

It seemed very small, that plain receptacle of so precious a burden. No flower, no wreath, no ornament, save the simple insignia of her rank, distinguished the hural cart which carried the body of the dead Queen through her capital. The white satin pall, rich no doubt in texture, might have been a simple sheet so far as the ordinary onlooker could see. The royal standard seemed to have been half furled and flung carelessly across it. The crown and sceptre and Knight of the Garter insignia served only to intensify the simplicity and pathos of the unpretentious funeral carriage.

Dragging, if it may be so expressed, the nation's sorrow were eight cream-colored horses which London has not seen since the time three years ago when they drew the Queen through such a storm of acclamations as perhaps never greeted monarch before. Now they were caparisoned in deep crimson trappings. Even in their manes and tails were interwoven ribbons of what seems to have been adopted as the color of royal mourning. It is a peculiar tint, being neither red nor purple but a blend of crimson and maroon. The postilions were similarly attired.

On either side of the gun carriage walked the hearer party of non-commissioned officers of the Guards and the Household Cavalry, and immediately behind them came the royal standard, borne by another officer of the Household Cavalry.

Then came the King, riding. His eyes were fixed gloomily on the white coffin in front of him. He was mounted on a dark bay. His uniform was entirely hidden by a long black cloak which covered also his horse's haunches. He wore a cocked hat. His appearance of weariness, almost distress, seemed intensified by his dress.

He was flanked, about a pace to the rear, by Emperor William and the Duke of Connaught. The Emperor was mounted on his famous white charger and carried a Field-Marshal's baton in full view. His face seemed to grow whiter still after leaving Victoria station, but he was keenly alive to all about him.

King Edward scarcely seemed to drive, letting his horse choose his own place and pace as the line sometimes stopped and then moved on again. The Emperor, however, and the Duke of Connaught also, carefully kept their horse's heads about at the shoulders of that of the King.

Next came the others of this cavalcade of kings. He of Greece, and he of Portugal, rode almost side by side.