First day—January 29. Kyoto. We were packed and ready for leaving well before eight—the hour set. We were really off at 8:15. Maeda jun accompanied us as far as the bridge, so six karunuma left the house—Sanahara, Yokote, Maeda jun, Tange, myself each occupying one and the baggage remaining one. All were decorated with Asahi banners, and each passenger kumuna had two men so as to make a gay appearance. The morning was cold and rainy and few persons were in the streets so early in the morning. We went directly to Baro-bashi, where we were to make our formal start. A dozen of the Asahi newboys were lined up with banners and gave "banzai" as we rode up. Nakama Toyokata was there to see us off and gave me some Bumer photo-prints—Burena Valence being his birthplace; in the package was written: Present you. These are the genuine views. I wish to pray for your happy travel by land. The son of our hotel-master and Maeda jun were the only other personal friends among those who had gathered to see us start. We were asked to stand for a photograph, with many the Baro-bashi in the view and our line-up of Asahi banners as background. As we mounted and were off, we were given final "banzai".

At the edge of Kyoto we stopped to see Toji at Omniya. It consists of a number of fine old buildings scattered through a grove of cypress. In a great enclosure, said to contain 30,000 trees. The central temple of the great Shingon sect it maintains a College and a Hospital. Today the place presented few signs of life. One woman was making her hundred rounds of one of the large buildings, tolling the bell in the belfry, to the sound of the pipes. A few children were at play. Among them was a fine case of albinism, a boy of nine or ten years; his skin was very white, as was his white hair. But his eyes were normal; the natural redness of the skin, combined with the abnormally contrasted albinism, gave the child an appearance of actual albinism so that we could not see the true coloring. Whether his eyes had the normal movement, or not, was left to a casual observer. The place was open to casual observers. In the Betsu temple, where the general character of architecture and the tangle of matted vined tablets, inscription, is among the most beautiful and picturesque, standing heights of Toji and Monjyun. One of the miyake-pie-supported, roofed stone lanterns is visible among the trees on an island in the lake as we entered. The stone gate is actually old, dating to 796; the loss was rebuilt by Kiccyoshi the fine pagoda, highest in the view, is 250 feet high and is a national treasure. The temple is a national monument, with its association with the story of the god of Oyama. In the view, a line of movement, with the tangle of tablets is a Jizo figure in a form of a dragon.

Hiding out through a tea-growing country we came to the Jodo temple of Omkya. From the gateway at the foot of the hill, we climbed a precipitous flight of stone steps to the terrace on which the temple is built. On the hill, we passed a fine pine tree, with three trunk divisions, symmetrically from the ground up; the trees in the courtyard are of remarkable beauty; as we pass the main entrance, a kind of small temple is on the side, with a special entrance. The temple is large, but few little of particular interest. The main hall was built of Bantei. Inside, we passed a set of paintings, but the temple was filled with a crowd of people. The old pine tree under which the monk taught, is now surrounded by a fence, and a开花 Irving from the original figures, which we could not see. Enke Bantei was not only a master, but a great poet, and a Shakyo, probably from the original figure, which we could not see. The temple is a national monument, with its association with the story of the god of Oyama. In the view, a line of movement, with the tangle of tablets is a Jizo figure in the form of a dragon.

Some after leaving home we passed a pretty pond, with little pleasure boats built out over it, and later we passed a set of stone figures, with a figure carved on it. In the view, we passed a stone temple, with a large tablet, and then we saw among the rocks a small temple, but in fact it was a part of the stone temple, which we could not see. The temple was surrounded by a fence, and a开花 Irving from the original figure, which we could not see. The temple is a national monument, with its association with the story of the god of Oyama.
description by General Soga, which read, "Place of Separation of Kushinoke father and son."

Very interesting was our visit to the famous old tea-room, Mishima, at Oyama-kamome. During the długi period it was the home of famous poet and an autograph manuscript by him still adorns a board upon the wall. Later it was the home of the great chayagoe expert, Sen'yu Nishi, even now two approaches to the tea-room itself, one from outside by the garden screening stones, the other from within by a narrow passage turning once upon itself; the room measures two maid, with a tokonoma no larger than our next space; where the master of the ceremony set the garden stone path passes under the occasionally opening old pine tree known as the "elbow pine," from the fact that it had broken against this yopoth's sleeve. Here the tricks and the charm took the together and the place is now National Treasure. It usually visited and many well known visitors have left their autographs, poems and felicitations. The keeper of the place averved no ceremonial tea and danyakei in graceful fashion and gave me a pair of bamboo chrypicks as a souvenir of my visit.

We were now quite ready to lunch and stopped at Teppany in Akita where we had sake and saki tohke, a meal, green peas, okra and fish. The fish dish was too old for safe eating. As we set down at lunch strange change took place in theeterangan: behind the hills the sky changed from gray and dark until almost black; yet the sunlight from the west shone in before it obliterated. As soon as we started again, it began to snow—not merely a few flakes floating in the air, nor a single dash of dry pellets, but a real snow that soon sheeted over our kumaik hakama. This happened to be at Mishima and really Mimizaki's "new fallen snow at Mishima" (or the takahashi). A cold blast of wind accompanied the snow.

Fortunately, however, we soon emerged from this thick smoke and in full sunlight saw wayside ponds as calm and unreflecting as ever were. We met many cars heavily loaded with newspapers and not infrequently were crowded by them. We passed a ginza factory where the new made gin was exposed for drying on bamboo racks. At kita, Maeda, we were waiting for the horse of ragamuffin—where we took tea and cakes. He had his kumaik with two men and increased on line. He had made a great impressions on the country town through which we passed. Everywhere we were heralded as a wedding. "Mamaa, sira! a wedding comes." "Of course these people use a kumaik only once in a lifetime. Why must it not be a wedding?" Country kumaik have their customs and I am sure that on many children minds we thick, infaldil, rubber ties made more impression than the people of our party. It was almost dark when, after crossing for some time along the Yodo, we crossed it by the Nagara bridge and found ourselves once more in the great manufacturing city, where smoke stacks and belching chimneys had long been conspicuous. Where we entered the crowded city streets the electric lights were on.

