

THE MASTER.

AN IMITATION.

- Q. Tell me, oh, Sage! What is the true ideal?
- A. A man I knew—a living soul and real.
- Q. Tell me, my friend! Who was this mighty master?
- A. The child of wrong, the pupil of disaster.
- Q. Under what training grew his lofty mind?
- A. In cold neglect and poverty combined.
- Q. What honors crowned his works with wealth and praise?
- A. Patience and faith and love filled all his days.
- Q. And when he died what victories had he won?
- A. Humbly to live and hope—his work was done.
- Q. What mourning nations grieved above his bier?
- A. A loving eye, dropped there a sorrowing tear.
- Q. But History, then, will consecrate his sleep?
- A. His name is lost; angels his record keep—*William P. Johnston, in the Century.*

LITTLE DOT.

"He's a splendid card," exclaimed the manager, enthusiastically.

"Is he, indeed?" said Vance Raymond, rather abstractedly, as he gazed at the packed auditorium.

They were standing in the lobby of the Varieties. Raymond had dropped in for a few minutes while making his nightly round of the theatres. The manager, eager for a good notice in the daily upon which his companion served as a dramatic critic, was making himself almost offensively agreeable.

"The hit of the show!" he emphatically affirmed. "You'll wait for him, won't you? He comes on next."

"I don't know whether I can spare the time," said Raymond, smoothing out the play bill that had been crumpled up in his hand. And, in type which stood out bolder than the rest, he read:

LITTLE DOT!

"The Phenomenal Child Artist, in his wonderful character changes"—followed by more terms of a laudatory character, similarly extravagant.

Raymond carelessly cast his programme aside and watched the two upon the stage. They were going through what figured on the bills as an "acrobatic song and dance." Presently they executed a remarkable somersault that brought forth a cloud of dust and made their exit, followed by the deafening applause of the gallery. In response they came out and bowed and the stamping of feet and clapping of hands gradually ceased.

The quiet that fell upon the house was broken by the tinkle of the prompter's bell. The eyes of the audience expectantly sought the wings. The musicians raised their instruments and began to play one of the popular airs in vogue.

"Watch him," whispered the manager. "A born actor, and no mistake."

As he spoke, a little figure, clad in a black velvet suit with delicately striped pink stockings, appeared on the stage. A crimson handkerchief protruded slightly from his pocket and an eye-glass dangled at his side. In his hand he held a light cane, which he twirled foppishly at intervals.

Such a pinched, wan face he turned toward the audience, as he began his song in the yellow glare of the foot-lights! A feverish flush was on his cheeks and his eyes sparkled with unnatural brilliancy. Raymond felt his heart grow soft with pity as he listened to the rare, sweet voice that to his experienced ear already showed signs of breaking.

"Poor little chap," he murmured; "he's scarcely seven, I should judge." And somehow a tender thought of his two little chicks, dreaming perhaps of their childish heroes at the time, came to him. He watched Little Dot through the mist that had gathered in his eyes.

The song soon came to an end and the child disappeared, followed by the enthusiastic approval of the audience. The manager joined in the applause and turned to Raymond, his face beaming with pleasure.

"Eh? eh?" he said, delightedly. "Doesn't he bring down the house? An infant prodigy, and all that, you know. 'Pon my word, it's worth the price of admission to see him alone."

"Rather a fit subject for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, I should say," remarked Raymond, dryly. "For my part I hate your infant prodigies. They all ought to be in their beds at this hour enjoying the sleep of healthful children."

The manager eyed him sharply.

"Stuff and nonsense!" he grunted. Then, in a more cheerful tone: "Just watch him this next turn. His drunken man is something wonderful. I'm capable of criticising that, you know." And he hushed the chuckle on his lips as Little Dot—a complete metamorphosis—staggered in with a high silk hat crushed over his eyes and a white handkerchief hanging from his coat-tail pocket.

The drunken hiccup and thick utterance with which he rendered the song fairly convulsed the audience. When he was through, he was greeted with a terrific storm of applause.

"True to life, wasn't it?" laughed the manager. "Well, it ought to be. He's had plenty of chances to get points, goodness knows. His father's Whitely, of the 'Stars,' who are playing at the Globe this week. Good actor, but boozes too much. That is why he and his wife separated. It's lucky she's got the boy. He's worth a cool seventy-five dollars to her every week."

Raymond listened with eyes intent upon the stage. Little Dot was responding to his second encore. When he finished he was vociferously redemanded. Again he came out and delivered a pathetic little recitation that evoked fresh applause. Raymond grew indignant.

