

HOSTILE HEATHEN.

The Six Companies Officially Order a Truce.

The impending warfare between the rival Hop and Sney Chinese companies was carefully and patiently watched for by an extra force of police in the Chinese quarter yesterday, but the heathen did not rage and were as inoffensive as so many sheep. They swarmed on the streets and alleys of their own martial territory in unusual numbers and with more than ordinary stir and confusion in the early morning, but that was explained by the fact that yesterday was one of the festival days devoted to the offering of baked hog to the departed. All the available express and other vehicles were called into requisition to transport the almond-eyed mourners and their greasy offerings to the burial places, to be as carefully and conscientiously carted back after the ceremony. An incident of the return, which happily ended well, was cause for no little excitement, from which might have been feared an outbreak of Celestial riot, but from which, fortunately or unfortunately, as it may be considered, no bloodshed followed. Three dollars is the price fixed by inviolable custom for the mercantile excursion. An expressman who demanded \$5 and was refused, seized the gold piece just being exchanged, and in endeavoring to escape with it, caught his elbow in the glazed door of the establishment; then breaking loose he succeeded in making away with the coin, until Officer Corrigan compelled him reluctantly to return the difference in dispute \$2 and the price of the glass, \$1.50. Meantime a mob of idle Chinese had gathered, perhaps 1000 strong, on Dupont street and in the neighborhood, but being far from the scene of the affray of Friday night, no aggressive steps were taken by the original combatants.

Otherwise all Chinatown was as serenely peaceful as even Consul Bee might desire. The denizens of the hidden precincts of Sullivan, Spofford, Stout, St. Louis, Bull Run and the other alleys in the quarter swarmed in and out like ants. The varnished jack and the bronzed hog, the sun-dried shrimp and the thousand Celestial condiments sent up their malodorous and stomach-stirring smells to heaven as plentifully and as penetratingly as ever. The duck ranches on the roofs of the high buildings fronting on Rose or Stout's alley, where is located the headquarters of the Sney Company, overlooked no scene of carnage, although there were many more loiterers in that vicinity than usual. The guardsmen of the Sney Company, a dozen or twenty strong, lounged near the entrance to their barracks with all the careless bravado and men of Democratic primary strikers, while a crowd of youthful and rigged hoodlums of the Mongol breed swarmed in imitation of the Tartar desperadoes. But the sudden appearance of a blue-coated officer startled the saffron-hued hordes and in a twinkling they had all vanished into the available openings furnished by doorway and basement window. Twenty or thirty of the best-known disturbers and criminals were "stood up" and searched by the police, not so much as an earpick being found on any; from which the hasty conclusion was drawn that no war was intended. The quiet which reigned over the quarter is attributed to the edict promulgated by a joint and recent meeting of the Six Companies. Huge red posters in the coolie hieroglyph were fixed upon the dead walls about the district inhabited by the Chinese warning them against disturbances of any sort; and the respect that the police power of the municipality failed to exact from the alien disturbers was accomplished by the interference of the more potent agency of the secret tribunals whose punishment is as swift, sure and terrible as once were the visitations of the Mormon destroying angels.

Lee Look's Pyrotechnics.

The day having been devoted to the religious observance in honor of the dead, the evening was given over to holiday enjoyment much after the fashion of humankind all the world over. Mr. Lee Look, who has been so far Americanized as to delight more in the society of the Caucasian than that of his peer man and brother, seized on the opportunity under the encouraging suggestion and assistance of John Calvert, the druggist, to reap a substantial harvest of quarters from the curiosity of the pleasure-seeking of both races. "Something Wonderful!" was the startling catch phrase bearing his advertisement: "The Imperial Police Company of Chinese Agents in one of their extraordinary performances, consisting in part of fire-eating, etc.," followed by "newly invented pyrotechnics, a series of drawing-room pictures, the whole presenting a varied panorama most pleasing to behold." Concluded in such terms, and bowling the outer brick of the Dupont street brickations, the pleasure-seeking people anxiously awaited the eventful night. Speculative middlemen sold on the streets, in Chinatown, tickets for the entertainment, and as early as 6 o'clock in the evening the street cars running to the Recreation Grounds were permeated with the peculiar aroma that has polking like unto it outside of cologne, and the delectable precincts in the center of the Sixth ward. The lines running direct to the grounds were insufficient for the traffic, but the sagacious heathen had not erred the problem of transportation so that great lumbering wagons, four-in-hand, conveyed late, much after the manner of an old-time four-mule race. Several parties of the more conservative and aristocratic drove to the ground in rock-aways and more fashionable turnouts, one, in particular, occupied by four of the sort whose allegiance to the skull cap and ricken blouse of the empire mark them conspicuously gentled. The gignons were handled by a tall fellow with a spig of the sweet-scented Ylang-Ylang fixed in his buttonhole and a silken thread of an ivory tassel braided into his queue. As might have been expected the street Arab of Far Flat found this occasion the ordinary slang one of "too much joy," and the coaching party were treated to a warm reception in the way of recognition with potatoes and other missiles as they sped along Folsom street. Perhaps three thousand Chinese were on the ground, the grand stand being entirely occupied and the old ball ground about equally divided between the heathen and the ever-active small boy, whose surreptitious entrance was through a recent opening in the Harrison-street fence. A stage draped with cotton and illuminated by a blaze of fire in front, as well as by the inevitable Chinese lantern, was devoted to an acrobatic performance, consisting of tumbling, a stilt performance and other such feats not particularly novel. At the conclusion of this part of the programme, the pyrotechnics were exhibited, with so much success that the Mongolian audience immediately began a noisy and general movement toward the street. The moon shone with a perceptible sarcasm on the effort of the enterprising Look to please his confiding countrymen; and the strains of the First Regiment Band were mockery to ears used to the monotonous discord of the *hien so* and the one-stringed lute. By 9:30 the impatient hoodlum had begun to riot in the window of the grand stand, and the managerial eye was busy seeking the receipts. Two net pieces, hoisted in a framework, were, as the programme truthfully stated, "drawing-room pictures." So that none but those within a few feet were able to judge of their merit. A close inspection proved them to be a marvel of ingenuity in the excessive number of marionette figures which each successive explosion of the parts exposed; but, as usual with an improvised performance, the whole was spoiled by the failure to make connection between the several pieces.