

irrigating ditch and watering can, he secures a marvellous quantity of vegetables from a very small patch of ground.

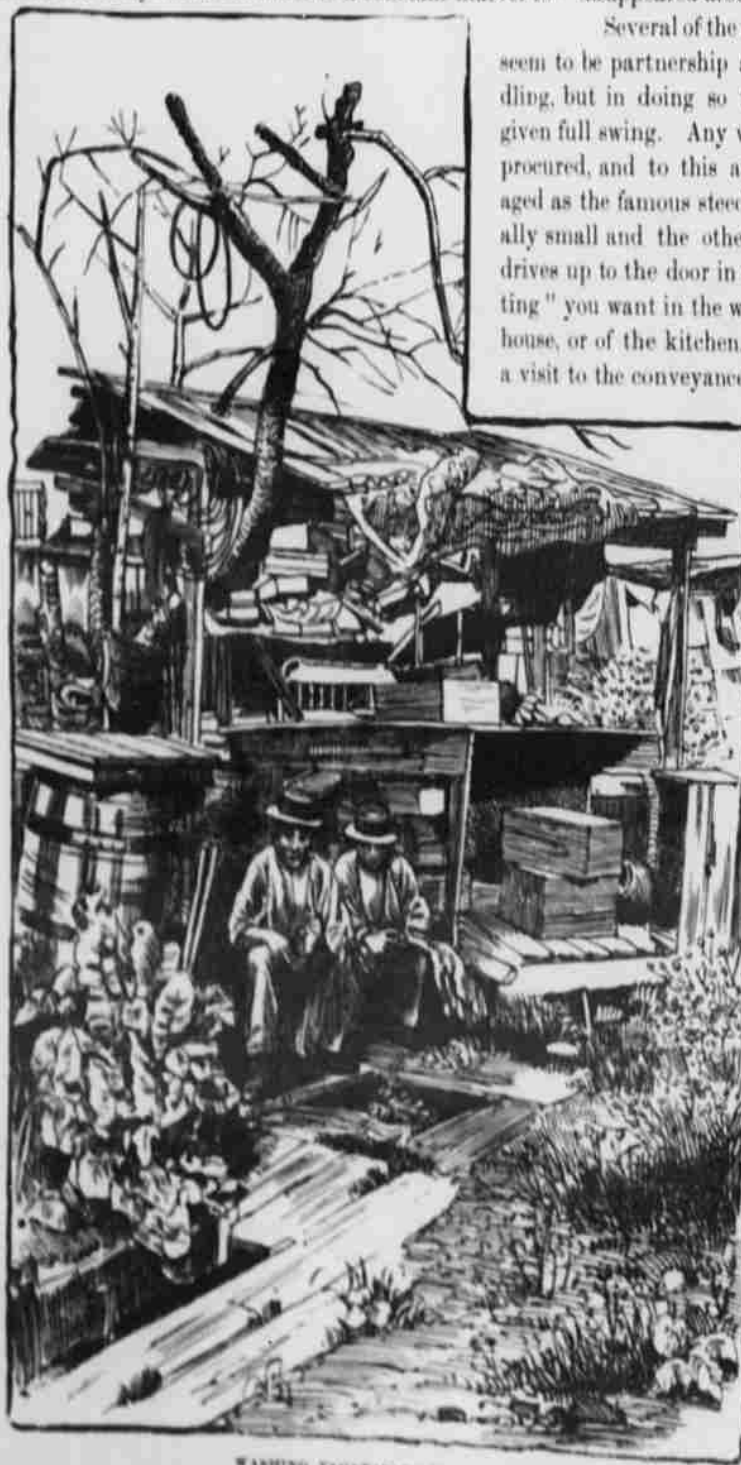
One of the most novel and un-Caucasian sights to be seen in America is the Chinese vegetable peddler trotting down the street, with his peculiar, springy gait, between two huge baskets of vegetables, which are suspended from either end of a bamboo pole resting upon his shoulder and bending under its burdens. With his stock thus transported, he goes from house to house to supply his customers. The weight a Chinaman can carry in this manner is a constant marvel to

everyone. I once saw a group of white men endeavor to lift from the ground two baskets left at the foot of a flight of stairs, and there was but one in the whole lot who could straighten up under the burden, and he could not carry it. In a few moments a Chinaman came clattering down the stairs in his wooden-soled shoes, and though he was smaller and thinner than any of those who had failed to lift his load, he put his shoulder under the pole, straightened up with a grunt, and after standing an instant to balance the baskets, started off with a trot, which he maintained until he disappeared around a corner several blocks away.

Several of the more enterprising firms—these gardens seem to be partnership affairs—have adopted wagons for peddling, but in doing so their economical instincts have been given full swing. Any vehicle that will answer the purpose is procured, and to this are attached two horses as bony and aged as the famous steed of Don Quixote, one of them generally small and the other large. Thus equipped, the peddler drives up to the door in style and tells you that he has "evy-ting" you want in the wagon, to inspect which the lady of the house, or of the kitchen, as the case may be, is invited to pay a visit to the conveyance at the gate.

The language employed in these commercial transactions is a sad corruption of English "as she is writ," and it requires considerable experience for one to be able to converse intelligently with one of these sons of the east. Some of them know no more of our great tongue than the price and names of the vegetables, and to all extraneous questions reply "no sabbe" (don't understand). This is, also, the resort of every Chinaman who is asked a question he does not want to answer or who does not care to be bothered with questions. Even the most intelligent, who speak English with comparative fluency, when a topic is introduced that they do not care to discuss, will say "no sabbe" with a smile of such childlike innocence as to convince all but the most skeptical that their ignorance is profound.

Probably the time will come when the gulches will all be filled up and used as building sites, but no doubt for many years yet the visitor in Portland will be able to view this most novel sight of an Oriental garden in the heart of the city.



WASHING VEGETABLES FOR MARKET.