

make a sort of a white jelly when they are mixed together. On the top of these shreds of boiled ham are placed and pigeon eggs below. The soup is again boiled, and when served it looks more like angels' food than swallows' spittle. It is said to be very invigorating, and will give a man of sixty the vigor of twenty-five. The shark fins are said to have the same strength-giving properties. They are made of the splinters of the fin of a shark, and are cooked into a soup and are served with a bit of ham. Bamboo shoots are the roots of the bamboo. They taste like cooked nuts, and make you think of white carrots. These Chinese are very fond of all kinds of fungus, and that which was served at this meal was a sort of a jelly-like mushroom.

All of the Chinese dishes were served in such shape that they could be easily taken up with chopsticks. In place of salt each man had a little bowl of Japanese soy into which he dipped his food before eating it. The Chinese consider it barbarous to bring food on the table as we do. They think that everything should be cooked in small pieces and they stew and boil almost everything. Such meats and vegetables as are fried are first cut up into the shape of hash and the only pigs which are cooked whole are those which are intended for sacrifices. Even the priests' cut these into hash and recook them before eating. An idea seems to prevail among foreigners that the Chinese live on rice and rats. There is no greater mistake in the whole dictionary of errors which are current concerning the Chinese. In the northern part of China, where I now am, the common people are too poor to afford rice and they live upon millet, wheat and corn. A great deal of bread is consumed, but it is boiled instead of baked, and as to the better classes, they have as many dainties and as good food as we have. The fish of China are among the finest of the world. They have a shad which is fully equal to that of the Potomac, but which has not half so many bones. You can buy quail and snipe and venison in the market here and I have never seen finer mutton than that furnished by the fat-tailed sheep of north China. There is no country in the world where so many fowls are eaten and there are chicken farms, duck farms and goose farms here. There are duck villages in south China and goose boats which carry a thousand of these hissing birds along the lowlands of the river and stop for them to get off upon the mud flats and fatten on the worms and snails which they find there. In every Chinese city you will find stores which do nothing but sell smoked ducks and geese, and they have a way of drying ducks in the sun and of salting them so they will keep like we keep ham. I see many duck peddlers going through the cities carrying a bushel or so of these dried ducks in baskets swung from the two ends of a pole which rests across their shoulders, and I have ridden on boats filled with live ducks and geese going from one side of a river to the other. A great many other fowls are artificially hatched and the experience of ages is shown in the skill with which they raise fowl.

Speaking of curious food, the Chinese are fond of eggs about one hundred years old, and old eggs here are worth

about as much as old wine is in America. They have a way of burying the eggs, and it takes about thirty days to render a pickled egg fit to eat. Some of the old eggs have become as black as ink, and one of the favorite dishes for the sick is made up of eggs which are preserved in jars of red clay and salt water. The Chinese seldom eat soft-boiled eggs, and it is the regular custom to serve hard-boiled eggs at birthday celebrations. I have seen no dogs, rats or cats in Tien-Tsin, though I have no doubt that some of the very poor eat them, and I was told the other day that rat flesh is often eaten by old women as a hair restorative.

As to the cooking, this dinner of Li Hung Chang's was as well cooked and served as any dinner ever given at the White House. The Chinese chef, after a few lessons in foreign cooking, surpasses the French, and they have the best of taste in table decoration. It is much easier to give a big dinner here than in the United States. A high-priced cook might cost you perhaps twenty dollars in silver or ten dollars in gold a month, and he would board himself. For such a sum you would get a man who would take entire charge of a diplomatic dinner, and who would serve you the finest of everything, from soup to dessert. Your bills for the same would be about one-third what a similar dinner would cost you in America, and all you would have to say to the cook would be to mention the number of guests, as, for instance, "John, my wanchee number one dinner for thirty piecee men tomorrow night, you go makee all proper." You could then leave your house and come back at the hour set for the dinner in your dress suit, and you would find your table beautifully set, the wines properly arranged, and a first class menu for your guests. Truly these Chinese are a wonderful people.

Frank G. Carpenter

FROM SALT LAKE TO BUTTE.

BUTTE CITY, Montana,
October 11, 1894.

Bound for the settlements of the Saints in Alberta, Canada, I left Salt Lake City on Monday evening, the 9th inst. The distance from the capital of Utah to Butte, Montana, is 397 miles by rail. After leaving Idaho Falls (formerly Eagle Rock), on Snake river, 185 miles from Salt Lake City, the railroad crosses the great Snake river valley and enters the mountains on the north through Beaver canyon. The grade up that mountain gorge is very steep, and our engine became disabled in rounding a big curve, which delayed us quite a while; and before the long train could get a fresh start it became necessary to back down into the lower end of the canyon. Reaching the top of the mountain, at an elevation of 6,807 feet above sea level, the passengers were informed that they were in the state of Montana, and on the headwaters of the Missouri river. Proceeding down grade along Red Rock creek and crossing the Big Hole river, we crossed the continental divide and found ourselves in that region of country which is drained by the Deer Lodge, a tributary of

Bitter Root river, which is a tributary of Salmon river. We soon reached the small railway station called Silver Bow, from which it is seven miles to Butte.

The monotony of the long ride from Salt Lake City to Butte was somewhat relieved by the singing, chatting, joking, etc., etc., of nearly a score of "colored gentlemen," all professed ministers of the Gospel and representing the African Methodist denomination. They were bound for Helena, where a grand conference is to be held by them. [Some of them were black as a stove, others yellow; some were old, other young and some middle-aged; but all were jolly and happy together; the responsibilities of their pending conference did not seem to bother them in the least. Their free and cheerful attitude might serve as a rebuke or a warning to some of the very long-faced and melancholy ministers of the same religious denomination but of a different color. A couple of young ladies of massive build, who, judging from their attire, belonged to the Salvation army, also amused their fellow passengers by singing "Ater the Ball" and other popular airs. This was evidently intended for their own ears only; but the strains were sufficiently loud to be heard and appreciated at least by some of the African fellow travelers. The latter were good singers.

The first impressions of Butte upon a stranger as obtained by a view from the window of a Union Pacific railway car in approaching the city, are disappointing so far as appearances go. Only a partial view of the town can be obtained, owing to the intervening hills and broken gullies. As the train nears South Butte the passenger finds the monotony of arid plain and abandoned placer mines relieved by the sight of great buildings, which upon inquiry, he learns are shaft houses and smelters. The immensity of the buildings perched on the hill sides—some of them hundreds of feet above the valley—impresses upon the stranger the conviction that mining in Butte is conducted upon a colossal scale. The smoke from hundreds of tall chimneys greets the eye. These are the smelters. Casting a glance to the north, the tops and the sides of the mountains are seen to be crowned and thickly dotted with shaft houses, nearly two hundred in number. Several of these structures, together with the machinery and plants, are said to represent investments of \$1,000,000 each. Though the mines can be seen from the railroad only a small portion of the city of Butte is visible. Before a correct idea of the town can be formed the visitor must take a trip through some of its principal streets at least. The heart of the city is nearly two miles from the lower railway depot.

Butte is located on the sloping side of a mountain in the very heart of the great mineral belt of the continent and immediately across the continental divide on the west side. The mountain side upon which the city stands faces south, and is a gradual incline—quite steep in places—from the summit to the valley at its base. The streets run very irregularly as compared to Salt Lake City, having been laid out to conform to the