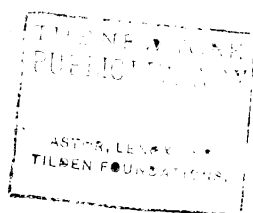


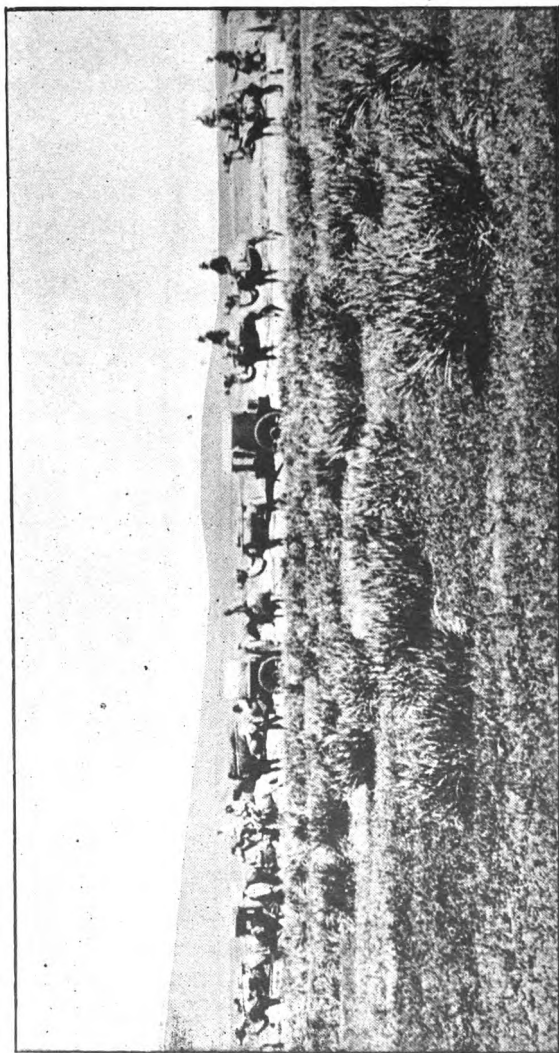
A
FLIGHT
FOR
LIFE
—
ROBERTS

A FLIGHT FOR LIFE
AND
AN INSIDE VIEW OF MONGOLIA
—
JAMES HUDSON ROBERTS

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MISSIONARY CARAVAN ON THE MARCH (NEARING KIACHTA)

A Flight for Life

AND

AN INSIDE VIEW OF MONGOLIA

By

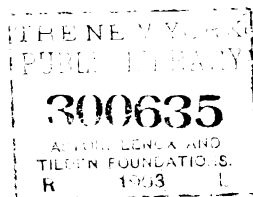
JAMES HUDSON ROBERTS

Missionary of the American Board of Commissioners for
Foreign Missions

BOSTON

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CHICAGO



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CHAPTER I

THE BOXERS

"I Hô Ch'üan tao T'ien Ching,
Sha chin kuei-tzū, pao Ta Ch'ing.
Shang yu T'ai Hou, hsia yu Jung,
Yü Yü tu shih tsa chia ping.
San yüeh ch'u i ch'i hsia shou;
Sha wan T'ien Ching, shang Pei Ching.
Ta hsiao kuan yüan shih chieh ying;
Shui hai p'a, k'uai t'ao ming.

"The Boxers have come to Tientsin, to kill all the foreign devils, and protect the Manchu dynasty. Above, there is the Empress Dowager on our side, and below, there is Jung Lu. The soldiers of Yü Lu and Yü Hsien are all our own men.

"On the first day of the third month we shall all begin together. When we have finished killing in Tientsin, we shall go to Peking. All the high and low officials will welcome us cordially. Whoever is afraid, let him quickly escape for his life."

The above placard was widely published and learned by the Chinese, the most illiterate being able to memorize the jingling rhyme. A copy of

it was thrown into the London Mission Chapel by some friendly person, who knew the plans of the Boxers. The day set for the uprising was March 30, 1900.

