

trovsky to meet us and offer his help. At news of this, remembering the cautious, ineffectiveness of the Consul General at Kashgar, we expressed gratitude, but were the more content to feel the Hindoo at our side. Father Hendricks was keen to disconcert the Andijani, particularly when the latter professed to present us to the Amban, to his very good friend the Amban.

"Thank you," said our wily man of God, in Turkestani, "but he is my good friend also—it is I who will present these sahibs." Then, to us, in French: "The rascal! He wants to take you in leading-strings and with blinders, but I am sharper than two Andijanis. It is true I do not know this Amban, but his predecessor, who died suddenly of apoplexy two years ago, was one of my best friends; that is enough truth for this man; we shall not let Petrovsky beat us—we shall win!"

We were still uncertain as to whether the way would be left clear for us to go to Polu, a village on the Kuen Lun slope, and thence up to Tibet. The Amban of Khotan governed this Polu territory, and we were in his hands. What instructions had been given by M. Petrovsky to his Aksakol we did not know. Father Hendricks, in the double zeal of his friendship for us and his almost-animosity toward the Russian, moved on the very ragged edge of policy in his rejection of the Andijani's obtrusive aid. Even to his saintly mind, satisfaction came from pitching French invective in the very face of the unconscious Aksakol, who curvetted in yellow silk dignity and drove the common people before our cavalcade as we splashed over irrigation ditches,