The Korea Magazine

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SEOUL, KOREA

CHATS WITH OUR READERS

It is still possible to obtain a bound copy of THE KOREA MAGAZINE, in half-leather, for five yen; but we cannot guarantee that price indefinitely. The price of leather and labor is rising so rapidly that considerable increase in the selling price is inevitable. The copy for your library should be ordered now.

The holiday season is drawing near, and by the time this number of the MAGAZINE reaches its more distant readers it will be high tim to place orders for Christmas presens. What more appropriate and satisfying gift than a subscriptio to THE KOREA MAGAZINE for a year, or a bound copy of the first or second volume?

We havc experienced much delay in the arrival of mail, and presume many of our readers have been having similar experiences. No doubt there will also at times be delay in the arrivaI of THE KOREA MAGAZINE, through no fault of ours but because of the general mail congestion. Should any copies fail to arrive, we will gladly replace them when possible.

Yamato Hotel, Mukden

Editor THE KOREA MAGAZINE:

Have been seeing the August number of your good Magazine in this hotel. Dr. Macdonald’s “Fourth of July” is GRAND. Hope lots of folks will read it, and that you’ll continue to send your Magazine here for the traveling public to see. Herewith money order for year’s subscription and an extra number to my friend in America.”

--Missionary in China

The Korea Magazine

OCTOBER. 1918

Editorial Notes.

THE work done by the South Manchuria Railway in September in transporting troops and materials through Korea is certainly to be commended because of the limited amount of inconvenience the traveling and shipping public had to endure. It is no small task to entirely reorganize a whole transportation system on short notice, send two hundred or more special trains, and then retum again to the regular schedule without sign of friction. While the officials and emploes are to be congratulated on the achievement, attention shou1d be called to the congested conditions which prevail practically all the time on the railways in Korea. Passenger and freight business has long since outgrown the provisions originally made for handling the traffic. On practically every division the passenger cars are always crowded, and many are compelled to stand because all the seats are occupied. This is particularly true in the third-class cars. It is true that the fare is low, and it might be argued that for that reason passengers should be willing to suffer some inconvenience, especially for short distances. No doubt they are willing, and they certainly do endure the hardships with little or no complaint; but it is also true that many more people would travel if there were room on trains for them. As for freight, it is common knowledge that freight shipments are greatly delayed for lack of cars, in some instances it being impossible for freight to be forwarded before from two to four weeks after application has been made for space. The supply of coal is also so limited that no adequate provision can be made for winter by those who are ready to pay cash, and when inquiry is made`the inforrnation is given that no cars are obtainable. We venturee to suggest that it will be good business policy to increase the number of regular passenger and freight trains, and increase the number of cars on each train. We believe the retuns will more than justify the additional investment.

A PICTURE OF MODERN WARFARE.

NOTE:—Here is a letter from Mr. Alden E. Noble, born in Korea, son of Dr. Noble of Seoul, nineteen years of age, from the great battle front. Through it shines the spirit that is going to win this war．He hates war and he means to see it through to a finish. When our race breeds sons like this, we shall never be marked decadent, nor shall we ever be mastered by the Hun or any other devil in human form that walks the earth.-EDITOR.

JULY 18TH, 1918.

At the Base Hospital.

DEAREST ONES:--

You’ve read it all in the newspapers, and by the time this reaches you it will be an old story, but as long as I live I think it will be impossible to produce anything for me more stirring, more horrible, or more full of glory. Before I was wounded I had the pleasure of seeing them on the run; but it is hard to lie here and know that my comrades are still bearing the brunt, and are still falling. Aren’t you proud of your American boys?

But I’ll begin at the beginning and tell you all about it. First of all, rest assured that I am getting along fine. I was wounded so slightly that I would never have left had not a little gas knocked me out for a while.

As I recall each incident and each scene of the battle, it seems like a dream; and I can scarcely realize that it is all true. So much happened in the first twenty-four hours that I doubt if I can remember it all. Of course we knew that it was coming, and that night we were warned to be on the alert, but I did not believe they would start so soon, and was peacefully snoozing in a little hole another fellow and I had dug for ourselves when, as you’ve read, about midnight, all the thousands of guns opened up at once. My bunk mate, whose turn it wasto watch for gas, came tearing down to the hole, “Hey! Noble,” he cried. “Hurry up! the Germans!” At that moment was the only time I was at all scared. My knees and hands trembled, but only for a moment, and, as I was litter-bearer for the occasion, all I had to do was to put my reserve rations on my back, sling my canteen and red-cross kit over my shoulder; and buckle my Colt 45 and trench knife about

my waist. My stretcher was outside where the other chap had agreed to meet me, and I hastened there passing others on their way to their posts. The sky was red on both sides, and of all the thundering and booming! Before I reached the litter we all had to have our masks on and from then on it was Hell. The bombardment lasted till dawn, and during all that time we had those pesky false-faces on. Everyone was cool and waited calmly. I prayed that I might have the strength to stay cool and level-headed and do my part bravely and I think I did. Among many horrible things I had to do, one was this, I’ll just mention this one incident to show you that it was *hell*. We were carrying a badly wounded fellow down the C.T. (cross trench) when “Bang!” down I went, the stretcher on top of me and on top of that what seemed two tons of rock and dirt. I managed to wriggle out and slap my mask back on, then I had to do up the other litter-bearer and put a bandage on his leg. All we could find of the wounded chap was his head set up on the parapet. This went on until dawn when the barrage crept back and played furiously on the artillery. We then took off our masks and waited. I took a wounded guy’s rifle and threw my litter down. When rny mask was blown off of course I got a little gas, and our lieutenant found me sneezing and choking a bit.

“What the hell’s the matter with Noble?” he demanded. “Guess I got a little gas,” I told him.

“Damn the luck!” he muttered. It was the first time I ever heard him cuss. (He was wounded later on). I didn’t think I had had enough gas to hurt me much so stuck to it til night, when I collapsed and found myself joy riding on an ambulance. In the meantime our lieutenant asked for volunteers to go out and drop the barbed wire rolls into the C.T.s in front of us, and as he looked at me I went half running, belt sliding, stooped over and rolled the things in while bullets spattered about me. There were some Blue Devil machine gunners with us and they crept to their guns. Those fellows are bricks! Give me a Frenchman to fight beside any day! I slapped one of them on the back and gave his hand a confident squeeze as he passed me, and when he reached his gun

safely he turned his head, grinned and waved at us as he patted the machine-gun.

“Here they come,” shouted someone, and at the same time our machine-guns started a rat-tat-tatting. I looked and sure enough at first they came running down the hill in thin lines, a dozen or so at a time, and hid behind a ridge some distance in front of us. Our rifles started cracking merrily all down the line. I got a good aim on one and fired, but missed. I loaded and fired again. The German fell forward on his face. The bullets began singing past us. Aeroplanes flew low over our lines and spit forth a stream of steel. One Bosche aviator leaned over and waved his hand at us. I shot and grazed him so close he ducked. Three tanks came rattling forward. Our artillery fired direct into them. One was blown up and the others retreated. Our lieutenant smiled and calmly said, “I guess the fight’s on.” There was no guessing about it. Suddenly the Germans came running together at angles and formed a long line of crosses of massed troops, and the advance began in earnest They withered before our fire and fell like grass by the scythe.

While the attack was going on there were many minor incidents, which, however, to the fellows engaged in them, were as big as anything in the war. For instance a detachment of Germans came sneaking down the C.T. on our first platoon. We saw them about a hundred yards away, and five first-platoon chaps crawled out on their bellies with their pockets full of hand-grenades, and when the Bosche were almost directly under them they let them have them. More Germans came running up and for a little while we were busy throwing bombs at each other. (It was there I got a piece of one in my hand)．Now, if you want to get out of that trench, you will have to walk over the dead. I got a bunch of Bosche money, about 100 marks, and other souvenirs. One fellow found an iron-cross and one a cigarette-lighter with “Gott rnit uns” written across it by the blasphemers. About this time we sent up a signal for a barrage and then the smoke in front of us blackened the sky amid a deafening roar. Before it lifted we had them retreating wildly.

I have not told you half that happened but have only given you an idea. Oh! the carnage! It was terrible. All the trenches bespattered with blood and lined with dead and pieces of the dead. We had to wade through pools of red in places.

Towards dusk the gas began to work harder on me and finally I just collapsed. The next thing I remembar in a dazed way was when they were shoving me on to an ambulance. Soon we were off, and when I looked beside me who should I see there gazing silently into my face but a wounded German!

I retumed the gaze for fully a minute. I could read the German’s thoughts, they were the same as mine; we were wondering why we did not reach for each other’s throats. And so we gazed and wondered until my voice broke the silence. What I half intended to say was “—your dirty stinking soul!” but what came out was, “How old are you?” He evidently thought I was asking where he was hurt and his hand went down to his left side.

“Shrapnel?” I asked. He replied with the French word for machine-gun (mitrailleuse). I was silent again and he started talking. I don’t know what he said, but from his gestures and familiar words I think he meant it was the fifth time he had been wounded, and that he hoped he would die. He said it was ‘goot’ that the Americans were in it for it would end the war. I agreed with him and, oh! May it end soon! I lost some of my dearest.chums out there.

The reports the wounded keep bringing in are very elating Gee! I wish we could get a chance at “Die Wacht am Rhine.” If they don’t get a little sense soon—we will. I am feeling fine to-day and hope to soon be as well as ever.

Just think! I am really a lucky brute. Here I’ve been fighting for half a year and only wounded once. l’m afraid I’ve lost all my persoual and government propert—even the Bosche’s money, for Fritz blew up our hole I told you about. All I now have is your photos, Ruth’s bible, and the American flag I always carry with me.

I wiIl write again soon.

As ever your loving son and brother,

ALDEN.

PROHIBITION IN KOREA.

“America gone dry!” Surely this is one or the most significant messages ever flashed around the globe. In these days of unheard of change, nothing could mean more than what these three words imply. That the temptation which ever lures bright boys to degenerate into ‘bar-rats’ and ‘whiskey-soakers’ should be removed from a great continent is almost worth a war. The hideous results of the drink-habit seen and condemned in America, are scattered the world over. One need not enlarge on them; drunken fools made out of some mother’s hopes, with whom bleared eyes, red noses, and befuddled brains, do not begin to express the half. Who would not strike it a blow as Lincoln did the auction-block and the brutal slave-driver?

