CLARA BELLE'S CHAT.

The Hallucination of a Lady Who Thinks She is Amelie Rives.

HER CALL UPON MR. CLEVELAND.

Large Income Enjoyed by a Fashionable Faith Cure Priestess.

BALDNESS A METROPOLITAN DISEASE

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

NEW YORK, June 1.—Minna Perry walks unnoticed in Broadway, except in the way of admiration, for she is a pretty young woman, and wears fashionable clothes. But she is a lunatic, all the same, and is always accompanied by a robust middle-aged woman who combines the duties of a chaperon and a nurse. Miss Perry is from England, and belongs to a family with money enough to indulge her fancies, and even some of her vagaries. She is a monomaniac with only one delusion at a time, and usually of a harmless and quiet kind.

Just now she believes that she is Amelie Rives, and an acute sufferer from the general condemnation of her books. In her visit to this country she is not only accompanied by the woman mentioned, but by a male relative. Several days ago she went to the office of Grover Cleveland. She told the clerk who encountered her that her business could only be made known to Mr. Cleveland himself. She was shown into the ex-President's presence. Then she quietly informed him that she was Amelie Rives, that the literary critics of the newspapers had assailed the morality of her works, and that she desired to bring lawsuits for damages. Desirous of eminent counsel she had selected a man who had been President of the great American Republic. She was willing to pay any fee that he might demand, and she wished, if possible, to command his time and labor entirely for a year.

It happened that Mr. Cleveland had met Mrs. Rives-Chanler, and therefore comprehended that his visitor was awry in her mind before that fact was evolved from her talk. He says that he assured her of his deep interest in her case, but declined to take it up, pleading that he was entirely engrossed in prior suits. Miss Perry is still seeking a lawyer.

A PROFITABLE DOCTRINE.

The faith curists are getting into Fifth avenue. At least I know where one troop of them meet throughout each day in the luxurious rooms of an apartment house not far from Twenty-third street. The doctress who is at the head of this branch of the order is a woman of about 50, with sharp, black eyes, gray hair, and an ability to talk with unceasing fluency. She has a very large patronage of prosperous looking patients, most of these being middle-aged women, but there is a fair sprinkling of meek looking men. The doctress' income must be formidable, for her price is $2 a visit, and her rooms are filled with a constantly changing crowd for fully six hours of the day.

The talk is made general, the audience listening to the expositions by the doctress and asking questions whenever they are moved to. The discussion always consists of the efficacy of faith as a cure for all physical ailments the argument being that a perfectly clean and trustful spirituality will drive any disease from the body. I chanced to meet a young man who had become an attendant of these faith seances. He had the unmistakable evidences of consumption in his face, and it seemed as though if there was any cure in the world for him, it could only be secured by going to some salutary region where pure air and a quiet life might possibly reach the terrible disease in his lungs.

But he quietly informed me that after trying Colorado and the Adirondacks without obtaining any benefit he had discovered this faith cure, and that after having been under its offices two weeks he felt positive that he should ultimately be restored to health. With the impress of death upon his features he spoke with this simple trust.

NO WONDER THEY ARE CURED.

Most of the women who visit the faith doctress are stout, robust creatures with ailments that are purely imaginary. It is easy enough for their feelings to be greatly improved by a faith meeting, because they are merely laboring along under a load of hypochondriacal fancies. But I do not know how to account for the middle-aged man who took from his pocket at a meeting last week a twenty dollar bill, and before the whole room full of patients handed it to the doctress with the assurance that since coming to her that day he had been transformed, and would she accept that slight token of his inexpressible gratitude.

There was a murmur of applause from the audience, and before the seance was over many others had made gratuitous contributions to the good fortune of the doctress. I am not sure that a woman can keep up a practice of this sort for any length of time, as it would appear to be a somewhat precarious method of livelihood. But while the fever is on she certainly draws more money in a day than many a regular practicing physician can earn in a month. This particular doctress wears a pair of solitaire diamond earrings that cannot be worth less than $1,000. Some of her patients haven't as much money as that in the world.

POINTS ON ETIQUETTE.

One of the best things the Four Hundred have got hold of in a long while is a story about a beautiful little girl in the West, who has been going about here with great success for a few weeks. Being by far the loveliest creature in sight wherever she moved, her eccentricity of dress or of manner has not detracted from her popular triumph, and I imagine she has had more first-rate proposals than any home-grown bud of the season. The story told of her is a true one. A playful young man had given to her, by her own request, some information concerning the latest points in social metropolitan etiquette, a matter upon which she frankly confessed practical ignorance.

The young man, in mentioning certain manners observed at the table, laid particular stress on the statement that everyone of refinement here invariably used a fork instead of a spoon for eating. Of course she had heard of eating ice-cream with a fork, but when the young man assured her that the latest indication of good manners was the eating of soup with a fork she was slightly staggered, and gazed at her informant with wild-eyed wonder. That evening she attended a dinner party. When the soup was brought she looked doubtfully around the table. The young man who had told her about the use of the fork nodded reassuringly at her and began dipping up his soup with his own fork to show her that it was entirely correct. She accordingly tried to copy him, but the result made her hesitate again. Glancing about she saw that everyone else at the table was using a spoon. She immediately dropped her fork, blushed as red as a rose, and proceeded to eat her soup in the customary way.