The seizing of several ports by the Powers in the spring of 1898, and especially the taking of Kiao Chou by the Germans, greatly increased the hostility to foreigners, which had long existed. Two Jesuit missionaries, who had been expelled from Germany for some misdeeds, went, perhaps with sincere intentions, to the district of Ts'ao Chou Fu, in the southwest corner of the province of Shantung. That region long had been noted for the fierceness of its people, and these missionaries lost their lives. The German government might have ignored the case, but chose instead to make it the pretext for taking a valuable port. Since then it has asserted that even Shansi is a part of its "hinterland."

The Boxer society has existed from the year 1808, and has made an insurrection once in each generation. The name, I Hô Ch'üan, means "The Righteous and Harmonious Fist," or "The Fist of Public Harmony." This society and its work are the answer of China to the "mailed fist" of Emperor William.

The Japanese war, and the seizure of the ports, awakened the emperor to the need of reforming the government, but the *coup d'état* of the empress dowager not only reversed his decrees, but also gave boldness to the enemies of foreigners. As long ago as the autumn of 1898, a day was set for killing the Swedish missionaries at Hsüan Hua Fu. In the following winter, the Boxers persecuted the native Christians in the western part of Shantung. At the remonstrances of the missionaries, the officials of several cities dealt severely with the Boxers, after which these officials were fined and punished by the governor of Shantung, the notorious Yü Hsien. He would hardly have ventured upon such a course of glaring injustice without express permission from the throne. In the summer of 1899, the Boxers were comparatively quiet, for the farming population was busy with the work in the fields, and could hardly take time to engage in acts of lawlessness, as they could in the cold weather. In the winter of 1899-1900, many homes of Christians were looted and burned, and not a few chapels were destroyed.

The missionaries in western Shantung and southern Chihli wrote full accounts of these troubles to the British and American consuls in Tientsin, and

to the ministers in Peking. At times, the high Chinese officials would deny that there were any Boxers, and even require affidavits to that effect to be sent up by the magistrates of the disturbed districts. At other times the government, acknowledging that there were Boxers, issued edicts apparently designed to suppress them, guaranteeing protection to missionaries, native Christians and foreign merchants. At the same time, secret edicts were issued, of the opposite purport. The natives readily understood which they were to respect. By this double-dealing, the empress dowager was undermining her own throne. On the strength of the edicts, proclamations were issued, but no sooner were they posted on houses and walls, than they were stripped to pieces by the people, who had learned that the government would not protect foreigners. The Boxers came northward to the region of Paotingfu and Tientsin, and it was dangerous to travel on the country roads around Tientsin after December 20, 1899.

The fourteenth of February and the thirtieth of March, 1900, were days set by the Boxers for attacking Tientsin. Friendly Chinese having informed the missionaries, they notified the consuls, and an appeal by them to the viceroy led to the

posting of a good proclamation. In this it was stated, that "Christians and heathen are alike the little children of the government; that to collect crowds, carry weapons, burn or destroy houses, steal goods, steal or injure people, or oppose official troops, are like acts of highway robbery; that to found private societies, and practice with fists and clubs are infractions of the law, not to be tolerated; that heathen and Christians should acknowledge their community of interests; and that officials, in deciding lawsuits, must not distinguish between the people and the Church, but only between the crooked and the straight." It adds, as a conciliation to the Boxers, that "church members must not stir up quarrels, deride the heathen, nor blindly follow the missionaries, so as to win victories through their protection." It ended with a good exhortation to both parties to obey the law and lay aside their enmities, so that there might be peace.

This proclamation was posted outside the wall of the American Board Mission in Tientsin, was read by many, and copied by a teacher in our employ, and soon afterward was torn in pieces. The time had come when the Chinese despised treaties, edicts, proclamations and passports, if issued to

protect foreigners. They regarded the treaties as having been forced on them by outside barbarians, signed under compulsion, and not binding on their consciences. All foreigners were believed to be enemies, and therefore, according to Asiatic ideals, to have no rights. A craze for killing them had taken possession of the people.

This, however, was not without cause. Let us imagine ourselves in their places:—our ports taken by foreign nations; our manufactures, trade and public finances almost wrecked by foreign trade and by a low tariff imposed by foreigners, with a view to their own advantage; and our country threatened with dismemberment;—we would have been angry, as they were, and ready to fight the world. Only we would have regarded the rights of women, children and non-combatants, and would not have tortured nor massacred innocent people.

