

A GORGEOUS PALACE.

Vivid Description of the Biggest Opium Den in the World

AT SHANGHAI, THE PARIS OF ASIA

The Wonderful Yangtsing River and Its World of Boats.

CHINESE DOCTORS AND DENTISTS.

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.)

SHANGHAI, February 8.—I visited last night the biggest opium den of the world. It is situated on the edge of this great cosmopolitan city of Shanghai, in which Chinese rowdies from all parts of the empire congregated, and where the Chinese have learned to play billiards, to drink whisky, and to practice the refinements of Western as well as Eastern vice.

The palatial saloons of New York, the bar room of the Hoffman House, and the gilded gambling palaces in San Francisco have cost hundreds of thousands of dollars. This opium den of the Chinese has likewise cost up a fortune, and it is more like a palace than an opium-smoking joint for pig-tailed celestials. Three stories high, and covering what would be nearly half an American block, its entrance is lighted with the electric light and its interior is furnished in the most extravagant Chinese fashion. The ceilings are of richly carved wood, and the finest of Chinese lacquer, of which costs hundreds of dollars, throw a soft light over the busy smoking crowd within. The painted walls are inlaid with curious marble, the grain of which is so arranged as to give the idea of landscape sketches, and the finishing of the rooms is in carved teak wood, which, oiled and colored, shines like ebony.

There were, perhaps, a thousand smokers in this opium den when I visited it last night, and I pushed my way into it through a throng representing every class of Chinese life.

There were the pompous mandarin in gorgeous silks beside the half-naked coolie in ragged cotton. There were desperate-looking men and women, quiet, intellectual scholars and wealthy Chinese merchants. All stopped under the electric light to buy little pipes of opium as thick as molasses, and each holding about what could be crowded into the smallest of our American trade-visual aids. The coolie and the mandarin were charged the same for their opium, but they paid different prices according to the rooms which they occupied and the pipes which they used in smoking. The cheapest cost about 10 cents a smoke, and the dearest was sold for not more than 15 cents.

The pipes, however, were different. They were about two feet long, with a big, round bowl at one end, and a long, slender stem, which was elaborately carved, and which were saturated with plain pipes of wood. The receipts of this opium den are not more than \$1,000 a day, and I am told it is always full.

Opium Cells.

Passing the electric light you enter hall after hall filled with hundreds of sickly smelling vapor through which the rays of gorgeous lamps struggling find their way, and cast a weird glow like fire over the smokers resting. The smoking compartments are divided into cells open at the front and separated from one another by gorgeous carvings of teak-wood, which are colored with the smoke of thousands, and each cell accommodates two or more people, and the most of the men I saw smoking were about a foot square and a foot long. The most expensive of the compartments had cushions of fine velvet and the frames of some couches were inlaid with mother-of-pearl and jade.

Opium smokers always lie down while smoking. They bend themselves spoon-fashion as they smoke the opium, draw it into their lungs and blow it out of their nostrils. In some cases I noted large rooms in which private parties were entertained, and I passed through every hall of this large opium joint and did not see a bit of disorder. Your opium smoker is different from the drunkard. The opium calms instead of excites. I was treated with politeness everywhere, and the drowsy, sleepy crowd did not seem to care that I stopped and looked at them.

The Curse of Opium.

This is, however, only one of hundreds of opium dens in Shanghai. I visited another den upon leaving this big one and I found it nearly as large. It is said that China every year, and it is rightly called the curse of the people. Opium is now grown in every province in China. The seed of the poppy is sown in November and its juice is collected February. These Chinese opium smokers are given by cutting the capsule of the poppy flower with a notched iron instrument at sunrise, and by pouring into it a drop or two of juice has oozed out. This is scraped off and saved by the grower and after he has a vessel full of it it is strained and dried.

It takes a great many poppies to make a pound of opium, and it goes through a number of processes before it is ready for the market. In a liquid state it looks like a dark strawberry jam, and when prepared for shipment it is put into chests, each of which contains about 40 balls of opium. These balls are rolled in dried poppy leaves and here in China the duty on opium is so heavy that the custom officers watch these chests very closely. At Shanghai there are a number of large ships which look like floating swimming-bath which manipulate the opium, which the opium passed upon by the customs is stored, and by which method smugg-

gling is somewhat prevented. The Chinese are the greatest smugglers in the world and it is by the aid of foreigners that they are able to have a good custom service. And their receipts from foreign customs are now four times as great as they were several decades ago.

