.

Mrs. Frederick Will, lamp shade.

Mrs. D. H. Griffith, bureau cover, 5 dolls' s-called, 2 hoods.

Miss Griffith, infant's double gown.

Miss Harriet Griffith, Brooklyn, L. L., tea napkin.

Mrs. Edward Cozens, infant's sacque.

Miss J. A. Hamilton, Quakeress.

Miss Maggie Ashley, tidies.

Misses Grace and Mary Lawrancir, 6 dolls' jackets.

Mrs. A. McVean, sofa pillows.

Mrs. Arthur Robinson, apron, hood, handkerchiefs, 5 bags for shoe findings, 3 emeries.

Mrs. E. N. Allen, head pillow.

Mrs. John H. Brewster, 2 sofa pillows, 3 head pillows.

Mrs. E. C. Robinson, baby pillow.
THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

Mrs. James C. Hart, 8 sofa pillows, baby pillow, 3 head pillows.
Mrs. Wm. Mudgett, baby's hood.
Miss Mumford, sunbonnet, baby's sack and shoes.
Mrs. H. H. Morse, 3 satin banners.
Mrs. Mary Laney, broom-brush holder.
Mrs. W. H. Perkins, 5 satin banners.
Mrs. Snow, 3 towel cases.
Mrs. R. A. Sibley, 3 photograph cases, lamp mat.
Miss Robbins, beauteau cover.
Mrs. Seymour, 1 set of reins, pair of bed socks.
Miss Fanny Smith, New York, 6 sleeve holders, bureau cover, knitting bag.
Mrs. J. P. Sherman, sachet, comb case, jewel bag, spectacle cleaner, box for candy.
Mrs. J. S. Ely, glove case.
Mrs. Betty Babcock, 2 fancy pin cushions.
Miss A. E. Bloomer, Scranton, Pa., apron, fascinator, 2 jacket coats.
Miss Amelia Wright, 12 bags.
Mrs. G. A. Furness, 6 sachets.
Mrs. John C. Van Epps, work bag.
Miss J. W. Whitehead, sofa pillow.
Miss Agnes Jeffrey, 3 needle books.
Miss Saxton, mittens, 25 cents.
Miss Clarice Jeffrey, 3 decorated china cups and saucers, 1 bonbonniere.
Miss Fannie A. Hollister, chair cushions.
Mrs. A. Erickson, 3 mince pies, 5 quarts cucumber pickles.
Miss Jeannie Jones, handkerchief case and handkerchief.
Mrs. W. C. Bowley, loaf of fruit cake.
Miss Clara Landsberg, 2 tomato pin cushions.
Mrs. Hubert, 8 holders, 2 boxes.
Mrs. F. A. Mandeville, 3 child's skirts.
Mrs. M. S. Frost, mittens.
Miss Frost, 3 pin cushions, 18 sponge cakes.
Miss Osgood, paper and string bag.
Mrs. S. J. Atwater, sachet bag.
Miss Lois Quinby, 3 shoe-finders.
Miss Emma E. Lampert, paintings in water colors.
Mrs. Eugene Glen, 4 loaves cake.
Mrs. Thomas Chester, work for the year, $80.
A Friend, decorated mite boxes.
Mrs. W. E. Hoyt, a quantity of useful and fancy articles and children's toys.
Miss Lois E. Whitney, decorated china and other articles that sold for $135.50.
Mrs. S. L. Ettenheimer, 12 pincushions, 3 photograph cases, 3 note paper cases, 6 motto cover cases, 4 hair-pin holder, glove case, necktie case, 21 large sachet bags, 24 sandle bags, 2 visitas, silk work bag, book mark, match case, needle book, 2 dust-clothes, tooth-pick holder, watch case, 12 sweet grass baskets, 10 pen wipers, 63 small ribbon sachets, 1 needle and thread cases, comb case, bunch of hanging sachets.

RECEIVED BY MRS. S. L. ETTENHEIMER.

Mrs. Samuel Myers, Schenectady, N. Y., pink silk tidy.
Mrs. J. Silberman; Williamsport, Pa., handkerchief case.
Mrs. A. Rosenberg, laundry bag.
Mrs. S. Rice, infant's hood.
Mrs. Max Binswanger, infant's saucque.
Mrs. Max Lowenthal, crocheted slippers, breakfast cap.
Miss Addie Van Bergh, dust cloth case.
Miss Katie Michaels, photo case.
Miss Sarah Sloman, pincushion.
Miss Katie Sloman, umbrella case.
Miss Frances Lempert, baby's crocheted shoes.
Miss Sophie Strauss, sachet bag.
Mrs. Solomon, tidy.
Miss Clara Beir, tidy.
Mrs. M. H. Lempert, pincusions and match safe.

Miss Minnie Blum, celluloid ornaments.
Miss Amelia Harris, paper roses.
Miss Julia Kirstein, blotters, opera glass bag.
Miss Berta Aaronson, baby's sack and shoes.
"Stella Garson, silk tidy.
"Stella Levi, pin cushion.
"Rosa Beir, handkerchief case.
Mrs. Laura Hays, laundry lists.
Socks, lingerie, toilet case.
"Rosa Sichel, celluloid needle cases.
"Minnie Sichel, fancy almanac.

Miss A. L. Block, Miss Minnie Hochstetter, infant's shoes.
Mrs. A. W. Wolff, silk scarfs.
"M. Goldsmith, needle case.
"N. Newhafer, hair receiver.
"Wm. Miller, button bag.
"Wm. Wolff, doll's bonnets and hats.
"H. Rice, celluloid needle cases.
Miss Lillian Strouds, necessary.
"Clara Wolff, pin cushions.
"Fannie Solomon, sachet, laundry bag.
"Tillie Lowenthal, silk scarf.
Mrs. I. A. Baum, twine receptacle.
Miss Stella Dinkelspiel, sewing case.
"Fanny Benjamin, fancy articles.
"Julia Katz, fancy apron.
Mrs. Ed. J. Beir, note paper case.
Miss Delia Blum, embroidered apron.
"Josie Steinfield, fancy baskets.

Miss Clara Landsberg, 2 tomato pin cushions.
Mrs. J. Silberman, Williamsport, Pa., handkerchief.
Miss Adeline A. Hollister, chair cushions.
Mrs. A. Erickson, 3 mince pies, 5 quarts cucumber pickles.
Miss Jeannie Jones, handkerchief case and handkerchief.
Mrs. W. C. Bowley, loaf of fruit cake.
Miss Clara Landsberg, 2 tomato pin cushions.
Mrs. Hubert, 8 holders, 2 boxes.
Mrs. F. A. Mandeville, 3 child's skirts.
Mrs. M. S. Frost, mittens.
Miss Frost, 3 pin cushions, 18 sponge cakes.
Miss Osgood, paper and string bag.
Mrs. S. J. Atwater, sachet bag.
Miss Lois Quinby, 3 shoe-finders.
Miss Emma E. Lampert, paintings in water colors.
Mrs. Eugene Glen, 4 loaves cake.
Mrs. Thomas Chester, work for the year, $80.
A Friend, decorated mite boxes.
Mrs. W. E. Hoyt, a quantity of useful and fancy articles and children's toys.
Miss Lois E. Whitney, decorated china and other articles that sold for $135.50.
Mrs. S. L. Ettenheimer, 12 pincushions, 3 photograph cases, 3 note paper cases, 6 motto cover cases, 4 hair-pin holder, glove case, necktie case, 21 large sachet bags, 24 sandle bags, 2 visitas, silk work bag, book mark, match case, needle book, 2 dust-clothes, tooth-pick holder, watch case, 12 sweet grass baskets, 10 pen wipers, 63 small ribbon sachets, 1 needle and thread cases, comb case, bunch of hanging sachets.

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Mrs. Max Lowenthal, crocheted slippers, breakfast cap.
Miss Addie Van Bergh, dust cloth case.
Miss Katie Michaels, photo case.
Miss Sarah Sloman, pincushion.
Miss Katie Sloman, umbrella case.
Miss Frances Lempert, baby's crocheted shoes.
Miss Sophie Strauss, sachet bag.
Mrs. Solomon, tidy.
Miss Clara Beir, tidy.
Mrs. M. H. Lempert, pincusions and match safe.
The Hospital Review.

Mrs. John Ely, 6 Christmas stockings, twine ball, pen wipers.
Bertha Castleman, 6 needle cases, 3 court plaster cases.
C. C. Woodworth, 8 match safes, 1 doz. boats, 1 doz. toboggans, 6 silver match safes.
Mrs. Converse, doll's sack, pair mittens.
" E. D. Smith, 6 balls.
Miss Backus, 4 hats.
Mrs. L. A. Ward, 4 court plaster cases.
" E. A. Beeman, doll's s! children and 25 cents.
" The Lavernt Village Society, 3 emerys, 5 needles, case 2 dolls' caps, doll's sack, pin cushion, 2 china dolls.
Mrs. Wm. Hall, Collinsville, Conn., 5 large worsted balls.
Miss Carrie Quinby, lamp shade.
Mrs. James Backus, pop-corn.
Mrs. L. F. Ward, baby's sack.
Miss Wild, 2 Roman bags.
Miss Sexton, pair mittens.
Mrs. Wilson Soule, 8 baskets; Mrs. J. M. Whiting, 6; Mrs. E. Williams, 4; Miss Madden 3; Miss Howard, Mrs. John Brewster, Mrs. Babcock, each 2; Mrs. Ward Davis, Miss H. Backus, Mrs. E. T. Curtis, Mrs. Mary E. Chapin, Mrs. E. M. Moore, Jr., Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. S. B. Raymond, Mrs. E. C. Warren, Misses Cooper, A. J. Russell, M. Russell, Mrs. George D. Williams, Misses Williams, Laura Williams, Hamilton, each a basket.
Mrs. Emmett Hollister, 2 watch cases, picture frames.
Miss Noyes, doll's chair.
Mrs. S. G. Andrews, 15 little dolls; Mrs. Wm. Aveverell, 12 Japanese dolls, Miss Kitty Fisher, 7 dolls; Miss Wise, 5 dolls; Mrs. Wm. Barry, Miss Henrietta Allen, each 3 dolls; Miss Emily Smith, 2 dolls; Mrs. A. M. Lindsay, Mrs. Boswell, Mrs. H. F. Huntington, Miss Morse, Misses Linda Morse, Louise Williams, Belle Brewster, Quinby, Fanny Corbett, Louise Fisher, Miss Van Voorhis, each 1 doll; Misses Laura Page and Laura Page Ward, each 2 dressed dolls; Misses Carrie and Bessie Osborn, 2 sailor dolls; Mrs. Henry C. Brewster, Mrs. Sanford, Mrs. Dr. Spencer, a friend of Mrs. Sanford, Edward Plumer, Mrs. W. H. Ellwanger, Misses Ross Lewin, Shuart, Mabel Parsons, Noyes, Mary Mann, Jessie Bacon, Cecil Macy, Lila Cartwright, each dressed a doll.
The following ladies in Perry dressed 12 dolls: Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Loring, Mrs. Nobles, Mrs. Clarence Smith, Mrs. Dr. Cole, Mrs. Traver, Misses Fay, Bullard, Cricton, Carrie Olin, Anna Cole, Keeney.
Mr. C. C. Woodworth, 2 doz. baskets.
Madge Backus, Helen and Laura Williams, bags of pop corn.
Alling & Cory, a quantity of wrapping paper and twine.
Mrs. C. H. Angel, 5 dolls, baskets, &c.
Mrs. M. C. Cutler, $5.
Miss Mollie Knapp, $5.
Ray and Maggie White, $2.
Marguerite and Bessie Selden, $2.
R. Roy McFarlin, Virginia Jeffrey Smith, Mrs. Matthy Strong, Miss Maggie Sanford (earned by herself), Misses Betty Kingman, John Kingman, W. H. Benjamin, each $1.
Herbert Siddons, John Franklin Burke, Miss Frankie Jones, each 50 cents.

The Infants' and Children's table of Mrs. Arthur S. Hamilton, Mrs. C. H. Babcock, Mrs. H. W. Mathews, Mrs. Hamilton Howard, Mrs. Amon Bronson, Mrs. Whitney Williams, Mrs. E. C. Warren, Mrs. J. C. Dodds, Mrs. Milton Clarke, Mrs. C. P. Ford, Mrs. David Gordon, Mrs. Foster Warner, Misses Hattie Hart, Frances Sage, Ella Wray.

Mrs. C. H. Babcock, cardigan jacket, 4 pin cushions, making baby gown and 4 comfortables.
Mrs. H. W. Mathews, making 3 baby gowns, 1 wrapper, 3 comfortables, 1 sack, 4 bibs.
Mrs. Hamilton Howard, making 2 aprons, 4 pairs slippers, 2 gowns, 1 sack.
Miss A. Bronson, making 2 comfortables, 1 sack, 1 pillow, 4 bibs.
Mrs. Whitney Williams, rainbow skirt, making 3 aprons, 3 comfortables, 1 wrapper.
Mrs. E. C. Warren, baby sack, ribbons, making 8 comfortables, 6 lap blankets.
Mrs. J. C. Dodds, making 3 baby gowns.
" Milton Clarke, making baby gown, 1 sack, 1 wrapper, 3 bibs.
Mrs. C. P. Ford, $5, sack, 1 flannel skirt, making 4 comfortables.
Mrs. D. M. Hamilton, making 3 night robes.
Miss Hattie Hart, making baby gown, feather stitching.
Miss Frances Sage, embroidering child's skirt, making ruffles and sack.
Mrs. Smith, 2 knitted shawls.
Mrs. H. E. Babcock, doll's cardigan jacket.
" Walter Lewis, making two baby gowns.
" Irving Moses, making 1 cloak, 1 baby gown.
" French, making 1 gown.
" Geo. D. Walbridge, making 3 white aprons.
" Nelson Sage, 1 pair painted velvet shoes.
" H. F. Hart, 2 hoods.
" I. S. Emery, Mrs. G. A. Furness, Mrs. John Fox, making robes.
Mrs. J. H. Kent, making sack.
Miss F. H. Hobbard, 1 blanket.
Mrs. Wm. Wray, Batavia, Mrs. Henry Wray, shirts.
Miss Edith Watson, reins.
Mrs. W. H. Smith, baby's cap and skirt.
Miss Alice Ross-Lewin, making baby's gown.
Mrs. P. B. Hooey, 2 pair baby's shoes.
" David Hoyt, Miss Lottie Dewey, dressing cradles.
Mrs. S. S. Avery, knitted baby robe.
Misses Hooker, dressing cradle.
Mrs. Mary May, Pittsford, infant's sack.
Mrs. James Kelly, baby's cap.
Cash, 125.00.
Mrs. S. L. Ettenheimer, 1 dozen infant's linen shirts, 6 baby's socks, 2 knitted shirts, 2 knitted skirts, 3 knitted sacks.
Mrs. Myron Adams, dressing cradle, making 8 bibs, 6 comfortables.
Miss Florence Bailey, 1 pair socks.
Clara Landsberg, doll's cap, socks, skirt.
Mrs. Seymour, baby blanket.
" E. D. Smith, 1 pair slippers, 2 balls, doll's head.
Mrs. George Curtis, pair of baby's socks, 2 pair baby's leggins, making baby's night robe.
Mrs. Edward Walker, baby's cap.
" H. E. Babcock, making baby's wrapper.
" Herrington, 3 pair baby's shoes.
" A. M. Bristol, making two baby gowns.
" J. W. Whitehead, 1 pillow.
" Charles Newton, knitted jacket.
Miss Mary Strong, painting sachets.

The Basket Table of the Minerva Club, composed of the following members: Miss Esther Chapin, President, Misses Eugenia Barnard, Sadie Furman, Grace
Ocumpaugh, Bessie Edgerton, Grace Wilkin and Helen Ross Lewin.

Mr. McCullough, fish poles.
Gorton and McCabe, matting.
Mr. J. H. Grant, putting up the booth.

George Reuter & Co., paper.

J. C. Barnard, 10 wash boards.

Miss Margaret Wright, 50 cents.

"Esther Chapin, 11 baskets; Miss Grace Wilkin, Miss Bessie Edgerton, each $; Mrs. Henry Barnard, 6; Mrs. J. H. Grant, Mrs. C. D. Van Zandt, Miss Bessie Wisner, each 5; Mrs. B. E. Chase, Miss H. W. Ross Lewin, each 4; Mrs. L. S. Chapin, Mrs. H. C. Munger, Mrs. May Bor- telles, Mrs. Furman, Miss Ella Husk, each 3; Mrs. E. P. Gould, Miss D. E. Kittredge, Miss Grace Ocumpaugh, Miss Daisy Barnard, each 8; Mrs. F. A. Brockett, Mrs. E. H. Satterlee, Master Charles Grant, Mrs. W. W. Chapin, Mrs. E. Pierpoint, Mrs. H. S. Mackie, Mrs. W. Chappell, Mrs. C. D. Van Zandt, Mrs. E. P. Gould, Miss D. E. Kittredge, Miss Grace Ocumpaugh, Miss Daisy Barnard, each 8; Mrs. F. A. Brockett, Mrs. E. H. Satterlee, Master Charles Grant, Mrs. W. W. Chapin, Mrs. E. Pierpoint, Mrs. H. S. Mackie, Mrs. W. Chappell, Mrs. C. D. Van Zandt, Mrs. E. P. Gould, Miss D. E. Kittredge, Miss Grace Ocumpaugh, Miss Daisy Barnard, each 8; Mrs. F. A. Brockett, Mrs. E. H. Satterlee, Master Charles Grant, Mrs. W. W. Chapin, Mrs. E. Pierpoint, Mrs. H. S. Mackie, Mrs. W. Chappell, Mrs. C. H. Ocumpaugh, Mrs. E. Ocumpaugh, Mr. Nelson, Mrs. Charles Hatch, Mrs. W. W. Chapin, Mrs. W. H. Ross Lewin, Misses Hattie Moore, Lillie Lowenthal, Marion Morgan, Eleanor Merchant, Stella Briggs, Matie Judson, Jiff, Page, Sutton, Mahon, Genl. French, Alice Barker, Nellie Lattimore, Miriam Pen- field, Laura Stopbridge, Carrie Osborn, Bessie Dickinson, each a basket.

From sale of baskets, $70.
A friend to basket table, $20.

Mrs. C. D. Van Zandt, $10.

Miscellaneous Donations

Mr. Lindemann, caterer of the Eureka Club, a very nice Californian salmon; a friend, one turkey uncooked; Mr. Gilbert Westfall, 90 quarts of milk and 48 quarts of cream.

Correspondence.


Treasurer City Hospital Rochester, N. Y.

DEAR MADAM—Enclosed find draft for $10., the amount of a Thanksgiving offering for the City Hospital, made last week at a union Thanksgiving service held in this village at the Presbyterian Church, of which I am pastor. I wish it were told larger.

Yours, very truly,

S. A. FREEMAN.

CHILDREN'S PAVILION FUND.

Proceeds of Fair held October 25th, 1888, by Louise Selden, Clara Landsberg, Marie Woodworth and Marion Dun- can $34.22.

"Series F"—Miss M. W. Barron, $2.00; Miss Susan A. Franklin, Penn Yan, "In Memoriam," $1.00; Harold Finney, $1.00; Miss Josephine Bogart, Auburndale, Miss, $1.00; Miss Seeley, $1.00... Baskets: Mrs. L. S. Chapin, Miss B. E. Chase, Mrs. H. W. Ross Lewin, each 5; Mrs. L. S. Chapin, Mrs. H. C. Munger, Miss May Bor- telles, Mrs. Furman, Mrs. Ella Husk, each 3; Mrs. E. P. Gould, Miss D. E. Kittredge, Miss Grace Ocumpaugh, Miss Daisy Barnard, each 8; Mrs. F. A. Brockett, Mrs. E. H. Satterlee, Master Charles Grant, Mrs. W. W. Chapin, Mrs. E. Pierpoint, Mrs. H. S. Mackie, Mrs. W. Chappell, Mrs. C. D. Van Zandt, Mrs. E. P. Gould, Miss D. E. Kittredge, Miss Grace Ocumpaugh, Miss Daisy Barnard, each 8; Mrs. F. A. Brockett, Mrs. E. H. Satterlee, Master Charles Grant, Mrs. W. W. Chapin, Mrs. E. Pierpoint, Mrs. H. S. Mackie, Mrs. W. Chappell, Mrs. C. D. Van Zandt, Mrs. E. P. Gould, Miss D. E. Kittredge, Miss Grace Ocumpaugh, Miss Daisy Barnard, each 8; Mrs. F. A. Brockett, Mrs. E. H. Satterlee, Master Charles Grant, Mrs. W. W. Chapin, Mrs. E. Pierpoint, Mrs. H. S. Mackie, Mrs. W. Chappell, Mrs. C. H. Ocumpaugh, Mrs. E. Ocumpaugh, Mr. Nelson, Mrs. Charles Hatch, Mrs. W. W. Chapin, Mrs. W. H. Ross Lewin, Misses Hattie Moore, Lillie Lowenthal, Marion Morgan, Eleanor Merchant, Stella Briggs, Matie Judson, Jiff, Page, Sutton, Mahon, Genl. French, Alice Barker, Nellie Lattimore, Miriam Pen- field, Laura Stopbridge, Carrie Osborn, Bessie Dickinson, each a basket.

From sale of baskets, $70.
A friend to basket table, $20.

Mrs. C. D. Van Zandt, $10.

L. S. Chapin, $3.

Receipts for the month $64.72
Previously acknowledged 6,069.13

Total receipts $6,133.85

Children's Pavilion Fund.

NOVEMBER, 1888.

Dr. Remington $1.00.
"Series F"—Miss Kitty E. Fichtner, $1.00; Miss Lilibell Wick, $1.00; Miss Louise Fichtner, $1.00... 3.00.
"Series G"—Blank, Schemes, $2.75; Adam Schake, $1.00; Miss F. Jennie Ruynell, $1.00; Miss Lilibell Wick, $1.00; Miss Laura Smith, $1.00; J. H. Grimm, $1.00; Miss L. Schaffer, 50 cents; Wm. Smith, 50 cents; Wm. Bantaleon, $1.00; Miss Kittie E. Fichtner, $2.00. 11.75

Receipts for the month 1942
Previously acknowledged $6,133.85

Total receipts $6,153.27

Children's Pavilion Fund.

TO DECEMBER 15th, 1888.

Lawn fete given by Misses Mamie and Regina Fahy, Florence Ellwanger and Gabrielle Clarke $30.00.

Miss Bessie Hall, "In Memory of Peter Sanderson," 3.00.

Mrs. L. R. Pitkin 2.00.

Misses Ella and May Thomas, Irondequoit 1.00.

Miss Grace B. Terry 1.00.

"M. B. " 3.00.

Mrs. H. G. Danforth 1.00.

Fred. C. Depew, Brighton, 50.

Mrs. Spencer Babcock 3.00.

Sherman Clarke Ward 1.00.

Perry A. Bly 1.00.

Harry Moore 1.00.

Hugh Moore 1.00.

Eric Moore 1.00.

Gaius Moore 1.00.

Ruth Moore 1.00.

Lois Moore 1.00.

Nathan Moore 1.00.

Mrs. Thomas Knowles 2.00.

Bessie Larrowe, Cohocton, N. Y 50.

A. Larrowe, Cohocton, N. Y 50.

Irene Leamy, Cohocton, N. Y 50.

George Whitney Martin 1.00.

Wentworth Hoyt 1.00.

Marie Brewster 1.00.

Charlotte Seymour 1.00.

Joseph Curtis 1.00.

Mrs. J. L. Evans 5.00.

Douglas L. Furness 1.00.

Isabel Hart 5.00.

Little Dorothy Robinson 5.00.

Miss A. K. Green 1.00.

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Marie Brewster 1.00.

Charlotte Seymour 1.00.

Joseph Curtis 1.00.

Mrs. J. L. Evans 5.00.

Douglas L. Furness 1.00.

Isabel Hart 5.00.

Little Dorothy Robinson 5.00.

Miss A. K. Green 1.00.
The Hospital Review.

Miss Anna E. M. Wild ........................................ $ 100 00
Cash ........................................................................ 1 00
" A friend" ................................................................ 1 00
Miss Newell .......................................................... 1 00
Cash ........................................................................ 50
Miss Ellen Z. Field, Dorset, Vt ................................. 1 00
Mrs. H. M. Arnold, Geneseo .................................... 1 00
Miss E. A. French .................................................... 1 00
Mrs. C. H. Angel, Children's Pavilion table .............. 125 00
"Series G."—Blank Schemes at donation, $ .75: Miss F. A. Smith, $1.00; Mrs. C. H. Angel, $2.00.

Receipts at Donation .............................................. $ 307 25
Previously acknowledged ....................................... 6,133 27
Total receipts ....................................................... $8,460 52

A small debt still remains upon the Pavilion, for which we most urgently solicit contributions, which should be sent to the Treasurer of the Fund, Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring street.

Donations for November, 1888.

Mrs. Sol. Wile, Mrs. James M. Pitkin—Second hand clothing.
Frank C. Pitkin, Mrs. M. Strong, Miss Laura King, Moore & Cole, George Fisher, Mrs. Castle—Reading matter.
Mrs. Freeman Clarke—2 bushes of pears.
Mrs. Poole—Infant's clothing.
Mrs. David Worden, Mrs. E. N. Buell—Old linen.
Mrs. D. C. Becker—Second hand children's clothing.
Bessie Edgerton and Helen Ross-Lewin—Dolls, etc., for the children.
Mrs. S. H. Terry—Scientific American.
Mrs. Ellwanger—2 baskets of grapes.
Mrs. Freeman Clarke—Quantity of second hand shirts, night shirts, and 6 dozen oranges.
Mrs. L. S. Bowen, Mrs. Alice Phillips, a friend, Mrs. Barker—Old cotton.
Mrs. James Laney—Second hand shirts and night shirts.
George Fuller—2 pairs of crutches.
Mrs. E. S. Martin—Infant's clothing.
Mt. Hor Missionary Society—Bed tidies, a very acceptable gift.
Mrs. Josiah Anstice—Quantity of men's underclothing.
Mrs. Steelman—Broma:
Barrel of apples from Mt. Morris.
Katherine M. Larrow, Cohocton, N. Y.—Barrel of apples.
Mrs. Sargent—2 cans of maple syrup.
Mrs. Jonas Gray—Fruit and nuts for children's Thanksgiving dinner.
Mrs. Upton—4 dozen oranges.

Special Donations for the Fire Patients.
Mrs. Salmon—Jelly of different kinds, and cream to eat with coffee jelly.
Friend—Crabapple and currant jelly.
Mrs. Salmon—Basker of grapes.
Mrs. Grey—Fruit.
Mrs. Van Wagenen—Fruit.
Mr. Glazier—Large basket of fruit.
Received from "Parent Stem," $22.75.
"1st Twig," $80.75.
Work done by "Parent Stem," 30 sheets, 4 spreads.
Work done by "1st Twig," 8 spreads hemmed, 2 table cloths hemmed, 45 pillow cases made.

Remember the poor on New Years.

Hospital Report.

NOVEMBER, 1888.

Number in Hospital November 1 ................................ 123
Number received during month ................................ 72
Births ....................................................................... 5

Total .................................................................... 200
Discharged during month ........................................ 81
Deaths ..................................................................... 7
Number remaining in Hospital Dec. 1 ....................... 112

Total .................................................................... 200

The following list of dishes left at Washington Rink December 6th and 7th, will be found at the house of the Treasurer, 174 Spring street.

3 glass epergnes—1 thin glass tumbler.
4 heavy glass celery dishes.
1 heavy high glass celery.
1 glass platter.
4 glass jelly dishes with handles.
1 glass standard dish.
1 glass dish.
11 dinner plates.
3 breakfast plates.
4 white china platters.
1 blue platter.
1 dinner plate and 2 soup plates in stork patterns.
1 fluted square white dish.
1 long baking pan.
16 tin pie plates.
1 deep tin pan.
1 brass and 1 Japan salver.

List of unclaimed articles left at the rink December 6th and 7th:
1 new red table cover.
Blue cape for an ulster.
1 pair brown mittens.
Plush belt.
A small toy boat with oars.
1 long blue veil.
1 red veil.
1 brown calico apron.
1 handkerchief inked Agnes Jones.
1 child's handkerchief worked in red.
2 tea napkins with red borders.

Would it be proper to speak of the wicker-work around a demijohn as a spirit wrapper?

Binghamton Republican.

Died.

November 9, Annie Medler, aged 43 years, of pelvic abscess.
November 9, F. A. Oaks, of internal injuries due to fall from building.
November 10, George Hall, aged 36 years, of phthisis pulmonalis.
November 11, Sophia Clark Hargreaves, aged 82 years, of acute pneumonia.
November 13, Catherine Cassidy, aged 52 years, of pleuro-pneumonia.
November 21, Edward Rice, aged 22 years, of phthisis pulmonalis.
November 27, Thomas D. James, aged 81 years, of senility with chronic diarrhoea.
The Hospital Inmates.

On the first of December, we made our monthly visit to the Hospital, but we have not much space to devote to details. The interest in the Male Surgical Ward centered in the six sufferers from the fire, all of whom were doing well. Siddons, who had fractured both thighs and had a concussion of the spine, was the sickest of the men. His wife was ministering to him in a small room off the Cross Ward. A young lady from the flower mission had just taken him her choicest bouquet, and he appreciated it. Johnson, who was badly burnt and whose left leg was amputated, had so far recovered that neither his hands, face, nor the stump of his amputated leg needed dressing. Nitz, with a sprained ankle, went about on crutches. Grimm, whose legs were both fractured, still wore splints. Watkins who had fractured the left foot and right leg, and broken his nose, wore splints and was still in bed. Nippert, who had fractured one leg and sprained an ankle was going around the ward in a wheelchair. Four other accident cases had been brought in within two days; one man had crushed his hand in a railroad accident, and this had been amputated above the wrist; two other men had crushed their hands, and another in a railroad accident had injured his elbow. On Thanksgiving day a diseased foot was amputated. One man had been kicked in the side by a horse. The man who had burnt his feet with hot tar was able to sit up.

Of the 25 patients in the Male Medical Ward, five were sick with typhoid fever; two were convalescing—the others had not passed the crisis. One of these, a boy fifteen years old, was the brother of the three Hilficker children who had passed through typhoid fever at the Hospital, whose mother had died of the same disease at home. Most of the patients in this ward had enjoyed a good Thanksgiving dinner, but the typhoid patients had to be satisfied with a milk diet. There were sixteen under treatment in the Female Medical Ward, three of whom kept their beds all the time; two of them are typhoid cases.

Of the nine inmates of the Female Surgical Ward none was very sick. One had had a limb amputated above the knee; one with a broken limb was wearing a plaster cast. Grossmutter, was as well as usual, had eaten two Thanksgiving dinners. One woman 83 years old had died of pneumonia.

The Children’s Pavilion.

The most interesting case among the young folks was that of a little girl who injured her eye by getting sand into it. The eye had been neglected, and when Dr. Rider first saw it, the sight was practically gone, and the other eye was in peril. Dr. Rider, to save the other eye, amputated the front of the diseased eye, leaving the muscles that controlled its movements. A false glass eye had been inserted, an exact match to the other, and the movements and general appearance were so perfect that it would be difficult to tell which was the natural and which the artificial eye. The child can remove and replace the false eye, and there is no disfigurement. We had before seen false eyes, but never where the movements and general appearance were so perfect.

The New Out-Patient Department.

Dr. Rider reports 112 visits to the Eye and Ear department during the month of November. The last six cases were sent in by outside physicians. The increasing number of patients shows that the value of this branch of the Hospital is recognized. Dr. Ely reports about 100 cases in the general department, several of the cases have come into the Hospital for treatment. Quite a number of Ward patients have been discharged and come regularly to this department. Some are from surrounding towns, one case from Geneseo.
Why do we Need a Laundry?

Because we have from 150 to 200 sheets to be washed daily, and these with the pillow cases, towels, napkins, and the clothing worn by about 160 people, require better conveniences than those furnished in a limited portion of our basement. We need a separate building, so that all this work can be done outside the Hospital. With modern appliances for washing, suitable drying rooms and mangles, this branch of Hospital work could be greatly facilitated, and the number of persons now necessarily employed, materially diminished.

Stolen.

We greatly regret that a nice $300 sack, the property of Mrs. George Merchant, should have been stolen from the rink, on the first day of the festival. We trust that the thief may yet be found and the garment restored to its rightful owner.

Receipts for the Review.

OCTOBER, 1888.

Mrs. N. VanHouten, Ithaca, 2 subs., by Mrs. S. H. Terry. $1 00

Mrs. J. E. Bailey, Newburyport, Mass., 50 cents; Mrs. E. H. Bullen, Haverhill, Mass., 50 cents; Mrs. C. R. Hartwell, Boston, 50 cents; Mrs. C. L. Lane, Boston, 50 cents; Mrs. A. F. Manvel, St. Paul, Minn., $1.00; Miss M. L. Raymond, Boston, Mass., 50 cents; Mrs. L. Tufte, Haverhill, Mass., 50 cents; Mrs. E. V. Wheelock, Chelsea, Mass., $1.00; Mrs. G. L. Wren, Cambridge, Mass., $1.00, by Mrs. M. Strong 6 62

Gorton & McCabe, adv., $5.00; Miss E. O. Howland, Newark, 50 cents; Jeffreys, adv., $10.00; Miss S. M. Lawrence, 62 cents; James Vilk, adv., $10.00, by Mrs. M. M. Matthews 26 12

Mrs. W. Aikenhead, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Beir, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Bell, 75 cents; Mrs. F. M. Bottom, 62 cents; Miss G. Brady, 62 cents; Miss Badger, 62 cents; Mrs. D. M. Dewey, 62 cents; Mrs. D. Dewey, 62 cents; Mrs. W. B. Douglas 62 cents; Mrs. I. S. Emery, 62 cents; Mrs. M. R. Fairman, 25 cents; Mrs. I. F. Force, 62 cents; Mrs. G. A. Furness, 62 cents; Miss Pouls, 62 cents; Mrs. E. H. Hollister, 62 cents; Mrs. L. Hart, 62 cents; Mrs. E. I. Loop, 62 cents; W. C. Morey, $1.00; Mrs. C. R. Morgan, 62 cents; Mrs. W. F. Morrison, 67 cents; Mrs. A. G. Mudge, 62 cents; Mrs. J. A. Massey, 62 cents; Geo. Masseth, 62 cents; Mrs. G. Phillips, 62 cents; Miss Phelps, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Pool, 65 cents; Mrs. S. B. Raymond, 65 cents; Mrs. P. H. Rew, 62 cents; Mrs. M.

V. Reynolds, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Sargent, 62 cents; Mrs. E. O. Sage, 62 cents; Mrs. J. N. Smith, 62 cents; Mrs. E. D. Smith, 62 cents; Mrs. J. V.ick, 62 cents; Mrs. J. F. Warner, 62 cents; Mrs. C. F. Weaver, 62 cents, by Miss Grace Holmes. $22 59

Miss Bliss, Yonkers, 50 cents; Miss Bryan, Philadelphia, $1.00; J. T. Gauss, Wilmington, Del., $5.00; Mrs. S. P. Gardiner, Haverhill, Mass., 50 cents; Miss Janes, Geneva, 50 cents; Mrs. J. Keener, 62 cents; Mrs. R. B. Lyman, Lockport, $1.00; Mrs. D. H. McCrea, Mt. Pleasant, Mich., 50 cents; Rev. J. S. Root, $1.00; Miss Townsend, Niagara Falls, $1.00, by Treasurer 11 62

NOVEMBER, 1888.

Miss S. Tytler, 50 cents, by Mrs. C. E. Converse

Mrs. Patience Moore, for Miss Hopkins, Whitby, Ont., 50 cents, by Mrs. M. M. Matthews

Mrs. J. H. Martindale, by Miss Grace Holmes, $1.00

Mrs. S. M. Bentley, Holyoke, Mass., 50 cents; Mrs. B. E. Chase, 62 cents; Mrs. E. W. Holmes, Haverhill, Mass., 62 cents; Mrs. F. M. Bottom, 67 cents; Mrs. A. G. Mudge, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Pool, 65 cents; Mrs. S. B. Raymond, 65 cents; Mrs. P. H. Rew, 62 cents; Mrs. M. R. Morgan, 62 cents; Mrs. W. F. Morrison, 67 cents; Mrs. A. G. Mudge, 62 cents; Mrs. J. A. Massey, 62 cents; Geo. Masseth, 62 cents; Mrs. G. Phillips, 62 cents; Miss Phelps, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Pool, 65 cents; Mrs. S. B. Raymond, 65 cents; Mrs. P. H. Rew, 62 cents; Mrs. M.

Mrs. Grover Cleveland, Washington, D. C., was an address that caught the eye of the United States custom-house official who met the Mexican Central mail on its arrival at El Paso the other day. The package was a wooden box about fifteen by twenty inches and two inches deep, weighing about two pounds. It was opened and inside was found carefully packed in tissue paper and cotton a novel and beautiful piece of artistic workmanship characteristic of the land of Montezuma. It was a coat-of-arms of the United States worked on heavy cardboard entirely of feathers. The feathers, most of them colored, were from many different kinds of birds, and the design was wrought with great skill, feather-work being one of the most extensively cultivated forms of Mexican art. The only thing inside the package to indicate the donor was a visiting card bearing the name of Mrs. Consul More, City of Mexico. The value placed upon the package was $20, American money, and the duty was $10.

Submission is the footprint of faith in the pathway of sorrow.

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THE HOSPITAL REVIEW
IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH BY
THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE,
Mrs. MALTBY STRONG, Mrs. WM. H. PERKINS,
Mrs. M. M. MATHEWS, Mrs. A. S. HAMILTON,
Mrs. WM. E. HOYT.

TERMS—City, in advance, including postage, 62 cts.
By mail........................................ 50 "

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Washington Street.

Subscriptions for The Review, and all Letters containing
Money, to be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, Treasurer,
No. 96 Spring Street.

Letters of inquiry, and All business letters, are requested
to be sent to Mrs. M. M. Mathews, Corresponding Secre-
tary, No. 96 Spring Street.

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AND
FUR GARMENTS

We desire to direct particular attention to
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we are positive that no better values than
those we offer are to be had in Rochester.
Our stock comprises a general and unusually
attractive assortment of high grade goods in

Seal Skin Jackets,
Wraps,
Sacques and Dolmans,
Fur Trimmings, Muffs,
Boas, Capes, &c.

The skins from which our stock is made
have been carefully selected, and we warrant
every seal garment we sell to be a genuine
Alaska London-dyed and dressed. They are
intended for fine trade, and are offered at pri-
ces far below those of any house in the city.
THE OLD AND RESPONSIBLE D. LEARY'S STEAM DYEING and CLEANSING ESTABLISHMENT.
Mill Street, cor. Platt St., (Brown's Race) ROCHESTER, N. Y.

The reputation of this Dye House since 1828 has induced others to counterfeit our signs, checks, business cards, and even the cut of our building, to mislead and humbug the public. NO CONNECTION WITH ANY SIMILAR ESTABLISHMENT.

I have NO AGENTS in the country. You can do your business directly with me, at the same expense as through an Agent.

Grape, Brocha, Cashmere and Plaid Shawls, and all bright colored Silks and Merinoes, cleaned without injury to the colors. Also, LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S WOOLEN GARMENTS cleaned or colored without ripping, and pressed nicely. Also, FEATHERS and KID GLOVES cleansed or dyed.

Silk, Woolen or Cotton Goods of every description dyed all colors, and finished with neatness and despatch on very reasonable terms. Goods dyed black every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday. Goods returned in one week.

GOODS RECEIVED AND RETURNED BY EXPRESS. Bills collected by Express Co.

Address D. LEARY, Mill Street, corner of Platt Street Rochester, N. Y.

B HERMAN, DEALER IN
Fresh and Salt Meats.

Special attention given to choice selections for family use.

277 East Main Street, Rochester, N. Y.

C. CAULEY & CO. DEALERS IN
MILLINERY GOODS
Ribbons, Velvets and Laces.

50 & 52 State Street, Rochester, N. Y.

HOWE & ROGERS new store. No. 80 State and 55 and 57 Mill streets (a stone’s throw from the old stand), re-fitted expressly for their increasing business, announce that their STOCK OF CARPETINGS is now complete. No such extensive and complete assortments was ever before shown in Western New York. The prices are right, and the purchasers have the advantage of an enormous variety to select from. It is the most lighted store in the State. Gravestone most approved elevator running from basement to fifth story.

HOWE & ROGERS,
80 State st., opp. Church st., and 55 and 57 Mill st.

ESTABLISHMENT.

STEELE & AVERY
46 and 48 State Street.

SOLE AGENTS FOR
CRANE'S FINE STATIONERY,
$1 For Engraved Plate and 50 Cards.

ROCHESTER SAVINGS BANK.
Cor. West Main and Fitzhugh Street.

Incorporated April 21, 1831.

