Astride his nose was a pair of gold-bowed spectacles, over which he looked in a grandfatherly way, and from below the skirt of his lower garment of richly colored fabric were the preposterous Chinese boots. As he sat he partly curled his left leg under the divan and crossed his right over it. He folded his hands in his lap in a way to reveal that they were the hands of an aristocrat, with tapering fingers and highly polished finger nails. On the third finger of the right hand he wore an enormous diamond ring. In conversing he spoke in so low a tone of voice that it was a wonder how the interpreter standing before him could hear, but that worthy never asked for a repetition of any remark. He watched the lips of the great man with catlike intensity, and never failed to reproduce his utterances.

Seated at the Viceroy's right hand while the conversation was going on with General Ruger was one of the Chinese suite, with whom Li Hung Chang conversed quietly while the interpreter was translating his words into English. When anything was being told him in his own language he looked straight ahead, with his head a trifle bent so that he could gaze over his glasses, and, to any one watching him from a little distance, it was plainly apparent that nothing that was occurring about him escaped his attention.

AMUSED AT THE PHOTOGRAPHERS.

The doings of the photographers seemed to amuse him immensely. One of these enterprising persons would now and then suddenly emerge from behind the encircling line of reporters, squint into his object glass to get the focus, press his bulb and retire with the rapidity of a jack-in-the-box, and every time it was done a twinkle of ill-repressed merriment would steal over the face of the victim of so much attention.

General Ruger remarked that he was glad Li Hung Chang had decided to come to America, whereupon the latter expressed his thanks, and, continuing, said when he was in St. Petersburg the Russian Government had tried to induce him to return home by the overland route through Siberia, but he had declined, telling them that he wished to return to his own country by way of America. Likewise when he was in Paris the French Government had tried to persuade him that the best thing to do would be to return home by way of the Suez Canal. To them he made the same response—that he wished to come to America.

WHY HE WANTED TO COME.

Thereupon General Ruger said that he was sorry the Viceroy could not stay longer in this country, as then he would have a better opportunity to show him the progress that had been made in this country, and he added that perhaps one of the reasons the older Governments were so solicitous that he should not come here was through fear that they might suffer by comparison with their young rival. Instantly Li Hung Chang answered:

"That was the principal reason why I wished to come to this country."

General Ruger continued in a diplomatic manner, remarking that China and this country were coming nearer together every year in the growth in population, and the Chinaman answered that that was another reason for his desire to return home by way of America. Then he turned questioner, a habit of his.

BEGINS HIS QUESTIONS.

"Will the President of your country meet me?"

General Ruger answered in the affirmative.

"Where?" was the sententious query; and all the while the speaker was looking straight ahead of him over those gold-bowed spectacles and with an expression as blank as a card.

"At a reception."

"Where will the reception be held?"

General Ruger smiled in an amused sort of way, for he was not unmindful of what the Chinese statesman will certainly learn later, that it is just on this point that the President has been criticised. Then he glanced a trifle uneasily, it was thought, into the faces of the newspaper men, many of whom were taking notes with a copiousness that boded ill for any indiscreet utterance; but he could not hope to escape a reply. After a moment he said to the interpreter:

"Tell the Viceroy that that is among the arrangements the details of which will be made known to him later. It is a matter for the State Department."

Then he changed the subject by asking if the Viceroy would not like to go out on deck and get a view of the picture presented as the ship advanced up the Bay, but Li Hung Chang replied that he was comfortable where he was, or words to that effect, and motioning to one of his suite gave him a whispered message. The latter at once rose, glanced about the reception saloon, and in fair English asked for Colonel Wilson. There was every symptom of a revolutionary movement on the part of the almond-eyed servitors, who were preparing for flight in all directions, when from the side of the cabin, behind the Viceroy, came a cheery "yes," and the Colonel himself, smiling and debonnaire, hastened into the charmed circle. The Colonel and Li were friends in China years ago, during the former's term of residence there. Li Hung Chang shook Colonel Wilson warmly by the hand and drew him to a seat at his right. The Colonel laughingly turned to Lo Fing Luh with the remark:

"Now, you will have to talk for me, or, rather, interpret for me, as I do not understand Chinese."

The interpreter acquiesced in this arrangement with a broad laugh that displayed two rows of big yellow teeth.

SOME PERSONAL OBSERVATIONS.

