

was made from the profit on a stock worth ninety-five cents.

During a bad quarter of an hour of wounded vanity, I wondered whether in the universally reduced scale of things the native estimation of my honor's worth had likewise shrunk to the dimensions of a rupee. It happened a few miles out of Khotan, when we were met by a committee of the Hindoo merchants, all eager to do honour to the friends of Miles Sahib, who doubtless were mighty sahibs themselves. As each man advanced, dismounted to my saddle, there were many "Salaam, salaam, Sahib," and then I felt a palmed coin drop into my hand from each welcoming Hindoo grasp. It was instantly returned, and accepted, without a word on either side. My rising indignation was well dissembled until it quite disappeared in the light of the explanation given by Father Hendricks.

'T was tribute money offered to their lord — a pretty compliment of which the most appreciated element is the giver's confidence that the coin will not be kept. Would any save the satiated High-born release the rupee in his grasp? What a gallery of pictures was opened to the mind by that touch of Indian silver on the palm of the Man on Horseback! I am no longer an humble, khaki-clad, peaceful traveller, with but a dozen ponies and armoured only in the courtesy of a Chinese Taotai and of a British Assistant to the Resident at Srinagar for Chinese Affairs. Nay, I am a great emperor, my name it is Timour, it is Aurungzeb, it is Clive; I am clad in the dress of pomp and of power. In my hand is a sword which drinks men's blood. For