

CHINA AT CHICAGO.

QUEER EXHIBITS FROM THE FLOWERY KINGDOM.

The Great Chinese Dragon and the Josses of the Various Chinese Sects—The Oriental Theater and the Long Play—in the Village.



TARTLING COLORS mark a chandelier that was hung in the Chinese theater at Jackson Park the other day. It is not quite so large as the great electroliers in the Manufacturers Building, but what it lacks in size it makes up in brilliancy of color.



GATEWAY AND TOWER AT ENTRANCE OF CHINESE VILLAGE.

given when the theater opened, and the manager hopes, if his actors do not strike, to be able to finish the play before the Exposition closes by giving two performances a day. On the second floor is a museum of modern Chinese articles, josses in many shapes stand in a row at the upper end. Some of them are very grotesque, and all have finger nails two inches long. The chief joss sits in the center and is clad in hand-embroidered robes. In front of the deities are five ornamental silver incense urns. These are used in the joss houses and in the private dwellings of the wealthy to perfume the atmosphere. On a very large screen is an interesting exhibit of the primitive agricultural implements of China. The plow consists of a couple of bent pieces of wood, and the plowshare is also made of wood, except that the point is tipped with iron very roughly made. Oxen are used to drag the plow and the harness is equally primitive. It is made of plaited grass and fits over the head of the ox and is connected to the plow by grass rope.



IN THE JOSS HOUSE.

ing was opened to the public the most expensive flag on the grounds was unfurled. It is the dragon flag hand embroidered in silk. It cost \$3,000 and is designed for the Emperor after the exposition closes.

AT HIS MOTHER'S KNEE.

Back to his boyhood's home again He crept like some guilty thing; Sick at heart and despoiled of men; As a bird with a broken wing; Longs for its nest the leaves among; For the peace of that home longed he, And listen once more to the simple song That he heard at his mother's knee.

There in her lap in the dear old way He laid his fevered head; As when some childish grief held sway, He ran to be comforted; She did not believe that his heart was bad, For she could not forget, you see, The days he knelt, a happy lad, In prayer at his mother's knee.

Can a mother's forgiveness one sin absolve? At touch of that sacred hand There sprang within him a new resolve, Like a glimpse of a promised land. Through repentant tears that fell like rain He beheld new years to be, And so he began life over again Right there at his mother's knee. —R. G. Hankey, in St. Louis Republic.

IN MY LADY'S GYARDIN.

"Come long, chillern, let's play in my lady's gyardin!" It was Phillippy Jane's voice high above those of all the other children in the quarters; and at her call a noisy troop of little black people came rushing and tumbling out of the "children's house," where Mammy Patty sat, the monarch of all she surveyed—the all in this case being black babies in cradles; little, toddling black and brown children of all sizes; larger ones, too, all the way up to the ten-year-olds, as they were called. Every day all the women who were field hands, or who had work outside their own houses, carried their little ones to this big, comfortable, log house, and left them to the care of motherly Mammy Patty. A great fire roared up the huge chimney, in one corner was a little heap of fresh corn cobs, delightful toys, which the dusky picninnies used for building corn cob houses. Here, too, were the corn stalks utilized as material for dolls and dolls' furniture, which afforded as much pleasure as the flaxen-haired wonders seen nowadays at Christmas in the shop windows.

Phillippy Jane was tired of her corn-cob house and her corn-stalk doll. She was as full of vitality as a young, unbroken colt, and swift as the wing of a bird she was out of the house with a troop of children at her heels, all ready for a game in the sunshine. Soon the merry children formed a circle, with hands tightly clasped. In the middle was Phillippy Jane, singing at the top of her voice:

"If you doan lemme out, I will get out; In some lady's gyardin, 'Poor me! poor me!' In some lady's gyardin."

Phillippy Jane was of ginger-bread color, round and lithe, and she jumped about with the happy abandon which belongs to childhood before self-consciousness was developed. Young fawns and young lambs are not troubled with self-consciousness; neither was Phillippy Jane. When the game was at its height, and the air ringing with merry shouts, the roll of wheels was heard, and soon "Unc' Jesse" was in full view, as in great state, he sat on the high driver's seat of the carriage, in which was "ole mistis an' little Miss Nathalie." The sight seemed to increase the hilarity of the children who liked to "show off before de white folks." Little Nathalie, her soft, fair curls clustering beneath the wide brim of her white velvet hat, leaned far out of the carriage window crying out: "O, Uncle Jesse, please drive slow. I want to see the children; they are playing so pretty!" And then turning to the old lady in the carriage: "Grandma, please let Uncle Jesse stop the carriage, won't you?" The merry children circling round and round, called out: "Howdy, ole missis! Howdy, Miss Nathalie! Howdy! Howdy!" "Oh, grandma, just look at that little girl in the middle! She's so cute!" "Whose child is that in the middle, Uncle Jesse?" asked grandma. "Dat ar's Yaller Mimy's little gal, ole mistis. Don't you 'member? She's same year's child as little Miss Nathalie. Both on 'em come in cotton-pickin' time, and Yaller Mimy name her baby arter dat lady whar paint ole marse-ter-picture, she did." Little Nathalie was leaning out of the carriage now, calling, "Come here, Phillippy Jane! Come here and tell me howdy." Soon the little negro, full of frolic, was at the carriage window singing:

