Quarantined.

About the middle of June, 1884, a party of three took passage on the Pacific Coast Steamship Company’s steamer Mexico, which left San Francisco about that time, proceeding on her regular voyage to Puget Sound. After a pleasant voyage of three days’ duration she drew up in front of Victoria, and was turning around, preparatory to hauling up to the wharf, when a small boat put out toward her. It contained the health officer and two quarantine officers, who came aboard and engaged in private conversation with the captain. Presently they descended to the steerage, reappearing in the course of half an hour, when the health officer returned to Victoria, leaving the two other officers on board the steamer. The steamer up to this time had been moving about; but now she stopped her engines, to the amazement of the passengers, who were utterly at a loss to account for these unusual proceedings.

At noon, when all the passengers had assembled for lunch, the captain explained to them the reason of the delay. It seemed that a hundred and fifty Chinese had been taken on board from a steamer direct from China, they not being allowed to land in San Francisco. As the Mongolians filed from one boat to the other they were hastily examined, to see that there was no sickness among them. There were about twice as many more left in the steamer from China, who were to go up in the next sound steamer; but in order not to delay the former a barge was chartered, and they were placed on it to wait a week or so. The day after the Mexico left, these Chinese were transferred to the barge, and in examining them a case was found of what was supposed to be small-pox, and the vice-

An Appeal.

Dear maiden, when singing,
And dancing, and smiling,
Surrounded with lovers a score,
Think of the one who is moaning
And sighing,
Because he can see thee no more:

In making your début,
And fond hearts a-breaking,
Remember there’s one broken heart
That you’ve left here behind you,
Both loving and trusting,
Tho’ society tears us apart.

Come back to him merry,
And laughing, and loving,
Unchanged and contented, my dear,
And you will find welcome,
Both hearty and cheering,
From the desolate one you’ve left here.