This article, however, would inquire into Korea’s past and see if she has ever had any convictions regarding strong drink, and just what they are. She knows all brands of whiskey, soft and strong, and every variety of victim, from the man who takes on a full cargo and makes a fool of himself, to the quiet guzzler who is always ready to give a temperance lecture, forgetting that he himself is a standing proof that his temperance is whiskey soaked. Korea knows the science of making alcoholic beverages, some fermented, some distilled,cured, flavoured, and bottled away. She has learned it all.

In the year 38 A., D. which is a long time ago, we read that an edict prohibiting the manufacture of strong drink was promulgated on account of the scarcity of food. Similar prohibitions occurred again and again all the way down through Korea’s history till 1876 when famine once more caused the king to order “No more drink.”

These acts meant what they said, evidently, for as late as the reign of Se-jo, 1465, we read that the king, when on a visit to the hot-spring at On-yang for treatment, sent a secret messenger throughout the province of Choong-chum to see how his recent enactment aginst drink was being carrried out. The messenger, on his rounds, found the Governor, Kim Chin-ji (김진지) at Prince Hong Yoonsung’s (홍윤성) drinking.

The king incensed at this breach of trust ordered him to be decapitated at once, and then had his dangling head sent all round the province for people to see, take warning from, and learn to obey when he told them not to drink. Strong measures opposed to strong drink surely!

The opinion of Korea regarding drink is seen very cleary through her writings, and while there are some like Burns who sing its praises, there has always been a great force in the state gifted with sense and unselfishness enough to see that it was an unmitigated evil.

In the year 1423 King Se-jong, though only a young man of twenty-six, when urged by the Prime Minister to take a little stimulant for his stomach’s sake, answered, “When I forbid my people the use of intoxicants how can I think of using them myself?” Good king he! In that same year he issued an edict against the whole system in which he says, “The evils resulting from drink are very great, not only in its wasteful use of grain and state supplies, but in its destruct tion of the heart and soul of man. Under its influence human personality becomes a thing of utter disgust. Beneath its spell children disgrace those who brought them up in the hope of something better. Human wrecks men become, stripped of their diviner nature with all decency thrown to the winds.”

He cites examples of drunkards to prove his point, and goes back in his survey to almost the year one. “Paik Yoo,” says he, “used the small hours of the morning for the manufacture of strong drink, and in the end had the house fired about his ears and died. Chin Choon of East Han (206 B. C.) who used to bar his gates and have his friends drink deep, went to the Hun Tartars as envoy, and there, in a drunken stupor, was set upon and killed, so fulfilling the will of the Fates.”

Chung Choong, a man of Later Han (25 A. D.) used to drink so excessively that his intestines finally gave out and he died, so says the record.

He, the great Se-jong, who invented the Alphabet and lifted his country up to a high plane of civilization, was squarely set against this evil. He might have wired round

the world in his day, “Gone dry.” So was it many times in the history of Korea. I wonder if any other land ever had as many edicts issued on prohibition as she, and as faithfully carried out?

We find in 1512 a royal order issued by King Choong-jong, who was then twenty-five years of age, in which he says, “My ancestors sternly forbade all use of drink, and yet I realize that this will avail nothing unless the people’s heart and soul be set against it. My desire now is to persuade you to this decision, for unless you are opposed to it by your every conviction, my edict will avail nothing. I beg of you to make yourselves an example to the people, and so lead them to better things.”

King Hyo-jong, who was carried away captive in 1636 by the Manchoos, and lived three years in Mukden, wrote the following, “Most of the misfortunes that befall the state as well as the individual come from drink. Those who hold office surely know this without my telling it, and yet I hear that there are some who make this unspeakable evil their means of entertainment. For myself from the time I became Crown Prince I avoided all touch of this deadly thing.”

One of his ministers, Song Choon-kil (宋浚吉) whose tablet stands No. 54 on the east side of the Master in the Confucian Temple, said, “When Your Majesty, who has absolute freedom to drink as you please, has given it up, how much more should we.”

After all, it takes character and courage to stand as Hyo-jong did, and Korea furnishes many examples of this kind of really superior man.

King Sook-jong who came to the throne in 1675 wrote poems about boozers, holding them up to ridicule. He reminded the world of how they grow confidential, how they talk as though they were kings, and that wisdom would die with them; how they smile one minute like a judge of the Supreme Court, and act like a fool the next.

In 1632 under a new enactment it was decided that any man found making drink should be punished with a hundred blows of the paddle and three years’ imprisonment; and any

official found drinking was given a berth in the Eui-keum Poo, which corresponds somewhat to the American Sing Sing. A second offence brought a double dose of punishment.

This is sufficient to show that Korea has had a conscience concerning this great evil, and has fought against it bravely through many centuries.

If this were one of the older ages and rice and supplies as dear as they are to-day we should have a law passed prohibiting the manufacture and sale of drink at once. But the modern age which has come from the far West has no conviction on this matter, but is in favour of strong drink from six in the morning till twelve at night, and so unwittingly has set back the hands on the Far East’s clock of morals and general deportment. Assuredly she has less conscience to-day concerning this matter than she ever had before. All honour to Uncle Sam who has the strength and courage to give the world a helping hand in its great and crying need, by this high order that echoes the edicts of old Korea.

LANGUAGE STUDY.

(NEW WORDS)

Not only do people travel, but words travel as well. All people do not travel but only a few; nor are these exclusively the rich but often the poor. Who will travel, we cannot say; nor can we tell which words will find their way across sea and land while others stay fast at home.

In Japan we notice that the English word *match* has come over the wide ocean and made itself a part of the language of this people, as has the French word *chapeau*. So to-day in Korea combinations of Chinese Characters made in Japan, have come across the straits and established themselves firmly in the peninsula.

We will confine our remarks to some that specially pertain to Christianity and Christian gatherings.

In the older days of Christian propaganda we used the

native word *il-koon* (일군) for worker, or office-holder in the church, as we used *chik-poon mat-heun saram*, or *chik-wun* (職員) for the same, but these to-day are giving way before the word *kyo-yuk-ja* (敎役者). This is a combination that comes timely to fill a need and serve a useful purpose.

In older days *yuk-sa* (役事) was a word commonly used for work involving manual labour, while a labourer was called yuk-in (役人). Now a labourer has beocme a *yuk-poo* (役夫), sometimes an *in-poo* (人夫), while yuk-sa (役事) has become the common word for effort of any kind. We even hear *Sung-sin a yuk-sa* ‘the work of the Holy Spirit’ and its relative *kyo-yuk* (敎役), Christian work.

*Kyo-yuk-ja* (敎役者) means an officer of the Church while *sa-yuk ja* (使役者) might be translated Christian worker, though the two words are nearly synonymous.

We used to say *Mit-nan ma-am* or *mit-eum* for faith, but the word that pretty generally passes current now is *sin-ang* (信仰), while *sin-ja* (信者) is believer and *pool-sin-ja* (不信者) unbeliever.

The word *chun-do* (傳道) or *kang-do* (講道) pretty generally covered the meaning of the phrase ‘to preach’ while *yun-sul* (演說) was the equivalent of ‘speaking in public.’ For preaching the Buddhist word *sul-kyo* (說敎) is being heard more frequently and seen marked on notice boards. It is evidently pushing its way forward to be the generally accepted term. It really means to teach by preaching while *kang-yun* (講演) is more and more becoming the common word for public speaking.

Words are born, live their day and die in the East as they do in the West. The present time, marking as it does a violent transition from an older age to the modern, is carrying down with it as in a vortex hosts of words that had been in vogue for centuries. It is a veritable French Revolution from the linguistic point of view. One word is up like Mirabeau today while another goes down like Robespierre to-morrow. Out of the confusion of these years of transition will come forth a language enriched, in spite of its misfortunes, with a fuller range of expression and a more definite line of thought..

PLACES OF INTEREST ABOUT SEOUL.

YAK-SA CHUL

A delightful afternoon outing from Seoul is a trip to Yaksa Temple located some three miles beyond the Little East Gate. Making your exit by the motor-road cut throgh the wall, you swing down into the lower level of the drill-ground and cross the sandy shallow to the village of Toi-no-mi (Barbarian Over the Top). Its name strikes one as odd and you inquire,

“Can you tell me how this place came by its name?”

“Why yes, this is Toi-no-mi, Barbarian Hill. You will recollect that the Manchoo Keums (金), barbarians of the north, took possession of Peking in 1618, called themselves the Chung’s (淸) and sent an envoy to Korea to exact submission. We ordered him about his business so that he managed barely to escape with his life. In return the Manchoos sent an army of many thousand men to teach Korea a lesson, and they marched by stages straight on to the capital. Not only did they come by the road to the west of the city but by the east as well. This was a surprise attack, and before the Government was aware of it the barbarians were over the ridge and gathering in this village for an onslaught on the city, hence its name.”

Times have changed and the proud Manchoo has dwindled down into a very wobbly specimen of humanity, muddling along, anyhere but over the top.

But to return to our outing. From Toi-no-mi we turn north-west into a rift in the hills, cross a mountain spur and proceed along the flat land for fifteen minutes till we come to a little wood that lies on the left-hand side in which nestles the buildings of Yak-sa Chul. The approach is an ideal Buddhist vista leading up through the trees. At the outer limits of the temple grounds stand two generals with grinning teeth carved out of wood. Their names are a riddle to Confucian scholars through they represent the regular guards who do sentry duty night and day for the temple and ward off evil spirits. Just what order of general they are, or how their

names came into being, I know not. Perhaps somegentle reader can find out and kindly tell the Magazine.

We arrive at the temple compound, pretty as a picture. It has a bird’s nest hall perched on the face of the rocks in the bosom of which are to be found the Eight Pictures of the Buddha.

