



HOP-PICKERS' CAMP.

mighty beacon of Mount Tacoma. No matter how often they have passed it, or how lively may be the chatter of tongues, everybody's eyes are held by the glorious beauty of this monarch of mountains, whose grandeur forces itself into the minds of the dullest and most giddy.

At the time of our last trip along this course the days of grace for Chinese immigration were fast expiring, and the large steamers were carrying huge steerage loads of fresh Mongolians, going to work upon the Northern Pacific Railway. The lower deck was given to them, and we of the cabins had abundant opportunity to study the characteristics of the race, or, at any rate, of this the slave caste of that race, and to familiarize our ears with the sing-song of their strange language. They had all their luggage along, and kept it close to them. It consisted everywhere of two packages. One might be either a small trunk (often of sandal-wood and ornamented) or a tea-chest, or else a big round covered basket. This held their small articles. The other package was a scant roll of bedding, wrapped in the coarse mat of rushes or bamboo upon which it was spread out, or in which it was folded when packed. Lastly, each man had a bamboo stick about eight feet long. When he moved, his box or basket was slung to one end of the pole and his bedding to the other. Balancing this burden across his shoul-

ders, he slips on the white Zouave gaiters that will be the first of his Chinese fashions to disappear from American view, and, with the dancing, bobbing gait his burden makes necessary, he trots out into the strange scenery of his new home, an object to make us laugh now, but by-and-by perhaps to make all of us weep. On shipboard, where we saw most of him, he was quiet and timid, but with a dogged, despairing timidity, warning aggressors not to go too far. However, he was rarely molested, or further ill-treated than to get his shins kicked by a deck hand as an intimation to move out of the way, and to be called bad names in a language he didn't understand. He seemed to have no amusements beyond smoking his tiny pipe, and talking, as he sat cross-legged with a knot of friends or stretched full length upon his mat in a dark corner between-decks, varied by occasional gymnastics—in one case upon portions of the steering-gear, with rather serious consequences to the vessel in a piece of intricate navigation. He was a good sleeper, curling up like a mouse, with black shaven head at one end of a confused bundle of blue cotton and silk, and two bare feet at the other. John's idea of life evidently is that it is a serious matter, and he never seems to be quite as happy or natural as when he is hard at work.

As noticeable to us as the absence of