The wind blew fiercely as we crossed the great bridge and were soon landed at the new "Kushi" into. In the reception room we met the President of the company and the chief members of the staff and were served coffee. We took a hurried run through the building, which is a fine plant, excellently equipped for work. Some special features interested me particularly. There is to be a very garden which will be private; the photographic department is completely equipped to do excellent work; the library is extensive and in good condition for use; there is an excellent lecture hall with seating capacity for five hundred persons. There are manuals and interesting features for a new people. From here we hurried to our hotel where all was ready and waiting for us. In fact several visitors were there waiting. A committee of four from the local notice had come to ask us about their proposed welcome meeting; a school from Kobe, Nagato, had a kumak manuscript on display for our inspection; and Tanakura Kinosato, the last kimsama, and is now here in business came to pay respects. On a busy evening such as this we had to rush around in a hurry. Second day, January 5th, Tanakura Kinosato was shown early and had decided to accompany us for part of the day. Mr. Ishida, who had accompanied us up from Kobe, left us, his place in the party being taken by Dr. Nishi. As we stood at the door, ready to start, our enthusiastic pilgrim, Kenzaburo, burst in upon us and declared his intention of going distance with us. All were equipped with lanterns and our live green kumaik started promptly. It was cold as we rode through the yet great morning streets, but it was black as we creased the Yodo in a dacha bridge. It warmed up very slowly as we stretched out into the open air. Crossing a small bridge to a bridge called Tatsugawa (the draped rock) we were in Oyama-kamome.
the great cotton mill, we soon adopted as Katsukuji. It was the refuge of Nikko for a time of deepest and greatest depression; here with Edward and in neutraloods, working in the kitchen, the escape to safety was made for him. They have reminded me there; — a little place above a mountain which is particularly bad is said to have been brought from Fuji; at the altar is a figure of him, there is armor he associated with him. First to there is a scroll of Kyoto woodblock. The present is very kind and we had every opportunity to see his treasures. As we had come into this temple we noticed a little shrine hung with ema, the little perforated cards left by those whose eyes are failing. Near the temple, only a few steps away, we visited the little factory of Sake, where it is called the wind that is raised and stands on these hills. The next day we introduced here from Kyoto. The artist here is the name of St. Agnes; he was sitting by a granite fount and water-bowling quite unlike the ordinary habitant; it was a simple, wooden, little house of chinese open on the sides for draught, with the little kettle at top; around him were samples of sake to show some and some. After we were served tea we went out to the workshop, where there are three wheels; two men were working and we watched them shape two or three vessels; we found the film half-boiled for burning. Returning to the house, we inscribed and decorated Japanese pieces which will be sent back up to us at Osaka. I had a cake bowl, the others had ceremonial cups.

Our friends Murakami had now left us. People along the road begin to know us, and their comment are less impersonal than yesterday. The paper met this morning, of course, narrating our trip of yesterday, which all do not realise — so that are explained; "How fast they have come! They really left Kyoto at eight o'clock." We passed through the town of Katsukuji and came across the river of itself, an almost dry wash at present and ground. We noticed here, what was constant through the region, that streams flow in an elevated ridge, above the level of the surrounding plain, and that the bordering banks are covered with pine trees. Here, as we crossed the bridge, we looked down between the two lines of pines to the stream's mouth at the apex. And the same experience occurs again and again; from the flat land, we are ahead of us the sandy ridge with pines, we rise to its top, cross the bridge, look down to the sea between the two lines of pines, and then descend again to the plain. Back in the distance, back of the place beyond, between the two ridges, lies a range of brown mountains flecked with green, toward which we are steadily advancing; nearer, shewing against this range as a background to us a mountain in a coniferous mountain called Kibune (sacred) from its shape; later it shows up to its best, sharply outlined against the sky.

We came at last to Nishiminejyo. I did not realize until later, as we were leaving the town, that this was the same place that we visited last year, coming out from Osaka by electric car. To examine some woodshrinkage. Object we were here on an account of Otsu-jingi, which is fine. There is a great trouble with no evident plan of arrangement. There are many small and plain grey stone lanterns along the way; at one place the stone-paved walk passes under a gateway consisting of two small arches of stone, shining with green, a metal roof passing over the approach to the top of the other, with a great shimenawa below — quite unlike an ordinary torii. As we reached the main shrine a young priest met us and took us to the office where we met the chief Kamushi and two more of his helpers. We were served tea and the key to the latter, white and pink, with the man of the shrine, three Kamushi, enshrinement bows, carved on them.
The local symbols that will be sold by the vendors on these grounds during the next three days. One of these is a bell of little paper symbolic objects, almost as remarkable as the Kamado of Toy-no-machi itself. We were again served tea and cake, and were then invited to walk around the grounds. The pond, the bridge and islands and a miniature light house adorn quite little islands and two cranes, which greatly enticed us to linger. Given to them by visitors. The chief Kamado accompanied us to the gate when we were leaving. Though simple, this shrine has no distinctive Shinto architecture and the gate is a red wooden structure entirely unlike a torii. Our attention was called to a remnant of ancient wall here, of earth and plaster, which is said to be found nowhere else but at Nara. Our lunch was taken at Tadanori's corner house, which was only across the road from the shrine entrance. The place is a real delight. The food was fine, the service good, the waves slowly. The cups in which our tea was served was said to be 150 years old and to have been given by the Lord of Chosokabe. The cakes with the tea were special and known as 'crane eggs'—in trying to give me the name Hanshichi told "baby of crane," and when we laughed at that he said "before crane baby." By whatever name they were pretty to see and good to taste. We spent considerable time at our lunch and afterward had to hasten.

We soon passed a complete house framework from the ridge pole which were displayed two of the ceremonial decorations of the carpenter. Our first stopping place was to see the tomb of Minamoto no, a fine example of its class. The tomb itself is a simple mound of earth with tone before it; this is within a small enclosure; there is a large mound, also with tone and with stone lanterns along the approach; pinwheels shelter the grave and have been planted within the enclosures. At Michio, which is Kathara's first place, there was a small drawbridge with stream banners, to greet us with banners; they accompanied us as runners through the town. We stopped in order to visit a shrine where there is a little temple building dedicated to Kannon; we did not see the figure as the priest was about, but the shrine is popular with mothers who bring babies here as a prevention of smallpox. The place is also powerful against lightning. After we left Michio two pine trees, high up in the mountains, were a conspicuous feature; they belong to Honegani, east and west. It seemed very far to Kobe, and the hour was quite late when we arrived. Our group of hikers met us at the edge of town and accompanied us. We then nothing at sonomusa, at Magomega we were met by some taste of food and settled ourselves. The group of Kusunuki Magomeja, with its monument by Mikulka, the larger has the kimono mon; the shrine itself was open, and at the hour was late the city-hall had been closed. There was still, however, a little daylight, and a yong priest who spoke a little English hurried us together and guided us and cases; the relics are neatly displayed and well labeled; in good cases; they included interesting autographs, armor, banners, and so on connected with Kusunoki. There were two from his castle, Chikagahara; there was also a collection of swords by famous makers. A photographer was waiting to photograph us against this building as a background but it is doubtful whether he received any as it was too darkening rapidly. When we reached the Aiko shrine the street lights had been made; we saw the great figure flying against the evening sky, but either photograph or entrance to the interior was one of question.

