

steamer; and other odors such as only an olfactory connoisseur could distinguish; the whole contributing to a result so emphatic as to leave behind a life-long remembrance.

In some of the finest cities in China the streets are narrow. In some instances the gables look as though they would meet above the traveller's head. They have no sidewalks. But here the streets are wide and paved, and, needless to say, have sidewalks. Instead of the Tartar-tent-like roofs and characteristic outlines of Chinese houses, the houses here are built for the most part of brick and in western style. A transformation has, however, taken place, and any man who knows China will tell you you are as surely there as if you were in Canton or Peking. It is not merely that the streets are full of Chinamen dressed in Chinese fashion, shaven as to the fore part of the head and with braided queues dangling to their heels; it is not merely that the Chinawoman in black calico trousers and blouse to match limps by; nor is it because all the dialects of Kwang Tung are heard like the cawing of a rookery; strange signboards, Chinese lanterns, cages with singing birds, give to the American houses a foreign character. The Chinaman writes, not from right to left or left to right, but down, and so you see the horizontal signboards covered with gilding or in gaudily painted Chinese characters wholly unintelligible to one unversed in the monosyllabic group of languages. Unless indeed when they are translated, and even then it must be confessed little insight is gained as to the character of the goods for sale. When a general store hangs out for its sign "The Temple of Sweetly Soothing Bliss," and a butcher's shop rejoices in the style of "Ten Thousand Harmonies," we are more amused than enlightened. The magniloquence of the sign is generally in the inverse ratio of the importance of the store. A small retail shop will sometimes have a firm name importing the most sacred character and heavenly music. A five-cent cigar shop will glory in the designation of "The Temple of Celestial Harmonies."

In Sacramento and Dupont streets there are large wholesale houses. We enter one—a general store. Boxes of tea and bags of rice are piled up on one side of the shop. Behind the counter, on the other side, is the bookkeeper and one or two salesmen. The shelves on this side are filled with shoes and clothing and many other articles. Some of the men are smoking cigars. They show no anxiety to sell. The interpreter informs them of the object of our visit, and forthwith some one goes and fetches tea, in tiny cups. Then some cigars of the very finest brand are brought. We visit several stores more or less like this. All the wholesale houses are kept scrupulously clean. The proprietors and clerks are neat and clean in their appearance. They are most polite.

We enter a workshop and find sixteen sewing-machines buzzing away. They are very near each other. White men would stifle in such a contracted space. But these Chinamen seem perfectly healthy and happy. They make shirts and overalls. In another shop we find men making undershirts and drawers.

We turn into Jackson street and visit a silversmith. Here some ten or twelve men are employed in making finger-rings, hair-pins and other Chinese ornaments. A few doors away is a shoe factory. Here the latest modern machinery is used. Some twenty-five Chinese journeymen are employed, and the "boss" Chinaman is quite a nice-looking and intelligent man. All sorts of boots, shoes and slippers are made.

In Washington street Chinamen are found making all kinds of ladies' fine underwear. In Dupont street there is a large tin shop. Every shop in these and bisecting streets is a Chinese shop, small or large.

We pause in front of one of the best Chinese restaurants. It is a high building, with balconies on the second and third stories, painted green, trimmed with red. In the balconies a number of large Chinese lanterns are hung. We enter and find all the appointments good. The chairs and tables in this and other restaurants, in all the large stores, and in the private houses of the merchants, are made on the same general plan, of the same wood, and are all imported from China. A carved screen of artistic workmanship and richly-gilded arches from wall to wall in the middle of the dining-room.

We were invited to lunch and sat round a circular table. Dried fruit, nuts, apples, grapes, honied cakes, eggs a year old preserved in clay, were placed before us, and the