The Opium War.

The Chinese are naturally opium smokers, but it is due to the foreigner that the drug has become a national evil. The officials and the emperor saw the danger before it came and they tried to keep the opium out of the country. The English, however, were bringing in large quantities from India, were making too much money out of it to let it go, and one of the most disgraceful pages of history in the record of how John Bull, philanthropist and moral, as he pretends to be, forced China to take a poison which its officials knew would degrade its people. The Emperor of China at the start taxed the consumers of opium and threatened to seize and torture, and the native dealers were executed. The Chinese, however, could do nothing with the foreigners, and they became the smugglers.

The Government then appealed to the foreigners and one of the Government commissioners asked the British and American merchants to give their opinion that it might be destroyed. They gave up 20,000 chests, worth \$1,000,000, and a revenue of \$20,000,000 on the ground that it had not authorized its commissioner to demand it, and that the opium was not theirs. For this the British sent to their China, and through this was opened most of the ports. They made a treaty in which opium was not mentioned, but at the making of which the Chinese undoubtedly asked them to prohibit it, and which they refused. At present the United States is the only country which has made a treaty by which it is unlawful for its citizens to sell opium to the Chinese, and the poison is now brought into China by the millions of pounds a year. The Chinese, finding that they could not prohibit it, have begun to raise it themselves, and as above said it is now grown in every one of the Chinese provinces.

Progress of Civilization.

Still, in the great work of civilizing Asia, the opium war did much for China. It opened this great port of Shanghai, gave Great Britain the island of Hong Kong and showed the Chinese that the foreign devil was stronger and mightier than themselves. They paid the \$21,000,000 which represented the demands of the British, and showed the foreigner the right to trade and settle at Canton, Amoy, Fuchan and Shanghai. The United States soon after this made

her first treaty with China, which was made by Caleb Cushing in 1844, and since that time foreign trade with China has steadily increased. There are now 25 open ports in the Empire, and the foreign trade amounts to more than \$273,000,000 a year. European and American goods are now found in every part of China, and our missionaries have penetrated to the wildest regions of the Celestial Land.

There is a great foreign influence and its effect upon China can be better seen than right here at Shanghai. Here is the largest foreign colony in China, and there are from 5,000 to 8,000 Europeans and their homes here and who are engaged in business with the Chinese. The foreign settlement of the Paris of the Pacific looks like a slice taken out of one of the rich cities of the United States or of Europe than a city in Asia. The wide river front is lined with big, three-story buildings, and a beautiful public garden runs between the water and the streets of this part of the city well paved, and you will see many of the most modern buildings upon them as you will find in Washington or Paris. The crowd is, however, a mixture of the cosmopolitan one. The French and the English are mixed with Americans and Germans, and the servants of all are the yellow-faced coolies. The Chinese, however, are East Indians, black-headed, well-formed, dark-faced, black-tailed, and they are dressed in the most fashionable of the East. They are dressed in the most fashionable of the East. They are dressed in the most fashionable of the East.

Yangtsing River.

Shanghai is about midway on the Pacific coast between the northern and southern boundaries of China. It is near the mouth of thought not on the great river, the Yangtsing, which divides the empire into two equal portions and which forms the great central avenue of trade. This is one of the greatest and one of the longest rivers of the world, and it vies with the Nile in the rich deposits which it carries down from the mountains of Tibet and spreads over the rich plains of China. Its waters where it enters the sea are as yellow as clay and

HE HAD NO EAR FOR MUSIC.

An Albany Youth Turns the Heel on an Annoying Piano.

One young man in a State street boarding-house is in trouble. A young lady residing in the establishment for some time had made life miserable by playing on the asthmatic piano in the parlor. Finally patience became a vice and the young man resolved to sacrifice himself for the good of others. He procured a horse attached to the cold water faucet in the wash-room and carried the other end into the parlor and turned it upon the fair disciple of Vulcan. The piano was run more than once, but he was not noticed, and the wife had time to become rusted, and an expense of \$50 was necessary for making repairs. The lady had a new endeavoring to collect the amount of the young man, whose financial condition makes it impossible for him to comply with the demand.

THE ART OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

Miss Elbel.—I have just had some photographs taken. Ethel. What do you think of them? Miss Elbel. (A boom fringed)—They are splendid, Clara. How a photograph does indeed take the life!

Accommodating.