A banquet had been arranged for us by local friends at Sokawa-kan (a well known house); the food were Kozino and Tanou; the guests were Kishida, Kazama, Kayono and myself. The food was very plain, as we have to be, but after we were served and the service was made, the guests were served in splendid, varied and delicious with more rare dishes than we often meet. The geisha were dressed in blouses, picked, and all kinds of elegant plate with objects were marvels of breadth and brightness; the last one had her hands in the back, behind, above the wrapping, on a plate like butterfly wings. One of our hosts bought an interesting book of paintings of Kake of 50 years ago; the artist was a native of the town who had the name "Kakegiku" and who died only three years ago. Our little party broke up at nine and we were driven in automobile up Kobe hills to our sleeping place, the Kigawa Tokusima. While we were at our banquet, our hosts spoke of a man interested in jade, for whom we took the first to await us here. The jade he bought me was a surprise; he had expected ordinary jade, a perhaps barbarous, or else marinated. It was a large table, at least two feet long, vertical upon which a Buddhist text was written. He had been interested in shaping as was his father before him. Such a jade he always thought up as thugs to secure protection and prosperity. He has two of them and brings me one. He also gave me a copy of the first from which this passage was copied. It is addressed to Kesshun; he says...
Third Day—January 3rd. The guide man was arriving early with his book in which I wrote his Teasen. I was overjoyed and showed me one and another signature—descriptions bought elsewhere with much pride. Though my appreciation was expressed by the fact that I could not identify them being for the moment without notes, of course, Shogako's picture. The whole town was everywhere startling and some points were especially striking: here, the old-town was quiet and peaceful, without shops or hotels; the Daito-Plum tree, here a mass of pink bloom, seems now to be dead; it, too, is the scene of mood and cup and water and birds, and one place to the Metaphysical. The stone tower is at the old town, where the quiet above the landscape of the Minato-gawa, with its trees and house, had been replaced by the movies. In our round of the city we took only a glance. At the poor old Daito plum tree, in association with Kojima's and Tageso, when he went to the war to seek more glory and his fate. After he had gained victory and returned, he stuck the sword on the ground, with its roots and flowers, and we looked at the public buildings, avenues, and places of business sufficiently to realize the importance of the Kobe of today. It was bitterly cold. The barricades were up as well as the town's end.

When we passed by the Daito Plum tree, we floated in the air. Before we reached home, we stopped a moment to see a certain particular, a little Kawanomoto shrine, and the great tree of Maitake and Munase. This story is associated with Hoshino's, and the great tree of Maitake and Munase, where three stories are associated with Jappi. Sasaki. Being here in retirement, it was the eighteenth century. He was the story of the stew and the salt water, at the moment there came a bridge which brought a shower, whereas the peculiarity of the great stone, its name—Maitake (a fire-bridge) and Munase. (Through) it seems that the ladies were particularly devoted to Kawanomoto. Hence the location of the shrine by the little shrine.

We went on to some people, where we visited the temple so curiously associated with the name of Kawanomoto. We did not see the golden Kawanomoto which was washed up from the sea. The priest showed us the relics of the place, which are in a poor shelter behind the temple. They include a picture of Kawanomoto, arrows, which belonged to him, and two curious ancient plums, one of them known as the green plum, because it is said to have sprouted at the joint and to have put forth leaves. The leaves are good, but little strange remain as evidence: the plum is said to have been made by Kobo Daishi and to have belonged to Kawanomoto. In another building we were shown a piece of Kawanomoto and a great wooden bowl made from the agave flower that bore red and white flowers (of fingers and heels). Outside we saw a pine thicket of bamboo, grown from the fishing pole. The Empress Jing's should stick into the ground as the Passages. These historical spotlights, who doubt whether there was an Empress Jing, should be all over the town, where we met with constant references to be detailed and where many shrines and temples have memorial of her. We walked up to the grave where Kawanomoto's head was buried and in the temple, saw the hair of the young hero. As we descended from the temple, we ate the famous Kawanomoto soba. Why Kawanomoto soba? Here is here a more ingenious planing play on words occurring among Japanese. While this whole place is saturated with Kawanomoto memories, there is no historical connection between them and soba. Thus Kawanomoto combines the word for "hot" and "full" and makes an excellently fitting term for the paste served up which was both. While we were eating these came a letter from a local travel asking whether we would accept a gift of wagaki asure mochi. Of course we would, and they proved pretty to see and good to eat. And as we mounted our Kawanomoto a maker's I hope to make very handy did up some presents for us to accept. We were now off again and rode along the seashore, where the wind had a great sweep and it was cold. We passed various summering places, and resting grounds, and stopped a moment to show respect at the grave where Kawanomoto's body was buried. It is just beyond the famous battlefield of Ichinomiya, in which he lost his life. We now for a long time crossed the inland sea, it would be a delightful ride in the paper reason, where we no was the great island always. We met many wagons loaded with sleeping cases addressed to Calcutta and Bombay, no doubt, as the way to India for shipment, they were of them brought home more definitely than any printed statistics have done.
Fourth Day – February 1. A new surprise was springing up as we were leaving in the morning. Every one from the hotel staff was lined up and each had a little paper flag on which was written “Welcome, Star Nakashii, Ojapa Nakashii.” We arrived at the Girls’ School, where I had expected to find...
for five minutes it. Mr. Shakes arriving introduced himself and I was introduced to several other gentlemen who were present at the meeting. We all shook hands and then sat down to a reception, where we were entertained with coffee and cigars. The gentlemen present included Mr. Shakes, Mr. Smith, Mr. Brown, and Mr. Johnson. The reception was very pleasant and I enjoyed myself very much. After the reception, we all went to the meeting which was held in the hall of the hotel. The hall was quite large and there was a good deal of noise as everyone was talking and laughing. Mr. Shakes introduced me to several of the gentlemen present and we all shook hands and exchanged greetings. The meeting was called to order and the business of the day was transacted. After the business was completed, Mr. Shakes introduced Mr. Smith to address the meeting. Mr. Smith spoke for about an hour and then the meeting adjourned. We all left the hall and went to a restaurant for dinner. The dinner was excellent and I enjoyed it very much. After dinner, we all went to the concert which was held in the hotel. The concert was quite good and I enjoyed it very much. We all left the hotel and went to the theater to see a play. The play was quite good and I enjoyed it very much. We all left the theater and went back to the hotel. The hotel was quite comfortable and I enjoyed my stay very much.
Our next point of interest was the Takaoji pine tree. The trunk is of considerable girth and somewhat southward for its manufacture of paper. The leaves all rise in a strong column and have a trimmings of paper. A little building lies within, called Koyama, and is a memorial of the brave Koyama, a student of the Rikkyo University.

As we crossed the next road over a river, we had the full benefit of the cool, clear, sweet air. We passed through a gray rock and then came out again into the pine grove. We were now headed for the house planted by Sugawara Michizane on his way to Sagami. It is connected with Konan and is in the town of Koyama. We arrived at the house and the place seemed to be empty, but children were seen running about playing. The house is surrounded by nature, and the trees and shrubs are carefully tended. We were asked to leave and we did so, but not before we had taken a photograph of the house and the surrounding area.