XII. Interest dividends at the rate of not exceeding four per cent per annum, computed from the first quarter day next succeeding the date of deposit, or from the date of deposit if made on a quarter day, to the first quarter day next preceding the date of withdrawal, will be paid to depositors on all sums of $5 and upwards, which shall have remained on deposit for three months or more preceding a quarter day. No interest will be paid on the fractional part of a dollar or on money withdrawn between quarter days, except that money may be drawn on the three last days of a quarter without loss of interest. The quarter days shall be the first days of March, June, September and December, and deposits made on or before the third day of those months, will draw interest as if made on the first day of the month. Interest will be payable on the twentieth day of June and December, and if not drawn on or before those days will be added to the principal as of the first day of those months. Transfers of money on deposit from one account to another, may be made at any time with the same effect in all respects, as if made on the first day of the quarter in which such transfer is made. No interest or interest dividends will be allowed on the excess of any deposit over the legal limit.

Adopted January 5th, 1885.

OFFICERS-1885.
MORTIMER F. REYNOLDS............President
JAMES BRACKETT................1st Vice-President
SYLVANUS J. MACY...............2d Vice-President
CHAS. F. POND....................Secretary.

CURRAN & GOLER'S
Powers Hotel Drug Store.

OPEN ALL NIGHT.

BASCOM & MORGAN,
Plumbing, Gas Fitting and Tin Smithing.
Great American Hot Air Furnace.
No. 37 SPRING STREET.

THE HOSPITAL RESCUE.

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HENRY LIKLY & CO.
Successors to A. R. PITCHARD & LIKLY,
Trunks and Traveling Bags.
All Kinds of Traveling Goods.
96 State St., Rochester, N. Y.

HAMILTON & MATHEWS,
DEALERS IN
Hardware and Cutlery,
House Furnishing Goods,
26 EXCHANGE ST.

J. FAHY & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail
DRY GOODS, MILLINERY AND MEN'S GOODS,
House Furnishing Goods, Upholstery, Curtains
and Fixtures. Outfits for weddings and receptions
made to order.
74, 76 & 78 STATE STREET.

WM. MILLER.
S. L. ETtenheimer.
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Watches, Jewelry.
Diamonds, Clocks and Bronzes.
No. 2 STATE STREET,
(Elwood Building.) ROCHESTER, N. Y.

GEO. C. BUell & Co.
Wholesale Grocers
AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
39 Exchange Street. Rochester, N. Y.
Goods sold in strict conformity to New York
quotations.

scrantom, WETmore & Co.
BOOKSELLERS,
Stationers and Engravers.
Fine Fancy Goods for Wedding and Holiday Gifts.
Copper Plate Engraving and Fine Printing
done in the best manner.
Fashionable Stationery in all the Latest Styles.
41 State Street, Rochester, N. Y.

SAMUEL SLOAN,
GAS AND STEAM FITTER
Plumbing and Hot Water Heating,
Gas Fixtures and Globes in large variety,
No. 24 Exchange Street
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

French Crystal Glass Shades
AND ARTISTS' MATERIALS,
EMBRACING
White Frosted Plaques, Composition Plaques, Plain
and Gilt Rim Wood Plaques, Ebonized Wood
Panels, W. N. in Water Colors, Tube
Paints & Oils, Brushes, &c., &c.
OSGOOD & PORTER No 7 Front Street.

A. W. Mudge,
UNdERTAKER,
No. 31 FITZHUGH STREET.

A Full Line of Toilet Articles and Fancy Goods.
WILLARD SMITH,
PHARMACIST,
20 W. Main St., Powers' Block,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Soda & Mineral Waters. Imported & Domestic Cigars.

K. P. ShedD,
GROCER,
No. 17 North Fitzhugh St.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Country Produce a Specialty.

JEFFREY'S,
UNDERTAKER,
155 State St., Rochester, N. Y.
Established 1840.
HENRY C. WISNER,
IMPORTER,
77 and 79 State Street, Rochester, N. Y.
China, Crockery, Glass & Earthen Ware
Silver Plated Ware,
Bronzes, House Furnishing and Fancy Goods, Cutlery,
Tea Trays, Kerosene Goods, &c.
Established 1838.
E. B. BOOTH & Son,
JEWELERS,
Sole Agents for the Celebrated Borel & Courvoisier
Watch, and Lazarus & Morris' Perfected
Spectacles.
9 STATE STREET.

LoveJOY,
POWERS HOTEL Next to Main Entrance
PURE CANDY
And 71 E. Main St.
No coloring or other objectionable matter used.
THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

Established 1857.

Artificial Limbs.
New Patents. Reduced Prices.
Deformity Appliances, Trusses, Supports, Elastic Hosiery, Crutches, &c.
Large Catalogue Free.

GEO. R. FULLER, Manufacturer,
(Successor to Dr. Bly.)
147 State St. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Mechanics' Savings Bank,
18 Exchange Street, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Officers:

SAMUEL SLOAN .................. President
EZRA R. ANDREWS ............... Vice-Presidents
ARTHUR G. YATES .............. Vice-Presidents
JOHN H. ROCHESTER ............ Secy and Treas.
F. A. WHITTLESEY .............. Attorney
ARTHUR LUETCHFORD ........... Teller
GEO. B. MONTGOMERY ........... Book-keeper

Trustees:

Patrick Barry, Ezra R. Andrews, Oliver Allen, Charles E. Fitch,
George G. Cooper, Emory B. Chace, F. A. Whittlesey,
Samuel Wilder, A. G. Yates, Samuel Sloan,
Jerome Keyes, Wm. Allen,

XVI. Interest not exceeding four per cent, per annum will be allowed on all sums which may be on deposit on the first days of March, June, September and December, for each of the three preceding months during which such sum shall have been on deposit.

XVII. Deposits made on or before the third days of March, June, September and December, shall be entitled to interest from the first days of such months, respectively, if left for the required time.

Established 1826.

Smith, Perkins & Co.
Wholesale Grocers.
13, 15 and 17 Exchange Street
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

C. F. Paine & Co.
Druggists,
24 East Main Street, Rochester, N. Y.
Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery and Toilet Goods in great variety.
Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.

Joseph Schleyer.
Dealer in
Fresh & Salt Meats
Lard and Hams.
271 East Main St., Rochester, N. Y.

Artists' Materials,
Embracing materials for Oil and Water Color Painting, Lead Pencil Drawing Porcelain and China Decoration, Wax Flowers, Decorative Art, Artist's Fine Brushes, &c.

Woodbury, Morse & Co.
43 and 45 East Main St.

Rochester Chemical Works.
C. B. Woodworth & Sons,
Manufacturers of Fine Perfumery, Cologne, Flavouring Extracts, Etc.

Wm. Eastwood.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Oysters, Fresh Fish, Lobsters, Hams, Scallops.
Pickled Pig Feet, Tongue, Tripe.

Dwight Palmer
117 Front St.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Bulk Oysters.
Fresh Fish, Lobsters, Hams, Scallops.

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Sabbath Evening Echoes.

For The Hospital Review.

Rejoice! My soul, rejoice,
For I think I hear the voice,
Which calls me home,
When the carking cares of life,
With its bitterness and strife,
Will all be o'er.

It tells of eternal joy,
And of peace without alloy;
Beyond the veil.
And now the voice comes nearer,
The promise is still clearer;
It will not fail,
Bear patiently then, oh heart,
Life's trials. Do well thy part,
Till they are o'er—
Rememb'ring the promise given,
Of that soul rest in heaven
When time's no more.

The Chrysanthemum "Mrs. Alpheus Hardy."

J. F. C. Hyde writes of this interesting importation from Japan, in the Congregationalist, as follows:

It is generally known by the readers of this paper that a number of years ago there came to Boston a young man from Japan, who was fortunate enough to fall into the hands of that Christian gentleman, the late Alpheus Hardy. Through his kindness this poor boy received an education, and was for a time at Andover, where he prepared for missionary work in his native land. Neesima returned to Japan, and is doing a grand good work there. Wishing, no doubt, to show his gratitude to his good friend, Mrs. Hardy, he sent to her a year ago last Spring, about thirty chrysanthemum plants, of varieties that he gathered in his native country.
Mrs. Hardy not finding it convenient to keep the plants, placed them at the disposal of Mr. Fotler, of Schlegel & Fotler, who tried to find some florist who would take and test them. They were offered to several, who not supposing them to be of value, declined to accept them. Subsequently they were offered to Mr. Edwin Fewkes of Newton Highlands, and he accepted them. They were not a very promising lot of plants in appearance, by any means, and when we saw them, we did not wonder that other florists had refused to take them as a gift, but did wonder at our friend Fewkes for being bothered with what appeared to be rubbish.

Several of them gave good blooms in the November following, and they were exhibited on a separate table at Horticultural Hall in Boston, and attracted great attention. From what bloomed last year, and these that have flowered this season for the first time, we think we speak safely when we say that this set of plants is the most remarkable lot we have ever seen. Among them was the variety to which Messrs. Fewkes has given the name “Mrs. Alpheus Hardy,” which stands unrivaled in the list of chrysanthemums, throughout the world. So great was the interest manifested in it, that Mr. Fewkes immediately began to propagate it, and last Spring when it was sold to its present owners, there were some ninety plants large and small. These were sold to Mr. James R. Pitcher and W. A. Manda of Short Hills, N. J., for the large sum of $1,500, a greater price than was ever paid for any such plants.

This variety attracted so much attention, that photographs were sent even to Japan to see if the growers there could supply plants. The collectors residing in Japan representing the leading nurseries of the world, whose business it is to purchase and forward all novelties, were written to, and put on the alert; yet all have failed to obtain any clew to its origin, or to find a single plant of it in the world outside of those sold to Messrs. Pitcher & Manda.

We are all anxious to hear from Neesima, that we may know how he obtained so rare a variety. This chrysanthemum is of pure white, of very large size, with petals incurved with minute spines on the outside, or underside, of the same—the whole presenting a very unique appearance. It differs from all others, in that it shows these minute but distinct spines. Blooms of this variety were shown again at the chrysanthemum show at Horticultural Hall and created a sensation among all lovers of this beautiful flower.

There are various theories about how this variety originated, but we must wait for more information from Japan. Our friends, the Messrs. Fewkes, have found several other remarkably good varieties in the lot of thirty, and at our suggestion have named one of them “Neesima,” in honor of him who so kindly sent them over here. There are several others recently named that will be eagerly sought after when they are shown. We wish all our readers could see, and later, when the plants are for sale, raise and enjoy the Mrs. Alpheus Hardy Chrysanthemum.

Our townsmen, Mr. Wm. S. Kimball, informs us that Mr. J. R. Pitcher of Short Hills, N. J., is now propagating plants of this variety, selling them at a dollar each, to be delivered in May, and that he will sell between twenty and thirty thousand of them.

A fashion writer in the metropolis says: A fancy for pinning a small bouquet of flowers to the muff is noticed among the matinee frequenters and women who shop up and down the street early of a morning. Mrs. Alpheus Hardy is seen everywhere and carried by everyone who can secure the great feathery flowers. The debutante chose wisely and well when she added the chrysanthemum to her white brigade, for nothing florists have introduced this season can compete with Mrs. Hardy in the strange white beauty that attracts so many admirers. With the new chrysanthemum gowns, made in as close representation as possible by the most skillful modistes, or heavily embroidered, a large bouquet of the loose blooms nod and sway with much grace and effect and will endure with equanimity treatment that would crush another flower.

An Eccentric But Welcome Visitor.

“One of the Crowd,” writing in the Daily Telegraph, relates the following interesting story, which was told to him by the secretary of the children’s hospital at the East End: “The handsome new building that now exists was then a thing only to be hoped for, and, although the good work the budding institution had already done had
The Hospital Review.

earned for all concerned very creditable report, the money came in but slowly, and
the hospital was nothing better than a tumble-down old wharf warehouse, with beam
ceilings and splinterly floors, draughty, dark, and much fitter for housing hides and tal-
low than for a harbor for sick children. One afternoon the secretary was in his private
office when he heard a stumbling footstep ascending the wooden steps, that had a rope
instead of a hand-rail, and presently a shabbily-dressed old gentleman made his ap-
pearance, and gruff and glum, as though he had barked his shins in coming up, asked
if that was the children’s hospital. He was informed that it was. ‘And you want money
for a more suitable building?’ ‘That is so
and we are very thankful to receive even
the smallest donation for that purpose,’ re-
p lied the secretary, having in his mind that
his not very promising-looking visitor might
be good for a guinea. ‘Can I see the sec-
retary?’ ‘I am the secretary.’ ‘That will
do then. Take this and make the best use
you can of it.’ And unbuttoning his well-
known coat, he produced from a pocket-book
a check for a thousand pounds and laid it
on the table. The amazed secretary then
suggested that perhaps the generous donor
would like to take a look over the make-
shift building and satisfy himself as to the
treatment of the little patients. At first he
decided, but was presently persuaded, and,
coming back to the office, attested to the
moving effect of what he had witnessed by
asking for pen and ink and drawing up a
check for a second thousand pounds. With
his coat buttoned, he was on the point of
taking his departure, when his progress
towards the door was arrested by an affect-
ing story the secretary commenced to relate
concerning one poor little creature who had
been so reduced by neglect and disease
that both its small feet might be said to
have been on the threshold of death’s door,
but who, by patient treatment was eventu-
ally restored to health. After this, another
story, and still another. ‘Ha!’ was the
wonderful old gentleman’s only response,
but he asked again for ink and pen, and in a
twinkling a third piece of paper bearing a
penny stamp was made to represent a thous-
and pounds sterling, and this being added
to his previous princely gifts, he turned to
go. Three thousand pounds in all! ‘Per-
mit me my dear sir,’ remarked the now
overwhelmed secretary, ‘to attend you down

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, published by
Munn & Co., during more than forty years, is
beyond all question, the leading paper relating
to science, mechanics and inventions, pub-
lished on this continent. Each weekly issue
presents the latest scientific topics in an inter-
esting and reliable manner, accompanied with
engravings prepared expressly to demonstrate
the subject. The SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN is in-
valuable to every person desiring to keep pace
with the inventions and discoveries of the day.

Donations.

Mrs. Wm. E. Hoyt—collars, knife and basket.
Parent Stem—infant’s flannel sack.
Dr. E. H. Howard—“The Lynch Restraint
Buckle.”
Mrs. G. C. Buell, Mrs. James L. Hatch, Miss E.
P. Hall—quantity of second hand shirts.
Miss Fanny Anderson—second-hand shirts, old
linen and cotton.
Mrs. Eugene Curtis, Mrs. Maltby Strong, Moore
& Cole—reading matter.
Ada Rothgangle—magazines.
Miss Pickles—basket of grapes.
Bedquits made by the Merry Workers of Cal-
vary Church.
Miss Harris—old cotton.
Mrs. Judge Campbell, of Cherry Valley—4 pairs
of worsted boots for children.
Mrs. F. A. Brackett—infants’ clothing.
Catherine Oliver—doll for the children.
Mr. Scholby—large quantity of oranges, dates,
figs, candies and fancy cakes for the chil-
dren.
Mr. W. E. Hoyt—infants’ clothing.
Mrs. Isaac S. Averell—quantity of holly, and
Christmas cards for the children.
From the King’s Daughters of Central Church
—Christmas letters.
Mrs. H. Wills—seven Christmas books for chil-

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Mrs. Geo. Ellwanger—case of perfumery for the children.

Master Joseph Curtis—cards, games, oranges and grapes for the children.

Mary S. Anthony—oranges.

Susie and Jcsie Avery—games.

Young ladies from Brick Church Christian Endeavor Society—six dressed dolls.

Christmas stockings filled by Wentworth Hoyt and Paul Wild.

From the "In His Name" ten, at the Deaf Mute Institute, worsted shoes, books, scrap-books and two dresses for the children.

Mrs. E. Darwin Smith—scrap-book.

Mrs. Hiram W. Sibley—ice cream for the children, Christmas day.

Mrs. D. B. Stewart, Ithaca, N. Y., one wrap.

Miss Ida Horton, Ithaca—two flannel vests, two pairs cotton drawers, two flannel shirts.

Miss Maggie Hunt, Ithaca—St. Nicholas one year.

Master Fred Hillyer, Ithaca—flannel shirt, coat and vest.

Mrs. C. H. Van Houter, Ithaca—one dress, two flannel skirts.


A friend—dressed doll.

**Additional Donations.**

Edward Harris ........... $ 50 00
Chas. Hastings .......... 50 00
S. P. Stowell ............ 20 00
Mrs. L. L. R. Pitkin .... 3 00

**RECAPITULATION.**

Cash Donations to date.$18,010 73
Lunch Tables ........... 1,486 99
Fancy Articles .......... 1,225 32
Flower Table, Tea Table, etc. .......... 310 38
Tickets and Badges .... 541 60
Play "School" ......... 176 50

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Donation Expenses ... $ 537 93
Play School ............ 95 50

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$21,751 53

Net ...........$21,188 10

**EXPENDITURES.**

By paid balance of November bills... $ 1,704 62
Donation Expenses ........ 633 43
Bills Payable ............ 18,366 17
Coal Bill ............... 216 78
Painting, 1888 ......... 787 18

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$21,708 18

Balance.................. 43 65

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$21,751 55

**DONATED BILLS.**

Taylor Bros........................ $ 5 50
Democrat & Chronicle .......... 9 50
James Chamberlin .......... 22 11
Lister Manufg. Co. .......... 90
E. S. Combs ................. 69
C. A. Rockwell & Co. .... 2 75

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Mrs. W. H. Perkins, Treasurer.

**LIST OF MITE BOXES RETURNED AT THE DONATION.**

No. 162 ................ $ 1 01
No. 139 ................ 1 18
No. 152 ................ 3 00
No. 131 ................ 5 00
No. 67 ................ 3 50
No. 105 ................ 5 07
No. 941 ................. 1 41
No. 86 ................ 9 18
No. 112 ................. 2 51
No. 108 ................. 8 04
No. 164 ................ 1 64
No. 87 ................ 4 43
No. 119 ................ 1 65
No. 130 ................ 4 15
No. 83 ................ 2 18
No. 910 ................ 7 22
No. 654 ................ 1 19

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$1 01
$1 18
$3 00
$5 00
$3 50
$5 07
$1 41
$9 18
$2 51
$8 04
$1 64
$4 43
$1 65
$4 15
$2 18
$7 22
$1 19

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$1 01
$1 18
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$1 01
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$9 18
$2 51
$8 04
$1 64
$4 43
$1 65
$4 15
$2 18
$7 22
$1 19

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Mrs. W. H. Perkins, Treasurer.

**Unclaimed Dishes.**

The following list of dishes left at Washington Rink, December 6th and 7th, will be found at the house of the Treasurer, 174 Spring street:

- 11 dinner plates.
- 3 breakfast plates.
- 4 white china platters.
- 1 blue platter.
- 1 dinner plate and 2 soup plates in stork patterns.
- 1 fluted square white dish.
- 1 long baking pan.
- 16 tin pie plates.
- 1 deep tin pan.
- 1 brass and 1 Japan salver.
- 1 glass platter.
- 1 glass celery dish.

List of unclaimed articles left at the Rink December 6th and 7th:

- 1 new red table cover.
- Blue cape for an ulster.
- 1 pair brown mittens.
- Plush belt.
- A small toy boat with oars.
- 1 long blue veil.
- 1 red veil.
- 1 brown calico apron.
- 1 handkerchief inked Agnes Jones.
- 1 child's handkerchief worked in red.
- 2 tea napkins with red borders.

**Hospital Report.**

Number in Hospital Dec. 1, 1888 ..... 112
Rec'd during month .......... 66
Births .................. 3

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181

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Discharged during month ....... 81
Deaths .................. 10
Remaining in Hospital Jan. 1, 1889 ... 90

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The Rochester Female Charitable Society and the Rochester City Hospital.

As there are many who ask why the Rochester City Hospital is associated with the Rochester Female Charitable Society, a few facts, gathered by Mrs. M. Strong from the records of the latter, may not be uninteresting to our readers.

The Rochester Female Charitable Society was organized Feb. 26th, 1822, when Rochester was a village. Mrs. Levi Ward was the first President of the society and Mrs. Everard Peck its first Treasurer.

The objects of the society were the relief of the sick poor and the establishment of a charity school. A select school had been taught previously on State street, where the Flour City Bank now stands.

In 1824, a lot on the outskirts of the village, near the forest, now North Washington street, was presented by Col. William Fitzhugh, on which a small building was erected for the use of the school.

Nutritious food, bedding, clothing and other comforts for the sick poor were provided as necessity required, and also clothing for the children of the school, and the charity school was continued till the common schools were established.

The village was divided into 15 districts and visitors were appointed to take charge of these. Some of the early records of the Charitable Society were lost, but the original constitution is still preserved. The late Mrs. Abelard Reynolds was the last survivor of the original members.

In reviewing the history of this Association we find the germs of several institutions. In 1844 this society sent to the Common Council the first petition for a work-house. "This subject was at once entertained and never dropped" until our penitentiary and adjacent buildings were erected.

In 1845, being unable properly to care for some of the sick in their own homes, it appointed a "Hospital Committee" to consult with physicians and other gentlemen of the city in reference to building a Hospital, and in the meantime to furnish some place where the sick could have suitable attention. The Home for the Friendless accepted the charge for one year, being paid for their care by the Charitable Society, that afterwards rented rooms and provided nurses.

In May, 1847, the City Hospital was incorporated. In 1851, the Charitable Society petitioned the Common Council for the Western Cemetery lot for the purpose of erecting a hospital, intending to appropriate towards it $700, the avails of the charity school lot, also a gift from Jenny Lind. At the close of the year the lot was conveyed to the Directors of the Hospital on certain conditions, which were accepted, but a clear title could not be secured till acquired by an act of the Legislature in 1857. In 1855 the Common Council agreed to transfer to the Hospital Directors the residue of the Alms House fund, $7,000, if they would raise the additional sum of $5,000 for building a Hospital. The Directors applied to the Charitable Society for aid. The ladies speedily raised nearly $6,000; they afterwards appropriated $500, the legacy of Everard Peck and $700, the avails of the charity school lot, and placed this money at the disposal of the Directors, thus securing to the Charitable Society a perpetual free bed in the City Hospital. After the title to the cemetery grounds was secured, the central portion of the present edifice was commenced, but not completed as designed, the funds being exhausted.

In November, 1863, at the annual meeting of the Charitable Society, a communication from G. H. Mumford, President of
the Board of Directors of the City Hospital, was presented, requesting that a committee from the Charitable Society be appointed to confer with them and devise plans for completing and furnishing the Hospital.

An Executive and Visiting Committee were appointed, with full power to make their own arrangements, fill vacancies and report progress to the Society. The Executive Committee were: Mrs. M. Strong, Mrs. G. H. Mumford, Mrs. W. H. Perkins, Mrs. J. Craig. The Visiting Committee were: Mrs. F. Starr, Mrs. N. T. Rochester, Mrs. L. A. Ward, Mrs. M. M. Mathews, Mrs. A. Boody, Mrs. I. Elwood, Mrs. A. Bronson, Mrs. I. Butts, Mrs. W W. Carr, Mrs. E. M. Smith, Mrs. C. F. Smith, Mrs. M. Rochester.

Mrs. W. H. Perkins, Treasurer of the Charitable Society, was appointed Treasurer of the Hospital Committees. Of the Executive Committee, Mrs. M. Strong and Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins are the only survivors, and they still hold the positions they have always filled, the first as President of the Board of Lady Managers, and the second as its Treasurer. Mrs. M. M. Mathews, the only survivor of the Visiting Committee who continues in active service in Hospital work, very soon became a member of the Executive Committee and has always been Corresponding Secretary of the Board.

The Executive Committee, elected in 1863, conferred with the Directors; a Soliciting Committee was appointed, $5,000 were raised, and churches and individuals were appealed to, who generously responded by furnishing private rooms and wards. The Directors appointed the Medical and Surgical Staff and requested the Charitable Society to take the entire management of the Hospital, with the exception of the Medical Department. The Society accepted the trust, delegating it to the Executive and Visiting Committees (now called the Board of Lady Managers of the City Hospital) on condition that the society should incur no pecuniary responsibility and receive an annual report from the Hospital Committees. Thus was established a permanent relation between two organizations of our city that care for the sick poor.

The Magne-Jewell Memorial.

Two signs on the lawn north of the hospital direct the stranger to the entrance of the new Free Out-Patient Department of the City Hospital where in gilt letters, on a 'blar-k ground, we read "MAGNE-JEWELL MEMORIAL." This month we publish a report of work done in this department, and the amount of visits made indicates how great was the need of such an addition to the hospital. We wish our bountiful benefactor, Mrs. Mary S. Jewell, could know how many poor and needy suffering ones have already been blessed by her charity.

In the remarks that were made at the dedication of the Magne-Jewell Memorial, it was stated that as early as 1816, Mr. and Mrs. Magne came to Rochester. A letter from Mrs. Jewell informs us that the date should be 1812. "That her parents were on the road between Utica and Syracuse when the courier overtook them, bearing the news that Great Britain had declared war against the United States. Then a council of the two families was held to decide whether to turn back to Old Saybrook or to advance. The voice of the two women was to continue to the journey's end. Those who have read Turner's History of Western N. Y., will remember how Captain Francis Brown by skillful maneuvering, with a very few men, kept Admiral Yeo from landing at the mouth of Genesee River. My father was one of that little company of 'Yankee rebels.' " "That little catalogue of first church members, giving dates &c, has the year 1815 as the date of formation of that church. My father and mother were two of the fifteen who composed that first church." "To a pioneer correct dates
are everything." Besides these interesting facts concerning those whose memory has been immortalized by a daughter's generous gift, we add a copy of a paper sent some years since to Mrs. M. Strong, President of the Female Charitable Society, found among the records of that institution that indicates the warm interest manifested in our earlier charities by the family. "For a valuable consideration by me rec'd, I here- by sell and assign to the Rochester Female Charitable Society, all my right, title and interest in and to pew number Thirty-five, in the First Presbyterian Society of Rochester.

Rochester, Oct. 17, 1867.

P. Magne,
Mary S. Jewell."

The Hospital Patients.

On New-Year's, 1889, we made our monthly visit to the Hospital; the day was exceptionally fine; the blue sky and bright sunshine tempted those who were able to leave the Hospital wards, to take exercise out of doors.

Members of the Hospital staff, and the house physicians, were making their morning visits to the wards, and the nurses in charge of the different departments were receiving and obeying instructions. We were in the Male Surgical Ward when Dr. Kempe, the surgeon on duty, made his appearance, and it was gratifying to witness the ease and skill with which the nurse removed some of the bandages and prepared the patients for examination.

The interest in the Male Surgical Ward centred largely in a man who had been brought in the previous night with a crushed leg, the result of a railroad accident. The limb had been amputated near the trunk, and every effort was being made to sustain life; he then was taking nourishment every ten minutes; every fifteen minutes hypodermics were administered. Dr. Kempe hardly expected the man would live through the night, but in the morning he seemed perfectly conscious, and wished some of his attendants "A Happy New-Year." The Dr. ordered nutritive stimulants, but the man died a few hours later. Four of the six sufferers from the fire had so far recovered that they had gone home, returning to the Hospital only when their dressings needed to be changed. Mr. Siddons and young Watkins were still in the Hospital. Mr. Siddons sat up twice a day and was very much better in every respect; he hoped the next week to attempt standing. Watkins, the boy who jumped from the fifth story, fracturing his right leg and the tarsal bones of the left foot, was still in bed. The Dr. is not yet sure that he can save the left foot, but he is making every effort to do so. A foreigner, probably an Armenian, who could not converse or communicate his wants by words, came to the Hospital with a very sore hand, apparently the result of a cut. The hand had improved, but it will be necessary to amputate a portion of the thumb. A new patient had just come in who had cut off the end of his thumb with a hay-cutter. An Italian who last June was brought to the Hospital in a very feeble condition, with abscesses, had greatly improved; he goes about the ward in a rolling chair, and the nurse says he is so bright and cheerful that he is the life of the ward. An aged blind man was on his cot; he had previously been in the Hospital when his toe and, afterwards, his leg had been amputated for senile gangrene. He was waiting for the leg to be entirely healed, when Dr. Rider will operate for cataract. A patient whose hand was injured by a planing machine had a portion of his fingers amputated, and another man had his middle finger amputated at the first joint. An accident case, when the leg was fractured and the head injured, had resulted in death soon after arriving at the Hospital. A man whose chin and forehead had been cut had his wounds dressed. Dr. Kempe had
operated for an abscess, and a man in the Mansard, while under the influence of chloroform, had a new drainage tube inserted. There were fourteen under treatment in this ward.

Of the twenty inmates of the Male Medical Ward but two were confined to their cots. Four typhoid cases were ready to be dismissed. A rheumatic patient was going about on crutches. A boy, sixteen years old, suffering from some disease of the heart, died soon after our visit. An aged man with diseased heart was also quite feeble. Three consumptives and two paralytics had changed but little since our last report.

There were but eight under treatment in the Female Surgical Ward, three of whom kept their beds. One of these had a broken leg, the result of a fall; two others were convalescing from surgical operations. The woman whose leg was amputated six weeks since sat up several hours each day. A mother came from Geneseo with a young babe with diseased eyes; the general condition of the child was improved, but there is danger of its losing its sight. One patient had an ulcerated toe. The first to greet us with "A Happy New-Year," as we entered the ward, was Grossmutter, now ninety-three years old. "Seven years to a hundred," she said to us, and she seemed so bright and cheery we felt she might live to complete her century. We missed one of our oldest invalids, Mrs. McE., who has been a patient sufferer at the Hospital for more than fifteen years, and who died the past month.

Of the sixteen inmates of the Female Medical Ward six were most of the time in their cots. One of these had a typhoid case, two had trouble with diseased bowels, one was receiving treatment for diseased bladder, and one had come in from the Maternity Ward. Two women had trouble with their lungs, one was a paralytic, another had hemorrhoids.

In the Nursery were three babies and two mothers.

**The Out-Patient Department.**

This department of the Hospital was not put into operation until towards the end of October. For the quarter year ending Jan. 1, 1889 (an incomplete quarter in this instance) there were treated fifty medical patients, who made 180 visits to the Hospital. The number of prescriptions prepared in the dispensary of the institution was 38. Thirty ophthalmic patients also were received, each one coming more than nine times on the average. Seven capital operations were performed, viz.: on lachrymal apparatus, two, and abscession of eye, secondary cataract, iridectomy, entropium, enucleation of eye, each one.

The out-patient department is at present conducted by the visiting physicians of the Hospital, in connection with their indoor service. It is hoped that those patients for whom it was established, will avail themselves freely of its privileges, that so the usefulness of the Hospital may be still further enlarged.

**The Children's Pavilion.**

The Children's Pavilion looked rather empty to us, so many of the little folks who have lately occupied it have recently been dismissed. Max Kraus with diseased spine, Thomas Heeney who has abscesses, Jerry Sheehan who came from the Orphan Asylum and could not walk, and Mary Hill who was sent in by the Humane Society, have all gone to the Industrial School. They were so much improved that it was thought best to place them, for a time at least, where they could have regular instruction in school. Abe Greenbugh, the boy whose leg was amputated in consequence of an injury received near the swing bridge in Charlotte, John Light who fractured his ankle, and Ruby Sweeney, the little girl
with the new eye, were all dismissed before Christmas, but allowed to remain in the hospital till after Christmas, when they went home laden with gifts kind friends had sent in for them.

Of the seven occupants of the lower wards of the Pavilion, the youngest was a baby seven weeks old, whom Nurse Shannon was rocking as we entered. In a cot near by was Ida Parker, the little club-footed girl, eating an orange. Her feet are in splints. William Pierce, from the Orphan Asylum, has some disease of the skin of his head, and his brother George, seven years old, has a curvature of the spine and cannot walk. Jackie Striker has a humor on his head and wears a muslin cap to cover it. Hyman Harris, a new patient twelve years old, has trouble with his eye. He is scrofulous and ever since he was two years old his eye has been diseased.

The little folks all enjoyed their Christmas greatly, and the toys scattered here and there through the wards indicated that Santa Claus had not forgotten them.

**Christmas.**

Kind friends remembered the invalids at Christmas, and their thoughtfulness did much to cheer those who away from kindred and home were not forgotten. Dr. Anstice and a choir from his own church visited the hospital in the afternoon and delighted the inmates with their sweet carols. Master Wentworth Hoyt lent his magic lantern and pictures and furnished thus an amusing entertainment. Mrs. Hiram W Sibley sent enough ice cream for all the children, and toys and games of every description were sent in by other friends. The following notes indicate the interest taken in our children by those in neighboring villages and it is very gratifying to find so many sympathizing with those less highly favored than themselves.

**Media, Delaware Co., Pa., December 20th, 1888.**

Dear Miss. Hebbard:

My name is quite unknown to you; but I wish to explain a package and note which I trust you will receive before Christmas Day. My Sunday School class, consisting of girls, of 12 and 13 years of age, and a few of their friends, meet at my house every Friday afternoon to sew for less favored children or for some charity. Through Mrs J. L. Evans, formerly of Media, but now living in Rochester, we were interested in your hospital. My little girls have made a number of garments, and contributed some toys, which they trust you can make use of. You will excuse all deficiencies in sewing, on account of the youthfulness of the workwomen.

The scrap-books were filled especially to go in this package.

In acknowledging, please write directly to Helen B. Smith and Emily T. Brooks, my two little secretaries. It will greatly encourage my juvenile society to go on with their work, if they hear from you that it is of use.

With best wishes, Yours Truly.

Clara L. Potts.

**Media, Dec.,**

Miss Hebbard:

We belong to a society of Media, Penn., which has been working for poor children since the last of the summer. We have made a few garments, which, hearing you were in need we sent to you, with some toys, for the Children's Pavilion. Hoping you will find them serviceable, we are,

Yours sincerely

Helen Smith, Secretary,
Emily Brooks, Vice-Secretary.

Dec. 21, 1888.

To the one with whom this package may be left:

Some of the contents of this little package may seem very small and poor, but let
me tell you their story: I am primary teacher in the public school in this place—and the other day as I had my Primer class (which is composed of a number of little girls five or six years old) about me, I told them of the little poor children in the Hospital, who have no homes or worse than none to go to when sick or hurt, and they became very much interested, and when I asked them if they wanted to give some pretty picture-cards, every one was ready to bring the best. Some of those little ones are very poor and these simple cards have been treasured up as precious things.

If it will not trouble you too much I wish you would write them a letter through me, telling a little about those in your care, not that the gift is of value, but because it will do these little ones good to know that there are children so much worse off than they are. Hoping that these may cheer some lonely or suffering little one,

I am yours sincerely,
MRS. CHARLES E. WARNER,
South Byron, N. Y.

The Pavilion Debt.

It will be two years on the 11th of February next since the opening of the Children's Pavilion, and the treasurer of the Pavilion Fund, Mrs. Robert Mathews, is very anxious at once to cancel the debt now resting on the building. She has devised a plan which, if fully carried out, will accomplish this object, and she proposes that the offerings should be made on this anniversary occasion. She proposes that memorial and thank offerings should be given and that $750, the amount of the present debt, should be raised by asking the children and the friends of children to join one of the circles 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

Circle 1 is to be very select, only admitting 10, who shall each give $10.

Circle 2, still a small and select circle, to be composed of 40 who shall each give $5.00.

Circle 3, but a trifle larger, to contain 50 who will give $3.00 each.

Circle 4, composed of 75 who shall each give $2.00.

Circle 5, made up of 100 who will cheerfully contribute $1.00 each.

Circle 6, one hundred who can and will give us 50 cents each.

All contributions to this fund may be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring St., and we hope in our next to report a good response to this appeal.

Our Nurses.

Dr. Ely and Dr. Dewey delivered lectures to the nurses during December, and three of the nurses received prizes for the excellent reports they made of a lecture by Dr. Ely, at which they took notes. They have received five lessons in massage from Miss Lawrence. A trained nurse has been called out by one of the hospital staff in a case of obstetrics, and another one has been out three times to relieve a patient where the use of an instrument was necessary. Reports come to us of the great comfort afforded by our nurses where some of them are employed in private families, caring for the sick by night and by day.

Our Great Need.

A new laundry is one of the greatest needs of the Hospital. Our Matron, Miss Hebbard, tells us that there are on an average, three thousand articles washed, dried and ironed in the Hospital each week. There are no conveniences for drying in inclement weather, except in the basement around stoves entirely inadequate for this purpose. A laundry outside the Hospital, with suitable drying arrangements and the latest improvements, would greatly facilitate this branch of Hospital work, and enable us to conduct it with a fewer number of assistants and on a more economical basis.
Receipts For the Review.

DECEMBER, 1888.

Mrs. E. Bausch, 62 cents; Mrs. L. J. Van Vechten, South Orange, N. J., 50 cents, by Mrs. W. H. Perkins

Mrs. C. H. Wilkin, 62 cents; Mrs. Ira Wilder, Charlotte, $1.00; by Mrs. S. H. Terry

Mrs. H. L. Achilles, 62 cents; Mrs. E. S. Ellwanger, 62 cents; S. B. Perkins, 62 cents; Miss Alice Whittlesey, 62 cents; Mrs. J. D. Whipple, 75 cents, by Miss Grace Holmes

Mr. W. B. Brown, Bordentown, N. J., 50 cents; Mrs. L. G. Brown, Scottsville, 50 cents; Mrs. A. E. Crabbe, 62 cents; Thos. Dailey, Honeoye Falls, $1.00; Mrs. F. W. Embry, $1.00; Miss E. D. Corby, Vt., 3 subscriptions, $1.00; A. Hamilton, Livonia, $1.00; G. T. Palmer, East Avon, 2 subscriptions, $1.00; Miss E. TOMPKINS, 62 cents; Mrs. F. S. Webster, Washington, D. C., 50 cents, by Treasurer

Mrs. S. J. Arnold, 62 cents; Miss J. Adams, 62 cents; Mrs. G. W. Archer, 62 cents; Miss H. H. Alley, 62 cents; Mrs. S. G. Andrews, 62 cents; Mrs. J. L. Angle, $1.25; Mrs. Wm. Alling, 62 cents; Mrs. C. H. Angel, 62 cents; Mrs. R. B. Ashley, 62 cents; Mrs. M. B. Anderson, 62 cents; Mrs. F. D. Alling, 62 cents; Mrs. J. B. Alexander, Oswego, 50 cents; Mrs. H. Austin Brewster, 2 subscriptions, $1.12; W. H. Benjamin, 62 cents, by Mrs. C. H. Babcock, 2 subscriptions, $1.12; Mrs. J. Brackett, 3 subscriptions, $2.00; Miss H. H. Backus, 63 cents; Mrs. J. Buell, Holley, 50 cents; Mrs. W. H. Bartholomay, 63 cents; Mrs. J. Ely, 62 cents; W. F. Balkam, 63 cents; Mrs. J. H. Brewster, 65 cents; J. H. Boucher, $1.00; Mrs. Horace Brewster, 2 subscriptions, $1.12; Mrs. E. N. Buell, 62 cents; Miss M. A. Brooker, 62 cents; W. T. Brown, 62 cents; Mrs. B. Bartlett, Orange, N. J., $1.00; Miss E. A. Beaman, 62 cents; Mrs. E. Y. Blossom, Brighton, 50 cents; Mrs. Wm. Boardman, Mattapan, Mass., 50 cents; Mrs. L. S. Chapin, 65 cents; Mrs. D. Cory, 62 cents; Mrs. C. D. Chace, 62 cents; Mrs. Wm. Churchill, 62 cents; Mrs. D. Cole, 62 cents; Mrs. D. M. Childs, 62 cents; Mrs. M. E. Chapin, 62 cents; Mrs. Thos. Chester, 65 cents; Mrs. Freeman Clarke, 4 subscriptions, $2.48; Countess Cansacchi, Rome, Italy, 75 cents; Mrs. E. T. Curtis, 62 cents; Miss L. A. Crandall, 62 cents; Miss May Carpenter, 62 cents; Mrs. P. W. Corwell, Mendon Center, 60 cents; Mrs. C. R. Davis, 62 cents; Mrs. C. Depew, Brighton, 50 cents; Mrs. D. B. Duffield, Detroit, Mich., 50 cents; Mrs. J. A. Eastman, 62 cents; Mrs. L. D. Ely, 62 cents; Mrs. H. M. Ellsworth, 62 cents; Mrs. Ida Engler, Ontario, $1.00; Mrs. Geo. Ellwanger, 65 cents; Mrs. J. L. Evans, 62 cents; Mrs. W. N. Emerson, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Engel, $1.00; Mrs. C. E. Fitch, 62 cents; Mrs. C. P. Ford, 62 cents; Miss Frost, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Farley, 62 cents; Mrs. R. T. French, $1.00; M. Greentree, 62 cents; Miss Grace Gordon, 62 cents; Mrs. E. Glen, 62 cents; Miss A. K. Green, 62 cents; Mrs. D. H. Griffith, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Hill, 62 cents; Mrs. H. B. Hollister, 62 cents; Mrs. H. F. Huntington, 62 cents; Mrs. W. E. Hoyt, 62 cents; Mrs. E. S. Hayward, 62 cents; Mrs. Dr. Hofheinz, 62 cents; Mrs. C. E. Hoyt, 62 cents; Mrs. E. E. Howell, 62 cents; Mrs. H. F. Hart, 62 cents; Mrs. H. B. Haseltine, 62 cents; Mrs. J. C. Hart, 2 subscriptions, $1.15; Mrs. W. L. Halsey, 75 cents; Mrs. A. S. Lattimore, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Larrowe, 60 cents; Mrs. C. C. Levet, 62 cents; Mrs. E. Lyon, 62 cents; Mrs. H. Lampert, 62 cents; Mrs. A. A. Merriam, 62 cents; Mrs. C. E. Morris, 62 cents; Mrs. W. H. Mathews, 62 cents; Mrs. Geo. Moss, 62 cents; Mrs. T. G. Moulford, 62 cents; Miss A. S. Mumford, 62 cents; Mrs. C. C. Morse, 62 cents; Mrs. Chas. McLouth, Palmyra, 2 subscriptions, $2.00; Miss L. H. Norton, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Z. Newcomb, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Nichols, 62 cents; Miss H. Oothout, 64 cents; Mrs. J. W. Oothout, 62 cents; Mrs. H. Osgood, 62 cents; Mrs. H. L. Osgood, 62 cents; Mrs. G. W. Pratt, 62 cents; Mrs. E. Prizer, 62 cents; Mrs. H. C. Phillips, 75 cents; Mrs. Wm. Pitkin, Jr., 70 cents; Miss C. L. Rochester, 62 cents; Mrs. Geo. Raines, 62 cents; Mrs. W. M. Rebasz, 62 cents; Mrs. W. H. Reid, 62 cents; Mrs. L. P. Ross, $1.24; Mrs. W. M. Rebasz, Jr., 62 cents; Mrs. C. B. Rebasz, 62 cents; Mrs. R. A. Sibley, 62 cents; Mrs. H. F. Smith, 62 cents; Mrs. E. D. Smith, 62 cents; Mrs. E. V. Stoddard, 63 cents; Mrs. T. D. Snyder, 62 cents; Mrs. S. Stern, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Shatz, 62 cents; Mrs. S. Sloan, 62 cents; Mrs. Dr. F. B. Smith, 62 cents; Mrs. Geo. Taylor, $1.24; Mrs. N. Thompson, 62 cents; Mrs. Q. Van Voorhis, 62 cents; Mrs. J. A. Van Ingen, 65 cents; Mrs. C. Wait, 62 cents; Mrs. A. A. Wood, 62 cents; Mrs. D. A. Watson, 62 cents; Miss A.
THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

E. M. Wild, $1.00; Mrs. L. F. Ward, 62 cents; Mrs. Geo. Welden, 62 cents; Mrs. L. A. Ward, 62 cents; Mrs. J. B. Ward, 62 cents; Mrs. J. M. Wile, 62 cents; Mrs. Alfred Wright, 62 cents; Miss Amelia Wright, 62 cents; Miss Whitney, 62 cents; Mrs. J. E. Wolcott, 62 cents; Mrs. J. M. Whitney, $1.00; Miss M. J. Watson, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Whitbeck, 62 cents; Mrs. F. Wilson, Albion, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Weston, 62 cents; extra pennies, 06 cents, by Miss Pitkin. and Miss Hattie Smith at Donation, Dec. 6th and 7th $106.02

MRS. ROBERT MATHEWS, Treas., 96 Spring Street.

