single day's wear. There were buttons of every hue on the caps of the big Lee family, telling the tale, in their precise, prismatic way, of the progress of the wearer upward along the social ladder. Many of the Lees wore diamonds on their fingers.

As much of Chinatown as was left outside of the exclusive Lee fold had gone into the street and watched in respectful admiration the departure of the band of namesakes of the Viceroy on their weighty errand, and the lucky twenty-eight had looked straight ahead and marched with a haughty air through the double files of their humbler countrymen as princes of the blood might through a gaping city of common folk. It was with a much more humble mien that they entered the doors of the Waldorf Hotel, and when, after a period of waiting below stairs, they were admitted to the audience room, their peacock airs had entirely deserted them.

Members of Li's personal suite arranged them in a semi-circle about the throne chair of the Viceroy. Then, at a signal, the Lis—Lees, they spell it in English—dropped upon their knees and bent their foreheads to the moquette carpet at the feet of their tremendous relative. Then, at a signal, they arose and stood motionless.

Inspected by the Mighty Man.

Over his gold-rimmed spectacles, that reposed idly upon his nose, the great Li looked at them long and attentively, and the expression on his face implied that he viewed with much personal satisfaction the prosperity that was betokened by their costly raiment.

Then he spoke to them for a few minutes.

"How long have you been here?"

"Have you made much money?"

"Have you families?"

"Have you Chinese schools, or do you go to the American schools?"

"Are your homes healthy?"

"Are the people fair to you?"

"Do the laws treat you with equal justice with Americans?"

"Are you happy?"

These are some of the questions that the Envoy addressed to his visitors. The Lees gave favorable reports upon each inquiry, and Li looked satisfied, but weary, as he closed the audience by rising from his seat.

Shortly after the Viceroy received a number of people. Among them were the French Consul, General and Miss Wilson, General John W. Foster, Mr. Robbins and Consul Sze. At 12 he dined and again smoked—his long bamboo pipe with the brass bowl this time; a cigarette before. At 1 Dr. Irwin, his body physician, made his second call for the day. These calls of the medical man are fixed feasts, never varied unless perchance the Viceroy is ill.

Preparing for the Visit to Grant's Tomb.

Sergeant Burns's squad of twenty men who had charge of the Waldorf entrance and the pavements during the morning were reinforced about 2 o'clock by Sergeant Gannon's mounted squad of ten men, who paraded on the Thirty-third street side of the hotel. Shortly afterward Inspector Harley arrived with 125 men, and posted them so as to keep the streets on both sides of the hotel clear for the departure of Li and his suite on the journey to Grant's tomb.

[illegible] Fred D. Grant drove up, [illegible] by his brother, Mr. Ulysses [illegible] San Diego, Cal., and his son, Grant, third. They were received within a few minutes, and promptly at 3, the carriages being already in waiting, Li descended the stairs between Colonel Grant and General Ruger, and, followed by his suite, walked between the lines of well-dressed people through the long hallway to the entrance.

He wore his yellow jacket and peacock feathers and walked with a firm tread. Colonel Grant and Lo Fing Suh took the front seat of the first carriage, and the Viceroy and General Ruger, who was in fatigue uniform, the back seat. Major Davis, Lord Li and two secretaries occupied the second carriage, and the rest of his suite and the General's staff filled two more. The fifth carriage was loaded with big bundles of small, square, lacquered boxes, done up in white cotton sheets, and Li's famous red litter-chair. The beautiful wreath for General Grant's tomb, in a big box three feet square, was sent on ahead with a florist in a hansom.

At 1:20 the procession moved. The route it followed to the tomb was up Fifth avenue to Fifty-seventh street, thence to Broadway, thence north to Fifty-ninth street, the circle and into the Boulevard; up the Boulevard to Seventy-second street, thence to Riverside Park Drive and out the Drive to the tomb.

Followed by a Bicycle Army.

When the procession moved there was a stampede of vehicles and bicyclists, swarming up Fifth avenue after it, and the police had to force the lines of people back to the curb on both sides. The mounted police kept back the vehicles, greatly to the anger of some, who had instructed their coachmen to "drive close to Li's carriage all the way." The foot police looked after the bicyclists and pedestrians. In all there were 140 uniformed police employed.

All the way to the tomb Li passed between walls of well-dressed, smiling people who frequently applauded him. At vantage points the four-deep lines spread out into lakes and seas of humanity, as varicolored as flower beds, by reason of the bright Summer dresses of the ladies and children.