"What a shame!" he muttered, angrily. "They'd keep the poor little fellow before them the whole night if they could."

At that moment Little Dot appeared from the wings and raised his hand to his lips. The pink glow on his cheeks had died out, and in its place was a look of utter weariness. The audience must have noticed it, for the house grew still and the performance proceeded with the next act.

Raymond buttoned up his overcoat closely and left the theatre. It was a bitter night and the streets were well-nigh deserted. The snow lay deep upon the ground, and a raw, bleak wind blew the still falling flakes remorselessly into his face. In spite of all his efforts he could not dismiss the peaked, wan face from his thoughts. A picture rose before him of Little Dot, trudging his way back to the hotel in all the snow at an hour when other children were cozily tucked away in bed, and his heart was filled with pity at the contrast.

"Poor little chap!" he said again, with a sigh. "I'll give him a good notice."

The next night found him at the Varieties behind the scenes. At his request he was taken by the manager to the dressing-room that Little Dot occupied, and introduced to him. The child was with his mother waiting to "go on."

"It's the gentleman who was kind enough to write that notice about you," she said to him. "You must thank him for it."

"Oh, it was you, was it?" he said, turning his big blue eyes up at Raymond. "You're an editor, ain't you?"

The awe with which he asked this question brought a smile to Raymond's face.

"Not exactly," he replied. "I write for the newspapers."

"Do you?" said the child, eagerly. "How clever you must be! And it was you who wrote that about me. Thank you very much. You are very, very good."

He placed his hand to his forehead and held it there a moment. Raymond noticed it and looked grave.

"Are you quite well?" he asked, kindly.

"Quite well," the child faltered.

"Only—I'm a little tired and—my head aches. Hurry, mamma," as the call-boy appeared at the door; and, turning to Raymond, he held out his little hand. "Good-bye," he said. "It's time for me to go on."

Little Dot hastened with his mother through the dark and gloomy passage leading to the stage, and stood at a wing waiting for his cue. His mother stationed herself near by to assist him in making his changes.

Raymond and the manager sought the front of the house.

"That youngster is going to be sick," said the journalist, with conviction, as they parted. "He looked half ill now. It's too bad that such a weak, delicate child should have to be out nights in such bitter weather."

"Eh, what was that? Sick, did you say?" cried the manager, with alarm. "I hope not—I hope not. It might affect business, you know, if he didn't appear. He is the strongest card on the bill this week."

Raymond curled his lip slightly at the other's heartlessness, and walked off. Somehow Little Dot interested him strangely. It might have been that he regarded the tiny favorite of the foot-lights with pitying tenderness, for the sake of his own children.

The next night he returned to the Varieties to find the fears he had entertained realized. The manager met him with a note in his hand.

"Read it," he said, with a scowl upon his face.

Thus adjured, Raymond took it, and glanced hurriedly at the contents. It was to the effect that Little Dot was dangerously low with the scarlet fever, and, as a consequence, could not perform the rest of the week.

The words he read brought up a vivid recollection of the two babes who had lain in the terrible grasp of the scarlet fiend until only the great-mother-love had won them back to life. A lump took possession of his throat.

"Poor Little Dot," he murmured.

"I wouldn't have had it happen for a hundred dollars," grumbled the manager. "It places me in a deuce of a fix. It's almost impossible to put any one on in his place at such short notice."

"You're in hard lines," said Raymond, coldly.

Something impelled him before he went to the newspaper office that night to seek the second-class hotel where the child and his mother were stopping. Passing a florist's on his way, he purchased a bunch of the creamy, full-blown roses that were temptingly displayed in the window. These he sent to the sick room with his card and a request to know how the little fellow was.

Presently the answer came—no better. Would he go up? Mrs. Whitely would like to see him.

Raymond followed the boy upstairs and softly entered the darkened room. The mother, with the marks of weariness about her eyes, came from the window where she had been standing and led the way to the bed.

"He was taken ill last night on his way back from the theatre," she whispered, in a hoarse, strained tone. "I thought it was nothing but a cold—and did not call in a doctor. But he grew so much worse in the night that I had to send for one, and he says it's scarlet fever in its most malignant form. He has been delirious nearly all the time. The doctor did not tell me so, and yet—I'm sure he'll never get well again." She gave a bitter sob but her eyes were dry—her tears had been exhausted long ago.

"Oh, why doesn't he come, why doesn't he come?"