Yak-sa Chul, or Temple of the Great Physician, is one of the most picturesque we know of. Its site does not stand very high up, so there is no extensive view, but the quiet of the woods and hills, along with its artistic setting, combine to make it a very interesting place indeed.

This temple was burned down in the year im-o (1882) when the old time troops rose in revolt and, as a protest against the new time troops’ being better fed than they, committed every kind of outrage. All the way from Ryong-san to this temple they left the marks of their devastation. They fired the Buddhist temples because they claimed that Queen Min lavished bounties on these while the salary of the starving soldier was ten months in arrears. We can well imagine the monks fleeing for their lives at the news that the ruling gentry of Seoul were murdered and that the storm was now raging forth out of the city gates after the priesthood. Now, however, all the fury is forgotten and an eternal calm seems to rest upon the temple.

The way back to the city is over the hills to Chung-neung 貞陵. Chung Tomb is the resting place of Queen Kang one of the Mothers of the last dynasty. She died in 1396, and seven months later was buried on the site of the British Consulate, all of which region now takes its name from her tomb, Chung-dong. In the year 1409 King T’ai-jong (太宗) who murdered her two sons, his half brothers, had her remains bundled out of the city and placed in this hollow behind Yaksa Temple where they still rest. It is a sad reminder of the unhappy home of these princes.

Leaving the tomb and passing Sin-heung Temple, called also Heung-ch’un Sa, the road takes us over the hills half an hour back to the city, one of the most interesting hill walks anywhere about.

ONE VIEW OF THE KOREAN WOMAN

Note: This remarkable story taken from the Keui-moon Chong-wha (記聞叢話) is evidently true for the characters are historical and lived in the lime-light. Though the story might shock readers in the home land seeing it has to do with polygamy, it will be understood by those who live in the East.

The interesting fact of the story is the faithfulness of these women to one another and their spirit of self-abnegation.

Yoo Chin-sa was a native of Kyung-keui Province. As a lad he was specially clever at his studies and at twenty years of age passed his first examination; but he was poor in this world’s goods, and avoided the Capital and lived quietly near Soo-wun.

His wife was a highly-gifted woman far above her peers. Among other things, by her skiIl at the needle, she obtamed their daily bread.

Now it happened on a certain day that a report came to them that there was a girl in the neighborhood who was giving exhibitions as a sword-dancer. Yoo Chin-sa hearing this, asked that she be invited to their house so that they all could see. She entered, but suddenly stopped short, startled aparently as she looked at Yoo Chin-sa’s wife. Then she stepped hurriedly up onto the verandah, where the two clasped each other and began to cry.

Yoo Chin-sa, astonished at this behaviour asked what it meant.

His wife replied, “She is a friend whorn I used to know very well indeed, that’s why.” Though the stranger remained a day or two no further word was said about the sword-dance. Then she quietly took her departure.

Five or six days later as Yoo was standing before his home, he saw three palanquins borne by horses making their way in his direction. A pair of mounted lackeys rode just in front of each, but there was no one following. They were evidently coming his way.

In doubt, Yoo sent a messenger to inquire where they were from, and to suggest that they had evidently made a mistake in coming to his house.

The servants, however, without any reply, came straight in and the chair went through the door into the inner quarters. The horses were them unhitched and taken away.

Yoo Chin-sa, more perplexed than ever, and not being able to enter the women’s quarters seeing women guests were there, sent a note in to his wife asking what it meant. Her reply was, “Never mind, you’ll know later on.”

Thus the mystery deepened. From that time on his meals were of the very best; fish and fowl with no end of other choice fare.

This, too, added lo his uncertainty, so he again sent a note to inquire, when the answer was, “Don’t ask, please, only dine well and be happy. You will know by and by. I ask you as a favour not tocome.into the inner quarters for several days.

The day following it was again a mystery as to how his meals were so well ordered.

Some days later he received a note from his wife saying, “Let’s go in to Seoul.”

Yoo Chin-sa had grown impatient over this procedure and had sent a servant to ask rather sharply that his wife come out to the middle door.

She came, when he asked, “Who are these people who are here; and how comes the change in our fare? What do you mean by asking that we go to Seoul? Some purpose must lie back of it. I have no means sufficient to pay for so extravagant a journey.”

His wife merely laughed in reply and said, “Please don’t ask any questions; you’ll know the meaning by and by. Really you need have no anxiety about going to Seoul, all you have to do is to simply go.”

Although more than ever mystified, there seemed nothing for Yoo but simply to yield. So the next day the three palanquins were all put in order with horse and saddle for Yoo to ride Thus in the wake of the chairs he finally reached the capital and passed through the South Gate. A little further on in Hoi-dong, they came to a large house where the chairs entered the main gateway.

Yoo was here shown into the main hall. It was a large

and splendid mansion with everything in perfect order, mats, screens, tables, pens, pipe-pan etc. A man dressed as a steward stood at the side, and servants waiting at the head of the stairway bowed low to greet him.

Yoo Chin-sa inquired, “Who are you?”

They replied, “We are Your Excellency’s servants.”

Again he asked, “Whose house is this, tell me I pray?”

Their answer was, “This is Your Excellency’s home.”

Yoo Chin-sa again asked, “To whom does all this furniture belong, and whose are these goods?”

“They are yours, sir,” was the reply.

Yoo, bewildered beyond words to express, thought he must have lost his wits or be in a dream. After his evening meal was over and he had sat some time with the lights trimmed, he received a letter from his wife saying, “I am ser1ding a very lovely person to be with you and to delight your heart.” He wrote back, “What do you mean by a lovely person; who is it and what’s it all about?”

Her reply was, “By and by you will know.”

As the night wore on and all the servants had gone a maid­servant entered his room with a very beautiful woman who took her seat just below the light while the servant arranged his sleeping apartment and then withdrew.

Yoo Chin-sa asked, “Who are you?” but she only smiled and answered not a word.

Thus the night passed.

The next morning a letter came from his wife saying, “I hope you enjoyed the friend I sent you. I am sending you another this evening .

Yoo, more than ever at a loss to know what it meant, let matters take their course. On this next night another person accompanied by a servant came in, not the same person but quite another, as he readily saw by her face. Again this night passed.

The wife wrote once more, asking, “Do you like her? I hope so.”

About noon that day the sound of an approaching company was heard from beyond the gate, coming with calls and

clamour. A servant rushed in to say that His Excellency Minister Kwun would call.

Yoo Chin-sa went out to meet him, and a moment later a white-haired man riding on a wheeled palanquin came in at the gate. Yoo took him by the hand and led him up into the main hall, where he bowed low and asked, “Who may Your Excellency be; and why have you come I pray?”

When they were seated the old man laughed and said, “You have not yet realized the dream you are passing through, have you? Listen to what I have to say. You are a man born to most peculiar fortune; surely there was never such a case known as yours. Years ago your wife’s home, my home and Hyun Chi-sa’s, all stood side by side. In these three homes of ours on the same day of the same year a daughter wa born to each. As this was a most extraordinary and unusual thing it brought our homes into close relationship, and these girls as they grew played together morning, noon and night. They made an oath, it seems, though we knew it not, that they would marry one and the same husband aod so never be parted. We parents had no idea of this. When you were married your wife stepped out of our circle and was suddenly gone we knew not where. My daughter, as you know, is a child of my secondary wife. When it became time for her to marry I endeavored to form plans thereto, but she refused absolutely and said that even though she died she would not consent, “I have sworn an oath,” said she, “that I will marry the same man as so and so.”

“It transpired that Hyun’s daughter had the same mind, so that though he rated, coaxed and tried to wheedle her in to doing his way not an atom would she bend to his will, and thus matters went on till they were twenty-five years of age.

“I then learned that Hyun’s daughter had gone in search of your wife and that she had found her at Soowun. You will understand then that the stranger who came to your room night before last was my daughter and the one last night was Hyun’s. This house with the servants, the furniture , the books, the fields and rice-lands are set aside for you by Hyun and myself. Your fortune has won for you two very worthy

women besides your first wife, a bounntiful home and sufficient supply. Not less is your good luck than that of Yang So-yoo. Such gifts as these come only from the gods.”

“Call Hyun Chi-sa,” he shouted.

In a little an old man with white hair came stepping in. He had gold buttons behind his ears and wore a red girdle.

He bowed to Kwun and then Kwun said to Yoo, “This gentleman is Hyun Chi-sa.”

The three, having thus met, sat and passed the glass to­gether and only when night came on did they separate. This Kwun was the famous Kwun Tai-oon 權大速 (1612-1699 A. D.). Yoo passed many happy years of life with his three wives.

Some years later his first wife said to him, “Just now the political situation in Seoul gives me cause for alarm. The Nam-in it is true have all powar and Kwun Tai-oon is their chief, but danger lurks on every side and a little later he will assuredly be defeated and death will be the portion of them all. It may easily include us within its circles. Let us get away while there is yet time.”

Yoo took the advice, sold out, and moved to the country never to return.

In the year l694 when. the Queen regained her place and power an onslaught was made upon the Nam-in who were beheaded and driven into exile, Kwun Tai-oon among them, but Yoo Chin-sa was far away and safe. Assuredly Yoo Chin-sa’s wife was a wise and far-seeing woman.

THE DIAMOND MOUNTAINS,

Note: Here is an account of a visit to Pi-ro Pong (毘盧峯) the highest, and almost an inaccessible peak of the Diamond Mountains. The trip was made in 1865 by a Mr. Cho Sung-ha (趙成夏) nephew of the famous Queen Dowager. His account shows that there was pluck and determination in the old ruling families of those days, and more that they were master-hands at the pen. Few travellers could give a more vivid picture than this. Set as it is with an Oriental back-ground makes it specially interesting - Editors.

I reached the Diamond Mountain in mid-autumn and one morning, after breakfast, decided to ascend Pi-ro Mountain.

I was afraid there might be an attempt to stop me, so I secretly found a priest to choose bearers and show the way.

We passed the Myo-kil Buddha and when we had reached the turning point in the road already noon had. come. From here we went straight up. By clinging to creepers and taking advantage of every stone and twig, and with the help of the men who accompanied pushing and pulling, we made our way up. What with bushes and stones it was a most difficult, obstructed path, dim and overgrown, in fact hardly visible at all to the naked eye.

