

with a Lucullian smile, sails to make a studied flank attack on the steward.

Nowhere in the world perhaps are lantern illuminations more indulged in, and certainly nowhere so effectively. The terraced homes all have the mountain peak as background, and whether one looks from the bottom of the cup up the illuminated hills, or down upon the million lights which no factory smoke clouds, to the water, and the fish lantern procession passing through the lower streets and prayas, the view is glittering and multi-colored. The natives are especially lavish of lanterns in the time of the sixth moon, when every shop is radiant with a lighted crab, fish, fowl, or dragon, the ingenuity in design surpassing the more classic Japanese fashion in lanterns.

No other race has looked upon the waters, and finding them more level than the land, with quick wit and sense, said that there by hundreds of thousands they would anchor their tax-free homes. Hong-Kong and Canton best present this unique spectacle, and the most moving sight, emotionally and literally, in the world, is when this immense populace is stirred by news of an approaching typhoon. Sails are hoisted, sculls and oars put to work, and a dozen times a year a vast armada sweeps like the scuds of clouds along the harbor, to another place of safety beneath a great mountain peak. How, on their return to the accustomed anchorage, they settle their position by number and lane, no one of us *Wai I* (outer barbarians) has ever yet been able to determine, but sampan and junk certainly drop into position as quickly as if drilled by a fleet-captain. Which ever foreigner can discover the key, will have given proof of his genius to camp an army better than a Cyrus, or