She wouldn't look at the young man again, and it is said that she cuts him persistently, but it was such a good story that it couldn't be kept, and now everyone is smiling over it. But it has rather increased the prestige of the young lady, and I have heard many a man say that a girl so simple and confiding would be a prize in these days when girls pride themselves upon being able to learn nothing. However this may be, the maiden will not return home as free as she came. And it is the young man who cheated her about the fork who will keep her innocent heart. She cut him after his awful joke, but decided to keep the pieces.

ANOTHER AMUSING TALE.

Another story that is causing amusement in the circles of the Astors and Vanderbilts is of a young gentleman who is favored this moment with a large amount of money and a decidedly small amount of hair. I have the thing at first hand, in fact from the victim himself, who, while being deeply chagrined at his experience cannot keep from laughing to save him when he tells about it. I was congratulating him the other day about the increased growth of hair which I noticed on the top of his head, in which vicinity it had been agreed upon several previous occasions that an ominous thinness was growing very apparent.

"Yes," he said, "that is a good growth of hair, but it is stuck on with gum."

Struck aback, I asked him for an explanation.

"That is a toupee," he said, "and I am wearing it because the hair has been burned off the top of my head."

He then drew a receipted doctor's bill from his pocket. It was close to $1,000 in amount.

"That," he said, "is all for a vain attempt to secure some new hair. I have been through what about half the men in New York go through sooner or later. Everyone seems to be growing bald nowadays. Something in the atmosphere must cause it. Don't you notice how hair restoring shops are springing up all over town? Well, I wouldn't take any stock in nostrums, but went to a regular hair doctor. It cost me just that thousand dollars, and it didn't do me one bit of good. Finally I took the advice of a young woman with perfect golden hair to go to an old Indian herb doctor over on Sixth avenue, who, she assured me, preserved her hair when it was fast falling out.

A CONFIDENCE GAME.

I could want no better proof than her head provided, so off to the Indian went I. He mixed me a liquid and directed me to apply it when I retired at night. I did so. Luckily I rubbed it only over the top of my head where the hair was thin. The next morning I found what little hair I had gloried in sprinkled over my pillow. Jumping up I gazed at myself in the mirror. I was as bald as a white crockery door knob. Now I wear a toupee. My hair is growing in a little less thick than it was before. When it gets back to a point so my friends won't howl at me when I heave in sight I will dispense with the toupee."

It is really a fact that baldness is the bane of the young men in New York at the present time. Any number of women are making fortunes out of hair restorers, and there are five shops on Fifth avenue now where nothing else is sold, besides the many on Twenty-third and Fourteenth streets. I was highly edified the other day over the serious discussion by a party of elegant young men as to the merits of sage tea as a preserver of the hair.

"I have tried everything and find nothing equal to sage tea," said a gentleman without a good dozen hairs on his crown. "What do you use, Jack?" he asked of one of the party whose hair was as black and hard as a shoe brush.

"Nothing but soap and water," replied Jack. "My hair is tied in by nature, and you bald-headed fellows can just stop sageteaing yourselves, because there's nothing in it."

And if I can judge from the pates of those who have expended every effort to win back their fickle curls without success I believe that Jack was right. But that hair is flying and the patent remedy business is flourishing in New York at present there is no doubt whatsoever.

FASHION'S LATEST FAD.

Society has the yellow fever. Not the scourge, but an insatiable ttase for the color. The fancy has been raging for some time, and still the cry is more. Palms are displayed in windows, corners and hallways, and in nothing but a yellow jardiniere is the beauty of color and foliage so effectively brought out. No cabinet is considered relieved without a bit of yellow porcelain, and a drop lamp or pedestal burner of orange china, with trimmings of blackened iron, is considered the very acme of artistic taste. Then there is the king's blue candlestick, with the candle of gilded yellow wax, the graceful form after the Greek in mandarin ware, and how can you imagine a bunch of mignonette more poetic than displayed in a smooth bowl of underglazed yellow? These craze colorists, who are a law unto themselves, go so far as to worship the marigold, "that molten thing of beauty," which the florists are obliged to force, and which bring as good returns as the queen of flowers, the rose. But think of putting yellow marigolds in a yellow bowl, and then say who dictates in chromatics.

Finger bowls a la Russe are to be found in some of the most cosmopolitan dining rooms, and the struggle with the crystal basin and floating month mug is something unforgetable. The bowl half filled with clear water is placed on the usual doylie-covered platter, and in it is a tiny glass at stall, containing a couple of spoonfuls of peppermint or wintergreen flavored water with which to rinse the mouth. Now, almost any pupil, pet or protege of society can lave her finger tips, but the manipulation of the mouth glass is a feat that only the dextrous can accomplish. Either the well-fed guest is nice or nasty about it, and if not nice there is danger to the delicate spectator of losing his dinner on the spot.

