

There were princes and royal dukes—Henry of Prussia, Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Arthur of Connaught, the Crown Prince of Germany, the Crown Prince of Roumania, the Duke of Hesse, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, the Duke of Sparta, the Crown Prince of Denmark, the Crown Prince of Norway and Sweden, the Crown Prince of Siam, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria, the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, and others of the world's royalties, too numerous to mention and too confusing in such a kaleidoscope of gold and many colors to identify.

At the end of this bewildering throng rode a deputation of officers from the German army and the personal suite of the Kaiser, only less impressive, as splendid specimens of military manhood, than that company of Grenadiers among the British escort mentioned above.

Last of all were the six state carriages, magnificently caparisoned. The first was drawn by four horses and was a closed chariot, containing the Queen and the Princesses Louise, Victoria and Maud (the latter the Princess Charles of Denmark). The windows were closed, and the occupants, clad in the deepest mourning, were but dimly seen.

In the following carriages were the King of Belgium, other princesses, the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Wolseley, and ladies of the Queen's household. Two files of troops formed the closing escort.

The entire line had passed Buckingham Palace at 12.30 o'clock, and the progress through the city was maintained almost exactly according to schedule. Everywhere the mourning multitude greeted the cavalcade with a silence more impressive than would have been any demonstration of emotion.

At one or two points only was a voice raised to greet the King, and it was instantly silenced by murmurs of "Hush!" from the crowd. The spectators disappeared in the same strange silence in wonderful contrast to the scene attending the last public gathering in London a few weeks ago.

At Paddington station everything was in readiness for the reception of the cortege by noon. Without, packed close to the crimson-painted walls, stood a huge, expectant throng. Within, there was a solemn hush, doubly impressive in that it prevailed where the usual noisy confusion of a great railway station usually reigns.

After the departure of the last ordinary train at ten o'clock, no one was admitted to any part of the station save the privileged guests, and they were