Thus we made some ten miles deep into the solitudes. It was a world waste and void. I imagine there must be some regular road to Pi-ro Peak but we were not on it evidently but instead were into an inextricable tangle on the west side. There are in all several hundred priests in the Inner Hills and yet scarcely one of them has ever climbed Pi-ro, two only of our whole party could I find who had made the journey. I imagine these men, too, led us wrongly.

We finally reached a high point and looked out but there were three great peaks that propped up the heavens still ahead of us. The bearers suggested that we go back and try again another day, but I felt that to go back would be to lose all the effort we had put forth. So we sat down and thought it over. I urged them and at last got them to swear to see it through. One man shouted, ‘Til see it through, live or die,” and the others followed suit.

I then tied a handkerchief about my head, put off all my outer robes, brushed the shrubs aside and went up on all fours, clinging to points and horns as opportunity offered. We skirted precipices that went down thousands of feet, and skimmed by ledges the height of which no man could measure, till finally we crossed all the obstructing peaks. We gasped, and puffed, and blew for breath, and at last stood on the top of Pi-ro, the top of the topmost peak. The blue heaven was just above us with all its vast expanse, and the stars almost touching our heads. The air I breathed came from about the the throne of God; but oh, we were tired and thought of how Kwa-poo had exhausted himself chasing the sun.

I was thirsty and wished a drink, but where was there water? We had long passed all springs and streams, and not a drop was there to be had. We looked off toward the east and there lay the Sea of Japan, mingling with the sky. Yonder was water everywhere but it was like the cherries of Cho Cho, devoid of satisfaction. How were we to come at it and cure this thirst of ours?

In their search on the high peak, would you believe it, one man found under a stone a living spring. It was not a spring either, nor was it water from any apparent source. It must have been the melted snows of ages gone by and yet it looked like nectar of the fairies. We drank of it till all was gone. No Tong drank seven bowls and yet was not satisfied, how much less we?

We walked back and forth while the sun went down and darkness fell upon the world. Those who accompanied me were dead tired and reduced to a state of unconsciousness. They were scared too out of their wits. We sought out the smoothest part of the rock and there sat back to back and let the dew fall upon us while we dozed off.

The priests brought some shrubs and trees and heated up a little cold rice and cake which we ate. When this was done we had come to nearly the fifth watch of the night. The moon had fallen. The sound of the wind across the hill face was like the whistling of the goblins. Its cold edge had in it points of arrows. Mists arose from the lowlands and filled the valleys. As I thought it over I felt that it was indeed a mad journey, an insane venture. To come here meant really all sorts of risk to life and limb. What use was it? Still I remembered how I had longed to see this famous mountain, to taste of its hidden mystery, and now my dreams were realized. Here were the fairy cloud lights about us as we squatted among the rocks and shrubs. It was a rare and wonderful experience. I turned to this side and that, and gazed all about me. The night stretched everywhere. Yonder were the Seven Stars of the Dipper, and here the reflection of the white topped hill. The dew moistened all the world. I was on a boat sailing on ether between the Seven

Stars and the Lovers’ Bridge of the Milky Way. The North Star had passed the 38th degree and the Yellow Meridian was in the constellation Soon-mi. The Red Meridian was crossing that of Great Fire. Our position on Pi-ro was not quite even with the star of God’s Throne.

A little later we saw a great horn rise from the sea and mount up where the sky and water touched each other. Little clouds appeared. A little later all the sea and sky turned a firey red, and the great yellow wheel of the sun tipped its light over the horizon. A little later it had cut loose from the watery depths and was free in its upward course across the sky, a red and beaming ball. The colours of the sun, yellow, blood red, light red are due to the proximity of the water. It looked as though it was distant from me only a hundred li (30 miles) and about 70 kil high (400 feet). The water of the sea meanwhile had grown dark and the hills red. A little later the lower world gave off numberless puffs of vapour so that all the vast expanse beneath us was turned into a sea with Pi-ro where we sat a little island remaining. We seemed to be lifting and falling as in a heavy swell with Waves about us. A little after Yung-nang came through and then in a flash Choong-hyang likewise. Then the Sun and Moon Peaks like a pair of twins showed their heads; then Soo-mi, Tan-Pal, Paik-ma all appeared each in its proper place.

We looked off toward the East Sea, where I felt like rolling up my trousers and wading in on my way to the Pong-nai Hills of the fairy.

The day was now light and all the party bestirred itself. They gave a sudden cry of alarm. What was the reason? Here were tracks of a great tiger going this way and that round and round us. He had hovered about our sleeping place evidently all the night. Then suddenly there was a great shout on the part of my company, “The master is a man richly blessed, for the Spirit of the hills has sent the tiger to guard him through the night.” So each man bowed down and said his word of thanks to the God that guards the mountain top.

THE WOMEN OF SOUTH CHINA,

BY

CH’OI CH’I-WUN (858-950 A.D.)

Note:--Here is a translation of a poem by Ch’oi Ch’i-wun (崔致遠) who, though a Korean, was an official in Chinese service one thousand years ago. His estimate of the ways of the world then finds its counterpart to-day. To say that the world is getting better might seem in some respects ill-founded; to say that it is getting worse would seem to contradict this poem. Evidently the human heart continues about the same, world without end.—Editors.

“The ways of Southern China have fallen full low. Men bring up daughters there for evil only. Their one chief thought is dress and showy ornament, while work, like honest stitching, they hate the very name of. The pipe and harp include their aims in life, but never for the songs religion sings. What lawless men enjoy, these they count most dear. They say, ‘Let’s love the beautiful and let our youthful days be long.’ They laugh at girls who make the shuttle’s sound their one chief joy, as they exclaim, ‘However much they love to tread the loom the silks they weave are never theirs to wear.’”

To My Master Kang Heui-an (姜希顔)

by

Sung Kan (成侃) (1427-1456 A. D.)

Note:--Kang Heui-an was a great artist as well as a great scholar, while Sung Kan one of his pupils was a distinguished member of a very highly gifted family. He died by violence however in a great disturbance in 1456 and so did not attain to the high place as a scholar won by his younger brother Sung Hyun (成俔).

A poem is a picture with a song;

A picture is a poem, but without the power to sing.

Pictures and poems, from ancient times, have ever been the same;

No shade of difference marks their worth or measure.

What store of wonders dwell within my master’s mind,

An artist shall I mark him or chief among the poets?

When joy inspires his heart he lifts the blunted pen and strikes

And lo, a line of streams flow by and rocks appear.

From these green banks old trees reach down and touch the water.

You surely were the Master Chung No in an age gone by;

I gaze the live-long day with soul entranced.

But colours fade and fairest tints grow dim;

If rain or smoke but touch them they are gone.

Let’s try instead a picture with a song

That enters by the ear and moves the tongue to sing;

And keeps the spirit fresh and fair through all the weary ages.

An Ancient Thought.

By

Ch’oi Ch’i-wun 崔致遠 (858-951 A. D.)

I am told the fox can change into a pretty girl, the wildcat into a scholar-lord or chief. When creatures doff their

forms so easily who then can tell what sort of beings really walk around us? Again I think, well, yes it is not hard to change the form or kind; what’s hard is how to keep the soul and mind from changing. There is the rub. The true to false, the fair to foul, these are the changes to be feared. Keep bright the mirror of the soul I pray.

Note: Can some reader of the Magazine give us a history of the Fox. His sharpened chin and long brush tail, as they cross the stage of the Far East, have caught and held the attention of all the ages. Among fore-footed creatures he is even more renowned than the tiger. This great writer of the closing days of Silla had heard of the fox, but he was not fearful or anxious, he feared more the changing nature of the human soul.

OLD KOREAN STORIES

BY

SYUNG HYUN (1479-1504 A. D.)

POWERS OF IMITATION.

I had a neighbour once called Ham Pook-kan who hailed somewhere from the east provinces. He knew how to blow a whistle wonderfully well, tell all kinds of odd stories, and act the part of a clown generally. He could mimic anyone he saw, and speak and act exactly as they did. He would pucker up his mouth and pipe out sounds like a flute, clarionet or piccolo, loud and strong, so that it could be heard a mile off.

He could also imitate the harp, and make sounds that twanged to any tune you wished.

He used to be invited to the Palace at times and was always rewarded most liberally.

I knew another man called Tai-mo-je who could imitate geese, ducks, chickens or pheasants perfectly. One note from him and all the roosters of the place would set up a chorus.

We had a servant too, named Pool-man-i who could imitate the barking of a dog. I once took him along to Kang-wun with me, and when we reached a town at night he would set up a barking that put all the dogs of the place into a state of terrific excitement.

THE HUNTER.

Kim Sok-si was a Yu-jin Tartar who came to Korea with his father when he was a young man. He was a strong athletic fellow and knew something, too, of literature and letters. His home was among the hills of the Oh-chong ward and the chase was his means of livelihood. He once told me the story of how he took deer. Said he, “In summer, when the grass is long, the deer come out early in the morning to feed. When they have had their fill they retire to the hills and lie down. In hunting them I took beaters along with me and followed up these marks and tracks till I came to where they were. We would then surround them while two or three of the heaters would go up to the hill-top and perhaps sing, or call, or imitate the sounds heard in ploughing a field. The

deer, hearing this and counting them familar sounds, would merely sit close and listen. This was the time for me to string my bow and let fly the arrow. Though not fatally wounded he would only get into the toils of the beater if he tried to run away.

“When the leaves and grass were gone in the autumn, my way was to find one of their runs, lie quiet near by and shoot them as they passed.

“As for hunting bears, I may say that the bear is a fierce, powerful and fearless beast. If he meets a tiger he picks up a stone with one paw and with the other takes the tiger by the throat and then gives him a smashing blow that crushes in his head. He also breaks off limbs of trees and fights with them. If he uses a limb and happens to let it fall, he does not know enough to pick it up again, but uses a fresh one instead. His turning to break off another gives the tiger a chance to pounce upon him again.

