

dows. Unless ordered to the contrary, day in, week out, this will take place, like everything else done by these faithful servants, at the same time or very nearly the same hour. Woe to the would-be sleeper who wishes 'for a little more slumber, a little more folding of the arms in sleep,' unless that sleep was planned for and ordered the night before, for not only is the coolie opening blinds, but he is also washing floors in halls, down the stairs, and on the verandahs.

It is now seven o'clock. Being naturally an early riser—as foreigners count early rising here—I am ready for my breakfast, but will, while waiting for my order to be filled by second boy—first boy, having gone to market—step out on the verandah for a few minutes. What do I see? Down the street comes a coolie with a large shallow basket on either end of a bamboo pole, containing bamboo shoots for the Chinese market. There are two kinds of this vegetable used for food. The smaller kind is preferred by foreigners. It is about twice the size of asparagus at the end, but tapers to a point. It is formed in layers, and tastes slightly like green corn. This kind is very good, but that which the coolie is carrying is as large as my wrist and a foot long, looking to my mind like huge toes of some unknown animal. A second coolie bears on his shoulder a framework of shelves, on which is placed various kinds of chow, ready cooked. There are cakes green as the greenest grass, probably made of vegetables, others yellow as cowslip blossom, still others white as uncooked dough. There are also long twisted cakes, looking like old-fashioned doughnuts, but at least a foot long; flat cakes like our pancakes, only stiff and tough. Then there are shrimps, snails, ugly kinds of fish, looking more like reptiles. The coolie cries his wares, but, unfortunately, I do not understand Chinese. Breakfast is a very-much-as-you please meal, each one eating when and what is desired, as other members of the family are better, or at least later, sleepers than myself. The attentive second boy waits on me, the second coolie bringing the food on Japanese trays to the door—it would not do for him to step inside—where it is received by the boy. The cook prepares the food per order.

Breakfast over, the morning paper, 'North China Daily News,' brings to me telegraphic news of the world Occident, while scenes of the world Orient pass and re-pass as I sit at ease on a bamboo settee on the cool verandah. Just outside our own stone wall is a wretched creature turning over refuse, and lo! he has found a treasure—a shining bit of tinsel paper and a piece of orange-peel and some bits of straw. Even more pitiful is the scene just across the way at my neighbor's refuse pile, where a gray-haired haggard old woman is poking over the dirt and ash-heap with her trembling hands, seeking as for hidden treasure—and ah! the pity, of it, the hidden treasure is but a small piece of cotton cloth, past usefulness for a duster. It may, however, do duty as a patch on the garments of the woman, whose clothing is even now made up of patches. To her credit be it said, it does not show tatters, and her person is wholly covered.

In striking contrast are the occupants of yonder jinrikisha and wheelbarrow. The former carries a well-to-do Chinaman on the way to his shop. He is clad in an outer jacket of gold-colored brocade satin; a long garment slashed at each side a foot from the bottom nearly reaching his ankles, is of plain maroon satin, with trousers of dark blue satin, neatly wrapped about the ankle with black ribbon, white stockings, the usual thick soled,

clumsy Chinese shoes, and black satin cap with scarlet tassels. He carries a white umbrella and a pipe with a stem four feet long, and a bowl at the end which will hold but three or four thimblefuls of tobacco.

On the wheelbarrow are comfortably dressed, good-looking women. Their garments are of blue cotton, with a head, or rather forehead protector of black silk or cotton, embroidered and tied under the smoothly dressed and glossy hair, which is coiled at the back of the head and ornamented with strange-looking metal ornaments, red, blue, and yellow. These women are on their way to the joss-house and carry strings of silver paper money to offer to the idols during their morning worship.

Here comes my head boy with his 'Good-morning, missus; can go down see something,' which means I am to descend to the pantry to inspect the morning purchases for the day's meals. Three small mandarin fishes prove themselves properly fresh, as they are alive, and there are mutton for to-day, and a beef roast to hang to become tender, fresh spinach, cucumbers—to be cooked, not eaten, as with us, uncooked—and oranges, bananas, pomelo, and mango. After carefully inspecting as to quality and quantity, and finding a proper amount of fault with the supplies, I return to the sitting-room. The children and the goodman of the house are now driven away in the open carriage to lessons and to business.

