

practices of systematised official generosity, then the small lord welcomes the furtive coin, like the English official of yesterday, the Chinese official of today, or the American alderman. Therefore the Hindoo who honoured me by presenting a rupee which, he well believed, would not lose the warmth of his own palm ere it would be returned from mine, had marked me as a satiated sahib.

When Father Hendricks had explained that I had been complimented, not insulted, and when I had come back from meditating upon the troubled history which the custom of the tribute money suggested, I enjoyed all the more our cheerful entry into ancient Khotan, survivor of many sister cities now asleep under the moving sands. The welcoming escort, eight or ten well-mounted, well-dressed men, galloped bravely along, their white turbans and bright-hued silken "Sunday clothes," conspicuous and gay in contrast with the dirty cottons of the increasing stream of natives flowing in and out of the busy central bazaars. Quite in advance, with much show of zeal and authority, rode the Russian Aksakol, an Andijani, a trans-Alai Turkestani, and here on the dusty road to do us honour and much lip-service. He had gone even farther than the Hindoos to meet us, had seemed to take possession of us, but we learned from Mir Mullah, who had been sent on one march ahead, that it was the Hindoo, not the Andijani, who had placed at our disposal a large house, with garden and court.

The appearance of this smart-looking chap, and his many protestations, had much surprised us, until we learned that he had been ordered by M. Pe-