A lady, greatly excited, asked to see the editor of a daily paper and is told that it is impossible, the editor being too busy to speak to any one, no matter who it may be. Ethel. That makes a difference, is it her reply, "I shall do all the talking myself."

Don't Know How to Save.

Then there are people like the average farmers who are disposed to be economical, but don't know how. "The know how" is a good deal in the world. When General Jackson first went to Washington he was charged 25 cents for washing his boots by a black man. "That makes a difference," is her reply, "I shall do all the talking myself."

MONEY MAKES MONEY.

A Chapter Illustrating the Workings of Compound Interest.

BETTER TO LEND THAN TO BORROW.

The Great Percentage of Profit in Building Associations.

EVEN THE DAY LABORER HAS CAPITAL.

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

FTER religion and politics there is no subject upon which intelligent people differ so widely as to the mode of investing surplus earnings, and I can think of no practical subject upon which there is so much popular misconception as the power of compound interest. Secretary Maloney, of the Enterprise Investment Company of Washington, D. C., remarked to me during a recent visit to that city: "The common saying, 'money makes money,' does not half express the full import of the term, if it is compounded. The grass grows, but there is a period when it does not grow, when the roots are dried up by a dear and yellow leaf period, as well as a growing period, but money, more especially when compounded, grows when you are asleep—night and day, summer and winter, in good and bad times."

Nobody understands its growing quality better than the banks, brokers, building associations and the lenders generally. "That is this growing compounding feature rightly understood by the borrower, from either bank or building association? I think not," said a Chicago gentleman connected with a building association in that city, to me recently.

WHAT A LOAN COSTS.

I asked the association what it would cost me to make a loan of \$500. He said it would take about 25 per cent premium, which, added to the actual loan, would make \$1,000, equivalent to ten shares of stock, on which I would pay interest at the rate of 8 per cent. He would pay my installments and interest on \$500 for one month, which would be 50 cents a share or \$5; interest on \$1,000 for one month, which would be \$10; interest on \$1,500 for one month, which would be \$15; and so on, until the total amount of the loan and half of the interest would be \$1,125; total cost of loan, \$225. He would pay my installments and interest on \$500 for one month, which would be 50 cents a share or \$5; interest on \$1,000 for one month, which would be \$10; interest on \$1,500 for one month, which would be \$15; and so on, until the total amount of the loan and half of the interest would be \$1,125; total cost of loan, \$225.

THE CONGREGATION SMILED.

But the bride and groom did not think it quite so awfully funny. A story that goes back to the meeting house in Wrentham is one of a worthy man named Habbakuk P., a resident of the town, and a faithful attendant upon worship, who had been blessed with four wives, one after another. Habbakuk was rigidly orthodox, as his name seemed to demand, and was always in his pew on the Sabbath. He had a large and conspicuous pair of No. 4s by his side, on the first Sunday after his marriage. It was a balmy June day, and the zephyrs from the open window toyed with the folds of the bride's white tulle bonnet-ribbons and the groom's silken necktie. There was a stranger in the pulpit who had exchanged for the day with the venerable Mr. P. the pastor of the church. After reading a few Scripture passages the stranger proceeded to read a notice which he had found in the Bible, and which was as follows: "Mr. Habbakuk P.—desires the prayers of the congregation that the death of his wife may be sanctified to him for his spiritual good."

THE BRIDE AND GROOM DID NOT THINK IT QUITE SO AWFULLY FUNNY.

Everybody that money makes money, but not everybody pays attention to the modes adopted by which it is brought about and its consequences. Take, for example, a laborer beginning life at the meager pay of \$1 per day. In visible stock in trade he has nothing but his pick or shovel. In verbiage he has a capital of \$100, which, if he saves it, is equivalent to Carnegie's \$100,000. He may increase it, diminish it, waste it or throw it away, or multiply it, or "compound" it for a rainy day, just as surely as the wealthy operator can with his investments. The man who saves \$100 in United States Government 3 per cent bonds will yield \$300 a year. The dollar-a-day laborer invests his muscle against the \$100,000 capital, and will yield more than \$100 a year.

FORMS OF WASTE.