"He says your beard was black when he last saw you in China, and now it is white."

"Yes, and I am sorry for it," remarked Colonel Wilson, with a laugh, for he evidently knew that the conversation was going to be of a rigidly personal character.

"He says you are getting bald, too," remarked Lo Fing Luh, with almost brutal explicitness. Hereir also the Colonel had to agree, and look pleasant.

"He wants to know where you live."

"I live in Wilmington," was the reply.

"He wants to know how old you are and he understands that you are a great man in your country."

Colonel Wilson made his declaration of age at sixty-three, whereupon Li placed his hand upon the Colonel's arm and said:

"You are well preserved. I do not think you will die for some years yet," for which comforting assurance the Colonel smiled and bowed his thanks.

Then the two conversed for some time, the American speaking to the interpreter in so low a tone that his remarks were scarcely audible. Finally he inquired for his old friend, John W. Foster, and wished to know if he would meet him while here. He likewise asked after John Russell Young, and said he wished to meet him once more. While this conversation was going on Li Hung Chang was frequently impelled to laugh by some sally of Colonel Wilson.

MR. ROCKHILL TALKS CHINESE.

In the mean time General Ruger had risen from his place, and the seat was almost instantly taken by Assistant Secretary Rockhill, who was greeted with every appearance of delight by the Chinese visitor. Mr. Rockhill was connected with the diplomatic service in China for a number of years, and speaks Chinese fluently. The two were at once engaged in conversation, and for the time the Ambassador did not let his glance wander about the room. He had found a foreigner who understood him, and remarked his wish to have Mr. Rockhill return to China with him, as they could understand each other. The Assistant Secretary bowed his thanks and wished he might, and then a servant appeared with a cigarette in an amber mouth-pieced holder in one hand and a lighted taper in the other. Li Hung Chang lighted his cigarette and took a puff or two in contemplative fashion. Then he appeared to notice General Ruger standing before him in conversation with his aide. Colonel Wilson was also standing at the time, and Li Hung Chang suddenly remarked to the interpreter in a mild tone of wonder, at the same time looking at General Ruger:

"You are higher than Colonel Wilson?"

The Colonel answered for the General.

"But you were commander-in-chief of the cavalry," insisted the interrogator, whose inquisitorial vigor had apparently been quite restored by the cigarette.

"General Ruger is in command of the infantry," Colonel Wilson replied. "He is in supreme command of all the Army here."

Then the General interrupted to explain his rank, by saying that he was in command of what is known as the Department of the East.

"Then you are active?"

THE INEVITABLE QUERY.

This was another leader, and the General replied that in this country officers were retired for age at sixty-four. He might have known that he was treading on dangerous ground, although his age is no secret, but back the question came:

"How old are you?"

With a blush the General replied: "I am just past sixty."

"You look much younger," recited the interpreter; "how is that?"

The General made reply: "Good habits and plenty of sleep."

Then, seeing an opening, he said to Li: "You do not look seventy-four years of age."

At this apt response the questioner broke into quite a hearty laugh, and looked immensely pleased both with himself and with the discrimination of the General.

And so the conversation went on for some time, Li Hung Chang continuing to ask many questions of the people about him.

THE SCENE IN THE BAY.

But while all this had been going on in the reception-room on the steamer's deck, there were great goings on outside which were the result of great preparation and the outcome of hours of waiting.

From the early hours of the morning people had been gathering from many quarters. In the city the elevated trains were loaded with folks dressed in holiday attire, all making their way toward the South Ferry station, and the sole topic of conversation was the St. Louis, the chances of her breaking the record, and the possibility of seeing her distinguised passenger when she did arrive. From the dawn of day the lookouts at Fire Island and at the Forge Life Saving Station had been scanning the horizon, which was at first filled with haze, for the first sight of the smoke which would tell them the liner was at hand. The hours drew on toward 9, and then it was safe to affirm that she would not establish a new record.

Finally the message came from Fire Island that she was off that point at 9 o'clock. Revenue officials had been making momentary trips from the Barge Office to the office of the United Associated Presses. All the time the crowds had beeen increasing, and the people were making their way to the docks of one or the other of the numerous excursion steamers which are always available at such a time. The boats that moved to and fro in the bright sunlight which bathed the beautiful Bay in a flood of glory were beflagged in honor of the occasion, and when finally the revenue cutter Hudson, in charge of Captain Rogers, and bearing Collector Kilbreth and a party of friends, and the Chanler, carrying the revenue officials, left the Barge Office pier, the first object they fell in with was the steamer Mohawk filled from stem to stern with Chinamen who were bound to express their patriotic admiration for the greatest man in their flowery realm next to the Emperor himself. The Mohawk was flying the dragon flag of the Chinese Empire. Other boats fell into line as the cutters proceeded toward the scene of the day's enthusiasm.