She resumed her place by the window, looking vacantly out at the wild, black night. Raymond remained by the bedside and gazed compassionately down at the small face marked with livid spots. Near him stood a stand upon which his fragrant offering and several vials of medicine were placed.

Suddenly the little sufferer opened his eyes with a faint moan. For a moment they rested upon Raymond and then wearily closed again.

"Dad!" the parched lips formed.

His mother approached the bed noiselessly and bent anxiously over him.

"Yes, Dot," she said, soothingly, "he will soon be here—soon be here. You won't have long to wait now, darling," and looking up at Raymond, she continued, in a choking voice, "he wants to see his father. I have sent for him, but—but I don't know whether he will come. He drank and—and we parted. God forgive me, I have been to blame, too. Oh, do you think that he will come?"

Raymond looked at his watch. The time lacked a few minutes of 11.

"Yes, I am sure he will," he said, pityingly. "He is at the Globe, I think. The performance is scarcely over. No matter how heavy an actor's grief may be, he is obliged to disguise it sometimes and play his part. Yes, he will come, without doubt."

Slowly the minutes dragged by. Finally a faint knock was heard at the door. She went and softly opened it. A man entered on tiptoe.

"Thank heaven, you are here at last!" she said.

"I could not come before," he uttered hoarsely. "How is he—better?"

She mournfully shook her head. He went, and looked down at his child. His haggard face told of the violent grief that was raging in his breast.

Raymond turned to go. He deemed the scene too sacred for his presence. But the mother grasped him by the arm, giving him a wild, imploring look.

"Stay," she said. "He liked you."

While his father stood there, the child opened his eyes and recognized him.

"Dad!" he cried, stretching forth his little, hot hand affectionately.

His father caught it, and held it in his cool palm.

"Yes, my boy," he said, his strong voice trembling.

"Give me a drink, dad," he whispered, with difficulty. "Oh, dad," with a pathetic moan, "I'm all burning up!"

His father moistened his lips with water.

"There, Dot," he said, with forced cheerfulness. "You feel better now, don't you? And you're going to get well soon. Such good times we'll have together when you do! We'll—"

The child interrupted him with a faint shake of his head.

"No, dad," he said, fixing his big eyes solemnly upon him, "I won't get well; and I want you to promise me—promise me—"

"Yes, Dot," he said, with a groan.

"That you won't get—get—that way!"

He looked steadily up. His father bowed his head, too full of anguish to speak.

"That's a good dad," said the child, fondly. "I knew you would. You couldn't help it, could you, dad?"

Every word was a stab at the man's heart. He turned to Raymond. "For God's sake get a doctor!" he said, brokenly. "He's dying."

"No, no," interrupted the child, hastily. "It's too late—too late! Where's mamma? I can't see. I want her hand."

His mother came and held out her trembling hand to him. His father gently endeavored to draw her away.

"No, no!" said Dot, the words coming in gasps. "I want both—both."

He strove with his remaining strength to join them together. They saw what he wished to do, and clasped hands.

A peaceful smile lit up his wan face. He said no more, and yet they understood.—*Malcolm Douglas, in the Continent.*

**THE WONDERS OF CANTON.**

**QUEER SCENES AND INCIDENTS IN AN ORIENTAL CITY.**

**Streets Densely Packed With People—The Fish Market—A Chinese Fire Engine.**

A description of some of the queer things to be met with in a Chinese city is the most interesting part of a Canton letter to the Philadelphia Press. Says the writer: One must take a sedan chair. Few men who come here on a flying excursion attempt to thread their way through the mazy labyrinth of Canton streets on foot, even though they are accompanied by a guide.

Soon we are being hurried along the narrow streets, which are densely packed with people. Our sweating and panting coolies keep up an incessant yelling to warn the pedestrians to make a passage for us; and so dexterous are they and so obliging are the people on foot, that the swinging dog-trot is seldom relaxed. Whenever we meet another chair, however, one party has to stop entirely to wait for the other to pass by, and even then the sides of the cars frequently rub together. The coolies are trained to such encounters in narrow places, and there seems to be a tacit recognition as to the vehicle which shall defer to the other, which is always according to circumstances. So, also, when we turn a corner, it is frequently difficult to wedge a chair through, owing to the extreme narrowness of the streets.

It is, indeed, a motley crowd that we meet. There are all types, from the blind, leprous, deformed and mendicant up to the most aristocratic mandarins.