Children's Pavilion Fund.

Mr. W. B. Brown, Bordentown, N. J. 50
Class in St. Peter's Church Sunday School. 70
"Series F," Mrs. H. Higbie 50

Total $1.70

Previously acknowledged 6,460.52

Total receipts 6,462.22

A small debt still remains on the Pavilion for which we most urgently solicit contributions, which should be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring street, the treasurer of the fund.

Turner's First Picture.

One morning something like a hundred years ago, there might have been seen coming from a barber's shop, near Convent Garden, a man and a little boy. They were father and son, and the father was proprietor of the shop. He was going to the house of one of his customers to dress his wig. So the two went hand in hand to one of the fine houses in the neighborhood, which was at that time a fashionable quarter of London, many of the nobility and gentry living there. Arrived at the house, the father leaves the boy in the hall, the paneled walls of which are adorned with beautiful carving; and shortly, having completed his business, they return together to the shop. After a time Joseph, for that was the boy's name—is missing, and his father calls out to know what he is doing. The boy comes timidly into the shop, a sheet of paper in one hand and a pencil in the other, and the delighted father, looking at the paper, sees a very careful and accurate drawing of one of the coats-of-arms carved upon the paneling in the hall where he waited. Of course every customer who comes into the shop must see this specimen of little Joseph's skill. And the boy as he grew up improved the talent that God had given him by studying hard from Nature, so that he became the greatest landscape-painter England—some say the world—has ever produced; and if you go to the National Gallery you will see a whole room devoted to the exhibition of his pictures. His name was Joseph Millard William Turner.—Eng.

At Rochester City Hospital, Dec. 4th, of dropsy, William H. Peart, aged 47.
Dec. 5th, Harriet McEntee, aged 70.
Dec. 5th, Maria L. Malone, aged 35.
Dec. 6th, of phthisis pulmonalis, E. P. Heinz, aged 36.
Dec. 7th, Frederick K. Schmidt, aged 52.
Dec. 7th, J. W. Moffat, of injuries from fall.
Dec. 8th, of phthisis pulmonalis, Jennie Lockington, aged 23.
Dec. 8th, of inflammation of the brain, W. V. K. Lansing, aged 66.
Dec. 16th, Wm. Louis Schutt, aged 8 months.
Dec. 17th, of heart failure, Jane McGuire, aged 46.

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No. 96 Spring Street.

Letters of inquiry, and All business letters, are requested
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new store. No. 80 State and 55 and 57 Mill streets (a stone's throw from the old stand), re-fitted expressly for their increasing business, announce that their STOCK OF CARPETINGS is now complete. No such extensive and complete assortment was ever before shown in Western New York. The prices are right, and the purchasers have the advantage of an enormous variety to select from. It is the best lighted store in the State. Graves' most approved elevator running from basement to fifth story.

HOWE & ROGERS,
80 State st., opp. Church st., and 55 and 57 Mill st.

STEELE & AVERY,
46 and 48 State Street.

SOLE AGENTS FOR
CRANE'S FINE STATIONERY
$1 For Engraved Plate and 50 Cards.

Rochester Savings Bank.
Cor. West Main and Fitzhugh Street.
Incorporated April 21, 1831.

XII. Interest dividends at the rate of not exceeding four per cent per annum, computed from the first quarter day next succeeding the date of deposit, or from the date of deposit if made on a quarter day, to the first quarter day next preceding the date of withdrawal, will be paid to depositors on all sums of $5 and upwards, which shall have remained on deposit for three months or more preceding a quarter day. No interest will be paid on the fractional part of a dollar or on money withdrawn between quarter days, except that money may be drawn on the three last days of a quarter without loss of interest. The quarter days shall be the first days of March, June, September and December, and deposits made on or before the third day of those months, will draw interest as if made on the first day of the month. Interest will be payable on the twentieth day of June and December, and if not drawn on or before those days will be added to the principal as of the first day of those months. Transfers of money on deposit, from one account to another, may be made at any time with the same effect in all respects, as if made on the first day of the quarter in which such transfer is made. No interest or interest dividends shall be allowed on the excess of any deposit over the legal limit.

Adopted January 5th, 1885.

OFFICERS-1885.
MORTIMER F. REYNOLDS........President
JAMES BRACKETT........1st Vice-President
SYLVANUS J. MACY........2d Vice-President
CHAS. F. POND........Secretary.

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Successors to
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Trunks and Traveling Bags.
All Kinds of Traveling Goods.
96 State St., Rochester, N. Y.

HAMILTON & MATHEWS,
DEALERS IN
Hardware and Cutlery,
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J. FAHY & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail
DRY GOODS, MILLINERY AND MEN'S GOODS,
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GEO. C. BUELL & CO.
Wholesale Grocers
AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
39 Exchange Street, Rochester, N. Y.

SCRANTOM, WETMORE & CO.
BOOKSELLERS,
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-Fine Fancy Goods for Wedding and Holiday Gifts.
-Copper Plate Engraving and Fine Printing
-done in the best manner.
-Fashionable Stationery in all the Latest Styles.
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No. 24 Exchange Street
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French Crystal Glass Shades
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White Frosted Plaques, Composition Plaques, Plain
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A Full Line of Toilet Articles and Fancy Goods.
WILLARD SMITH,
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20 W. Main St., Powers' Block,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Soda & Mineral Waters. Imported & Domestic Cigars.

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No. 17 North Fitzhugh St.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Country Produce a Specialty.

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77 and 79 State Street, Rochester, N. Y.
China, Crockery, Glass & Earthen Ware
SILVER PLATED WARE,
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E. B. BOOTH & SON,
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Sole Agents for the Celebrated Borel & Courvoisier
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Spectacles.
9 STATE STREET.

LOVEJOY,
Powers HOTEL Next to Main Entrance
PURE CANDY
And 71 E. Main St.
Established 1857.

Artificial Limbs.

New Patents. Reduced Prices.

Deformity Appliances, Trusses, Supporters, Elastic Hosiery, Crutches, &c.

Large Catalogue Free.

GEO. R. FULLER, Manufacturer.

(Successor to Dr. Bly.)

147 State St. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Mechanics' Savings Bank, 18 Exchange Street, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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Ezra R. Andrews .................... Vice-President
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John H. Rochester ............ Secretary and Treasurer
F. A. Whittlesey ............. ............ Book-keeper

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Samuel Wilder, Isaac W. Butts,
Samuel Sloan, Wm. Allen,

Jerome Keyes.

XVI. Interest not exceeding four per cent, per annum will be allowed on all sums which may be on deposit on the first days of March, June, September, and December, for each of the three preceding months during which such sum shall have been on deposit.

XVII. Deposits made on or before the third days of March, June, September, and December, shall be entitled to interest from the first days of such months, respectively, if left for the required time.

Established 1856.

Smith, Perkins & Co.

Wholesale Grocers.

13, 15 and 17 Exchange Street.

Rochester, N. Y.

C. F. Paine & Co.

Druggists.

24 East Main Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Drugs, Medicines, Perfumeries and Toilet Goods in great variety.

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.

Joseph Schleyer.

Dealer in

Fresh & Salt Meats

Lard and Hams.

271 East Main St., Rochester, N. Y.

Artists' Materials,

Embracing materials for Oil and Water Color Painting, Lead Pencil Drawing Porcelain and China Decoration, Wax Flowers, Decorative Art, Artist's Fine Brushes, &c.

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C. B. Woodworth & Sons,

Manufacturers of Fine Perfumery, Cologne;

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65 West Main Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Boots and Shoes.

Largest Assortment.

All widths of feet fitted.

Fine Goods and Custom Work a Specialty.

Mail Orders Solicited.

W. H. Glenny & Co.

190-194 East Main Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Importers of China Glass Art Pottery, Sterling Silver, &c.

We are headquarters for everything in our line. The latest addition is our "House Furnishing Department." Three floors devoted to Retail—One Price to all.

Geo. B. Watkins, Manager.

Dwight Palmer

117 Front St.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Bulk Oysters.

Fresh Fish, Lobsters, Hams, Scallops.

Pickled Pigs Feet, Tongue, Tripe.
Not Lost, but Gone Before.

When for me the silent oar
Parts the silent river,
And I stand upon the shore
Of the strange Forever,
Shall I miss the loved and known?
Shall I vainly seek mine own?
Can the bonds that make us here
Know ourselves immortal,
Drop away like foliage sere,
At life's inner portal?
What is holiest below
Must forever live and grow.
He who plants within our hearts
All this deep affection,
Giving, when the form departs,
Fadeless recollection,
Will but clasp the unbroken chain
Closer when we meet again.
Therefore dread I not to go
O'er the silent river:
Death, thy hastening oar I know:
Bear me, thou life-giver,
Through the winds to the shore,
Where mine own have gone before.

Memorial Tributes

TO THE LATE

DR. HENRY H. LANGWORTHY.

The Staff of the Rochester City Hospital.

At a meeting of the Staff of the Rochester City Hospital held February 10, 1889, the death of Dr. H. H. Langworthy, Consulting Surgeon to the Hospital, was announced, as having occurred on February 5th, in his sixty-second year. On motion it was

Resolved, That the following note be entered on the Records of the Staff:

"In the death of Dr. H. H. Langworthy,
the members of the Medical and Surgical Staff desire to express their sense of personal grief, as well as to record the loss the Hospital has sustained by the death of one who was early connected with the institution and served it faithfully for twenty-one years as Attending Surgeon, and lately as Consulting Surgeon.

"We shall miss his dignified presence and his wise and conservative counsel, and shall cherish his memory, and find his example worthy of emulation."

E. V. STODDARD, M. D.
Secretary of Staff.
Rochester, N. Y., Feb. 11, 1889.

The Board of Lady Managers of the Rochester City Hospital.

At a meeting of the Lady Managers of the Rochester City Hospital, held on the 6th of February, the President, Mrs. M. Strong, announced the sudden death of Dr. H. H. Langworthy, and spoke of him as having been twenty-one years an active member of the Hospital Staff, and for the past year Consulting Surgeon.

A man of science and culture, retiring and quiet in his manner, who had most efficiently, kindly and attentively discharged the duties of his profession, manifesting especial interest in the children, winning their love and bestowing pet names on some of the afflicted little ones. One also who was highly esteemed at the Hospital, and whose kindly services will ever be held in grateful remembrance by those who so long have been associated with him in the care of this Institution.

It was resolved that expressions of regret, at the loss sustained by his death, should be embodied in a note of sympathy to his afflicted relatives.

Monroe County Medical Society.

A special meeting of the Monroe County Medical Society was held Wednesday afternoon, February 6th, at the office of Dr. E. M. Moore, to take action on the death of the late Dr. H. H. Langworthy. There was a large attendance. Dr. W. Herriman presided, and Dr. Jones acted as Secretary. Dr. E. M. Moore, Dr. L. B. Hovey, Dr. C. A. Dewey and others paid high tributes to Dr. Langworthy. The following declaration, presented by Dr. Moore, was adopted as the sense of this Society:

"Whereas, Death has removed from our midst our esteemed colleague, Dr. H. H. Langworthy, we, in society assembled, desire to testify to his great worth, both as a man and a physician. During a long life in the practice of an arduous profession, no stain rests on his memory. His mind was constantly occupied with matters of an elevated character. We therefore resolve that these characteristics should be placed upon record, and be published in the daily papers."

Subsequently a meeting of the Rochester Pathological Society was called to order by Dr. Mulligan, and the foregoing was endorsed as expressing the Society's feelings.

The City Press.

The following notice appeared in the Union and Advertiser, February 5th, 1889:

DR. HENRY H. LANGWORTHY.

DEATH OF A MAN WHO RANKED HIGH IN THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

Dr. Henry H. Langworthy, one of the oldest and best of this city's physicians, died this morning at his home, 11 Comfort street. His death was not unexpected. He had been a sufferer from Bright's disease, and September 9th, last, had a partial stroke of paralysis. Six weeks ago he had another attack. Sunday evening about 7:30 o'clock the third stroke came while he was at his office on State street. He was removed to his house and about 10 o'clock became unconscious. He remained in that condition until he breathed his last at 3:45 this morning.

Deceased was born in Greece, this
county, and studied medicine at the Geneva Medical College, graduating at that institution in 1848. Some time after graduating he took an extended trip through the far west. Returning to this city he commenced the practice of his profession, and has practised here since, about two score years.

The doctor was essentially a retiring and modest man, never pushing himself forward. This probably limited his practice, which was, nevertheless, as large as he desired. He made few intimate friends, but those few esteemed him most highly. While somewhat reserved before strangers, the doctor was singularly genial and open-hearted among his friends. He was at all times courteous and gained the respect of everybody with whom he came in contact. He was a man of unsullied integrity, purity and uprightness of character. His life was pitched on a high-minded plane commanding the confidence of the community. In his personal appearance the doctor was a large man of fine physique, and until within a couple of years enjoyed the best of health.

Deceased was early in his professional career associated with Dr. W. W. Reid. They practised together for many years on Main street, near the "Four Corners." Early in the sixties Dr. Langworthy was President of the Monroe County Medical Society, and a few years later occupied the Secretary's chair in the same society. In 1867 he became a permanent member of the New York State Medical Society. Before this he was appointed City Health Officer, and for two terms fulfilled the duties of the position in a most efficient and creditable manner. He was a member of the Board of Health for 1872, '73, and '74, and was one of the first physicians appointed for duty at the City Hospital. For nearly a quarter of a century he devoted most of his time to work at that institution, and even up to the time of his death he was retained by the faculty as a consulting physician at the Hospital. As a member of the State Medical Society he contributed many important papers, including one on "The Mortality of the City of Rochester;" another on "Disease in the City of Rochester," and another on "Mortality in Buffalo."

As a physician and surgeon deceased held a high rank. Members of the medical profession who were interviewed this morning were unanimous in expressing the opinion that he was one of the most skilful and successful physicians of the state. His duties at the Hospital were largely in the surgical department, and in this he distinguished himself, showing rare ability from the day when he first entered the institution.

Dr. Langworthy was the son of Lyman L. Langworthy, one of the first settlers of Monroe County, who died a few years ago. About the year 1845, the Doctor married Miss Elizabeth A. Waters, a sister of Wm. Augustus Waters of the Flour City National Bank. Two children were born and both died in infancy. About 1855 the Doctor's wife died. He was devotedly attached to her and never married since. So deeply, in fact, did he feel his bereavement that many of his friends say it affected the whole course of his life, developing the retiring disposition for which he was somewhat noted. One sister survives, Mrs. Crane, who lived with the doctor. Two nieces survive, living in Denver, and another niece in Oil City, Pa.

Dr. Langworthy had the distinction of being a scientific man. He devoted considerable time and thought to sanitary science, and was very careful and concise in studies. He was often called upon by the City to give his opinion on sanitary questions, and many times gave testimony in the court on the same subject.

Dr. B L. Hovey said to a Union reporter: "Dr. Langworthy and myself have known each other intimately for twenty-
three years, and I always found him a high-
toned medical man and always loyal to his
profession. I never knew him to take ad-
vantage of the absence from the city of any
medical gentleman, or in any way do the
slightest injury to a fellow physician. He
was the most appreciative member of his
profession that I ever came in contact
with, and was always willing to do a good
turn. He was exceedingly interesting in
his conversation, and spoke freely on scienc-
tific subjects. His habits were strictly
temperate, and his principles in politics
were Democratic. Often he would come
into my office, and was always pleasant and
amiable in his ways. He was last in my
office a week ago.”

Dr. E. M. Moore said: “Dr. Lang-
worthy was a first class man.”

Dr. C. E. Rider said: “The doctor was
the most backward man that I ever knew.
That is, he was modest to a remarkable de-
gree. He was one of the best fellows I
ever knew. I knew him for many years,
and was at one time connected with him at
the City Hospital.”

DR. LANGWORTHY’S FUNERAL.

OBSEQUIES OF THE WELL-KNOWN PHYSICIAN
THIS AFTERNOON.

The funeral of the late Dr. H. H. Lang-
worthy took place at his late residence, No.
31 Comfort street, this afternoon at 2:30
o’clock. There was a large number of
friends and acquaintances of the dead phy-
sician present. Among the number were
Drs. Moore, Pierce, Buckley and Williams;
the City Hospital staff; a delegation of
nurses from the City Hospital, clad in their
regulation costume. The floral offerings
were many and beautiful. A short service
was conducted by Rev. Mr. Wood. There
was no singing. The bearers were Dr.
David Little, Dr. E. H. Davis, Dr. C. A.
Dewey, Dr. C. E. Rider, Dr. M. L. Mallory,
and Dr. W. S. Ely. The interment took
place at Mt. Hope cemetery.— Union and
Advertiser February 7, 1889.
years had expanded his heart so that it
opened wide to all children, and his inter-
course with our diseased little ones was
like that of a fond, playful, doting father.
He entered into all their pleasures while
ministering to their comfort. His eye
would sparkle and his face beam with en-
thusiasm as he called our attention to in-
teresting points in some of the sufferers.
Th Gentie Rosa Uehlin, making dresses
for her doll, was his "Jenny Wren," and
Sarah, the colored babe from the Orphan
Asylum, under treatment for curvature of
the spine, was his "Snowball." When
surgical skill and careful nursing could
not stay the progress of disease, he ten-
derly soothed and comforted the sufferer;
and it is a pleasant thought, that among
those waiting to welcome him on the other
side of the river were some of the Hospital
children to whom he had so lovingly min-
istered.

The Invalids.

Jack Frost was abroad on the morning
of February 6th, when we last visited the
invalids, and very few of them felt inclined
to leave their snug quarters inside the Hos-
pital. Our first visit was to the Male Sur-
gical Ward, that, flooded with bright sun-
shine, bore a cheerful aspect, and the pa-
tients in spite of their ailments, were many
of them in a bright and happy mood. Near
the register, in a comfortable lounging
chair with feet encased in soft slippers, sat
Mr. Siddons, who has so far recovered
from the injuries he received at the fire,
that he walks about a little on crutches.
The only other victim of the fire still in
the Hospital, is Dannie Watkins, who was
propped up in an arm chair and was one of
four who seemed very merry over a game
of cards. The past month pieces of dead
bone have been removed from his foot, and
the indications are that amputation will not
be necessary. In another invalid's chair,
beside the card table, was the Italian Car-
nevale, who has some disease of the hip;
he serves as interpreter to other Italians,
and pays his way by his cheerfulness and
songs. The third card player was a young
man with an abscess on the hip, and the
fourth, one who had burnt his foot with
molten iron. The foreigner who was sup-
posed to be an Armenian proved to be an
Austrian; his thumb had been amputated
and was healing very rapidly. He was
playing checkers with a young man whose
hand was crushed while coupling cars;
each finger had a compound fracture, one
had been amputated and the others were
improving rapidly. An Italian with broken
thigh was brought in on the 12th of Janu-
ary; he had on an extension; his wounds
were caused by the caving in of earth. A
Russian, while working in leather caught
his thumb in machinery, and the arm was
twisted in such a way that both bones of
the forearm and also the humerus were
broken. An old man whose leg had been
amputated some time before, was operated
upon for cataract, and now after having
been blind four years he can see. One
man was suffering from an ulcerated leg;
another had tuberculosis of the knee joint,
and a third, who had tubercular synovitis,
had his limb in splints and was going about
on crutches. An aged man, who came in a
few days before very ill, had improved
rapidly. A man with broken ankle was
reclining on his cot. A colored man was
brought to the Hospital on the 21st of Janu-
ary, who, by falling backwards twenty
feet, had sustained a fracture of the skull.
He died within twenty-four hours. Dr.
Mandeville performed a surgical operation
for a growth in the mouth. Dr. Kempe
and Dr. Remington had also performed
surgical operations, and Dr. Rider had
operated for a drooping eyelid. The game
of Halma, that had been introduced to the
ward during the month, was a source of
much amusement to the invalids. Games,
at this season of the year, when convales-
cents cannot exercise on the lawn, serve to
shorten the weary hours. Of the twenty inmates of this ward five were confined to their cots. There were two deaths in January.

Eighteen were under treatment in the Male Medical Ward. A typhoid and a paralytic patient were the only ones who did not sit up at all. Two paralytics could not walk. Three men were troubled with rheumatism. A man suffering much from severe headaches was waiting for a surgical operation on the forehead. Three men were discharged the previous week. Three deaths occurred during January in this ward.

The Female Surgical Ward was undergoing the process of cleaning. A new patient who was brought in the previous day was so much relieved by Hospital treatment that she was anxious to return home. One German was awaiting an operation and another was receiving treatment for a sore knee. A cancer patient had been operated upon. One patient had just been discharged who had recovered from a broken wrist. Another had a broken thigh. Two women with fractured ankles were doing well, two others had ulcerated limbs, one woman had her limb amputated at the thigh, another was ready to be discharged. Dr. Whitbeck performed seven surgical operations during the month.

Of the nineteen inmates of the Female Medical Ward, ten were confined to their cots. Two of these were convalescing from typhoid, two were afflicted with diseased nerves, two had rheumatism, one had a weak stomach and another dropsical effusion. We found one patient taking a sun bath. One woman had a diseased heart; others were suffering from paralysis, neuralgia, consumption and debility. One case of paralysis of the right side had occurred during the month.

One of the isolated pavilions was occupied by a convalescing diphtheria patient and her infant.

We found a good deal of sympathy manifested for a little boy twelve years old, an orphan, George Campbell, who, while walking on the tow path of the canal near the State Industrial School the day previous, had been shot by some unknown person. The shot had entered the head back of the left ear, but its course was not known. The little fellow was nauseated by it, but it was hoped no permanent injury would result. The child lived with his grand parents. Later investigation proved that the boy had been accidentally shot by a companion. In the Julia and Edith room we found a little German girl twelve years old, who looked very pale and emaciated. She was suffering from Pott's disease of the spine. She had abscesses and was evidently an object of pity, and we feared all that could be done was to make her as comfortable as possible. Nine years before she had fallen down stairs and probably injured her spine. A dear little boy, Clarence Langlois, was receiving the attention of one of the nurses in the Children's Pavilion. He had been sent in from the Out-Patient Department. He had abscess of the cornea and four times a day had the eye bathed for half an hour at a time with some preparation given by Dr. Rider. He was a patient little fellow. His father is a paralytic and his mother has five other children. We missed the little baby who for twelve weeks has been tenderly cared for by Nurse Shannon in the Children's Pavilion. Its mother had recovered and taken her baby home. In the Girl's Ward a mother was bending anxiously over a sweet, pale faced child of twelve summers, who was being treated for some disease of the heart resulting from inflammatory rheumatism. She came to the Pavilion on the 28th of January; her name is Bertha Bradley. Hyman Harris, eleven years old, was busied with his perforated card paper. He has sore eyes
and is scrofulous. Jackie Stryker still wears a muslin cap on his sore head. Ida Parker was in nurse Shannon's arms. She is the little club footed girl. Her feet have been operated upon and one is much improved. An arrangement that would cost about twenty dollars is needed to straighten the deformed limbs. An effort is being made to procure this. One can find a great many ways to make good use of money in Hospital work. Willie Pierce, who came to us from the Orphan Asylum with some disease of the skin is much better; his brother George, 7 years old, with diseased spine, is now for the first time, beginning to walk. Sada Hollohan is bright and sprightly, runs all around. There were but two babies in the nursery.

**The Training School.**

Dr. Dewey has delivered two lectures the past month and also examined the nurses on lectures previously given by him. On the 22nd the senior class quiz was under Miss Lawrence's direction; another during the month was in charge of Miss Cunningham, head nurse of the first floor. On the 23rd of January Dr. Dewey vaccinated the members of the Training School. The bandage class have had two lessons during the month, and five lessons have been given in massage. On the 29th, a probationer entered on her new duties, and on the 30th, one of the nurses had to suspend her work in consequence of trouble with her eyes. We found three of the nurses in the diet kitchen, where they had prepared corn starch snow, beef steak, gluten bread, custards, gruels, tapioca cream and milk toast for the invalids.

**The New Out-Patient Department.**

We found five persons availing themselves of the benefits of the MAGNÉ-JEWELL MEMORIAL when we last visited it. During the month of January 84 visits have been made to the Eye and Ear Department. Two successful operations have been performed for cataract, the one on a man 79 years old, who is now in the Male Surgical Ward at the Hospital; the other was on a child 3 years old. A little boy with abscess of the cornea was sent for treatment to the Children's Pavilion. A third successful operation was performed for a cross eye. Dr. Dewey has charge of the general department where 53 visits have been made. The cases have been mostly medical cases, the applicants suffering from colds, diseases of throat and lungs, and rheumatism. A man who fell on Sophia street and fractured his right wrist had it dressed and comes in for treatment. Cases requiring hospital treatment are transferred to the Hospital Wards.

**The Kirmess**

We congratulate our sister charities, the Woman's Christian Association and the Rochester Orphan Asylum, on the brilliant success of their Kirmess.

The pleasing variety of the booths, the tasteful costumes of their occupants, the graceful, spirited and fascinating dancers, embodying the very poetry of motion, we shall all remember as “A thing of beauty” and “a joy forever,” and also as a charming illustration of the executive ability of one Eager woman.

In Mrs. C. H. Angel's report for December, we should have credited Marie Sanford with one dollar and Fannie Corbett and Louise Fitchner with dressing six dolls.

A pleasant entertainment came off last month in the City Hospital, consisting of music and the laughable play, “None So Deaf as Those who Won’t Hear.” It was given for the pleasure of the patients by Miss Lillie Barton, assisted by Mrs. Van Ingen, Miss Humphrey, Messrs. Martenis, Plummer and Curtiss. All that could get into the parlor of the hospital seemed to enjoy the entertainment immensely.
MURAL TABLETS.

Two large Mural Tablets of white marble have been placed in the hall of the City Hospital, by Mrs. Hiram W. Sibley and Miss Lois E. Whitney. They are each divided into three compartments. The headings are in gilt letters, the other lettering is in black. They bear the following inscriptions:

**ENDOWED BEDS IN CITY HOSPITAL.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>In Perpetuity, $5,000.</th>
<th>For a Term of Years, $3,000.</th>
<th>Annually, $200.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1860 Rochester Female Charitable Society.</td>
<td>1885 George J. Whitney, by his Wife, Julia Whitney.</td>
<td>1889 Alfred Wright.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1865 Rochester Fire Department.</td>
<td>1886 Andrew M. Semple, by his sister, Christina Semple.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1880 Aaron Erickson, by Mrs. Wm. S. Nichols and Mrs. Gilman H. Perkins.</td>
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<tr>
<td>1883 John Greentree, by John Greentree.</td>
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**ENDOWED BEDS, CHILDREN'S PAVILION.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>In Perpetuity, $3,000.</th>
<th>For a Term of Years,</th>
<th>Annually, $200.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1886 Children's Cot, by Children and Their Friends.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1888 Hiram Sibley, Jr., in Memory of Margaret H. Sibley and Hiram Sibley, Jr., by Mr. and Mrs. H. W Sibley.</td>
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<td></td>
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<td>1886 Henrietta S. Mumford.</td>
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<td>1888 In Memory of Freeman Clarke Webb, by Mrs. Freeman Clarke.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td>1888 In Memory of Charles Fitz Simons, by his Wife, Caroline V. Fitz Simons.</td>
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<td>1889 Alfred Wright.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.**

Patients are here received on City or County Orders, or on the recommendation of any of the attending Physicians and Surgeons or Lady Managers, or by direct application to the Recorder at the Hospital. The charge to patients in large wards is $4 per week; in private wards, accommodating three patients each, $6 per week; this includes board, medicines, nursing; also medical attendance to those unable to pay for it. The charge to patients in private rooms is from $8 to $15 per week, which includes board, medicines (exclusive of stimulants), and ordinary nursing. An extra charge is made for a private nurse. Private patients choose their own physician, who may be of any school.
Officers of Rochester City Hospital.

FEBRUARY 11, 1889.

Directors.
D. W. Powers, President.
M. F. Reynolds, Vice-President.
H. S. Hanford, Secretary and Treasurer.
Samuel Wilder.

Executive Committee.

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Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, Treasurer.
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William S. Ely, M. D., E. V. Stoddard, M. D., Charles A. Dewey, M. D.

Surgical Staff.

David Little, M. D., John W. Whitbeck, M. D., J. J. Kempe, M. D.

Ophthalmic and Aural Surgeon.

C. E. Rider, M. D.

Assistant Ophthalmic and Aural Surgeon.

Wheelock Rider, M. D.

Assistant Visiting Physician.

M. L. Mallory, M. D.

Assistant Visiting Surgeon.

H. T. Williams, M. D.

Assistant Pathologist.

W. J. Herriman, M. D.

Resident House Officers.

T. O. Tait, M. D., F. D. Remington, M. D.

Resident Pharmacist.

Mr. Ogden.

The Children's Pavilion.

The following letters indicate the interest felt in our sick children by the little folks outside of Rochester.


Dear Madam:

Please accept this box as our Christmas offering to the children of the Hospital. We have a society of five girls, called "Mustard Seeds." Our average age is 12 years.

Yours truly,

JESSIE WYLYE,
MATTIE BLYTHE,
LUIE SWEET,
MADGE DORR,
BELLE LORING, Sec.

The box contained quilts for children's cribs, clothing of all kinds, scrap books, toys and cards.

BATAVIA, N. Y., Jan. 1st, 1889.

To the Supervising Nurse:

Dear Madam—Will the children of the Hospital accept these scrap books from Clara Merton and Susie Bosworth, hoping they may help to entertain them during some of the hours of illness. I enclose some papers which I thought might be of interest, and would be very glad to send more if they would be acceptable. With pleasant wishes for all for the New Year, I remain, Respectfully yours,

MRS. C. M. BOSWORTH,
9 Swan street, Batavia.

To the Children in the City Hospital:

We wish you a Happy New Year and hope that these gifts will help you to en-
dure pain and will shorten long days of suffering.

From the members of Mrs. Wm. E. Hobby's S. S. Class, Holley, Orleans Co., N. Y. Dec. 31, 1888.

**Cash Donations.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Donator</th>
<th>Amount</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Mrs. E. J. Loop, in memory of her son, William R. Loop</td>
<td>$50.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>In memory of Chloe Wilcox</td>
<td>$30.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A friend</td>
<td>$10.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Donation Box</td>
<td>$3.55</td>
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DONATED BILL.

Wm. Summerhayes & Sons...........$7.49

Mrs. W. H. Perkins, Treas.

**Children's Pavilion Fund.**

To those of our friends who have helped us towards attaining our desire to free the Pavilion from debt on the third anniversary of its opening, we extend our warmest thanks. Our 'Circles' are not yet filled, and we hope those whose gifts have been delayed or forgotten will send them to the Treasurer, in time to be acknowledged in the next REVIEW. The offering from the Primary Department of the First Baptist Sunday School was particularly thoughtful, and it was very cheering to us to know the heartiness with which the children voted to appropriate $15.00 to this object.

The notes and visits with the gifts on Anniversary Day, manifested the interest felt in our work—be assured we appreciated all, and trust additional amounts will enable us to announce the debt cancelled, when we send you our greetings in the March REVIEW.

Mrs. F. E. Hewer..................$38
F. E. H..........................$1.00
Infant Class, Plymouth Church Sunday School, by Miss Ruth M. Booth, Primary Department, First Baptist Sunday School, by Mrs. S. A. Ellis, 15.00

**CIRCLE 1.**

Dr. W. S. Ely...................$10.00
George Haywood Hawks...........10.00
Ernest and Harold Jenkins......10.00
Mrs. Freeman Clarke.............10.00
Miss Ada Greenwood..............10.00

**CIRCLE 2.**

Mrs. S. G. Andrews..............$5.00
Wentworth and Madeleine Hoyt...5.00
Paul Wild.......................5.00
Mrs. C. H. Williams, "Memorial Offering"..................5.00
"In Memory of F. C. W."...........5.00
Willie C. and Mabel H. Webb...5.00
George W. Fitch, San Diego, California..................5.00
Marie Brewster..................5.00
James G. Average, Jr...........5.00

**CIRCLE 3.**

Virginia Jeffrey Smith...........$3.00
Mrs. W. H. Perkins..............3.00
Joseph Curtis...................3.00

**CIRCLE 4.**

Blanche Goodman................$2.00
Grace Curtice...................2.00
Laurence Angel..................2.00

**CIRCLE 5.**

George Whitney Fiske, Morris-town, N. J....................$1.00
Earl B. Fiske, Morristown, N. J....................1.00
Pauline Fiske, Morristown, N. J....................1.00
George Whitney Martin.........1.00
Mary Martin....................1.00
Mrs. M. M. Matthews...........1.00
Miss Rumsey....................1.00
Miss Jennie Rumsey.............1.00
Mrs. Thomas Chester...........1.00
Carolyn Augusta Sherwood......1.00
Mr. James Brackett.............1.00
Ralph Howell...................1.00
Mrs. Oscar Craig...............1.00
Mrs. James K. Chappell........1.00
Francis Chester Nickerson, Lancingburg...........1.00
Douglas L. Furness.............1.00
Mrs. F. Schlegel..............1.00
Mrs. Edward Meigs Smith.......1.00
Miss Carrie M. Soule...........1.00
Mabel Frances Taylor..........1.00
Fred Kalbfleisch Taylor.......1.00
Edwin Clifford Taylor.........1.00
Miss Esther T. Chapin.........1.00
"A friend," Naples, N. Y.......1.00

**CIRCLE 6.**

Mrs. George Reyton, Ironde- quiot..................$50
Miss Laura McKinns, Brook- lyn..................50
Ethel Millard...................50
Miss Emily Richardson, Haver- hill, Mass...............50
Miss Amelia Wright.............50
Baldwin Mann.....................50
Grace Landsberg................50
"A friend."......................50
Retta and Jonas Gosnell.......50
James Lampert McKinley.......50
Fletcher Steele...............50
Esther Steele..................50
Miss Mary Campbell Little....50
Miss Caroline Little..........50

**Total.**........................$160.23

Previously acknowledged........$6,462.22

$6,622.45

Offerings should be sent to the Treasurer of the Pavilion, Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring street, and will be very welcome.
### Receipts for the Review

**JANUARY, 1889.**

- S. T. Tiernan, Charlotte, by Mrs. S. H. Terry ........................................... $50
- Mrs. A. B. Kimball, Haverhill, Mass., by Mrs. M. Strong .............................. $50
- Mrs. Geo. H. Ely, Cleveland, Ohio, by W. H. Perkins ................................... $100
- Bascom & Morgan, adv., $5.00; E. H. Cook Co., adv., $10.00; D. Leary, 62 cents; D. Leary, adv., $10.00; C. W. Trotter, adv., $3.00, by Mrs. M. M. Mathews .............. $30 62
- Mrs. C. C. Bean, Coldwater, 50 cents; Mrs. H. Bryan, 62 cents; Miss D. Cossett, 62 cents; Miss J. Curry, 62 cents; Mrs. R. L. Field, 62 cents; Mrs. F. Hinchey, 62 cents; Miss M. Hotto, 50 cents; Mrs. P. Maler, Coldwater, 50 cents; Miss K. Patten, 63 cents; Mrs. J. L. Pixley, 62 cents; Mrs. C. Woodward, 62 cents, by Miss Pixley .......... $6 48
- Mrs. W. J. Ashley, 62 cents; Mrs. L. H. Alling, 62 cents; Mrs. N. Ayrault, 62 cents; Miss Julia Barton, 62 cents; Mrs. H. F. Bush, 62 cents; Mrs. H. L. Brewer, 62 cents; Mrs. D. W. Bush, 62 cents; Mrs. S. M. Benjamin, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Cauffman, 62 cents; Mrs. W. J. Curtis, 62 cents; Mrs. J. F. Cleary, 62 cents; Mrs. J. A. Daly, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Dunlevy, 62 cents; H. J. Dignin, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Ely, 65 cents; Mrs. D. M. Hough, 63 cents; Mrs. P. W. Jennings, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Kent, 62 cents; Mrs. W. S. Kimball, 62 cents; Mr. H. Lomb, 62 cents; Mrs. L. H. Lee, 63 cents; Miss R. Lough, 65 cents; Mrs. F. M. McFarlin, 62 cents; Mrs. G. McAllaster, 62 cents; Mr. Geo Moore, 62 cents; Dr. M. Mallory, 62 cents; Mrs. W. Oothout, 62 cents; Mrs. A. V. Pells, 62 cents; Mrs. E. W. Peck, 62 cents; Mrs. C. E. Pond, 62 cents; Mrs. A. W. Riley, 62 cents; Mrs. C. Rogers, 62 cents; Mrs. H. C. Roberts, 63 cents; Dr. J. O. Roe, 62 cents; Mrs. B. Rothschilds, 63 cents; Miss S. Shelton, 62 cents; Mrs. E. Strouss, 62 cents; Mrs. P. Storey, 62 cents; Mrs. J. N. Smith, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Stedman, for Mrs. B. Childs, Seneca Castle, 50 cents; Mrs. C. B. Thomas, 75 cents; Mrs. A. T. Towill, 62 cents; Mrs. J. C. Whitbeck, 62 cents; Mrs. W. H. Ward, 62 cents; Mrs. Wm. Wallace, 62 cents; Mrs. D. W. Wright, 62 cents; Mrs. A. G. Yates, 62 cents, by Miss Grace Holmes, 29 89
- Charles Alverson, Moscow, $2.00; Mrs. I. S. Averell, $1.00; Mrs. H. M. Arnold, Geneseo, 50 cents; C. L. Bailey & Co., Harrisburg, Penn., 50 cents; Mrs. R. D. Charles, Cuba, 50 cents; Rev. W. A. Coale, Geneseo, 50 cents; Mrs. J. Cone, Geneseo, 50 cents; Mrs. H. H. Edgerton, 65 cents; Mrs. S. S. Gould, Jr., Seneca Falls, $1.00; Mrs. F. P. Hewer, 62 cents; Mrs. A. J. Johnson, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Kerr, Auburn, 50 cents; Mrs. J. Mogriddle, 62 cents; Mrs. G. Mercer, Geneseo, $1.00; Mrs. W. J. Manewit, 62 cents; Miss C. E. Ostrander, Brockport, $1.00; Mrs. T. F. Olmstead, Geneseo, 50 cents; Mrs. W. B. Ogdea, New York, $1.00; Miss Katharine Oliver, 62 cents; Mrs. F. P. Rodrick, East Pembroke, 50 cents; Mrs. J. T. Talman, Geneva, 50 cents; Union & Advertiser Co., adv., $3.00; Mrs. E. F. Wilson, San Diego, Cal., 50 cents, by Treasurer ......................... $21 25

- Mrs. Robert Mathews, Treas.