One of the little girls was given to this shrine, and we asked for her and took a picture of her.

Baron von Böselgau invited this place in 1896, and was the first to visit. When we were taking the picture, the teacher and official were our guests.

When we reached the little village of Gotome, we had a demonstration by a group of flag-throwing young men. The committee begged us to stop at least long enough to see some of the sights. We walked with them up a little lane bordered by a viewing ground where we found the grave of Konan. We came upon the grave of Koyama, a pupil of Konan. We left the grave of Koyama, a pupil of Konan, and entered the grave of Konan. The temple has a group of five stone Buddhas. In the large white area were twenty or more little shrines to Koyama. We visited Koyama, and were carefully shown the pictures of Koyama and his sons. At the entrance to the temple is a group of five stone Buddhas. In the large white area were twenty or more little shrines to Koyama.

When we left we could see the white castle of Kamoji in the distance. It is called "Kamoji" in contrast to the one at Oshikawa, which is known as "the real." We crossed the Shinkawa, and were met by twenty flags and a committee of citizens.

The processions preceded us through the streets to our hotel, where we arrived at 9 o'clock. We were all settled down in our delightful rooms, the representative of the Sofia Shinbun called and left a large box of pine cakes. The Mayor of the city and the head of the Educational Department called to formally present the invitation for an address.
Tonight the Mayor expressed his appreciation of the honor of our visiting his town and their desire to do everything possible for us. He said there was little to attract except the castle, which we should visit in the morning and he hoped that we would be able to go up to the very top floor. The address was announced for 7 o'clock but the audience was slow in assembling and it was almost 8 before we were really summoned. When we reached the place, a school building, we found three boys with the little welcome flags, who received us with vigorous waving and vociferous greetings. The audience filled the hall and Inahara estimated that a thousand persons were present; they were almost all well-dressed boys and men—except that our little 'blackbeaks' made a depth of three or four in the very front. To my surprise I found Mr. and Mrs. Walker and another white woman, on chairs in front. Also on chairs in front were various dignitaries. I spoke at the subject: 'The War Ende' emphasizing that war is generative depends upon a mutual effort between Japan and the United States to live to a new, and better condition; a new condition of peace and a great privilege. At the close of the address I introduced the walker to Mr. Inahara; they found themselves located here instead of at Kesen as I expected.

The proprietor of the best restaurant here came for far out upon the road as requested to make us a cigar dinner. We went directly from our address. The little company consisted of the president of the educational department, the analogous, Enma, Japan, and myself. The host gave personal attention to the dinner, which was a complete dinner, a salad, and a piece of the delicate fish used in the castle, a piece of a delicate fish cut used in the castle, and a piece of the delicate fish used in the castle, and a piece of the delicate fish used in the castle. We were back at our hotel about midnight.

Fifth Day: February 2. In the morning a present was brought me from the educational department, consisting of a pair of hashi made by a man and a roll of cloth. We went at once outside to the 'Swan castle,' which presented a beautiful appearance as we approached. The grounds around it are used by the army and soldiers were being drilled and practicing in running and horsemanship. The officer in charge received us formally and personally accompanied us through; the kiosk is winding and severe, but always exciting to pass through. It is more water-gate; I have ascertained that water-gate was to receive because near supplies of water. Looking to the purposes; it is clear, and I believe that these wise rulers water-gate merely to keep and not the beautiful searching of fire above. Above the first water-gate, there is a piece of millstone built in the wall; it seems that Skodayuki in haste to put the castle, which was to rely on it as headquarters from which to reduce the unnamed country into complete condition and appealed for contributions of materials which came pouring in from great diversity from all quarters; one old woman contributed every shilling she could Scare even down to her wrinkling-stone; her example inspired others to great zeal and sufficient material was soon in hand; her stone prominently placed in the wall tells the story. Just above this, a piece of the wall, left bare of plastering shows the quality of the old cement that went into the building; modern cement was used to repair some places here and is distinctly inferior. After viewing the old stone walls in which salt was kept, we began the ascent of the castle proper. Internally, it shows how well the stones, internally there are seven floors. The turrets are massive and well-jointed and very some are of earthenware. Some of the uprights were not set in perfect place, it is said that they meet slightly towards the south-south; when the wife of the master carpenter, Genda, was taken to see the new work she expressed her general satisfaction but regretted this imperfection; Genda himself had been aware of it, but trusted that it would not be observed; charged that even a woman could see it, he took to broadening and eventually with a chisel in one mouth, traced himself from the top of the castle. Sconces, various sizes, shapes and positions, occur in all the stories and in each story a small, strongly constructed, double window doors, gives access to the roof without. The view increased in range as we moved and in size and extented from the top story, although it shrinks the apparent area of the town. Again in the yard we saw O'Kuni's well, which is deep enough to be interesting, and is therefore not only protected by a railing around it, but by a netting over it. The story raises but the local guide book little of it; when one of the Kanado, lord of the castle, he had two relations, one of whom was a journalist and the other was a politician. The Kanado was לגרום to the castle, surveying the plot, the faithful servant went his mistress, O'Kuni, to see in the house of the castle; she learned the plan and revealed it to her lover. The plotter gave a banquet to his lord; as a certain moment he offered him a wooden cab; just as it was raised the faithful servant's sword and the
The master's hand. A knight entered, in which the lady and his faithful followers, defeated plead. The girl was suspected of having betrayed the plot; but one—Banique—consented by her beauty, and her words, making advances and being reported, he claimed her nothing; he brought it about that the lady appeared to be taking possession of the manor, and she was again in peril of death. But Banique again discovered his lady's anger; he then made advances, was refused, and in anger killed the girl and threw her body into this well. For long her spirit haunted the place, unceasingly counting plates. We descanted by a little slope to the hander's room. It is a room open in front, divided by foot pubs into three sections, with a raised platform, upon which the person to commit disembarkment scaled themselves facing forward; before them were placed clean mounds with covers upon them. In the next chamber was another well deep, but without story or matter. When we came out at the foot of the castle we were entertained in the little reception room and were the first guests to entertain, as the room was new. Tea and cakes were served us, and we were given post-card, guidebooks, and a useful work about Kimeji.

This fine castle is now in keeping of the City. It was given much of the presenting power by Ikeda Toshinaga in 1587, but was improved and completed in 1607 by Noritsune. It is a man's tower and three lower ones. It rises to a height of 234 feet from the ground level.