A DIFFICULT OPERATION.

The only way to manage the mouth-bath is to "choose a laugh," and take and expel the draught in an instant. Like kissing a shy girl, "the operation must be done before a body knows it has begun," and if you get caught by even a single pair of eyes, swallow the glass rather than offend the taste. A native Russian discussing the subject at an afternoon-on-etiquette in a New York salon, said: "Foreigners, as a rule, make disgusting work of the mouth glass. The secret is speed. We simply empty the glass at a gulp and empty the mouth behind the little glass, and that is all there is to it. The idea is not to clean the teeth and gargle the throat, as I have seen Americans do, but simply to remove from the mouth the taste of the food. As a rule the last courses are sweets which cloy the taste. Now, a sip of anything spicy or aciduous will be refreshing, and if one can't use a gill of water without disgusting those about him, he can eat a lozenge of mint or winter berry, or better still, go off with the taste in his mouth to the toilet room."

A single object lesson is better than a term of theory, and from the lovely Princess Marthe Engalitcheff, of Moscow society, students have mastered the Russia finger bowls, and notwithstanding hours of secret practice, these progressive matrons and maids juggle with the mouth glass, finger basin and doylie as daintily as they do with fluted china and the brasses and teapots about a samova.

Pertinent to things Russian it may be edifying to some of the students thereof to state that the common everyday tea procured at the corner grocery will not suffice for tea a la Russe. You must get near the heart of an importer or get an order to a St. Petersburg or an Odessa tea merchant for supplies. The caddy must be a mixture of black and flower teas, half and half. Provided with the staple boil fresh water and brew the tea with one cupfull. Then in serving pour the individual cup one-fourth full and add hot water from the samova, which, with a slice of lemon and a spoonful of brandy, make the cup exhilarating. CLARA BELLE.

Lived on a One-Track Road.

Si Low (of Wheat Corners)—They seem to run this Elevated road in a mighty one-sided fashion!

Aunt Amanda—How so?

Si Low—Why, we've passed five trains going up on the other track, and not a single one on this!—*Puck.*

MINISTERS BADLY FRIGHTENED.

They Touched Off a Patent Burglar Alarm and Were Nearly Killed.

Minneapolis Tribune.]

"I was always in bad repute with the hoodlums," said F. C. Penney, yesterday afternoon. "When I lived down on Fourth avenue south there was a gang of toughs that used to make life a burden to residents of that locality by ringing doorbells and annoying the people in the evening in divers other manners. Finally I got tired of this continued annoyance of answering a bell at late hours and finding no one at the door. I observed in a hardware store one day a patent burglar alarm, devised to place on a window sash and fire a blank cartridge in case the window was tampered with. I took off the doorbell and replaced it with this device in such a way that when the handle was pulled instead of ringing the bell it would fire this cartridge, creating a noise like a young cannon.

One night there was an entertainment in a Methodist church across the way, and I knew there would be a visit from these toughs. Sure enough, about 10 o'clock these overgrown hoodlums made their appearance in front of the house and bantered each other to ring the bell. Finally, one came upon the porch, and I slipped cautiously to the door and awaited developments. Just as he pulled the bell I opened the door. There was a deafening report, and the fellow rolled backward off the porch, followed at close quarters by myself with a cane, with which a sound pounding was administered. Then the outfit fled, congratulating themselves upon such a narrow escape from being shot, and wondering where the man took aim from.

"This worked all right, and I was never bothered again by hoodlums," said Mr. Penney. "I kept the device upon the door over night for several weeks, taking good care to remove it early in the morning. But one day I forgot it, and about 10 o'clock my wife heard the cannon-like report. She rushed to the door and observed two Methodist ministers about half way down the walk, retreating at a rapid gait. They didn't know people made a practice of using firearms at that time of day. The matter was hastily explained and the burglar alarm permanently removed."

A PREHISTORIC CANOE.

Wood Well Preserved for Ages in a Bed of Sand and Leaves.

Manchester (Eng.) Guardian.]

A discovery of extreme archæological interest has been made upon the Barton section of the Manchester Ship Canal. While the excavators were at work in what is known as the "Salt Eye" cutting, the steam navvy brought to light a prehistoric canoe. It was imbedded in the sand about 25 feet below the surface. With some difficulty the canoe was removed to a shed in the vicinity of the engineer's office and examined. It was found to consist of a portion of an oak tree roughly hewn and fashioned. In length this relic of a long past age is 13 feet 8 inches from end to end, with a width of 2 feet 6 inches. Notwithstanding the lapse of centuries the marks of the ax are distinctly visible in the interior of the canoe, the width of the blade of the implement used—whether of flint or iron—being apparently about three inches.

