

he was accompanied by servants, who held up his arms and sort of lifted him along the way. This was not because he could not walk, but it better showed his rank and style. He bowed low. We bowed, and after a short interval of diplomatic taffy giving he led the way up to the central gate of the palace and motioned the minister to walk through the main entrance. He then went through one of the side gates, and our interpreters followed him. Dr. Allen and myself were walking with the minister. Said the doctor, "He seems to intend that I shall go through the main gate too." "Well, doctor," said I, "I think I will stick to the party, and though I have no official rank, I'll see how it feels to walk the path that has only been trodden by the feet of kings." I had not forgotten that I was an American prince. And so we three representatives of the royalty of the United States marched through this temple-like entrance. The act in itself seems little in America, but it was a great thing in Corea, and everywhere I went after that it was mentioned in connection with my introduction to other Coreans.

■ In our march through the city of the king this gorgeous prime minister stalked along in front of us, leading us through great courts till we came to another gate, through the center arch of which we passed. Then we went on through other courts walled with palaces, past servants clad in brown and red, and by officials wearing all sorts of hats and gowns. There were soldiers everywhere, and Gatling guns stood near some of the entrances. We passed through street after street, walled with the buildings in which live the king and his servants, until we came to a great gate, the side door of which alone was open. The central door was closed. The secretary of the home office stepped through the side gate and expected us to follow. We had gotten used, however, to the arch of honor, and we stopped and waited for the main gate to be opened. The secretary thereupon changed his mind. He came back and was practically lifted by his servants to the top of a hill where there was a new gate, and he led us through this. This brought us into the vestibule built for the foreigners. It was a magnificent corridor, so long that you could not see the end as you stood at the top and looked down it. It was lighted at the top and on both sides by beautiful lattices of white paper. The woodwork was papered with this wonderful Corean paper, which is as smooth as ivory and as strong as leather. The floor was covered with matting as fine as the web of a Panama hat, and so thick that our feet sunk as softly into it as they would have done had it been Brussels carpets. This corridor had many landings. We descended from one to another by easy steps, and after a walk of perhaps a quarter of a mile, we came out of it into an open hall which looked out upon the gardens of the king, and gave a view of the new palace in the distance.

This room was furnished in foreign style, and the highest officials of the king and a number of great nobles of the court were gathered within it. Each noble had his servant with him. Tall, broad shouldered men, clad in brown gowns and gorgeous hats, stood about as guards.

These are known as the brown-

coated kesos. They are the bodyguard of the king, and, like the famed soldiers of Peter the Great, have been picked out for their height and strength. Nearly every one of them is over six feet, and their long gowns make them look like giants. In addition to these, there were servants in red caps, servants in caps of purple and servants with gorgeous headdresses of blue. The officials were clad in their court dresses, and the head of each showed a top-knot shining through its fine Corean cap of horse hair, which, with its great wings flapping out at the sides, forms the official headdress. These wings are oval in shape and they stand out like ears, denoting that their owners are ever listening for the commands of the king. The gowns of these officials were of the finest silk, made very full. They fell from their necks to their feet and nearly covered the great official cloth boots, which made each man look as though he had the gout and was nursing his feet for the occasion. The gowns of dark green, embroidered with gold on the breast and back, and containing white storks or tigers, according as the man belonged to the civil or the military rank. Each man had a stiff, roop-like belt about him, which was fastened in some way to his dress, and surrounded the body just below the armpits. These hoops were so large that they stood about six inches out from the dress. They are emblems of rank, and you can tell the position of the men by the character of the gold, jewels or precious stones with which these hoops are decorated. Some of them were made of a great number of small squares fastened together by joints, and not a few of these squares were of the purest gold. Others were of silver, and others were of green jade, amber and other precious stones. Each of these officials wore a ribbon of woven horse hair about four inches wide about his head, and this ribbon was fastened on by a little round button about the size of the back of a collar button, which rested just behind the ear. These buttons also denote rank. Some were of gold, some amber and others of other precious materials.

These men were all very dignified. We were introduced all around by the cabinet minister who conducted us into the room, and we then sat down to a long table upon which were plates filled with assorted cookies about the size of macaroons. At each man's seat there were champagne glasses, and the servants opened a half dozen or so of cold bottles while we chatted and waited. The American minister had his presentation first. He spent about half an hour with his majesty, and then one of the English-speaking officials came into this room and told me that the king was ready to see me. Taking off my hat and my eye-glasses I walked with this man through long passageways, walled with stone, by red-capped, red-gowned servants, and past soldiers in gorgeous uniforms, to the gate of a large courtyard. As we neared this my interpreter who was a high official noble, bent his head over, and his face looked like that of a man in pain at a funeral. As we entered the court he bent half double, and as I looked across it, I noticed that there was a large open hall facing us. This hall had a massive roof of heavy tiles, and at the front of it there were a number of big round pillars painted red.

There were three entrances to it, reached by granite steps guarded by stone dogs, and the floor was, I judge about six feet from the ground. Within the hall, in front of a Corean screen, stood the king with two eunuchs on each side of him holding up his arms. And about him were a number of officials, who bent over half double and dared not look at him for reverence. All of these officials had these gorgeous storks or tigers on their breasts, and they looked at me out of the tail of their eyes as I came up. My interpreter got down on his knees as he got to the steps. He crawled along the floor to the front of king and bumped his head on the carpet. He then bent himself over half double and remained in this position during the whole of the interview, whispering in tones of awe his majesty's sentences to me and my questions to him.

The king was dressed in a gown of crimson silk, cut high at the neck and embroidered with gold medallions as big around as a tea plate. There was one of these medallions on each of his shoulders and one covered each side of the gown at about where the fifth rib is supposed to be located. This gown reaches to his feet. It was gorgeous beyond description, and it harmonized with his cream-colored complexion. The sleeves of the gown were very full and out of them a pair of delicate, shapely hands came from time to time, and clasped each other nervously. On one of his fingers I noted a magnificent diamond ring, and it seemed to me as though the great solitaire must cut his fingers, as he clasped and unclasped his hands, now folding them together, and now pulling one finger after the other, as though he would crack the joints. About his waist he had a belly-band embroidered with jewels, and his feet were clad in heavy official boots. His head was covered with a navy blue cap of horse hair net as high as a silk hat. This came well down upon his forehead. It had no brim and there were no wings at the back, as on the caps of the officials. He shook his own hands at me in Chinese fashion as I came up. I bowed, and I looked him straight in the eye while we talked together. I was not more than five feet away from him, and there was a little table between us. Above us shone the incandescent globes of the Edison electric light, and there was an European carpet on the floor.

The audience was largely given up to the passing of compliments, and it lasted, I judge, about twenty minutes. During it I had a good opportunity to study the king, and I photographed, as it were, his form and features on my brain. He is about five feet six inches in height. He is rather well built, but not heavy. He has beautiful bright black almond eyes, a complexion the color of rich Jersey cream, and teeth as white as the tusks of an African elephant. His face is full, and it shines with intelligence. He has a thin mustache, and a few hairs of black whiskers. He smiled frequently, and now and then he laughed melodiously. He seemed to have a stone of about the size of a boy's lucky stone in his mouth while he talked, and this from time to time he got between his teeth while he listened. When he spoke it sunk back into his mouth, taking the place of an old maid's plumper, or the tobacco quid of one of our Congressmen. I don't know why he uses this stone, and I am not altogether sure that