96 Spring Street.

### Hospital Report

**Number in Hospital Jan. 1, 1889.** 90
**Rec'd during month.** 58
**Births.** 4

**Discharged during month.** 54
**Deaths.** 8
**Remaining in Hospital Jan. 1, 1889.** 90

### Donations

**JANUARY, 1889.**

- Esther Gibson, Miss Eugenia D. Barnard, Mrs. Charles Hastings, Mrs. C. P. Ford, Moore & Cole, Miss Jeffrey, Mrs. Ashley—Reading matter.
- Mrs. Hiram W. Sibley—2 partridges and 2 prairie chickens.
- Collected by Mrs. Bowerman of Fairport—3 bed tidies, quantity of reading matter, children's toys, dolls, games, 2 tumblers of jelly and old cotton.
- Mrs. A. C. Gates—Scrapbooks.
- Parent Stem—71 sheets, 3 night shirts, 2 in-fant's shirts, 1 pinner, 5 diapers, 6 napkins.
- Madeleine Hoyt—Several copies of Babyland and scrap books from Clara Merton and Susie Bosworth.
- Mrs. Wm. E. Hobby's Sunday School class, of Holley—Crib quilts, clothing of all kinds, toys, books and cards.
- "Mustard Seeds of Perry—Clothing, scrap books, cards, toys, &c.
- Mrs. Miller—Blackberry cordial.
- Mrs Wm. E. Hoyt—Nice armed chair, cane seat and back.
- Mrs. E. H. Cottman—8 bound books.
- Mrs. Starkweather—Old linen.
- First Twig—5 dozen pillow cases.
- Mrs. Chester Field, Mrs. C. F. Weaver, Miss Frenon, Mrs. Parry—Old cotton.
- Mrs. Williams—5 novels.
- Miss A. S. Mumford—Second hand shirts, collars, stockings and necktie.
Mrs. Eugene Curtis—17 bound books and 23 paper covered books.
Monroe club—Buns, crackers, oranges, celery and pickles.
Ellsworth & Grant—1 barrel of sand.
Summerhays & Sons—1 barrel of sand.

We are indebted to Mr. Frank Van Doorn, for a deduction of $4.67 on his bill for lettering the memorial tablets recently placed in the City Hospital.

---

 Died. 

Jan. 1, Edward J. Taylor, aged 25 years.
Jan. 2, of Cardiac Hypertrophy, Charles Brooks, aged 16 years.
Jan. 6, infant of Sarah Miller.
Jan. 13, of Phthisis Pulmonalis, F. W. Chase, aged 25 years.
Jan. 19, of Cancer, Mrs. H. D. Dean.
Jan. 21, infant of Mrs. M. Wells, aged 14 days.
Jan. 23, of Cardiac disease, Mrs. Mary E. Tyler.
Jan. 30, of Cardiac disease, William Brownell, aged 54 years.
Feb. 5, Henry H. Langworthy, M. D., in the 62nd year of his age.

Vick’s Floral Guide.

This annual comes to us this year in enlarged proportions, and with special attractions. On its first page are likenesses of the late James Vick and his three sons who now carry on a business that has helped to bestow on our city the name of Flower City. The pamphlet contains 96 pages, copiously illustrated and filled with useful hints for practical and amateur gardeners.

The late Miss Abby W. May, of Boston, bequeathed $5,000 to the Home for Aged Colored Women, $3,000 to the Gwynne Temporary Home, and $1,000 to the New England Hospital for Women and Children.

Miss May was the aunt of Mrs. Wm. E. Hoyt of this city.

The Trained Nurse.

The Trained Nurse, an excellent monthly, published by the Lakeside Publishing Co., Buffalo, N. Y., edited by Margaret Elliot Francis, comes to us this month with interesting and suggestive original and selected articles. It has just entered upon its second year. The January Number contains an illustrated history of the Buffalo General Hospital. Our Buffalo neighbors have an ambulance attached to their hospital, that was given in 1883, and has already responded to about 2,000 calls.

The Laundry.

Our great need now is a laundry. We repeat our cry, for a laundry seems so needed we can hardly wait for it. Who will take pity on us, and give us this much needed help to Hospital Work.
THE HOSPITAL REVIEW
IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH BY
THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE,
MRS. MALBY STRONG, MRS. WM. H. PERKINS,
MRS. M. M. MATHEWS, MRS. A. S. HAMILTON,
MRS. WM. E. HOYT.

TERMS—City, in advance, including postage, 62 cts.
By mail........................................... 50 "

[Entered at the Post Office at Rochester, N. Y., as second-class mail matter.]

Letters or Communications for publication, to be addressed to Mrs. S. H. Terry, Editor, No. 36 South Washington Street.

Subscriptions for The Review, and all Letters containing Money, to be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, Treasurer, No. 96 Spring Street.

Letters of inquiry, and All business letters, are requested to be sent to Mrs. M. M. Mathews, Corresponding Secretary, No. 96 Spring Street.

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We desire to direct particular attention to our department for furs and fur garments, as we are positive that no better values than those we offer are to be had in Rochester.

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The skins from which our stock is made have been carefully selected, and we warrant every seal garment we sell to be a genuine Alaska London-dyed and dressed. They are intended for fine trade, and are offered at prices far below those of any house in the city.
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The reputation of this Dye House since 1828 has induced others to counterfeit our signs, checks, business cards, and even the cut of our building, to mislead and humbug the public. I have NO CONNECTION WITH ANY SIMILAR ESTABLISHMENT. I have NO AGENTS in the country. You can do your business directly with me, at the same expense as through an Agent.

Crape, Brocha, Cashmere and Plaid Shawls, and all bright colored Silks and Merinoes, cleaned without injury to the colors. Also, LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S WOOLEN GARMENTS cleaned or colored without ripping, and pressed nicely. Also, FEATHERS and KID GLOVES cleansed or dyed. Silk, Woolen or Cotton Goods of every description dyed all colors, and finished with neatness and despatch on very reasonable terms. Goods dyed black every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday. Goods returned in one week.

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Adopted January 5th, 1885.

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XVI. Interest not exceeding four per cent. per annum will be allowed on all sums which may be on deposit on the first days of March, June, September and December, for each of the three preceding months during which such sum shall have been on deposit.

XVII. Deposits made on or before the third days of March, June, September and December, shall be entitled to interest from the first day of such months, respectively, if left for the required time.

ESTABLISHED 1836.

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We are headquarters for everything in our line. The
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Three floors devoted to Retail—One Price to all.
Geo. B. Watkins, Manager.

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117 FRONT ST.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
BULK OYSTERS,
Fresh Fish, Lobsters, Hams, Scallops.
Pickle Pig’s Feet, Tongue, Tripe.
The Ship of State.

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workman wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
’Tis of the wave and not the rock;
’Tis but the flapping of a sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest’s roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes are all with thee;
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o’er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee!

For the Hospital Review.

Washington and the Little Folks.

It is nearly a hundred years since, in the autumn of 1789, Washington made a visit to New England. He left New York on the 15th of October, and continued his journey as far east as Portsmouth, N. H. He travelled in an open carriage drawn by four white horses, and was accompanied by his Secretary, Mr. Lear, Mr. Jackson, and a single servant. The Secretary usually rode on a beautiful white horse, in advance of the carriage, which was occupied by the President and Major Jackson, and was driven by Washington’s private coachman.

The party had passed through Newburyport, Mass., on their way to Portsmouth,
N. H., and the rumor came that they would return by way of Haverhill, Mass., then a beautiful village on the north bank of the Merrimac. Every one at Haverhill was on the qui vive to welcome the "Father of his Country," when another rumor came, announcing that he had changed his route, would go direct from Portsmouth to Concord, N. H., and not visit Haverhill. This was a sad disappointment, but the rumor proved false, and the citizens of Haverhill had the honor of greeting their President. We rehearse some incidents connected with this visit to Haverhill that we think will interest our little folks.

When it was rumored that Washington would not visit Haverhill, two citizens, Rev. Gyles Merrill and Jonathan Payson, determined to see him at any cost, and knowing he must pass through Exeter to go to Concord, N. H., they mounted their horses and were off for Exeter. Sally Merrill, the young daughter of the clergyman, and her friend, Sally White, the step daughter of Mr. Payson, were so urgent in their appeals that they were allowed to accompany their parents in the family chaise. They had nearly reached Exeter when they unexpectedly met the President's party. The fathers were so excited that they forgot their little folks, who, in their eagerness to see the President and give room for his carriage to pass, made an absent minded attempt to turn aside, and were thrown out of the chaise. The excitement of the moment made them insensible to fright or fear, and they were on their feet, insisting they were not hurt, before their fathers could dismount. Gen. Washington ordered his carriage to stop and kindly said: "I hope young ladies you are not injured," and congratulating them on their escape, drove on. They had seen the President, had spoken to him, and little cared they for the mishap.

Timothy Osgood, a resident of Haverhill, had seen Washington at Exeter, and learning that he was to pass through Haverhill, had ridden with all haste to announce to the villagers the advent of the welcome guest. Mr. Osgood galloped bare-headed and at full speed through the village street, blowing a trumpet and crying: "Washington is coming! Washington is coming!" The village bell pealed forth, and the November breeze spread the glad tidings; the old school-master dismissed his school, and a company of horsemen soon started off to welcome and escort the President to Haverhill. He entered the village at half past two on Wednesday afternoon, November 4th, 1789, and took up his quarters at Harrod's tavern.

Apartments had been prepared for him at the house of John White, whose daughter-in-law had often been a visitor at Washington's home at Philadelphia. He called on Mr. White, "took a social glass of wine with him, acknowledged his obligations for such kindness, but expressed his preference for a public house, and in answer to a suggestion of his would-be-hostess, observed that he was 'an old soldier and used to hard fare and a hard bed.'" He wore at this time a drab surtout and a military hat.

Among those who called on Washington at Harrod's tavern was the Rev. John Shaw, who took with him his little daughter Betsey, and her playmate, Mary White, two bright children about eight years old. Washington greeted the children with, "And how do the little ladies do?" He took one on each knee and charmed them by his friendly manner. Presently he drew from his pocket a glove, asking: "Which of the little misses will mend my glove?" They divided the honor of the work and each received a kiss as a reward. They proudly boasted of the favor conferred upon them and soon two other children, about the same age, asked permission to kiss the hand of the President, who playfully exchanged kisses with the little beggars.
The heroine of the next incident was, in after years, a friend of ours. We pleasantly remember her erect form, stately bearing and cheerful presence, when the frosts of more than four score winters had silvered her locks. She loved to recall the story of her childhood, and tell how she contended with her sister, who afterwards married a son of John Adams, for the privilege of ministering to the comfort of the great Washington. It was after a weary day's journey, that Washington took up his quarters at the tavern kept by her father, in the village of Haverhill. The day was an unusually chilly one, and as the "best bed" had not been used for some time, the careful hostess decided it would be prudent to have it warmed for her distinguished visitor. The children overheard the discussion, and Mrs. Stebbins, seventy years afterwards, thus describes her adventure. "As everybody was contending for the honor of doing something for that great and good man, I with others thought, what can I do? Accordingly I took the warming pan, and rushed into the chamber, where sat in state, in my mother's easy-chair, President Washington. As I remember, I was about eleven years old and at that time being very diffident, I was frightened almost to death, to think in whose presence I was. I guess I did not stop to make the bed very warm, but as I was leaving the chamber in my confusion and awkwardness, I stumbled and fell, and he rose from his chair and kissed me. I went below and told of it, and for years after it was my boast and pride."

Washington kept early hours and soon after he retired a little fellow came to the tavern, saying: "I must see George Washington." When he found his request could not be granted, he made such a rumpus that everybody in the house was disturbed, and Washington on learning the cause of the uproar permitted the little fellow to be brought to his bedside. The child had heard so much of the great Washington, that he expected to see some one of corresponding physical magnitude with his ideal, and when asked what he wanted, said: "I want to see George Washington." Washington gently patted him on his head, saying: "I am George Washington, my little lad. But I am only a man." H. S. T.

His Mother's Monument.

BY SUSAN TEALL PERRY.

"This is one of the finest designs we have, I think," said Mr. Carson, the proprietor of the marble works.

The gentleman with a fresh weed on his hat, who stood by his side in the small office, looked for a few moments at the design on the open page of the book which was spread out on the desk before him.

"I don't like anything so elaborate as this is," the gentleman said. "The design on the bottom of the page pleases me better."

"It is the same price, although it is not nearly as showy," the marble cutter replied.

"I do not object to the price," the gentleman rejoined. "It is a question of fitness. I like to have such a memorial correspond with the life and characteristics of the person for whom it is erected. My mother was a small, delicate woman, very quiet in her taste, ignoring anything that partook of display. These large, heavy designs would not be at all suitable. Yet I wish to have something costly, as I intend to put a large sum into the stone. It is the last thing we can do for our friends."

The marble cutter turned over the pages of the book, but nothing seemed to meet the customer's eye that exactly suited him. After a few moments of deliberation, he closed the book.

"I cannot decide about the design today," he said. "I must think over the matter a little longer before I give my order."

He passed into the yard, the marble cutter following him, and calling his attention to the different varieties of material which were piled on both sides of the walk.

"Yes, I want a material that will be lasting," he said, "It must not be of a kind that will grow black with age, or get weather stained."

The northeast wind blew a gust just
then that made the man with the fresh weed on his hat shudder as he buttoned his overcoat up to his throat.

"There is no place on earth more chilling than a marble yard," he thought, as he hastened into the street.

He had soon turned the corner and was lost in the crowd of the busy city. He walked along in deep thought. It was very much harder than he supposed it would be to make a proper selection of a monument to his mother. Should it be the elaborate one after all? It would show his love for his mother, and call attention to her memory; for people always linger about the large, striking monuments in a cemetery. Just then a woman jostled against him, and, as he turned to look into her face, she fell at his feet. He stooped and lifted her up. She was a very old woman. He saw the locks of silver hair fall down over a face full of deep furrows; care, poverty and hard work were all stamped upon it. Before he had time to think what he should do, a crowd had gathered, an ambulance came rattling up to the sidewalk, and strong arms had lifted the woman in. "For the Charity Hospital," they said. And before he was aware of the action he had taken, he was following the ambulance.

"What if it had been my mother," he thought.

On, on he followed, up to the ward, and to the very cot, where the poor old woman was placed.

"Do everything for the comfort and restoration of this woman," he said to the attendants. "I will pay all extra charges."

The woman opened her eyes as he spoke these words, and looked up into his face with an expression of gratitude and relief which he will carry with him as long as he lives. Then she put her thin, wrinkled hand on his coat sleeve, and whispered "God bless you, my son!"

It was pitiful that so many aged persons should have such a hard way at the close of the journey. Why did a loving God permit such things? That was the question in the gentleman's mind as he went down the hospital steps. He was so thankful that his mother had had a beautiful sunset time; so glad he had been able to give her the comforts of his luxurious home. The earlier part of her journey had been rough enough, God knew.

"If only I could have kept mother longer!" he thought that night as he turned his restless head upon his pillow.

"I am in a position now where I could do so much for her!"

And he wondered why she had been taken, and the poor old woman who was lying in the Charity Hospital left. The design for the monument was a question that still troubled him. He was certain that his mother would not like any of the patterns he had seen. His mother was so sacrificing, getting only necessary things for herself, and giving what he wanted her to put into luxuries and extras to the poor and suffering. What a monument to his mother would the erection of a Home for Aged Women be! What a thought! It came to him in the hours when we are told that ministering spirits are about us, and when that Eye that never slumbers nor sleeps is watching over us.

The next morning Clarence Rutger had settled the problem of the monument question. He would have at the foot of the grave just a simple white stone, with his mother's name chiseled on it, and under the name these words: "She hath done what she could." His mother's monument should be a Home for Aged Women, a resting place of freedom from the cares and anxieties of life; a place where those who had made a hard journey could sit and watch the red and gold light of the western sky as it gathered, and listen for the messenger to come and say "The Master is come, and calleth for thee."

Before Clarence Rutger went to his office the next morning, he called at the hospital, and found that his new friend of the day before had passed away.

"She never spoke only those words she said to you," the nurse told him. How natural it was for him to wonder if that poor old soul would meet his mother in the beautiful country to which they had both gone, and if she would tell her of the son who tried to make the last hours of her weary life a little brighter!

"The Abigail Ann Home." It was not a pretty name, as names go. He had often heard his mother laugh over it, and had heard her say that she could not imagine why her parents had fastened that cognomen upon her. But every one of its letters had a peculiar beauty to him when he saw them carved into the stone over the door of the Home for Aged Women.—Congregationalist.
**MURAL TABLETS.**

Two large Mural Tablets of white marble have been placed in the hall of the City Hospital, by Mrs. Hiram W. Sibley and Miss Lois E. Whitney. They are each divided into three compartments. The headings are in gilt letters, the other lettering is in black. They bear the following inscriptions:

**ENDOWED BEDS IN CITY HOSPITAL.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>In Perpetuity, $5,000.</th>
<th>For a Term of Years, $3,000.</th>
<th>Annually, $200.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1860</td>
<td>Rochester Female Charitable Society.</td>
<td>1885 George J. Whitney, By his Wife, JULIA WHITNEY.</td>
<td>1889 ALFRED WRIGHT.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1865</td>
<td>Rochester Fire Department.</td>
<td>1886 Andrew M. Semple, By his Sister, CHRISTINA SEMPLE.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1880</td>
<td>AARON ERICKSON, By MRS. WM. S. NICHOLS AND MRS. GILMAN H. PERKINS.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1883</td>
<td>JOHN GREENWOOD, By JOHN GREENWOOD.</td>
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</tbody>
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**ENDOWED BEDS, CHILDREN’S PAVILION.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>In Perpetuity, $3,000.</th>
<th>For a Term of Years,</th>
<th>Annually, $200.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1886</td>
<td>CHILDREN’S COT, By CHILDREN AND THEIR FRIENDS.</td>
<td>1886 HENRIETTA S. MUMFORD.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1888</td>
<td>HIRAM SIBLEY, JR., In Memory of MARGARET H. SIBLEY, AND HIRAM SIBLEY, JR., By MR. AND MRS. H. W. SIBLEY.</td>
<td>1888 In Memory of FREEMAN CLARKE WEBB, By MRS. FREEMAN CLARKE.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1888</td>
<td></td>
<td>1888 In Memory of CHARLES FITZ SIMONS, By his Wife, CAROLINE V. FITZ SIMONS.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1889</td>
<td></td>
<td>1889 ALFRED WRIGHT.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.**

Patients are here received on City or County Orders, or on the recommendation of any of the attending Physicians and Surgeons or Lady Managers, or by direct application to the Recorder at the Hospital. The charge to patients in large wards is $4 per week; in private wards, accommodating three patients each, $6 per week; this includes board, medicines, nursing; also medical attendance to those unable to pay for it. The charge to patients in private rooms is from $8 to $15 per week, which includes board, medicines (exclusive of stimulants), and ordinary nursing. An extra charge is made for a private nurse. Private patients choose their own physician, who may be of any school.
The Hospital Patients.

On the first of March we visited the Hospital and found it very full. In the Female Medical Ward every bed was occupied and one Medical patient had been sent into the Surgical Ward. So many railroads now center in Rochester and so many buildings are being erected, that our Male Surgical Ward is constantly receiving accident cases, and the free use of antisepsics in this department, renders much more satisfactory results than were obtained under the old regime.

There were twenty inmates in the Male Surgical Ward, four of whom kept their beds. A man who had been injured in an elevator and fractured both legs, had one amputated above the ankle, and one that was fractured below the knee had a cast applied, and the man was doing so well he would soon be around the ward. There were two other cases of fractured legs and one man had fractured his arm. The operation on the aged man for cataract had been very successful. The man could read the finest print, and was so pleased to regain his sight, he was anxious to have the other eye receive the same treatment. Two boys with ulcers were walking about with crutches. A man had just been brought in with sprained ankle. Mr. Siddons had been discharged. Watkins, the last of the sufferers from the fire, is looking well and goes about with crutches. The Austrian whose thumb was amputated and the boy shot in the head had both been discharged. A man who had ruptured an artery in the arm while prying a lever, and had not received proper treatment at the time, was brought to the Hospital on the 20th of February. He had lost much blood and was quite feeble; the artery broke externally and the arm was amputated by Drs. Little, Kempe and Ely, but this did not save his life. Dr. Little operated on a scar on a patient's forehead; the man had suffered from severe headaches. Fourteen were under treatment in the Female Surgical Ward. There were no new cases of special interest. The woman with simple fracture of the leg was ready to be discharged; the one with fractured and dislocated ankle had already gone; the one with diseased bones of the leg was improving rapidly, had gained eight pounds one week and five the next; the old lady with fractured thigh had the extension taken off and sat up in bed and moved about in it freely. The delirium tremens patient had improved and one with inflamed knee was much better. Grossmutter seems more feeble; she keeps her bed till nearly noon. We found four of the patients enjoying the game of Halma; they had borrowed the board from the Male Surgical Ward. Several operations had been performed by Dr. Whitbeck.

There were twenty-six patients in the Male Medical Ward, four of whom did not leave their cots. Two of these had paralysis; one, convalescing from pneumonia, has rheumatism; another rheumatic patient has some mental disease and other troubles. Five of the inmates are consumptive; one has diabetes, another has difficulty in breathing, a third has diseased heart and a fourth varicose veins. An old soldier has trouble with his stomach; another old soldier, who lost both feet by a railroad accident, has a diseased stomach. There were two deaths in this ward in February.

Nine of the twenty-three patients in the Female Medical Ward did not leave their beds. None was very ill; some were convalescing from fever, others were under treatment for paralysis, St. Vitus's Dance, varicose veins, hemorrhage, rheumatism of feet and limbs, neuralgia and diseases of the uterus, stomach and lungs. A mother
who had left a young infant at home was brought into one of the isolated pavilions afflicted with violent delirium. She became more quiet under treatment, but only lived a few days.

In the Maternity Ward were four babies, two mothers and one waiting patient.

Several important surgical operations have been performed during the month besides those already mentioned. There have been two cases of laparotomy, and Dr. Rider had removed an eye.

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**The Twilight Song.**

In the north-east corner of the Children's Pavilion is a charming room, furnished by two young ladies, and known as the Julia and Edith room. Its appointments are tasteful and harmonious; the morning sunshine floods it with brightness, and on its western wall hangs a picture of Carl Muller's *Heilige Nacht*, representing the infant Savior in the manger. This picture is in memory of one of the Hospital physician's beloved daughter, Katie Little, who several years since entered the upper fold.

This room is used for little ones who are very sick and need special care and quiet, and who might be disturbed by having other children around them. We consider it the choicest spot in which to place a very sick child.

It is now occupied by a little German girl, Martha Kapelka, twelve years old, who came to us early in February suffering from Pott's disease of the spine. The disease was in such an advanced stage that there is no hope of curing the child; all that can be done is to make the little sufferer as comfortable as possible. Ulcers are discharging and sapping her life away; she is also quite deaf. Her withered limbs, her emaciated body and pain-marked face render her an object of much sympathy; and the gentlest ministries and most loving care are tenderly bestowed upon her. She speaks very few words in English, but makes her wants known to some of our nurses who speak German. She keeps her cot all the time and it will be a blessed day for her when her spirit wings its flight to the home above, where sickness never enters.

A few days since, Nurse Shannon, whose headquarters are in the Girls' Ward adjoining the Julia and Edith room, at the twilight hour, when all was still, heard the sweetest music coming from the next room. Bertha Bradley, a beautiful child of twelve summers, who has trouble with her heart and is confined to her cot in the Girls' Ward, recognized the tune as one she had been accustomed to sing to the words:

```
I do believe, I do believe,
That Jesus died for me;
That on the cruel cross he hung
From sin to set me free.
```

Nurse Shannon looked into the room where little Martha was lying, and there, all alone by herself she said, "The little angel was singing about Jesus, and I thought she was on the road to Him." Mrs. Shannon was so impressed with the scene that she called Miss Hebbard and others into the Girls' Ward to listen, and for half an hour, with labored breath, the dear child kept on singing. One of the hymns she sang was the German version of