MOVEMENTS OF THE DOLPHIN.

The Dolphin, with her official Notification Committee, had gone down the Bay on the first receipt of the news, and had taken up her station at the extreme outer end of the double line of warships and quite close to the Quarantine station, so as to be at convenient distance for the passage of her launch, which was to convey General Ruger and his associates on board the St. Louis.

The picture presented by the gathering vessels among the anchored warships was one of constantly changing interest. The naval monsters alone of all the train seemed undisturbed by the perturbations of the meaner craft about them. They did not even deign to rock to the rhythmic behest of the swell as it tumbled and frothed and gleamed in the sunshine under the fretting stimulus of a multitude of whirring propellers. With their white sides glistening in the blaze of the growing day, the black, smooth length of the cannon showing from turret and protecting shield, and the polished brasswork reflecting with dazzling brilliancy the rays of the sun, the ships of war formed, whether viewed from a distance or near at hand, a spectacle of grace and mighty power. While the jackies on board worked at their tasks or idled about the decks, they gave many a curious glance at the passing boats, and their caps and handkerchiefs were ever ready to wave and their voices to cheer the gathering host.

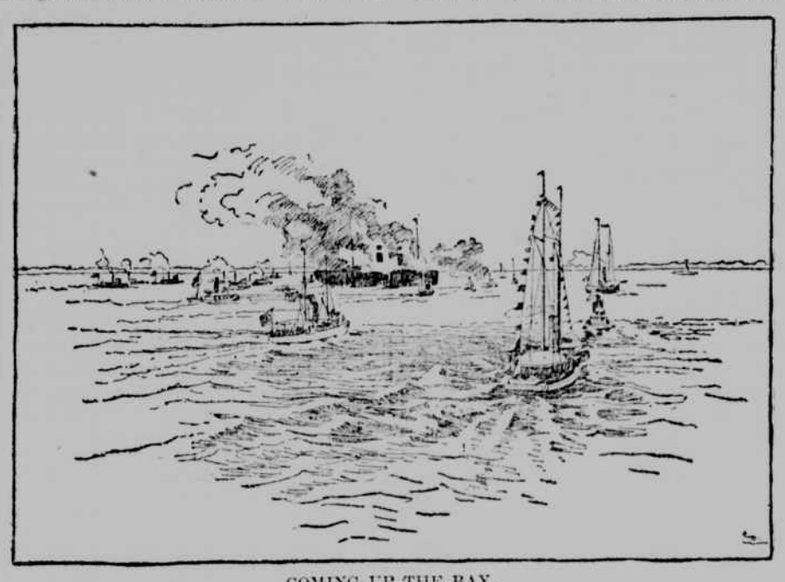
But there was no departure from ordinary naval routine. The battle-ship Maine was begrimed with dust and alongside was an uncouth coal-barge, for she was preparing for the next departure of the squadron. The New-York and the Columbia, shapely and swift, were polished to a mirrorlike whiteness, and the Indiana and the newer battle-ship, the Massachusetts, were eyed curiously by the people on the steamers. The boats circled in and out among the individual ships for nearly two hours, as it was well understood that the incoming St. Louis would not reach Quarantine before noon.

Shortly before eight bells sounded from the decks of the squadron, however, the excursion fleet and the yachts and the tugs and all the other multifarious array of water conveyance began to drift toward the Narrows. Some of them went beyond that point, and meeting the big liner well down in the Lower Bay, accompanied her up to the station. That is, some of them did. But more were badly distanced in the flight, for once inside the main ship channel the steamer seethed through the water at an ocean gait. She was abreast of Sandy Hook Light at 11:30 o'clock, half an hour behind her own record and two hours and a half behind that of the St. Paul.

A ROAR OF WHISTLES.

