

chop-sticks. Some shamshoo in small dainty cups was handed round. Tea was placed in cups, which were covered with inverted saucers a little smaller than the circle of the cups' rims. The saucer was pressed by the thumb a little into the tea in order to keep back the leaves, and so without milk or sugar the tea was drunk.

One of the party subsequently dined at another restaurant equally good and as an Irish friend who was present said, we had the dessert to begin with and we ended with the first course, namely, soup. The dinner was good. The several kinds of meat were cut up into very small pieces. The only ground for complaint was that the dishes were too oily. We had paper napkins; porcelain jars of most brilliant blue tints were filled with flowers, the rose, the lily, the camellia, the China-aster, the japonica. Tea was first handed round. On the table were dried spices, preserved fruits, sweetmeats, pineapples, bananas, oranges, plums, grapes, all the fruit for which California is famed. Meats in bowls instead of dishes were then placed on the table. Shamshoo hot and cold and Chinese wines in silver jugs with covers and spouts were also placed on the table. Near each guest was a small cup for drinking shamshoo or wine. We had meats disguised by the cook but palatable, shrimps prepared in a peculiar manner, and many other dishes the names of which have escaped the memory. There was some smoked duck which tasted like ham, and meats of various kinds. Finally came turtle soup, made from one of the turtles which we had seen on a previous day swimming in a big tub with many others, all imported from China.

Little difficulty was experienced in using the chop-sticks which, once the plan of cutting up the meat before sending it to table is adopted, are just as civilized as knives and forks.

Dinner over our host rose and pledged us in a small cup of wine. We both bowed low and emptied our cups. We then reversed the cups, tapping them with the finger to show that the glass of friendship had been thoroughly drained. More polite or gentlemanly persons than those met at this restaurant it would be hard to find. How unlike the miserable wretches discovered elsewhere in Chinatown.

After the lunch mentioned above we visited a neighboring Joss-house. There are some fine large Chinese temples in San Francisco, besides a number of smaller ones. The "Eastern Glorious Temple" is the Joss-house we now enter. This temple is owned by Dr. Lai Po Tai, who has a large practice among the whites. In the central hall are three fierce looking idols in the midst of a lot of gilding and ornamentation, their stomachs protruding in accordance with the Chinese ideal of manly beauty. The central figure is "the Supreme Ruler of the Sombre Heavens," and on his right is "the Military Sage," and on the left "the Great King of the Southern Ocean."

In the courts of the temple the priests sold candles, and little spills of timber for burning before the idols, and written prayers and charms, and there were various means of enquiry of the oracle after you had prayed, such as two pieces of timber, each with a flat and round surface, and if they fall in a certain way your desire will be granted. Besides the votive lights we were told the principal light was kept burning continually, as in the great temples in British India, and as of old in that of Jupiter Ammon.

We visited stores where the most beautiful porcelain jars were for sale; exquisitely carved work in ivory; picture books; all sorts of filagree; fancy work; fans; what not. We visited clubs, whose presidents are appointed by the Chinese Government. When one of these was examined 12,000 candidates presented themselves, of whom only ninety-nine passed. Either, therefore, the examinations are very "stiff," or Chinese intellectual power is not very great.

It is unnecessary to go further into detail. Many more stores were visited and the general impression was that we had been inspecting a portion of a highly civilized and well organized people. So much for the silver side of the shield.

VISIT TO CHINATOWN BY NIGHT.

On the 25th visited Chinatown at night under the conduct of two officers, detectives wholly employed in the Chinese quarter—Messrs. Christopher C. Cox and John Avan. It