“The bear knows how to climb trees. He sits down just as though he were a man, reaches out, turns the limbs inward and then picks off the acorns and eats them. He frequently betakes himself to the edge of a stream and fishes for crabs which he eats greedily. When winter comes he goes into his hole and sucks his paw. If he hears thunder in the 10th moon he refuses a hole for his winter quarters but covers himself with leaves instead.

“When the grass and leaves are abundant, in summer, I frequently find him in a tree. On such an occasion I take off my coat and go in as near as possible toward him but always behind so that he cannot see. While he is busy picking acorns I let fly my arrow so as to take him just behind the fore-leg, and then I roll over and lie as though I were dead in the grass. Not a breath do I breathe.

“The bear shot, and with the arrow still in him, falls from the tree. He starts on a hunt for his enemy scurrying about on all sides, but even though he find me he has no idea of harming me as I am dead. In his agony he cries like a human being, pitiful to hear, then goes down to the water’s edge where he dies.

“As for tigers, I have shot many of them. Once, in the days of Se-jo, His Majesty went on a trip to the hot springs at On-yang when a messenger came from one of the homes of the literati, to say that a girl of sixteen years of age had been carried off the previous night from her inner room where she had been sitting, the door being open. A fierce tiger had suddenly pounced in upon her and now the prayer was that His Gracious Majesty would do what he could to destroy the creature.

“King Se-jo ordered his officers to follow up the beast, and he sent me as well. I went first and inquired about the girl, and then started up the hill. About half way up we found her red coat, part of it torn away and hanging to the limb of a tree. A little further on we found the body near the edge of a stream partly eaten. Later still, a sudden roar from the pine grove startled us. Looking up I saw a huge tiger with glaring eyes staring at us. I was wild to get at him so I dashed in on my horse and let fly an arrow. I then turned to get out of his way when suddenly I was stopped by the brushwood and my horse fell. He pounced on me and caught my arm in his teeth. There we had a fierce fight till finally the others came and despatched him so I escaped.”

He pulled up his sleeve and let me see his arm, and there were the marks of the brute’s teeth.

THE LITERATI AN WAN.

An Wan was very fond of dogs and falcons. While he was young and a student of the classics he was consumed with this delight. Once while at the home of his young wife he had a falcon on his left hand while with the right he turned the leaves of the book. His father-in-law said to him, “When you study put away the falcon, and when you have the falcon in hand put away your book. Why do you have them both together in such an unseemly way?”

He replied, “The books I study because they have come down to me from my fore-fathers. I cannot let them go, and my love for my dog and my falcon is such that I wish to have them always with me, book and falcon at the same time. Does it matter?”

From youth up till old age he was always the same. Song Mai-tang was one day out in the country beyond the river when he heard the sound of some one reading the classics not far from the road. He asked his servant to see who it was, and the servant replied laughing, “It is undoubtedly old man An.”

He turned to see and there he was holding a falcon in one hand and with the other turning the pages of the Kang-mok while he sat beneath the shade of a tree. They met and laughed as they saw each other.

He was a kind-hearted gentleman, and neyer showed any ill-temper in words or countenance.

When the Japanese came in and took possession of Sungjin Poo he remained quietly at home and read his book.

His servant said, “The enemy is upon us. Sir.” His reply was, “I can shoot with the bow, don’t be anxious.” In a little the enemy went away

THE KOREAN ENVOY'S JOURNEY TO PEKING IN 1712.

(Continued from the September number.)

CHAPTER III.

NOTE :—The following account of the Korean Embassy entering Peking in the grim winter of 1712 takes from the expedition something of the glamour with which one is inclined to surround the gorgeous East. They enter but find no warm rooms awaiting them; no fresh beds done up with Irish linen, no steaming soup or entrees, but only a grizzly haunted house full of dust and disorder, with the January wind of 1713 rattling through every chink. It was poor comfort to feel that they were a highly honoured mission to the great emperor Kangheui and that the ordinary conveniences of life could go by the board. Here they lived for two months and more, great China not troubling her soul one whit as to whether these top-knotted strangers from the Hermit Kingdom fared comportably or froze to death. By following these accounts the reader will see two things: one, Peking two hundred years ago, another, the back of the Korean's mind with something of what he thinks and is.

Next month will describe an Imperial progress and an audience before Kangheui.—EDITORS.

*12th Moon 27th Day. Clear. Cold Wind Blowing,*

At last we entered the main East Gate of the city. Its tower has three storeys with blue tiles on top, while the protecting wall as well has a tower of two storeys similarly roofed. There are no railings about it but simply a wall of bricks.

In this wall are openings for sharp-shooters who take their station here to protect the inner gate. It is named the Tower of the Enemy. I had heard that when the Embassy reached this gate, it usually found such a crowd of horses and carts blocking the way, that often half a day was spent in attempting to push through; but it was not so in our case. The regular day for entering the city with tribute is the 26th and this date being past our road was clear. Within the city the street was not more than seventy or eighty yards wide, a third wider, perhaps, than our main street at Chong No, but I saw nothing special in the way of display of merchandise, or goods for sale.

We had gone about a mile, when we reached a cross roads, a mark being erected at it to indicate the distance. A gate ahead of us looking toward the south was marked Soong-moon. When we came within a hundred yards or so of it, we turned directly west and went about a third of a mile further, crossing a stone bridge called the Ok-ha Kyo. On the side of the street I noticed a large gate with three openings said to be the entrance to a palace of one of the imperial princes. Three or four Manchoos, with swords at their sides, were sitting on guard. A row of spears stood before them, while their bows, arrows and quivers were hanging on the gate. We crossed the Ok-ha bridge and went a few hundred yards further till we reached the Envoy's *Yamen*, on the north side of the road. Here the Chinese interpreters came out to meet us. The Envoy simply lifted his joined hands by way of response to their greeting, and we passed on into the middle comound. Within the gate we found many outhouses along each side, that had apparently fallen to ruin. These were the quarters where the Korean interpreters were supposed to put up. Passing through a small side gate we came to the main

hall. It also had outhouses on each side, all of which were in a sorry state of dilapidation. The rooms too were were full of dust and lumps of clay.

The wind kept up till the night, exceedingly cold and here we were with no place to put up at, and no one knowing what to do. You can guess what a perplexity we were in. My brother went into the east room of the main hall, in which were two \**kang*, one to the north and one to the south. He chose the south *kang* while I took that to that to the north. The windows were stripped of every vestige of paper, so we had the bundles of tribute piled up against them on the outside. The inside we pasted up as well as we could, but the paste did not stick, and the paper fell off before the wind as fast as we put it on. We tried again and again but it was to no purpose, and only with the greatest difficulty did we stop some of the larger openings and manage to pass the night, The Second Envoy occupied the middle room. As he entered he found an old Buddhist priest in possession who invited him to be seated. He poured out some tea as well and offered it to him. On inquiry he gave his age as seventy-two. I took my servants and went to see the Tong-ak shrine situated just across the road in front of our main gate. This shrine has two guard-towers before it, very handsome and well built. On these two towers are inscription boards, inside and out. One has written on it, "Great Vacant Valley;" one, "The Three Fairy Gods," and one, "Eternal Blessing to the State." I forget just what the other was. There was a tower also to the south, that stood in line with the front gate, built of marble, richly ornamented, and finished with wonderfu skill. Inside of the front gate on each side were drum and bell towers. Passing these I came to still another gate of three openings with side gates to right and left. Within this I found the main hall. It has two storeys and is covered with blue tiles, The inscription on it reads "Hall of the East Mountain Spirit." A gilded image sits in it wearing royal robes and crown. This is the spirit of the Eastern Hill.

\*The kang is an elevated platform of earth, with a fire beneath it, on which the Chinese sleep.

Boy fairies were in waiting to right and left, about a dozen in number. Beautiful curtains hanging about on all sides served as decoration. There were many costly dishes about, evidently used when offerings were made to the spirit. A glass lamp stood in the middle of the hall and before it a table beside which was an iron kettle, large enough to hold a score and more measures, filled full of oil. From this they fed the lamps which burned night and day. There were wings to right and left of the main hall, that extended like outstretched pinions, each having gates through them. The main hall and the outhouses all stand on a well built platform as high as a man's shoulder. On the south side stands a brazier about three feet high. Before each gate of the outhouses there is one as well, each having an incense stick in it, so that the odour of incense filled the rooms. Many memorial stones stand about, so many that I could not look them all over. Some of them had inscriptions written by the Emperor and these were covered with yellow tiles. Last night the whole company, men and horses, slept in the open court, and so were almost frozen to death. The officers too sat out in the cold. It was worse than camping in the fields on the other side of the palisade beyond Pong-sung. As I mentioned, the room that I was assigned to was full of holes that could not be mended, and so we asked the guardian of the yawn to call a plasterer and have him prepare mud and stop the openings in the *kang* as well. But the house was so high, and large, and wide, that nothing seemed possible in the way of bringing comfort. Between the rooms, where we were and the main hall, there were wooden doors adorned with numberless chinks and cracks through which the cold wind blew. We were so chilled and frozen that we didn't seem to be in a room at all but outside wholly exposed. My brother sought out one *kang* and had a cover or wind-net erected over it. I undertook to make a protection out of our baggage, piling it up so as to leave only an opening of about three feet for one to crawl in and out of. This door on the south side was the only means

for the admission of light. I hung a curtain over it and had it rolled back during the day and let down at night. Afetr what we had experienced it seemed almost a cosy and comfortable room with a grass mat for carpet underneath and oil paper above for roof. Inside of it I had quilts spread out, and here also I had my books, papers and other things, An economical and reasonable room it was and I greatly reijoiced in it. In my delight I exclaimed, "When I leave, what shall I do about this fair castle that I have built?" All laughedia over it. I went to see where the officers were and found them in a two kang room, the fires being on the north and south side. They had repaired the fire places, and pasted up the holes in the wall, but at best the room was small and too cramped for the number who occupied it. I was very anxious on their account. The military officers in charge of the Eui-joo guards, the Envoy's physician, the accompanying merchantmen had no place whatever to go to. They all repaired to the rear court, made a hut of the baggage and crawled into it. With bricks they also made a stove. The soldiers, mapoos and servants huddled about underneath the shelter of the wall, and put up mats as a protection against the wind. With broken odds and ends of brick they managed to build a wall, and so eked out a very unhappy existence. Those having money sufficient had a hut erected with felt covering. My three servants had gone to the east side of the room where my brother was, and there they were discussing the putting up of a felt shelter. I went to the room of the Secretary to see how he fared and found his quarters to be a room of five kang the fireplaces being on both sides. It was light and clean and more pleasing than the room occupied by the First Envoy, The Secretary had the military officer No Heup stay with him on the north *kang* while his interpreter, Oh Chi-hang, slept on the south side.

