

door half a dozen Hindoo hawkers stand in line with colored silk handkerchiefs and Indian shawls; a little farther on, one of the same race is selling "Turkey-lollie," and beside him is an old negro with matches and shoe laces. Two or three Chinamen flit about trying to dispose of some feather dusters, but, unlike the others, they are quiet and seem timid. Inside, the uproar is nearly deafening. "Here y' are, here y' are; try yer weight for 'penny!" "Only a penny a shot, genl'men, and if y' knock 'em all knock down y' get a shillin'!" says the ninepin man. "Which o' yer 'll 'ave another to try yer luck?" "Which 'll 'ave another t' try y' strength?" come from different quarters where the "strength-testers" are located. Lifting-machines, sledge-hammer-machines, electric apparatus and lung-and-chest-expanders of divers kinds occupy the ground floor, while along the sides are dozens of booths, all of them decorated with little flags painted in the style of the the 'penny Jarley,' and occupied by owners or lessees of shooting galleries, who attract surplus coppers with 'Aunt Sallys,' ice-cream and lollie shops, poultry and fish stalls, and by those who have dogs, rabbits, pigeons