

of Foreign Affairs at Petersburg. We had not known that special permission from the Provincial Governor would be required for *leaving* Russian territory. Anginieur, who has now decided to go as far as Kashgar, thinks that his quality as an officer of the nation, *amie et alliée*, may diminish difficulties. There are several days of uncertain, but courteous, negotiation. Colonel Saitseff heliographs and telegraphs. He then calls to say there is no one at Marghelan, the provincial capital, who could give the pass, but perhaps a personal note from him will be accepted by the Chinese frontier officials.

An hour later we go to his office, where his aide, Captain Kuropatkin, brother of the famous general, surprises us by saying that the Marghelan governor has given consent. We are bewildered, but content. The passes for ourselves, our men, and our ponies are duly made out in two languages, and when we hasten to bid adieu to the Colonel his daughter says he is asleep, but will see us when he wakes. A few minutes later his wife says he is not asleep, but has had a headache for several hours and begs to be excused. We are sorry and ride away, never having thoroughly understood the situation. Yet eventually all went well. The caravan had been gotten together by the authority of the Natchalik, who evidently kept its preparation wholly under control. When the permission to depart was promised for a certain day, the ponies were to be had at the moment; when heliograph delays occurred, the difficulty as to ponies began; when the delay ended, the ponies promptly reappeared. Perhaps the simple story of our