On the Boulevard and along the driveway these lines and banks of people seemed to be standing behind a gleaming continuous steel bulwark, which examination showed to be composed of bicycles. Cheers were raised at many points, and from many balconies and steps, fluttering handkerchiefs and banners gave him greeting. Li's red-chair riding in state in a double carriage, excited almost as much comment as the Viceroy himself.

At Seventy-third street the children of the Orphan Asylum—400 little boys and girls—in uniform, lined up against the fence, applauded and cheered shrilly. The Envoy, who had been watching everything along the stately line of march, turned, nodded and smiled to them.

When the procession wheeled into the Driveway twenty mounted park policemen galloped to the head of the column and led the way to the tomb. Li gazed admiringly at the splendid panorama of the Hudson, and asked frequent questions of General Ruger and Colonel Grant.

When the carriages drew up at the entrance to the plot of ground surrounding the tomb, fully 20,000 people were assembled, awaiting their arrival. The strong police lines had, with the assistance of ropes, kept a large square space clear, but it was with the utmost difficulty. The crowds swarmed over perches, trees, terraces—everything that afforded a vantage point—on one side of the Drive, and on the other brilliant equipages were drawn up in a crowded profusion, that spoke of

Scenes in the Elated Chinese Quarter Yesterday.

inextricable difficulties of later disentanglement.

A Military Guard Awaited.

All the party except Li descended from the carriages as soon as they stopped. He remained seated. There were four park policemen on the steps approaching the old tomb, and with them stood a colored man, holding Li's superb wreath. A sergeant's guard of full-uniformed infantrymen, from Governor's Island, was drawn up on the right side of the path leading to the tomb. A big national ensign flapped lazily from its lofty staff.

There was a delay of five minutes, and Li still sat. Then it was seen that there was some mistake about the bearers of the state litter. Li's Chinese bearers were not there, and none others had been provided. Here was a quandary. Li didn't require the chair, because of the exertion involved in walking up to the tomb, but he considered indispensable as a part of a solemn ceremony, and Lo Fing Suh said so.

Policemen His Body Bearers.

Captain Creeden solved the difficulty. Stepping to one side, he returned with four of the tallest men of his command. They were Roundsman W. H. Duggan and Patrolmen Edward Flood, James S. Duane and George Price, all of the Thirty-third Precinct, Kingsbridge Station. They took positions beside the chair, and then the venerable Viceroy alighted and took his seat upon his own plush cushions. The policemen raised him, the crowd cheered feebly, General Ruger and Colonel Grant walked by the side, and, followed by the rest of the party, Li Hung Chang was borne to the door of the tomb of his honored friend. The sergeant's guard presented arms as Li came in front of them, and the great man looked around as if pleased as the rifles came to position with moved up the steps to the little landing in front of the barred doors of the mausoleum.

a single motion. Slowly the procession

The policemen set their distinguished burden down on the top landing, and Li stepped out after handing his parasol to an attendant. Around him wer gathered Colonel Fred Grant, U. S. Grant, third, General Ruger, Captain Mills, Major Davis, Lieutenant Cummins, General Horace Porter, E. B. Sewall, Mr. Drew, Lo Fing Luh, Lord Li and members of the Viceroy's personel suite. The American citizens doffed their hats and the iron dor of the tomb was opened. Li stood looking down the stone steps a moment and then stepped in followed by Colonel Grant and General Porter, together with the interpreter. As the Viceroy's three-eyed peacock feather disappeared from view those who were present on the landing pressed to the entrance of the tomb and a deep silence spread over the vast crowd.

After entering the door, Li stood for a full minute with bowed head, in silent reverence. Then he proceeded. When the Viceroy and those who entered with him had reached the floor of the tomb, the massive wreath of green laurel and white and red flowers, tied with the imperial yellow colors of China, was handed him and assisted by Colonel Grant Li wired it to the end of th sarcophagus, after first removing Mrs. Grant's wreath of white roses and galayx leaves from North Carolina tied with white ribbon. This was placed on the top of the sarcophagus and Li's memorial to the dead took its place.

His Questions at the Tomb.

Following this ceremony Li stepped to the side of Colonel Grant, and, beckoning his interpreter approach, inquired what the new tomb cost.

"When will it be dedicated?" asked Li.

"April 27," responded General Porter, to whom the Viceroy had turned.

"And how many of the American people subscribed to its erection?"

"About 80,000, and they contributed amounts ranging from 1 cent to $10,000."

Li was astonished, and continued: "It is grand that your people thought so much of the great General, and that they have made it possible to erect such a monument to his name. It is a temple, is it not? It looks like one. What are the grounds to be like? Will they plant trees and make grass lawns around it?"

