

great circle's quadrant separates you in space, a hundred kowtows separate you in social rank, but you stand together in one white man's memory as having given him, each of you, a bushel of trouble for an even bushel of reasonable suspicion against him!

Now, the things which the Beg did, or inspired, or seemed to inspire, were these: the desertion of the head-and-tail holders for our ponies before the plateau was reached; the disappearance of the donkey-caravan, bearing two-thirds of our grain-supply, of which a part was recovered; and the desertion of our guide before he had taken us to an agreed point on the plateau, beyond which neither he nor we knew the way, but which we wanted as a tie-point on the map. It all smelled of treachery. But one never knows. We dealt through the unspeakable Achbar. There was room for some misunderstanding.

The assistant caravan-men, eight in number, did excellent work for three days, fording the ice-cold stream scores of times, legs bare, coats soaked in the swirling torrent, no possibility of warming their half-frozen limbs. Then, all the frightful steps saving the last two having been surmounted, they disappeared one after the other. The caravan was badly strung out — impossible to watch them. Hence Achbar was told to promise backsheesh when the end should be gained. Their regular pay, fifteen cents per day, had been deposited with the Beg. The backsheesh would have nearly doubled it. The donkey men started away from Polu ahead of us. We stipulated that they should take