

A GLOBE-TROTTER'S PILGRIMAGE.

By H. F. L.

XVII.

From the moment of our landing in Japan it had been with us; it seemed literally to haunt us wherever we went; wrought in cunning silk embroidery, damascened in shining metal, on cloisonné jar, on velvet pictures, on post cards innumerable there was even its presentment until the eye positively tired of it and we felt inclined to jeer at Japanese enthusiasm and to wonder whether the reality would in our eyes justify this latter.

And the manner of our meeting was thus-wise.

It is a fairly far cry from Kyoto to Tokio, a journey which even if not so very long in point of ground covered, in point of time consumed justified our taking a night train. And when at sunrise we tumbled out of the sleeping berths in which we had been slam-banging through the night, then towering above us to the left as we sped onward, rising some 12,000 feet from a vast level plain, was the huge mountain, its summit, an enormous truncated cone, clad in gleaming snow, which under the rays of the morning sun made the fleecy clouds look soiled and dirty, the immortal be-storied, be-hymned Fuji-san, which for centuries has been a source of inspiration to Japanese poets, painters, and craftsmen of every degree. Be it confessed that like everyone else we succumbed at once to its unique charm, its solemn grandeur.

Henceforward it became with us as with others: a point of honour to see Fuji as often as possible, for Fuji is a capacious monarch and only too often is enshrouded in mist and cloud. It is perhaps difficult to account for the extraordinary fascination exercised by this one mountain on all, both travellers and natives in Japan. It is not of surpassing height; many of the alpine summits are higher, while it is a mere dwarf beside the giants of the Himalaya. It can only be its oneness. It is the only mountain in Japan which soars into the region of perpetual snow, and it, alone of mountains, does not rise from a range of snow girt brethren, but emerges, one huge hummock from the plain.

And so to imperial Tokyo, of all the world's capitals the least pleasing. A city vast in extent, with a couple of really fine public parks, one containing the tombs of the shoguns, for centuries the actual rulers of Japan, Tokyo is noisy, odoriferous and generally disagreeable. In one quarter one might be standing in a bad imitation of Berlin, huge barrack-like public buildings flanking the Imperial palace where His Sacred Majesty, the Mikado arrayed in a singularly unbecoming uniform is at present giving audiences and luncheons and other samashes to the officers of the British fleet which for the first time since the Russo-Japanese war is visiting Yokohama.

Glad enough were we to spin in rickshas across the bustling city with its teeming swarm of Japs in a vile mixture of native and European costume, to Ayeno station, whence a singularly leisurely train which takes 5 hours to cover 90 odd miles, takes us to Nikko, the Mecca of every beauty-loving pilgrim in Japan.

Professor Chamberlain, joint author of the best and most comprehensive guide-book in the world, "Murray's Japan" once wrote that "Nikko's is a double glory, the glory of nature and the glory of art." This sentence one sees repeated *ad nauseam* in hand books great and small, in newspapers, books of travel &c., but it is in fact the bare truth, for nowhere have Japanese craftsmen so revelled in the wanton luxuriance of many coloured lacquers and astounding wood carvings as in the Iyeyasu Mausoleum and Hongu temple, and nowhere has nature been more lavish of her favours than at Nikko.

The very approach to the place is unique, for twenty five miles from Nikko begins a long avenue of gigantic cryptomerias, finest and most striking of pine trees, which continues to the foot of Nikko's one steep and picturesque street. At the head of this street, on a bluff overlooking a mountain torrent, is perched a comfortable hotel, whence a path leads down to a stone bridge which is but a few yards below the famous red lacquer bridge, upon which none but the sacred foot of the Mikado may tread. Across this bridge, almost hidden in a grove of cryptomerias are the Nikko temples, the most magnificent of their kind in the world.

Professor Chamberlain says of them "Japanese wood-carving and painting on wood being then (17th century) at their zenith the result was the most perfect assemblage of shrines in the land. But, though there is gorgeousness, there is no gaudiness. That sobriety which is the key-note of Japanese taste gives to all the elaborate designs and bright colours its own chaste character."

In truth no words can describe the marvels of the intricate carvings that adorn these temples, and yet, curiously enough, your guide will ignore these wonderful carved elephants, tigers, monkeys, dragons, mountain birds, phoenixes, chrysanthemums and other flowers, and will proudly call your attention to what he describes the masterpiece of the artist Hidair Yingoro, viz. the Nemuri-no Neko, an utterly insignificant carving of a sleeping cat, which

would have assuredly escaped your notice, but for the guides rapturous and apparently quite unjustifiable, admiration.

Our visit coincided with the great annual festival of these temples, when the sacred palanquins containing the divine symbols are borne in procession, "when ancient armour, costumes and masks are donned by the villagers old and young alike taking part in the display."

(To be continued.)

CHURCH SERVICES: DRESDEN.

