

Cossack saddle and a large convenient tent as a present from the Russian officers in Teheran. It was a splendid Christmas box and just what I wanted. I rode on the saddle afterwards all through Tibet, but the tent is associated with a sad remembrance, for it was in it that my caravan leader Muhamed Isa died a year and a half later.

After the day had been further celebrated by a noisy breakfast at the house of the good Colonel, who drank a toast in foaming champagne to the success of the approaching journey, my two Cossacks came to the English legation to report themselves ready to enter my service according to Russian regulations. They were given leave till the next day, when they were to help with the packing, inspect the baggage, and divide it into equal loads.