"Yes," said General Porter. "The whole scene will be improved and beautified, and our lamented General will sleep there as his last resting place. The people of New York consider the tomb their legacy to keep, and it will be kept carefully, and always guarded."

"It is well," said the Viceroy, bowing his head. "We were friends. I mourn his loss sincerely. Our relations were the most pleasant that I can recall in my life time. I have long looked forward to the time when I could come to the new country and place on his sarcophagus with my own hand a wreath of leaves and flowers. No matter where I have been or whom I have seen, I have thought of this hour, and I am glad that it has come. He was my friend. I loved him."

For a few seconds nothing was said until General Horace Porter told Li that the people of America were grateful to him for his remembrance of General Grant and also for the fact that he had been one of the first subscribers to the tomb so near completion: the Viceroy having subscribed $500, and continuing in his fidelity had sent a wreath to adorn the sarcophagus on the 30th of May each ensuing year. In no single instance has the great Chinaman failed to bestow his memorial ever since his friend died in 1885.

At the conclusion of his conversation with General Porter, the Viceroy stepped nearer the sarcophagus and clasping his hands reverently, bowed his head very low and remained in that position for several minutes. His lips moved as though he were offering up a prayer to his long departed friend. Slowly he closed his eyes and bowing still lower over the cold iron box almost touched it with his lips. Turning to Colonel Fred Grant, he then said softly: "You look like your father."

After this very impressive ceremony the Viceroy passed backward out into the daylight and again took his seat in the litter chair and was borne down to the carriage by his bearers in police uniform. He was in the tomb about fifteen minutes, and as he was carried along the board walk his ever restless eyes scanned the sargent's guard again, and he nodded impressively as they stood facing him like statues.

Imposing Rush of the People.

As he reseated himself in the carriage and the procession started around to the east side of the line, the crowd that had packed itself thickly all over the scene beban to surge toward the tomb. Half of them were jumping up and down in wild efforts to see the distinguished Chinaman, and the throng looked like an expanse of human waves tumbling and tossing toward the carriages and rolling one over the other.

As the vehicles and the escort whirled along the east drive the tomb was besieged by thousands who wanted to look in at the sarcophagus and the tokens placed there by the General's friend.

Over on the hill toward the elevated road the crowd was beginning to break away and Grant in his wildest charge at Richmond never lead such a turbulent throng. They plunged down the hill and a cloud of dust went up and whirled along with them. It was not a retreat from war, but the flight back to the city in the hope of catching another glimpse of Viceroy Li Hung Chang, who was being driven to the home of Colonel Grant, at No. 25 East Sixty-second street.

The route to that residence was through One Hundred and Twenty-second street to Morningside Park, thence down One Hundred and Tenth street to Seventh avenue, to Seventy-second street. Through Central Park it went by devious ways, to Fifth avenue, and thence to Sixty-second street.

A crimson carpet leading from the door of Colonel Grant's residence down the steps and across the pavement was the magnet upon which 2,000 pairs of eyes had been rivited for two hours before Li's arrival. By the time the jingling escort came in sight, 2,500 curious people were trying the temper of the strong police guard. Another cheer went up as the first carriage drew up and Li alighted with Colonel Grant and General Ruger. Mr. Ulysses S. Grant opened the door and came to the top of the landing to receive the distinguished caller.

Walked Up the Steps.

Li did not require his chair, though the flight of steps is very steep. Colonel Grant, Lo Fung Suh and General Ruger all gave him some support, and slowly and with much effort the venerable man hoisted his towering bulk up to the entrance and disappeared within. The others followed, and then two of Li's servants, with two of the boutonniere-bedecked footmen from the carriages ran out again and unpacked from the carriage the bundles Li had taken from the Waldorf. These were two big, bulky packages in white cotton sheets. Each contained eight lacquered wood chests of the choicest tea that China grows—tea not exported save by the grace of some very great potentate. Then came a big roll of silk or some other fabric, done up in green baize, and a big leather gripsack of American or English make. These things were Li's presents for Mrs. Grant, the widow of his friend the General.

When the party entered the drawing room, as General Horace Porter described the scene, Li was presented to Mrs. Grant, who came forward to meet and greet him. She had been standing directly beneath a fine big oil portrait of the deceased General. Li greeted her with great warmth, and then the other people present were introduced. Beside Li's suite, General Ruger and the staff and the Grant family, those present were Mr. Powell Clayton, Mr. Warner Miller, James C. Reed, secretary of the Grant Monument Fund; ex-Secretary John W. Foster and Mrs. Foster, ex-Minister Thayer, formery accredited to the Netherlands, and Mr. Everett, of Cleveland.

