

plains on the southern side. My whole long journey from Peking was at an end. My utmost hopes had been fulfilled, and in precisely the time I had laid out for the enterprise I had reached that destination which, as I rode forth from the gates of Peking, had seemed so remote and inaccessible. On April 4 I left Peking, and on November 4 I drove up to the mess-house of my regiment at Rawal Pindi, and received the congratulations of Colonel Thompson and my brother officers.

Poor Liu-san, the Chinese servant, arrived six weeks later with the ponies, which we had been obliged to send back from the Mustagh Pass round by the Karakoram and Leh. He was suffering badly from pleurisy, brought on by exposure; but when he was sufficiently recovered he was sent back to China by sea, and he afterwards accompanied the persevering American traveller, Mr. Rockhill, to Tibet. He was a Chinaman, and therefore not a perfect animal, but he understood his business thoroughly, and he did it. So for a journey across the entire breadth of the Chinese Empire I could scarcely have found a better man. As long as he felt that he was "running" me,