ALL SAINTS' (ENGLISH) CHURCH, Wiener Strasse.
Sunday, July 5th. 3rd Sunday after Trinity. 8.0 a.m. Holy Communion. 11.0 a.m. Matins and Sermon. 6.0 p.m. Evensong and Litany.
Wednesday, July 8th. 11.0 a.m. Matins and Litany.
Friday, July 10th. 11.0 a.m. Matins and Litany.
Chaplain: The Rev. C. A. Moore, M. A., B. C. L.

THE AMERICAN CHURCH OF ST. JOHN, Reichs Platz 5, at the head of Reichs Strasse.
Sunday, July 5th. 3rd Sunday after Trinity. Holy Communion 8.0 a.m. Holy Communion and Sermon 11.0 a.m. Afternoon Service and address 5.30 p.m.
The Rev. J. F. Butterworth, M. A., Rector.

CHURCH OF SCOTLAND (Presbyterian), Bernhard Strasse 2, at the corner of Bismarck and Winckelmann Strasse.
Services every Sunday at 11.0 a.m. Communion on the first Sunday of the month.
Rev. James Ray, Minister of Cellardyke Parish, Anstruther.

THE INCUBATOR BABY.

For four years a suit about an "incubator baby" has occupied the attention of American Courts of law, the contending parties being the real mother and the well-to-do foster-mother of the baby. The inferior Courts have awarded the baby, now to the former now to the latter, and at this moment the case is before the Federal Court of appeal at Minneapolis. The final decision of this interesting suit by the Appeal Court is looked forward to with keen expectation. The incubator-baby here in question is now four years old, and first saw the light in a hospital at St. Louis. It is alleged that while the mother, Mrs. Charlotte Thompson Bleakley, was still lying ill, the matron of that hospital secretly took away the then imperfectly developed infant and sold it to the incubator Company at the St. Louis Exhibition. It is further alleged that, in order to conceal her theft of the child, the matron substituted for it one that was said to have been brought into the world dead at the same time by an actress. Mrs. Bleakley believed at first that her child had died shortly after its birth. Meanwhile, the baby developed splendidly in the incubator at the Exhibition, and a rich lady—Mrs. James G. Barclay, of Buffalo, N.Y.—who saw the child in the incubator, was so pleased with the little one that she there and then adopted it. In order to avoid future difficulties she induced Mrs. Bleakley to sign a document by which she renounced all claim to the incubator baby—a proceeding to which Mrs. Bleakley, who was in poor circumstances, all the more readily agreed as she had been assured and convinced that the child was not hers. It was not until later that suspicion arose in Mrs. Bleakley's mind, and she questioned the matron of the hospital, who then confessed that she had substituted a dead child for the living one. Mrs. Bleakley thereupon demanded that her child should be restored to her, but Mrs. Barclay, who had become very fond of her adopted child, attempted to run away with it, but was stopped and arrested at the railway station and compelled by a judicial decision to give up the child to the mother. A series of suits followed. It is said that Mrs. Barclay has already spent 50,000 dollars on the child. The defence of the claim of the real mother has cost so far 5,000 dollars. The best advocates have placed their services at the disposal of Mrs. Bleakley without charge.

MOVEMENTS OF LINERS.

North German Lloyd S. S. Co., Dresden office:
FR. BREMERMAN, Prager Strasse 49.

YESTERDAY'S REPORTS.

"Königin Luise," from Genoa for New York, arrived New York July 1st.
"Derfflinger," from Bremen for Japan, arrived Rotterdam July 2nd.
"Breslau," from Bremen for Baltimore, left Bremerhaven July 2nd.
"Prinzess Irene," from New York for Genoa, arrived Naples July 2nd.
"Prinzregent Luitpold," from Hamburg for Japan, arrived Naples July 2nd.
"Prinz Friedrich Wilhelm," from New York for Bremen, left Plymouth July 2nd.
"Grosser Kurfürst," from Bremen for Spitzbergen, arrived Glasgow July 1st.

VISITORS AT THE SPAS.

Arrivals at Bad Elster up to the June 30th numbered 5,123; at Bad Kreuznach up to July 2nd 5,060; at Bad Ems up to the same date 9,188.

DRESDEN

Concert Agency F. Ries.

Wednesday 15. July, 8 p.m., Gewerbehaus:

Concert of the
„ARION“Choir of male voices from Brooklyn, N. Y.
Conductor, Mr. Arthur Claassen.

Performers: the "Arien" Choir; Mesdames Lilian Funk, soprano; Louise Schippers, soprano; the Manhattan Ladies-Quartet: Mesdames Irene Cumming, Louise de Salle Johnston, Louise Shorhey, and Anna Winkopp; the Arion-Quartet: M.M. H. Weimann, Gus. Walden, Wm. Janson, and Frank Schwarzkopf; Miss Jeanette Louise Manning at the pianoforte.

Seats at 3, 2, and 1 marks; standing places at 50 pfennigs, from F. Ries (Hofmusikalienhandlung, Kaufhaus) and Ad. Brauer (F. Plötner) Haupt Strasse 2, 9-1 and 3-6 o'clock.

The profits will be applied to a charitable purpose.

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