It is impossible to fix the precise period of the canoe, but the circumstance that it bears no trace of a nail or any ironwork may perhaps aid the formation of an opinion upon this point. The wood, particularly of the bottom, is for the most part quite sound. A portion of one side, however, which has apparently been at some period more exposed than the rest, has commenced to crack, and to prevent the spread of this process of decay, now that the relic has been brought into contact with the air, measures will at once be taken. The canoe rested in a bed of sand and leaves, among which hazelnuts were found. In the immediate vicinity several large trees have been discovered, leading to the conclusion that the bed of the canal is being cut through what was once a forest. The ultimate disposition of this interesting link with the remote past has not been decided upon; but it is hoped that it will be added to the archæologic treasures in the museum at Owens College, Manchester.

A POWDER AND A PUMP.

The Materials Used for Making Cheap French Wines.

New York Graphic.]

I have some friends uptown whose flat windows look out upon a courtyard that is used by a neighboring restaurant proprietor. The restaurant is a rather nice little French place, where you can get a table d'hote dinner for 60 cents, "with wine." Now the point of this story is that my friends see that wine made—yes, and even my eyes have looked upon that sight. It's a simple process. Pierre comes out with a small keg, drops a powder into it and fills it up with croton from the hydrant! Sometimes he pours a little out to examine the color and then puts in a little more powder or water, as the case may be. The astute Pierre is noticed to never make any tests by tasting. It would be interesting to know what he does drink.

I told an acquaintance, who is in the habit of patronizing these cheap table d'hotes "with wine," this story, expecting to see him turn pale and shudder, but he proved himself a philosophical brute, and only said that while he did not think the vin ordinaire of his favorite table d'hotes was in the least a beverage for the gods, nor for him when he was in funds and could afford something better, yet when he wasn't he found it suited his digestion much better than ice water, and that as long as that was the case he did not care whether the beverage was made with a powder and a pump or not.

A PROVISO ADDED.

Wouldn't Sell His Manhood for Fifty Cents, But Would for a Dollar.

Detroit Free Press.]

An old vag who has been in the habit of calling on a certain business man on Griswold street for dimes, was asked the other day how much he would take to keep away for all future time. He thought for a moment and then replied:

"Give me 50 cents and I'll never bother you again."

"I'll do it. Here—let me draw up a writing to that effect."

An agreement was drawn up and the vag read it over and laid it down with the remark:

"I can't do it. There's something cold-blooded about that."

"But you agreed to."

"Yes, I know, but think of a man selling his manhood for 50 cents! I'd starve first!"

"Well, how much do you want?"

"A dollar."

"I'll split the difference with you."

"Well, I'll sign, but I want a proviso inserted that I do not hereby lose my self-respect, and that I do not forfeit the right to come upstairs and strike the man in the next room if I get hard up."

It was added, and he signed and went off to strike a free lunch counter.

For Once in the Year.

New York Sun.]

Regular Customer (to waiter in restaurant)—George, this is my birthday and I am celebrating a little. Would you be willing to do me a great favor?

Waiter—Yes, sir. Certainly, sir.

Regular Customer—Thanks; will you please be kind enough to let me have a dry napkin?

Generally the Case Too.

Boston Courier.]

Mother—Johnny, you musn't play with that Robinson boy any more.

Johnny—Why not, ma?

M—Because he is a bad boy.

J—Well, mother, he ain't half as bad as me, I can tell you.

A REMARKABLE CITY.

Surprising Facts About Shanghai and Its Mixed Population.

AN INTERNATIONAL REPUBLIC,

Which is Governed by Americans, Englishmen and Frenchmen,

NATIVES HAVING LITTLE AUTHORITY

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

SHANGHAI, May 1.—Truly the stay-at-home is ignorant of many things. Who would have supposed, for instance, that in a journey embracing the grandeur of the Rocky Mountains, the charm of Japan, the far-off life of Russian Tartary, the unknown interior of Korea, the Celestial Capital and the Wall of China, the greatest surprise would be saved for the first sight of Shanghai? Yet so it was. I was writing below as we steamed up the Hwang-po river and did not come on the deck of the Hae-an till five minutes before we anchored. Then I could hardly believe my eyes. I had expected another port like Tientsin or Yokohama, a busy water-front with a row of offices and warehouses and a small town of foreign houses at the back. Instead of that, I saw a magnificent city surrounding a broad and crowded river.

True, the magnificence is only skin deep, so to speak, all the architectural beauty and solidity of Shanghai being spread out along the river, but I am speaking only of the first sight of Shanghai, and in this respect it is superior to New York, far ahead of San Francisco, and almost as imposing for the moment as Liverpool itself. A broad and beautifully kept boulevard, called of course "The Bund," runs round the river, with a row of well-grown trees and a broad grass plat at the water's edge, and this Bund is lined on the other side from one end to the other with mercantile buildings second to none of their kind in the world—the "hongs" of Messrs. Jardine, Matheson & Co.; Russell & Co.; Sassoon; Gibb, Livingston & Co.; Butterfield & Swire; the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank, the Chartered Bank of India, the Chartered Mercantile Bank, the New Oriental Bank; the fine buildings of the Masonic Hall and the Shanghai Club; and the only piece of Chinese architecture, the temple-like entrance to the Custom House.

