

RAMBLES IN JAPAN.

A MONASTERY FOUNDED IN THE EIGHTH CENTURY.

Services by a Priest at His Own Home in the City of Kioto—False Ideas about the Age of Buildings—A Ride to Lake Biwa—A Bell With a History.

From a letter from Kioto to The Sacramento Record-Union the following statements are taken:

The first evening in Kioto showed me as pretty a picture as I have yet seen. It was dark, and I had gone to the house of a Japanese whom I knew, but the kuruma man, mistaking the number, took me to a place near by. I entered the vestibule, and the shoji being pushed aside, I saw a number of Japanese men and women seated about a huge fire-box with books in their hands. Sitting with them and reading was a priest dressed in the simple black robe always worn when not officiating. He came forward and spoke in French to me, and then in English. He knew my friend who had gone to Tokio; so I talked a little with him. Here is his home, with no mark about it to distinguish it from the surrounding houses, save his name on the gate, he holds service, has his classes, and works quietly and surely, living as the people and among them, not holding himself aloof, not condescending but going with. He does not complain of discomforts, but makes his love for his labor support him. This picture, coming so soon after the European life I had seen in Kobe among his rival workers in the same field taught me a lesson which I wish others could profit by.

It is a fact that missionaries have lived here in Japan for more than a year without eating a Japanese meal, without having slept but once under the Japanese futons, and living most of that time in a large school, had not taken interest enough in the life about them to know how the people bathed. These are little things, but they make a sum total of a great deal. When a man says, as one did, that none can be a Christian so long as they sit on the floor; when these supposed followers of the Great Teacher go upon their missions with servants and a mountain of luggage, and then preach the gospel of Him who had not where to lay His head, when their own creature comforts hold so prominent a place in all proceedings, what possible chance is there for them to hold their ground against the man who works in the way of this good father whom I met this evening? They tell me that by living well and with all these home luxuries they show the people what a Christian home is like.

Kioto is a city of palaces, and has a quarter of a million inhabitants, but it is the past of Kioto, which overlooking the present, gives the traveler food for wonder. So wofully tired have I become of these palaces and temples that I would willingly give up all the splendor of this ancient capital for a sight of green fields, only I feel it to be a duty to visit them now that I am so near. My first wonder at the enormous size of Japanese buildings is gradually evaporating, and with good reason. For instance, I am told that this royal palace was built over a thousand years ago, and after I have sufficiently marveled I am informed that it was burned to the ground a few years after, but even this date leaves it a relic of antiquity, and I marvel again, only to be told of another total destruction, and so on through ten or more until the actual date of the palace is brought down to 1855. Perhaps you are shown to a weather-worn stone and told with evident pride that it is over a thousand years old. Of course it is, and would be even if it had been left where nature placed it, and I wish it had been.

The enclosed grounds of the palace contain twenty-six acres, nearly all covered, by buildings full of the richest and oldest of art. I was pointed to a cherry tree planted by Minamoto in 840, but this thousand-year-old fruit tree, it seems, has been renewed, and the present tree "planted by Minamoto" was put in the ground thirty-one years ago. If this system is perfectly legitimate, I see no reason why the Golden Gate park should not have Adam's apple tree from the Garden of Eden or that of the father of his country.

The other night, as I sat in the dim light of a lantern waiting for bed and bed time to come, a solemn figure entered my room, and, kneeling before me, struck its forehead three times to the floor, repeating at each obeisance the name "Washington! Washington! Washington!" I was, indeed, taken by surprise, but I recovered in time to reply in the same stately manner: "Nobunaga! Nobunaga! Nobunaga!" much to the evident satisfaction of the figure, which, after surveying me for some time, took leave, after again repeating the name. I was at first inclined to think this apparition of political significance, predicting my speedy elevation to the presidential chair at Washington, but the girl who brought my futon (bedding, etc.), told me it was the host's son, who had read a great deal and had come to pay his compliments to me as an American. I am glad that I am not to be president, though I should like to be a custom-house inspector until I could get a few crates of this beautiful porcelain and