The common people are the most interesting. There are two things for which they can be heartily admired. No more industrious temperance people are to be found anywhere. They have reduced the cost of living to its actual minimum, and for the two dollars a month that it actually requires they will toil assiduously from morning till night seven days in the week. Most of those one meets are busy transporting various kinds of burdens. These are suspended from the ends of bamboo poles, which are carried over the shoulder. In this way the most impossible loads are carried, ranging all the way from delicate chinaware up (or down) to live hogs. We Americans, who have so much difficulty in carrying a small umbrella in a crowd, might take a lesson from the heathen who bobs along so rapidly in a four-foot street with two two-bushel baskets dangling from the ends of a pole.

Here comes the chair of some public official. Of course we barbarians must give way before such an august personage, and our chairs are wedged close up against a wall to allow the procession to pass.

First, there are a half dozen coolies in uniform, who go ahead as an escort, bearing small flags, such as American children would be ashamed to play with. Then comes the chair, a huge green affair, through the shutters of which we catch a glimpse of the rather portly form of the occupant. The chair is borne by four coolies. Close behind, by one of the ironies of fate, comes a funeral procession. It is a funeral without a corpse, however, for it is not practicable to carry coffins through these narrow streets.

Here is the fish market. The Chinese always sell their fish alive, and all sizes, from the tiniest eel up to the most prodigious of fresh and salt water fishes, may be seen floundering about in wooden tubs or stone basins, partially filled with water. When a customer wants a fish he selects one to his liking, and it is removed from the tank with a dipnet. Instinctively cruel in every thing, the Chinese do not stop to kill the fish, but gouge a pound or two out of his side, smear the removed portion with blood from a dripping-pan (all the blood is saved) and then pass it over to the waiting purchaser, after having tied a string to it. All meat is carried from the market by means of a string, neither cloth nor paper being used. I have seen scores of Chinamen with pieces of meat thus tied, not more than two inches square.

A little further on is the fruit district. This is really a tempting quarter. There are all kinds of strange-looking fruits and nuts, the names of which one despairs of learning. At this season of the year oranges, bananas, Chinese pears, coconuts and pineapples are the staple fruits. Among the nuts the lychee stands prominent.

But what is all this excited yelling about? People are rushing into the open store fronts on either side of the street, and our coolies hurry to the nearest cross street, up which they turn as if to allow something to pass. It proves to be a fire-engine going to a conflagration in the suburbs. It looks like a puny machine, propelled by a rope full of coolies, and is just as large as the width of the street will permit, too large to be drawn through some streets. It is, of course, a hand engine, and throws a tiny stream about a quarter of an inch in diameter. There is a short hose, which is dropped into a neighboring well or cistern, if there is not a canal handy to the scene of the fire. The clumsy contrivance is hauled at full speed along the street, making a terrific, rumbling noise as it bounces over the uneven granite slabs with which the street is paved. The men in front keep up an incessant howling to warn pedestrians and bearers of burdens to clear the entire width of the street. Back of this apparatus came a band of men armed with pikes and awkward wooden buckets; while back of them again are a dozen soldiers bearing tridents.

Passing by the silk-weaving district, where these beautiful Canton fabrics are being manufactured at the rate of half a yard a day, one sees a woman looking on, with her arms akimbo and a palm-leaf fan tied to her head for a hat. In the

temple of Longerty there is a fat and jolly idol, equipped with six hands, reclining on his side, with his mouth distended. This seems to be quite consistent with the theory that laughter is conducive at once to corpulency and length of days. All sorts of heathen worship are going on in these temples, that in the Buddhist temples being the most imposing. The processions of richly clad priests contrast sharply with the rugged raiment of most of the worshippers. At one place people are kowtowing and burning sandal-wood joss-sticks before three sitting images, representing the past, present and future. You will notice that the greater part of the people are concerned as to the future.

The flower pagoda is one of the pleasantest of the monuments of Canton. It has recently been repaired, and is now a full nine-story structure of graceful outline, prettily painted with various colors. If you ask why it is called the "flower pagoda," while there appear to be no flowers connected with it, you must know that "flower" is mainly a rhetorical term with the Chinese, simply implying that which is very nice. Thus in the phrases "Flower kingdom" and "Flower beat," its use is purely figurative.

**Tapestries of Money Princes.**

The New York Dial says that the rich stuffs which are now used for hangings and upholstery are of amazing variety and costliness, some of them being worth nearly their weight in gold. Many rooms are covered with rich brocades and tapestries in place of wall papers, and embossed leather in most artistic designs is also used. The cost of tapestry, that is, the genuine article, places it beyond the reach of all but millionaires. There are in America but four specimens of the genuine Gobelin tapestry, pieces of which may have taken years to weave, and whose patterns have never been repeated. Mr. William H. Vanderbilt owns one of this number, another is in the West, and two are in the possession of an uptown firm who deal in artistic furniture.