SIGHTS OF SHANGHAI.

At the upper end of the Bund a large patch of green shows the Public Garden, where the band plays on summer evenings. At night all Shanghai is bright with the electric light, and its telegraph poles remind you of Chicago—I believe I counted nearly 100 wires on one pole opposite the Club. And the needed touch of color is added to the scene as you look at it from on deck, by the gay flags of the mail steamers and the Consular bunting floating over the town.

The first sight of Shanghai, however, is only its first surprise. As I was rolling away to the hotel the 'rickshaw coolie turned on to the right hand side of the road. Instantly a familiar figure stepped off the sidewalk and shook a warning finger, and the coolie swung back again to the left side. It was a policeman, no semi-Europeanized Mongolian, languidly performing a half-understood duty, as I had seen elsewhere, but the genuine home article, helmet, blue suit, silver buttons, regulation boots, truncheon and all—just "bobby." And his uplifted finger turns the traffic to the left in Shanghai precisely as it does in front of the Mansion House at home.

A hundred yards further on there was a flash of scarlet in the sun and there stood a second astonishing figure—a six-foot copper-colored Sikh, topped by a huge red turban, and clad also in blue and armed with the same truncheon, striding solemnly by on his beat. Then we pass the Chinese policeman, with his little saucer hat of red bamboo and his white gaiter, swinging a diminutive staff, a reduced and rather comical replica of his big English and Indian comrades. Then as we cross the bridge into the French Concession—I am on my way to the French hotel—here is positively the sergeant de ville, absolutely the same as you see him in Place de l'Opera—peaked cap, waxed mustache, baggy red trousers, saber and revolver. And beyond him again is the Frenchified Chinese policeman.

A POLYGLOT POPULATION.

In fact, Shanghai is guarded municipally by no fewer than six distinct species of policemen—English, Sikh, Anglo-Chinese, French, Franco-Chinese and the long-legged mounted Sikhs on sturdy white ponies who clank their long swords around the outskirts of the town, and carry terror into the turbulent Chinese quarters.

Modern Shanghai is divided, like ancient Gaul, into three parts: the English settlement, the American settlement, called Hongkew, and the French "Concession." The latter is the word used by the French themselves, I believe, without much to justify it. Three creeks divide these communities from each other, Yang-Kingpang, Soochow creek and Defense creek, between the English settlement and China. One wide thoroughfare called "the Maloo," runs through Shanghai out past the race course and the Horse Bazaar into the country, and along this in the afternoon there is a stream of ponies and smart carriages and pedestrians and even bicyclists. It is the Rotten Row of Shanghai leading to the Bubbling Well and to Jessfield, and to the one country drive the community possesses. But in truth there is not much "country" about it, the environs of Shanghai being flat and ugly and covered with grave-mounds as thickly as the battlefields around Gravelotte.

Shanghai dubbed itself long ago the "Model Settlement." Then a noble English globe-trotter came along and afterward described it in the House of Lords as "a sink of corruption." Thereupon a very witty Consul suggested that in future it should be known as the "Model Sink." For my own part I should not grudge it the first title, for it is one of the best governed places municipally, at any rate so far as the Anglo-American quarters are concerned, that I have ever known. The French live apart under their own Municipal Council, presided over and even dismissed at pleasure, by their own Consul.

THE CHINESE CUT NO FIGURE.

The English and American coalesce in an elected Municipal Council of nine members, with an elected chairman at its head. And a short stay in Shanghai is sufficient to show how satisfactorily this works. The roads are perfect, the traffic is kept under admirable direction and control, the streets are quiet and orderly, and even the coolies are forbidden to push their great wheelbarrows through the foreign settlement with ungreased wheels. The third surprise of Shanghai does not dawn upon you immediately. It is a republic—a community of nations, self-governed, and practically independent, for it snaps its fingers politely at the Chinese authorities or discusses any matter with them upon equal terms, and it does not hesitate to differ pointedly in opinions with its own Consuls when it regards their action as unwise or their interference as unwarranted.

Over the Chinese within its borders the Municipal Council has, however, no jurisdiction. In the "Maloo" there is a Magistrate's Yamen, and there the famous "Mixed Court" sits every morning, the Chinese magistrate and one of the foreign Consuls in turn. All natives charged with offenses against foreigners or foreign law are dealt with there, petty criminals being punished in the municipal prison or the chain gang, serious offenders, or refugees from Chinese law, being sent into the native city. The Chinese magistrate in the Mixed Court is, of course, a figure-head, chiefly useful, so far as I could see, in lecturing the prisoners while the foreigner made up his mind what punishment to award. In criminal cases the Mixed Court works fairly well, but in civil suits it gives rise to numerous and bitter complaints. The population of Shanghai today (the last census was in 1885) is probably about 4,000 foreigners—British, 1,500; Japanese, 600; Portuguese, 450; French, 400; American, 300; Spanish, 250; German, 250—and Chinese 175,000. These figures may be considerably under the mark.

