

and long sleeves outspread like wings runs in front clearing the way, or it is a horseman who passes heralded in like manner. And innumerable are the jin-riki-shas, a sort of compromise between the old and the new, most of them with one runner, but some with two or even three, some going at an easy jog-trot, others spinning along furiously, clearing other carriages by mere hair's

Western-Eastern activities, the streets and institutions, ancient and modern, the extensive moats and battlements, and the wall of mountains beyond the rolling plain, keeps watch the tutelary divinity, silent, unsullied, sublime before the Most High, Fuji the Peerless. Various are the aspects of the all-impressive cone: sometimes dark purple against a twilight sky, again ashen



COMBING HER HAIR.

breadths, and making sudden curves which threaten to send their occupants flying on to the road, while their drawers leap and whoop and seem at the highest pitch of enjoyment. The streets are fairly wide and at right angles, the blocks of a uniform length, every house, every individual in every house, carefully registered, and as each branch street opens out to us, there, above the

grey, again, though sixty miles away, gleaming spectral through the moonlight; sometimes almost overlooked; for what is that far up above the white belt of cloud standing out in a patch of blue sky like a white lily in a lake? It seems too high for any mountain to be, but it is none the less the snowy summit of Fuji, and the devout Buddhist will tell you that it has eight