One night in the spring of 1900, the building of the Tientsin Trading Company, a large department store, was burned. The fire was a glorious sight, but the wind and falling sparks endangered many neighboring houses. The cause never was ascertained. The building and goods had been insured for more than their full value, as was the case two or three years before, when the same company's

store was burned. Some spoke of the fire as a grand clearance sale. Others feared that the Boxers had begun an incendiary work. The strained relations between foreigners and Chinese compelled the former to be on their guard. Many carried firearms, and prepared for emergencies. The Tientsin Volunteer Corps patrolled the streets at night. It was planned that, in case of an attack, the foreigners should take refuge in the consulates. To those living nearest the Chinese city, the French consulate would be most accessible; but the Americans, if time should permit, were to gather in the British consulate; for the American consulate was too far out of the settlement to be defensible. In worse contingencies, the ladies and children were to be protected in Gordon Hall, as a safer place than the British consulate.

CHAPTER II

HOW THE DELUSION SPREAD

"Let all the Protestant Chapels know, that we limit you to one week's time, in which you must all change your signs (or names) to Chapels of the Great Genii, or else vacate your places. If any should not obey, we shall pull them down, or burn them with fire, so as to leave nothing but their empty places,—lest any one regret it. The Boxers of all under heaven together write this.

"Second month, nineteenth day."

This placard displayed increasing audacity. The Boxers were steadily preparing to carry out their threats.

There were said to be nineteen words, which, when learned, gave the Boxers great power. Two or three of these words were learned by the boys on the streets; eight of them would enable one Chinese to overcome ten foreigners; and any one who could pronounce seventeen words, could pull down a foreigner's house as easily as he could overturn a box of tea. In the looting of Tientsin, each valiant Boxer would be rewarded with all the contents of a foreigner's house. This would be a great prize for a poor Chinaman.

The claim of the Boxers to be invulnerable was sometimes put to the test. One man, who said that weapons could not harm him, was ordered to lay his arm on the table. Then the magistrate told a man to chop it with a hatchet. He did so, and sent the edge in to the bone. The Boxer looked up to the mandarin, and said: "I had not enough faith." Another agreed with a governor that he would allow himself to be shot at forty times, on condition that, if not wounded, he might have the governor's rank and office. The third shot killed him. As many Boxers were shot in their backs, the theory was propounded that they were invulnerable in their breasts but not in their backs.

While these things were in the minds of all, a grand funeral occurred,—that of the mother of Chang Yen Mao. This man had been in the employ of the Seventh Prince, the father of the emperor, and having acquired wealth, made the death of his mother an occasion for great display. In providing for the funeral, he spent thirty-five thousand dollars of his own, and seventy thousand dollars contributed by his friends. There were many gorgeous banners and large umbrellas of colored silk, to be carried in the procession; there were horses, carriages, houses, men and women,

all made of paper, to be carried and burned at the grave,—so that these, having been burned, might become horses, carriages, houses and servants in the spirit world, for the benefit of the departed mother. Many tables of fruit, apparently real, but made of paper; large jewels of paper, as costly as the real articles; numerous paper bouquets; umbrellas made of sticks of incense; and other curious and expensive objects, all to be burned, were carried in the procession. Among them were elaborate provisions of real food for the deceased, and a plentiful supply of paper money to be thrown out on the road, so that the devils, instead of following the funeral, would stop to pick up the money, and so be left behind. Many people visited the house to see the preparations. When the procession moved toward the native city, on its way to the family graveyard near T'ungcho, the array of valuable offerings was about two miles in length; and in the midst of it, strange to say, there were half a score of foreign gentlemen, going on foot, to show their friendship for Mr. Chang. The streets were crowded full of the Chinese, while foreigners looked on from windows and roofs along the road. Considering the excited state of the public mind, a riot was much to be apprehended. As the after-

noon wore away; and there was no disturbance, the hearts of the foreign community were much relieved.

On all sides of the city, the Boxers were practicing with swords and spears. Boxer teachers, receiving high wages, would hypnotize a company of boys and men, who would repeat certain cabalistic words, fall on their backs in a trance, spring up and brandish their weapons fiercely, and then fall again, and lie as though dead. On coming out of the trance, they felt extremely tired, and told what ancient heroes they had seen, and what the latter said. Their belief that a spirit entered into them, and made them invulnerable, was due to hypnotism, which made them unconscious of pain.