A QUEER STATE OF THINGS.

It is curious that by the "Land Regulations," which form the Constitution of the Shanghai, the Chinese are forbidden to reside or hold property within the Foreign Settlements, and yet here are these 175,000 of them afloat and ashore, and I fancy Shanghai itself would be astounded if it could be told exactly what proportion of the whole property is in their hands. There has been a good deal of talk about this, and in reply to a Cassandra who wrote to the papers that nothing could save Shanghai but amalgamation with the Chinese, a local writer produced some witty verses telling how in a vision in the twentieth century—

I passed a lawyer's office, on the shingle
Was "Wang and Johnson, Barristers at Law;"
Where'er the nations had begun to mingle,
Chinese came first, I saw.

A steamer passed; a native gave the orders;
An English quartermaster held the wheel;
The chain gang all were white, the stalwart warders
Yellow from head to heel.

This crushed Cassandra for the moment, but the future of Shanghai is not clear.

The Republic of Shanghai has its own army, of course, composed of volunteer infantry, 159 strong; artillery, with 4 guns and 45 men; and a smart but diminutive troop of 38 light horse. It has also volunteer fire-brigades and no fewer than seven distinct postal systems of different nationalities. An amusing fact in connection with the artillery—amusing chiefly to anyone who appreciates the red-tape which binds the military authorities at home—is that they presented the Shanghai volunteers with four excellent field-guns and that they send out an annual allowance of ammunition.

A DEMOCRATIC COMMUNITY.

No doubt they believe that Shanghai is a British colony, whereas the fun lies in the fact that it is simply some land leased in perpetuity from the Emperor of China, and that it is possible at any moment—it may be the case to-day for all I know—that a majority of those serving the guns are non-British subjects. But this is only for the joke's sake. The volunteers get great praise from the official inspector each year and they may be called upon to protect British lives and property at any moment. So the War Office did a wise thing after all, only now America in her turn should send them a Maxim gun.

The social life of Shanghai is the natural outgrowth of its republican institutions. It is democratic, and characterized by a tolerant good-fellowship. Upon this point a well-known lady was kind enough to set me right. "In Shanghai," she explained, "everybody is equal. In Hong Kong everybody is not equal. There are those of us who call at Government House, and those who do not." After so lucid an analysis, it was impossible to err. Society lives in its shirt sleeves—metaphorically speaking, of course, for actually it is an extremely well-dressed community. All male Shanghai meets in the club—one of the most comfortable and complete in the world—before tiffin and before dinner, to exchange news, make up dinner parties and do business—all three with equal zest. And the bar there is as long as a ship's deck, cocktails only cost 4 cents apiece, and you can ask for the daily *Pall Mall Gazette* and have it. Men are known by their nicknames, and I doubt if "the Legal Brother" and "The Boy" and "Buggins," and many others can remember the time when they were familiarly called by the names of the mothers that bore them. And the

HOSPITALITY OF SHANGHAI

is another surprise. You might as well attempt to give your shadow the slip as to escape from the gratuitous good cheer of the Model Settlement. But although the hospitality of Shanghai has winged feet and the "penguin juice" of one of its tables (a wonderful Burgundy which flows from the vitals of a wonderful crystal bird) is known throughout the length and breadth of the China Seas, it has other ideals and cherishes at least a few sacred memories, for did not someone tell me with a blush of pride how Mazzini had once kissed him? And as for sport, on the whole Shanghai is ahead of the East. It has its charming Country Club, its races twice a year, its regatta, when the Chinese authorities stop all the native traffic on the river, its polo, its two cricket clubs, its baseball and its shooting parties in house boats up the Yantsze to the hills 20 miles away.

And on Saturday afternoons if you walk out to the Bubbling Well about 4 o'clock you can see the finish of the paper hunt and a dozen well-mounted and scrupulously dressed jockeys come riding in to the finish and taking a rather bad fence and ditch which has been carefully prepared with the object of receiving half of them in the sight of their fair friends. Finally, there are the hounds and their excellent master, "the Prophet." And what matter if a slanderous tradition does fret their fair fame, to the effect that once upon a time, discarding the deceptive aniseed bag, a fox was imported from Japan, and that the end of that hunting day was that one-half the pack ran into an unlucky chow-dog and broke him up, and the other half chased a Chinese boy for his life, while the master stood upon a grave mound winding his horn to a deserted landscape.

Commercially, Shanghai is not quite so prosperous as it was a few years ago. At least, it complains of hard times. German competition, Chinese competition, the great falling off in the China tea trade, even the detention of shipping on the bar at Woosung—all these are freely spoken of as contributing to the general dullness of trade, but as Shanghai still does nearly 62 per cent of the import trade of all the treaty ports, and 39 per cent of the export trade, she rests upon a very solid commercial basis, and ought to be able to regard the future with equanimity.