Li sat down and addressed his conversation through his interpreter, particularly to Mrs. Grant.

Refreshments were served and Li ate a bit of bread and drank a cup of tea with Mrs. Grant. Then he presented the tea, the Chinese stuffs and silks and other mementoes, and the notable visit was at an end.

Colonel Fred Grant drove back to the Waldorf with the Viceroy, and the entire party returned in precisely the order in which it had left.

Li was late for his dinner, for it was 6:30 when he got back to the hotel. The meal was served immediately, however, and shortly afterward the Ambassador retired to rest, preparatory to his long day's outing up the Hudson to-day.

His Plans for To-day.

He will go to West Point, attended by the most notable members of his suite, General Ruger and staff and a number of invited guests, friends of the Viceroy. The party will leave the Waldorf at 7 o'clock in carriages, under police escort. They will be driven down Fifth avenue to East Twenty-sixth street, at the foot of which the United States dispatch boat Dolphin will lie at anchor waiting. A salute will be fired as Li comes aboard.

Li's party will consist of the Viceroy himself, Lord Li, Jr.; Colonel Drew, Lo Fing Luh, the interpreter; Lien Fong, Gii Shih Mei, Dr. Mark and four attendants. The plush-covered litter of state will be taken along. General Ruger will be attended by Major Davis, Captain Mills, Lieutenant Cummins and Lieutenant Myers. Colonel Fred Grant and General Horace Porter will go direct from their homes to the ship. The Dolphin will steam around the city, to show Li the harbor and shipping, leaving her dock at 8 o'clock. The voyage up the Hudson will probably take two hours.

On arrival the Ambassador and his party will be met at the dock by Colonel Ernst, commandant of the academy, and his military staff, and will be conveyed in carriages to the parade ground, under cavalry escort, commanded by Captain Parker. At 4 o'clock there will be a review of the battalion of cadets, under command of Colonel Mills, and afterward there will be a reception to the Ambassador and his suite in the Superintendent's quarters.

Li has expressed a wish to be back at his hotel by dark, and the Dolphin will probably leave the Point about 5 o'clock on her return trip. Carriages will be waiting at the dock to return the Ambassadorial party to the Waldorf.

HOW LI SPENDS HIS TIME.

Complete Programme of His Habits and Occupation Throughout a Single Day.

Li's hour for rising is generally about 5:30 or 6 in the morning. His attendants sleep in an adjoining apartment, and even before he wakes his bath, of which he is particularly fond, is in readiness for him. After a plunge and a careful rub-down he is dressed by his valet, for breakfast. While this is being done he is shaved by an expert Chinese barber, his fingers, over which so many ladies have fairly raved, are carefully manicured, and in an hour and a half he is ready for the meal.

Breakfast generally consists of a fowl of some kind, well larded; salt fish with cream dressing, onions direct from China, rice and a cup of tea. There is nothing whatever the matter with His Excellency's appetite, and he spends fully an hour at the table. Meanwhile his son opens and reads his foreign mail, while his interpreter looks after the invitations to dinners, the requests for the Ambassador's autograph and the hundred and one little matters which it is impossible for him to give any attention.

Next Li sends for the morning papers. And he is very fond of them. He enjoys exceedingly the likenesses of himself and has the various accounts of his entertainment read aloud. He doesn't exactly understand why Americans should wonder at the many questions he asked, as in his country it is a mark of great esteem. He is the Chesterfield of the Orient, and such little interrogations as "How much are you worth?" "Do the people think well of you?" and "Have you any chance of re-election?" which he asks of the dignitaries he meets, are an evidence of his concern for their welfare.

By the time he is through with the newspapers his valet removes the long red silk dressing gown, in which he usually lounges about, replaces the easy black satin slippers with the shiny boots reaching almost to the ankle, arranges the divided skirts, the silk petticoat, and then completes the Viceroy's toilet by helping him into his wide trousers, his skirts, and last, but not least, his famous yellow jacket and black hat with the radiant topknot, with all its red and gold cords falling backward to the eminent visitor's modest but well-kept "pigtail" behind. The peacock feathers are gracefully adjusted, and Li is ready to be seen and to question all comers.

In the matter of wardrobe the Viceroy can rival any of New York's heaviest swells. He has upward of twenty different suits for state occasions and as many more for private functions.

