

the gloomy forests of the Ever-White Mountain and the bounding prairies of Mongolia, over the level plains of Turkestan, and across the loftiest range of mountains in the world. I had experienced every kind of climate—drenching rains and a dryness inconceivable to a dweller in Europe; the scorching heat of a desert summer, and the biting cold of a Himalayan glacier. I had found shelter in Chinese inns, in Manchurian farmhouses, in the rude huts of the forest sable-hunters, in a Cossack colonel's quarters, the palatial residence of our minister at Peking, the felt tents of the nomad tribes, and the mud-houses of Central Asian villagers; and lastly, in the severest part of all for weeks, in crossing the Himalayas, I had slept entirely in the open without even a tent.

If the knowledge thus hardly acquired can be of value to others; if, in the future, experiences gained while I was but twenty-four can help me as they have in the past, I shall feel doubly repaid for whatever hardships I may have endured. And I can even now feel that those few full months of toil and stress have brought to me a life-enduring pleasure.