

are better frontier governors, generally, than the man from Boston or Moscow. Whatever may have been their birthplaces, General Medinsky at Samarcand, and Colonel Saitseff at Osh, remain in my mind as fine types of the Californian, less one-tenth of his verve and nine-tenths of his political instinct.

The Smith and Wesson, silent so long, exploded into a political discourse which now is ended, leaving us free to take train again for Kokand—the first big town beyond Samarcand. Here the Russian quarter is again found; avenues poplar-shaded and wide; substantial white houses; public carriages at the station offering a somewhat rickety service, but cheap and rapid. No monuments here to beguile us, but we meet a most agreeable Frenchman, one of several engaged in purchasing silk for shipment to Lyons. Besides the Russians, they seem to be the only Europeans having business interests in Turkestan. The very sharp discrimination of the Government in favour of its own subjects makes commerce an up-hill work for the foreigner. The Kokand bazaar is less interesting than that at Bokhara, but in a fairly good Russian shop we were able to make some purchases of dry groceries and canned goods, none of fine quality, all quite expensive and very Russian. Joseph assured us that Osh—though thirty miles beyond the railway terminus, would be found to offer superior stocks because of the large garrison there, and the fact that it was a point of distribution to distant troops. So it was that we passed on to Andijan,—poor tumble-down, earthquake-shaken Andijan,—southwestern terminus of the great Trans-Caspian Railway.