When in his room, reading, smoking or chatting, he likes to be comfortable, and lies on a divan attired in a light silk suit of puiple, made very much on the order of American pajamas. He smokes cigarettes occasionally, but prefers a pipe, and puffs away by the hour when at leisure at a long bamboo stick with a huge brass bowl at the end. He sips the strongest of black coffee the while, and appears to enjoy such times better than any others. It is then that he really piles all about him with questions of finance, politics and minor topics of the day, and he astonishes all by his wonderful fund of general knowledge.

About 2 o'clock in the afternoon the great man lunches lightly. His dinner is served at 6 o'clock, and consists generally of pork and chicken, his favorite dishes. He likes fowl of any kind, however, and does full justice to all that is set before him. The meal ended, he smokes a cigarette, chats a while and then retires. By 8:30 or 9 o'clock he is invariably in bed and generally asleep.

LI'S MENU FOR YESTERDAY

Breakfast, Luncheon and Dinner of the Ambassador, as Prepared by His Own Cooks.

Li Hung Chang breakfasted on three porgies. They were cooked in true Oriental style, which, translated, means goose grease. For an hour before they became acquainted with a very black frying pan of American make, they reposed on a Waldorf platter on the kitchen table.

When the pan was thoroughly heated, Li's cook took each little fish and dipped it into lukewarm maitre d'hotel butter and tossed it on the fire. There they supttered and sizzled, first on one side, then on the other, the sputtering and sizzling being assisted from time to time with generous doses of goose grease.

When the proper shade of golden brown was attained the chef carefully removed the fish to a big white plate and allowed them to cool while he gave his attention to a big saucepan of rice, tied up to steam dry in a white cotton pudding bag. Then two duck eggs with cracked shells were boiled very soft, some tea was brewed and the meal carefully arranged on a tray, where it was thoroughly inspected by a nice-looking Chinaman in blue silk, whose duty it is to set the stamp of his approval upon the Earl's food before it is carried to his Excellency.

Luncheon was also a fish meal. The Viceroy partook of some fresh mackerel cooked in grease, and served with melted butter flavored with the famous black sauce. Rice of course accompanied it, and tea, as usual.

The soup pot was on the fire all day, brewing chicken broth, which Johnnie Doyle, assistant steward of the Waldorf, pronounced the best he had ever tasted. Everything found its way into it—celery, stalks, sprouts, greens, mushrooms, bones, egg shells to clarify, and onions with their jackets on, in addition to a whole chicken and some scraps of pork. All these were fished out before the soup was carried to the Earl, and some grated chicken breast added by way of thickening and garnish.

"Poulee," as the chef calls chicken, appeared in the form of "yok-aman" for a second course. This is a sort of Chinese olla podrida, made up of celery, pork, bamboo sprouts, chestnuts, fresh mushrooms and a custard-like paste, cut into oblong pieces. The mixture was bound together by a brown sauce, in which onion was the most evident flavor.

Some preserved ginger, of a beautiful deep red color, prepared the Earl's palate for a dish of stewed mushrooms, taking the place usually occupied by the sorbet on a Waldorf menu. The mushrooms were served instead of game, and with them a big bowl of rice.

Tea answered for Croton. It was served in an octagon teapot. This was of silver and held about a quart. It was provided with a funnel-like cover, in the bowl of which rested another of eggshell china. This cup held exactly one swallow of tea, and every sip required the assistance of Li's chief butler, who stood at His Excellency's left elbow to pour out more as it was required. After dinner, Li Hung Chang enjoyed a few puffs at his long bamboo pipe.

WHAT LI'S VISIT MEANS.

John W. Foster Says It Will Prove Beneficial to the Business World and Open a Market.

Former Secretary of State John W. Foster, the well-known international lawyer, who was Li Hung Chang's adviser in the negotiations following the Chinese-Japanese war, and who met the distinguished visitor on his arrival at the Waldorf, and has since had an extended interview with him, is of the opinion that his visit will be of much commercial benefit to both countries.

"His immediate presence here has no particular significance," said Mr. Foster at the Fifth avenue Hotel, yesterday. "He has come merely for pleasure, to see the sights and to deliver a message from the Emperor of China to the President of the United States, but I am confident that it will prove very beneficial to the business world. He will see that China, to keep pace in progress with other countries and to become the foremost nation in the Orient, will have to add to her present equipment, commercial and military, and this will mean a good deal of trade with our country."

It is acknowledged to be a significant fact that in his conversation with Generals Miles and Ruger and John Russell Young, on Saturday evening that the Ambassador seemed more interested in regard to the subject of shipbuilding than anything else, and expressed a strong desire to visit the shipyards of the Cramps, in Philadelphia.