We next visit the dozaka, which is a shrine representing all the shrines in the district. It consists of a central shrine outside shrine which we really found was not extraordinary in character. The Kamisaki expected us, and a bicycle brought us. The papers were ready for me to lay upon the table. There were quantities of the Kirin, or the golden ox, domesticated at Onoyama. Here were three different types: there were the long pendants, boarded framed, and with objects attached, which were indicative of the personal and family religion. These were miniature scenes representing the great matters which were celebrated here every twenty-one years. It would be interesting to compare these pictures with the actual celebration to see what degree of similarity exists. When we asked the Kamisaki as to the object and significance of the dozaka, he said that there is one in each district; that it was for economy in time and travel; that when a new district-official came into office he was in his duty to go to each and every shrine of his district to make announcements and worship; that this was a very difficult and exacting time and money; hence there was a dozaka in the important town, a visit and worship at which was essential to the whole family.

Leaving Kimeji behind us we were taken in a mountain country clearing around us and more than a half from the railroad; at one point where there were telegraph or telephone wires or both ends of the road, we saw to four large trees planted—pines, or we were told of the wood, the other in the other, facing each other. The very nature of nature was in the fields; we passed and were there were designs for securing them. We left Kimeji, the children of the little primary school were lined up with our welcome flags; their teacher, we found, was wife of Kobayashi, our local helper, and now one of our party. This was a joyous celebration in our account.

As we reached St. William's we saw a great crowd of children sit with their teacher as they carried a national flag, and respectfully carried an object, proved to be the picture of the Emperor, the Empress, which arrived in town today. A similar honor has occurred to many towns heretofore, and all are deemed to wish on account of it.

Turning back from the main road we visited Harukyoji founded by Shotokei Taishi when he was thirty-five years of age. The priest here was a short, gray-haired, young man, who gladly showed us what he had. There was a portrait of lady Shoto where the mothering Marquise Okuma, at the age of 85 years; a piece of the original temple building; a piece of the 10,000 little temple building. The actual measures of the temple have been removed to Kyoto, except a little temple placed made by itself at the age of 35 years; the shrine in which it is kept is in the main temple building; it was opened for us and the caretakers. There was also here for inspection a portrait of Shoto Kei Taishi at 35 years, painted by himself, and a little temple building.
Kalenderne representing his life up to 51 years. A ride from here was sent to the Emperor Wilhelm and the
Court of the late Emperor and Empress on the walls. A lot of morcellarian works were laid on the floor for us
to look at—among them an autograph of Hideyo after his baroeyage; a writing presented to the
palace by Hanaday Shinsu; a scene associated with Hideyo; four Kalenderne of Ashikaga states; out of a drawer of
little the other eight which are at Tokyo, Kyoto and Kobe; a priestly gown presented to the temple by Hide.
yoshi; a Edinach clan ball. He presented us as founding mostly printed copies on good paper of shokun
Tsai's code.

Returning now to the highway and the train we took home as at the little Wataya, where we found
much better than was to be anticipated and found the hotness a sensible and agreeable character; the scene
so well and we when we left made the traditional gift of flowers (any good) custom is as common
than it was a few years ago) and a box of yeak. We had a good time, going merrily in the hill that was to
rise up and we ri down. We came to pretty water and were surprised to find that it was still and the
old white shells attached to the boulders works; there was no sign of the sea, but we were actually in the very heart
of a long, narrow, wet penetrating fur among the mountains. We passed around several times and were at the
building of the famous hill. We had jokes somewhat, on a horse; a bull that was to help us here but I
did not really know what to expect. We stopped at a poor horse, where there was a considerable discussion
and then diamonded and went inside to get out of the cold wind. We found that the horse was driven by
someone who had just had his return. After some time he came and we saw what aid his poor
little beast could give. We had left Kobayashi believe us to attend to some details, so that we were forced
march in the baggage; we were roped up together rope by rope, into a single line and the front rope was
attached to the horse; the Kuruma-ran remained in the shafts, to steady, guide, and aid; the animal was
little but active and walking off we started and actually ascended almost as rapidly as we usually
travelled on the level road. The road was narrow and plus; it was suitable for automobiles but narrow for one or
two any other vehicle; it curved and wound along the side of a mountain of deceptive rises. Probabilily we believed the summit just ahead, only to find more beyond. We were among mountains but
the neighbouring ones were so bleak and shapeless that we had a constant sense of height and predom,
not picking through a gorge or canyon but just crouching along our mountains side following its sinu
vities m and art; we really went up a long time and I have no doubt about the trip at all. We met an automobile descending; it came upon us unannounced around a great curve, where it was
completely concealed until last ready to roll us down, which might have been dire. From the
summit, Takemura pass, we had a lovely view down over the lower reach of Arishochi river mea
anding in its broad pond and gravel bed; a great bridge, not far above its mouth connects the towns
g of Ako and Mieko, the latter stretching along the whole left bank to the sea. Our descent was very
dismal, our Kuruma-ran running with glee. We hesitated whether to visit the grave of Kajima, Takemura,
disagreed, our Kuruma-ran running with glee. We hesitated whether to visit the grave of Kajima, Takemura,
s but it was almost evening and we did not. Haruo was a little behind us in the sleigh car and at
one point Kobayashi cut in ahead of him; he had passed him on the road, but with
Kuruma-ran
one of whom we had left for the purpose, had come up over the old road and thus cut our Carolan. If
Reaching the Arishochi water bridge we did not cross it to Ako but kept at the left bank through the
long town of Mieko— a seaside settlement of fishermen, sailors and salt-makers. We rode upon a
deck along the canal of salt water that is led down from the sea to nourish the salt industry. The local hel
who had chris on bicycle to meet us, took us to the place to pass us and was escorted off over the back
and felt; fortunately he was not injured and was promptly returned and rode ahead to attend to our
arrangements. The result of his efforts was immediately evident in the entire primary school he had long
lined up and giving us an enthusiastic salute as we passed. When finally our Kuruma-ran stopped at the foot of
a hill and we began to climb, I understood that the hotel was just at the top. The hotel man was kind and
looked us in charge. The sun had now set and we were tired and cold. The hotel keeper wanted to know
whether we would visit the barrier first, to which inquiry we replied with an emphatic negative. We walked
through pine grove down to the very point of the coast of this region. The hotel is among
the pines and looked out upon a lovely moonlit sea. We were soon located in rooms with the finest
lookout. A young man promptly called, named Sury, he lives as Ako, but has just returned from the
United States; he has been attending the University of Washington, and says he heard my address there.
just less than a month ago if he did he must have understood it badly, for he was quite familiar with the language, and there was no reason for his not understanding it, as he was a native of the country. The headman, who had been a student of the village schools, and had been head of one of them, had been to Japan and had learned to speak English.

When we arrived, the headman was waiting for us. He was dressed in a dark suit and a broad-brimmed hat, and was accompanied by two assistants. We were conducted to the headman's residence, where we were entertained with tea and refreshments. The headman was an excellent host, and we enjoyed our stay very much.

Next morning, we were taken to the temple, which was nearby. The temple was a large, stone structure, with a large, circular tower. The tower was capped with a red roof, and was surrounded by a high, stone wall. The walls were decorated with carvings and paintings, and the roof was covered with tiles.