Some of the missionaries employed spies to ascertain the localities in which the Boxers were drilling, and gave full information to the consuls. One missionary tried to arrest some of the Boxers with his own hands, but they refused to be arrested. In the district of Hsiao Chang, one hundred and fifty miles southwest of Tientsin, the London Mission, before the outbreak, succeeded in collecting from the officials three thousand dollars, as indemnity for the native Christians. Near Paotingfu the Boxers were numerous and active. At one

place the Roman Catholics were attacked, and seventy were slaughtered. An officer went with troops to quell the disturbance; his horse stumbled, and the Boxers, taking advantage of his fall, killed him. At Cho Chou, between Peking and Paoting-fu, seventeen spies on horses were caught and strangled by the Boxers. One Roman Catholic convert was beaten to the backbone, and would not recant. A Presbyterian brother, being ordered to recant, said that he had followed Jesus twenty years, and could not deny him. At a village southwest of Peking, where there was a flourishing church, a baby having been born in the home of the native preacher, the heathen declared that it had wings, and that, as soon as they were fully grown, the village would be destroyed. In such ways evil-minded people tried to stir up strife. The storm was drawing nearer to Peking and Tientsin, but had not yet burst.

CHAPTER III

THE CALM BEFORE THE STORM

Early in May, Tientsin was visited by two distinguished men, Rev. G. Frederick Wright, D.D., and Rev. F. E. Clark, D.D. Dr. Wright lectured on Glaciers at the Viceroy's University, which was founded by Li Hung Chang; after which he went to Kalgan, traveled north with Rev. Mark Williams, and explored the mountains on the border of Mongolia. Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Clark held a Christian Endeavor Convention in Wesley Chapel, May fourth to sixth. Delegates from other cities were present, among whom were Rev. Dr. Ament of Peking and Rev. J. W. Lowrie of Paotingfu. The exercises of the convention were stimulating and instructive, and formed an object-lesson of Christian union, several denominations meeting together with perfect fraternity. Similar meetings were held in Peking, Paotingfu and T'ungcho. Both parties of guests left Tientsin only a few days before the massacres began, and returned to America by the Siberian route.

It is the custom of the North China Mission of the American Board, to call the native helpers together once each year, and give them a course of lectures, to broaden their knowledge, and quicken their devotion in Christian service. Some of the subjects this year were: The Stars, Prayer-meetings, Isaiah, Luther, Revivals and Persecutions. Several churches of our Mission had experienced revivals but a few weeks before, and the lecture telling of Ezra, the Pentecost, Luther, Wesley, Finney and Moody, was most timely. The lecture on Persecutions, showing how nobly the early Christians endured suffering for Christ's sake, and how every effort to destroy the Church only caused it to spread more widely, gave courage and hope to those who listened, whose minds were full of anxiety regarding the Boxers.

Afterward a Mission Meeting was held,—the first four days' program including reports, essays and discussions, in the Chinese language; and several succeeding days being occupied by devotional and business meetings in the English language. On Sunday, Pastor Chia, whose home and chapel had been destroyed by the Boxers, was one of the preachers, and his nervous manner showed the effect of the strain he had undergone. In the reports

given, a case of conscience was cited, concerning a man who, before his conversion, worshiped and fed his father's tooth. His father had had a tooth pulled. When he died, and was buried, by mistake the tooth was not buried with him. The son placed it on a bracket, and offered it food each time before eating his meals, in addition to which he burned incense, and bowed down to the tooth. The question was, if he became a Christian, what should he do? Would not filial piety require him to continue this worship? He was advised not to worship the tooth, but to put it in a safe place until his mother's death, and then bury it with his mother. This was accepted as a proper and happy solution of the problem.