When she passed the Hook she was greeted with a wild shriek from the craft which had gone that far down to meet her and to greet her eminent passenger. It was 12:30 o'clock when she poked her nose past old Fort Tompkins, and the thousands of people on the boats insensibly stopped their ears to avoid too rude a shock from the expected salute. It was not given. Away off toward the lower end of the point there was a roar from the big target-practice gun, but the artillerymen were not thinking of Li Hung Chang, but of a target away out in the shallow waters of the Bay, which they were manfully trying to demolish.

After the St. Louis had arrived at Quarantine and the health officer had ended his inspection, the two revenue cutters discharged their passengers over the side in the orthodox fashion, and the officers bearing the Government's message of welcome passed up the port ladder, the tugs and the excursion steamers crowding as closely as they could pack themselves in toward the towering sides of the ship.



COMING UP THE BAY.

ENTHUSIASTIC CELESTIALS.

The Mohawk, with its Celestial freightage, passed up through the fleet, and it seemed as if every Chinaman on that boat was armed with a thing like an abbreviated fishing-rod and a long string of firecrackers. As the steamer came abreast of the St. Louis these crackers were fired all at once. The sight and the sound was a thing never to be forgotten. Behind each string of exploding and snapping crackers was an excited Celestial, his eyes ablaze with expectancy.

Surely Li Hung Chang would respond to the burning appeal of his countrymen, and answer the salute by shedding the light of his countenance upon them for part of a moment, but he didn't. He was sitting in the reception saloon, and you wouldn't have thought, to look at him, that there was a cracker, much less a Chinaman, within ten thousand miles of his cushioned resting-place. So the price of a hundred washings was expended in vain, save for the gratification it gave to the eager souls on board the Mohawk, who chattered like magpies in their mad glee.

Then the steamer moved on. But she did not pass between the spreading lines of the anchored warships, and the flagship, alone of all the anchored ten, made known the fact that she was aware of the distinguished presence by firing a salute from one of her small machine guns. It was like revolver practice, and no one is quite safe yet in assuming that it was intended for the Chinese statesman. The formal salute was reserved for Castle William's antiquated battery on Governor's Island. There the official sound was first heard, and, with the opening gun, General Ruger announced the fact to Li Hung Chang, who received the message and inclined his head much as he would have done in thanking a fellow-diner for passing him the rice bowl.

LEAVING THE SHIP.

When the St. Louis, having escaped the firecrackers of the victorious Celestials, finally drew into her berth at the pier, the warning was given to clear the way for the movement of the visitor and those about him toward the gangway. He left the reception-room leaning on the arm of General Ruger and walked aft to the special bridge which had been let down, and was there met by the Chinese Minister and two or three messengers. Colonel Fred D. Grant likewise ascended the gangplank and was introduced. Li Hung Chang shook hands heartily and conversed for a moment, asking about the Colonel's brother. Then he was placed in the chair, which was instantly raised by four stalwart seamen of the St. Louis, who bore it along the gangway, after a warning word from Mr. Rockhill to be careful. On the pier the Naval Cadets were drawn up at "present arms," and before he knew it the great man was deposited safely on the floor of the freight elevator, which had been dressed with brightly colored cloths, as was also the gangway. As the elevator fell from under him, so to speak, Li Hung Chang smiled with almost childish gratification over the new sensation, and disappeared from the view of those who had been his companions on his trip up the bay. General Ruger and his fellow-officers accompanied the statesman down the elevator.

RECEIVED AT THE PIER.

TROOPERS OF THE 6TH CAVALRY AND NAVAL MILITIA AT THE ENTRANCE.

Not long after the slender wreaths of smoke from the stacks of the St. Louis had been seen to the east of Fire Island, crowds began to gather at the American Line pier, at Fulton-st. Long before that hour, too, Vice-President Griscom, of the American Line, had marshalled his men to the task of decorating the pier and arranging the final details of the reception of the distinguished visitor. From the top of the building flew the yellow flag with the dragon rampant, and all about were many sorts of bunting, of all the colors of the rainbow. Long streamers of vari-colored flags flew from the end of the pier toward the river.

It was decided that the Chinese Ambassador and his suite should land on the second floor of the pier from the gangway on the south side nearest the river. This part of the big building was accordingly fenced off from the rest, and only Chinese dignitaries and the guard designated to receive Li Hung Chang were allowed to enter. Crimson was chosen as the prevailing color of the decorations, and the railings and rafters were accordingly swathed heavily with bunting of that color. Potted plants were also provided in profusion.