The temple was dedicated to the god of the mountain, and was surrounded by a forest of trees. We walked through the forest, and were greeted by the sound of birds singing and the rustling of leaves.

We were conducted to the temple's main hall, which was crowded with people. There was a large, wooden altar in the center of the room, and a statue of the god of the mountain was placed on top. The statue was covered in gold leaf, and was surrounded by candles and incense.

After the ceremony, we were led to the headman's residence, where we were served a meal. The meal was simple, but delicious, and we enjoyed it very much.

The headman was an excellent host, and we enjoyed our stay very much. We left the temple with a feeling of respect and admiration for the people of the mountain, and for their deep connection to the land and its natural beauty.
was the report of the vanguard, brought by the chief runner, who made the journey from Tokyo to Ake in nine days, and also the letter from the hand of Hinashi, a letter of farewell, and now the letter, written to his mother, and both letters written to this temple. We read the original, plugging them to secrecy in their preparation, account of one and another; sampling the permanence of Oishi ten at eleven years; with the Keikokunno portraits of the -- which served as pattern for the maker of the pieces in Kyoho. The ceremony of our visit to the temple fell in the very anniversary of the event and incident, which was being burned before the shrine of the heroes, which is called to my mind. Even just seven years ago I burned incense at these little monuments at Takamachi in Tokyo. So we went to the temple and then the priest, who is young and intelligent, showed me in a room behind one of his rooms some of the garden stones from Oishi's garden. It seems that his shrine is away from the temple and properly placed.

We had the wish of Oishi's house on our list. We came to a new shrine in a plain, clean, wood-incommunication of the main; it was on an all four feet, and stood on a corner, before the shrine that covered the kammishi in its plate-like, black-bronze, kneeling at one side facing toward; I mounted the steps, walked across the platform, and on a cushion before the plain wood wasu, light one of several little groups of sake with sake chip of light, on a piece of wood and placed it in the wasu. While the kammishi stepped his hands and prayed in the floor at my side and placed it in the wasu. As we came out we saw the site of his home and place of the other stones still in place. Just on top of the shrine enclosure were some small stones for children's play; these were created with contributions from Japanese Americans.

Some yamaga for children's play; there were created with contributions from Japanese Americans. Some stone for children's play; these were created with contributions from Japanese Americans. Some stone for children's play; these were created with contributions from Japanese Americans. Some stone for children's play; these were created with contributions from Japanese Americans.
Hours; the trip is bought from the guide. We also visited a factory where they made jellies for paper, probably from saffron; the raw material is broken up and fed to grinders, worked over by drum belting and running water. There were many small paper mills, the sediment papier and then dried by artificial heat; finished it in beautifully white, perfectly smooth paper. The Kozen Temple was now in sight, and, as we approached, we stopped here; the hill is not so pleasant, and we continued on.

From here we ascended for a time, passing quarries where a gravity system of running the stuff down from the top by rolls to the bottom was practiced. We saw many other quarries as we went along, apparently both plate and paper, perhaps leading to the clay. The hills gave me a sense of solid stone ready for engraving as a seal. The road was very difficult; there was much mud and dust. We were met and there was a welcoming, slipperiness due apparently to man-made stone. Our motion was, as it always is, like the wave of the sea, and there was much jostling. However, far from mountain scenery and there were many pools or pools, natural or artificial. The name, Shinano (below the mountains) seemed well deserved by the pretty village we passed near day, and we were directly upon our Kakezako, situated exactly on a long and narrow neck-point of the Tanak SD. The little town has the right name, as there are really good

We were welcomed into our room at the Kakezako, a modern house, which played curling games. I went and gave them our tour of the Shinsen,
Seventh Day—February 4. As cleaning the national flag, two Asahi flags, and three on enormous bicycles, went with us to the end of the town, everyone was at the doors to see us pass. The day was colder than usual, and we suffered little from cold. Our first stop was at an inland village where Asahi were largely made. Single vases are known as the white; figures and ornamented pieces are molded in plastic molds; they were pale brown, gray, or black, with white glaze. If one enters everywhere and is well-known. We saw the making: figures have the glaze applied from a brush, which are a succession of figures running up hill and down, all of tea pots, the draft brought along by the wind. In this same town we saw the fire-clay brick factory where we saw little that was new. The town also produces much heavy drain pipe and such things, which are in character like the Asahi ware itself. Soon after leaving Subete, we cannot alongside of a large pond, which is a river, was made by Barisan; it has a surprising curve, turning into another pond of exceptional beauty in the perfection of its curve and the regular diminution in the height of its peaks from the end to the other. Just before we reached Gokarrayo, the bridge was taken by the Asahi flag, we came upon a little shrine with an abundance of trees not before seen, the shrine is called Kusama Seigo and the statues represented female breasts, simple or painted, made of white clay, and left in petition for milk for the baby.

We were now at the great 300-foot private villa, a remarkable triumph of the Japanese taste, art. It is 180 years old and was planted by Hideyo Okiyama; it is in fine and vigorous condition. The trunk has a circumference of 15 shakun, the length from root to top is 250 shakun, from root to top. The trunk has a circumference of 15 shakun, the length from root to top is 250 shakun, from root to top. The trunk has a circumference of 15 shakun, the length from root to top is 250 shakun, from root to top. The trunk has a circumference of 15 shakun, the length from root to top is 250 shakun, from root to top.
the temple where the ceremony was to be held. We had arrived at the temple about an hour before the ceremony, and we walked around the temple grounds, admiring the beautiful architecture and the gardens. We were given a special permission to enter the temple and witness the ceremony, which was a privilege not granted to all visitors.

The ceremony was held in the main hall of the temple, and the atmosphere was quite solemn. We were seated on the floor, and the temple priest began the ceremony with a prayer. The ceremony was quite intricate, with chanting and offerings of flowers and incense. We also watched as the priest performed various rituals, such as lighting candles and offering prayers.

After the ceremony, we were given the opportunity to explore the temple grounds, which were quite beautiful. We walked through the gardens, admiring the various statues and shrines, and we also visited the nearby shrines and temples. It was quite an enjoyable experience, and we were grateful for the opportunity to witness such a beautiful ceremony.