THE BARKER SYNDICATE.

The commercial matter which I was specially instructed to investigate at Shanghai had aroused, I found, vastly less interest in the far East than at home. I mean the Barker-Mitkiewicz concessions for an American-Chinese bank, the telephone, a system of railways, etc., etc. The Shanghai correspondent of the *Standard*, a clever young Irishman named Mr. O'Shea, of the reporting staff of the influential *North China Daily News*, managed to keep us all at home talking and writing of this vast scheme several months, but I fancy he himself would now be among the first to declare that his native enthusiasm and appreciation of the picturesque led him to excite us all rather unnecessarily about it. The shares of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank fell considerably, I am told, at the time, but this was probably only in the ordinary course of speculation in them.

To begin with, the "concessions" were regarded here as of very little value, if any at all; everybody reflected that English capitalists could lend money just as cheaply as Americans; the well informed knew that the Chinese are much too wary and suspicious to give anybody a big blank check in the way of elastic "concessions;" they remembered that Americans have had comparatively very little experience of financial dealings with this peculiar people, among whom "olo custom" is paramount; so the wisest onlookers here kept perfectly calm and advised everybody to let the new scheme have all the rope it desired. And this advice was so far good that, although the statement was authoritatively made to me at Tientsin that the undertaking was about to be revived on a simpler scale with the addition of London capital, you never hear the subject mentioned here, and the only proof of its brief existence is a brass plate among a number of others in a side street in Shanghai, inscribed, "The American and Oriental Trust, Wharton Barker, President." Nobody connected with the enterprise has come out so far any the better in reputation, and His Excellency, Li Hung Chang is probably the only one who has emerged the better in pocket.

HENRY NORMAN.

BOUND FOR AMERICA.

Scenes Attending the Departure of Ireland's Oppressed for

THE LAND OF HOPE AND FREEDOM.

"Convoying" the Emigrants to the Point of Embarkation.

THE STRUGGLE TO RAISE THE FUNDS

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

CORK, IRELAND, May 20.—It may well be imagined that when from 200 to 300 souls leave Ireland for foreign shores every working day in the year, there are heart and hand wringings innumerable, and dolorous mists from the region of tears. Few families are fortunate enough to get away all together. If help has come from America; if the passage money has been saved in secret through years of deprivation by a single person; if an Irish family has after every manner of sacrifice provided for the freedom of one who is to go to blessed America that the remainder may, one by one, eventually be released from slavery; however the going of all these wretched people may have come about, in every instance there is a struggle in tearing away from the things to which the heart is rooted which we of better fortune and conditions know nothing about.

So many of these scenes have I now witnessed that I am beginning to have some little conception of the real bravery of this act of illiterate, untrained men and women pushing boldly across the sea into untried, unknown walks and ways, with a love, hope and determination for one's own at the bottom of it all that have more real heroism in them than the average American is ever able to comprehend in his whole life.

However lowly, poor and desperately good-for-naught the prospective emigrant may have all his life been regarded among his fellows, the great and generous Irish heart in those around him melts into surpassing interest and tenderness when he comes to leave his neighborhood, and those whom he has been never so little a part of through the bitter days that have encompassed all. For every departure reawakens the heart-aching memories of other departures; and in every Irish home I ever shared there is an empty chair whose former occupant is somewhere beyond the sea.

A LAST GOOD-BYE.

If it be a family who are to go, or some elderly man or woman, for days previous to the departure the whole countryside swarms to the cabin; and every man, woman or child of the townland at some time or another has come to mourn at the leaving and bid God-speed at the going. If it be a youth or lass, or young man or woman, as it oftener is, for few but the very old and very young are left, then, on the evening previous to the departure every companion, friend or acquaintance is certain to appear; and the whole night is passed in what is called "rising the heart" of the departing one. The custom springs from the same kindly quality of extending cheer to those who mourn, that originally established the custom of the Irish "wake," which our good American people choose to persistently misunderstand and condemn.

At this gathering for "rising the heart" of the emigrant, the Irish peasant's character is in a most tenderly interesting state for study. Every one arrives in a hushed, embarrassed mood; and every one brings some little token of affection and regard. The poverty of these folk alone prevents outlandish generosity. One stealthily appears with yards of seedcake; many with thimblesful of tea; some with gew-gaws and trifles of jewelry; the coat tail pockets of another will bulge with heartsome potatoes; housewives arrive with great methers of milk, others with schowders, or oaten cakes, crisp and toothsome, still others with schrabags of shilk, a hearty mixture of potatoes, beans and butter, and some with a sprousful of peat; for the slender resources of the family must never under any trying circumstances be drained.

