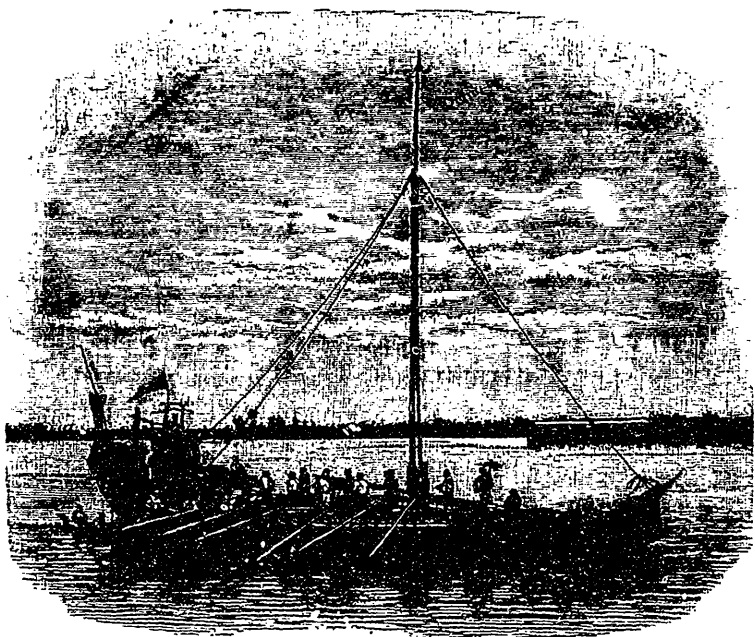


*Tuesday, March 29th.*—I had a good night in the cool deck-house, and woke refreshed. I have been rather overworked lately, and am consequently begining to sleep badly and loose my appetite.

*Wednesday, March 30th.*—The morning was brilliant, and the lights and shadows over the city of Singapore made it look even prettier than when I last saw it. We had not been long at the coaling-wharf when our old friend the Sultan of Johore drove down and came on board. He was profuse in his offers of hospi-



MOULMEIN RIVER BOAT.

tility, and wanted us to stay a week or two with him and to make all sorts of interesting excursions up the river in his new steam-yacht. This, however, was impossible. We took a long drive through the prettiest part of Singapore. A steep climb up a hill and through a pretty garden brought us at last to the Sultan's town-house, which is full of lovely things, especially those brought from Japan. Such delightfully hideous monsters in bronze and gold, such splendid models, magnificent embroideries, matchless china, rare carvings, elaborate tables and cabinets, are seldom found collected together in one house. By this time we were quite ready for tea served in the veranda, with all sorts