In the morning the Envoys and the Secretary paid a visit to the Office of Ceremony where they presented their credentials. The other members of the Embassy went along while I remained by myself. Later, on their return, I asked them about their visit and was told that the Office of Ceremony was about half a mile distant from the Envoy's *yamen*. Attending

officials led the way for them, and had them sit down and wait in the outer-quarters. An hour later the Minister of Ceremony and the Secretary came to the Hall and took their places on the seats facing south. There was a table in front of them before which the Envoys and the Secretary now came and made obeisance. Two interpreters, bowing low as they appeared, presented the communications. The First Envoy took them, laid them on the table, and then retired a few paces to the rear. When the time came for them to withdraw the Secretary of the Department of Ceremonies who was a China-man and not a Manchoo, had the Envoys wait for a little as he had some inquiry to make of them.

The Minister of Ceremonies had ridden in a four-man chair with a dark silk canopy over it. It was much like the palanquin chairs seen in our own country, though the poles were not fastened beneath, but at the sides, and tied with leather thongs that passed over the shoulders of the bearers. Before them heralds led the way, calling out much the same as they do with us. I was told that they had borrowed this custom from Korea. Chinese may ride in chairs, but Manchoos are not allowed to do so; they must ride on horses. My servant, Kwi-dong, took note of everything that passed and told me of it. The Royal Communication was wrapped in oil-paper and, when it came to opening it, the barbarian Manchoos did not even wait to unfasten the string in a comely way, but fought for the wrapper and pulled and tugged furiously, all of which time the officials paid no attention whatever. There was such a tussel that no one got more than a mere scrap of the paper, and yet each seemed very much delighted with his prize. What they intended to do with it I have no idea.

The Department of Ceremony is said to be in a terribly tumbledown condition, altogether dilipadated. I asked the official assigned to the place the reason for this state of affairs, and he said, "Necessary repairs for the *yamen* have to be paid for privately by the officials in charge, as His Majesty will make no appropriation for them.” Thus, things are left to go as they please. If this be true the Emperor's rule must be a sorry rule indeed.

Formerly when the Envoy came to Peking the Main Hall and the side rooms to be occupied by the Embassy, were all floored with new matting; and new paper was put on the walls; but now this has been neglecyed, and today everything was left as we found it, not even equal to the official quarters in the common country stopping places. Thise in charge receive money we are told for the purpose of repairs, but do not carry out the matters assigned them. Laws and observances are evidently on the decline in the Imperial domain, and our people too, I doubt not, deserved just such a reception as they received for sins they themselves have to answer for. Alas! Alas!

In the morning the head interpreter came and said, "One of the soldiers of our party fell behind at Pal-li Po yesterday, and not reporting yet the Government has ordered a party of guards to go out and find him. This is the first trip of the missing soldier and he cannot speak Chinese, beside the weather was so cold yesterday that I fear if he did not find shelter he may have been frozen to death."

In a little however the guard brought him in safe and sound, I enquired as to how he had come to fall behind; he said it was because the day was so bitterly cold, that he had gone into an inn to warm himself. He found a heated kang to set on and the people had treated him most kindly to refreshments, He concluded that the Chinese were a very liberal and good people indeed.

Our *yamen* had one man in charge who was General in Chief. It had also a Directing Officer, six orderlies, six interpreters, and six under interpreters. These all lived outside the *yamen* itself. There were two guards whose duty it was to watch the gates; also twenty armed soldiers. The gate-guards were changed daily, while the soldiers were changed every five days. The Chinese interpreters came and went at will. The General in Chief looked in every few days to see how we fared. Though the soldiers never all attended at one and the same time they came at about two P. M. to close the gates, and only when the next day dawned did they open them again. On the opening and shutting of the gates the soldiers never

failed to come and inform the Envoy. Before the gates were closed they would clear the court and see that all Mancoos were sent out as well as the pedlars who had come to haggle and bargain. The threatening sounds these soldiers made were very terrible and such as to fill one's soul with fear. Every morning the guard in attendance made their. salutation before the Envoy. The Captain along with our interpreters showed special respect to the Chinese translators, bowing down to the ground in their efforts to do them honor. Colonel Choong Wha seeing this did not like it.

During the night the servants were huddled together by the side of the kang, and passed the dreary hours saying, „I'm cold, so cold,—I cannot sleep,"

*29th day. Peking. Weather fine but cold. Later milder.*

One of the interpreters, a Manchoo, sent me a plate of cut bread such as we call cho-ak, in our country. Kim Eung-hum also sent me grapes, oranges, thornapples, pears and persimmons. They were all fresh, just as though picked. The oranges were like those seen at home, very juicy and sweet of flavor, They had been kept frozen in the storehouse, and so had lost a little of their delicacy, but still they were very good. The larger pears were as big as one's fist, while the small ones were about the size of a hen's egg. They were yellow in color, the skin very thin and the flesh tender. On eating them no pulp remained in the mouth. The persimmons were long in shape and large. Unlike our own varieties, the skin was thick, but the flavor very good. The hawthorns were about as big as a plum with small seeds and no worms in them.

Pak Tong-wha and Choi Soo-chai brought me several kinds of cake and candy, as well as sweet oranges that were of a very agreeable flavor. Sim Chi-soon brought me chestnuts, that were equal to the best red variety of our own country. When I saw so many sweetmeats piled up, I thought of my children at home and how they would enjoy them.

After our meal the Chinese interpreter led the way and we went together to the Hong-yu Office where we rehearsed the forms necessary for audience with the Emperor. This office is within the east gate of the of the Department of Ceremony.

There is an octagonal pavilion in it with a throne erected over which is an inscription written in gold reads “May His Imperial Majesty live forever."

Before the throne stood two criers, one on the right hand and one on the left. The envoys then entered the ccourt and took up their position on the west side, facing north. The twenty seven officers and interpreters of the party stood behind the envoys, while the criers shouted out thei order in Chinese. The Chinese interpreters stood on the left of the envoys and translated it into Korean. Three times they klelt and three times arose, and each time they knelt they kowtowed three times. The ceremony is called "Sam-pai Koo-ko”, (Three bows, nine kowtows). The slightest irregularity in the doing of it was called attention to, and they were asked to try again. After seeing that all was well understood, the order was given to disperse.

In the evening I made a call upon the Secretary. The New Year refreshments were brought in and the envoys after assembling the attendants, stepped down into the lower court, and bowed with their faces to the earth, beating their heads upon the ground.

Ordinarily these refreshments were brought from the Kwang-nok Office, but we waited this night till late and they did not come. Only after the officer in charge had gone to inquire the reason, and with orders to make haste, did they come. The character of the food was very bad and the number of the dishes less than on former occasions. The interpreters too, expressed themselves as displeased. Each of the envoys and the Secretary were given separate tables, on each of which were some forty dishes made of brass and very large, The "side-dishes" were mostly of Chinese fruits and such like. Among the sweetmeats was to be seen o-wha-tang (sugar). There were also parched beans, dyed in various colours but they were lacking in sweetness and quite uninteresting. Other things, too, were somewhat tasteless. Among the various kinds of flesh served was wild-goose. There were two tables sent also to the interpreters who came in later. A small pourboir was given to the messengers who brought

them A Chinese interpreter here brought a message saying, “Tomorrow you are to have audience, so make ready early," He repeated the order several times before he left. From the time that darkness fell the city was one roar of rockets and fire-crackers that kept up all night.

The Ok-ha Kwan (Envoy's *Yamen*) was enclosed on three sides by high walls. On the south side which was the main street there were the houses that blocked the view. We constantly heard the sound of horses and carts going by.

Outside the cast wall there was a small dwelling before which stood a tall bamboo with a red lantern on it. From to-day on this lamp was lit only to be extinguished in the second moon. The interpreters who came with us entered and expressed their good wishes for the New Year and then withdrew. We were all sad at thus being exiled from home. From to-day on each one received his portion in the way of Government supply according to his rank. The First and Second Envoys received the same, while the Secretary came next. After them came the three chief interpreters and then the twenty-four guards who had charge of the tribute; then the attendants, each receiving his set portion. Besides these others were also served who had charge of the horses. They were all remembered and provided for. Each man received a measure of rice and each horse four measures of beans and two sheaves of hay. On every fifth day the Chief Interpreter took charge of this distribution. The dried materials were equally divided between the soldiers and the interpreters. What the servants and horses were to have the Eui-joo officers took charge of and apportioned. The dry measures used here were more than double the size of those at home, but when the final distribution came, they were divided according to our own measures, while the part remaining over went to two or three persons only. This had always been done they said. But it was unfair and orders wore given to divide it so that all the attendants might receive an equal portion. At this they all greatly rejoiced.

(To be Continued).

THE CRIMSON DAWN

(Continued from the September Number)

CHAPTER IV.

A VOICE FROM THE DEAD,

Life in Saemal was a contrast to the former life of Noch Kyung.

