

On the map of Central Asia, not many years ago, it was all Turkestan. Now it is Russian Turkestan and Chinese Turkestan. Soon it will be simply Russia.

You may, if you care to, get aboard with me at Krasnovodsk, on Caspia's shores, and sweep across the black deserts to Bokhara, Samarcand, Andijan; thence onward, but not by rail, to far Tibet. The little special car which you enter will make us comfortable enough—that is, comfortable as may be in a July crossing of hot sands. I shall first telegraph my thanks, anent the car, to the Russian Railway Minister, acknowledging his great courtesy in caring for an American traveller who has no special claims upon him. Then let me introduce to you your travelling companions—Captain Fernand Anginieur of the French army, and myself. He and I have known each other just three days. We met in Tiflis, over there in the Caucasus, on the other side of the sea. Captain Anginieur intends going the length of the Trans-Caspian railway; and since he has heard of my plans *in re* Tibet, is already revolving a request to his Ministry for permission to go with me. You are to know him very well, and hence you will like him very well. Meanwhile he helps to fill with cheerfulness the cozy little carriage, which contains a bedroom, a sitting-room, a wee storeroom, where the moujik makes tea, and a toilet room *with a shower-bath!* Think of that, O dusty traveller, even of the first class! Think of that and envy us, while we vow many candles to Prince Khilkoff, Minister of Railways.

Whether the moujik stands up all night in the