There are, however, many tapestries of elegance which are used, though nothing to compare to the great value of the Gobelin. A magnificent dining-room in a private residence in New York is completely hung with rare and antique designs in tapestry. The chairs for the dining-rooms are covered with stuffs which match the hangings from the room itself. The chairs in more common use for a breakfast-room, which many houses have beside the dining-room, are more serviceably covered in leather of a handsome pattern.

Some of these brocades are sold as high as \$35 and \$45 per day. Such material is used both for portieres and for covering furniture.

It is not always the case that whole suits of furniture are covered with these very rich stuffs; they are much more frequently used for small reception chairs.

Dining-room tables of massive design have superseded those oval or round in shape. The lady who sits at the head of the table has in the case of a round table the least accommodations. But if the table be square there is room for the many pieces of service which she must use, and there is no crowding, thus giving a more desirable effect.

The upholstery of the sleeping-room or boudoir gives also the greatest scope for the artist. Some bedroom sets of the Renaissance period are made of ebonyized wood richly carved, and the price of a single set would buy some people a home. A bedspread rich in design was made of a heavy silk beautifully embroidered, the center of which was covered with point applique, which was worth in itself nearly \$1,000. Elaborate window curtains of this same lace cost a fortune.

The hall presents another field for decoration, and those large settles copied from Flemish designs, pieces of armor and tapestries of Teniers design produce a combination that is at once striking and artistic.

**General Hampton's Prisoner.**

Mr. James R. Randall sends the following story from Washington to the Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle: "A middle-aged man approached Senator Hampton the other day and asked his influence in pressing a claim before the military committee of the Senate. The stranger then said: 'General, I am glad to see you again. You do not recognize me, but you personally made a prisoner of me during the war.' Comparing notes, Hampton found out that it was a fact, and recalled the circumstances. He was reconnoitering one night and missed his way. Around him burned many more camp fires than he had left behind him. Entering a house he discovered that he had strayed into the enemy's lines. A few soldiers were seated at a table and abruptly addressing them as if a superior officer of their own army, he asked who they were and what they were doing there. One man spoke up and replied: 'We belong to the Eighth New York regiment, and General Warren sent us to get milk.' Hampton felt that all of his nerve and address would be required to extricate himself from his dangerous position. He reached for his pistol, held it along his thigh, and, on leaving the house, commanded the man who had spoken to him to follow. He did so. Hampton mounted his horse and called the man to him. Bending down to the Federal soldier's ear, he whispered: 'I have a pistol aimed at your head and will shoot you if any alarm is made.' The surprised soldier whispered: 'Don't shoot, I surrender.' Hampton then bade him move on just ahead of his horse, and so brought him into the Confederate camp. It was this man who, after more than twenty years, met his captor and asked a favor of him, as a Senator, that he was more than willing to grant."

The London police are to be furnished with whistles, instead of the old-fashioned rattles.

Taking Shares in a New French Loan.

A Paris correspondent describes the scene during the night prior to the issue of shares in the new French loan, when well-to-do investors and agents hire persons, who, in turn, hire others yet poorer to keep places for them until the hour when the office opens. It was motly and distressing. A poor widow, with seven children of a tender age, the youngest about eight, had been standing there since 10 o'clock. The eight places would fetch something like five or six francs—a fortune for a day. A charitable soul sent them some hot coffee, some bread and cold meat, and the look of delight at the victuals told a heartrending tale of privation.

"A Reliable Time-Keeper for \$1.50."

"Condemn these city swindles, anyhow," exclaimed a young man from Joliet. "I don't see what the newspapers print their lying advertisements for. The other day I saw an announcement of 'a reliable time-keeper' for only \$1.50. I sent on my money, and if you'd guess a week you couldn't hit what it was they sent me. It wasn't a watch, nor a clock, nor anything that looked like either. It was simply a little memorandum book, ruled off, to keep your time at work on any certain job. It had 'Reliable Time Keeper' printed on the first page, and a few lines of directions as to how to set down your time. The whole cursed thing wasn't worth five cents."—*Chicago Herald.*

The town collector knows when his work is done.—*Pretzel's Weekly.*

California made 880,000 pounds of salt from sea water in 1883.