To convey the great Chinaman to his carriage, the elevator just outside the inclosure was used. This elevator is usually engaged in the humble occupation of handling freight, and Mr. Griscom devoted much ingenuity to concealing the traces of this humiliating feature. He had the frame of the lift heavily covered with crimson bunting so as to form a wall of draping on three sides. The floor was covered with rugs, upon which all sorts of peculiar creatures were disporting themselves. A big easy chair stood in one corner. At the foot of the elevator was spread a carpet of red, so that His Excellency's feet might not touch the floor on his way to his carriage, and at the side of the carriage stood a pair of steps, also covered with red, that His Excellency might mount easily to his seat. It was all most proper.

NAVAL MILITIA THERE.

A detachment of naval militia came from the United States steamship New-Hampshire down the East River on a tug early in the morning to assist in receiving Li Hung Chang. Some of them were stationed at the special gangway selected for the Ambassador's use, and others were stationed at the foot of the elevator shaft, near his carriage. Commander G. E. Kent was in command, and under him were First Lieutenant W. H. Stayton, Ensign McFarland and Ensign Stranahan.

The police arrangements were on a large scale. Inspector Cortright was in charge of the force at the pier and in West-st. as far as the Battery and under him were about 500 men, and as things turned out, they were none too many. Under the Inspector were Captains Monahan, Westervelt, Creedon and Walsh. Along the route laid out for the procession to the Waldorf, the streets were fairly lined with policemen. Acting Inspector O'Keefe was in charge of Broadway between the Battery and Chambers-st.; Acting Inspector Thompson, from Chambers-st. to Fourth-st.; Acting Inspector Harley, in Fourth-st., Washington Square and Fifth-ave. to Fourteenth-st., and Acting Inspector Brooks from Fourteenth-st. to the Waldorf, where the procession ended. It was considerable of a task to manage smoothly such an immense throng as seemed determined to get a glimpse of the visiting Chinaman, but it was accomplished in such a way as to reflect little except credit upon the Police Department.

TRIP OF THE 6TH CAVALRY.

The troopers of the 6th Cavalry, who came up from Fort Myer on Wednesday to act as escort for Li Hung Chang, came over from Fort Hamilton early in the day. The trip was made entirely by land, the troopers coming over Brooklyn Bridge, where they were met by a detachment of mounted police under Sergeant Gannon and escorted to Battery Place. There they remained until 1 o'clock, when the St. Louis was well up the harbor. At that hour the whole squadron remounted and went thundering up West-st. to Fulton-st., where they wheeled into line, facing the American Line pier, and waited for the appearance of the Ambassador of the Chinese Emperor.

The crowd at the pier and in West-st. was enormous, and as the hour of 2 o'clock approached, all traffic in the neighborhood of Fulton-st. came to a standstill. The police formed lines on each side of the entrance to the pier and thus kept open an approach of nearly fifty feet. Inside the pier building the crowd, while less than outside, was still considerable. Every vantage point was filled with spectators, the doors, windows and stairways were all crowded to their utmost capacity.

While the crowd as a whole showed the greatest interest in the approach of the St. Louis and her distinguished passengers, the numerous Chinamen present were especially demonstrative. Inside the inclosure where the Ambassador was to be received, the local Chinese dignitaries were in a constant flutter of excitement. Laughing nervously and chattering to one another they displayed to a wondering throng, probably, more animation than they had ever been seen to manifest before in the course of their Celestial lives. The coming of Li Hung Chang meant much to them.

APPROACH OF THE STEAMER.

The crowd was kept waiting about three hours before the stacks of the St. Louis appeared opposite Liberty Island. This was at 1:20, and as the word

BORNE TO HIS CARRIAGE.

went round that the ocean flyer was in sight there was a great scurrying for the choice places from which to see the Oriental visitor land. Slowly the big steamer came into view and when she appeared in all her beauty and strength, escorted by a fleet of tugboats and steam yachts, there was an outburst of hearty cheers and a salute of handkerchiefs. During the fifteen minutes that elapsed while the big liner was being warped into her pier there was an almost continuous blowing of steam whistles from the craft that swarmed in the river.

