



No. 28.—AN ITINERANT PIEMAN.

THE weather is not rainy, only sunny, and our pie-man has a complexion of which, if he is not proud, he is at any rate conscious. His wares, too, need shelter. They are ghastly compounds of rice, flour, and pork fat, the latter vastly predominating, and if exposed to the burnished sun their complexion, like that of their master, is liable to be misliked. Grease in each case has much to do with it. The umbrella

made of oiled paper stretched over splinters of bamboo is somewhat dilapidated. Our pie-man's poverty not his will consents. Pies, though eagerly devoured by the Chinese, are not usually a source of wealth, and it is seldom that the vendor attains the dignity of a shop or even of a street stall.