these embroideries into our well-protected country. In the grounds of the Tenjin-sama were crowds of people in holiday attire, it being the celebration of the beginning of spring. The white flag of Japan, with its red disk, was floating over every doorway in town, and the resplendent obies (the broad sashes worn by women) of the young girls, made the whole city seem indeed like spring. In the grounds of this temple were many statues of reclining oxen, some of them beautifully executed in bronze, mottled or black marble, and one especially, evidently quite new, carved in gray granite, looked as soft as velvet, the best work I have yet seen in Japan. The huge stone lanterns which are found by thousands in all the temples and graveyards of the country have a frame of wood, covered with paper made to fit the openings. When the light is within, a host of these monsters beneath the shadows of a pine grove is very effective and quite startling when suddenly come upon around some dark corner. From the garden of the Kinkakuji, a hill is visible, which the Mikado Uda, one hot summer day, had covered with white silk that he might enjoy a cool scene. There was once a French Louis who did about the same thing, but not to please himself, which certainly shows a good point in the idiotic act which cannot be credited to the mikado in his similar one.

The pleasant ride from Kioto to Otsu on Lake Biwa has been made for tourists a thing of the past, for the screeching engine carries them through tunnel and over tressel, and places them in Otsu without giving a glimpse of the pretty country. With merry farewells and good wishes from my host and his people, I hurried away at a lively pace behind the best runner I have yet had, in a way which bid fair to bring me to the lake quite as quickly as the train would which I had scorned. The Tokaido all the way is a magnificent road, with stone embankments, gutters, and cross-drains equal to any I have ever seen. The traffic which passes over it is enormous, and the multitudes of home-returning peasants from the Kioto holiday made rapid progress soon came to a stop. At the foot of Hino-oka hill, which rises two hundred feet in abrupt incline, I had my first human tandem equipage; the second man harnessed himself to the front of the kuruma with cords, and ran just before the man between the shafts. I have often had two men, but one has always been pusher. The summit was soon reached with the aid of four legs; but when I reached it I wished we had not done so well, for the man's chest heaved as though it would burst, and I could note each beating of his heart, while blood came from his lips and nostrils. It was, indeed, a very horrible sight, and I shall never again allow the men to exert themselves to such an extent. They often deceive me, I know, by feigned fatigue, but that is surely better than that any animal should suffer—be he four or two or one legged. From the famous "hill of meeting and parting," which formerly marked the boundary of the province of Ozaka, the road descends to Otsu, giving fine glimpses of the lake between tall pines, and finally, as the picturesque town is reached, one sees between the brown houses the lovely Biwa.

Two hundred and eighty-six years before the Christian era there was a fearful earthquake in Japan, during which Fuji-yama is said to have risen, and at the same time the lake of Biwa disappeared. The original name of the lake is Oni, but someone with a vivid imagination re-named it Biwa, thinking it resembled in shape the biwa, the native banjo. The lake is 280 feet above the sea and the same number of feet in depth.

In Japanese literature eight specified beauties of Biwa are mentioned, only one of which I had the opportunity of seeing, and that was the sail-boats returning from Yabase. It was a pretty picture, but a number of boats with white sails spread would be anywhere quite as beautiful. I rather think, though, that the poets refer to those gayly-decorated pleasure-boats which are seen in midsummer, so possibly I have not seen even one of the eight. The other seven are the moon in autumn from Ishiyama, the snow in moonlight on Thiriyama, the vesper of Mii-dera, sunset at Seta, clear day with white caps at Awazuki, the geese lighting at Katada, and the rain falling at Karasaki at night. Karasaki is a point near Otsu, where stands the famous pine tree said to have been planted as long ago as the days of the first empire, but whether or not it does not matter—the tree without any history at all is a great wonder. A gnarled and broken trunk rises to the height, I should say, of about twenty feet, and from it branches grow in every direction, propped upon poles or piles of cut stones. These branches, some of them fully a hundred feet long bear a fine green needle. One branch I noticed had grown along for ten feet or so, and had then grown into another branch in such a way that it would be difficult to tell in what direction its sap had run. It is upon this tree at Karasaki when the rain falls at night that beautiful music is said to be produced by the drops falling from branch to branch and then upon the