And the lads and lasses who come with pressed Irish flowers and ferns, and sprigs of hawthorne and bunches of the dear shamrock; with gifts of ribbons, and bits of this or that prized possession; are not to be counted at all. So, too, come those with looks of triumph and secreted bottles of poteen, that "never got a touch," that is, are guiltless of the exciseman's desecrating seal; for "grief is ever droothy" surely. Then the night is passed eating, feasting and drinking. Loads of humble fare are there; oceans of tea; and timely drops of the "rale mountain dew." Tales are told; songs are sungs; sometimes they dance to the music of an old tramp fiddler who has been pressed into service. But the chords of mirth are minor enough the night long; and smiles, laughter and brave prophecies are all touched and chastened by honest Irish tears.

A PECULIAR CEREMONY.

When morning comes, and those whose imperative duties call them to their homes have said good-by with almost the same dread, reverence and pathetic forlornness as when lowering the dead into the grave, the rustic ceremony of "convoying" is begun. The subject of all this attention becomes for the once, if for only this once in a lifetime, the hero or heroine of the hour. The chests, or plethoric bags, or whatever constitutes the luggage of the emigrant, is sent on ahead in some neighbor's proffered cart, friendly riots for the honor of the mournful privilege often occurring, or are slung over the backs of shaggy donkeys, a score more than necessary always being in readiness for the friendly mission.

If a whole family are to go, the farewells to the wretched old hut which has housed them is something pitiable beyond description. If it be but a single member of the household, the good-bys to the old, old folk too feeble for the journey of "convoy" are more pitiable still. These separations are often too great a load for such, and many a withered branch of the impoverished family tree breaks and falls into the earth from the keen, sharp sorrow. But if girsha or bouchal, the pride of the loved home, are departing, the maelstrom of emotion as the "convoy," or accompanying procession, sets forth, is beyond the power of man to reveal.

On many occasions during my wanderings afoot in Ireland, I have come upon these excited crowds, as they were starting from the home; as they straggled down mountain boreen; as they lagged and wailed along the great stone highways; or as they neared some railway station from whence the emigrant must depart to the seaport city; and making myself one of the motly "convoyers," have thus tramped with them miles upon their sorrowful way. Sometimes these grewsome processions will come from a point a score of miles away in the mountains, or remote valley districts; and though no one has ever seemed to think these touching and characteristic scenes worth a place in Irish literature, they are common enough from all points and on all ways from which Cork and Queenstown may be reached, and, Heaven knows, pathetic enough to appeal to the whole world through artist's pencil, or the most talented word-painter's pen.

ON A HISTORIC FIELD.

I can never forget a "convoying" incident and its strange outcome which I witnessed, and indeed in which I participated, only a few days since. I had been visiting the battle field of Aughrim, where, on that awful Sunday of 1691 was a battle such as we who have been in battles know; where Ginkel's hosts, in that mad charge upon leaderless heroes, ruined the fortunes of the Stuart dynasty; and where the whirlwind of death which swept over Aughrim's morass and bog set the final seal of servitude, but never of servility, upon the people of Ireland; and, turning into the old Galway and Dublin road toward Ballinasloe, was at once one of a singular "convoying" party from the rural districts behind Kilreekil. The strangest feature of this, so invariably a friendly procession, was its double character, and remarkably contentious nature.

Some tremendous excitement seemed to wildly influence both lines of march. On one side of the way was a bright Irish maiden, surrounded and protected, as it were, by parents, relatives and at least two score aggressively defensive followers. On the other was a smart looking Irish youth in a state approaching frenzy, surrounded and restrained from some violent purpose by a like retinue of family, friends and loyal followers. Dropping quietly into line behind, among the nimble-footed, least partisan and one might say commiseratingly blended followers, I speedily learned the cause of the otherwise inexplicable spectacle. Nora, the daughter of a Kilreekill peasant, had been wooed by and betrothed to Denis, son of a peasant of Ballynoe. The Kilreekill father disliked the match, and, bent on irrevocably breaking it off, had got Nora started thus far toward America.

Denis, wild with grief, had scoured Longford barony for friends for a rescue, and all the way from Kilreekill the factions had attacked each other, retreated, parleyled, blarneyed, scorned, truced, and so it went again to Garbally hamlet, when a cheer of hope arose in the ranks of Dennis' followers, for down the hill from behind, a sight to do Cupid's sorry eyes good, came a host of "the byes" from about Oghill and Kiltomer. These rushing down and reinforcing our side—and I say "our side," for in some way I found myself giving an elbow to the cause of Denis, we made as fine a rally and sally as any one would joy to see, captured the blushing and willing Nora, bore her triumphantly into Balinasloe, and had her safely and securely married to Denis by an obliging priest within a glorious half hour thereafter.

But this happy outcome is one out of a thousand miserable cases. At every little station, from Galway or Tralee, eastward; from Dublin or Wexford, westward; and all along the lines converging at or toward Mallow, and thence to Cork, these sad-eyed "convoying" parties may be seen waiting for the last embrace, hand pressure or glimpse of the departing one; and if you were here and would ride in the "third-class" carriages, as I do, and could see each little compartment packed with from 20 to 30 of these emigrants on their way to Cork and