MAY VISIT SAN FRANCISCO

One of Li's Suite Says He Is Considering the Urgent Invitation of the Coast City.

About half an hour previous to the return of Li from the residence of Colonel Grant, Liu Baw, one of the Viceroy's suite, as well as his personal friend and associate in matters pertaining to the general government, was walking restlessly up and down the main corridor of the Waldorf, waiting for the return of His Excellency. Finally he took a seat in the ladies' reception room, on the left of the main entrance, and resigned himself to patience. While seated there, stroking his black beard—a very unusual adornment among the Chinese—he condescended to talk with a Journal representative, and spoke in very good English.

"Yes," said he, "the Viceroy is pleased with America. He regards it as one of the greatest countries on the face of the earth. He is particularly impressed with the general prosperity of the people and the air of satisfaction that seems to surround them."

"Does the Viceroy intend to go West and pass through San Francisco?"

"Perhaps. They are doing a great deal out there to get him to stop over at that point. He has been informed that nearly thirty thousand Chinese are living there and that it is the largest Chinese settlement in America. It is likely that he will accede to their wishes."

"How does it happen that you speak such good English and that the Viceroy does not?"

"The Viceroy knows enough already. He does not care to learn English, so he tells me. And then again, there is really very little use for it when he is at home."

Liu Baw said this with a twinkle in his eye, and then lapsed into silence. "Why is it," he was asked, "that the Viceroy asks so many questions of every one he meets?"

"Why is it," answered Liu Baw, almost bursting into a laugh, "that you ask so many questions? I suppose itss to find thing' out, just the same as the Viceroy does. You see, you have talked with me for some moments, and you have done nothing but ask questions. Why do you not tell me something?" Then Liu laughed softly to himself and pulled his scant beard again.

CHINESE WOMEN LOOK ON.

From Their Windows They Gaze All Day in Wonder at the Crowds That Flood Chinatown.

Yesterday was a Sunday that will be historical in the unwritten records of Chinatown. It was not the legions of fluttering flags overhead that alone made it so, nor the countless lanterns of every size and imaginable shape, nor was it the fact that Chinamen, in great numbers, from all the big cities within several hundred miles of New York, strolled as strangers through Mott street. What most of all gave the entire Mongolian precinct its wildly different aspect was the enormous invasion of white citizens. They came from all parts of Greater New York to see how the Celestials were celebrating their week of festival; to witness the Oriental decorations, and to have, in fact, a peep at China as it is without the necessity of any longer voyage than to the heart of old New York.

The passing crowds of white people proved an irresistible attraction to the Chinese women, of whom there are about thirty in Chinatown. It is rarely, indeed, that one of them is ever seen in one of the city streets, and not much oftener that they are visible to a visitor to Chinatown. Usually they keep themselves secluded in their homes. Yesterday, however, their curiosity ran away with their habitual shyness. They had never before seen so many white people, and, perhaps, feeling they might never have another chance, made the most of it by hanging out of their front windows from morning until night. The crowds below looked up at them, but the little black-haired women were apparently unconscious of the attention they attracted.

Over the whole scene hundreds of the big blue dragons wriggled themselves about on the flying yellow flags, and the Oriental illumination after dark made fantastic effects in the air from end to end of the crowded streets.

SWELLS IN PELL STREET.

The Viceroy's Son and Members of the Suite Dine Over a Store.

Chinatown was honored last night by the appearance of one of Viceroy Li Hung Chang's sons, who, with eleven attaches of the Viceroy's staff, came in carriages from the Hotel Waldorf to No. 34 Pell street, which is occupied by Wing Woh Chung & Co., who are reputed to be the wealthiest Chinese merchants in this country.

They, with six attaches and interpreters of the Chinese Minister at Washington, were the guests of Cuban Consul Yu at a dinner, which was served over the store.

Besides the Viceroy's son, whose name is Li Ding Fong, the New York Consul, Sze, and an Americanized Chinaman named Yen were also present.

The dinner was a private affair, and Li Ding Fong and his suite entered their coaches and were driven back to the Waldorf.

Consuls Yu and Sze and their secretaries, and Student Yen, who is attending college at Alexandria, Va., and who was dressed in stylishly cut American clothing, held a informal reception after the dinner in the hear of the store, where Consuls made speeches to a throng of Chinamen, who filled the place almost to suffocation.

It was stated by Student Yen that the dinners were all members of a Chinese guild, the principal headquarters of which are in Canton, China.

Vancouver to Honor the Viceroy.