A literary atmosphere prevaded his father's home where even his mother was versed in the Chinese classics, a very unusual accomplishment for a Korean woman, even a yang ban lady. Through her the other women of the family were familiar with the eunmun, the vernacular script. His childhood had passed in care-free play and happy study with his wise old teacher at the shabby school-room. He had been considered a good scholar for one so young, and his chief aspiration had been to go to the examinations in the Kyung-bok palace. How he had dreamed of that hour when the subject for his composition would be given him. Ah! He would write furiously on the wonderful essay that would bring him fame, official position, and glory! Yes, those were happy days of boyhood, what would he not give to have them back again, to join in that drone and buzz as with half closed eyes the boys sing out the characters they love! Now this was all changed; in place of the general air of gentility and leisure there was the sordid dreariness of a house which had never boasted a scholar. Farmer Ye never let it be forgotten that there was work to be done if they would have rice to eat. The sarang, a room on the outer court, in which was combined the reception and living room for the men of the house, was cheerless though comfortable in a way. Altogether the whole house was lacking in that indescribable charm which he remembered of his childhood home; these walls were yellow from smoke and festooned with ancient cobwebs; the very dinginess of things combined to make him miserable and home sick, though these material discomforts were the least cause of his distress. These people so grossly illiterate and common;

the broken spirited, faded women; their evident fear in the presence of the master; the illness and suffering of Kumokie's mother, her dislike for him and her anxiety for her child; the foul smelling village,—all these things were revolting to the fastidious young man. His beauty-loving soul had nothing on which to feed and some times such a longing for his own kind, his mother, his home and his old fellows took such fierce possession of his heart that it was with difficulty he restrained his desire to run away. That, however, would have been dishonorable, for the farmer was keeping his promise in all things pertaining to the family in the city, and with a regularity unequalled the bags of grain were sent to the home of Kim Young-Suk. The thought that by the sacrifice of self he was bringing comfort and peace to his loved ones far away, brought him small pleasure when he mused upon their willingness to have it so. His soul was tortured by the fact that his parents had known little or nothing about the place to which they had exiled him, and even less about the people with whom he had to live. These feelings of injury harbored in his mind, grew, till they steadily developed the moroseness of a man who has been greatly wronged. A new look had come into his face, the tense and decisive expression of a man who had faced the hard facts of life and was bracing himself for the trials which he knew he must still meet. The boy who had been a ringleader among his gay companions was now a proud, cold lad, who had little to do with the people about him. This aloofness on his part was a constant source of pleasure to Ye Chun-Sook whose admiration for the high born son was unlimited. This one person, at least, he did not try to bully or bend to his own will, he seemed to feel that by basking in his light he himself would reflect some borrowed glory of the gentry and his attitude of familiarity and jocular good fellow-ship were extremely awkward and amusing. Noch Kyung found' this almost as distasteful as the rough manner with which he treated those whom he considered beneath him.

This too, added to his feeling of disgust, There was something queer, as well, about the actions of father Ye,

which made the boy suspicious and uneasy. Night trips were common when he slipped out of the house evidently believing himself to be unobserved, and then slink back before the dawn. Where did he go on these sacred errands? Noch Kyung made up his mind to find out, wondered if they had anything to do with the mystrious source of Ye's wealth, the existence of which he seemed so anxious to hide and to deny.

It was a lovely day in early spring. Six months had slowly dragged their weary length since Noch Kyung had come to be an inmate of the big thatched house in Saemal, but those nearest him as well as the villagers felt that he was still a stranger, and that his life was lonely. The uncouth, burly fellows of the neighborhood felt as keenly as he the recognized difference in social cast.

A few more luxuries had been added to the plain comforts of the house, the most notable of which was an aristocratic donkey on which Ye rode back and forth from the fields, and at times took more distant, unknown journeys. The little, gray beast, friendly and kind, was fast becoming a great favorite with the silent boy. Ye Chun-Suk was somewhat less cautious in his use of money than formerly. Was the consuming passion of the miser giving way before the pleasures derived from this use of his means? Were the aspirations for respectability, and the honor of his fellows growing stronger than his love of gold? Perhaps it was only that his income was being secretly enlarged in some mysterious way.

By the call of the wild nesting birds on the hills, the young buds bursting into tender green, the soft balmy fragrance in the air, the thousand vibrant voices everywhere nature spoke of a new awakening, an awakening to the joy and ecstasy of springtime. In the sad heart of the young man who walked along the shining sand of the sea shore, however, there was no spring, only the bleakness of winter. Noch Kyung came to a sloping hill where a stony point over-looked the changing sea; this promontory was far enough from the village to be reasonably sure of being undisturbed, and it had become his favorite resort for meditation. He

came here to think and dream, Away from the vile filth and offal of the fishery, away from the squalid meanness and commonplaceness of the people, he could here forget his fate for a little and dream of other days. He stood with folded arms and gazed out over the waters, It was mid-afternoon and the sun cast a shimmering light of silver over the faint blue of sky and sea until it merged into an indistinct blur. The white sails of the fishing boats looked like huge gulls poised between earth and sky. Across the radiant sheen of the sea came the sing song echoes of happy fishermen home-ward bound.

“Is it possible that I am the only creature that is sad and lonely on this spring day?" murmured Noch Kyung, setting his lips in a thin firm line. He stood there a long time and thought of the far away home, the old comrades of his child-hood. What were they doing in the city? Did they ever think of him and miss him, or had some one already taken that place of leadership which had been his? 'He struggled hard to keep the tears from his eyes, but only to make the ache in his throat more intolerable.

"How long I wonder before I can see them again!" he mused. "I shall write to father and ask him to let me have a short visit home, that will help somewhat!" Suddenly, as he stood thus gazing over the sea, there came to his ears the sound of rapid footsteps on the hard sand. Wondering if some one had followed him to his hiding place he turned and looked down the rocky path to the beach. Who was this? A flying figure in bright blue skirt and a vivid red jacket. It was with astonishment that he watched her come to within a few yards of him, her face bearing a look of distress and fear as she stopped with an air of startled uncertainty.

“Kumokie," he exclaimed, "what does this mean?"

“Grandfather sent me to call you," she panted.

"But how did you know where I was? How did you dare to follow me?"

How stern and angry he was now! Gone was the big brother attitude which he generally bore to her on those rare occasions when he deigned to notice her at all, Now his

eyes were stern and his voice harsh, which frightenrf the child. She put her finger in her mouth, hung her head in the shame, and dug her sandalled toe into the damp earth. The beautiful brown eyes were brimming with tears and she was just about to flee in dismay when his voice came again little less severe.

"Don't be so fearful of me! I have never been unkind to you, have I? Tell me, how did you know I was here?"

"I knew you were here!" the tears were running now, so she thrust both chubby fists into her streaming eyes and turned her back upon him,

"Yes, but how did you know?" his tones were kinder, more like his usual gentle way and she turned again to look at him to make sure whether she dare linger to tell him about the strange happening at home or whether it would be best to flee. He was very much annoyed that his secret place had been discovered, especially by this despised creature, and was thinking more of this than of the urgent matter which brought her. For her part, she decided that he was not angry enough to beat her as Grandfather was quite sure to do if his message were not delivered. To meet him seemed the safer, so she lingered, though far enough away to run if necessity demanded,

"I saw you come."

"Have you followed me before?" Poor, miserable, little culprit! She caught her shirt in her nervous fingers and twisted it into a rope as she dumbly nodded her head. She was naturally a truthful child and it had not occurred to her to evade his anger by telling a lie. After all she was such child, how could she know that it was indelicate, and immodest, to follow her lord to the sea-shore? This proud handsome boy had such a fascination for Kumokie. He paid so little attention to her that he did not know that those great eyes of hers were often on him in unchildlike tenderness, when he thought himself alone. This anger and disgust of his cut her heart like a knife; she was a pitiful, forlorn little figure as she stood thus apart, and writhing under his contempt;

but the boy's heart was too full of his own misery to pity her.

“I . . . I didn't know you cared, that you would be so angry . . . I . . . that you didn't like it," faltered the little girl. "I won't do it ever again,"

“Well, see that you don't," The indignant chap turned oil his heel and was about to stride off down the beach when he remembered that she came with a message.

"Why were you sent to call me ?"

"I don't know, Grandfather is acting very strange. He has heard a voice calling him and he is much worried," her face was greatly troubled.

"Voice, a voice calling? Sounds sort of daffy, He isn't crazy I hope !" This conversation was beyond the depth of Kumokie, but the earnest eyes that searched his were like the faithful eyes of a dog,

"Come, I'll sit down now. Tell me what you know about this matter," He seated himself on a huge bowlder, but she stood rigidly at attention, her whole mind bent on saying nothing that would displease him.

"All that I know is that Grandfather came in from the rice-field where the men were ploughing. He looked strange and frightened, his eyes were awful to behold. I heard him telling Grandmother that the spirits were calling him, that his father who has now been dead a long time, had spoken to him this morning,"

"What did the voice say?" Noch Kyung was skeptical, his father-in-law disgusted him beyond measure with his superstition and witch-goblin ideas. He himself was a Confucianist as fitted a gentleman of the literati; such folly as this was only fit for women and children, Kumokie had a splendid memory, but her voice was low and frightened

“My grave! My grave! My grave! Three times like that. Slowly,—so, three times!"

"O rats! What stuff is this?"

"O don't you know? It might be that the grave site must be moved. If that be wrongly placed we shall all have bad luck because, the spirit can not rest!" Noch Kyung looked at

the young prophetess thoughtfully and the kindness in his face made her less uneasy.

"Huh!" He grunted, "Does he want me to go spirit chasing or to answer this visitant from another world?”

"I don't just know. But he said that you could ride the donkey and go tell the chiquan (geomancer) to come quickly and find out the trouble." "So? I see! I'm to find someone who is more capable of answering the voice! All right!” But he did not make any move to start on this mission. His gaze was on the distant horizon. As he looked with unseeing eyes across the sheet of silver his sad expression of face returned.

“I wonder what trouble is brewing for us now?" The child did not answer this query but watched every shade of expression on his face with the light of adoration in her own. This man was like a young god to her; he had never been cross until to-day; he was proud and cold and distant, but that was because he was of the nobility and he had a right to be! As she watched his expression she saw the look of sadness and with a gesture of loving pity she took a step closer and laid a timid finger on his sleeve:

"Say! Are you so very unhappy with us? Mother says you are."