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There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.
```

The words Bertha had associated with the tune are the refrain to the English version of the hymn.

Miss Hebbard told us it was one of the most touching scenes she ever witnessed, "that little angel, singing of Jesus, so sweetly, all to herself, alone in the twilight."

---

**The Little Folks.**

Tommy Heeney has come back to us from the Industrial School to see if anything can be done to benefit his hip, which
is more troublesome than it was some months since. Ida Parker, the little girl with club feet, has had some special shoes and appendages made to correct the deformity. She was formerly obliged to creep, now she can walk a little. She is very fond of her shoes, and showed us how she could walk but she cannot do this without pain. It will take some time for her to become accustomed to the new arrangement. She was sitting in the lap of one of the nurses, wearing the shoes, and had a promise of candy if she would wear them all day, but the little feet are tender, and some alterations may be necessary before the appliances are properly adjusted. Bertha Bradley, with diseased heart, still keeps her bed. Martha Kapelka, who has a disease of the spine, seems very feeble. Arthur Schumaker, two years old, who came to us from the Orphan Asylum, has epilepsy, but has been free from convulsions since he came to the Hospital. Henry Kaelhoffner, who has a disease of the skin of the head, also came from the Orphan Asylum. Geo. Pierce, who has a curvature of the spine and a deformed breast bone, is seven years old and is now for the first time beginning to walk. Sada Holohan is full of life and fun and runs all over the ward. Two large dolls were conspicuously displayed in the girls' ward; one had been a Christmas present to Bertha Bradley, the other was bought for the sick children by a little daughter of Dr. Stoddard.

The Out-Patient Department.

Seventy-three visits were made to the Eye and Ear Department during the month of February. A polypus was removed from the ear of one patient. The little child with abscess of the cornea, who has been treated in the Children's Pavilion, has gone home improved. Cases have been sent in from Wayne, Seneca and Steuben counties. Five physicians have directed patients to this department. It is becoming more and more known and the scope of its work is widening. Forty visits have been made to the general medical department.

The Training School.

One of our nurses has been called out the past month, by an outside physician, for a patient suffering from a dangerous hemorrhage. On the 12th Dr. Dewey gave the senior class a quiz. The bandage class has had one lesson, and seventeen lessons have been given in massage and Swedish movement. The members of the senior class have been very busy making preparations for their final examinations, and for the commencement exercises that are to be held on the last Thursday of March. Further notice of these will be given in the daily papers.

Work for the Hospital.

Mrs. F A. Cole and some of the young people of the First Baptist Church have formed a society to work for the Hospital. They propose to make children's garments, night dresses and night shirts for adults, sheets, pillow cases and napkins. This will be a great help to us. In summer they will also bring floral gifts to the invalids.

One hardly realizes the amount of articles required for the sick. We make some statements here hoping that sewing societies in other churches, or in some of our neighboring villages may feel disposed to follow the example of the young ladies of the First Baptist Church. For each ward we require two hundred sheets, two and one-half yards long; one hundred pillow cases forty-two inches wide and one yard long, this allows for the hem. For the male wards we need a hundred night shirts and for the female a hundred night gowns.

Help for Little Ida.

Dr. Kempe said the club feet of Ida Parker must have special shoes and appliances before the deformity could be ma-
Miss Hebbard, our matron, had become much interested in the little girl, and enlisted friends to procure the funds for supplying the need. The "King's Daughters" of the Central Church gave her seven dollars. The class of Mr. William Hubbard, Jr., added nine dollars; Mrs. Wm. McKennan gave two dollars; Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Henkel, Miss Kelly, Mr. McKennan, Dr. Little and Dr. Kempe one dollar each; Mrs. Adams and Mrs. Edward Ray of Batavia, fifty cents each; and Mrs. Bartel and Miss Munger each twenty-five cents. In this way $25.75 were raised. The shoes and braces have been bought and we trust the little feet will in time be brought into proper place.

Corrections.

We republish this month our notice of the memorial tablets, as last month there was an error in the John Greenwood bed, endowed by a $5,000 gift from our good friend, Mr. John Greenwood.

A bundle of nice clothing, given by Mrs. Arthur G. Yates, was also credited to another person.

Our Laundry.

Of all our needs none seems so imperative as this. On our last visit to the Hospital, the laundresses, six in number, had gone to their dinner. More than two dozen irons were heating on the stove, and clothes bars and clothes lines were filled with clothes. The basement is entirely inadequate for the amount of work necessary to be done in a Hospital laundry and drying room. Some of the managers who had been inspecting the basement felt a laundry and drying room should be started at once, even if a debt must be incurred to pay for them. We read in the papers of large endowments to some of the Hospitals in neighboring cities. Is there not some liberal hearted man in this community who will build us a laundry?

The Late Seth Cook.

The city papers have announced the sudden death in California of Mr. Seth Cook, formerly of this city. Mr. Cook was a brother of Mrs. T. C. Arner, who for many years ably and acceptably edited the Hospital Review, and it was this brother whose liberality provided for Mrs. Arner and her daughter the beautiful home in California, where, surrounded by every luxury and comfort that wealth and love could lavish upon her, she spent her last days. Mrs. Arner's life in Rochester was so closely identified with the early history and struggles of the Hospital, that her name and labors of love will ever be held in grateful memory by those who were associated with her in hospital work, and we tender to her bereaved daughter our heartfelt sympathy.

Thanks.

We are indebted to Dr. J. W. Whitbeck for a very nice rubber pocket for the operating table of the Surgical Department. This is so arranged that a portion of it can be inflated, a receptacle made for any part of the body to be operated upon, and an outlet provided for refuse matter. It will contribute to the comfort of the patient and the operator, and also be a protection to the table.

The New Hospitals.

We congratulate our friends, the officers of the Hahnemannian and Rochester Homœopathic Hospitals on the selection of sites for their new enterprise. We trust success will crown their efforts, that these hospitals will indeed be Bethesdas in our rapidly growing city, and in the coming years, with the older institutions already established, meet the wants of all the suffering and afflicted ones in this community.

Cash Donation.

Mrs. James Bean, Ogdensburg, N. Y. . . . $50 00
Mrs. WM H. Perkins,
Treasurer.
The Pavilion Debt.

The special effort made last month to complete the fund needed for the payment of the debt resting on the Pavilion met with responses which are reported in detail by Mrs. R. Mathews, treasurer of the fund. We are very grateful to the friends who remembered us, but we still need now $422.33 to free the Pavilion from debt. A thank offering of $10 came for the recovery of sick children. An unknown friend in Naples, N. Y., sent $1.00 and the following kind wishes:

"Please accept the enclosed, with much love for the dear little ones. May you have unbounded success in your efforts for their benefit."

The Union and Advertiser sent the following:

ROCHESTER, Feb'y 23, 1889.

Mrs. MATHEWS—Dear Madam—The 500 Circulars for "Children's Pavilion" the Union office donate cheerfully.

Respectfully,

UNION AND ADVERTISER CO.,

Twelve Sabbath Schools responded to our appeal and others have indicated their intention to send gifts.

Our "Circles" are not all filled and some of our "Schemes" and "Dime Cards" are in the hands of our patrons. These should all be returned to our Treasurer, Mrs. Robert Mathews. A prompt response is requested.

Receipts for the Review.

FEBRUARY, 1889.

Mrs. Charles Smith, New York, by Mrs. S. H. Terry .......................... .50
Miss S. C. Davis, Brookline, Mass., by Mrs. W. E. Hoyt .......................... .50
Mrs. J. S. Bean, Ogdensburg, by Mrs. W. H. Perkins .......................... 1.00
Alling & Cory, Adv., $5.00; Mechanics' Savings Bank, Adv., $15.00; C. F. Paine & Co., Adv., $5.00; J. Schleyer, Adv., $3.00; Smith, Perkins & Co., Adv., $5.00, by Mrs. M. M. Mathews .......................... 35.00
Mrs. E. R. Andrews, 62 cents; Misses Anderson, 62 cents; C. Henry Amesden, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Anstice, 2 cops.) $1.25; Mrs. L. Alder, 62 cents; Mrs. Harvey W. Brown, 62 cents; Mrs. F. Bottum, 62 cents; Mrs. F. B. Bishop, 62 cents; Mrs. E. F. Brewster, 62 cents; Mrs. Fred Cook, 62 cents; Mrs. M. W. Cooke, 62 cents; Mrs. O. Comstock, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Castleman, 62 cents; Mrs. W. S. Dewey, 62 cents; F. L. Durand, 62 cents; Geo. Darling, 62 cents; Miss Dunlap, 62 cents; Mrs. G. W. Eastwood, 62 cents; Mrs. Wm. Eastwood, 62 cents; C. M. Everest, 75 cents; Mrs. Porter Farley, 62 cents; Mrs. J. T. Fox, 62 cents; M. Filon, 62 cents; Mrs. W. H. Gorsline, 62 cents; Mrs. Seth Green, 65 cents; Mrs. S. Gould, 62 cents; D. C. Hyde, 62 cents; J. H. Howe, 62 cents; Mrs. D. T. Hunt, 62 cents; Mrs. D. Hoyt, Jr., 63 cents; Mrs. M. Hopkins, 62 cents; Mrs. D. Knapp, 62 cents; Mrs. B. R. Lawrence, 62 cents; Mrs. H. M. Montgomery, 62 cents; Mrs. D. O. W. Moore, 62 cents; Jas. McCabe, 62 cents; Mrs. A. S. Mann, 62 cents; Miss E. Manvel, 62 cents; Mrs. A. M. Moser, 62 cents; Mrs. S. A. Newman, 62 cents; Miss Lizzie Proctor, 62 cents; Mrs. H. T. Rogers, 62 cents; G. W. Ross Lewin, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Rapalje, 62 cents; Mrs. E. H. Satterlee, 62 cents; Miss Florence Seymour, 62 cents; Mrs. G. G. Street, 62 cents; Mrs. C. B. Smith, 65 cents; Shale & Milow, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Thompson, 62 cents; Mrs. G. H. Thompson, 62 cents; Mrs. Van Voorhis, for Mrs. L. Van Voorhis, Fishers, 50 cents; Mrs. H. D. Williams, 62 cents; Mrs. E. G. Warren, 62 cents; Mrs. L. G. Wetmore, 62 cents; Mrs. E. K. Warren, 65 cents, by Miss Grace Holmes .......................... 35.50
Mrs. Geo. Cummings, 62 cents; Mrs. U. Maier, $1.24; Miss Miller, Castile, 50 cents; Miss Mitchell, Cleveland, Ohio, $1.00; Mrs. A. H. Porter, Niagara Falls, $1.00; Mrs. Edward Ray, Batavia, 50 cents; Mrs. D. Rumsey, 62 cents; Mrs. Edward M. Smith, 63 cents; Mrs. E. M. Thomas, Cuba, 50 cents; Mrs. H. S. Ware, Niagara Falls, $1.00, by Treasurer .......................... 7.61

Children's Pavilion Fund.

Collected by Elizabeth Huntington ........ $ 4.00
Interest on Deposit .......................... 2.70
"Scheme D," Miss Jessie F. Powers ........ 1.00
St. Andrew's Church Sunday School .......... 2.00
St. Luke's Church Sunday School ........... 16.25
St. Paul's Church Sunday School ............ 7.57
St. John's Church Sunday School ............ 3.35
St. James Church Sunday School ............. 11.19
Church of the Epiphany Sunday School ...... 8.04
Church of the Good Shepherd Sunday School . .................. 1.75
Plymouth Sunday School ...................... 5.74
Westminster Sunday School .................. 10.00
Primary department Westminster Sunday School ........................................ 5 00
First Presbyterian Sunday School ......................................................... 8 16
South Congregational Sunday School ................................................... 5 62
Church of the Reformation Sunday School ............................................. 3 25

CIRCLE 1.
“A thank offering for the recovery of some sick children,
M. S. C.” ........................ $10 00 $10 00

CIRCLE 2.
Isabel Hart ........................................ $ 5 00
Dr. J. A. Biegler ........................................ 5 00

CIRCLE 3.
Master James Laney ...................... $ 3 00
Mrs. W. W. Osgoodby .................. 2 00

CIRCLE 4.
Chester D. Averell, Ogdensburg ........ $1 00
Miss Mary Breck, New York ........... 1 00
Chester A. Peake ......................... 1 00
Deeta Mitchell ................................. 1 00
Victoria Raymond ......................... 1 00
Carrie Wolcott ................................. 1 00
Mr. Edward Brewster .................. 1 00

CIRCLE 5.
Miriam S. Converse .................. $ 5 00
Paul Dewey ...................................... 5 00
Miss Ada Dewey ......................... 5 00

CIRCLE 6.
Miss Mollie Ward, pair of eye glasses.
Dr. J. W. Whitbeck, rubber pocket for operating table.
Bessie Bristol, 6 copies of Babyland for the children.
Mrs. Arthur G. Yates (corrected) second hand clothing.
“King’s Daughters” of Central Church, seven dollars towards purchasing braces for Ida Parker.
Mr. William Hubbard, Jr.’s class shoes for Ida Parker, nine dollars.
Mrs. H. F. Huntington, collars and cuffs.
Parent Stem, 66 sheets.
Mrs. Edward Ray of Batavia, 50 cents towards shoes and braces for Ida Parker:

HOSPITAL REPORT.

Number in Hospital Mar. 1, 1889 ... 90
Rec’d during month ....................... 68
Births ............................................. 4

Died.

Feb. 5, Mrs. S. H. Goldberg, aged 54 years.
Feb. 8, of Purulent Peritonitis, Frederika Dedmer, aged 42 years.
Feb. 10, of Bright’s Disease, Harmon P. Baker, aged 55 years.
Feb. 15, of Tetanus, Mrs. Lee A. Hitchcock, aged 60 years.
Feb. 20, of Peritonitis, Mrs. Margaret Young, aged 29 years.
Feb. 22, of Heart Failure, S. M. Woodruff, aged 71 years.
Feb. 27, of Traumatic Aneurism, Adam Repp, aged 36 years.

“Mother Bickerdyke.”

“Gentlemen in the rear of the house must come to order! It is impossible to transact business in this confusion!” shouted the President of the Soldiers’ Convention in Topeka, Kansas, rapping vigorously with his gavel. But fifty voices shouted, in explanation: “Mother Bickerdyke is here!” The announcement brought every man to his feet; cheers rang through the hall, and there was an end to all business, until the boys had welcomed their old army nurse.

“Why, boys, how you behave!” she ex-
claimed, trying to release herself from the grey-haired men who were hugging and kissing her. The feeble, white-haired, crippled old woman, to whom the boys gave this more than royal welcome, was one of the most heroic, enthusiastic, self-sacrificing and original of the women who took care of the sick and wounded of the Union Army. She gave herself to the "boys in blue," and they loved her.

"That homely figure, clad in calico, wrapped in a shawl, and surmounted with a Shaker' bonnet, is more to this army than the Madonna to a Catholic!" exclaimed an officer, pointing to Mother Bickerdyke, as she came out of the Sanitary commission headquarters, in Memphis, laden with hospital supplies. To the army of the West she was "Mother Bickerdyke."

In "My Story of the War," Mrs. Livermore tells several anecdotes illustrative of the "Mother's" original methods and powerful influence, one of which is as follows:

Between the military authorities and the Mother there was harmony, and they gave her any aid she asked for. But she was not unfrequently at variance with the surgeons and medical directors. At Memphis a young army surgeon was medical director. He was able and punctilious, but he did not approve of the Mother, because she would not revolve in the orbit he had marked out for her.

"Once in passing through a hospital ward, he espied a half dozen hard-boiled eggs under a sick man's pillow. They had been placed there by Mother Bickerdyke's orders, because the sick soldier, being babyish, found comfort in fondling them—and in thinking he might eat them when well enough.

"'Take those eggs into the kitchen—I will not have a hen's nest under a patient's pillow,' ordered the medical director.

"The sick soldier was so weak that he cried over his loss, which a nurse immediately reported to Mother Bickerdyke, who caught up a pail of eggs, strode into the ward, and said to the medical director: 'Doctor, what harm does it do to humor a sick man in an innocent fancy? Let this boy have the eggs where he can see them—and you may keep them there until they hatch, if you've a mind to.'

"She walked out of the ward. The doctor did not choose to answer her; but the eggs were not again removed."

The Other Shore.

It seemeth such a little way to me
Across to that strange country—the beyond;
And yet not strange, for it has grown to be
The home of those of whom I am so fond.
They make it seem familiar and most dear—
As journeying friends bring distant countries near.

So close it lies, that, when my sight is clear,
I think I almost see the gleaming strand;
I know I feel that those who've gone from here,
Come near enough, sometimes, to touch my hand.
I think but for our veiled eyes,
We should find heaven round about us lies.
I cannot make it seem a day to dread,
When from this dear earth, I shall journey out
To that still dearer country of the dead.
And join the lost ones I long dreamed about.
I love the world, yet shall I love to go
To meet the friends who wait for me, I know.

I never stand above a bier, and see
The seal of death set on some well loved face,
But that I think, one more to welcome me
When I shall cross the intervening space
Between this land and that one over there;
One more to make the strange beyond seem fair.
And so for me there is no sting in death;
And so for me the grave has lost its victory.
It is but crossing with abated breath,
And while set free, a little strip of sea,
To find loved ones waiting on the shore,
More beautiful, more precious than before.

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Adopted January 5th, 1885.

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XVI. Interest not exceeding four per cent. per annum will be allowed on all sums which may be on deposit on the first days of March, June, September and December, for each of the three preceding months during which such sum shall have been on deposit.

XVII. Deposits made on or before the third days of March, June, September and December, shall be entitled to interest from the first days of such months, respectively, if left for the required time.

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Memorial Tributes

TO THE LATE

Lois Elliot Whitney.

The Lady Managers of the Rochester City Hospital.

At a meeting of the Lady Managers of the Rochester City Hospital held on the afternoon of March 14th, the death of Lois E. Whitney, on the 8th of March, 1889, was announced by the President, Mrs. Maltby Strong, and the following minute presented by her was adopted as embodying the sentiment of the Board:

"WHEREAS, Since our last meeting, death has suddenly entered our Board, and removed one whom we fondly loved and honored, whose wise counsels and untiring labors have greatly blessed the Hospital, and whose kind heart was ever prompting her to generous deeds for

the sick and suffering, we would express our appreciation of her worth, our sorrow at her loss and our sympathy for her bereaved ones.

"Lois Elliot Whitney, for many years before she was officially connected with our Board, labored earnestly and successfully to advance the interests of the Hospital, and since, in November, 1885, she was elected a manager to fill the place made vacant by the death of her mother, Mrs. George J. Whitney, she has most zealously co-operated with us in all our efforts for this charity.

"Efficient in every department where she could be useful; ready to devise and execute plans; unselfish, kind, and generous in her purposes, she found her happiness in making others happy. May we all be stimulated by her example and like her be 'not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord,' and honor her memory by perfecting what she wisely planned.

"We trust that her bereaved ones may find the blessed Comforter their abiding guest, and be cheered by the precious memories of her useful life."

F. W. HUNTINGTON,
Secretary.
The Art Exchange—In Her Memory.

At a meeting of the managers of the Rochester Art Exchange, held March 13, 1889, the following minute was adopted:

Lois Elliot Whitney died after a brief illness on the 8th March, 1889.

"Miss Whitney was the founder of the Art Exchange, and has been its president from the beginning. Its success is mainly due to her individual efforts in its behalf. In all her connection with this institution she displayed the unique qualities that characterized her in every relation of life. She showed a judgment that never erred, a zeal that never tired, an enthusiasm that was always an inspiration to her associates. Her aim from the outset was not merely to raise the standard of artistic taste and production in the community at large, but to instruct and aid those who could not help themselves, that thus through education and opportunity they might be able to attain self-support and in turn contribute to the higher end proposed. The death of this gifted and noble woman makes vacant a place we may not hope to fill. We desire thus to record our appreciation of the loss we have sustained. It remains for us only to carry out this work on the lines long since indicated by her, and in so doing to emulate the traits that fitted her so admirably for it, and for the other forms of benevolent activity to which her life was consecrated."

J. C. FORD, Secretary.

The City Press.

[From Democrat and Chronicle March 9th, 1889.]

LOIS ELLIOT WHITNEY.

No death could bring more of genuine sorrow to more hearts in this city than that of this rarely gifted and devoted woman. To many also it will come with a shock of surprise, for it is but a few days ago that she was in the full bloom of health and busy with the gracious offices of affection and beneficence. She was taken suddenly sick, on Tuesday last, with peritonitis, and the dread disease made swift progress to its fatal end, death occurring at 9 o'clock last evening. Lois Elliot Whitney was the daughter of the late George J. Whitney, and was born in this city, March 31, 1850. She was educated in Rochester, New York, and Paris, having all the advantages that the best schools and seminaries could furnish. To the highest intellectual culture, supplemented by the equipment which a number of extended foreign travels gave her, she added a busy and generous disposition and the brightest Christian virtues, which made her at once a chief ornament of the best social circles and the friend and benefactor of the helpless, the stricken, and distressed. She was prominent in the charities of Rochester, being especially identified with the City Hospital and the Art Exchange, of the latter of which she was, at her death, and had been for several years, the president. She was from infancy connected with St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal Church, and was one of its most devoted members. To all organizations, with which she was associated, she gave largely of her time and the work of her hands, as well as of her means. Energetic in all she undertook, and of rare executive ability, she constrained success, but her gentleness, her faithfulness, her helpfulness, evoked the liveliest and most grateful emotions from those who felt their radiant presence. Many blessed her name. Her life was a sweet savor of righteousness. Her memory will be precious. Miss Whitney's father and mother died some years since. She leaves surviving her one brother, James W., of this city, and two sisters, Mrs. A. D. Fiske, of New York, and Mrs. Edward S. Martin, of Rochester.

[From the Post-Express March 9th, 1889.]

Mortuary Record—Lois E. Whitney.

Miss Lois Elliot Whitney died last evening of peritonitis at her home, 709 East Main street, after an illness of a few days. The deceased was the eldest daughter of the late George J. Whitney and was born in this city March 31, 1850. She was a sister of James W. Whitney and Mrs. Edward S. Martin. She received her education in Rochester, New York, and Paris, having all the advantages that the best schools and seminaries could furnish. Miss Whitney was a member of St. Paul's Church and was prominent in social and charitable circles. She was also a prominent member of the Art Exchange.

A friend of the deceased, speaking of her work and worth, said this morning: "Miss Whitney, though enjoying a position which would have made many women worldly—courted and indulged from her earliest years, the center of whatever circle she entered, yet had the deep and almost burdening sense of the wrongs and sufferings of humanity and the passionate desire to do something for their relief which only a philanthropist ever feels. If she held positions of prominence in connection with any charity it was with no thought of the light of her own personality, no desire to bring praise or credit to herself, but with an eye fixed upon the ultimate good to be accomplished. If she persevered when others would have given up to discouragement it was because to fail was to involve those whom she sought to help. She exercised a strong influence upon men and women alike—an influence not consciously exerted but due to the earnestness and enthusiasm of her own nature and to a gentle persistency where she felt that she had a right end to gain. She was earnest, too, in her social life, mourning the tendency to frivolity and extravagance, and seeking wherever she could do so, to direct the social current into simpler and more rational channels. Her conversation was sparkling and original, without a touch of flippancy. Never, even in unguarded moments, did she sink to the gossip which is a too common fault in society. Loyal and devoted in her friendships and not without the dislikes—perhaps prejudices—common to all strong natures, she was free from any tinge of jealousy, ready with a word of appreciation.
or approval, equally ready to condemn wrong, but exercising toward all a broad Christian charity. It is a fact not generally known, that she organized a number of societies which meet to sew for the Hospital. I think there are six or seven of them now with twenty or more members each, which meet every two weeks for a simple lunch and an afternoon of work."

"The Art Exchange," said a member this morning, "will hardly know what to do without Lois Whitney. She was the life and soul of this institution, in fact, she started the Exchange, has always been its President and had its interests closely at heart. Of rare artistic taste and executive ability she well knew what was needed to make the Exchange successful. It was her special endeavor, I think, to be continually on the lookout for people who needed employment and with that end in view she started the free classes and superintended them. When the pupils had finished she took pains to seek employment for the needy. The free classes afforded advantages to the people who could not secure them in any other way, and before the Mechanic's Institute was instituted the free classes of the Art Exchange afforded the only opportunity for learning drawing, embroidery, and water coloring without cost. All organizations with which Miss Whitney was connected will sadly miss her, but we shall most severely because of her close identity with our institution."[From Union and Advertiser March 11th, 1889.]

In Memoriam—Lois Elliot Whitney.

The heart of this community is thrilled with sorrow as the tidings pass from lip to lip that Lois E. Whitney is no more. The managers of the Rochester City Hospital are now a stricken band, for one of the youngest of their number, whose warm heart and active brain, a week since, at the monthly meeting of their board, aided them in devising plans for the future interests of their society, has suddenly rested from her labors. The busy hands that have been working, and the kinder hands that a day later guided others in the study of art, are now cross-folded on the quiet breast.

As we count years her life was short, but if measured by work accomplished, by results achieved, she lived longer than many whose days have reached the three score years and ten of our earthly pilgrimage.

Highly endowed by nature, with rare opportunities for culture, her talents were consecrated to noble purposes. Modest and gentle in her manners, ardent and active in her impulses, generous and untiring in her labors for others, she combined exquisite taste with practical judgment and executive ability, and wherever she was placed she became unconsciously a leader, and her death makes a void in some of our benevolent organizations it will be hard to fill.

Her skilled fingers prepared some of the daintiest offerings to our fancy tables on Donation days, and to her zeal as an organizer our charities are indebted for many a pleasant evening's entertainment.

She was the life and mainspring of the Art Exchange, and while she delighted to inspire in others a taste for those pure and refining pursuits from which she derived so much pleasure, she opened to many a path to usefulness and self-support, and they who have reaped the fruits of this charity will rise up and call her blessed.

While heart and hand were filled with labors of love for others, she heard the Master's call and bidding adieu to loved ones, bravely and trustingly yielded up her spirit.

"There's not a grace of heart or soul Of all we knew and loved in thee, But blooms in holier beauty now, Baptized in immortality,"—H. S. T.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., APRIL 15, 1889.

A Memory.

LOIS ELLIOT WHITNEY.

"Another hand is beckoning us, Another call is given, And glows once more with angel steps The path which reaches Heaven."

"No paling of the cheek or bloom Forwarned us of decay; No shadows from the silent land Fell round our sister's way."*

"alone unto our Father's will One thought hath reconciled, That He whose love exceedeth ours Has taken home His child." *

"Fold her, O, Father, in thine arms, And let her henceforth be, A messenger of love between Our human hearts and Thee."

Seldom has a death occurred in this community that has touched more hearts than are now mourning the loss of Lois E. Whitney, and rarely has one left behind her sweeter memories to be garnered by those who loved her, or richer harvests than may be gathered as the fruitage of her planting.

The precious spices and ointment, though unused at the sepulchre, were accepted by the Master, who recognized in them the love of the Marys that prompted the anointing, and the good works started for the sick and helpless, by our departed friend, will be received as finished work by Him who reads the secret motives of th
heart. Can we not best enshrine the memory of our beloved one by following in her footsteps, and carrying out and perfecting that which her warm heart and active brain projected?

Our earliest associations with the Hospital are identified with Miss Whitney. How like a sunbeam she brightened the wards, as with her Christmas greeting she cheered the inmates with her dainty baskets of fruits and flowers. How busily for weeks and months, before our Donation Festivals, she gathered her friends about her to work for the Hospital and with her own deft fingers and exquisite taste prepared the choicest offerings for the fancy tables! How generously she extolled the artistic work of others, and valued her own chiefly as a means of swelling the receipts of the Hospital treasury! At the opening of the Children's Pavilion it was Lois E. Whitney who gave inspiration to the little ones whom she had trained for their interesting exhibition.

On the death of the mother, Mrs. George J. Whitney, who for years had been a most earnest Hospital worker, her mantle fell on her daughter, Lois, who in the autumn of 1885 was elected a member of the Board of Lady Managers, and with great efficiency and zeal she has most acceptably discharged the duties of her office. She was not afraid of assuming responsibility, was progressive in her ideas of Hospital work, strong in her own convictions of right, and ready to carry out any plan she felt would result in benefit for the sick and suffering. She was possessed of clear judgment and was practical in her methods of producing results. At her suggestion five circles have been formed, averaging about twenty each, who meet every fortnight, partake of a very simple lunch, and spend the afternoon in making sheets, pillowcases, towels, napkins, and garments for Hospital use. These circles are known as the "Parent Stem," "First Twig," "Second Twig," "Third Twig" and "Fourth Twig." The "Fourth Twig" is composed of quite young ladies who sew for the Hospital children.

All who are familiar with the evening entertainments for the benefit of the Hospital, know how efficient and almost essential Miss Whitney has been in preparing and executing plans for their success.

One of her last works for the Hospital was the placing of two white marble mural tablets in the main hall, inscribed on which are the names of those who have endowed beds in the Hospital and the Children's Pavilion. These tablets were the gift of Miss Whitney and her friend, Mrs. Hiram W. Sibley.

On Monday, the fourth day of March, Miss Whitney attended the monthly meeting of the Managers, held at the Hospital. The following morning she devoted some time to work connected with the Art Exchange, and while so doing was violently attacked with peritonitis, that did not yield to treatment. On Friday morning alarming complications manifested themselves; surgical aid and skillful ministries availed not, and at nine o'clock in the evening, surrounded by her loved ones, she quietly breathed her last.

The funeral services were held at St. Paul's Church on Monday afternoon, March 11th, and were conducted by Rev. L. C. Washburn and Rev. James H. Dennis. The vested choir chanted selections from the 79th and 90th Psalms, and sang "Art thou weary; art thou languid," and as a recessional, "The King of Love My Shepherd Is." As the casket, almost hidden with its wealth of roses and other fragrant flowers, was borne down the aisle many a moistened eye testified to the love felt for the departed. The interment was in the family lot at Mt. Hope, where palms and floral devices were scattered in memory of loved ones gone before. The Rev. L. C. Washburn and Rev. J. H. Dennis conducted the committal service.

After the funeral a profusion of beautiful cut flowers was sent from Mrs. Martin's to the City Hospital.
Our Retiring and Incoming Treasurer.

It is with much sorrow we announce that Mrs. Robert Mathews has tendered her resignation as Treasurer of the Hospital Review and of the Children’s Pavilion Fund. For several months this resignation has been laid on the table, in the hope that Mrs. Mathews would reconsider her course of action, and continue to give her faithful and efficient services in the future as she had done in the past, for the benefit of the City Hospital.

Having accepted the position of Supervisor on the Board of the new Homœopathic Hospital, she feels that she must now withdraw from her old field of labor, and devote herself to new duties. Appreciating her loss, we wish her Godspeed, and congratulate our friends of the Homœopathic Hospital Board on the acquisition of one so efficient, methodical and conscientious in the discharge of assumed duties.

In 1871 Mrs. Mathews became editor of the Review, and for seventeen months ably and acceptably conducted this monthly. In May, 1876, she was chosen Treasurer of the Review, and since then, with a heart alive to all the needs of the Hospital, she has gratuitously, systematically, and successfully prosecuted her work, enlarging the list of subscribers and bringing up the paper to a self-supporting monthly. Through her devices and appeals she has contributed largely to the endowment of the Children’s Cot, and to the raising of the Pavilion Fund, that now needs but $360.86 to complete the payment for the erection of the Children’s Pavilion.

We are happy to state that we have secured the services of Miss Lydia Rumsey, 179 Spring Street, who has kindly consented to act as Treasurer of the Review, to whom subscriptions for the paper and all letters containing money should be addressed.

Commencement Exercises.

The interesting exercises of the Seventh Annual Commencement of the Training School for Nurses connected with the Rochester City Hospital were held in the First Presbyterian church, on the evening of Thursday, March 28th, and the marked attention of the audience indicated the increasing appreciation of this community for this branch of Hospital work.

Graceful palms, pure white callas, pink and white azaleas, and other potted plants and flowers gave a festive air to the occasion. The friends of the graduating class furnished a profuse supply of cut flowers, bouquets and floral ornaments, some of which were in recognition of past professional services. A beautiful bouquet of pink roses was given by Dr. and Mrs. J. M. Lee to one of the nurses who had rendered important assistance in several surgical operations.

The platform was graced by the presence of the officiating clergymen, Rev. Dr. N. Millard and Rev. J. W. A. Stewart, and by three members of the Hospital Staff, Dr. W. S. Ely, Dr. David Little and Dr. C. A. Dewey. The Lady Managers and other officers of the Hospital Board occupied seats in front of the platform. Dr. H. S. Durand and Mr. Haywood Hawks kindly officiated as ushers.

At the appointed hour, seven graduates led by the Superintendent of Nurses, Miss S. M. Lawrence, and followed by fifteen undergraduates, took their places in the south-west corner of the church. For the first time the graduates were costumed in the new graduating uniform—white dress, sash and cap—and the effect of this, with the appropriate adornment of roses, was very pleasing. The undergraduates wore the Hospital uniform, seersucker dress, white apron and cap.

The music for the occasion had been carefully arranged and prepared by St. Luke’s choir, under the direction of Mr.
Eugene Arnold, but, in consequence of the sudden illness of one of the singers, it was necessarily abandoned and the Central Quartette and Mr. Wm. Kramer, with short notice, kindly substituted another programme, which was most charmingly rendered and gratefully received by an appreciative audience.

The exercises of the evening opened with a voluntary by Mr. William Kramer, followed by a

PRAYER BY REV. J. W. A. STEWART.

Almighty God, the Author of our being, and in whom we live and move, we desire to acknowledge Thee at this time, and to call upon Thy great Name. Thou art God alone, Creator and Preserver of all. Thou art the Giver of every good, and we would come into Thy presence with thanksgiving for Thy boundless mercies manifested towards us. We thank Thee, O God, for all Thy previous dealings with us, and for all the tokens of Thy kindness which surround us at this time. From Thee proceed all true thoughts and all holy desires. Thou hast inspired everything that is good in our human hearts, and all good and holy work that is done by our hands is done according to Thy will.

Therefore we thank Thee, O God, on behalf of the institution in connection with which we have been called together at this time. We thank Thee that Thou didst put it into the hearts of Thy servants to found this institution, and that Thy goodness has been manifested in all its history up to the present time. We thank Thee for all the good it has accomplished, for all the holy ministrations, for all the helpfulness and the healing which have been wrought by it. And now, we are met this evening, we ask that Thy blessing may rest upon us all, and especially upon all in this room who are specially identified with the great and divine work of... to found this institution, and that Thy goodness has been manifested in all its history up to the present time.

We thank Thee for all the good it has accomplished, for all the holy ministrations, for all the helpfulness and the healing which have been wrought by it. And now, we are met this evening, we ask that Thy blessing may rest upon us all, and especially upon all in this room who are specially identified with the great and divine work of... to found this institution, and that Thy goodness has been manifested in all its history up to the present time.

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The Central Quartette, consisting of Messrs. J. J. Van Zandt, W. F. Gove, C. H. Kingsbury and W. H. Learned then sang "The Sea hath its Pearls." This was followed by the

ADDRESS OF REV. DR. NELSON MILLARD.

I scarcely expected, when I was asked to make some ten minutes' remarks this evening, that they would be dignified by so formidable a title as is given in this programme, where I see they stand put down as an "address." However, I am happy to be here on this occasion, and to say a few words in connection with the anniversary of this excellent and useful institution. I shall not keep very closely to what might be called, perhaps, the special topic,—that of the relief of sickness and suffering,—though perhaps I shall touch upon that before I am through.

I believe that it is a statement which universal history will corroborate without a single exception, that the degree of real civilization attained and enjoyed by any people will be measured by the amount of respect which they accord to woman as woman; and also by the freedom of opportunity which they concede to her, not leaving her handicapped by any wrong or unjust or artificial restrictions. I say I believe that the degree of real civilization attained will be measured by the respect accorded to woman as woman. If you begin away down at the bottom of the scale, among savages such as roamed the plains of this continent before Columbus touched our shores, such as roam the Western plains still, such as may be found in Central Africa, there you find that woman is simply the drudge, the slave, the packhorse, of the stronger sex. That is just reversed which should be the true condition; and the arm which is not most sinewy and the bone which is not largest is the one which is... through all their days, and by that Christ and...
called upon to perform the heaviest task; which means disregard and disrespect and want of consideration for woman as woman. As you go up from them in the grades of civilization, you find it gradually being reversed, which means disregard and disrespect and as you go up from them in the grades of civilization, you find that the situation is reversed, and we have here the strong bone and the heavy sinew put to the severe task, and consideration and respect shown for the other.

You ask me, "How about the Middle Ages? Was there not the very highest and most chivalric respect shown to woman in those knightly days?" To some women, I answer, but not to all; to the beautiful woman, to the woman of loveliness of form and of face, to the woman of birth, and rank, and fortune; to the woman whose fair white hand could bestow the laurel on the successful knight in the tournament; to the woman who should give out the prizes on those great occasions, was respect given; but woman as woman was not considered and regarded then much more than in the days of savagery. Woman as woman was still the doormat of birth, and rank, and fortune; to the woman of loveliness of form and of face, to the woman whose fair white hand could bestow the laurel on the successful knight in the tournament; to the woman who should give out the prizes on those great occasions, was respect given; but woman as woman was not considered and regarded then much more than in the days of savagery.

If you should say that advancing civilization was the cause of higher regard for woman, you would just turn the matter wrong side first. For the true statement is this: higher consideration and greater respect for woman have been the cause of advancing civilization. Civilization has no power in itself to breed respect for woman, but respect for woman has bred and helped to make the higher and better civilization. That is the real cause; of cause, friends, when you come down to the unit of civilization it is the home; it is home life that in the end makes the civilization that is rare and beautiful anywhere; and you cannot have that rare and beautiful and true home-life unless you have regard and respect for woman as woman.

The Turks have occupied for four centuries the fairest provinces of Europe; and they have planted those fairest provinces of the world, with the most beautiful city of the globe, queenly Constantinople, they have planted there civilization, namely the good and the pure home, without this respect for woman as woman, and for the mother and for the wife. Consequently, I say that the cause of advancing civilization, not its effect, is respect for woman.

I hold that it is a sound and undisputed principle that opportunity should be commensurate with capacity. Show me a person that can do anything well, and I say God, meant that person to do that very thing, it makes no difference what it is. Of the best features and excellencies of our modern life and civilization is that opportunity now is thrown open wide to woman as woman, and she is no longer handicapped by the false restrictions that were placed upon her; that now the avenues and channels which once were closed are thrown wide open for her ingress, and she is found taking the position which belongs to her as essentially the equal of man, to bear her part and her share in the burdens of life. In the store, in the office, in the institutions of learning, and in the professions, in law, in medicine, on the platform, wherever she has capability, there is now being granted her opportunity; and I say that if God has put an orator's brain in a woman's head, and an orator's tongue in a woman's mouth, then let her use it wherever she can do it. God meant she should; and whatever she has the capacity for, no man has a right to deny her the opportunity to do. If she has capability, let her exercise it; and I hope the time will not be very far distant, and we may then come to think that a pure and educated, high-souled and high-minded woman is just as capable and has as much right to a voice in the government as the drunken American, as the befuddled Irishman, as the befuddled German, and especially when any of these men stand ready to take the bribe in their unworthy palm. Opportunity, I say, commensurate with capacity. That I believe to be God's law.

None of us here will deny the appropriateness of the particular sphere which is open to woman in this institution, upon whose anniversary we are assembled. It seems to me that the world was late and long in learning what ought to have been a patent fact, that she was particularly adapted to the care of the sick, because she has sympathy and she has nerve. You will all admit that she has the former, and I think a little tenderness in allaying pain, a fair hand guided by a gentle, loving heart, is an excellent thing; but to tell you that a woman has nerve also, as well as man—not all women and not all men. Many men faint at the sight of blood; but there are women who with loving heart and skillful fingers, and gentleness and tenderness, have nerve and fortitude that are many times wanting in men. Talk about nerve; I will show it to you in many a fair heart and fair hand; and as was said in the prayer offered a few moments since, there can be a strong and loving heart, and with it will be an equally strong and loving hand.

As far as regards this particular work of nursing, I am very glad that in these later days it has been seen that what we want is not nature simply, but nature trained. Untrained nature is never the best, nor at its best. It is trained nature that is perfect, and there is no question that there was great need for the introduction of scientific methods and for practical experience into the matter of nursing the sick as much as in anything else. It was no longer to be left to old wives' wisdom, or to natural adaptability, but to the scientific training and the knowledge which would come with practical experience and with the aid of just such institutions as this upon whose anniversary we are gathered to-night.

If these young women should go about their life-work simply as a trade, they will neither meet with the highest success, nor with the highest reward. I can conceive of no other occupation in life that if undertaken with a
loving and tender heart will afford a rarer and richer reward than this these young women have chosen. Read the life of Sister Dora, and see how useful not only, but how blessed such a life can be. If it is entered upon as a mere trade, no great blessing can come to those who thus enter upon it, but if they all remember, as was alluded to in the prayer, how the Son of Man Himself devoted so much of His sympathy, and His strength and His time to relieving suffering, and if they will go on in His spirit, for humanity's sake, for love's sake, for benevolence's sake, with a loving heart, and not with a mere selfish or calculating spirit, then they have entered upon rare and noble career, and they will be themselves worthy successors of Him who did not deem it beneath Himself to spend a great deal of His time upon earth in the healing of the sick and the relief of the suffering.

The Central Quartette then sang “Courtship” and the following essays were read by members of the graduating class.

“Doe Ye Nexte Thynges.”

This old English motto is often of service to us in our daily work in the wards, and it is an excellent rule as soon as we finish one piece of work to “Doe Ye Nexte Thynges” and at once. It is a very great saving of time and trouble, and the work goes on quickly and smoothly. In this, as in everything, the power of pleasing is founded on the wish to please, and the strength of the wish is the measure of the power.

We may not always have just what we would wish to work with, but we must “Doe Ye Nexte Thynges,” not deferring what is necessary because we hope for more conveniences. The loss of time can never be recovered. “Life, for delays, no time doth give,” and a human life may be the price of delay.

Listen! The patrol wagon! The nurses in the surgical wards are in the operating room, and the couch is ready to receive the sufferer as soon as he is carried in. A severe accident; a young man has fallen down an elevator shaft. This old English motto is often of service to us in our daily work in the wards, and it is an excellent rule as soon as we finish one piece of work to “Doe Ye Nexte Thynges” and at once. It is a very great saving of time and trouble, and the work goes on quickly and smoothly. In this, as in everything, the power of pleasing is founded on the wish to please, and the strength of the wish is the measure of the power.

The work of nursing does not consist of one grand effort, but of numberless little “thynges,” and the constant doing of the “nexte” makes a total which may seem small in the eyes of the world, but which our Master values truly. If we listen for it we will hear an undersong of poetry in even the humble duties of our work, though they may seem insipid to one who comes close to one suffering and meddles with its trivial passages, but we must remember that there is nothing really trivial in the work of nursing.

May we ever feel that this work is not a hard task, but a high and noble art: one that is worthy of our loftiest thoughts and ambitions, and in which we can find employment for our highest faculties, and thus attain the harmony and the happiness of life. Let us ever strive for the better “thynges” of life, and look hopefully forward to “ye nexte thynges,” when all seems dark and dreary.

May the life of each of our favored class be unselfish, bright and fair; may we “Doe ye nexte thynges” and look above to Him who guides with His eye.

Mima J. Cunningham.

Something or Nothing.

It has been said that, “All women are good; good for something or good for nothing.” It has not been the purpose of this small band of workers, you see here to-night, to poise before the world as Florence Nightingales or Sister Doras; but it is their purpose to do what no one can dispute is a woman’s work to do, and, that they will do this work well, their being here to-night ought to be sufficient guaranty.

Why are you here, and why do you come to do this work—is a question many of us have had and will yet have to answer. Women’s rights, or better women’s work has for years been before the political, as well as social world, a much disputed question. That her right to these privileges none can dispute; but the difficulties in exercising these rights is what the majority of womankind are unwilling or unable to contend with.

It is safe to say, that there is hardly a woman who, at some time in her life, has not wished she had been born a boy. And why? Simply because a boy is expected, without question or
comment, to take his place among the work-