Vancouver, B. C., Aug. 30.—The Chinese merchants of Vancouver have decided not to be behind their cousins in the East in showing honor to China's "Grand Old Man," Li Hung Chang. Arrangements have been made to give His Excellency a grand reception on his arrival here. A triumphal arch and fireworks on a grand scale have been decided on. The full programme has not yet been made public.

INSOMNIA IN FLATBUSH.

Farmer McLaughlin's Squeaky Cart Called a Nuisance, and Justice Steers Is Referee.

Whether squeaky wheels on carts constitute a nuisance is a matter that the learned Judges of the Supreme Court in Kings County have not decided, and to Justice Steers, of Flatbush, is to fall the duty of establishing a precedent upon this question of vital import.

Thomas McLaughlin is a farmer, of Flatlands, who raises produce for the Brooklyn markets. None raise carrots so red and succulent as his, and his radishes find high favor in the City of Churches. It is his daily custom at 5 o'clock in the afternoon to hitch up to his cart a pair of venerable horses and go to Brooklyn, by way of Flatbush avenue. After delivering his vegetables he returns to Flatlands by the same route, reaching his farm by the Kings Highway, between 1 and 2 o'clock in the morning.

Flatbush avenue, in Flatbush proper, is a very "smart," not to say aristocratic, street, and it has been so for a century. Flatbush avenue was much disturbed by Farmer McLaughlin's nightly return to his home with his cart. Furthermore, Farmer McLaughlin was not the only one who disturbed their slumbers, other carts squeaked, though none so loud, they said, as McLaughlin's. Trolley cars pass that way, but they only hiss sputter, and are not half so conducive to insomnia as squeaky carts.

Some of the residents determined to make a test case, and as they were united in the belief that McLaughlin's cart had the most disagreeable falsetto and staccato squeak, he was selected for the stern attention of the law.

On complaint of a Mr. Moore, who lies awake nights at Selkirk and Flatbush avenues, Policeman Daniel Undermark, of the Flatbush Avenue Station, arrested McLaughlin at 1 o'clock in the morning on August 1. The prisoner was admitted to bail. He maintained stoutly that his cart made no more noise than others, and employed Lawyers Mayer and Grout to fight the case. In the Supreme Court last Saturday, on their motion, Justice Goodrich refused to transfer the case to the Grand Jury, and said that McLaughlin could appeal the case should he be dissatisfied with the decision to be rendered by Justice Steers, of Flatbush.

Should McLaughlin be convicted he will be subject to a fine, but he is grimly determined to fight for his right to drive his cart at night, whether it squeaks or not.

MISS GERRY IS NOT ENGAGED.

Commodore's Wife Denies the Rumor—Miss Sherman's Father Yields.

Newport, R. I., Aug. 30.—Mrs. Elbridge T. Gerry denies the reported engagement of her daughter to Worthington Whitehouse.

The report that W. W. Sherman opposes the marriage of his eldest daughter, Miss Sibyl, to Ellis Hoffman is incorrect, as he has personally announced it. Miss Sherman is a niece of United States Senator George Peabody Wetmore, and will have a snug sum from the estate of her late mother. Her sister is married to Harold Brown, of Providence, brother of the present Mrs. W. Watts Sherman.

B. & O. President Injured.

Nantucket, Mass., Aug. 30.—John K. Cowan, president of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, yesterday dislocated his shoulder while riding a bicycle.

Cleveland Back at Gray Gables.

Buzzard's Bay, Mass., Aug. 30.—President Cleveland arrived here at 10:30 on the steam yacht Sapphire. He enjoyed his trip to New York.

LIVELY TIMES FOR GERMAN SOCIALISTS.

Much Vehement Discussion Will Mark Their Coming Convention.

Forced to Change Their Meeting Place, as Gotha Property Owners Declined to Rent Their Halls

USURPING SULTAN TO BE GIVEN UP.

Kaiser Determines to Surrender Khalid to England If He Is Guaranteed Treatment as a Prince and a Prisoner of War.

Berlin, Aug. 30.—It is now announced that the annual congress of the German Socialists will be convened at Sieblichen, near Gotha, on October 11. It was originally intended to hold the congress in Gotha, but this was found impossible, as the owners of suitable halls declined to allow their places to be used for any such purpose.

The programme of the congress is heavily charged with resolutions in which a number of new questions appear. The report of Herr Bebel, the Socialistic leader in the Reichstag, upon the International Socialist Congress recently held in London will be read, and is certain to provoke most vehement discussion.

