

splendid again — it was like a return of summer. In the evening we were sitting writing in the outer room. Suddenly there was a terrific clamour and a banging on the window-panes of the sick-room. The courtyard gate was opened, a Russian pony-carriage was driven in and a couple of Russians who occupied official positions staggered out, dead drunk. HUMMEL, myself and HOKHRIEKOV hastened outside. The latter tried to turn them out, but they resisted these efforts and began fighting. Finally we managed to get them up onto the carriage, the doctor took the horse by the bridle and was about to lead the equipage outside when one of the drunkards, a coarse great fellow whom we knew, drew his Browning and threatened to shoot. By a skilful turn of the hand HOKHRIEKOV struck the weapon out of the man's hand, whereupon we drove the two trouble-makers outside and bolted the gate. They continued their rowdy behaviour outside. The next day I handed over the pistol to the Russian consul, who was to take charge of the delinquents.