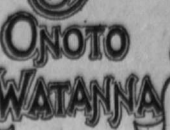


The Winging of Wistaria

Copyright 1905 by Harper & Bros.



Continued From Last Sunday

CHAPTER XXX

WHATEVER speculation the sudden friendly interposition of a Japanese into the American officer's dilemma caused among the sub-officials in charge of the Treaty House, it did not run a lengthy course.

Many of those present had never seen these powerful princes. So, crowding past the common soldiers, they pressed upon their headquarters, until stopped by the chosen guard of samurai surrounding the princely pavilions.

About the tent of Catzu the press of the mob was heaviest. The huge Sir Genji, lying with his glittering blade significantly whenever a curious citizen came too near the entrance, remarked grimly to a fellow-samurai:

Of a truth, all the dogs of Nippon invade our ranks to-day. I have only to extend my sword to split a dozen fat merchants.

Among the ships there was bustle and movement. The foreigners were lowering boats from every vessel in their squadron.

The train of the Prince of Aizu was in general order and arrangement, similar to that of the Lord Catzu.

The two corteges moved in lines slightly converging until they met. Then the head of each side column or division rode side by side.

The band marched first. Then came the main

lines with their officers. In the center was the Commodore Perry, with his staff. Following were more marines and officers.

When the officers came within sight of the entrance and saw the columns hostilely arranged, there was a movement of alarm.

There was a pause, a momentary embarrassment was felt by all present. Then the American commodore summoned the Dutch interpreter, through whom the conversation was to take place.

When the company of foreigners had passed into the Treaty House, the few moments intervening before the beginning of the ceremonies within were employed by the samurai still on guard outside in scrutinizing the cards of those citizens whose rank permitted them to fill the vacant rear of the hall.

The American commodore looked at the chief who occupied the first words of the interpreter, the Lord of Catzu.

"August sir, Lord Admiral of the unknown fleet, we will have joy in answering your honorable questions—any and all—in good time."

"But I desire before presenting my credentials to question the prince-commissioners."

"What is the meaning?" said Toro. "Plainly what he says," returned Jiro; "if any one speaks ill of the cause I am to silence and confound him."

"What explanation can you offer of this?" demanded Perry. The Lord Catzu lifted his eyebrows.

"We are unable to explain," said Aizu; "we cannot account for your strange belief."

At first the samurai, exacting in their task, examined carefully the invitation of each applicant. When, however, those in charge warned them that the time was short, they crowded ceremoniously within their lines into the hall, while those without, whether card-holders or not, were driven back roughly.

When the American commodore addressed his first words to the interpreter, the Lord of Catzu arose. Toro and Jiro whispered together as they caught sight of the gorgeous figure.

"August sir, Lord Admiral of the unknown fleet, we will have joy in answering your honorable questions—any and all—in good time."

"But I desire before presenting my credentials to question the prince-commissioners."

"What is the meaning?" said Toro. "Plainly what he says," returned Jiro; "if any one speaks ill of the cause I am to silence and confound him."

"You!" he whispered; "it is for me." With a passionate movement of negation, Jiro thrust the epistle into his bosom.

"We need not detain you longer," said the commissioner. "Permit us to express our gratification at meeting you and our compliments for your courtesy."

The American commodore acknowledged the deep obeisance with which the commissioners and their staffs now favored him with a bow as courteously and dignified as his own.

At a sign from Perry, two cabin-boys who had remained in the ante-chamber came up the central aisle, closely followed by two huge negroes in marine dress.

"Permit us to express our gratification at meeting you and our compliments for your courtesy."

At a sign from Perry, two cabin-boys who had remained in the ante-chamber came up the central aisle, closely followed by two huge negroes in marine dress.

At a sign from Perry, two cabin-boys who had remained in the ante-chamber came up the central aisle, closely followed by two huge negroes in marine dress.

At a sign from Perry, two cabin-boys who had remained in the ante-chamber came up the central aisle, closely followed by two huge negroes in marine dress.

At a sign from Perry, two cabin-boys who had remained in the ante-chamber came up the central aisle, closely followed by two huge negroes in marine dress.

Without a word the Satsuma samurai drew his second sword from his belt. The hit he rested upon the ground. In an instant he fell upon his point.