Altogether the meeting is likely to be an exceedingly lively one, despite the fact that the anarchists will be kept out of the Congress. There is certain to be a row over the upheaval which has occurred within the fold of the Vorwarts, the leading organ of the German Socialists. Six of the editors of that journal, headed by Dr. Adolf Braun, published a protest in the leading column of the Vorwarts on Thursday, denouncing Herr Liebknecht's dictatorial management of the paper.

Whether Liebknecht be present in Berlin or absent from the city, he absolutely controls the policy of the Vorwarts, without even the pretence of consulting with his colleagues.

"If," says the protest of the editors, "the authority of Herr Liebknecht is alone competent to decide all questions, we unanimously resign our connection with the paper."

Will Deliver Kahlid to England.

The Emperor gave a prolonged audience on Friday and another on Saturday to Freiherg Marschall von Bieberstein, Minister of Foreign Affairs. At the interviews it was agreed, in view of that fact that it might prejudice German consular rights to act otherwise, Seyyid Khalid, the usurping Sultan, who escaped from the burning palace at Zanzibar and took refuge at the German Consulate, should be surrendered to the British authorities, if he is guaranteed treatment as a prince and a prisoner of war.

The Imperial Court will remain at Potsdam until Christmas. The arrangements of the Emperor's programme for the coming week have been slightly altered. He will leave Potsdam on Tuesday, going to Dresden to attend the military manoeuvres there. From Dresden His Majesty will go directly to Breslau, where he will receive the Russian Emperor.

All business will be suspended in Breslau on September 5, the day of the arrival of the Czar and his reception by the Emperor. After the military manoeuvres the Kaiser will proceed to Kiel and go on board the Imperial yacht Hohenzollern, from the deck of which he will watch the naval evolutions.

Empress Chides the Kaiser.

There are court whispers that the Empress Frederick has written to the Kaiser rebuking him for ignoring the visit to Germany of the Duke and Duchess of Sparta, the latter the Emperor's sister, who have recently been staying with the latter's mother, Empress Frederick, at Kronberg. The Emperor quarrelled with his sister over her conversion to the Greek church upon the occasion of her marriage to the heir to the Greek throne and has since been very cool in his treatment of her and her husband.

Lieutenant Harlan, of the Prussian Uhlans, who was the victor in a noted long-distance ride, was killed a day or two ago by being thrown from his horse. He was the son of a Mr. Harlan, a former United States Consul in Germany, who is now living in retirement in Dresden.

Dr. Barth, the noted Radical Unionist leader in the Reichstag, sailed for New York from Bremen on August 25. He goes to America for the purpose of watching the Presidential campaign and the election. Dr. Barth is especially interested in the currency and tariff questions.

STEAMER'S BIG SHAFT CRACKS.

Norwich Liner City of Worcester Meets with a Bad Mishap.

New London, Conn., Aug. 30.—The steamer City of Worcester, of the Norwich Line, was compelled to abandon her excursion to Martha's Vineyard this morning, owing to a crack in her twenty-inch shaft. She came through from New York as usual with a large number of passengers for Boston, and shortly after her arrival here a jagged opening four inches deep in the starboard shaft was discovered. The crack is nearly half way around.

Captain Scott's tug Alert was immediately dispatched to Newport to obtain the two-ton clamp which was in use upon the steamer Providence when that vessel met with a similar mishap. The tug is expected late to-night and workmen will start at once to put the clamp in place, so that the Worcester will be able to make her regular trip to New York Monday night.

Fully 1,500 disappointed excursionists were on the pier at 10 o'clock this morning, ready to make the trip to the Vineyard.

BERKELEY STUDENT KILLED

Livingstone W. Fuller Sustains a Fatal Fall at His Summer Home.

Danbury, Conn., Aug. 30.—Livingstone W. Fuller, fifteen years old, son of R. D. Fuller, who resides at the Hotel Grenoble, New York, was fatally injured this afternoon at the Summer residence of his parents, in Kent.

He was visiting a young friend, and fell several feet, fracturing his skull. He was taken to the Danbury Hospital, where an operation was performed, but he died within a few hours. He was a student at the Berkeley school, New York City.

R. D. Fuller has resided at the Grenoble four years. He is editor and proprietor of the Dairyman's Journal, and general manager of the Arethusa Spring Water Company.

Bicyclist Killed by a Trolley.

Bridgeport, Conn., Aug. 30.—Hugh L. Wade, of Easton, aged thirty-three, was killed by a Washington Bridge trolley car this afternoon on Stratford avenue. Wade was riding a bicycle between the tracks when he turned to cross in front of the car. The fender struck the wheel and Wade rolled beneath the car.