

A couple of Chinese came to offer us a young antelope about eight days old (they are born around the 1st July). They asked five dollars for the little creature. Although LARSON warned us that we should be swamped with offers of young antelopes from all points of the compass if we bought this one we decided to take the risk. We fed the little fellow on luke-warm milk and petted him in every way. He lay on a felt bed outside my tent, and I was at a loss to know what to do with him. If I had known where his mother was I should have given him back to her; but the steppe was vast and the antelopes as swift as cloud-shadows over the surface of the plain.

Large numbers of young antelopes fall an easy prey to wolves at this time of the year. It is strange that the newly born animals can follow the older ones on their flights such a short time after birth as it seems they are able to do. The region around our camp was simply swarming with short-tailed, steppe-antelopes. They often came quite near — frequently to their cost, especially if Major HEYDER was at home, for he was continually picking off some of these beautiful and noble animals. For quite a long time we had antelope flesh for every meal, till we got tired of it. Finally we had bought some sheep of the Mongols, and these now gave the camp something of a farmyard air — an impression that was strengthened by the acquisition of some hens, that went cackling about between the loads and the tents.

Our Mongols had a special name for antelopes: they called them »LARSON'S sheep» because LARSON picked them off so easily with a rifle.

Our little antelope soon grew quite tame, and proved to be an amusing and charming pet. He was given his milk in a bottle with a rubber nipple. He sucked and struggled and frisked so that it was quite a job to hold him. We had recently added a Mongolian goat to our livestock; and our little waif discovered the fact for himself. Soon one might see him kneeling down and sucking away for dear life. He grew visibly from day to day and was christened »Dicky». At the narrowest part of the stream, where we could cross in one long stride, he would go leaping back and forth from bank to bank with such elegance that it was a delight to see.

Dicky was light brown, had a white belly and chest, a stumpy little tail that wagged rapidly and often, a narrow and nobly formed neck and a head that one was never weary of contemplating. The delicate little nose was in perpetual movement, especially when he was hungry, and he was always that. The ears were long and narrow, and the eyes large, brown, friendly and beautiful.

We also had an eagle that was quite tame. It had evidently lost a couple of quills from its wings, and therefore flew badly. When night fell with its shadows the eagle perched on the top of MARSCHALL'S tent; MARSCHALL was a great lover