Youth, health, capacity, etc., are capital as well as money. Wages at \$1 a day presuppose very little intelligence, very little skill, very little responsibility. The skill and industry of the average mechanic are as productive elements fairly equivalent to \$25,000, and yet that looks like a big pile of cash to the man who has nothing but his pick or shovel. In verbiage he has a capital of \$100, which, if he saves it, is equivalent to Carnegie's \$100,000. He may increase it, diminish it, waste it or throw it away, or multiply it, or "compound" it for a rainy day, just as surely as the wealthy operator can with his investments. The man who saves \$100 in United States Government 3 per cent bonds will yield \$300 a year. The dollar-a-day laborer invests his muscle against the \$100,000 capital, and will yield more than \$100 a year.

A USE FOR REJECTED PETITIONS.

A lady was taking luncheon with her daughters at the most famous restaurant in the city. Her check amounted to something less than \$5. She handed to the waiter a bill, and he brought her change for \$5. She declared that the bill she had given was a twenty. She was a very quiet and refined woman, and she believed that the amount of money she had given to the waiter was evidently honest. But the waiter asserted that she was mistaken. He went to the desk and inquired the amount of the waiter's bill. It was \$5. The lady put up her purse and was preparing to leave. The head waiter asked her to step to the cashier's desk. The young man asked her if she was quite positive she had sent \$20 to him. She replied that she felt sure of it because she had a receipt for it in her purse. The cashier came in and the twenty was gone. Without any more words the cashier counted out the change for \$20 and passed it to the lady.

HAD HIS COMPENSATION.

The fact is that the lady was mistaken. But this particular restaurant retains the good will of the wealthier people by the utmost confidence in their integrity. They rarely mistake when they know the mistake is not their own. It is rather to have their best customers be released. They will even trust a stranger for an extravagant dinner and take his visiting card for security.

CLARA BRILEY.

A SWEET FAREWELL.

The Affectionate Parting of the Ex-President and His Wife.

MRS. CLEVELAND ENTERS SOCIETY.

General William T. Sherman's Admiration for the Stage.

A WISE MANNER OF DOING BUSINESS.

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.)

EW YORK, March 23. The portion of a big Broadway hotel in a public place, isn't it? And whatever is done there is fair matter for publication, I fancy, no matter how domestic its character may be. So, when I happened to breakfast early at the Hotel Victoria, on the morning that ex-President Grover Cleveland started on his vacation trip to Cuba, and on going out saw the leave-taking scene between him and his wife, I watched it with a premeditated intention of writing this paragraph.

Mr. Cleveland did not seem to have lost flesh in consequence of his latest last November. It took a big Prince Albert coat to button him in snugly, and with an artistic view to harmony, he wore a high silk hat, with a brim considerably wider than fashion dictates for the spring of 1899. On his arm he carried an overcoat and in one hand a small bag. He had breakfasted with his companions of the proposed voyage, ex-Secretaries Vilas, Bayard and Dickinson.

A NICE LITTLE LADY.

Mrs. Cleveland had not been at table with them, but she joined them in the corridor just after they were through with their morning meal. She wore a light brown gown, loose and fluffy like a wrapper, but ornate enough to be denominated a tea-gown. Its front was blue satin with a high collar. Her hair was brushed up from her forehead, and her face had a wide-awake, morning brightness. She regarded her husband with a look of affection, but by no means a particularly sweet and wistful one. She shook hands cordially with the three other gentlemen, and then linked her arm carefully into that of her husband's, as they went down the staircase to the hallways, and finally like a wrapper, but ornate enough to be denominated a tea-gown. Its front was blue satin with a high collar. Her hair was brushed up from her forehead, and her face had a wide-awake, morning brightness.

A WISE GORILLA.

She cries if Left Alone and Has Acquired Many Civilized Tastes and Habits. London Advertiser. According to a letter recently received from the southwest coast of Africa, Mr. J. J. Jones, a trader of Nove, a country situated immediately south of Camma and the river Fernand Vaz, has for some time past been in his possession a young female gorilla, who he has named "Bessie." Bessie is a very remarkable animal. Mr. Jones has trained the little anthropoid to follow him like a dog, and she recently accompanied him on a journey to Sette-Camma, a distance of 20 miles or more, walking all the way. Bessie, as he calls her, is a very intelligent animal, and she has learned to follow him wherever he goes, weeping like a child if left behind. She will fetch him anything he asks for, and she will drink tea, eat bread, and eat a cup of sugar, displaying the utmost eagerness to do so. Bessie is a very intelligent animal, and she has learned to follow him wherever he goes, weeping like a child if left behind.

TWO CHAINED SKELETONS.