ers of the world, and spend his life in doing something for himself and others; his whole life has prepared him for this; his education has been with this one object in view, that he was, at a suitable age, to bear the burden of the cares and responsibilities which must come to every human being. But of a girl nothing is expected, nothing required.

A celebrated modiste, when asked why so few women attain complete mastery of any profession, replied: Because not one in ten thousand expects to make this or that trade profession, replied: Because not one in ten thousand expects to make this or that trade profession. One distinguished physician said that, "If between two things you wish to choose the right one, it will never be the easy one but the one which requires the most effort." We have chosen one in which the "most effort" is required. We believe it is the "right one."

Our two years of hospital life have not been easy ones: they have been filled with hard work, but work which has been rendered very pleasant by the knowledge we have gained from it, and by the expressed, and we are sure genuine, gratitude of many who have one under our care.

This work we intend to continue, not as a secondary affair, but as a profession. We like it: we are fond of it; and we are deeply grateful to those who have so kindly aided us toward being good for "something."

GRACE BURROUGHS.

Hospital Pleasures.

The general impression of the public seems to be that there is no pleasure in hospital life, for either patients or attendants; that it presents at all times scenes of distress and horror; and that most of those unfortunates who have become inmates of a hospital, are regarded as victims of surgery and entitled to deepest sympathy and commiseration.

If I can convince anyone of the utter fallacy of such opinions by recounting some of our hospital pleasures, and can show you that the common idea is often unfounded, I shall be highly gratified. Happiness, we are told, is only comparative, and while a life at the hospital may not represent the scene of bliss, it still affords to many of its inmates comforts and a freedom from care they have never before known. Imagine a woman sick at her home—alone through the day perhaps, and only poorly provided with the necessary food and medicine. If an aged and ailing and the hours must seem to her, and how exhausting the efforts she makes to care for herself! What a great relief her removal to the hospital must be, and what a true pleasure to feel that others will attend to and care for her. Then there will be so much for her to observe that she will for-
get her own discomfort in watching the scenes around her. The busy life of the ward, the passing to and fro, the other patients, the nurses, and even the physicians will all become the objects of her close scrutiny. And then the opportunity—so dear to the heart of the invalid—of describing her many aches, pains and previous illnesses to her neighbor in the next bed—a! this cannot fail to be a constant pleasure. What a contrast to the lonely hours she had spent at home, and as she compares the past and the present she often says, "I wish I had come before."

Many a man in a pleasant boarding house, when sick, finds he has no one really to take care of him. No matter how willing and obliging his friends may be, he needs some one who will look after and think for him. What place could be better for him than the hospital, and what a comfort to find the responsibility of his care taken by others. So relieved from the tedium of administering his own medicine, he is able to give his whole attention to the pleasant task of getting well.

It is a trite but truthful saying, that to appreciate our blessings we must be deprived of them, and this is nowhere better demonstrated than among our convalescing patients. The pleasure of returning health, strength and independence must be a great one; and the joy of anticipating a speedy return to friends, home or employment is by no means the least of their patients' hospital pleasures.

Then there is the fun that is constantly afloat, and often the mistakes in medical terms furnish material for many a laugh. A man with an "ulster" on his foot was at one time a hospital prodigy, and another who triumphantly exclaimed, "a little coffee is a splendid anecdote for me," furnished no little amusement. Still another, after repeated use of the hypodermic syringe, used to beg for a "hydraulic," as he could not get to sleep until he had had one—and I am afraid that his term was more appropriate than he imagined.

There is an oft told story of an old man who came into the hospital suffering from the infirmities of age and from tuberculosis. And who was provided with proper food and care, but no medicine was thought necessary. "Now," he said, "I don't understand this. I pay four dollars a week and they tell me that that means I shall get my bed and board and washing and doctors and nursing and medicine. But I haven't had any medicine. I don't understand it. I pay for my medicine and I ought to have it." A harmless mixture given regularly healed his wounded feelings, and as his strength returned, he never failed to give all the credit to that medicine.

But after all, the greatest pleasure in hospital life is in hospital work, as any occupation which is elevating and useful to society demands, which we relinquished regretfully on coming here, seem very trivial to us now. And the sacrifices we made—as they often seemed to us—are of slight importance. Even the natural regret of separation from home and friends is much lessened by our contentment in our busy, useful life.

Then there are tender memories all along the track of the past two years which we will recall with great pleasure. The grateful expressions of patients, the recollections that our efforts have lessened the pain, or made the hours brighter for some of the sick ones under our care, make the backward glances attractive, and help us to forget that there were hours of utter weariness and discouragement.

So while our patients may and do have their pleasures, I think that we, their nurses, obtain even a fuller complement. And now, as our paths diverge we will all remember kindly our lives of the two past years, brightened, as they have been, by hospital pleasures.

The seven graduates, Misses Edith A. Kimball, E. Cecile Norris, Ellen M. Hill, Grace Burroughs, Jean H. Agnew, Mima J. Cunningham and S. Louise Laird, took their places in front of the platform and before receiving their diplomas listened to the following

ADDRESS BY DAVID LITTLE, M. D.

YOUNG WOMEN:—On a mural stone in one of the lecture rooms of the College of Physicians and Surgeons appear the names of a dozen or more of her graduates who died of typhus contracted in the hospitals where they worked. Over these names are engraved the well known words spoken by Cornelia in her motherly pride, "Hoc ornamenta mea sunt."

The trained nurses of the Rochester City Hospital have fearlessly faced and fenced with every infectious disease that has met them in their path of duty. Some of them, like those heroic doctors, have fallen in the fight; them we commend to God: to the living we point, and in no fulsome flattery but in honest meaning say, "These are our jewels."

The jewel is costly, hence it is called a precious stone. But ere this stone dug from earth becomes the "gem of purest ray serene," it has to submit to a grinding process; then only does it flash out the rays that tell of its nature and worth.

In choosing women to train for nurses, the committee in charge has taken only such as, after careful scrutiny, seemed to give promise of soundness in body, mind and morals. These are taken on probation; at their end if no flaws appear, the training, the grinding and polishing continues. You know what this means; your thoughts, turned from all else, have been focussed on human suffering; your daily walk has led you from the throes of birth to the agonies of dissolution, your ears smitten by the sweetest harmony's music, and your hearts consonant with responsive sympathy. Aye, you have traveled on to the charnel house and witnessed loathsome revelations.
in the bodies of the dead. Sights and sounds and smells, to others sickening, dissonant and noisome, have called for your pity and help. No wearisome work, no nightly vigils, no fear of pestilence, have turned you from your purpose. And now we send you forth, trusting that the same zeal and spirit will inform your professional life that you have shown in the training school.

Give to those committed to your charge your best work. Yours is skilled labor, but do not presume on this to look upon any toil that happens to fall in your way as too menial. Private nursing, you will find, is far different from hospital nursing. The home, which sickness has invaded, no matter how well appointed, is distracted and its economic disturbances. You will not find there the ready help and appliances that have availed your hands in the hospital. No supervising nurse or house physician there to guide or counsel you in the long interims of the physician's visits. On the other hand everything, in familiar phrase, is likely to be upset and out of gear.

Domestics, envious or surly, or it may be already flown panic stricken from the house; children noisy and unruly, an adult, adult members of the family well meaning but untutored, or perhaps with judgment perverted by too close sympathy. The patient, used to luxury and in patient; be cook, laundress, chambermaid, scullion in turn, if need be, for good or ill; her wonted comfort, is querulous. What is your duty in the premises? A single word will express it—helpfulness. This is the "Macedonian cry" of the sick to the nurse. "Come over and help us." Your province is to help. No matter how. "Do what your hands find to do with your might." Smooth down the ruffled housemaid, restrain and soothe the noisy children, put up with the prejudices of opinionated sisters and cousins and aunts; bear with the whims and unreasonable- bleness of the patient; be cook, laundress, chambermaid, scullion in turn, if need be, for the comfort and peace of your sick charge. You will not thereby degrade but rather enno-

The closing selection, "Blue Bells of Scotland," was rendered by the Central Quartette and the benediction was pronounced by Rev. J. W. A. Stewart. **Reunion at the Hospital.**

After the graduating exercises at the church, the nurses returned to the Hospital, where they had a social gathering at the chapel, which was much enjoyed by all. Many of the graduates of the school were present. The following class song was rendered to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne:"

---

**CHORUS.**

This class of eighty-nine, my dear,
This class of eighty-nine;
We'll sing a happy song to-night,
This class of eighty-nine.

We seven have wandered 'mong the sick
When gas lights dimmed shine,
We love to think of duty done.
This class of eighty-nine.

CHO.—This class, etc.

How hard our work all day has been
We cannot here define;
But pleasure somehow always came
to the class of eighty-nine.

CHO.—This class, etc.

And surely you will do your best,
And surely I'll do mine:
We'll give our strength to heal the sick,
Our class of eighty-nine.

**CHORUS.**

Our class of eighty-nine, my dear,
Our class of eighty-nine;
We'll sing a happy song to-night,
Our class of eighty-nine.

This was followed by a class history, read by Miss Norris, in which various amusing and entertaining experiences of hospital life, especially relating to the class of '89, were detailed. Miss Hill then read the poem that follows. Later a collation of ice cream, cake and coffee was served. **Is the Nurse an Angel?**

We think that people all agree:
(As near as men have one ideal)
On what a model nurse should be.
She shows no frowns, no rebel tears,
She's perfect grown in two short years.

In this one woman you will find
A sound physique, a healthy brain,
With all good qualities combined,
That ever to her sex pertain.

And all the world will now accord her,
An angel of the mercy order.

But, strange as it may seem, 'tis true,
The nurse has faults, and here agree
All patients; and methinks that you,
While I describe, these faults will see;
'Tis how she plies her trade will show,
How near the angel world she'll go.

She flaunts a dress of gaudy hue,
That makes her patient's eye-balls stare;
Tells him the gossip, old and new,
Forgets her teeth, her nails, her hair;
And oh! what music to his ears,
These squeaking shoes, he ever hears.

And food that's piping hot she serves
On plate that's cold as frigid zone;
And all too late, she now observes
That patient's not the patient's own,
'Tis how she plies her trade will show,
How near the angel world she'll go.
At nine o'clock, the medicine's due;  
The nurse's brain's replete to-day;  
Her mind, to female instincts true,  
Thinks on another far away:  
Her patient's wants are all unknown;  
One thought survives and one alone.

She finds, as off her sweet dream glides,  
In patients' rooms do microbes live,  
Thinks on his medicine, and decides  
At twelve a double dose I'll give.  
'Tis how she plies her trade will show,  
How near the angel world she'll go.

The patient nature gives at last  
Sweet sleep, relief from all his woes;  
He sleeps, when lo! the nurse has passed  
The fan she plies against his nose.  
Think what her life-work will entail,  
And out of pity, draw the veil.

He wakes to wish this angel might  
Get wings, and fly away;  
And he would so enjoy her flight,  
If only for one day.  
'Tis how she plies her trade will show,  
How near the angel world she'll go.

ELLEN M. HILL.

Thanks.

The Managers of the Rochester City Hospital would return their grateful acknowledgment to the First Presbyterian Church and its officers, for the use of their church at the recent Commencement Exercises of their Training School for Nurses; to Misses Tyrrell and Hays, and Messrs. Arnold and Harrison and Mr. W. M. Rebasz, Jr., for their preparations and kind intentions to carry out the musical part of the programme arranged for the anniversary exercises; To Messrs. J. J. Van Zandt, W. F. Gove, C. H. Kingsbury and W. H. Learned, the Central Quartette, and Mr. W. Kramer, the organist of First Presbyterian Church, for their very pleasing and acceptable musical services on the occasion; to Mr. Emil Kuichling for his exquisite work in lettering the Nurses' diplomas; to Mr. F. Schlegel for a profusion of potted plants and flowers; to Miss Sarah Frost for cut flowers; to Dr. H. S. Durand and Mr. Haywood Hawks for officiating as ushers, and to the proprietors and editors of the daily papers for their notices of the exercises before and after Commencement.

Appointments.

Dr. Satterlee of this city, and Dr. Brown of brighton, have been appointed Senior and Junior House Officers respectively, from April 1st.

Cash Donations.

Miss Henrietta Mumford, annual endowment for bed in Children's Pavilion...... $200.00
James Booth (omitted in Dec. donat'ns) 20.00

Donations on Bills.

James Wolcott .................. $10.00
C. A. Rockwell & Co 2.75
W. T. Fox .................. 1.69
W. T. Fox .................. 1.14
MRS. W. H. PERKINS, Treas

Receipts for the Review.

Mrs. H. W. Sibley, by Mrs. C. E. Converse............... 62
Mr. Edward Brewster, by Mrs. S. H. Terry 65
Mrs. Oscar Craig, 62 cents; Mrs. M. Landsburg, 62 cents; Mrs. T. McBlain, Geneva, 50 cents; Mrs. Patience Moore, Piffardina, 50 cents; A. W. Mudge, adv., $5.00; D. Palmer, adv., $5.00; C. B. Woodworth & Sons, adv., $5.00, by Mrs. M. M. Mathews, $17.24
Mrs. S. J. Macy, 63 cents; Mrs. C. M. Ayers, 62 cents; Mrs. W. G. Bell, 62
THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

Children's Pavilion Fund.

A friend ........................................ $ 50
Unitarian Sunday School ........................ 3 00
Plymouth Sunday School, additional ........ 1 36
Marguerite A. Ely .................................. 25
Miss John Ely ..................................... 25
Miss Newell ......................................... 10 00
Mrs. C. D. W. Bridgman, New York .......... 2 00
Mrs. M. E. Bryan, New York .................. 1 00
Miss Belle Gibbard, "Scheme G." .............. 1 50
Salem Church Sunday School .................. 19 07
Trinity Church Sunday School ................. 3 30
John W. Sergeant .................................. 2 50
Wendell Curtis ................................. 2 10
Third Presbyterian Sunday School ............. 6 24
Mrs. Warham Whitney ............................ 10 00

Total .............................................. $ 61 47
Previously acknowledged .................. 6,753 47

Total receipts .......................... 6,814 94

We still require $360.86 to complete the last payment on the Pavilion, and earnestly ask our friends to help us raise this small amount. Contributions should be sent to Miss Lydia Rumsey, 173 Spring street, the Treasurer of the fund from this date.

Donations for March, 1889.

Mrs. John Alden, for Children's Pavilion—4 new knitted infants' shirts, stockings and socks, pinning blankets and night dresses.

Mrs. Osgood—Second-hand clothing, shoes, calico wrapper and worsteds for the children.

Mrs. A. S. Hamilton—7 bed tidies for the Children's Pavilion, fancy papers, basket and reading matter, 2 books of games.

Mrs. William E. Hoyt—Boy's jacket and socks.

Young ladies of the 4th Twig—8 pinners.

1st Twig—7 dozen pillow cases.

Miss Lois Whitney—Several yards of Turkey red cloth.

Mrs. John Barnett—5 dresses and 1 apron for the children, by Mrs. Beach.

Miss Wallace—2 books for the children.

Gertrude Blakeslee, Jessie Cameron, May Cameron, Kate Miles, Nettie Murch and Alice Rogers, Class No. 4, Plymouth Church Sunday School, 2 books, by May Follen.

Mrs. Putnam, 17 Prince Street—Children's second-hand clothing and bedding.

Miss Lois Whitney—Several yards of Turkey red cloth.

Mrs. John Barnett—5 dresses and 1 apron for the children, by Mrs. Beach.

Miss Wallace—2 books for the children.

Gertrude Blakeslee, Jessie Cameron, May Cameron, Kate Miles, Nettie Murch and Alice Rogers, Class No. 14, Plymouth Church Sunday School, 2 books, by May Follen.

Mrs. Putnam, 17 Prince Street—Children's second-hand clothing and bedding.

Miss Osgood—Children's wrappers.

Mrs. Boardman, Boston—Second-hand sheets.

Mrs. M. E. Wright—Shoe bag.

Parent Stem—91 sheets.

Mrs. E. S. Martens—Pleasers for the wards.

Miss Marietta Freeman—2 scrap books.

Mrs. James M. Pittkin—6 glasses of raspberry and currant jam.

2d Twig—134 sheets, 3 napkins, 1 pair of pillow cases.

Alfred Wright—Sunday School Times.


Mrs. D. W. Powers—47 bound books.

Mrs. Williams, 2 bowls of jelly and 2 novels.

Mrs. W. C. Barry, 62 cents; Mrs. P. Barry, 62 cents; Mrs. G. C. Buell, 65 cents; Mrs. J. M. Backus, 62 cents; Mrs. E. G. Billings, 62 cents; Miss Carpenter, 62 cents; Mrs. J. G. Cutler, 62 cents; Mrs. C. T. Converse, 62 cents; Mrs. T. B. Collins, 62 cents; Miss L. O. Caldwell, 62 cents; Mrs. B. H. Clark, 62 cents; Mrs. W. C. Dickinson, 62 cents; Mrs. R. K. Dryer, 62 cents; Miss Danforth, 62 cents; Rev. F. S. Hyde, 62 cents; Mrs. C. S. Hastings, 62 cents; Mrs. J. O. Howard, 62 cents; Mrs. Clark Johnston, 62 cents; Mrs. Dr. Jones, 62 cents; Mrs. G. E. Jennings, 62 cents; Dr. J. E. Line, 62 cents; Mrs. G. W. Loomis, 62 cents; Mrs. W. S. Little, 92 cents; Mrs. A. Luetchford, 62 cents; Mrs. H. S. Mackie, 62 cents; W. C. Morey, 62 cents; Mrs. A. W. Mudge, 63 cents; Mrs. H. C. Munn, 62 cents; Mrs. Dr. Moore, 62 cents; P. McConnell, 62 cents; Mrs. A. McVean, 63 cents; Mrs. H. H. Morse, 62 cents; Mrs. W. D. McGuire, 62 cents; Miss S. Newell, 63 cents; Mrs. E. W. Osburn, 62 cents; Mrs. Thos. Oliver, 62 cents; Mrs. D. Palmer, 62 cents; Mrs. E. B. Parsons, 62 cents; Mrs. A. R. Pritchard, 62 cents; Mrs. M. C. Phelan, 62 cents; Mrs. F. E. Peake, 63 cents; Dr. C. E. Rider, 62 cents; Mrs. W. C. Rowley, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Robinson, 62 cents; Mrs. S. B. Roby, 62 cents; Mrs. J. G. Stoughtoff, 62 cents; J. L. Stewart, 62 cents; Mrs. S. C. Steele, 62 cents; Mrs. J. C. Van Epps, 63 cents; Mrs. H. Wray, 62 cents; Mrs. W. S. Whittlesey, 62 cents; Mrs. S. D. Walbridge, 62 cents; Mrs. Isaac Willis, 62 cents; Mrs. E. W. Williams, 62 cents; Mrs. H. D. Wilkins, 62 cents, by Miss Nellie Rawlings .... 44 71

Mrs. G. W. Almy, Brooklyn, $1.00; Mrs. M. Bellows, Mandan, Dakota, 50 cents; Mrs. E. T. Cory, 62 cents; Mrs. F. R. Delano, Niagara Falls, 50 cents; Mrs. L. Dickinson, Genesee, 50 cents; Mrs. E C. Hall, Palmyra, 50 cents; H. Herman, 62 cents; Hamilton & Mathews, adv., $5.00; Mrs. J. W. Swift, Geneva, for Miss Webb, $1.00; Mrs. A. Willard, Genesee, $1.00; Mrs. M. Wells, Niagara Falls, $1.00, by Treasurer .... 12 34

Mrs. Robert Mathews, Treas., 96 Spring Street.
An Acceptable Gift.

Mr. John Glenn, by contributing $5.00 to the Employment Guild of St. Luke’s Church, to supply garments for the City Hospital, aided two charities by one gift. We trust his example may be imitated.

Hospital Report.

Number in Hospital Mar. 1, 1889... 111
Rec’d during month ................. 83
Births. .............................. 4

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Discharged during month</th>
<th>83</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Deaths</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Remaining in Hospital April 1st</td>
<td>107</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

Died.

At the City Hospital, March 2d, Charles T. Fuchs, aged 61 years.
March 6th, John McGovern, aged 45 years.
March 12th, Chas. Thompson, aged 20 years.
March 14th, of chronic nephritis, Rowland Lawrence, aged 47 years.
March 16th, of cardiac disease, Edward O’Shaughnessy, aged 55 years.
March 19th, of pneumonia, Alfred Sharp, aged 83 years.
March 21st, of phthisis pulmonalis, Annie Samuels, aged 29 years.
March 26th, Louis Weigand, aged 48 years.
March 25th, Matilda Studd.

Our Graduates.

A lady now visiting in Rochester, in a family where one of our trained nurses is doing duty, said to us the other day: “I think your Training Schools must be in advance of ours at the West, for the nurse who is taking care of my sick friend here knows just what to do. She is invaluable as a helper. I had occasion a few weeks since to employ one in my own Western home, and I thought I could teach her a point or two; but your graduate seems to know just how to make herself useful.”

Our Basement.

On a recent Saturday afternoon’s visit to the Hospital we took occasion to go through the basement, when the week’s work was nearly completed, and we never visited apartments that were more scrupulously clean. The white floors looked nice enough to eat from, and the tables and hearths had been scrubbed till every spot had disappeared. The meats had been prepared for the Sunday’s meals; the roast meats and poultry were ready for the ovens, and if cleanliness is as conducive to health as it is to godliness, we think our Hospital patients stand a good chance for recovery.

Cleon and I.

Cleon hath a million acres—ne’er a one have I;
Cleon dwelleth in a palace—in a cottage, I;
Cleon hath a dozen fortunes—not a penny, I;
But the poorer of the twain is Cleon, and not I.

Cleon, true, possesseth acres—but the landscape, I;
Half the charms to me it yieldeth, money cannot buy;
Cleon harbors sloth and dullness—freshening vigor, I;
He in velvet, I in fustian; richer man am I.

Cleon is a slave to grandeur—free as thought, am I;
Cleon fees a score of doctors—need of none, have I;
Wealth-surrounded, care-environed, Cleon fears to die;
Death may come—he’ll find me ready—happier man am I.

Cleon sees no charm in Nature—in a daisy, I;
Cleon hears no anthem ringing in the sea and sky.
Nature sings to me forever—earnest listener, I;
State for state, with all attendants, who would change? Not I.

The Pavilion debt should be lifted.
A Princely Host.

One of the most lovely of Alpine health-resorts is Bad-Kreuth, a hamlet of some half-dozen houses built by the side of a spring of mineral water. The charm of the resort is not however due to its loveliness, nor to its healing waters, but to the fact that its landlord is Prince Ludwig of Bavaria, a courteous host, who in his management of the place combines a lucrative business with a most generous charity.

The Prince, the eldest son of Duke Maximilian and the brother of the Empress of Austria, surrendered to his younger brother, Karl Theodor, all his rights as the head of the family, because he wished to marry a lady of inferior social position, with whom he had fallen in love.

The marriage proved to be a happy one, and to this day, though more than thirty years have passed since they were united, the Prince's manner to his wife is more that of a lover than of a middle-aged married man. They have no children, and live for the greater part of the year in a simple suite of apartments at Bad-Kreuth, where, according to a writer in the Cornhill Magazine, she diffuses brightness and happiness around her, and he shows how a prince may earn an honest livelihood, and be the first, not to receive, but to render aid.

The whole of the health-resort belongs to the ducal family. The servants are theirs, and the entire management is under Prince Ludwig's superintendence. He is his own butcher, brewer, dairyman and baker.

During June, July and August, Kreuth is filled with Southern Germans who pay liberally for their rooms and board, and make these months the Prince's harvest-time. During May and September the Prince receives no paying guests, but fills the house with those he calls his "friends." They are those who are too proud to ask for charity, but need a little help—officers depending upon their pay, university students, poor professors, struggling literary men and artists.

Two or three hundred of these "friends" are housed, fed, and tended at the hotel, during May and September, as carefully as the wealthiest guests, and that, too, without its costing them one penny. If at the height of the paying season a room is left vacant, some poor invalid is invited to occupy it, and no one can tell from the manner of the host or his servants that the new arrival is not a millionaire.

Prince Ludwig never forgets a face or a name, and has a pleasant word for every one, whether a paying guest, or a "friend." His manner is the same to all, the sympathetic greeting of a courteous host, and the kindly greeting of a well-bred man.

An Incident of Travel.

BY A "KING'S DAUGHTER."

It was the early twilight of a rainy Saturday afternoon. The streets were slippery with mud, and both horse and steam cars were crowded with people eager to reach their homes, where they could exchange wet garments and dripping umbrellas for the warmth and shelter of the fireside. In one of the trains leading out of Boston sat a middle-aged woman and little girl. As frequently happens on Saturday, the cars were full, and the conductor had all he could do to elbow his way down the aisle. He punched the tickets rapidly, wasting no time in words. On reaching the child, he said briefly 'We don't stop at Revere. Go on to Lynn, and take the next train back.'

Only two or three people overheard the remark. These glanced carelessly at the little girl, saw that she had an older attendant and busied themselves again in reading or conversation. The woman seemed to fidget somewhat, but asked no questions. She kept glancing around, apparently scanning the faces of her fellow-passengers. Presently the car grew very warm, and a young lady sitting in the seat behind unfasted her cloak and threw it partially off. As she did so the rays from a lamp overhead fell upon a tiny silver cross fastened to her dress. It caught the eye of the woman who instantly exclaimed, 'O you are a King's Daughter! I recognize the badge. Now I feel easy for I know you will help me.'

'Certainly, if I can,' was the ready response.

Thereupon she told her story. The child at her side was an entire stranger, returning to her home in Revere. An aunt who accompanied her to the station, heedlessly put her in the wrong train, merely saying to the other occupant of the seat 'Please see that Nellie gets off all right' when the signal for starting was given.

'I am a stranger in these parts,' continued
the woman, 'and my destination is far from Boston. I know nothing about this road. It seems cruel to leave a child only nine years old to find her way alone on a dark rainy night in a strange place. What if it were my little girl,' and she smiled kindly upon Nellie, who with childlike confidence was not at all disturbed by the state of affairs.

Fortunately the young lady was thoroughly familiar with the road, and was able to tell the hour of a return train to Revere. She knew too the location of the ticket office, and felt sure that there would be time to get off and buy a ticket—for the child had no money of her own. On reaching Lynn she hurried out with Nellie, who by this time was a little frightened at the crowd, the increasing darkness, and the confusion of cars and engines, and her little hand clung tightly to the stranger's.

There was only time to show her the waiting room, to provide a ticket, give careful directions about the train, bestow a kiss and a cherry word, and silently commend the little waif to the watchful care of her Heavenly Father, before the conductor swung his lantern and cried 'All aboard!'

'Dear little cross!' thought the young lady, springing on the car just as it began to move, 'had it not been for you, I might have lost this opportunity for a little service to my King. Hereafter I will always keep it in sight when traveling, praying that it may open the way for other trifling acts of kindness done “in his name.”—The Congregationalist.

The Needle of To-Day.

A needle is a little thing, hardly worth mentioning, in fact, but the daily consumption of them in the United States is 4,200,000. About the greater part of the needle we use come from Redditch, England.

There are needles which all wig-makers use. They are as delicate as a hair and shaped like a fish hook. There is the tambour needle and the needle for shirring machines; the great sail needle which has to be pushed with a steel palm; the knitting machine needle with its little latchet; the arasene and crewel needles and the long instruments which the milliners use.

Then there is the surgeon's cruel outfit, the probing needle, made for hunting after bullets or internal sores; the hare-lip needle; the long accupressure pins, for pinning gaping wounds in place; all the needles for eye, head and body—long, short, curved once, twice or three times. Then the veterinary surgeon has his case of needles too. The upholsterer is a favored man. He has needles on the half curve, round points and sword points, long eyes, round eyes, egg eyes and counter-sunk eyes.

The cook is not left out of this trade, but has a curious trussing needle, made for carrying melted butter or savory sauce right into the very heart of a fowl or roast, being hollow and large at the end where the butter is poured in. There is also the larding needle, which sews large pieces of meat together or fastens a bit of fat deep in a lean piece of meat. One of these was invented by a French chef. The other was made to meet the demand of butchers who cook large quantities of meet for the free lunch restaurants, and who wish to sew their meat into good shape, so that it will cut well.

The collar maker's needle is not unlike the upholsterer's. The netting needle has a little branch at each end, and with it goes a broad “mesh” of ivory or polished wood. The knife point hem needle, with its broad blade, was invented to suit the men at the Chicago stock yard. The broom maker's needle, like the sailor's has to be pushed with a steel palm. That which the millers use has a spring eye which the heavy thread enters when the side of the eye is pressed.

A novice could never guess how to use the needle made for sewing soles on shoes. The glove needles are marvelously fine affairs, though even the daintiest of them have three cornered points. The knitting and astrachan needles want no mention.

The needle for filling rugs has given place to an ingenious machine which does four times the work. The beading needle is slender and long. The rag baler's needle has a blade like a leek, and is another invention made for Chicago. The weaver's pin for picking up broken threads has an open eye in a hook, which catches and holds the lost thread firmly.

The making of a needle is a very laborious matter in Germany, France and England, where it is done by hand. The polishing there requires sixty or seventy days. But in America it has called forth some of the most interesting and delicate inventions in machinery of which this country can boast.
THE HOSPITAL REVIEW
IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH BY
THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE,
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MRS. M. M. MATTHEWS, MRS. A. S. HAMILTON,
MRS. WM. E. HOYT.

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Our Double Kindred to Emmanuel,

O mean may seem this house of clay,
Yet 'twas the Lord's abode;
Our feet may mourn this thorny way,
Yet here Emmanuel trod.

This fleshly robe the Lord did wear;
This watch the Lord did keep;
These burdens sore the Lord did bear;
These tears the Lord did weep.

O vale of tears no longer sad,
Wherein the Lord did dwell!
O happy robe of flesh that clad
Our own Emmanuel!

But not this fleshly robe alone
Shall link us, Lord, to Thee;
Not only in the tear and groan
Shall the dear kindred be.

We shall be reckoned for Thine own,
Because Thy heaven we share,
Because we sing around Thy throne,
And Thy bright raiment wear.

Dr. Fairman.

As Dr. Fairman was crossing the network of tracks beyond the Central station, his attention was arrested by the tall, athletic figure of a young man engaged in unloading some freight cars. He was two or three and twenty, perhaps, with heavy jaws, a suspiciously red face, and closely cropped yellow hair.

Dr. Fairman experienced a slight feeling of envy, as the young fellow hoisted the heavy boxes from the car to the dray with little apparent effort, every motion of his body betraying, to the experienced eye of the surgeon, its suppleness and vigor. He
passed on with a half sigh, for his intense spirit had fashioned itself a refined and delicate body, never quite ready to respond to the intelligence within, and for a moment he coveted the perfect physical equipment of the young laborer.

His carriage waited for him in a side street, and he had just entered it when his name was shouted from the direction of the railway station, and a man came running toward him.

"Hello, doctor!" he cried. "Come back! There's a man crushed out here!"

He sprang from the carriage and hastily retraced his steps. Some instinct warned him that the victim was the young athlete. It was even so. The man had slipped and fallen backward from the car, a heavy box had crushed him, and he lay bleeding profusely and unconscious. Under Dr. Fairman's supervision, he was removed to his cottage home, where for weeks he hovered between life and death, cared for assiduously by the most distinguished surgeon in the city. Day after day, and often in the night, the doctor's carriage stood at the humble door, while he battled with death for the life within.

After weeks of agony and months of weakness, Sam Barker crept slowly back to health and strength. Before the accident he had been a dissipated rowdy, earning fair wages, but always out of funds before pay-day. There was not much of him but brawn and bone, and a kind of dogged honesty which gained for him the reputation of being "square" among his boon companions.

Goodness is contagious, and Dr. Fairman was filled with moral sanative power. While he healed the wounds of the body, he probed the soul of the man, if haply he might touch some responsive chord.

His intuitions were so keen that he was rarely at fault even with complex natures; with subtle delicacy, as fine as the touch of his hand was light, he struck the one sound fibre in Sam's nature so gently, so truly, that the work of moral restoration was done before the patient was aware of a beginning. Sam shall tell how Dr. Fairman made a man of him.

"The first thing I sensed after the accident was Dr. Fairman, and I just caught his face for a minute. You didn't know him? There never was a face like his, so gentle and still, like a deep lake. Dark blue eyes that looked through you; didn't stab, you know—just saw. He never talked much, but somehow only to see him was company. No use to try to tell what he did for me, over and above what he was bound to do as a doctor. 'Twas just everything.

"When I began to mend I worried about the expense, and I asked him how long I should have to lay by.

"'A year, Sam,' he said.

"'But I can't,' I said. 'I haven't cost father a cent, since I was fifteen. Do try and hurry me up, doctor!'

"'You see I thought he could do anything he wanted to. He give me one of his long, keen looks, and said, 'Had you no money when you were injured?'

"'Not a cent,' says I.

"'A big, strong fellow like you must have earned good wages. What did you do with your money?'

"'Spent it,' I says, 'like other fellows.'

"'Had you any debts?'

"'No, sir,' I said squarely. 'I don't spend money till I earn it.'

"He sat quite still awhile, thinking. Then he said, 'Sam, you must make up your mind to be idle a year, if you are to be of any use in the world afterward. As an honest man, you should have saved something for this disaster. But never mind now; our present business is to let nature make a sound man of you again.'

"The year was fully up before I earned a cent. Then I got a place as switchman, and went around to Dr. Fairman's office for his bill.

"How well I remember that office! Two large rooms in the old Cass mansion; nice chairs and sofas and carpets; books, books, cases full all along the walls, and pictures and busts. But that pale man was worth all the rest.

"'Sit down, Sam,' he said, 'and tell me about yourself.'

"So I told about my place and the wages and asked for his bill.

"'I shall charge you three hundred dollars, Sam. Of course you cannot pay at once, but you can spare ten dollars a month, can't you?'

"'Easy,' says I. 'But it will be over two years before you get your pay at that rate. I'll better it and pay twice ten.'

"He thought a minute and shook his
head. No, ten is enough. Bring it to
me on the first day of the month at this
hour. I want to keep an eye on you for
awhile to see that you don't overwork.

"He shook hands with me as he did
every month for two years and a half. Rain
or shine I never missed the hour. He
would make me sit down and tell how I
got along and what I was doing out of
work-hours, although he was such a great
doctor that every minute was worth a mint
of money. He looked so pleased when I
told him I was learning book-keeping, that
I took to reading evenings, more to have it
to tell him than because I cared about it.
It was a great thing to see him smile; he
didn't very often, and I never heard him
laugh.

"When I begun work I wanted to drink
awfully,—I felt so weak and shiftless,—but
I was afraid I should get drunk and spend
my money and cheat the doctor. If I
could have paid in a lump and been free,
I should have gone to the bow-wows.
Hundreds of times I wanted to go off with
the boys and have a lark, but I dursent,
and I got in the way of skipping most
things that's bad. I'd just say to myself:
'It's all right, doctor,' and I could shunt
any kind of delivery.

"Well, the last month came and I went
to the office clean down-hearted. It just
broke my heart to cut loose from the doc-
tor. I really thought the ground must be
glad because his shadow fell on it.'

"Here's the last of my debt,' I said, as I
gave him the money. 'But the best luck
that ever happened to me was getting
smashed up.'

"' Why so? ' he asked, as he took the bill
in his thin, white fingers.

"'I was a drunken fool before and now
I'm a sober man. It wasn't the accident,
either. It's you, Dr. Fairman. I can't do
the things I used to. I see why you only
took ten dollars a month. You wanted to
make sure of me long enough to save me.
Nobody but you would have thought of
that way, or taken the trouble, either,' " and
I ain't ashamed to say I got out my hand-
kerchief right then and there.

"There came a light to his eyes and on
his face a kind of sunshine good to see.
He opened a drawer of his desk and took
out a roll of bills to which he added the
ten I had just given him, and thrust the
money in my hand.

"'There, Sam,' he said, 'is the three
hundred dollars. Deposit it in the savings
bank and add ten to it every month. You
have proved that you are a man. Good-
night.'

"He gently hustled me out, and before
I had fairly taken it in I was on the street.
"I put the money in the bank because
he told me to and I add ten to it every
month to honor his memory, for I saw him
for the last time that night. He died sud-
denly at Easter and the whole city mourned
for him, for there isn't a street where you
can't hear just such stories of his wise and
wonderful goodness." LUCY L. STOUT.

Youth's Companion.

For the Hospital Review.

Winter and Spring.

Dear old Mother Nature
Folds a quilt of dazzling white,
O'er the earth, her sleeping baby.
Gently, softly breathes "Good-night."

Then Mother Nature cometh,
When bright the Spring is dawning,
And bending o'er her babe, the earth,
She sweetly says, "Good-morning."

AZELYM.

A Physician's Fee.

A famous physician in New York city,
Dr. George F Shrady, is not only famous
for his skill in curing people, but for his
deeds of charity and benevolence. Dr.
Shrady receives enormous fees, but what
he calls his "best" fee was received under
very peculiar circumstances.

He was in the country, enjoying a few
weeks vacation, and during a ramble he
one day noticed a sickly-looking boy of
about eight years of age resting by the
roadside. Near the child, and gazing ten-
derly at him, was a sweet-faced old lady
whom he called "granny." The child
touched his cap politely to the doctor, and
the little wan face lit up at a few kindly
remarks that were made by the stranger.

A day or two afterwards the doctor was
told that an old lady and a little boy
wanted to see him. "I couldn't stop his
coming," explained granny. "He says,
since the day he saw you, that you can
make him well and strong, like other boys.
He gives me no peace, day or night, so I
had to bring him to you."
"The faith of the old lady and her little grandchild was so touching," said the doctor, "that I did my best to effect a cure, and before I left, the youngster was running about, strong and well as his companions.

A month or two afterward a rough box was delivered by express at Dr. Shrady's home. It contained a turkey, and a little note, written in a boyish hand, which read: "Dear doctor, this is from the boy what you made well. I know the turkey is young and tender, for I raised him from the eggs myself."

"I have often received munificent fees from grateful patients that my skill has helped relieve," said the doctor, "but I was never more touched by a gift in all my professional experience, than when that little country chap's turkey in the rough little box, with the words 'expresses all pade' written on every side, was delivered to me."

For His Mother.

Courage on the battlefield is "bolstered up," as one might say, by the example of numbers; the "bugle and drum and fife" have no considerable effect in enlivening the way to death or victory. But there are nobly brave deeds done in silence and solitude which are too often omitted from the annals of war. The sick and wounded soldier has his own peculiar opportunities for heroism. A hospital nurse tells this of a brave boy who had been seriously wounded in the shoulder, but was recovering.

One morning, after he had been able to be about for some weeks, I was surprised, on going into his ward, to find him in bed again.

"Why, Robinson, I'm sorry to see you there. What have you been doing?"

He hesitated, twisted the end of his coverlet, but made no answer.

"Nothing wrong, I'm very sure. It wasn't your own fault, was it?"

He looked up at once with his clear, honest eyes, and said, "Yes, miss, all my own fault; but I thought she worried so."

"Your mother?"

"Yes ma'am. And if I could just slip my arm into my coat sleeve long enough to have my picture taken, she'd see it was better, and it would set her mind at rest more than all the letters I could write."

So, to satisfy his mother's heart, the poor wounded shoulder had been forced into its sleeve, giving him several weeks of additional suffering and confinement to his bed.

Saved by a Cat.

There are so many stories of dogs who have saved human lives, and so few anecdotes of pussy's helpfulness in times of emergency, that we gladly publish the story of a cat's intelligent devotion: During the Crimean war, a little cat followed a young French soldier when he left his native village. The lad's heart clung to this dumb creature, and he gave her a seat on his knapsack by day on the march, and a corner of his couch at night.

When the regiment was first ordered into action he left her in charge of a sick comrade. He had marched about a mile, when he saw puss running beside him. He lifted her up on her usual seat, and soon the engagement began.

Twice the soldier fell, but the cat clung fast hold.

At last a severe wound stretched him bleeding on the field. No sooner did pussy catch sight of the blood, than she seated herself upon his body and began to lick his wound in the most assiduous manner. Thus she remained for some hours, till the surgeon carried the lad off to the tent for the wounded. When he recovered consciousness, his first question was, "Shall I live?"

"Yes, my good fellow," was the surgeon's answer, "thanks to your little cat. If she had not used her tongue so intelligently, you would have died from loss of blood."

Contrary to all regulations, pussy was allowed to accompany the young soldier to the hospital, where she was regaled with the choicest morsels from his plate, and became a very distinguished character.—Illustrated Christian Weekly.

A Little Logical Lass.

A girl six years old was on a visit to her grandfather, who was a New England divine celebrated for his logical powers.

"Only think, grandpa, what Uncle Robert says."

"What does he say, my dear?"

"Why he says the moon is made of green cheese. It isn't at all, is it?"
"Well, child, suppose you find out for yourself?"
"How can I, grandpa?"
"Get your Bible and see what it says."
"Where shall I begin?"
"Begin at the beginning." The child sat down to read the Bible. Before she got more than half through the second chapter of Genesis, and had read about the creation of the stars and the animals, she came back to her grandfather, her eyes all bright with the excitement of discovery:
"I've found it, grandpa! It isn't true, for God made the moon before he made any cows."—*The Presbyterian.*

**The Women's Jubilee Offering.**

The sum to be handed over to St. Catherine's hospital by order of the Queen, being the surplus of the Women's Jubilee offering, amounts to £70,000. It is to be applied to the suffering sick and poor of London, through the means of training nurses and supplying them free to the poor. The scheme to this end is now under consideration of a committee formed of the Duke of Westminster, Sir James Paget, and Sir Rutherford Alcock. The services of Mr. Rathbone, M. P., have been acquired, as that gentleman has already satisfactorily modelled a Nursing Training Institute in Liverpool at a private expenditure of £20,000. St. Catherine's is to be the headquarters of the Nursing Institute, of which the Queen will have sole control.

**New York Cancer Hospital.**

The erection of a pavilion for men patients, which has been rendered possible by the munificent offer of John Jacob Astor, and the erection of a chapel provided for by the bequest of certain properties from the wife of Gen. Cullum, which realized the sum of $50,000, will complete the New York Cancer Hospital. Plans for these new buildings are now being prepared, and the work of construction will shortly begin. This hospital has just entered upon the second year of its existence, having been opened for the reception of patients on December 7, 1887, and for a new work has been remarkably successful, securing in its magnificently appointed buildings, what other hospitals have waited years to obtain.

But at the same time it may be said to suffer from an overflow of riches, or rather from a plethora of wealthy patrons, who have lavished their gifts on the structure, instead of providing the means to carry it on. As a consequence, the hospital is under heavy extra expense, and with the exception of a small income from the endowed beds, and a few paying patients, is entirely dependent on the outside public for support.

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If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
The words unkind
Would trouble my mind,
I said when you went away,
I would then have been more careful,
Nor given you needless pain;
But we vex "our own"
With look or tone,
We might never take back again.

For, though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet it might be
That never to me
The pain of the heart should cease.
How many go forth in the morning,
That never come home at night;
And hearts have broken
For harsh words spoken,
That sorrow can never set right.

We have careful thoughts for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest;
Yet oft for "our own"
The bitter tone,
Though we love "our own" the best.

Ah! lips with the curve impatient;
Ah! brow with look of scorn;
'Twere a cruel fate
Were the night too late
To undo the work of the morn.

It requires a clever surgeon to dress a wounded vanity.—*Life.*

Slippery places may fling up the heels of great giants, and little temptations may overthrow well-grown Christians.—*Lee.*

Do not wait till you be holy ere you cast your confidence on the Saviour; but cast your confidence on him now, and you shall be made holy.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

While we wait, O Jesus, lead us!
Patient, Faithful, would we be:
Then,—O day of joy!—the fullness
Of thy glory we shall see.

—*Rev. Ray Palmer, D. D.*
THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MAY 15, 1889.

Hospital Inmates.

On the third of May we visited the Hospital and found eighteen under treatment in the Male Surgical Ward, all but one of whom were able to be up a portion of the day. One man, by jumping from a freight train, had injured his foot so severely that it was at first feared amputation would be necessary, but poulticing and care had saved the foot; a boy with sprained ankle had it encased in plaster and was moving about on crutches. The last of the fire patients, Dan Watkins, has recovered the use of one foot, but cannot yet step on the other, but goes about with crutches. A new patient whose thumb was injured by a rip saw had had the dressing changed and the wound was doing well. A German convalescing from a broken leg is up, and happy and contented to go about in his wheel chair. Another German whose leg has been amputated goes around on crutches for half an hour twice a day. Some of the inmates of this ward are suffering from sprains, white swellings and other ailments. One aged man is utterly helpless; he has to be fed and cared for like a child. Carnivalo, the Italian, is as joyous and light-hearted as ever; he makes the ward very merry for the invalids, and was playing to them on an accordion. Several of the inmates were amusing themselves with “Pigs in Clover.”

One aged man was brought to the Hospital in a very feeble condition and died in a few days. A new sink has been placed in the west end of this ward and it proves a great comfort and convenience to the nurses and attendants. The nurse told us she thought the Male Surgical Ward the brightest in the Hospital. The patients were very cheerful when we visited it.

Of the twenty-four inmates of the Male Medical Ward four did not leave their beds. Two of these were consumptives, one was convalescing from pneumonia, and the fourth was a rheumatic patient who cannot lie down, but has to be bolstered up with pillows. Two Italians were afflicted with rheumatism, two were consumptives; others were under treatment for diseases of the ear, heart and lungs. Several were suffering from paralysis. A colored man who was brought to the Hospital in the morning lived but half an hour. One man had been sent to the Insane Asylum.

Three of the twenty-six patients in the Female Medical Ward kept their cots all the time; one of them was a consumptive; another had abscesses. Treatment was given in this ward to invalids afflicted with general weakness, diarrhoea, ulcerated tooth, paralysis, fainting turns, chronic eczema, rheumatism in the hands. The one under treatment for St. Vitus’s dance was much improved. Passive motion was given to rheumatic patients.

There were fifteen patients in the Female Surgical Ward. Two of these kept their beds. One had a protuberance on her head, the other was aged and feeble. One woman was suffering from a gradual paralysis of the nervous system. The women with fractured hips were both up and walking. Among the diseases under treatment were ring worms, ulcers, white swellings, abscess resulting from vaccination, and internal tumor. There were also eye patients under Dr. Rider's care.

The Little Folks.