"I see dem dot out, I see dem dot out; From dem ladies' gyardin; Howdy! Howdy! Howdy little mistis." Little Nathalie had found a bag of candy, and now was handing it out, giving the larger share to Phillippy Jane, who continued to jump about as gaily as a young lamb skipping over a daisied field. "Oh, Phillippy Jane, you're so funny! I'm going to have you for my little maid. Sallie is so grown up she won't play, and she hurts my head every day curling my hair. I don't want a grown-up woman. I want you. Don't you want to come and be a little house-girl and help Aunt Sukey to feed the chickens, and be my little girl, and play with me, and have a pretty pink dress and a cunning little white apron with a ruffle round it?" An eager look of delight shown on Phillippy Jane's face as she exclaimed: "Yessum, dat I does! I wants to be your little gal, den I'll b'long to you, an' you'll b'long to me, an' we'll all b'long to one nudder. An' I'll hab a pink frock an' a ruffle apron. Hear dat, children, I'm gwine ter be house gal, I is. I gwine ter hab a great house. Hear dat, does yer?" "I'm gwine to be Miss Nathalie's little gal. And then turning her joy-sparkling eyes up to the little girl's face, "When'll I be tuck in, little mistis?" "Just as soon as I get back from Mobile. I'm going to grandma's now, and in the spring I'm coming home. I'm going to bring you a 'pretty, too; and you shall have the sweetest little pink dress, just like a rose." "You hear dat, chillern! Listen whar I gwine hab! Didn't I tell you I dream 'bout clear ribbet las' night, an' see de pebbles shinin' in de bottom? De good luck gwine ter be jess like a rose—jess like a rose!"

As the carriage rolled on away from the road leading by the quarters down "the big ribber" road to the landing where Nathalie and her grandmother would take the steamboat for Mobile, Phillippy Jane was the impersonation of unalloyed delight. "I's gwine ter be tuck in de great house, mammy!" was her exclamation when she ran down the gin-house path to meet her mother, who was returning from the field.

"You crazy gal," replied "Mammy," stooping to kiss the frolicsome brown child. "De white folks ain't gwine ter teck you in. My famby ain't niver bin house servants. We's allers wurk in field. Huccome you say you gwine ter be tuck in?" "Kaze I is; little Miss Nathalie done say so. I gwine hab pink frock an' ruffle on my apurn. Ole mistis like me, she do. She say I smart gal last Sunday evening when we all chillern wuz sayin' de catkiss, she did. Kaze I done larnt dat part 'bout 'Keep your han' an' foot 'um a-pickin' an' a-stealin'." Den I say, 'Mistis, how I gwine pick cotton, den, ef I keep my han' 'um pickin'?' She mos' die laughin' at me, she did. Yes, I's gwine to be tuck in, sho' fac'!"

As the short winter days passed away, great was Phillippy's eagerness to hail spring. "Moss is gittin' green in cornder of fence, mammy. Ain't spring 'most here?" "Blue eyes is a-bloomin' in de grass, mammy; I'll soon be tuck in." Then one day, early in March, after she had been playing down in the woods pasture, on the "edge ob de branch," she held something white in her little chestnut fingers as she ran to meet "Yaller Mimy." "Spring done come now, kaze I done found two white lilies. Miss Nathalie soon foteh herself home now. I want her to come, kaze I got de headache, an' I wants ter put on my pink frock, an' my apurn wid de ruffle." Next morning the child's head and hands were hot; the lilies were withered, her tongue was parched with fever, she tossed restlessly on her little bed. "Marse Tom's wife" was summoned, and soon she came with Sallie, the housemaid, behind her, bearing a tray containing some delicate lozenges for the sick child. Then "Mars' Tom," the doctor, was called in, only to find that the little girl was very ill with high fever. Yaller Mimy knelt constantly at the bedside striving to see some look of recognition in the face of her child. "Marse Tom's wife," full of sympathy, sat dipping her fine soft handkerchief in cold water, and bathing the burning head that tossed to and fro on the coarse pillow. Suddenly the little eyes opened, and a weak voice whispered: "Mammy, it's de spring time now. Ise gwine ter be tuck in." "Dat all my little gal studyin' 'bout 'bout dat, and little Miss Nathalie." The roll of wheels! The carriage has stopped. A child's voice calls out: "Phillippy Jane! Phillippy Jane! I've come home. Here's your pink dress and your ruffled apron! Here's the 'pretty' I promised you. Where are you?" "Yaller Mimy" and "Marse Tom's wife" both went to the door. A hand of warning was held up. A hush fell. Down from the carriage very quietly came the "little mistis," her eyes brimming with tears.

She placed the bundle in the hands of the mother; was clasped to the heart of Marse Tom's wife, and then stood by illness at the bedside of the little sufferer. Just then the sick child moaned and murmured: "I gwine to be tuck in de great house, I is." Days and nights of pain came and went for little Phillippy; days and nights of anxiety and weariness to her nurses. At last, one morning, just as the gray dawn began to gather a flush of crimson, the eyes opened, a smile played over the wasted features, the lips moved. Bend close, oh sorrowing mother. Catch the last words from lips so cold: "Ise tuck—in—de—de great—house, mammy!" Bend close, oh mother, your hot tears fall on a death-cold face. One sigh of life breath—will there—will there—be another? All is still.

The sobs of Yaller Mimy break the stillness: "Marse Jesus done tuck de chile in. She in de Lord's great house."—Eleanor C. Gibbs in the Inter Ocean.

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