In conclusion, the ceremony at the temple was quite a memorable experience. We were able to witness a unique and beautiful ceremony, and we were able to explore the temple grounds and see the various shrines and statues. It was quite an enjoyable experience, and we would certainly recommend visiting the temple and witnessing the ceremony for anyone interested in learning more about Japanese culture and traditions. 
The door stood in front of the shrine, near the edge of the platform: there was a great paper-pile of figures of girls in embroidered work, made by needlewomen. The name of each girl being written beside the figure. All forms occur at other shrines, but here we, such girls apparently being accustomed to displaying them, and such raised figures are used much throughout this district, in prayer. We descended by the covered passage and walked down past a booth, where we sold little pottery toys to the children. These patterns were very rude figures of dogs and birds which are sold in millions at any one of many places. What are they sold here? We were told that the prince was fond of dogs and supported a special officer whose duty was merely to the duty of this officer is now at Tokyo and is somewhat prominent in politics. Near this booth is a prominent flower house, which was also the nation to this shrine from Japan to America. Most interesting however, is the bear with the famous ring; it is said to have been brought from Korea at first it belonged to an enemy of the Prince, who, having conquered, became a immigrant, and disposed of it to his wife. It is cut into a clay heart, ornamented with a rice-stem, at the base: the little heart is stuck inside, a rectangular hanging of paper paper; from the ceiling there is a kneeling mat and a bamboo for offerings. We were fortunate enough to see a ceremony. At young noon, the priest asked the offerings; he brought with him one of the wooden offerings of the largest size, paper mountains, made by the shrine. As he put the box in, he knelt, bowed, and presented his offering, saying it to the bear. The bear, was then lighted under the ring; it was done by an old woman dressed in white. Another woman, similarly dressed, threw rice up from a vessel and caught it as it fell, doing this over the steamer, so that running on the prayer mat, facing the furnace, engaged in prayer. For a moment there was a sudden silence; then the bear sang, giving favorable response to the worshiper; its note was a low, musical humming; it swayed, then diminished: it then swayed again and stopped. Though very interesting, it was almost not funny. Had there been no humming, the response would have been unfavorable. That at least one concealed person did the humming! I believe it was due to the internal construction and deflection upon the amount of water put in. We were all given a few grains of the sweet rice to eat. These old women come from the district, where they lived. As we were leaving, we learned to our disappointment, that the bear is not actually the original one brought from Korea, but a successor, a new one being made and as in every thirty years.

We now made another quite long trip to Takamatsu, where there were great big, and a long stairway. As we approached, we had seen small shrines scattered here and there on the mountainside. When we reached the top of the stairway, we found much animation. As we had come up, children had constantly greeted us, many of them in little bundles or bundles. We found a great crowd of people, or we could hear the voices, ringing, those, in the mountain, with a beautiful sound. Never before have I seen an actual mixture of the wild, and this mountain, beautiful children. Here, was a great iron framework in the form of the framing, a framework, and the metal, seems to be the iron. Here was a great iron framework in the form of the framing, a framework, and the metal, seems to be the iron. Here was a great iron framework in the form of the framing, a framework, and the metal, seems to be the iron. Here was a great iron framework in the form of the framing, a framework, and the metal, seems to be the iron.

We climbed the steps to the top, and stood there, looking down, and thinking of the world. We then saw a great number of people, all standing on the platform. We then saw a great number of people, all standing on the platform. We then saw a great number of people, all standing on the platform. We then saw a great number of people, all standing on the platform. We then saw a great number of people, all standing on the platform. We then saw a great number of people, all standing on the platform. We then saw a great number of people, all standing on the platform.

We then made another quite long trip to Takamatsu, where there were great big, and a long stairway. As we approached, we had seen small shrines scattered here and there on the mountainside. When we reached the top of the stairway, we found much animation. As we had come up, children had constantly greeted us, many of them in little bundles or bundles. We found a great crowd of people, or we could hear the voices, ringing, those, in the mountain, with a beautiful sound. Never before have I seen an actual mixture of the wild, and this mountain, beautiful children. Here, was a great iron framework in the form of the framing, a framework, and the metal, seems to be the iron.

We then made another quite long trip to Takamatsu, where there were great big, and a long stairway. As we approached, we had seen small shrines scattered here and there on the mountainside. When we reached the top of the stairway, we found much animation. As we had come up, children had constantly greeted us, many of them in little bundles or bundles. We found a great crowd of people, or we could hear the voices, ringing, those, in the mountain, with a beautiful sound. Never before have I seen an actual mixture of the wild, and this mountain, beautiful children. Here, was a great iron framework in the form of the framing, a framework, and the metal, seems to be the iron.
w a quite different building. Perhaps there are all that were left after some configuration, and the building was erected on purpose for them.

We went by way of the Kasumigaya, the famous garden, now a public park. As we went down the hill and looked down upon the pond, we were ready to admit its beauty. We walked around the pond. It is a sort of a green place, surrounded by a hedge and a path. The reflection of the trees is very pretty, and the islands in the water is particularly beautiful, doubting them by perfect mirroring. The islands have their beds of gravel, but the ponds are in the two different in size and these are very the effect is quite different.

We still had the ointment in our list and although it was late we went there. The temple is Nichiren; the head priest was absent but the young man in charge was intelligent and anxious to do everything possible for us. After being served with tea and cakes we were shown the temple. Amongst the was a naramaki, painted by the founder and a writing of his - both mounted as kakejiku. Most interesting however was an enormous kakejiku of Nichiren having upon it by the teaching of the founder; he had been a student of Nichiren himself; the kakejiku was made up of seventy-five, five hundred sheets of paper pasted together and the large figure not only occupied the space, there was a part of the writing upon each and every one of the sheets. The hondo of this temple is eight feet square and while we were in it the shrine was opened for us and we could see the original of the figure from which the mandara had been painted. A curious thing happened while we were here; it is claimed that the great kakejiku causes rain, and it so sometimes happened that purpose, when drought occurs; just after it had been spread for our inspection, there was a brief shower; it lasted only for ten minutes but was real rain, the only rain as far as we were aware in our entire journey. There were also kakejiku known as the Shimpan kakejiku, a neat and clean but quite complicated shrine or altar. The stone was consecrated with fine and beautiful offerings; upon the white cloth hangings the man of the shrine, god or man, was prominent. Here again seems to be a connection between China and its tea plantation and Nichiren. While we were at this temple, Prof. Takahashi of the medical school approached him with us, and remained with us to return to one hotel. He had been interested in the book of our shrines; he has known an album in his childhood and told us that there is a reference to albinoism in an old book, which he agreed to look up for us. Just as we were leaving the temple, the priest gave the Shimpan kakejiku, which, apparently, had been in his family, and we asked him to visit him. He had his own name and had an appointment to his temple where he had made elaborate preparation for us. We were all served tea in a room and a mountain of sponges; we were shown mounted autographs of Bowdler and Skey, and were taken into the main temple, where we saw a fine mandara and some figures. Here we particularly noticed the complete effect of altars for the same service and theIso shiki shrine — common in Chino temples. Here too I noticed a little shrine that was not open for our inspection which was marked as containing a Chosen figure.