There were four babies in the Nursery. On the floor in the Children’s Pavilion two little ones were amusing themselves with their blocks; one of these was Georgie Pierce, nearly eight years old, who is just beginning to walk. He has a curvature of the spine and a deformed breast bone. His playmate was Ida Parker, the club-footed child. Money collected by Miss Hebbard was applied to the purchase of shoes and
straps for the deformed limbs, and while wearing them the deformity is corrected; we hope a permanent cure may be effected. Henry Kaelhoffner, four years old, came to us from the Orphan Asylum to be treated for a disease of the skin. Jackie Striker has a humor on the head that proves to be rather obstinate. Dr. Ely is applying new treatment and the little fellow's head is encased in a muslin cap. Arthur Schumacher, two years old, was sent from the Orphan Asylum because he had convulsions; his general health is improved and he has so far had no return of the convulsions. Johnny Cramer has abscesses on the arm resulting from an injury received when run over last February; the limb is practically useless. Sada Hollohan, with curvature of the spine, seems very bright and happy, and uses her limbs freely. Bertha Bradley, the twelve year old girl with diseased heart, has entered the upper fold. She spoke freely of her death, was baptised and her funeral was held at the Hospital. The little German girl so afflicted with diseased spine, has been taken home by her friends. She cannot live long, and those who love her best can hardly wish to prolong her sufferings. A baby whose mother had died, was brought to the Hospital sick with bronchitis; after two weeks it went home well.

Surgical Work at the Hospital.

Last month our columns were filled with memorial tributes to Miss Whitney, and with so extended a report of the Commencement exercises connected with our Training school, that we had no space to devote to the regular work of the Hospital. Every month brings with it constant demands for relief, medical and surgical skill and faithful nursing. On the 5th of March a plaster of Paris jacket was applied to one patient. On the 8th, surgical operations were performed by Dr. Pierce and Dr. Little; another operation by Dr. Whitbeck was on the 9th; on the 12th and 15th, others by Dr. Little. On the 15th an accident case was brought in requiring amputation of a limb, where Dr. Little officiated. On the 23rd, a very serious operation was performed by Dr. Lee, who removed an abdominal tumor and the patient recovered without any ill effects. On the 20th of April, a surgical operation was performed by Dr. Williams.

Our Training School.

The Training School with twenty-five nurses is now in a flourishing condition, and forms a very important part of Hospital work. Our patients receive much more care and attention than was possible under the old regime, and the community at large is reaping a great benefit, from the ability to draw upon our school for competent nurses, to supply needs in cases of severe illness in private families. In protracted cases of typhoid fever, where several nurses have been required to care for the invalid, very gratifying reports have been sent to us of relief afforded by our pupils and graduates and in many cases precious lives have been saved by their skilful ministries.

Some of the best physicians in our city are giving their services freely to the poor and needy and are also imparting valuable instruction to the pupils of our school. On the 9th of March Dr. Stoddard had a quiz and lecture for the nurses; on the 19th he gave them another lecture, and on the 30th a third on "Emergencies." On the 23rd of March, and on the 5th, 20th and 27th of April they listened to lectures from Dr. Ely. On the 25th of March the senior class had an examination. On the 30th of March and on the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 8th, 9th, 10th, 12th, 13th, 15th and 25th of April, the nurses received lessons in massage. On the 2nd and 3rd of April the bandage class was instructed by Miss Cunningham; on the 4th and 5th of April Miss Parloa gave the nurses demonstration lessons in...
cooking simple food and delicacies for the sick. On the 18th Miss Lawrence instructed the pupils on general topics connected with the sick room, and on the 20th on beds and bed making.

The course of instruction in this department extends through two years, and none but those who pass successfully through the examinations receive diplomas.

Our New Free Out-Patient Department.

Six months have elapsed since the opening of this department, which may now be said to be fully organized, and the following physicians have consented to act on the Staff and give their services for the benefit of those out-patients who are unable to pay for medical or surgical attendance. Dr. A. Dann has charge of the diseases of women and children; Dr. J. L. Roseboom treats diseases of the skin; Dr. W. B. Jones has charge of general medicines; Dr. L. A. Weigel of orthopedic surgery; Dr. Ogden Backus treats diseases of the nerves; Dr. F. A. Mandeville those of the throat and nose.

Dr. W Rider, who has been very active and successful in treating diseases of the eye and ear, reports that in March 150 visits were made to his department and that during the six months ending March 31st, there were 583 visits and 19 operations. During the month of April 147 availed themselves of Dr. Rider’s services. Our last visit was on the 3rd of May, when Dr. R. had just finished operating on a man’s eye, taking out a piece of the lower lid that turned in on his eye ball. The man had previously dreaded the operation, and seemed very grateful that it had been so painless. Two nurses were assisting Dr. Rider. Two patients were awaiting treatment in an adjoining room.

New Appointments.

Dr. E. W. Mulligan, Pathologist, has been added to the Hospital Staff. Dr. R. H. Satterlee and Dr. W. H. Brown have entered on their duties as Resident House Officers, taking the places of Dr. T. O. Tait and Dr. F. D. Remington.

Our Retiring Matron.

With much regret we announce the resignation of our long-tried, faithful Matron, Miss Frances E. Hebbard, who seeks rest from the arduous duties that have so long engrossed her as Matron of the Rochester City Hospital.

From the first opening of this institution, in 1864, Miss Hebbard has been closely identified with its interests, and earnestly and conscientiously labored in the discharge of the various duties devolved upon her. In the early days of the Hospital she was ready to put her hand to any work that would advance its interests. She welcomed the wounded soldiers to our wards, and gently and tenderly ministered to their needs, nursing many of them back to health and strength, and acting to others as comforter, friend and adviser. In later years while retaining a personal interest in many of the patients, and being especially mindful of the wants of the children, she has faithfully and acceptably discharged the duties of Matron, and her executive ability, sound common sense, methodical and systematic regulation of the work of others, who looked to her for direction, and her readiness to meet emergencies, have been of untold benefit to the Hospital. The exceptional order and cleanliness that have reigned within it have been largely the result of the tireless vigilance Miss Hebbard has exercised over every department of her work, and only those thoroughly familiar with its internal regulations can fully appreciate what she has done for the Hospital.

For some weeks, as the companion of a beloved invalid, we were inmates of the Hospital, and can testify to the constant, watchful care that made the grounds and
the building, from basement to cupola, models of order and neatness.

Our best wishes go with Miss Hebbard as for a time she seeks rest and refreshment, and we trust that when ready again to assume responsibilities, some sphere will open to her, where her life will be as useful as it has been during the twenty-five years she has so conscientiously served the City Hospital.

Some of our walls are adorned with tablets in memory of those whose gifts have blessed this charity, but had those walls voices, many of them would echo the praises of our retiring Matron, for kindly ministries rendered by her to the sick and suffering ones within them in the months and years whose record is on high.

The following action of the members of the Training School, indicates their appreciation of Miss Hebbard:

The nurses who have been and are connected with the Rochester City Hospital desire to express their regret at the resignation of Miss Frances Hebbard, and to acknowledge their appreciation of her self-sacrificing devotion to them in their work.

"Ye Gods and Goddesses, or the Apple of Discord."

Many of our citizens are already aware that "A Mythical Medley," written by Charles Robinson, and composed by John H. Strong, is to come off at the Lyceum on the evenings of the 24th and 25th of May, and that a large percentage of its profits will be given to the City Hospital. The literary and musical ability evinced in this burlesque Iliad bespeak for it an enthusiastic reception, but the interest in the opera is greatly enhanced by the fact that its authors are well known in this community, and that their early efforts give promise of a brilliant future, that will make Rochester proud to claim them as her sons, and our University as her graduates.

The gods and goddesses will be personated by Rochesterians well known in musical circles. Ludwig Schenck will arrange the orchestration of the opera, in which there will be fifteen pieces; Mrs. W. F. Gove will preside at the piano. Thomas Chester will act as stage manager. The costumes will be in the early Greek style.

We trust our citizens will generously appreciate the home talent displayed in this entertainment, and that a large audience will recognize the laudable effort to aid a worthy charity.

The scene of the first act is laid in Jove's palace on Mt. Olympus, where, in response to an invitation from the father of the gods, the gods and goddesses assemble to attend a wedding breakfast given to Peleus and Thetis. In the midst of their banquet the Goddess of Discord, who has received no cards of invitation, appears and throws the apple of discord "to the fairest," and thus arouses the jealousy of some of the immortals. The scene of the second act changes to a pasture on Mt. Ida, where an appeal is made to Paris to decide who is fairest. Minerva, Juno and Venus each seek to bribe Paris, but the prize offered by Venus—the hand of Helen—is most tempting, and he awards

"The prize for beauty
Unto Venus, the fairest of Immortal goddesses."

Venus thus rejoices over her rivals:

"Oh, now I've won the golden prize,
So what care I for gleaming eyes?
For soon you'll see the power I'll wield,
For beauty smiles and monarch's yield.
So I the fairest am by far,
And both you others vanquished are.

Behold a triple grace in me,
Which through all time a power shall be;
For see by me personified
Are beauty, love, and youth allied.
So I the fairest am by far,
And both you others vanquished are."

The third act is laid in a room in Jove's palace on Mt. Olympus, where Hebe, the maid of all work is spinning.
"Spinning, spinning, ever spinning,
See the threads go in and out,
Goddesses and gods need clothing,
Even heavenly gowns wear out."

An amusing love scene and quarrel occur between Hebe and Ganymede. Jove’s wrath is aroused by the announcement in the “Olympian Daily News” of “AN ELOPEMENT IN HIGH LIFE. FAIR FACES AND FLYING FEET. WIFE AND BOODLE GONE. SKIPPED BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON.”

The story of Paris and Helen is rehearsed in modern newspaper style, and the act closes with a quarrel between Minerva and Juno and Venus, in which the other gods and goddesses take sides, and their “harmonious discords” form one of the most brilliant features of the opera.

The fourth act, twenty years later, abounds in wit and humor. Jove learns of the fall of Troy, harmony is restored, the goddess of discord is sentenced “ten dollars or thirty days,” and is finally carried off on a patrol wagon.

The Post-Express says:—“The opera closes with a graceful finale, in which the composer skilfully avoids the danger of an anti-climax by making it as sweet and melodious as the finale to the third act was wild and discordant.”

Tickets for this opera may be had of the Lady Managers of the Hospital, at one dollar each, and reserved seats, without extra charge may be secured on May 20th. After this tickets will be for sale as announced in the city papers.

The Banner Sunday School.

Of all the responses to our appeal for help to free the Children’s Pavilion from debt, on the third anniversary of its opening, none has been more welcome than that from the Sunday School of the Salem Church, where the amount contributed was larger than from any other Sunday School. We are very grateful to our young friends for the interest thus manifested. Accompanying the gift was the following note from the Pastor of the Salem Church:

ROCHESTER, N. Y., April 1, 1889.

MRS. R. MATHEWS, Treas. Pavilion Fund:

Dear Madam,—Some of the children of Salem Sunday School brought their pennies last Sunday for the Pavilion—$1.32. Together with the $17.75 already sent to you, the collection is $19.07.

Respectfully yours,

C. SIEBENPFEIFER,
Pastor Salem Church.

Special Gifts.

A former inmate of the Hospital, Mrs. Judge Campbell of Cherry Valley, has sent six pretty night caps, her Lenten work, for the patients. Mrs. E. R. Putnam, has given a beautiful crib with mattress, pillow, sheets and pillow cases. These had precious memories lingering about them and will be very useful in the Children’s Pavilion. Mrs. Yale of Brighton has sent a new wheelchair for the invalids. Seven little girls from Palmyra, N. Y., have presented clothing, books, scrap-books, cards, pictures and dolls for the children, accompanied by the following note. The gift is very acceptable and we hope to hear again from the “L. R. Club.”

PALMYRA, N. Y., April 19, 1889.

Dear Miss Hebbard:

We are a club of seven girls between the ages of eleven and thirteen and call ourselves the “L. R. C.” (Love Right Club.) We have taken a great deal of pleasure in preparing this box and hope that the children who receive it will take as much.

The large pictures we thought might be useful in ornamenting the walls, while the books with stories in them would amuse the children, and the scrap-books and dolls, the younger ones.

We send a few clothes and hope they will be useful also.
Please let us know if you receive the box safely. Yours respectfully,
Mabel Reed, President.
Edith McIntyre, V Pres.
Clara Drake, Sec.
Olive Corning, Treas.
Mamie Bowman.
Marjorie Finley,
Marcia Bliss.

Members of the “L. R. C.”

The following note explains itself and the gift alluded to will be very useful.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., April 27, 1889.

Miss S. M. Lawrence;

DEAR MISS—We take great pleasure in sending you herewith a lot of granite iron ware, which has been presented to the diet kitchen by the St. Louis Stamping Co. We trust you will find the articles are just what you want.

Yours truly,
HAMILTON & MATHEWS.

Card of Thanks.

The Class of ’89, of the Rochester City Hospital Training School, desire to thank the Lady Managers for the entertainment so kindly provided for them at the Hospital on the evening of the graduating exercises, March 28th, as they feel that much of the pleasure of the evening was due to their kindness. Their thanks are also cordially extended to the class of ’88, and the junior members of the school.

At the regular monthly meeting of the managers of the City Hospital, Miss S. M. Lawrence, the Superintendent of Nurses, was appointed Matron, and Miss M. J. Cunningham, Assistant Matron, to fill the place made vacant by the resignation of Miss Frances E. Hebbard.

A fine likeness of the late H. H. Langworthy, M. D., has been presented to the Hospital by the Staff.

Receipts from Mite Boxes.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Amount</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>147</td>
<td>$28</td>
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<tr>
<td>200</td>
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<td>37</td>
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<td>171</td>
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Cash Donations.

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<tr>
<td>James Gaston, Penfield</td>
<td>$5.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>A friend</td>
<td>10.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Annual subscription, Mrs. Howard Os-good</td>
<td>5.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cash, received from sewing circles, Parent stem and twigs</td>
<td>15.52</td>
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Children’s Pavilion Fund.

W. S. Hinchy, secretary and treasurer
Presbyterian Church Sunday School, Gates $7.00
“Soon Meet Again Club,” Helene R. Clark, President, 5.00
Orpha Naylor, Secretary.
Lester Frederick Lyle 2.00
St. Luke’s Church Sewing School 5.12

Total 19.12
Previously acknowledged 6,814.94

Total receipts 6,834.06

We still require $341.74 to complete the last payment on the Pavilion, and earnestly ask our friends to help us raise this small amount. Contributions should be sent to the fund from this date to Mrs. W. H. Perkins, Treasurer, 174 Spring street.

Receipts for the Review.

APRIL

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Name</th>
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<tr>
<td>Mrs. W. B. Douglas, 65 cents</td>
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<td>Mrs. I. Hollister, 63 cents</td>
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<td>Mrs. A. Augustine Porter, $1.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mrs. Richard Messenger, 62 cents</td>
<td>2.90</td>
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<td>B. S. Stuart &amp; Co., adv., $5.00</td>
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<td>Mrs. S. Jewell, $1.00</td>
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<td>Mrs. Edward Ray, (postage) 12 cents</td>
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<tr>
<td>Geo. R. Fuller, adv. $15.00, by Mrs. M. M. Mathews 21.12</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mrs. Thomas Hawke, 62 cents, Mrs. E. F. Ellsworth, 62 cents, William H. Smith, 62 cents</td>
<td>21.12</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mrs. P. H. Rew, 10 cents</td>
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<td>Mrs. Howard A. Smith, 65 cts.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mrs. John Bower, 62 cents</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mrs. Earl B. Putnam, $1.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mrs. E. B. Angell, 62 cents, Mrs. C. E. Furman, 62 cents</td>
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<td>Mrs. John T. Briggs, 62 cents</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Miss Ellen Breck, 62 cents, Mrs. C. P. Boswell, 62 cents</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mrs. Warham Whitney, 62 cents, by Miss Grace Holmes 7 95</td>
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Donations for April, 1889.

E. H. Cottman—Towel rack.
Mrs. Yale, of Brighton—New wheel chair.
Rochester Book Club—13 books.
Miss Mollie Ward, Mrs. A. Conklin, Brighton, Old Cotton.
Mrs. Wm. E. Hoyt—Rug for bath room—2 pr. night drawers.
Mrs. A. S. Mumford—Second-hand shirts.
Isabella Hart—Children’s papers and paper dolls.
E. Nicherson, Esq.—Magazines.
2d Twig—37 sheets, 78 pillow cases, 4 night shirts.
Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins—18 bound cooks, second-hand shirts, book case, iron bedstead.
Parent Stem—33 sheets.
Mrs. Stedman—Magazines.
Mrs. Griffith—Book case.
Mrs. Thomas Chester—Second-hand clothing, and old cotton.
Mrs. John Hill—Reading matter, lemon jelly, and oranges.
Mrs. Judge Campbell, of Cherry Valley—6 night-caps.
Mrs. John Oothout—18 novels, also magazines.
Mrs. Hamilton, M. D.—Reading matter.
Mrs. Allen—7 short night-shirts.
Mr. J. H. Howe—Quantity of magazines.
Mrs. Frank W. Embry—Frank Leslie’s Illustrated papers.
Young Ladies Society of 1st Baptist Church—making of dresses for Children’s Pavilion.
The “Love Right Club,” of Palmyra—Clothing books, scrap-books, cards, pictures and dolls.
Mrs. Amon Bronson—Reading matter.
1st Twig—74 pillow cases.
Miss Gibbe—Old cotton, magazines, old flannel and covered basket, bible.
Mrs. Clarence DePuy—Old cotton, old flannel, and quantity of reading matter.
Miss Parloa—Recipe book or kitchen companion.
Mrs. Maltby Strong—Reading matter.
Mrs. Charles Angel—Clothing, toys, etc., for the children.
Lulu McAllister—Doll, and trunk of clothing for doll.
Mrs. E. B. Putnam, of 17 Prince St.—Crib with mattress, pillow, and sheets.
3d Twig, composed of 17 members, have held 6 meetings and made 114 pillow cases.

More Helpers.

123 LAKE AVE., April 13, 1889.

DEAR MRS. MATHEWS:—There are a few little girls on or near Lake Avenue, that have a Club called the “S. M. A. C.” “Soon Meet Again Club.” We gave a little entertainment for the Children’s Pavilion, the tickets were five cents apiece, we made five dollars, which we hope will do something for some little child.

HELENE R. CLARK, Pres’t.

ORPHA NAYLOR, Sec’y.

Hospital Report.

Number in Hospital April 1, 1889... 107
Rec’d during month 68
Births 4
Discharged during month 57
Deaths 5
Remaining in Hospital May 1st 117

Private patients, 31 . . . . days 546
Ward patients, 132 . . days 2507
Children, 16 . . . . days 304

3857

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, April 15th, of cancer of stomach, Elihu S. Wing, aged 44 years.
April 18th, N. J. Worthington, railroad accident.
April 21st, Mrs. Ellen Swan, aged 39 years.
April 21st, of cystitis, James Dukelow, aged 80 years.
April 23d, of chronic nephritis, Dennis Sullivan, aged 72 years.

The Way is Short.

I think we are too ready with complaint
In this fair world of God’s. Had we no hope
Indeed beyond the zenith and the slope
Of yon gray blank of sky, we might be faint
To muse upon eternity’s constraint
Round our aspirant souls; but, since the scope
Must widen early, is it well to droop
For a few days consumed in loss and taint?
O pusillanimous heart, be comforted,
And, like a cheerful traveler, take the road,
Singing beside the hedge. What if the bread
Be bitter in thine inn, and thou unshod
To meet the flints? At least it may be said,
“T he way is short, I thank thee, God!”

—Mrs. Browning.

To have what we want is riches, but to be able to do without is power.—Donald Grant.

Now do I gather strength and hope anew,
For well I know Thy patient love perceives
Not what I did, but what I strove to do;
And though the full ripe ears are sadly few,
Thou wilt accept my sheaves.
THE HOSPITAL REVIEW
IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH BY
THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE,
Mrs. MALTBY STRONG, Mrs. WM. H. PERKINS,
Mrs. M. M. MATHEWS, Mrs. A. S. HAMILTON,
Mrs. WM. E. HOYT.

TERMS—City, in advance, including postage, 62 cts.
By mail .................................................. 50

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Charles C. Morse,
Frederick Cook,
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Rufus A. Sibley.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.
175

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Ye happy dead we gave to God,
Who keepeth what is His, alway;
We lay the violets on the sod,
We lay our hearts to yours to-day.

Oh, take them, broken and unmeet
For that high faith you used to have!
The trembling hand, the faltering feet
We turn to you, across the grave.

The fine resolve, the lofty part
That perished like a sun-smote flower;
The silent coward in the heart;
The memory of the weakest hour;

The thing we are not—meant to be—
And still go begging grief to make
Us, for the love we bear to ye—
Oh, take them all, for Love’s dear sake!

Who else in earth or heaven can know?
Like the dear dead, who can forgive?
Again, because we love you so—
Be patient. Teach us how to live.

This once again, the scorching tear
And aching lips we bring, we trust,
Dearer to us the treasure here
Than all that stirs above the dust.

On, happy dead who went to God!
Hold, hold us in your love alway.
We lay the violets on the sod,
We lay our hearts to yours to-day.

—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

A Touching Incident.

A very touching incident occurred at Gouverneur Hospital, New York city, last month. Little Annie Ashpurvis was sent by her parents, who live at No. 36 Hester street, to the cellar for some fire-wood. The child, who was but six years old, took a lighted lamp in her hand, and while descending the stairs, her foot slipped and she fell, breaking the lamp, and the flames of the burning fluid soon enveloped her entire body. As soon as the surgeon was
called the little sufferer was wrapped in what is known as a “Stokes Prepared Sheet,” and driven in an ambulance to the hospital.

The child was put on a soft cot, and the house surgeon did all he could to alleviate her suffering, but it was impossible to save her life. Under the influence of a narcotic she soon fell asleep. Thus she lay, slowly breathing for some hours. Her face was so swollen she could not open her eyes. About half-past two in the morning she showed signs of returning consciousness. The watchful nurse asked her if she would have a drink. She distinctly answered “Yes.” In a moment House Surgeon Aspell was beside her cot. He felt her pulse, but shook his head and turned to go away. As he did so the little creature moved her body. She turned half around. The dim light of a candle shone on the blackened face. The swollen lips pursed out, and in a clear, sweet voice the dying child began to sing the hymn, “Nearer, My God, to Thee.” The doctor and nurse stood transfixed. The other patients in the silent, darkened ward leaned on their elbows, and drank in the sweet melody. The first verse completed, she gradually sank back on her pillow. Her strength began to fail, and with it her voice, and only the humming, like distant music, of the air of the hymn could be heard. How sweet, yet weird, that humming sounded. The candle lent its meagre light, the big clock in the corner told out its seconds as the sweet little soul passed out to its Maker. The humming ceased. All was over. The doctor turned away; his handkerchief sought his eyes. The nurse gazed into the flame of the candle. She seemed to read the history of the little one’s death there. She heaved a sigh and no doubt offered a prayer. The remains were buried Friday from the hospital. The coffin was strewn with flowers, offerings of her little school-mates, with whom the dead child had been a great favorite.

When gratitude overflows the swelling heart,
And breathes in free and uncorrupted praise,
For benefits received, propitious heaven
Takes such acknowledgment as fragrant incense,
And doubles all its blessings.
—Lillo.
Shut In!

BY W. A. C.

I sat one day before an open grate,
Where leaped the brilliant blaze, so strong and high,
With half-closed eyes, I pictured forms ornate
Among the changing embers. Sad was I
And lone! For rain and storm would not abate.
Thus all the day I found myself by fate
The house within
Again shut in!

The kindly warmth, and patter of the rain,
My heavy, idle eyes quite closed at last—
I seemed to sleep, and yet both heart and brain
Were keenly conscious of the scene that passed—
The sick—the blind—an endless solemn train!
Each bore a lettered yoke, with quivering pain—
"We all have been
By pain shut in."

They looked at me with dull, reproachful eyes,
And here and there I saw a face I knew.
Then passed a file of those in prison guise;
They wore with scorn a heavy yokelet, too.
"Perhaps a word will save them—wilt thou dare
To say it? Wilt thou cheer the ones who wear
"In pain, or sin,
The yoke, shut in."

Whose voice is this that echoes in my heart?
The last form passed, and I sat there alone!
And yet those pleading tones had seemed to start
From lips that could not vanish quite so soon—
I wakened! but the rain had lost its art
To mar! I learned that day how far apart
My heart had been
From those shut in.

A story worth repeating is told about a working girl of London, who had good fortune almost within her grasp, and yet missed it. She was servant to Thomas Guy, the founder of Guy's Hospital, and her name was Sally. Sally was of such frugal habits, and she had so studied the wishes of her master that Guy, who was a thrifty bachelor, promised to make her his wife.

Everything was got ready for the wedding, and amongst other things several repairs ordered in and about the house. These included the laying down of a new pavement opposite the street door. It so happened that Sally observed a portion of the pavement, beyond the boundary of her master's house, which appeared to her to need mending, and of her own accord and while Guy was absent, she gave orders to the workmen to have this job accomplished. The men objected, on the ground that her master had said nothing about it.

"Tell him I bade you," said she, "and he will not be angry."

She was mistaken. When Guy came home he noticed what had been done, and on asking the reason was told it was "by orders of the missus."

Guy thereupon called the foolish Sally and quietly said, "If you take upon yourself to order things contrary to my instructions before we are married, what will you not do after. About the wedding, I have changed my mind."

Those were not days of breach of promise cases, or Sally would have been able ever after to live handsomely on her damages. She lost a rich husband, and London gained a noble hospital which her master afterwards built and endowed at a cost of nearly £240,000.—

Letter of Martha Washington.

The following letter was written by Martha Washington on the occasion of the marriage of her son, John Park Curtis, to Eleanor Calvert, February, 1774. A gay wedding at which the mother, grief-stricken by the recent death of her one daughter, felt unable to be present, but sent instead by Washington this tender little note to the charming sixteen-year-old bride.

MY DEAR NELLY—God took from me a daughter when June roses were blooming. He has now given me another daughter about her age when Winter winds are blowing, to warm my heart again.

I am as happy as one so afflicted and so blessed can be. Pray receive my benediction and a wish that you may long live the loving wife of my happy son, and a loving daughter of Your affectionate mother,

M. WASHINGTON.

Let never day nor night unhallowed pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done. —Shakespeare.

Slander.

The way to kill this cruel monster,
To me has been made known—
Don't kick it to your neighbor's door,
But let it die—alone.

Dustin (Neb.) Despatch.
THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE 15, 1889.

In Her Memory.

LOIS E. WHITNEY.

It is a laudable ambition that prompts the survivors to perpetuate the name and works of their beloved ones when the earthly life is over.

The beautiful reredos recently completed in the Church of the Ascension, on Fifth avenue, New York, is a filial offering to departed parents. The costly sculptured marble and La Farge's brush will long keep green the memory of the Rhinelanders.

Memorial windows in our own churches are appropriately associated with our beloved dead. It is well to place in sacred shrines memorials of our dear ones, and the places where we worship Him who brought life and immortality to light are worthy repositories of offerings to those whom we would immortalize, but they are not the only places where such gifts are appropriate.

There has recently passed from among us one who in the midst of her usefulness heard the Master's call. One who by her own act emphasized her views of memorial gifts, by completing the endowment of a bed in the City Hospital, in memory of her father, the late George J. Whitney, and providing for another, in memory of her mother.

Members of Miss Whitney's family and some of her friends who loved her volunteered a memorial of her, and have selected one they feel would meet her approval and be acceptable to her philanthropic heart. Miss Whitney was so burdened with the needs of suffering humanity and a desire to relieve the distress of others, that her friends could conceive of no form of memorial that would be so appropriate as the endowment of a Perpetual Free Bed in the Children's Pavilion. This will seem to be a carrying out of the work she had projected, and in which she was so active and so interested. Here any poor child in need of surgical or medical care, or of tender nursing, may be welcomed, and enjoy freely all the blessed Hospital ministries.

The offerings, amounting to $3,000, are not from any one organization or class of workers, but from members of her own family and loving friends who have been associated with her in social life, and the many forms of benevolent work to which her generous nature responded.

At the first opening of the Children's Pavilion, Miss Whitney was the leader of the children in the entertainment given by them, and for which she had trained them for the amusement of the spectators, and it is pleasant to know that in this spot an enduring memorial will make her name familiar to those who in coming years will reap the benefit of this charity.

A brass mural tablet will be placed over the endowed bed, bearing the following inscription:

This bed is endowed in memory of Lois E. Whitney, by a few of the many friends who loved her. 1889.

The following is a list of those who contributed to the memorial endowment:

Art Exchange Free Class.
Mr. W. H. Akin, New York.
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Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Ashley.
Mrs. S. G. Andrews.
Mr. J. Sherlock Andrews.
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Mrs. Wm. J. Averell, Ogdensburg, N. Y.
Her brother and sisters.
Mrs. George C. Buell.
Mr. George C. Buell, Jr.
Mr. Charles J. Burke.
Mrs. Thomas Chester.
Mrs. Cunningham, Stranraer, Scotland.
Miss Cunningham, Stranraer, Scotland.
Judge Danforth.
Mrs. Lithgow Devens, Boston, Mass.
Mrs. Thomas J. Devine.
Dr. Charles A. Dewey.
Miss Bessie Elwood, Boston, Mass.
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St. James Sunday School.
Mrs. S. H. Terry.
Miss Alice Thompson, Ballston Spa., N. Y.
Mrs. J. Cummings Vail, Morris Plains, N. J.
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Ward.
Mr. Samuel Wilder.

Thanks.

The Managers of the City Hospital would congratulate their young friends Messrs. Charles Robinson and John H. Strong on the enthusiastic reception of their recent opera at the Lyceum Theatre. The universal appreciation of their literary and musical compositions must be most grateful and pleasing to them, and their gift of sixty per cent. of the net profits of the entertainment to the City Hospital is gratefully acknowledged and thankfully received. The Managers trust their past success may be but a beginning of the brilliant future in store for these young men, and look forward to other productions that will bring honor and pecuniary reward to these sons of Rochester.

The Managers would also express their indebtedness to “Ye Gods and Goddesses,” who condescendingly left their Olympian homes and congregated in Rochester, “for sweet Charity’s sake,” and to the heroes and lesser divinities who assembled with them, and who made a tout-ensemble very charming to those who honored the occasion by their presence.

The following was the cast of characters:
Jove, king of men and father of the gods... Mr. Geo. Wilder.
Juno, his wife, an untamed shrew... Miss Beth Doty.
Minerva, his Amazonian daughter, rivalling Juno in beauty... Miss Marian Otis.
Venus, a goddess of much beauty, and a decided belle among the "upper ten"... Miss Kate Dewey.
Bacchus, an intimate young friend of the family... Mr. Raymond Otis.
Apollo, an immortal "Bunthorne"... Mr. Willis Gove.
Mars, the Olympian Secretary of War... Mr. E. Van Voorhis.
Mercury, general utility god in the household of Jove... Mr. F. Emerson.
Hebe, goddess-of-all-work in Jove's household... Miss Belle Brewster.
Ganymede, cup bearer to Jove... Mr. Walter Bigelow.
Peleus (Victims of Cupid) Mr. N. W. Huntington.
Thetis... Miss Ednah Wilkins.
Goddess of Discord, an Oriental cyclone... Miss Nina Clark.
Muse of History, the eternal reporter... Miss Bessie Ives.
Paris, a mortal, and judge of the Court of Appeals... Mr. N. W. Huntington.
Lesser Deities, Shepherds, &c, comprising a chorus of forty voices.

CHORUS.

SOPRANI.
Miss Backus.
Miss Cooper.
Miss Durand.
Mrs. Olds.
Miss Butholf.
Miss Parsons.
Miss Killip.
Miss Howard.
Miss Grace Otis.
Miss Fredenburg.
Miss Alice Cartwright.

ALTII.
Miss Jessie Bacon.
Miss Mann.
Miss M. Durand.
Miss Powell.
Miss Stewart.
Miss Huntington.
Miss Strong.
Miss Newbury.

TENORI.
Mr. Gregory.
Mr. Perrin.
Mr. Duncan.
Mr. Van Valkenberg.
Mr. Hess.
Mr. Hedstrom.
Mr. Bacon.

BASSI.
Mr. Adams.
Mr. Dean.
Mr. Bullard.
Mr. Brown.
Mr. Allen.
Mr. Barrett.
Mr. Fox.
Mr. Fenner.
Mr. Quinby.
Mr. V. Smith.

Prof. Ludwig Schenck... Director of Music.
Thomas Chester... Stage Manager.
Hiram Wood... Director of Dancing.
Charles W. Gorton... Treasurer.

In our last Hospital Review we gave an outline of the plot of the opera, "Ye Gods and Goddesses." The principal characters were well sustained, the chorus thoroughly drilled, and the songs enthusiastically received; the costumes were novel, appropriate and classic. The opera was especially attractive to Rochesterians, as most of those who took part in it were well known residents of our city. It is difficult to individualize among so much that was pleasing. The alternate jollity, dignity and imperiousness of Mr. George Wilder, as the self-satisfied Jove, and the sarcastic shrewishness and sprightliness of Miss Beth Doty, his graceful Juno, were especially noteworthy, as were also the spirited contest for the golden apple, the prize of the fairest, between Juno, Minerva and Venus, and the triumphant song of the victor in the second act. One of the most pleasing parts of the opera was the spinning song with its Greek refrain, by Miss Belle Brewster as Hebe, and the love scene and duett in which she and Mr. Walter Bigelow, as Ganymede, were the conspicuous characters. Miss Nina Clark surprised every one by her bold and striking personation of the Goddess of Discord; her every look and gesture betokened malevolence, and her solo in the first act was very fine. Miss Bessie Ives, the ubiquitous reporter was very amusing; her "Paris by Moonlight," her persistent efforts to report the love scene between Hebe and Ganymede, and her ineffectual attempts to secure an audience with Jove were quite effective. Mr. Willis Jove was happy in his personation of Apollo; Mr. Eugene Van Voorhis in his glistening toilet made a very imposing Mars. The rollicking, jolly Bacchus, Paris as the umpire to whom the goddesses appealed, and the graceful, wing-footed Mercury, and even the little messenger boy, each acted well his part. The telephone scene was very amusing. The opera as a whole was charmingly rendered, and all who contributed to its success are entitled to our thanks and congratulations.
The Invalids.

The Hospital lawn proved a very attractive lounging place for the invalids as on the 3d day of June we visited them. Some of the older boys and men were enjoying their pipes under the friendly shelter of the June foliage, and the voices of the children at their sports, or swinging in their hammocks, mingled with the songs of the birds and gave a cheerful aspect to the grounds.

In the Male Surgical Ward eighteen were receiving treatment, about one-half of whom were confined to their cots. Three of these were the victims of railroad accidents and each had been so injured that the left leg had been amputated. One of these was struck by an engine at the Ames street crossing and his left leg was crushed; he has since died; another, a Hungarian, had his leg crushed by the cars at Ontario Beach; the third was found upon the Central tracks, near Kent street with his skull fractured and his leg crushed, the latter, besides having the leg amputated had been trephined. Two of these were still under the influence of anaesthetics. Dan Watkins, the last of the fire sufferers, had been troubled with erysipelas in his foot, but was better, though still in bed. A young man whose arm had been caught in a rag picking machine was so injured that it had to be amputated near the shoulder. The jolly Italian was still receiving treatment. One man was troubled with a diseased spine.

Three of the ten inmates of the Female Surgical Ward kept their cots all the time. One had an abscess on the back, a second was old and feeble, and the third was a paralytic. Two had ulcers on their lower limbs, one had an enlargement of the knee, another a tumor, and grossmutter was about as usual.

Seventeen were under treatment in the Female Medical Ward, five of whom were confined to their cots. Two of these were afflicted with tumors and one was a consumptive. Other patients were being treated for ulcers on limbs, consumption, paralysis, weak limbs, diseased stomach and heart.

There were twenty-four occupants of the Male Medical Ward; only five of these were able to go to the Ward table in the lower dining room. Some of the diseases treated in this ward were rheumatism, consumption, diabetes. One man was perfectly helpless, had to be fed and cared for like an infant; another had a diseased mind, some were suffering from chronic diseases. The ward master and nurse were just distributing supper to the patients. The bill of fare was beef steak, poached egg, fried griddle cakes, oatmeal, toast, tea and coffee.

In the Maternity Ward were three mothers and five waiting patients.

The Surgical Operating Room.

The demands on the Surgical Department of the Hospital have of late been so frequent and so pressing that our Surgical Staff have felt greater facilities and better accommodations were needed for this branch of the Hospital work. Three railroad accident cases were recently brought in within twenty-four hours, each of which required the amputation of a limb. The improvements in the domain of surgery, the free use of antiseptics, and promptness in relieving the suffering, conduce greatly to the probabilities of recovery of those requiring surgical treatment, and the room on the south-west corner of the main Hospital building, formerly used as a reception room and office, has just been undergoing repairs, and is to be used exclusively as an operating room. Every arrangement has been made to facilitate the work of the surgeon and to relieve the victim of accident as quickly as possible. In five minutes everything can now be made ready for an amputation. The books and book cases have been removed, the wood work and
sides of the room have been painted, a new soap-stone sink has replaced the old basin, and an electric light introduced for night operations. The lounge with pillow in rubber case is ready to receive patients; the operating table has its pillow and rubber pocket; a large table has been covered with marbled enameled cloth and has basins placed on it ready for sponging; beneath it are tubs and sponges and the bicloride cotton and gauze.

Antiseptic solutions are in bottles on the mantel and the irrigating can forms the center ornament. On the North side of the room are the instrument can and the black walnut dressing closet recently given by Mrs. Henry Griffith. The surgical instruments occupy the upper portion of the instrument case, and in the lower part are the surgical blankets, and splints of all kinds for shoulders, arms and legs. The dressing closet is divided into shelves and drawers; on the former are splints, cotton batting, absorbent cotton, sheet wadding for padding splints, bandages of different sizes, rubber tubing, eye bandages of flannel, picked and pulled surgeons' lint, sheets, pillow cases, towels and heaters. The drawers contain rubber sheets and aprons, oiled and adhesive, and other plasters, all ready for use. The smaller anaesthetic table has its basin and towel, its basket containing anaesthetics and stimulants, feeding cup, hypodermic syringe, ether cone and chloroform pad. Everything is systematically and conveniently arranged in this room, and we trust many precious lives and much suffering may be saved through its ministries. Since our last report a man was brought in who had fallen down the bank at the Glen House, and fractured one of the bones of the neck; on the 20th a finger that had been crushed in a railroad accident was amputated; on the same day a little boy who had fractured the lower third of his leg and injured his toes, had his wounds dressed; on the 23d Dr. Moore, sr., performed the operation of laparotomy and the patient was doing splendidly; on the 25th Dr. Williams operated on a private patient, as did Dr. Ely on the 28th, when Dr. Williams amputated an arm. Early in June Dr. Little amputated three limbs.

Our Little Folks.

In the nursery we found three babies and three mothers. In the children's pavilion, Nurse Shannon was fondling a wee baby that when three months old weighed but 5¼ pounds. The first week it was at the Hospital it gained a pound and a quarter. In the Boys' Ward was Arthur Ware, 8 years old, who a few days before had been run over near Hamilton place; he had fractured one limb above the knee and the other below. He was in bed but did not seem to be in pain and looked happy and contented. By his bedside stood Johnny with his arm in a sling, and Jackie Stryker, who has some humor in his head. George Pierce and Sada Hollohan, both have diseased spines; they had just been put in their cots, but were not very sleepy. Arthur, the little boy from the Orphan Asylum, who had convulsions, is gaining in health, but his mind seems weak. Henry Kaelhoffner, five years old, has eczema, but is improving. A happier set of children one does not often meet.

The Training School.

Three lectures have been given during the month by Dr. Ely; two on Medicine,
and one on Pain. The class has had two recitations: one in charge of Miss Cunningham, and another on Respiration, Ventilation and heat. On the evening of the 3d of June the nurses were expecting to accept an invitation of Mrs. Rorer, to attend her cooking class in the Trust Building—an invitation they were very thankful for.

The Out-Door Patient Department.

Dr. Rider's branch of Hospital work is rapidly increasing. A hundred and twenty-nine visits have been made to the Eye Department, and three operations were performed in May. On the 17th of May a cyst was removed from under a little girl's eye, and on the 20th Dr. R. performed the operation of the enucleation of the eye. Twenty-three visits have been made in the Ear Department. In Dr. Ogden Backus' Department seven patients have made twenty-one visits. Dr. W. B. Jones reports nine patients have made twenty-nine visits. We have not received reports from the other departments.

Our Linen Closet.

This is being enlarged to nearly double its old capacity. Columns containing slotted shelves for holding supplies of bed linen have been placed in the lower portion, and a new floor has been laid, making a second story that will be reached by a staircase on the West side.

Donations for May.

Miss Gibbs—Old linen and quantity of worsteds for the children.
Miss A. S. Mumford—3 full suits of men's clothing, 1 shirt and woolen sack, second-hand clothing.
Mrs. Geo. Wanzer—Quantity of reading matter.
Olive Mason Elliott—12 copies of St. Nicholas for the children.
Mrs. Geo. W. Elliott—Harper's magazines Hopeful, Ten of King's Daughters, 8 scrap books, several story books, and quantity of violets for the children.

Bartholomay Brewing Co.—2 dozen bottles.
Mrs. Stern, Mrs. George Hollister, Mrs. Pitkin—Reading matter.
St. Paul's Church, by Mrs. T. G. Moulton—Quantity of tulips.
Mrs. Herbert Ward—7 glasses of jelly.
Mrs. Howard Osborn—Old linen.
Mrs. James Laney—2 dozen books and novels, ½ dozen picture books and games for the children.
Mrs. L. S. Chapin—Oil cloth for shelves in diet kitchen.
Miss Danforth—Quantity of lilacs.
Mrs. Josiah Anstice—1 large afghan, 2 dressing gowns and a quantity of infants' clothing.
Mrs. Macomber—4 coats, 3 pants and 1 vest, also quantity of reading matter.
Mrs. Lichtenstein—Fruit and second-hand books for the children.
Mrs. S. H. Terry—Silk wrapper, second-hand shirts, pair of slippers and reading matter, Scientific Americans.
E. Nicherson—1 dressing gown.
Mrs. Wm. E. Hoyt—6 books of British authors.
Mrs. L. S. Chapin—Measuring cup for diet kitchen.
First Twig—7 pillow cases.
Mrs. Alexander Taompson—Second-hand clothing.
Mrs. Maltby Strong—1 bureau and reading matter.
Parent Stem—23 Napkins
Mrs. James Gould of Seneca Falls—4 night dresses, 3 night shirts and flannel sacques.
Mrs. W. H. Perkins—Second-hand clothing.
Mrs. Wm. E. Hoyt—Ice cream freezer.
Mrs. Henry F. Smith—Pickles and jelly.

Cash Donations.

Amateur Opera Co., "Ye Gods and Goddesses," by C. W. Gorton, Treas., being 60 per cent. of the net profits, $471.53

Annual Subscriptions.

James Brackett... $5
Sill Stove Works... 10
Goodale & Stiles, on bill... 33

Children's Pavilion Fund.

Mrs. J. R. Strong, Olean, N.Y.,... $25.00
German United Evangelical Church, by Rev. Mr. Zeller... 6.00
St. Peter's Sunday School... 14.00
A Grateful Patient... 21.00

Previously acknowledged... 6,834.06

$6,900.06

We still require $375.74 to complete the last payment on the Pavilion, and earnestly ask our friends to help us raise this small amount. Contributions should be sent to the fund from this date to Mrs. W. H. Perkins, Treasurer, 174 Spring street.
Hospital Report.

Number in Hospital May 1, 1889 117
Rec’d during month 86
Births 4

Discharged during month 88
Deaths 9
Remaining in Hospital May 1st 110

Private patients, 37 days 598
Ward patients, 153 days 3215
Children, 17 days 286

207
207
4099

Died.

May 2, of Chronic Carditis and Chronic Indocarditis, Bertha Bradley, aged 12 years.
May 3, Benjamin Coleman, aged 39 years.
May 12, of Phthisis Pulmonalis, George A. Dunnam, aged 25 years.
May 14, of Senile Dementia, James Magaruy, aged 70 years.
May 18, of Cardiac Dilatation, Col. Angelo Crapo, aged 53 years.
May 22, William Acker, aged 38 years.
May 29, of Erysipelas, Felippo Fusco, aged 19 days.
May 29, of Chronic Nephritis, Michael Quinn, aged 65 years.
May 31, Mrs. Albert Curtis, aged 30 years.

For the Hospital Review.

The End of Day.

The day is done!
Across the Western sky
Are golden streaks of light,
As if the chariot of the sun
Had left them in its flight.

The day is done!
The spring and babbling brook,
In each sequestered nook,
Seem resting from the noon-day’s heat,
And settling down to slumbers sweet.

The day is done!
The daisies nod in copse and hill;
Voices of bird grow hushed and still,
And through the forest silence broods,
For this is Nature’s sweetest mood.

The day is done!
On the mossy marbles ’cross the way,
The uncertain light gleams dim and gray;
And on the names carved o’er the tomb
It settles with a lonely gloom.

The day is done!
One by one from the village near,
The lights begin to disappear.
Oh! weary hearts, with sorrow pressed,
The night has come, ’tis time to rest.

The day is done!
Peace, blessed peace! broods over all,
Night enters in her lordly hall;
All to silence give their claim,
For now, behold! the night doth reign!
AZELYN.

Cultivating the Lotus.

The very mention of the sacred lotus of the East brings with it a host of poetical and historical suggestions. Beautiful similes in allusion to it are common in Oriental poetry, and for its influence on actual life, we have only to remember how deeply it has affected art. To one who thinks of it as a rare growth, set apart for high uses, it is a rather startling fact that it may be cultivated in this country from Cape Cod southward, along the coast.

It had been grown here and there, experimentally for some time, when Mr. E. D. Sturtevant, of Bordentown, N. J., succeeded in really naturalizing it, in a pond near his house.

Nine years ago, he obtained a plant from Europe, whither it had been taken from Japan, and it soon began to spread in all directions, blooming profusely. One summer it was nearly destroyed by cattle which, finding the foliage sweet in taste, waded into the pond and ate the plants down to the water. In a year or two, however, the lotus had recovered its lost estate, and last summer and autumn it showed a solid mass of leaf and blossom, covering three-quarters of an acre.

Its botanical name is *Nelumbium speciosum*. Although it is a species of water-lily, its leaves do not float upon the surface of the water, but grow profusely above it. The flower is at least a third larger than our own lily, of a rosy color, and grows upon a firm, hard stalk.

Last August, at the height of the blooming season, the pond at Bordentown was covered by a mass of foliage, in which the tallest man would have been hidden from view. Five hundred of the beautifully shaded flowers were open at once, and in their last stages of expansion they measured from ten to thirteen inches in diameter. In some instances the flower stalk measured eight feet in length.
The water of this pond has several times frozen to a depth of ten inches, and its tropical inhabitant shews a curious "vegetable intelligence" in dealing with this phenomenon, with which it is quite unfamiliar at home in Egypt, India or Japan.

