

shuffled about by a loutish soldier, whom finally we browbeat into immediate delivery of the letter, which goes not to M. Petrovsky, who is old and wisely sleeps at 2 P.M., but to his assistant, a young officer, fortunately speaking French. We are courteously received. Our host is evidently embarrassed when we ask about quarters; at last, he helplessly asks if we know Colonel Miles, the British representative. "No," I reply, "but of course we shall; and may he not be able to direct us to quarters?" "Yes indeed!"—This said rather eagerly sent us straight to our impatient caravan. Again we thread through narrow bazaars, defenceless gates and blind alleys, until the British compound is reached. What moral and physical security one feels on reaching, in the earth's far-away corners, England's straightforward officers, speaking one's native tongue! No, I am not an Anglomaniac, and I've made a fine list of British faults waiting to be aired; but when I think of Sir Rennell Rodd at Cairo, General Creagh at Aden, Captain Harold at Zeila, Sir John Harrington and Mr. Baird at Adis Ababa (Menelik's capital), Major Parker at Roseires on the Blue Nile, a lot of kind hearts at Khartoum, Miles here at Kashgar, Colonel Sullivan at Srinagar (in Kashmir)—then I must make sure that manliness, kindness, steadiness, frankness, shall be italicised as counterpoise to various misdemeanours which the list shall disclose.

"This is Colonel Miles?"

"Yes."

"This is Captain Anginieur, of the French army, and I am Mr. Crosby, an American traveller. I