"Hey? What's that?" He hurriedly got to his feet and shook off the gentle hand, "We had better go I guess." He could not endure her pity but strode along the sand at a fast swinging gait and the child followed as quick as she could, sometimes breaking into a run to keep from losing sight of her hero along the curving beach. At last they passed the few boats anchored in the river's mouth, the grey old houses with the neighbor children basking in the sunshine, and finally through the group of curious eyed sight-seers who filled the door and courtyard of the Ye home. Noch Kyung went on to the sarang and there a strange sight met his vision: the cantankerous old man Ye, the bully of the village, the fear and terror of his family, was weeping like a woman. Hysterical and wild his voice rang out so that all could hear:

"My grave! My grave! My grave!—that is what it said, and I know my father's voice. I tell you it was surely his

voice!" The faces or those in the courtyard were filled with horror, incrudelity and wonder. What strange drama was this which was being enacted before them? They loved to tell the dark stories of goblins and fairies, their myths and legends of imps, hobgoblins and ghosts which would fill a library. In the winter nights when the wind howls about the court and weird, unnatural sounds come from the dim, unknown regions of darkness, they whisper these tales to each other with a real enjoyment of their creepiness. So the people listened with great excitement, wondering what it could mean. Was this really Ye Chung-Sook's father's spirit, or was it some malignant quesin or tokagabie? The master of the house stood among them, wearing a yellowish, sickly green expression beneath his tan; dishevelled hair, his hat gone, his clothes torn, certainly he was the picture of fright and terror. He caught sight of the new comer as he pushed his way through the crowd:

"Oh here he is now! There boy, take the donkey and bring the Chiquan quickly." Noch Kyung had heard enough from Kumokie to understand the condition of affairs, and knowing that he could get no detailed account of the happening of the morning from this half-crazed creature, turned away without question to prepare for the errand. He enquired the way to the hut of the geomancer, and was soon riding along over the hills. As he trotted along he mused upon the belief of the people :

"Now if the dead are in paradise, and if the living by proper sacrifice, and all due honor have cared for the souls of the departed, how is it that the burial site and the location of the grave itself can determine so much of happiness or woe for us? If a man's soul is at rest,—what matter about the worn out body? I have read that in some countries the bodies of the dead are even burned and yet strange to say these very nations are a prosperous and happy people. Yet they tell us that a man's prospects in life, and in business may be blighted by burying his father's body in an unpropitious sp'ot, that sickness, bad luck and all kinds of dire disaster are caused by this, more than by all the other things we fear!

Well, I don't believe it myself! But Ye does, he is more credulous than a child! I do believe that he would spend every cash he has at the command of any scoundrelly sorcerer!”

At the time of his father's funeral Mr. Ye had taken every precaution possible. In order to be sure that all was right, he had even called in consultation the famous Mo Chiquan. The large fees paid to these greedy professionals were startling but in return Ye had the assurance that the grave site was the best in that part of the country,—and perfect sites are not easy to find. It lay about 30 li north east of Saemal towards the mountains, yet not far distant from the sea. He had been satisfied at the time as he listened to the explanations of the knowing ones; the “advancing dragon" that is range of hills above the grave, was perfect; the "blue dragon" and "white tiger," those to the east and west, were equal in length and thus their influence for evil was overcome; the spirit which crouched behind these hills and kept an evil eye upon the tomb was certainly thwarted for there was no "spying peak" to lend its baleful influence, and the grave itself pointed toward no other grave. The judges pronounced it good, what ever could be the trouble? A short ride over the hills in the glorious spring air brought back the sparkle of youth to the eyes of Noch Kyung, The possibility that disaster was threatening the house of Ye seemed only a silly superstition. Little did he dream how the events of this affair would mould his future! Paek Chiquan, the Hermit, lived in a tumbled-down hut on Stony Mount, a rough, precipitous path leading to the lonely heights where it hid itself in a thick cluster of gnarled, old pine trees. Noch Kyung left the donkey at the foot of the ridge, and slowly climbed the steep trail till he arrived at the shabby, weather-beaten hut, the thatch of which was of a dingy grey and brown evidence of the storms of many winters. The mud walls leaned in sharp angles outward as though defying the laws of gravity in the same manner that the master of the house defied the unseen forces of the spirit world. Yet the interior of this ramshackle dwelling was more comfortable

than one would at first suppose, the stone floor had a new covering of oiled paper, and bright quilts were piled high against the wall to be unrolled on the heated floor at bed time The room, however, showed the untidy carelessness of a man house keeper. Here he sat pouring over a huge, musty volume, the great text-book of his profession,—"The Great Important Celestial Instrument." He crooned aloud its magic formula in a sing song monotonous tone, Every now and then he stopped, turned his head, listened intently, then intoned the chant again. After a while he arose, pushed back the sash of the long, high window, and took a searching look at the road below, which lost itself in the shadows of the distant hills. From the vantage-point of this eyrie of the pine ridge he could see many miles of the approach to his house and yet be unseen. Was he looking for some visitor? This strange performance he repeated several times, and at last nodded his head in evident approval and satisfaction, closed the sash and returned to his beloved book. When Noch Kyung approached the tiny courtyard the old fellow was so deeply buried in his mystic rites that it was not until the boy cleared his throat a second time that he was roused from his abstraction to the realities of the world. Then with a look of surprise and innocent wonder he pushed his horn spectacles up high on his forehead, slowly opened the door and said:

"Did I hear a noise out here as of some visitor or is it merely the wind in the pines overhead?"

"Yes, it is I, the son-in-law of Ye Chung-Sook, of Saemal." At this the host hurriedly arose, made excuse and apology for his poor house and all it contained and bade the yong man enter and rest his body after the arduous climb. But Noch Kyung realizing that he had better hurry as he had been bidden, lost no time in introductory or preliminary but came to the point in a business-like manner, told Paek what had occurred and begged that he come with him at once to the village.

Paek Chiquan was a curiously grizzled specimen, dried up, wizen and brown; he looked like an animated death's head or what I imagine a two thousand year old mummy

might seem should it suddenly decide to move about in life. His deep-set eyes grew more intense as he listened in astonishment to this amazing tale.

"What ever can be the trouble?” he exclaimed Something is evidently disturbing the spirit of the departed, but I myself was present at the funeral of Ye Chung-Sook’s father, and I am quite sure that all things from the sabgju (death carriage) to the sinju (spirit tablet) and the chisuk (tomb stone) were in perfect order and that there are no disquieting influences about his resting place! For fifteen years his spirit has been in peace. What can be the trouble?" Noch Kyung had no solution to offer this difficult problem and so he answered

"Will you come? The donkey is waiting at the poot of the pass and if you will be so kind, let usgo. I will walk the shorter way across the fields."

When he arrived at home he found all in confusion and disorder. The frantic Ye was even more distracted than ever by the reiterated assurances of Paek Chiquan that the grave site was in perfect condition. It looked as though there must be some other secret and awful trouble. This terrible uncertainty was unnerving the strong man. His whole thought was taken up with surmises as to what could possibly be the matter with the poor restless spirit of his father, and the neighbors were all eager to tell of some such experience of which they had heard, and to offer advice. The mudang, or sorceress of the village, was present too. She had extorted many comfortable fees from him in exchange for her influence with imps and goblins she pretended were causing him trouble. The great spirit of small-pox which had devastated the home and carried away the children had failed to yield to her power, it is true, but a few failures did not shake his faith in the power of the exorcist, but rather increased his terror of the unseen, awful beings with which his imagination peopled all space. One of the friends told of a case like this when it was found that robbers had stolen the body of a man’s father as means of revenge for a wrong done. To one of his

superstitious and over religiously inclined nature there could he no greater disaster than to have the grave of his father desecrated. It would mean unlimited trouble for him both now and hereafter, and even though it took every cash of his fortune no son who knew his filial duty could fail to respond.

Korean history abounds in stories of robbers kidnapping the body of the father and demanding immense ransoms in return. It is not the living children who are stolen away, for the robbers know very well that a man will give more for his father's corpse or any missing part of it, than for any living children. Preparations for sacrifice before the ancestral tablet were going forward, sacrificial foods were being made ready and the memorial room set in order; the family finally assembled and the shrill wailing which broke the stillness of the spring night was heartrending in its hopeless sadness:

"The post-man is coming! There is a letter! The mail, the mail!" The crowd of sight-seers in the courtyard took up the chorus over this unusual occurrence. The disturbance drew Noch Kyung to see what it meant. Sure enough, a rare thing indeed in this remote village, a postman stood outside, a leather pouch on one shoulder and a lantern swinging in the other hand.

"Perhaps it's a letter from home!" thought he, "I hope it tells me that I may go home for a little visit!" and his heart took an extra beat as he reached his hand for the letter. No, this queer letter could not be from his home, What was it anyway? The awkward characters of the address to Ye Chung-Sook were scrawled in wavering, ungainly lines like the first efforts of a clumsy school-boy. There was no envelope, the flat of the paper was doubled over and glued down with a bit of rice. Noch Kyung took this uncouth production and went to the room where father Ye was still prostrating himself before the tablet. Of course he could not give it to him just then, but a letter could wait. Thus some time elapsed before the strange epistle was placed in the hands of the owner and in the meanwhile the man who had played postman was getting farther and farther away towards the hills. It was with

scant interest that Ye received the letter, his mind being still occupied and disturbed by the events of the day.

"It is probably from some of the Ye family in the Wun Province," said he, turning it over and over in his hand. "By post you say, why it has neither stamp or post mark?” He unrolled a long, scroll-like parchment, read a few lines then suddenly the expression of his face changed, extreme fear that agitated mind and body shook him from head to foot, he could scarcely hold the letter, the hand holding it dropped to his side and his eyes took on a wild, strained look. Noch Kyung snatched the letter from the nerveless hand of the terror stricken man and with some difficulty read

"Greetings to Ye Chung-Sook, read and tremble!

Behold the body of your father has been taken from its tomb!

Are you a true and faithful son? If so prove it now.

On the fourth day of the third moon at an hour past midnight bring 40,000 yang to the tall pine tree on the ridge back of your father's grave-mound. Come alone and you will then be told where to find the missing corpse.

You are solemnly warned to keep this matter secret, We know your every move and if you report it to the police and officials either now or hereafter such action will be immediately fatal to you and your family.

Woe, woe betide you if you fail,"

(To be continued),