

inevitable roughness of travel, one appreciates its many advantages. As a rule a private room can be obtained, the necessaries of life are easily procurable, and fodder for the animals is always ready. These inns are generally well-built houses, and are a real boon to the native travellers and merchants. There is usually one long room, with a low platform on either side and a passage down the middle. On these platforms, or *kangs*, which can be warmed underneath, the guests reclining or squatting at the low tables which are placed on them eat their meals and chat volubly the while. At night the travellers sleep in long rows, cheek by jowl, along the platforms.

At 120 miles from Newchwang we reached Mukden, the capital of Manchuria, and at one time the seat of government of the present reigning dynasty of China. Our reception there was not pleasant, and as we rode through the streets in search of an inn, we were followed even into the house by a hooting, yelling crowd. A Chinaman has no regard for privacy, and these men showed considerable annoyance because we would not let them into our private room, and allow them to stare at us, examine