The elevator had rested on the main floor of the pier until its services were required above, so that when the signal was finally given to the attentive operator, a hush of expectancy fell upon the throng and the lined up guards stood to closer attention. The heavy machine rose and finally stopped. Then the tread of men carrying a burden was heard, and in another instant it began to descend. A little longer and the bent form of the venerable Chinaman was visible and a murmur ran through the crowd. Beside him stood General Ruger, soldierly and earnest.

HE DOESN'T LIKE ELEVATORS.

The Viceroy looked relieved when the elevator reached the ground floor. He doesn't like elevators, and this one groaned painfully all the way down. His attendants raised his chair and bore it carefully to the door of the carriage that stood awaiting him while the detachment of naval militia presented arms. General Ruger preceded the Ambassador and opened the door of the carriage for him. He fumbled for the red-covered steps of the staircase and climbed heavily into the carriage as if it took an effort. Then General Ruger entered and after him Lord Li and Assistant Secretary of State W. W. Rockhill. The carriage was then driven up the pier a few yards and stood waiting until the rest of the retinue had taken their places. The crowd there was as great as it had been upstairs, and the people applauded the visitor as he took his place in the carriage. In the second carriage were the Chinese Minister, Yang Yu, Colonel Wilson and two members of the Chinese Legation at Washington, and in the half-dozen carriages that followed were Captain Mills, Major Davis, Edward B. Drew and the members of the Ambassador's suite, together with other members of the Chinese Legation.

ROUTE OF THE PARADE.

THOUSANDS LINE THE STREETS TO GREET THE STATESMAN—HIS INTEREST IN THE HIGH BUILDINGS.

Outside the pier, after the Ambassador emerged the crush was tremendous. The street was blocked from side to side with humanity, save in the big square that the police had roped off, and at the western side of which the finest troopers in the United States Army sat on their horses with an ease acquired from years of Indian fighting. And this was the sight that confronted the famous Chinese statesman when first his eye fell upon the streets of the metropolis of America—at each side of him dense masses of people straining every nerve to catch a glimpse of his Oriental features and the wonderful yellow jacket they had read so much about; straight ahead, the line of bronzed and hardy troopers, with their sabres at their helmets, and at their head Colonel Sumner, their yellow plumes and their troop flags waving in the breeze and their mettlesome horses tapping their dainty hoofs on the paving in their eagerness to be off; around on all sides the roofs and windows of great buildings filled with thousands of people; thousands of pairs of eyes fixed upon the bay horses and the barouche that bore the Ambassador of the Chinese Emperor. The sight must have moved him. He lifted the black, gold-handled umbrella that he had carried since he left the steamer, and gazed round on all sides with a gentle smile, in which benevolence and apparent wonder seemed mixed.

A GREAT SHOUT GREETS HIM.

There was a great shout when the carriage containing the Ambassador appeared. In another moment some one of the hundreds that were on the roof of Washington Market set off a bunch of firecrackers, and the sound seemed to please the Viceroy, for he turned to General Ruger and said something with a smile. At the word of command two troops of cavalry wheeled, with the mounted band at their head, and clattered down West-st. After them the Ambassador's carriage turned in, followed by the others. Then the rest of the troopers closed in and the march to the Waldorf had begun.

Down West-st. to the Battery the way was comparatively open, for the police had been busy, and the street was clear. At Battery Park an immense crowd had gathered, and here the Ambassador got another hearty greeting, like that which had followed his appearance outside the pier. As the cavalcade turned into Broadway his eye caught sight of the tall buildings that line the streets, and he asked some questions of General Ruger. All the way up Broadway, indeed, he seemed to be vastly interested in the skyscrapers, for his eyes were continually lifted toward them.

The procession was truly a remarkable one. All along the route from the Battery to the Hotel Waldorf the streets were lined with spectators a half-dozen deep. And among the spectators were every one of the thousand and one different types of humanity that make this great city their home. They were all there—the gamin and the banker, the clergyman and the ward heeler, the capitalist and the street-sweeper, the broker and the tramp, all mixed in one pushing, jostling, scrambling hurly-burly to get one brief look at the greatest man of the Chinese Empire, and perhaps the finest horsemen in the United States Army.

WEDGED INTO A WALL.

