

N and revelled in the possession of a bed with sheets and particularly in the large, shady and quiet grounds within the consulate wall.

The consul's quarters are in a beautiful, big house, one wing of which is given up to the chancellery and the other to the secretary's rooms. The barracks of the guard, with a large courtyard, are situated beyond a small park. A large and beautiful church is being built between these two buildings. The whole site is well planned and laid out with spacious courtyards, gardens and trees. The escort is under the command of the Khorundji of the 1st Siberian Cossack regiment, Ignatij Vassiljevitch Dorofeyeff, a wide-awake young officer. The secretary has just been appointed, but has not arrived yet. Dr Stakovsky, the doctor to the consulate, recently returned from the war, where he was in a Red Cross detachment. He is in an enthusiastic mood and determined to engage in practically all branches of science during his stay here. The whole district outside the consulate with its shady street, named «the Russian street», is called the Russian factory and is inhabited chiefly by Russian subjects.

It was high time that I reached my destination, for I had only half a lan in my pocket and might have been forced to pawn myself.

*July 28th.* To-day I started on a round of calls on the highest representatives of the Chinese administration. The Dzian Dziun Tchan, at present the most influential man in the province and, it is rumoured, its future governor-general, sent his adjutant to me yesterday with the news that he had been so ill for the last ten days that he was unable to receive any callers. As soon as he felt better, he would inform me. The adjutant made careful enquiries and noted the route I had come by. Possibly the Dzian Dziun was in doubt as to whether he should receive me or not.

The Governor, who had been the guiding force in the whole of the Sinkiang province until Tchan was appointed, is well preserved for his years; he is a thin, short Manchurian with a springy step and lively movements. There is a touch of the ridiculous in the slightly strutting way in which this highly placed official moves. When conversing, he has a curious habit of sniffing and hiccoughing, especially when he is paid one of the customary Chinese compliments. This may be considered good manners in Peiping, where he was born and brought up. He laughed as he told me that it had been reported to him that during my journey in Chinese Turkestan I had borne the name Ma-Da-Khan and had suddenly appeared in Ili under the name of Ma-nu-ör-hei-mu. This confusion regarding my name was due to the following circumstances. My Finnish passport had been forwarded from St. Petersburg to Peiping to be stamped by the Chinese Foreign Office. To save time, however, I obtained another copy which was visé by the Chinese Ambassador in St. Petersburg. In Kashgar, at my request, according to Chinese custom the Taotai added two words to the Chinese signs, corresponding phonetically to the first syllable of my name, and in this way the name Ma-Da-Khan was obtained, which means «the horse that jumps through the clouds». In Peiping, however, according to the usual custom of the Legation, they had tried to render the whole name phonetically and had turned it into Ma-nu-ör-hei-mu, which sounds uncouth and barbaric to Chinese ears and apparently does not express any idea, as is the