ground and the water of the lake, for some of the branches extend a good distance over the water. Some day I suppose crowds of tourists will come in the rain at night to enjoy this beauty of Oni, and I am curious to know what time the good old tree will play as it lets the water drop down upon silk umbrellas and rubber rain-coats. The temple of Mii-dera is upon a hill just back of the town and commands a fine view of the lake, which seems ever to be changing from green to blue and back again. Here is a smooth granite obelisk, quite unlike anything Japanese, which was raised to the memory of the men who fell in the Satsuma rebellion. The temporary gateway was very pretty, being made of a great many large bamboo stocks bound together with tarred ropes and having the appearance of the fasces of old Rome. The bell is here, and has quite an interesting history, the oddest story of all being the one which accounts for the scratches visible upon its sides. The priests of a neighboring monastery stole it once and carried it to their place in the mountains, but every time it was struck it called out in loud tones: "I wish to go home to Mii-dera!" and echo carried the sound everywhere, until the priests, in anger, hurled the bell down the mountain-side, when it received the scratches. It was found by its rightful owners, and ceased at once its plaintive, homesick cry.

The monastery was founded in the eighth century, but of course was destroyed by fire several times, like everything else, but they still have intact the room occupied by the greatest female author of Japan during the writing of her romances, "Gen-ji Monogatari," and show the slate slab used by her for holding ink. Her name, Murasaki Shikibu, is known to all readers of Japanese history, for her book had great influence over all people, and is read to this day. The greatest surprise thus far to me was the discovery of an electric bell in the room at my hotel, which gave me great pleasure, for I had already clapped my hands into a blister in calling servants in the usual Japanese manner. The most agreeable part of Japanese art in interior decoration is its simplicity; in my room are a dozen slabs of white wood set in the upper part of the wall above the sliding doors, a few little holes having been cut in them. At first I did not see any design, and looked at them only as ventilators, but after awhile the sky showing behind these holes turned them into the white sails of ships, and the grain of the wood became water, which rolled in long waves toward the shore. Others were birds flying among clouds. I wish the people as well would show better on longer acquaintance.

The Supreme Court. It is a somewhat singular fact that only two of the Supreme Justices wear full beards—Field and Matthews—though Justice Woods also wore a full beard. The others are all closely shaven. Justice Field is the most popular with the administration. About two years ago Justice Harlan moved his family from Washington to Rockville, Montgomery Co. This was done for economical reasons, as he was at that time financially embarrassed in consequence of heavy indorsements for friends. In this way he became so reduced in means that he could not live in Washington in the style that a Justice of the Supreme Bench should observe. He has three grown sons, one of whom was recently ordained a minister of a leading Presbyterian Church in New York, and now receives a salary of \$6,000 a year. He graduated at Princeton only four years ago. Another son is a lawyer in Chicago, with a rapidly increasing practice and a third will be graduated from the Columbia Law School next month. The two former are unmarried and recognizing their father's financial condition, and having more money than there needs called for, had built for him a handsome house on Meridian Hill, which was just occupied by the Judge and his family last week. Thus the social circle of the Supreme Court is complete for the first time in two years, and, as the Judge himself has met his financial obligations, there is a likelihood that it will be the scene of brilliant social entertainments during the coming fall and winter.—Baltimore American.

An Enormous Appetite. A countryman in a restaurant listens with astonishment to a waiter giving an order, turns to a companion and says: "My stars, Bill, that must be a feller in here that's mighty nigh starved to death." "How you know?" "Why, I just heard that man yell out 'one beef an' cabbage.' I'm a pretty good eater myself an' ken slaughter a few cabbage when I get right hungry, an' I ken eat a pretty good size hunk o' meat, but when it comes to eating a beef, I'm afraid I wouldn't be equal to their 'mergency. Some folks ken eat powerful, Bill."—Arkansas Traveler.

Slick Traders. The two men who swindled Jay Gould in a railroad sale must have been citizens whose principal diet was chain lightning.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Senator Don Cameron and his wife are visiting in Boston. Louisville has more real-estate girls than any other state in the Union.

The Champion Carman of America, John Deemer, writes: "I have found that Jacobs Oil of medicinal value." All Champion Carman use it. Sold by drug lists.

Queen Victoria's favorite dessert is tapioca pudding.

Florida has a county composed entirely of island.

Miss Hawthorne, the "Fair Maid of Kent," finished her 103rd year a few days ago. She is in health, and finds a zest in life.

A New York democrat disinherited his grandchild because it was named after President Arthur.

Garfield county, Cal., has 1,100 unmarried men and twenty-eight unmarried women. Go west, girls!

Blue Springs, Mo., was sitting on a spring lounge with her lover. The lover escaped uninjured.