During the summer its roots spread horizontally in every direction, at a moderate depth of soil. On the approach of autumn, however, the root stalks descend to a greater depth, sometimes as deep as eighteen inches, and there, below the frost line, tubers are formed, which lie dormant until spring. When the warm weather comes again, a new growth of roots ascends to the normal level, and the process of horizontal growth is again resumed.

---

**Orange Pie.**

Beat a cupful of powdered sugar and a large tablespoonful of butter together until light. Moisten two even tablespoonfuls of corn starch with a little cold milk and then stir it into a half pint of boiling milk; cook and stir one moment; then pour it quickly on the butter and sugar, add the grated yellow rind and the juice of an orange, mix, and add one egg, well beaten. Peel another large, juicy orange; cut it into thin slices and then cut each slice into quarters. Line a Washington pie plate with a light paste and bake it in a quick oven until done. Stir the orange slices quickly into the custard mixture; fill the baked crust with this, and place in a quick oven a few minutes to brown. While it is browning, beat the whites of two eggs until light; add two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and beat until stiff. Spread this over the pie; dust thickly with powdered sugar and stand again in the oven until lightly colored.—Mrs. Rorer in June Talk.

---

**Pruning Roses.**

It is an astonishing thing to see how that year after year, the chances of obtaining the most beautiful Rose blooms are frittered away through unintelligent pruning of the plants, even in gardens of great reputation. There are thousands of rose bushes all over the country which, in spite of being found in spring to have made fine growth during the previous season, never produce good flowers, and the explanation is generally to be found in the fact that no reasonable plan is followed in pruning.

The commonest mistake is the leaving of the older branching spray wood that has already flowered. Dwarf rose bushes at the beginning of the year generally consist of several much-branched stems which carried bloom in the previous summer, and several strong, straight shoots springing from the base of the plant. In the case of hybrid perpetuals, these older branching stems should be cut completely out, leaving only the new shoots from the base which themselves should be then considerably shortened. If the old spray wood be left in it produces no flowers worth having, while the weak and crowded growths with which it becomes covered afford a perfect harborage to every known rose pest.—Vick's Magazine for June.

---

**A Lesson of Spring.**

We walked with silent tread
The "city of the dead"
(My little maiden prattling merrily).
The air was warmed and stilled,
Yet earth and air were thrilled
With Spring's exultant breath of prophecy.

And all the smiling sod
Sent incense up to God
From wild white Easter lilies, small and sweet,
Each holding gladly up
Her pale and pearly cup
Set round with dew-drops, in a crown complete.

Faint clanging overhead
The pilot wild-fowl led
His columns, like a wish-bone flung on high,
'Till, far against the blue,
They melted out of view,
Winging their way along the trackless sky.

With blue eyes wonder-wide
My little maiden cried,"Who
telled the lilies it was time to come?"
"The One Who sends the word
To every exiled bird,
That he may seek again his northern home.

"The One Who conquered Death
To justify our faith
Will call us from the grave, like Easter flowers;
Will guide our spirits forth
Like wild-birds from the north,
Till the eternal joys of heaven are ours."

—Mrs. McVean-Adams in Youth's Companion.

---

We can be thankful to a friend for a few acres, or a little money; and yet for the freedom and command of the whole earth, and for the great benefits of our being, our life, health and reason, we look upon ourselves as under no obligations.—Seneca.
### Report of “Parent Stem” and “Twig.”

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Cash received from membership fees and fines</td>
<td>$73 94</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cash expended for material</td>
<td>72 03</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cash remaining</td>
<td>1 91</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Work done:**
- Sheets: 303
- Napkins: 32
- Infants’ shirts: 3
- Night shirts: 3
- Towels: 5
- Primmers: 1
- Bedspreads hemmed: 4

Thirteen meetings held.

**Clarice Jeffrey, Secretary.**

### First Twig.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Cash received</td>
<td>$55 30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Expended</td>
<td>46 64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Loaned to Second Twig</td>
<td>4 00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Work done:**
- Pillow cases: 324 or 28½ dozen
- Bedspreads hemmed: 8

Eleven meetings held.

**Mrs. Thomas Chester, Secretary.**

### Second Twig.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Cash received</td>
<td>$24 20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Borrowed from First Twig</td>
<td>4 00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Expended</td>
<td>28 11</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Work done:**
- Sheets: 198
- Pillowcases: 88
- Napkins: 35
- Night shirts: 3

Ten meetings held.

**Mrs. Wm. H. Ward, Secretary.**

### Fourth Twig.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Cash received</td>
<td>$16 00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Expended</td>
<td>15 91</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Work done:**
- Pillowcases: 114

Six meetings held.

**Clarice Jeffrey, Secretary.**

---

**“False Doctoring.”**

Even clergymen who preach plain sermons sometimes find that their hearers misunderstood them. The speech of educated men is so different from the dialect of the street, with which they are familiar, that he who speaks it is not sure of having reached the comprehension of those who use only the every-day language of the people. A writer in the *Cornhill Magazine* tells a story which illustrates how readily plain words may be made to take on a wrong meaning.

A clergymen in Yorkshire visited a sick parishioner, who would not spend a penny upon a doctor, but was taking a cheap quack medicine that was doing him harm.

“My dear Mrs. —,” said the clergymen to the wife of the sick man, “your husband is killing himself with those pills. It’s a case of suicide—a downright sin!”

“Yes, sir,” replied the tearful wife, “I know it, and many and many’s the time I’ve prayed against it in the church service.”

“In the church service?” rejoined the minister a little doubtfully. “You mean where we pray for the sick?”

“Oh no, sir!” she replied. “I mean where we always say in the Litany, isn’t it? ‘From all false *doctoring,* good Lord, deliver us.’”

The ignorant woman really thought that the “false doctrine,” from which she prayed to be delivered, was the taking of quack medicine, such as her husband was doing.

---

Quaint old Matthew Henry points out that Abraham’s slaves which he had gotten in Haran are called “souls.” In these times servants are called “hands.” A world of difference. Hands—four fingers and a thumb to get as much out of as one can, and to put as little into, from the master’s standpoint. And from the servants—to pick up as much as they can and to give as little back again. When master and man can find in each other’s relationship a soul—a living, earnest, brotherly soul—then only are the work and wages alike right. — *Mark Guy Pearse.*

---

**Little Red Ants.**

A correspondent writes: I have found by experience that little red ants cannot travel over wool or rag carpet. I covered my floor with coarse baize, set my sofa on that, and have not been troubled since. Cover a shelf in your closet or pantry with flannel, set whatever you wish to keep from the ants on it, and they will at once disappear. I have tried it.
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O June! delicious month of June!
When winds and birds all sing in tune;
When in the meadows swarm the bees,
And hum their drowsy melodies
While pillaging the buttercup,
To store the golden honey up;
O June! the month of bluest skies,
Dear to the pilgrim butterflies.
Who seem gay-colored leaves astray,
Blown down the tides of amber day;
O June! the month of merry song,
Of shadow brief, of sunshine long;
All things on earth love you the best—
The bird who carols near his nest,
The wind that wakes and, singing, blows
The spicy perfume of the rose;
And bee, who sounds his muffled horn
To celebrate the dewy morn;
And even all the stars above
At night are happier for love,
As if the mellow notes of mirth
Were wafted to them from the earth.
O June! such music haunts your name;
With you the summer's chorus came.

—St. Nicholas.

White Lilies.

BY ELEANOR GOODRICH.

Nan had never seen anything half so pretty. In the great window was a bank of ferns from which sprang tall stalks of lilies, pure, snow-white, odorous. Nan saw not the dainty girl within talking to the florist, for her eyes were riveted on the lilies in all their bridal splendor.

"Yes, miss," the florist was saying, "these are the first. There'll be plenty more come Easter."

"I'll take them," was the reply.

And Nan started from her spell to see the flowers taken from the window, and given into the hands of a fair girl, who held them caressingly as she came out on the street, and stepped into a waiting carriage. A whiff of perfume reached Nan, and seemed to invite her to follow. Eagerly she darted after the carriage as it twisted through the
crowded street. Just as it turned a corner, one lily fell unnoticed by its owner. Quick as a flash Nan caught it up and sped on.

A blocking of the way favored her, and she gained the side of the carriage, saying breathlessly, as she held up the lily, “Here, you dropped this one, and I”— What more she would have said was never uttered, for there came a sudden start, a swift blow, and dizzy and reeling, Nan sank to the ground as white as the lily still held in her little fingers.

When she opened her eyes again, they rested on the anxious face of the young girl, who said gently, “You are here, in my room. The horses knocked you down, you know, and I made them bring you here. Now drink this, and go to sleep.”

And the nurse gave her something which soon made Nannie sleep. When again she roused, a shaded lamp cast a glow upon the glorious lilies near her bed, and she saw that she still held one in her hand.

“What is your name?” asked the doctor, taking the thin fingers in his own gentle grasp.

“Nan, sir.”

“What?”

“Yes, sir; they call me little Nan,” was the reply.

“And where do you live, Little Nan?”

“With Betty, sir. Betty lets me stay in her room now, since mamma went away. She’s most always real good to me,” and a pleasant look passed over the pale face.

“And where is your mamma?”

“I don’t know, sir. She couldn’t work, and was so white an’ thin, an’ coughed so hard, and one night she told me to be as good as I could, an’ help Betty, and never go with the street children, and always to remember what she told me. Then she kissed me, and I was so sleepy I didn’t remember any more, and in the morning she wasn’t there, but Betty took me off and said mamma had gone away, an’ if I was good I could go to see her some time. And since, I remembered to keep away from the street children, and tried to help Betty, and be good. Do you think I can see her soon?”

“Yes—very soon,” answered the doctor, and moved away.

“The child seems quiet and well behaved, and Kathie insisted upon her being brought here,” Mrs. Hamilton said to him in the hall below. “I couldn’t resist when I saw the little thing, and Kathie says she was knocked down in trying to return a lily to the carriage. Is she much hurt?”

“She may linger a few days, but she cannot recover,” he replied. “I will look up this Betty, and see what is best to be done.”

And the busy physician hurried away, leaving Kathie to plan with her mother all sorts of delicacies for little Nan.

Morning dawned dark and cold. With out, the rain beat against the window, messenger boys in rubber coats sped along the streets, a cross throng justled on the wet pavements, and the very bells of the street-cars had a doleful sound. In the sick-room Nan lay in utter comfort; the air was faintly perfumed with lilies, a frolicsome kitten brought smiles to the little face, and the brass andirons reflected the glow of a jolly fire, which crackled and sparkled on the hearth. Nan had had her breakfast, and lay quietly, looking from the kitten to the kitten’s mistress, who sat before the fire.

The doctor had just gone, and Kathie was thinking of his last words: “She has received some internal injury, and has no strength to rally. She will probably suffer little, and pass away quietly” Kathie wondered why she had always been so cherished and protected, while Nan, although so young, had lived such a hard life!

Looking up she smiled into Nan’s eyes. “Do you want anything?” she asked. “No, ma’am; I was only looking at you. I never saw any one so pretty before. I’m glad you had the lilies.”

“What makes you think of the lilies so much?”

“Oh, they are so white and sweet they make me forget everything, and I wondered if mamma saw them!"

“I want to hear of your mamma some time,” said Kathie. But lie still now, and I’ll tell you a story. Perhaps it will make you sleep. Once there was a young boy, very brave and handsome, and a prince; for his uncle, who was emperor of a great city, adopted him to be his successor. But when the young man was only twenty he died, and it is said that his funeral was magnificent, for he was so noble and friendly that every one loved him, and tried to honor him. And a poet celebrated him in a great work, and said:

Scatter purple flowers, bring lilies in handfulls.
I remembered it in my Virgil, because I thought it so pretty:
Isn’t it nice to think that so many hundreds of years ago people had flowers, and loved them just as we do?”

‘Handfuls of lilies,’ murmured Little Nan. ‘That’s what I should like to have.’

“So you shall, all you want; only go to sleep now.”

And Kathie stole out of the room, taking the kitten with her, and leaving the little sufferer softly repeating,

Bring lilies in handfuls.

The few days before Easter passed quietly away, with no change except that Kathie grew daily more attached to the gentle child who bore pain so patiently, took all kindness so gratefully and looked out of eyes that daily grew more luminous and loving. The story of the young Marcellus seemed to have a strange fascination for her, and she never wearied of hearing Kathie repeat all she knew of that short life.

It was Easter eve, and Kathie had come in from service to tell Nan of the church decorations.

“Crosses and festoons of green, Nan, baskets of flowers and a mass of plants; and on the alter a cluster of the most perfect lilies, so large and exquisite! More than your hands full, Nannie.”

“And not for the dead prince, but for the living Lord—the dear Christ,” spoke Mrs. Hamilton.

“You know him, Nan?”

“I pray to him every night,” she answered. Mamma told me He said, ‘Suffer the little children to come unto me.’”

Easter morning dawned in glorious beauty, and all day long Nan lay in perfect quiet, hardly speaking, and only smiling as Kathie brought her fresh lilies. The doctor came in, looked grave and went away in silence. Late in the afternoon she roused, and asked Kathie, who sat by her, to raise the curtain. A flood of sunset glory filled the room, bathed the lily in her hand, and lit up the little face with strange beauty. Gazing without a few minutes, she raised Kathie’s hand to her lips.

“Thank you. I’ll tell mamma. I shall see her very soon, now, for I dreamed that some one said, ‘Suffer this little child to come.’”

Kathie bent forward.

“Nan, little Nan!”

The eyes were closed, but a faint smile came as she whispered,

Bring lilies in handfuls.

Suddenly a swift joy broke over her face as she cried, “Mamma, I see you!”

The last rays of the dying sun fell upon a lily crushed upon the floor.

In the beautiful Ceder Hills is a white marble cross, and carved upon it is a lily.

Below are the words, “Little Nan.”

Manibus date lilia plenis.

—Congregationalist.

**Queer Facts About Plants.**

With us, as well as with the Japanese, the chrysanthemum is valued simply as a beautiful flower. It is cultivated more and more, and multiplied in a thousand varieties; but no one thinks of putting it to a practical use. In the Austrian province of Dalmatia, however, and especially in the islands of the Adriatic belonging to that province, it is largely cultivated for the manufacture of the substance known as “Dalmatian Insect Powder.” On the island of Lesina once covered with great forests, but now bare of trees, there are large fields covered with a thick growth of chrysanthemums, all of which are used for this purpose.

No other crop raised in that region is so profitable. The product of a single acre of ground, including chrysanthemums and insect powder, is worth from five hundred to fifteen hundred dollars. So promising is the industry that the Austrian government distributes plants very cheaply among the inhabitants every year in order to develop it.

It is well known that many European plants, common enough, but by no means troublesome at home, when transplanted to distant parts of the world grow and spread to such an extent as almost to exterminate the native vegetation, becoming a dreadful nuisance.

For example, this has been the case with the European water-cress in New Zealand, where it has suffered a change “into something rich and strange.” Instead of a delicate little plant lining the edges of brooks, it has developed into a coarse and most troublesome mat of vegetation, choking the streams, and in some places turning their course and causing much damage.

In Chili the most mischievous introdu-
ced plants are our very useful oats and white clover. A botanist writing from the interior of Chili to a German Horticultural paper says:

"On the way from Traiguen to Angol, one sees great fields several acres in extent, thickly covered with oats, among which no other plant appears. This crop has not been sown by men, but is a spontaneous growth of bearded oats from Southern Europe called *tiatina* by the Chilians.

"The common white clover is also spreading more and more widely in Chili, and suppressing native plants as it goes. As European man drives out the native American man, so European plants drive out those indigenous to the soil."

In Eastern Roumania, formerly a part of Turkey, but now joined to the new principality of Bulgar, a very attractive business is carried on,—the cultivation of roses to be manufactured into the perfume known as attar of roses. The valleys lying around the famous Shipka Pass, through which the Russian troops marched into Turkey in 1877, are covered with fields of cultivated roses.

The name Shipka itself means wild rose. It has long been supposed that a peculiar variety of white rose grew here, and yielded the delicious perfume. But specimens sent to French gardeners for identification prove to be simply the familiar white rose of European and American gardens.

The making of perfumes from roses has, moreover, long since ceased to be a monopoly of the far East. It is carried on to a considerable extent in this country, and notably in Florida and Georgia.

During the past year, for the first time in any Western country, a beginning has been made in England in the cultivation of the Chinese "soap-tree." This tree is very useful to the Chinese; the soft substance inside the pod, according to the naturalists, is used for washing the face by Chinese women. They do not tell us what the Chinese men make use of for this purpose; perhaps they use nothing at all.

The seeds of this tree are strung together, and formed into a sort of "chain-armor undershirt" for wearing next to the skin in summer by the coolies. 'To a sample of pods at the Kew Museum near London the following recipe for making the soap is affixed:

"They are beaten with a mallet and used as a soap. Sold at about sixteen to twenty a penny."

The little soap trees in the Kew gardens are now about a foot tall, and prospering finely. A tree of the same family, but unlike it in many respects, is the Kentucky coffee-tree, a native of this country, and represented by several thrifty specimens in the Boston Public Garden.

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THE KIRMESSE.

A Rare Social Event in Old Salem—The Schubert Club’s Festival.

The Salem Schubert Club has but to raise its fair finger and presto, the rare old treasure boxes of the musty old garrets in the city of witches, the secret drawers in the claw-footed old secretaries black with age, and antique hair-covered camphor chests are opened at their bidding. The Marquis de Lafayette saw no fairer sight when he entered the portals of Hamilton Hall, a half century and a decade ago, than as now the house of assembly for the elite of Salem, than that presented in the same hall at the opening of the "Kermesse" of the Salem Schubert Club last evening. "Kermisse" is the name applied to the national festival observed principally in Holland, but also, it is said, in Germany, France, Sweden and the North countries of Europe just before the coming of Christmas, and the Schubert Club is to be congratulated upon its exact reproduction of this gay European fair. Great preparations have been going forward for many months in Salem’s best society for this event. The treasure houses of all the ancient mansions have been ransacked, and even far-distant Europe itself has been called upon for costumes. Last evening saw the successful fruition of all the hopes and plans of the busy workers. Booths, each of which is a careful study of its European model, are arranged around the hall. At the head, directly opposite the entrance, is a handsome Eastern pavilion, which encloses a rare collection of the treasures of the Orient. It is the habitation of a group of picturesque Moorish and Turkish ladies in native costume.

At the right of this is an exact copy of a booth from the original "Kirmis" of Holland and the low countries. It is complete in every detail. The windmill of the dykes, with its long, gaunt arms stretching aloft
occupies a prominent position, and there, too, is the old Dutch East Indiaman, with her significant broom surmounting the main truck, indicative that Holland sweeps the seas. A rare collection of old delft, a choice Flemish pitcher and Dutch cheeses, wooden sabots, Dutch bulbs and products of the Vaterland are effectively displayed. On the sides are queer old Dutch tiles and the background is a blue and white chintz quilt showing a harvest scene, a very rare and antique work of art. Within the door of this booth stands the Burgomaster, and the attendants are all in native Holland costume. The roof of the booth is of thatched straw.

At the next turn the visitor is transported to the land o’ cakes, the home of Burns. Here is a cottage of bonnie Scotland so faithfully produced that one almost expects to see the blue heather smoke coming from the chimney. There is a pond of water and a balcony filled with lovely children in pretty Highland costume, kilt and tartan.

Next comes Sweden with a rough log cabin, the front of which is covered with bark from Sweden itself. The attendants are attired in costumes brought over from Scandinavia.

Across the hall is a Swiss chalet with attendants in Swiss costume.

France comes next with a booth which is exceedingly pretty and bearing the air of the boulevard. It is filled with an infinite variety of articles of vertu.

The bright orange and vivid scarlet of sunny Spain attract the eye in the Western corner. This booth is very graceful and in charge of ladies or pure Spanish descent.

Across the outer hall is the feature of the festival. It is an exact copy of an American Continental interior of the epoch of the Revolution. The floor is covered with soft rugs. Around the sides of the room is an array of antique furniture which would delight the soul of Hawthorne. Rich and heavy portieres of priceless value as heirlooms hang from the windows, and there is a crystal chandelier for candles which cannot be matched probably in America. No other city but Salem could furnish such a salon. The tall clock of a century ago ticks solemnly in the corner. Here are the ladies of the time in full court dress, lineal descendants of the grand old families, and the attendant lackeys and footmen. A refreshment room completes the list.

Christine Nilsson.

It is reported of a Boston millionaire, who had begun life as a poor boy, that he gave a “house-warming” on entering his new mansion, and did not invite his own brother, a poor man. A mutual friend said to the millionaire in the course of the evening, “I don’t see your brother present—I hope he is not ill.” “No,” answered the rich snob, “but you know we must draw the line somewhere!”

An anecdote of Christine Nilsson, the Swedish singer, told in America, illustrates her freedom from snobbery:

Christine was once at the house of a retired Chicago millionaire near New York. A distinguished company had been invited to meet her at dinner.

On entering the dining-room she dropped her host’s arm, and hurrying in amusement to the stately young butler, seized him effusively by the hand and engaged him in conversation, while the other guests stood waiting and the entertainer looked on in astonishment.

“That man,” she explained to the group when they were seated, “is the son of a kind old nobleman on whose estate my father worked when we were children. Fortune has smiled on me, while it has frowned on my old playmate, whom I find under such changed circumstances.”

Alcohol, Muscle and Brain.

We put a drop of alcohol into a man’s eye. It poisons it. We try it upon the lining of a living stomach. Again it poisons it. We study after death the stomachs of drinking men, and find that alcohol produces in regular stages, redness, intense congestion, morbid secretions, deeper hurt, destruction of parts, utter ruin. We study its influence upon the health and strength of sailors and soldiers, and find it helps to freeze them in the arctic regions and exhaust them in the tropics. We watch two regiments on a long march in India, one with and the other without grog, and are driven to the conclusion that even moderate quantities of alcohol weaken the muscles and break the endurance. We visit the training grounds of oarsmen, pedestrians, and prize fighters, and learn everywhere the same lesson—alcohol is a poison to muscle and brain.—Dio Lewis.
Hospital Inmates.

On the first of June a man was brought to the Male Surgical Ward of the Hospital suffering from a railroad accident. The left foot was so injured that amputation was necessary, and severe wounds in the head had required great care. The patient had had a day nurse and a night nurse and much of the time the services of a male attendant. Two railroad accidents sent two patients to the Hospital on the second of June, each of whom required the amputation of the left leg. One of these men died. On the 21st of June Dr. Ely removed a troublesome toe from a private patient. One man whose head was diseased, appeared to be suffering much. He was one of Dr. Rider’s patients and was preparing for a surgical operation. Albert Wichbrodt, who fractured his leg by jumping from a moving train, and our cheerful Italian, were enjoying a game of checkers, and three of the other patients were interested in watching its progress. Two Italians had fractured arms. A man, who some time ago fractured his leg, was suffering from a disease of the skin; one man had chronic ulcers in the foot; another a dislocated arm. A new patient had just been brought in whose head was injured. Of the thirteen inmates of this Ward but two were confined to their cots. On the 22d of June Dr. Rider removed an eye and a tumor behind it.

"Thy Will Be Done," is the motto over the entrance to the Male Medical Ward, where considerable Christian grace is sometimes needed to illustrate it. Two of the twenty-two patients in this Ward suffered greatly and most uncomplainingly with abdominal dropsy; they cannot lie down and are supported by pillows in bed or chairs; an aged woman has been very ill, but is now convalescing; a pneumo-pneumonia patient has recovered. Seven of the twenty-one under treatment in this Ward keep their beds most of the time; two of these are the dropsical patients; two others have cancers, others are afflicted with consumption, rheumatism and troublesome knee. Other inmates have diseased stomachs, bowels, or are partially paralyzed. One was recovering from peritonitis.

The Little Folks.

Will you come with us to the Children’s Pavilion and take a peep at the little folks? In the Maternity Ward we can show you as small a specimen of humanity as you have probably ever had a chance to notice
The wee, sick baby, brought in about a week ago, too small to be dressed, is wrapped in woolen cloth and weighs but three pounds and a half. It has the use of but one eye, and is so weak it can scarcely cry. It is about a month old. Five other healthy babies you can find in the Ward, and if you go down stairs to the Girls' Ward, you will see another baby, who six weeks before was brought in weighing but five pounds and three quarters. Good food and tender care have much improved the little one, who has gained four pounds and is about going home apparently a healthy baby.

In the Boys' Ward you will see a rosy-cheeked, round-faced little fellow, who a month ago was run over and had both his legs fractured. He is sitting up in bed amusing himself with a game of Cantilope furnished for the occupants of the cot on which he is resting, by the kind lady who endowed it. The splints have been taken from both his limbs, and the little boy seems quite pleased to show us how well he can use one of them. Over the head of his cot hangs a picture of another little boy, Hiram Sibley, Jr., who has entered the fold of the Good Shepherd, where there is no sickness nor pain, and as we gaze at the picture on the wall and the mural tablet beneath it that tells the story, and then at the living child on the cot, we think how sweet it is thus to make as it were our little children safe above, ministers of blessings to afflicted little ones on earth. The boy in the picture has so sweet a home in Heaven and such a loving Heavenly Father that he will never need the care of earthly father and mother, but those who loved him here wish him to be remembered in our Hospital and to comfort sick and suffering children, and so they have named a bed for him, where such children can be cared for, and the face above the cot seems to be guarding the children in it, as if a ministering spirit to the little sufferers. The mother of the child for whom the cot is named, has furnished games and books to amuse the occupants, and we think it would please her if she could know how contented and happy Arthur Ware is while playing with the Cantilope board.

Come now to the Pavilion piazza. The gentleman who is nailing a suspension crane to one of the pillars is Dr. Weigel. The children gather round him—one, two, three, four, five are watching him. He has fastened the crane to the pillar and has attached to it a leather strap, that is to be placed under Georgie Pierce's chin. He has Pott's disease of the spine, and his chin rests on his breast. Dr. Weigel is trying to help Georgie. The little fellow can sit in his rocking chair, under the crane, and while the leather strap under his chin is supporting his head the poor child is more comfortable, and you can see he has a neck. When he has been benefitted a little more by the strap and crane, the Dr. will put on a plaster of Paris jacket and thus try to help the spine. Arthur Schumacher, the little fellow who had fits is improving in health but his mind is very weak. The boy from whose shoulder dead pieces of bone were removed is so much better he is soon to go home. Tommy Heeney and the other children are about as when their cases were last reported. A child has just come to the Hospital who is to be treated for a disease of the hip. On the 12th of June a little boy was brought in whose foot had been run over by a cart; as the child had whooping cough, he had to be placed in one of the isolated pavilions where there is another little one with the same disease.

The Mandolin Concert.

A delightful episode in the somewhat monotonous life of the invalids was furnished by the Mandolin Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. M. E. Wolff, on the evening of Thursday, June 22d, at the City Hospital. The entertainment was of a high order, and was thoroughly appreciated.
by all who were able to enjoy it, and it will long be remembered as a bright spot in Hospital life. Mr. Wolff had previously called at the Hospital and offered the services of the Mandolin Orchestra, for the amusement of the patients, on any evening that should be selected for the purpose.

All the patients who were able came into the parlor and adjoining halls, piazzas and operating room; those who could not walk were brought in on wheel chairs; those who could not leave the wards were placed near the doors, and the delightful music made many hearts happy.

There were twenty-six performers and the music was a rare treat to the invalids, officers and members of the Nurses' Training School. The Grand Kirmess March, the Mandolina, and variations of "Home, Sweet Home," were specially pleasing. A banjo solo by Mr. T. H. Whalan was enthusiastically encored. Mrs. S. H. Pool gave a vocal solo that was much admired; a quartette composed of Messrs. Weishaar, E. Anthony, B. Anthony and Zeeveld, rendered most acceptable service. Recitations by Miss Mary McArthur gave a pleasant variety to the exercises. At the close of the evening Dr. W. Ely, in the name of the Lady Managers, Staff and Members of the Training School, returned thanks to the Mandolin Orchestra for their artistic and enjoyable entertainment.

We understand that the Mandolin Orchestra propose to devote one evening a week to charitable work. We wish them success in their laudable undertaking.

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The Training School.

On the 5th of June Dr. Charles Dewey lectured to the nurses on the care of the infant immediately after birth, and on the 12th, 19th and 20th on the care of children. On the 8th of June Dr. W. Ely lectured on measures taken for the relief of pain; on the 15th on infection. On the 18th Dr. Rider gave a lecture and practical demonstration on care of the eye.

On the 7th, Miss Lawrence instructed the class on Observation of Symptoms; on the 13th on Medicines and their Administration; on the 22d on Enemata, &c.; on the 29th on counter irritants, cups, leeches. On the 13th and 14th lessons were given in massage.

On the 3d of June the class accepted Mrs. Rorer's invitation and attended her cooking school, receiving a lesson on the preparing of gruels, Meigs' food, clarified beef tea, koumyss, chicken broth, &c.

Miss Rosenberg, from Rome, N. Y., and Miss Alice E. Dean have entered the school as probationers.

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The Out Patient Department of the Rochester City Hospital.

The following consultation hours have been arranged by the staff of the Free Out Patient Department of the City Hospital:

- General Medicine—Dr. Jones. 2 to 3 Mon., Wed. and Fri.
- General Surgery—Dr. Mulligan. 11 to 12 Saturday.
- Diseases of Women & Children—Dr. Dana. 11 to 12 Tuesday and Friday.
- Diseases of Eyes and Ears—Dr. Rider. 10 to 12 Mon., Wed., Fri. & Sat.
- Diseases of Throat and Nose—Dr. Mandeville.
- Diseases of the Skin and Genito Urinary System—Dr. Roseboom.
- Deformities and Diseases of the Joints—Dr. Weigel.
- Diseases of Nervous System—Dr. Backus.

We would suggest to our readers that it will be well to preserve this list as they may have occasion to send parties to this department. Dr. Jones, who has charge of the General Medicine Department, reports that twenty-eight visits have been made during the month by four old and eight new patients.

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The Diet Kitchen.

We found a number of nurses in the Diet Kitchen where sweetbread, stewed chicken, chicken soup with manioc, chicken broth, eggs, toast, omelettes, graham and oat meal gruels and tapioca cream had been prepared for the invalids.
The Retiring President.

At the monthly meeting of the Board of Lady Managers, held at the Rochester City Hospital, Monday afternoon, July 8th, 1889, Mrs. Maltby Strong tendered her resignation of the office of President of the Board, an office held by her for more than twenty-five years, she having been its first and only President.

It is hard to sever ties that have long bound us, to sunder associations that for more than a quarter of a century have linked us to fellow workers, striving together to relieve the sufferings of humanity, to resign the care of an institution over which we have watched through its days of weakness, to feel that to other hands we must intrust duties that have become pleasures, but when advancing years remind us that younger laborers are more effective in the harvest field, we best evince our true love and zeal for any charity, by placing it in care of those who can most ably advance its interests, and therefore the retiring President sent the following communication to the Board of Lady Managers:

To the Lady Managers of the Rochester City Hospital:

MY DEAR FRIENDS—As I am about to leave the city for the summer, I desire before going away, to place in your hands my resignation of the office of President of your Board.

For the past twenty-five years, since the opening of this Institution, I have been honored with this office, and it has been indeed an honor to preside over the noble women who have been members of this Board, and the memory of their kindness and courtesy towards me, in overlooking any errors in the discharge of my varied duties, and of relieving me, of late, from fatiguing labors which in past years it was my pleasure to perform, will ever be held in grateful remembrance. The Board of Managers have worked most earnestly, cordially, conscientiously and successfully to-gether to advance the interests of this institution, and watched its struggles through its days of weakness and limited capacity, and rejoice in its increased facilities for usefulness, which enable it to meet the demands of modern medical and surgical science.

The Hospital though yearly calling upon our citizens to assist in defraying the necessary expenses, by services rendered to the public, more than compensates them for their generous gifts.

Those who have had the management and borne the responsibilities are better judges of this than any can be outside the Institution. The officers and our citizens have reason to be proud of the City Hospital.

I trust you will select some one to fill the office now vacated, I will not say who has the interests of the Hospital more at heart, but who is younger, and consequently can do more effective service in discharging the duties necessarily devolving upon one holding the office of President of this Board.

That you may be successful in your choice, and that greater prosperity may attend you, is the earnest prayer of Your retiring President,

ELIZA B. STRONG.

After the announcement of the President's desire to retire from office, the Lady Managers spoke in strong terms of their appreciation of her long continued, effective and acceptable services. They alluded to her untiring zeal and deep interest in all that concerned the Hospital; to her gentle and ladylike bearing as a presiding officer, and expressed much regret at parting with her. Some of the Managers suggested that she be requested to reconsider her resignation, but those most intimate with her assured the ladies that her determination was final, and that the acceptance of her resignation would best accord with her wishes.
While regretfully accepting Mrs. Strong's resignation as President of the Board, the Managers expressed their strong desire that she should still retain her place on the Executive Committee, and mingle with the Board in their deliberations and aid them by her counsels and presence.

The Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. M. Mathews, who from the early days of this charity has been associated with Mrs. Strong in Hospital work, was requested to communicate to Mrs. Strong the sentiments of the Board in reluctantly accepting her resignation.

**The Pardon and Kirmess.**

Coming events cast their shadows before them and already rumors are reaching us of extensive preparations for the Pardon and Kirmess that are to come off in October, for the benefit of the Rochester City Hospital.

Miss Eager has prepared a very attractive programme and every one will be delighted with it. The dances and booths are entirely different from those seen at last winter's Kirmess, and the Pardon will afford an opportunity for the display of the pretty costumes as we follow the graceful Guenns through the mazes of the Breton dances. This will be the first time a Pardon has been illustrated in Rochester, and all will be on the qui vive to attend it.

Mrs. Arthur Robinson has been elected a member of the Board of Lady Managers of the City Hospital.

**Correspondence.**

The following letter indicates how Hospital care was appreciated by an invalid:

Rochester, June 20, 1889.

Dear Miss Lawrence,

Wishing to do something for the comfort of the sick ones, I send you an invalid rolling chair. Will you please have it used exclusively for the benefit of the women and children of the Hospital who need it most. I feel more interested in your institution since having been there as a patient myself, and I shall always gratefully remember your kindness and that of the nurses who cared for me. You are doing a good work, and may the choicest of heaven's blessings rest upon you.

Dr. D. G. Hastings, a graduate of Harvard, on the 1st of July entered on his duties as junior house officer, in place of Dr. Satterlee.

A mattress rack, with slats so arranged that mattresses can be aired on all sides, is one of the useful articles recently added to the Hospital.

**Cash Donations.**

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<tr>
<td>Peter Pitkin</td>
<td>$2.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>A Friend</td>
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<td>Fourth Twig</td>
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**Donations on Bills.**

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<td>Chamberlain</td>
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<td>Sibley, Lindsay &amp; Curr</td>
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<td>W. T. Fox</td>
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<td>J. T. Cox</td>
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<td>Sargent &amp; Greenleaf, etc.</td>
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**Children's Pavilion Fund.**

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<td>Mothers' Meeting, St. Luke's</td>
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<td>In memory of Dr. F. de V. H.</td>
<td>10.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ogdensburg, N. Y.</td>
<td>11.89</td>
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<td></td>
<td>6,900.06</td>
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<td></td>
<td>$6,911.95</td>
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We still require $263.85 to complete the last payment on the Pavilion, and earnestly ask our friends to help us raise this small amount. Contributions should be sent to the fund from this date to Mrs. W. H. Perkins, Treasurer, 174 Spring street.

**Receipts for the Review.**

May, 1889.

<table>
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<tr>
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<tr>
<td>E. T. Ettenheimer &amp; Co.</td>
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<td>Mrs. M. Mathews</td>
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<td>Mrs. Geo. S. Riley, 62 cents</td>
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<td>Mrs. Sam'l Millman, 62 cents</td>
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<td>Mrs. Leo. Stein, 62 cents</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mrs. John W. Goss, 62 cts</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mrs. J. Moreau Smith, 62 cents</td>
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THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

F. W. Ellwood, 62 cents; Mrs. W. K. Chapin, 62 cents; Mrs. H. R. Selden, 62 cents; Mrs. F. A. Ward, 62 cents; Mrs. H. J. Moore, 65 cents; Mr. Leander Kaufman, 62 cents; Mrs. Geo. H. Ellwagner, 65 cents; Mrs. Edwin Griffin, 62 cents; Mrs. Newell Stone, 62 cents; Mrs. John H. Wilson, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Zeeveld, 82 cents; Mrs. Edmund W. Hill, 62c. Mrs. Charles S. Baker, 62 cents; Mrs. H. S. Tumer, 62 cents; Mrs. O. S. Stull, 65 cents; Mrs. J. J. Bausch, 63 cents; Mrs. Thos. Dransfield, 62 cents. By Miss Grace Holmes. 13.72

Mrs. Wm. McKennan, 65 cents; Miss Worcester, 50 cents; Mrs. Charles B. Potter, 62 cents; Mrs. C. P. Achilles, 62 cents; Mrs. Geo. Breck, 50 cents; Mrs. W. H. Rennelson, 62 cents. By Treasurer. $3.51

Mrs. H. P. Briggs, 63 cents. By Mrs. Converse. .62

Mr. Henry Likely, adv, $5.00; Mr. H. G. Booth, adv. $5.00; Mr. H. C. Wianer, adv. $5.00; Mr. K. P. Shedd, adv. $5.00. By Mrs. M. M. Mathews ... 20.00

LYDIA RUMSEY, Treasurer.

Receipts for the Review.

JUNE, 1889.

Mrs. William McKennan, 65 cents; Miss Worcester, 50 cents; Mrs. Charles B. Potter, 62 cents; Mrs. C. P. Achilles, 62 cents; Mrs. Geo. Breck, 50 cents; Mrs. W. H. Rennelson, 62 cents. By Treasurer. $3.51

Mrs. H. P. Briggs, 63 cents. By Mrs. Converse. .62

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LYDIA RUMSEY, Treasurer.

Donations for June,

Miss Powell—Child's Brace.

Mrs. Lattimore—Night dresses for Children.

A Friend—Scraps books.

Mrs. Maltby Strong. Wm. and Fred. Aikenhead, Miss Keiser—Reading matter.

Mrs. Edward Ray—Socks.

Mrs. H. F. Huntington—Cuffs, dressing-gown.

Twig 4—Children's clothing.

Mrs. H. N. Page, of Perry—Second-hand shirts

Mrs. Geo. C. Buell—1 white dress, shirts and underclothing.

Mrs. Howard Osgood—Old linen.

Mrs. Wm. E. Hoyt—Half-dozen glass cups.

Mrs. E. A. Willie, Mrs. White, Mrs. Maddock—Flowers.

Mrs. John H. Brewster—Two bottles of raspberry vinegar.

First Methodist Church—Two large baskets of bouquets.

Miss Danforth—Night dresses.

Mrs. S. Phinney—Second-hand shirts.

Mrs. Eugene Sitterlee—German illustrated papers and old cotton.

Eunice B. Lambert—Hair mattress, stuffed springs, 2 feather pillows, toilet cushion, and plush tray.

Young Ladies of First Baptist Church—Four dresses for the children.

Mrs. Wm. E. Hoyt—One coat, vest, and child's camp chair.

Mr. Fisher—One-third bbl. of lime.

Mrs. A. G. Yates—Clothing and shoes.

Mrs. E. Bausch—Six novels and 1 German book.

Mrs. Blair—Basket of flowers.

Arthur Dodds—Slippers.

Mrs. Jas. Hart—Shoes for Henry.

Clara Landsberg, Julia Schwartz, and Mrs. Eisengarten—3 gingham dresses for the children.

Mrs. Arthur Robinson—Old linen and cotton.

The Sunshine Circle—Large bunch of daisies.

Mrs. Pulsifer—Several pieces of mosquito netting.

The Sunshine Circle of King's Daughters—Quantity of buttercups.

Mrs. T. Chester—Old linen, cotton, and two pair of under drawers.

Mrs. W. H. Briggs—Flowers, and Second-hand shirts.

Hospital Report.

Number in Hospital June 1, 1889... 110
Rec'd during month 81
Births. 5

Discharged during month 67
Deaths 3

Remaining in Hospital July 1st 136

Died.

June 5, William Williamson, aged 20.
June 13, of Cardiac Disease, George Kelly, aged 67.
June 14, Henry Smith, aged 48.

Tender and True.

Could you come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,
In the old likeness that I knew,
I would be so tender, so loving, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true !

Never an unkind word should grieve you,
I'd smile on you sweet as the angels do ;
Sweeter as your smile on me shown ever—
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Oh, to call back the days that are not!
My eyes were blinded, your words were few;
Do you know the truth now, up in heaven,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true !

I never was worthy of you, Douglas,
Not half worthy the likes of you:
Now all men beside seem to me like shadows—
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true !

Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas, Douglas,
Drop forgiveness from heaven like dew,
As I lay my heart on your dead heart, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true !

—Dinah Maria Mulock.
There were three public occasions in the course of the year upon which the New England clergy used to feel warranted in preaching politics; these were Fast Day, "Election Day"—which meant the day on which a new governor was inaugurated,—and Thanksgiving Day. Few such occasions were allowed to pass unimproved. But the pews kept close watch of the pulpit, and more stories are told of those occasional sermons than of any others. Their humor is commonly apparent at a glance.

In Dr. Adams's book on "Thanksgiving," a good story is told of the Rev. Dr. Ely, of Connecticut. The good doctor is described as one of the most prudent, faithful, spiritual pastors of his time. In a season of great political excitement, it was reported by persons hostile to him that he had preached on political subjects in a neighboring parish. It was thought proper to trace the report to its source. The neighboring parish was visited, and the inquiry made, "Did Mr. Ely preach politics when here?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"Well, sir, if he did not preach politics, he prayed politics."

"What did he say?"

"Say? He said, 'Though hand join in hand, yet the wicked shall not go unpunished.'"

Another story told by Dr. Adams can be referred to the thanksgiving pulpit with fullest confidence. There was once elected governor of Massachusetts a certain worthy gentleman who had been voted for as a candidate year after year, but who had always before been defeated. Even when he was elected, he slipped in by the narrowest of all majorities—one vote. The minority no doubt felt that his administration was a dispensation, and were rather inclined to fasting than to giving thanks.

The custom prevailed, whenever the governor issued his annual proclamation for Thanksgiving, of sending by the sheriff of the county a copy of the same, on a large hand-bill, to be read from every pulpit, which document invariably closed,—as proclamations still do,—after the signature of the governor, with the exclamation, "God save the commonwealth of Massachusetts!"

On the year referred to the newly elected magistrate issued his proclamation in the usual form. It is said that a venerable clergyman of the old party laid the broad sheet over his reading desk, and after performing the professional duty of reciting it, with an ill-disguised aversion, announced the official signature with an intonation feebly marked by points of interrogation and surprise:

"Marcus Morton, Governor? God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!!!"

A Little Girl's Compliment.

The accuracy with which children judge character is well illustrated in the following anecdote from the Christian:

One wet, foggy, muddy day a little girl was standing on one side of the street in London waiting for an opportunity to cross over. Those who have seen London streets on such a day, with their wet and mud, and have watched the rush of cabs, hansom-carriages, and carriages, will not wonder that a little girl should be afraid to try to make her way through such a Babel as that. So she walked up and down, and looked into the faces of those who passed by. Some looked careless, some harsh, some were in haste; and she did not find the one she sought until at length an aged man, rather tall and spare, and of grave yet kindly aspect, came walking down the street. Looking in his face, she seemed to see in him the one for whom she had been waiting, and she went up to him and whispered timidly, "Please, sir, will you help me over?"

The old man saw the little girl safely across the street; and when he afterward told the story, he said: "That little girl's trust is the greatest compliment I ever had in my life."

That man was Lord Shaftesbury. He received honors at the hands of a mighty nation; he was complimented with the freedom of the greatest city on the globe: he received the honors conferred by royalty; but the greatest compliment he ever had in his life was when that little unknown girl singled him out in the jostling crowd of a London street, and dared to trust him, stranger though he was, to protect and assist her.

Angels are winged with God's power.—Solon, B.C. 638.
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25 Doz. Extra Fine Quality Fancy Trimmed, $1, worth $150.

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500 Dozen Teck Scarfs, 22 cts.,
worth 37½ cts.

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