The ronins left the vicinity of the palace, carrying the head of Ii with them. This they mailed to a post in a public place of the city.

At the hour of dawn Hasuda wiped his sword on a foreign fabric. As the morning breeze from the bay cooled his tired brow he laughed grimly.

At the hour of dawn Hasuda wiped his sword on a foreign fabric. As the morning breeze from the bay cooled his tired brow he laughed grimly.

At the hour of dawn Hasuda wiped his sword on a foreign fabric. As the morning breeze from the bay cooled his tired brow he laughed grimly.

At the hour of dawn Hasuda wiped his sword on a foreign fabric. As the morning breeze from the bay cooled his tired brow he laughed grimly.

At the hour of dawn Hasuda wiped his sword on a foreign fabric. As the morning breeze from the bay cooled his tired brow he laughed grimly.

At the hour of dawn Hasuda wiped his sword on a foreign fabric. As the morning breeze from the bay cooled his tired brow he laughed grimly.

Without a word the Satsuma samurai drew his second sword from his belt. The hit he rested upon the ground. In an instant he fell upon his point.

The ronins left the vicinity of the palace, carrying the head of Ii with them. This they mailed to a post in a public place of the city.

At the hour of dawn Hasuda wiped his sword on a foreign fabric. As the morning breeze from the bay cooled his tired brow he laughed grimly.

At the hour of dawn Hasuda wiped his sword on a foreign fabric. As the morning breeze from the bay cooled his tired brow he laughed grimly.

At the hour of dawn Hasuda wiped his sword on a foreign fabric. As the morning breeze from the bay cooled his tired brow he laughed grimly.

At the hour of dawn Hasuda wiped his sword on a foreign fabric. As the morning breeze from the bay cooled his tired brow he laughed grimly.

At the hour of dawn Hasuda wiped his sword on a foreign fabric. As the morning breeze from the bay cooled his tired brow he laughed grimly.

At the hour of dawn Hasuda wiped his sword on a foreign fabric. As the morning breeze from the bay cooled his tired brow he laughed grimly.

CHAPTER XXXI

WHEN the company of foreigners had passed into the Treaty House, the few moments intervening before the beginning of the ceremonies within were employed by the samurai still on guard outside in scrutinizing the cards of those citizens whose rank permitted them to fill the vacant rear of the hall.

The American commodore looked at the chief who occupied the first words of the interpreter, the Lord of Catzu.

"August sir, Lord Admiral of the unknown fleet, we will have joy in answering your honorable questions—any and all—in good time."

"But I desire before presenting my credentials to question the prince-commissioners."

"What is the meaning?" said Toro. "Plainly what he says," returned Jiro; "if any one speaks ill of the cause I am to silence and confound him."

"You!" he whispered; "it is for me." With a passionate movement of negation, Jiro thrust the epistle into his bosom.



THOU LIEST!" HE SHOUTED.

statue, his arm still held aloft in the concluding gesture he had used a moment before. The Prince of Aizu remained in his chair, seemingly incapable of motion.

The silence within the hall deepened as the startled gaze of the assemblage continued fixed upon Jiro. So still was it that the voices of the samurai outside seemed annoyingly loud, as they floated into the quiet apartment.

Another sensational moment! The samurai Genji had placed himself nearer to the two. The Lord of Catzu broke the spell of wonderment.

CHAPTER XXXII

WITH the fecundity peculiar to the storm and stress period of a nation's history, the germ almost forcibly implanted into Japanese soil by Commodore Perry waxed strong, came to blossom, fell into seed, and ended by multiplying itself into international form.

During all this time Mori had remained in Yedo watching the course of events, and the gradual rise in prestige of the already powerful shogunate.

The policy advocated by Mori was the same outlined by him in his act of instruction to Jiro when he had bade the boy explain to the foreigners the true conditions of government.

At the hour of dawn Hasuda wiped his sword on a foreign fabric. As the morning breeze from the bay cooled his tired brow he laughed grimly.

At the hour of dawn Hasuda wiped his sword on a foreign fabric. As the morning breeze from the bay cooled his tired brow he laughed grimly.

At the hour of dawn Hasuda wiped his sword on a foreign fabric. As the morning breeze from the bay cooled his tired brow he laughed grimly.

To Be Continued Next Sunday