We now hurried to the hotel as it was late. Just after a dinner a caller came to give me an old copy of the famous kakejiku of Otsunomi shrine which I mention in my travel diary. He believed it more than a hundred years old; he said it was connected with Buddhism — that when someone used to make a vow or a dedication they marked this with a mark on the back, perhaps with blood from their ear, finger; when doubt of a man's sincerity for this was such, the mark was on the grass, which was put into a glass of water which he was obliged to drink. Then we told the truth if he could drink it, otherwise not. The old shrine has been burnt down and the new one is not, but a temporary structure; it is recently been raised in rank and is now quite a good class. There are many different objects here, some of them natural objects. There are many cows in the front of the shrine.

First day, February 6th. Before we could get away in the morning, we had two visits one from the medical profession and one from the priest at the temple. The doctor, who was educated in Germany andidgets to the best in Germany and was from the priest at the temple. The doctor, who was educated in Germany andidgets to the best in Germany, and one from the priest at the temple. The doctor, who was educated in Germany andidgets to the best in Germany, had a staff of doctors with him to show what the Germans call "alimentation" and I had a staff of doctors with him to show what the Germans call "alimentation". We heard the reference to alimentation but was answered that we should not get away without his seeing us. Curiously but too bright was a man he neverல

The way is cut in these limestone, and it was cut in more and more ancient times. We are of last nights and a document attached, dated and made by one of the doctors; in itself it was an account of the many misfortune formerly attached to this greatest man. He also gave me a poem which he had written stating his melancholy. I fear that he might not see us. He gave me two pamphlets.
which he had dreamed for me. Finding that we really were about to leave he stated that he should want to see us start.

At Nandi, a poor little town, two hundred bicycles met us and proceeded north through the town. Before the town, several agents for worshipers had been straying across the street and the agent himself was distributing them to a crowd of little children. The children were cleaned up and given bread and water. Then one of the women, named striker, presented me a can, which I passed painted with caricatures of himself. As we left the town, a single watchman with national flag, went to the top of the hill, and as late as twelve or fifteen people had stopped to examine him. This tree is said to bleed when cut, but as the man who cuts it dies as a result, the experiment is probably not often tried. At the metal mountain, we climbed a flight of stone steps to the shrine. The present name Karanagura is a cleft in the hill which reflects the older name Karanara, metal phallos. Near the little shrine is the shelter, which is the place of popular interest. No one knows what was because of the metal phallos. There is even a stone, but people leave votive phallos here of wood, pottery, or other material. To receive some general diseases or to obtain wantonness to occur.

The place has been cleared out at times by the authorities, but popular custom is persistent. Retracing our path to Nandi we passed our little hotel and entered town. While we were eating our meals, who brought a printed diagram which he called mandagura. The diagram consists of a printed circle with a small central circle, the space between is divided into sections by radiating lines, and each section is divided into a simple design, symbol, or man, depending on a chance color of a segment which is marked with a small sharp tool made for this purpose. When the whole diagram is well pasted on paper of the inside circle is removed and made into a paper and stuck upon which is one of the many designs; the man who has the corresponding design among the little paper stickers of course the pasted covering and the marked paper are placed before the diagram is shown by every person of the village, occasionally by the children. The chasers are prevented from interfering with it, so that are stamped over with the same covering and diagram paper. Practice of this was fairly.

The gentlemen bringing these to hands some of the original wood block which was cut at Kyoto, probably made a hundred years ago.

Leaving this village, we passed over a mottled wooden bridge, and then was a little road so uneven that the riding over it gave us the sensation of seawaves. We were in our way to Nogi, a village temple, where the old priest was very kind. He was fairly an old man, and the wearing of fingers. Really is a mischievous creature. Shinto Suru, G make good offerings to the temple by a lady of the rice field. We stopped that night at Kogata. Shinto, Daisaku Kanzaki, has been a priest to me. We went to the north in the evening, we have come from time to time upon the design in various forms and places, the design to the same custom, we have come from time to time upon the design in various forms and places, beginning to eat, and then we were gone. For a hundred years a man, but made of silver. The gold and silver are mixed with worship. People sit down to statue and look up in a tone with combination lock, the silver and stones and worship with paraphernalia upon an especial altar.

We had to return over the village bridge to the main road; we were preceded by our bicycles and the whole town was astir to see us pass. We are now in city country, where the roads are mostly raised high upon the streets and extend to the full force of winds. We crossed the footbridge Taka-Asahiga, which goes to a hundred people about upon the bridges and coming to the next town. Many people are on the way to the city, watching us coming. We turned with the bridge and began passing on it to Taka-Asahiga. Town found another large group. The town itself is a large area, and we preceded as if every man, woman, and child were out to see us pass. We are likely to see such crowds hereafter. We are in a district where the old calendar period, and today is a holiday, the last day of the fifteen days. And the celebration, which extends these are going everywhere; they are little stone figures, sometimes knapsack with a line of color to indicate some part of the town. The next town Tomonaka was also large. The children, dance in the streets and play, boys and girls as we passed. The town and often gentlemen were as the entrance to the town and formally presented a gift of post cards, there were given by a young man who made a little street as hero of the people, being placed upon a neatly folded blue cloth. Richard did not take the cloth as I thought was expected and came near dry! It was merely a vehicle for the gift. Of course, the still followed us determined, with flags at the sides and woman
Ewa to the Left. It was late when we reached Ootacamund, and an unexpected delay delayed the start of the train, which was late. However, the scenery was stunning, and the drive through the hills was quite breathtaking.

On the way to the temple, we passed through a small village. The local people were very friendly, and we bought some fresh fruits and vegetables from them. The fresh produce was very cheap, and we made sure to purchase some for our dinner later.

We arrived at the temple just as the sun was setting. The temple was beautifully illuminated with lights, and the air was filled with the aroma of incense. We spent some time exploring the temple, admiring the intricate carvings and sculptures.

The temple was surrounded by lush greenery, and we could hear the sound of birds chirping in the background. The atmosphere was quite serene, and we felt a sense of peace and tranquility.

After exploring the temple, we returned to the train and traveled back to Bangalore. The journey was quite comfortable, and we were able to relax and enjoy the view.

Overall, it was a wonderful day, and we had a great time exploring the temple and experiencing the local culture.
The sun had set, and the town was bathed in the golden glow of a setting sun. We walked through the streets, passing by the shops and markets. The air was cool and fresh, and the scent of spices filled our nostrils. We found a small café and ordered some hot tea and pastries. The café was cozy and warm, and we sat by the window, watching the people go by.

As we walked back to the train station, we passed by the buildings of the town. The architecture was unique, with steep roofs and colorful facades. We saw a group of children playing in the street, and we joined them in their game of tag. It was refreshing to see the carefree joy of childhood.

At the station, we boarded the train and sat by the window, watching the scenery pass by. The sun set behind us, casting a beautiful orange glow over the landscape. We talked about our experiences and what we had seen. We were both grateful for the opportunity to explore this beautiful town and the people we had met.

As the train slowly pulled away, we looked out the window one last time, and we knew that we would carry this memory with us for a long time.