The Story of a Wrecker Who Saw Them in the Sunken Merrimack. A Richmond, Va., special to the Baltimore Sun says: Private James K. Bolton, an inmate of the Confederate Soldiers' Home, near this city, has a startling story to tell of the fate of the Merrimack. Bolton was a member of Johnson Battery during the war, and was wounded at Brandy Station. He is now almost in a dying condition. He declares that he saw the two skeletons of the Merrimack and the Monitor on the bottom of the sea. Bolton was a member of Johnson Battery during the war, and was wounded at Brandy Station. He is now almost in a dying condition. He declares that he saw the two skeletons of the Merrimack and the Monitor on the bottom of the sea.

AN EDITOR'S IRE AROUSED.

Clarence Robinson. The crazy folks who are sending anonymous letters to some of our people on various subjects, and telling lies about our neighbors, will some day send one to the wrong man who will hunt them up, and when found will proceed to wipe up the sidewalk with their dirty carcass and otherwise exercise them. Persons who write letters and are too cowardly to sign their names to them are fit subjects for the reformatory.

CLARENCE ROBINSON.

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THE LILY OF ROCHON.

A Legend of Bay St. Louis.

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH

MAURICE THOMPSON.

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.)

THE story opens early in the present century, on a bright morning in March. Wendell Orton, artist and draughtsman, is seated in a little schooner in the Bay St. Louis, by the Creole owner of the vessel, Victor, who is to return for him April 15. Orton's host is Edouard Garcia, whose family consists of himself, wife and pretty daughter, Lillie. A mystery surrounds a lovely villa in the neighborhood, whose owner is M. de Rochon, and who has a lovely daughter known as the "Lily of Rochon," of whom Wendell Orton dreams during his first night at the little inn. Orton overhears a conversation which leads him to believe that his host is engaged in unlawful pursuits. He meets the Lily of Rochon, and is struck with admiration of her beauty. Edouard prepares to attack Garcia and his free booters, and Orton volunteers in his host's defense. A fierce battle ensues, during which a terrible sea-sickness combats Orton's place between Rochon and Orton, but Rochon finally overpowers his young antagonist, but he is about to dispatch him, Orton breathes the name of his father, General Horace Orton, of New York. This has a wonderful effect on the older man, who has his fainting opponent carried to his home, where he is tenderly cared for by the "Lily," whom he recognizes when he recovers consciousness.

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

AT THE HOUSE OF THE OUTLAW. When he awoke the afternoon sun was slanting yellow rays between the curtains of a westward window and he heard that gulf breeze still rattle through the foliage and shaking the window blinds. He looked about eagerly for his fair nurse, but she was not there. A negro boy came from the corner and stood before him in a respectful attitude. "Where is Mademoiselle Rochon?" demanded Orton with the fretful peremptoriness common to invalids when convalescing. "She's down stairs, monsieur," was the boy's answer in very good French. "Does monsieur wish to have her come?" "Yes, I do," said Orton.

The boy went briskly and lightly out and after a little while Mlle. Rochon came in. She smiled brightly when she saw how much better her patient looked. In her hand she bore a small silver platter upon which was a steaming bowl of broth. "You must be quite hungry, Monsieur Orton," she exclaimed cheerily as she came toward him, "and I have brought you something good that I made with my own hands." "A thousand thanks, mademoiselle," he said, "I'm thousand times obliged to you. He was trying to rise. "No, no," she cried, "you must be quite still, monsieur, indeed you must!" and she put forth her hand to prevent him from rising. "You must do just as I tell you."

She spread a snowy napkin before him, raised a little white cushion and removed and prepared to feed him with a spoon. "A prisoner, you are?" "Oh, you're hardly a prisoner, rather a guest," she responded quickly. "Though your invitation was a rather rough one, I think it is a wonderful that you are alive. My uncle rarely is so generous. He spoke far from lightly, and there was a ring in his voice." "But he seems to have known your father long ago, and remembers him gratefully for some act of kindness."

"I am under deepest obligations to your father," she said, "and I am sure that he would be far better than I in our little passage at arms."

"He was scarcely hurt at all," she said, "but he was very ill. He seems to bear a charmed life, and then he is so strong."

Orton smiled reminiscently, thinking over the terrific struggle with Rochon. "I deemed myself a match for any man until I came upon Monsieur Rochon," said he, "but, Monsieur, you are no talker any more. It does appear so, I am so happy that it is no worse."

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