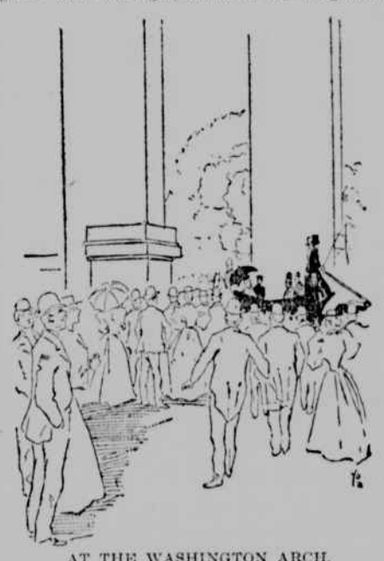
On the western side of Broadway from the Battery away up to Fourth-st. was a line of drays and carts and wagons of all sorts wedged into a wall from which they could escape only at side streets. On the eastern side of the street was the lane through which the procession was to pass. And down upon the scene from the roofs and windows of the lofty buildings, from the fire-escapes, from doorsteps, from the lampposts, and from every possible vantage point gazed every person who could possibly get there, and their number was tens of thousands.

The scene was at its zenest opposite City Hall, from the top of which flaunted the Chinese flag, placed there by special order of the Mayor. For hours the thousands had waited the long-expected advent of the representative of the East, and as the moments sped by the pressure became greater and greater, and the excitement and anticipation grew more tense. At last two bicycle policemen appeared flying up the street with orders for the patrolmen who hedged the living wall. A few moments passed, and then two mounted policemen came in sight, riding their graceful bay horses easily and skirting the wall of people closely, so as to drive them back to the curbing. And the wall fell back promptly, for the horses would not have cared had they crushed human feet, and their riders seemed actuated only by a desire to clear the way. And they cleared it forthwith. Before them the stray bicyclists, carts and pedestrians faded away like mist before the sun, and the street was clear.

THE CAVALCADE COMES IN VIEW.

Behind them at a distance of about a hundred yards the whole cavalcade came into view. In front were half a dozen mounted policemen in command of a sergeant, and immediately behind were seen Colonel Sumner, Major Lebo and other officers in command of the cavalry. The band was playing merrily, the street resounded with the cheerful clatter of the horses' dancing feet that seemed only to touch the pavement, and the troopers sat their steeds jauntily and carried their sabres in their hands. They filled the lane from side to side, and the bright sunlight gleamed upon their yellow plumes and glanced from their flashing sabres as they rode, confident and careless, up the avenue. Then came the carriages with their distinguished occupants, Li Hung Chang smiling gently all the while, and finally more careless troopers and beautiful horses and flashing sabres. So the cavalcade swept up Broadway.

After City Hall Park, Washington Square was the first spot where a large number of people could gather to see the sight, and there was a big throng



AT THE WASHINGTON ARCH.

assembled. As the carriage passed under the Washington Arch, the Ambassador's eyes were raised to see the imposing structure, and again he consulted General Ruger for information.

A SMALL BOY AND HIS LEMON.

At Nineteenth-st. the Viceroy encountered the first impolite demonstration of the day, and it seemed to amuse him greatly. A small boy, with no respect for greatness, had secured possession of a lemon that had seen better days. This he was rash enough to heave at the Ambassador of the Chinese Emperor. That dignitary saw it coming and condescended to dodge, allowing a spectator across the street to get it in the neck. General Ruger seemed much distressed, but the Ambassador laughed heartily. As for the small boy, it was fortunate for him that none of the police seemed to see the incident. As it was, a fat man, who stood near, laid him across his knee and administered a sound spanking, much to the delight of the crowd.

All along the route the buildings were profusely decorated with flags. Most of these were American flags, perhaps for the reason that the Chinese emblem is rather difficult to secure. But the American flags were all out in honor of Li Hung Chang, and doubtless General Ruger was careful to explain this fact. Occasionally along the route somebody set off firecrackers, and none of these exhibitions escaped the notice of the Viceroy. He seemed to see the smallest details of the attempts to do him honor, and rewarded all bursts of handclapping by raising his little black umbrella and smiling that same gentle, benevolent smile.

APPEARANCE OF THE HOTELS.

All the hotels uptown made especial features of flag decorations, and some of them succeeded in procuring Chinese flags, and these always attracted the attention of the distinguished visitor. Fifth-ave. about Twenty-third-st. was not so densely crowded as below that point, for the reason that everybody wished to be on hand when the Ambassador alighted from his carriage, which was accomplished with little ceremony.