Next I will see if the amah has her mending or embroidery planned for the day. She is yet busy in the sleeping-rooms. Her 'pidgin' (work) is to make the beds of the missus and young missus. Possibly she will dust the bric-a-brac, but on no account sweep up even the litter of flower leaves which may have dropped from the mantel-vases—a coolie is called for that duty—nor would she think of cleansing the wash-bowl. If needed in service of missus or young missus while combing hair, she would deign to pour out water from the pitcher or bowl, but to wash them, never, that would be doing coolie 'pidgin' and both she and the head boy are very jealous of their rights as to proper 'pidgin.'

Domestic matters being now in shape for the time being, I go to my room to write. A half-hour, possibly, an hour, quickly passes. A gentle tap at the door—Chinese servants are quiet in their ways of doing and serving—the boy hands me a chit-book. A neighbor just across the way has written me a formal note asking a question, which requires a like formal reply. At home, said neighbor would no doubt come across the street and ask the question in person. The reply being written and sent by coolie, again I am writing. Another tap, and the boy says, 'Please missus, tailor have got,' and I descend to find, not one tailor but two, glowering at each other, but polite and smiling to me. Unfortunately, 'two piece tailor hav got all samee,' which translated, means my daughters' tailor and my own—we have two to facilitate the spring dressmaking. Chinese tailors being proverbially, say, have come at the same time, unfortunately, as they are bitter rivals.

Amahs do mending, embroidery, and a little hand-sewing in the home, but all other sewing is done by men tailors, who either come to the house or do the work in shops. My tailor, Mow Chee, is a little man, so much like a woman that I soon learned to forget his sex. As to prices, the cost of making satin gown, silk-lined, white waist elaborately trimmed, is five dollars; little girl's party dress, with two fancy waists, one dollar fifty cents. This is silver (Mexican), and must be divided by

two to be home, or gold, currency. I wish I could say that the tailor's work was always, or even usually, satisfactory. The sewing is better than the designing and fitting.

Returning to my desk, a half-hour later I am called down, as a member of a newly-formed Literary Society—the first purely literary women's club in Shanghai and probably in China—wishes to consult my Warner's Literary. With the departure of my friend come husband and children for 'tiffin,' the mid-day meal. It is half-past two before I am ready for work, either domestic or literary, and it is really necessary in this climate for one to take a little rest, so I close my eyes.

Possibly I succeed in losing myself, to start up in fear lest I have overslept and hastily dress, for callers begin to come at half-past three. The English custom of afternoon tea is universally observed. Tea, bread and butter, sandwiches or the more English scone and jam, also cakes and sweets are served on tea-tables or brought in by the boy or Japanese or Chinese teapops, the daughters of the household assisting in serving. As all foreign shops close at five, and custom, trading-houses, banks, etc., before that time, the callers are often gentlemen who come in their business suits. Dinner is possibly as early as half-past seven, oftener at eight. Concerts, lectures, even church entertainments, do not begin until nine o'clock.

After dinner I go to my room to put on the wraps for an evening entertainment, and I find my amah has prepared everything comfortably for retiring. Truth compels me to state that I start out reluctantly at twenty minutes to nine to go to a lecture, concert or reception. To be entirely truthful I will state that more often my courage fails and I remain at home, weary enough to sleep, although the clamor without of Chinese voices, striking of gongs, quarrelling of men, and shouting of children continues into the 'wee sma' hours,' and one day, a very usual one, is over.

Saving a Reputation.

Ralph had mowed almost to the end of his swathe, when the whistle from the nearby town told him that it was noon. He dropped his scythe, took off his hat, and wiped the thick drops of perspiration from his forehead, the while he glanced with affected unconcern across his swathe to see how his neighbor fared. 'Pretty stiff piece,' he said, and then stopped abruptly. He stood alone in the field. 'Gone for the water jug,' thought Ralph to himself; and he improved the opportunity to take a good look at his neighbor's swathe. 'Wide as mine, and—yes, confound it!—all of two feet ahead of mine!'

A look of dismay came into Ralph's face. He had been so sure of outdoing his neighbor and winning the prize pledged by the owner of the field to the mower who levelled the widest swathe in the shortest time. 'I'll have that calf,' said Ralph, setting his jaws and clutching the scythe handle. 'I promised that calf to Emmy.'

The lad sent a swift glance over the field. There was no one in sight. 'Queer how he disappeared so suddenly. Wish I had not said so much about it, but I was so sure. He's the first fellow that ever beat me.'

'Confound it,' he said again, and hesitated, half hoping to catch a glimpse of his rival or someone coming across the lot. Then he sent the scythe through the tall grass, and again and again.

'Two good feet ahead,' he said, and walked over to the big apple-trees close to the wall, swung his scythe over to a convenient limb,