

A CHINESE OPIUM PAKAGE.

Shanghai's Gorgeous Establishment for Slaves of the Pipe.

CURSED BY THE DEADLY DRUG.

The Outrageous Conduct of the British Government—In the Paris of America—Superstitions About Medicines.

This Den Beats the World.

SHANGHAI, Feb. 15.—[Special Correspondence of THE BEE.]—I visited, last night, the largest opium den of the world. It is situated on the edge of the great cosmopolitan city of Shanghai in which Chinese rowdies from all parts of the empire congregate, and where the Chinese have learned to play billiards, to drink whiskey 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 grand mansions of 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 lamps, each of which cost hundreds of dollars, throw a soft light over the hazy smoking crowd within. The painted walls are inlaid with curious marble, the grain of which is such as to give the idea of landscape sketches and the finishing of the rooms is in wood, which is white, oily 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 was the pompous mandarin in gorgeous silks beside the half-naked coolie in ragged clothes; the scholar in a long black robe with a white looking man, 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 would be crowded into the smallest of our American individual snails. 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 ten cents a smoke and the dearest was sold for not much more than fifteen cents. The pipes, however, were different. They were about as long with a big, round bowl in the handle. The mandarin smoked pipes of ivory, some of which were elaborately carved, while the coolies were satisfied with plain pipes of wood. The receipts of this opium den are said to be more than one thousand dollars a day, and I am told that it is always full.

Passing the electric light you enter hall after hall filled with the fumes of sickening vapor through which the rays of gorgeous lamps struggling to find their way and cast a weird, ghost-like air over the smokers resting below. The smoking compartments are divided into cells open at the front and separated from one another by gorgeous carvings of oak-wood which colored with the smoke of thousands of pipes turned from a rich brown into an aged jet. Each cell accommodates two or more people, and the most of the men I saw smoking were in couples. On each side of a little glass lamp the men lay on red cushions, sometimes dropping their feet upon a chair and resting their heads on blue pillows, each 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. In some of the private rooms I noted women smoking with the men. They were not, I was told, the wives of the smokers, and it is no more creditable for a Chinese woman to smoke than it is for an American girl to drink whiskey. Opium smokers always lie down while smoking. They bend themselves upon their sides and blow it out of their nostrils. In some cases I noted large rooms in which private parties seemed to have assembled for a foot ball game. The game 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.

CHINA'S OPIUM TRADE.

This, however, only one of hundreds of opium shops in Shanghai. I visited another here upon leaving this big one and found it nearly as large. It is said that China uses about \$500,000,000 worth of opium every year, and it is rightly called the curse of the people. Opium is now grown in every province of China. The seed of the poppy is sown in November and its juice is collected in February and March. The opium is eaten by cutting a hole in a foot long pipe with a notched iron instrument, and by the next morning a drop or so of juice has oozed out. This is scraped off and saved by the grower. After the pipe is filled full of it, it is strained and dried. It takes a great many poppies to make a pound of opium, and 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 small tin cans which contain about forty balls of opium. These balls are rolled in dried poppy leaves and here in China the duty on opium is so heavy that the Chinese would rather use chests very closely. At Shanghai there are a number of large ships which look like floating armories, but which are really steamships in which the opium passed upon by the customs is stored, and by which method smuggling is somewhat prevented. The Chinese are the greatest smugglers in the world, and it is only by the aid of foreigners that they are able to have a good customs service. And their receipts from foreign customers are now four times as great as they were several decades ago.

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 stop it, but the foreigner who were bringing in large quantities of the drug, were making too much money out of it to let it go, and the most interesting pages of history is the record of how John Bull, first, and other nations, and how the Chinese, finally, were able to stop it. The emperor of China at the start took the consumers of opium and threatened them with death. Opium merchants were seized and tortured, and the native doctors were executed. The Chinese, however, could do nothing with the foreigners, and they became the great smugglers. The government appealed to the foreigners and one of the government commissioners asked the English merchants to give up their opium that might be destroyed. They gave up twenty thousand chests, worth eleven million dollars. China refused to pay for it on the ground that it had not authorized its commissioner to demand it, and that the opium was smuggled. For this the British went to war with China, and they won. The most of the ports. They made a treaty in which opium was not mentioned, but in the making of which the Chinese were unduly cautious 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 the citizens to sell opium to the Chinese, and the poison is now brought into

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THE ART OF HOUSEKEEPING

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New York World.

She never perused "Robert Elsmere."

Under the system now in force in the English colleges, says the Philadelphia Times, by which the many important examinations are thrown open to women, remarkable successes have been attained by individual ladies, though the average of scholarship and success is of course still higher among male students than among female. One of the lady "cracks" of the present year is Miss Ethel E. M. Montague, of London, a girl of only twenty-one, who has recently added to the many distinctions she has earned before, first class honor in English at the University of London, passing the B. A. examination in the first division with marks deserving a prize, being the only lady in this class. A paper on Her having made School company (headquarters 21 Queen Anne's Gate, London, S. W.), she passed with honors, the junior and senior Cambridge local examinations, and held the company's scholarship, held for two years. Her having articulated in 1885 in London University with honors, Miss Montague was offered a Gorton scholarship for two years and the same year won the Somerville prize for the best essay on the Cambridge and Oxford joint board examinations. In 1877 she passed in the London "Intermediate Arts" examination, taking second class honors in English, and she was awarded the Reid scholarship in Bedford College, London, for one year. These distinctions were followed by the Anglo-Saxon prize, with a certificate of honor, and a certificate for mental and moral science, which she obtained on the final examinations of the University college last year.

A School for Housewives.

It is said that Mrs. General Logan is busy herself abroad in looking into a scheme which she thinks—if she finds it practical—will probably look well when she returns to this country, says the New York World. In Germany there is a custom which sounds almost as if it were a survival from the middle ages, when boys were sent to the great cities to learn to spin, sew, embroider, brew and bake under the supervision of a chateleine of the castle. This custom, in its modern form, is to send girls, after they have finished their college course, in the household of some noted woman who teaches them all the accomplishments which it is held fitting a ha us maiter should acquire.

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A Nun's Noble Action.

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The bridge crossing the Second river appeared in view, and another horror was added to Morton's already perilous ride. There was a crowd of about twenty feet of the bridge, and before Morton had put his resolution into effect, the beast suddenly left the track, climbed the side of the bank and reached Washington avenue again on a mad run. The animal turned up the avenue and a Mill street turned the corner. It made direct for an opening in the shed of Andrew Schaffenburg, which was scarcely larger than the size of the bull. Morton was unable to see the aperture the beast rushed through, tearing the boards off on both sides and leaving the trousers and flesh upon Morton's limbs in shreds. Reaching Schaffenburg's yard, the bull stamped a floor of boards and chairs and scattering them in all directions. Morton, through fear or loss of presence of mind, still held on tenaciously. The animal ran down the bank of the Second river, in the line of the yard, and plunged into the water. The noise of the frightened fowls had attracted Mr. Schaffenburg's attention, and when he reached the yard he saw the bull and man disappear under the bridge crossing the river on Washington avenue. He hurried to the other side and saw the bull endeavoring to climb the steep embankment above the river. Schaffenburg lost no time in getting under the bridge in search of the man whom he had seen upon the animal's back. He found Morton lying in the shallow water in a faint. He had been knocked from the bull's back by contact with the archway of the bridge. Morton was carried into the house and revived. His clothes were torn to ribbons and the flesh on his legs hung in long strings. He was thoroughly exhausted from his wild ride, and was unable to explain how he managed to hold on so long. It was impossible to capture the bull alive it was necessary to shoot it.

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