Col. E. C. Walker, Trotting Editor of the "Spirit of the Times," N. Y., and Gen'l Rufus Ingalls Quartermaster General U. S. A., both recommend St. Jacobs Oil as "worth its equal as a horse remedy." Price fifty cents.

Care for a Backet. The young men have just found out the new Moxie there is such a craze about will break up intoxication and remove the effects of any kind of dissipation at once, and after a night's racket they take a mug of it and wake up good as new in the morning. It takes the nervous, tired feeling out of women so quick, they literally "swarm after it." It contains no alcohol or poison. The chemists say it can be taken in large quantities as safely as grub. We sincerely hope it will substitute liquor for a wonder it is only 50c a quart bottle. It is said to cure some kinds of paralysis.

George Augustus Sala has severed his connection with the London Illustrated News.

What is Cholera? The word is derived from two Greek words, meaning bile, flux. There are two kinds of cholera. Owing to our general intelligence and greater cleanliness the epidemic finds but little footing in this country. But hundreds of deaths occur yearly, all over our land, from bilious cholera or malignant diarrhoea. At this season of the year, especially during the prevalence of such extreme heat, much partially decayed fruit is placed upon the market, tainted meats get onto the table, ice water is too freely indulged in, disease drops down upon the household like a thief in the night. At this time a remedy that can be relied upon is a boon above price. The dangerous season is upon you. You may be the next victim. Do not delay, but go to the drug store and procure a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and know that you have a pure vegetable remedy, that will not fail as hundreds can attest who have used it. Do not forget the name, Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.—Omaha Bee.

If your druggist does not keep the Remedy, ask him to order it for you. It is only 25 cents per bottle. Cut this out and take it with you, so as to get the name correct.

Prince Albert Victor, eldest son of the Prince of Wales, will be made a peer and sit in the House of Lords as "Earl of Chester," says a London paper.

A Small Leak will sink a great ship; and what at first appears to be a trifling cough is apt to culminate in consumption if not properly attended to in time. For consumption, which is scrofula of the lungs, and for all blood and skin diseases, use Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" has no equal dry druggist.

The Princess of Wales is this year for the first time an exhibitor at the Royal Society of Painters, in water colors. She sends a dainty picture of Windsor, seen from the river.

Our Progress. As stages are quickly abandoned with the completion of railroads, so the huge drastic, cathartic pills, composed of crude and bulky medicines are quickly abandoned with the introduction of Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Laxative Pellet," which are sugar-coated, and little larger than mustard seeds, but composed of highly concentrated vegetable extracts. By

Viscount N. Watanabe of Japan, president of the auditing department of the treasury, has come to this country to study the American system of national finances. He will spend most of his time at Washington, but will also visit Chicago, New York, Philadelphia and Boston.

Young and middle-aged men, suffering from nervous debility and kindred afflictions, as loss of memory and hypochondria, should enclose ten cents in stamps for large illustrated pamphlet suggesting a sure cure. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Ex-Governor Hoody of Ohio, will spend the summer at Seabright, N. J.

If sick headache, misery, what are Carter's Little Liver Pills if they will positively cure it? People who have used them speak frankly of their worth. They are small and easy to take.

Millionaire Corcoran of Washington has been named as the "Iron Park," where he will occupy Robert Garrett's estate this summer. His health is not improved.

If a cough disturbs your sleep, take Fiso's Cure for Consumption and rest well.

During the past winter no less than one hundred children have burned to death.

Nervousness and Indigestion Cured by Carter's Little Nerve Pills. Twenty-five cents.

Senator Mahon of Minnesota, has no children of his own, but gives paternal care to nine friendless orphans.

Tetter. A member of the Pioneer Press staff, troubled for eleven years with obstinate tetter on his hands, has completely cured it in less than a month, by the use of Cole's Carbolic Salve.—Pioneer Press, St. Paul.

Weakly Women With Pain. Colorless faces need Carter's Iron Pills. In Trumbull county, Ohio, the churches are having "crazy societies."

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it, 25c.

Don Cameron says that he has no ambition to be President just yet.

Fox's Arnica Oil. The best salve in the world for Burns, Wounds and sores of all kinds. Boils, Felons, Chills, Frozen Feet, Piles, Barber's Itch, Sore Eyes, Chapped Hands, Sore Throat, Scald Head, Pimples on the Face, and all skin diseases.

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