After the Chinamen had disappeared in the hotel, at the sound of the bugle the troopers wheeled and trotted down Fifth-ave., the band still playing, on their way to Fort Hamilton. They will return to Fort Myer on Monday. In the mean time they will be held in readiness to escort Li Hung Chang in case he so wishes and will be on duty to-day.

ARRIVAL AT THE WALDORF.

MET AT THE CARRIAGE DOOR BY EX-SECRETARY JOHN W. FOSTER.

THE AMBASSADOR IS TAKEN, WITH HIS PARTY, IMMEDIATELY TO HIS APARTMENTS, WHERE A SHORT RECEPTION IS HELD—CRITICISING THE PRESIDENT.

For an hour before the arrival of Li Hung Chang and his escort, guests and attachés of the Waldorf Hotel were in a fever of expectancy. The front of the hotel, and especially the entrance through which the distinguished visitor from the Orient was to pass into the house, had been most lavishly decorated. A huge American flag, entwined with Chinese colors, was hung over the doorway. Innumerable smaller streamers, both Chinese and American, as well as yards of bunting, were used in completing the display. Above all a great yellow flag, with the blue dragon emblem, floated from the mast of the hotel. An hour before the sound of the roll of drums was heard down Fifth-ave. the police escort appeared. The detail was arrogant and unreasonable, not to say insolent and abusive. Admission to the hotel was refused to the guests, pedestrians were stopped and made to walk two blocks out of their way, and the entrance to the hotel was rigidly blocked.

It was just 1 o'clock when the Chinese Consul-General at New-York, S. T. Sze, with a delegation of about eighty Chinese merchants, appeared at the hotel. The members of the party took up their station in the main corridor, through which Li Hung Chang was to pass, the Consul-General standing nearest to the door, ready to welcome the Ambassador, and the others ranging themselves behind him. They stood like a line of soldiers at parade rest, and reached from the main entrance around to the elevators over on the Fifth-ave. side of the building. They were a bright, intelligent-looking lot of Chinamen, and they conversed together in low tones. A vender of Japanese fans passed through and tried to dispose of his wares, but the Japanese lettering was no attraction, and the man was soon ejected.

GUESTS DRAWN UP IN LINE.

On the opposite side of the corridor from that on which the Chinamen stood were a number of guests of the hotel, attachés of the house and other curious ones. They were equally patient in waiting, and so an open aisle for the Ambassador and his suite to pass along was ready for the appearance of the party. George C. Boldt, proprietor of the hotel, who was on the watch for the party, was the first to announce the appearance of Li Hung Chang. He turned around to a bellboy and said: "Here he comes—and he has got on his yellow jacket and peacock plumes! Tell the band to start a march."

Every one stretched his neck to get a view, but no one ventured to leave his place, as some one was sure to move into it. The roll of drums and the music of the band soon came nearer and nearer. A cavalcade of mounted police dashed up to the door, and the few persons who had managed by some means to break into the ranks were scattered. The police wheeled and acted as a breastwork between the arriving escort and the people. The yellow plumes of the cavalry were next seen. The mounted band rode past the hotel and stopped. Then came the advance escort, which also passed the hotel, going down Thirty-third-st.

"Oh! dear Oh! dear!" exclaimed a woman as she caught sight of the soldiers. "Do they wear those yellow plumes on account of Li Hung Chang? I never saw any like that before."

INSERT CUT—ARRIVAL AT WALDORF

No one stopped to answer her question, for just then there was a burst of applause, and the carriage containing the Viceroy and General Ruger, as well as Assistant Secretary Rockhill and Lord Li, rolled up to the door. John W. Foster, who was standing in the doorway, ran down the steps and assisted Li Hung Chang to alight from the carriage. The moment the Chinese statesman saw who it was that was assisting him he turned and held out his hand. He greeted Mr. Foster effusively and walked with him up the steps. General Ruger and Lord Li followed, and Assistant Secretary Rockhill waited for the next carriage to drive up with other members of the party.

TOWERING ABOVE THE OTHERS.

As Li Hung Chang walked into the corridor of the hotel it was seen that he indeed had his famous yellow jacket on, and he also wore the much-coveted peacock plumes. He was somewhat bent, but as it was he towered above most of those in the assemblage. He wore great bow-rimmed eyeglasses and walked with a sort of a limp. The regulation mandarin cap with the little red ball on top, which is indicative of the highest mandarin rank, was seen peeping out from under

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