

twilight. However, it was dry and warm and it felt cheerful amid the felts and quaint articles of equipment which covered the raised sleeping platform and the walls. A fire was lit under the hole already mentioned, but its smoke drove me into the interior apartment adjoining, long before the tea was ready which it was to warm. Perhaps my little terrier felt happiest, who, shivering with cold and wet, could scarcely wait for the host's good-natured invitation to bury himself in



CHINESE GARRISON OF SUBASHI.

the bundle of quilts marking the bed in one corner of the platform. That he met there a little pet cat without picking a quarrel with it was the surest proof of his usual temper having softened under the influence of exposure.

Whether it was the hospitable reception they gave me or their neat look and get-up, the little Chinese garrison made by no means a bad impression on me. The men were mostly big, well-set fellows, talking Turki more or less fluently, and seemed intelligent enough. When the rain stopped they