A few years ago, when the railroad from Tientsin to Peking was being built, it was planned to pass near T'ungcho, but the people would not have it. Therefore it followed a different route, and took away all the business of T'ungcho. This city being at the head of navigation on the Pei Hô, or North River, which is virtually part of the Grand Canal, the tribute rice from the south, and goods brought from the coast, were taken from the boats at this place, and sent to Peking on carts and wheelbarrows. The common method of stealing the

government rice was to punch the rice bag with a pointed stick, place a bowl underneath, withdraw the stick, and let the rice fall into the bowl. The road from T'ungcho to Peking is a highway above the level of the surrounding country, paved with large blocks of stone; but the traffic over it was so heavy that the cart-wheels wore ruts between the ends of the stones, half a foot or more in depth. To ride over such a road in a springless cart was almost enough to break one's bones. This road being traversed by tourists, a report went abroad that China had splendid roads. The most of the roads are great only in length, and in the difficulty of traveling over them. They are never repaired except when impassable, and such mixtures of mud, sand and rock are not worthy to be called roads.

T'ungcho is two cities in one. The western part contains a "granary," with scarcely any buildings, and probably not much grain. The square bastion at the southwest corner of the city wall has been taken down, and rebuilt in a rounded shape. It is the custom in China, in case a son kills his father, to change in this way the corner of the city wall, as a threat against the existence of the city. After a second case of patricide, another corner of the wall would be rounded off. After a third patricide,

the city would be destroyed, and no one ever allowed to live on its site. The law being so severe, bribery must be frequently employed to prevent such sentences being passed by the Judge.

The Americans in T'ungcho were an educational and literary power. Foremost among them were Rev. Drs. C. Goodrich and D. Z. Sheffield. The former was Dean of the Gordon Memorial Theological Seminary, and the latter was President of the North China College. Schools of all grades were maintained, a hospital and dispensary gave help to the poor, and a church supporting its own Chinese pastor showed the success of the evangelistic work. Dr. J. H. Ingram, in 1899, made a run from T'ungcho to Kalgan on his bicycle,—over three ranges of mountains, one hundred and fifty miles of rock and sand, in only forty-six hours,—and saved Mr. Williams' life. Dr. Sheffield invented a Chinese typewriter and electrical machines. The workers at this place succeeded in developing among the Chinese the highest traits of manhood and womanhood. T'ungcho visible was a dirty city on a flat and malarial plain. T'ungcho dynamic, with its college and other institutions, was a mountain height of thought, purity and power.

The college campus, southwest of the city, con-

tained fifteen acres of land, a dormitory and recitation building called "Williams Hall,"—from Dr. S. Wells Williams, one of the chief donors,—and residences for the missionaries and native teachers. A large garden of strawberry plants gave the students an opportunity to earn part of their support. A windmill, which pumped water for the strawberries, should have taught the people an improved method of irrigation, but may have aroused their superstitious fears. Dr. Ingram had just built a fine brick church in the city. He was naturally anxious lest it should be burned by the Boxers.

After four days of Chinese meetings, the missionaries in the city went out to the college, for the English meetings of the following days. At night two gentlemen would return to the city to watch the property, and Miss Andrews and Miss Chapin also went there to quiet the fears of the Christian women. All felt the approach of the impending calamity. The quiet was the calm before the storm.

CHAPTER IV

T'UNGCHO AND KALGAN IN DANGER

The railroad having ruined the business of T'ungcho, the people of this place hated it, and were bitter against foreigners; and it was the Boxers from this city, who, on the twenty-ninth of May, destroyed the railroad junction at Fêng T'ai, where the road from Peking to Tientsin joined that to Paotingfu. They burned the railway station, and the storehouses of the foreign merchants, and tore up a part of the Paotingfu road. That was really the beginning of the outbreak. The next day, Memorial Day in America, feeling our insecurity, we raised the Stars and Stripes above Mr. Tewksbury's house at the college; but the flag could not defend the buildings, and within ten days they were all destroyed. Beneath the flag was a telescope, which the natives thought to be a gun. They said that with one shot it could blow to pieces half the city. Though we told them it was only a telescope, they repeatedly begged us not to fire it off.

The Boxers next attacked the civil engineers employed by the railway company, who, with their families, lived at a place fifteen miles southwest of Peking. The French hotel-keeper led a small rescuing party, and brought them all into the city. About the same time, thirty engineers fled by boat from Paotingfu to Tientsin, but, being attacked on the way, lost seven of their number. The next day fifty Cossacks went from Tientsin, and brought in three of those that were lost.

On Thursday, May 31st, one hundred United States marines, and similar troops of the other Powers, were at Tientsin. All of the Ministers in Peking spent the night at the Foreign Office until 2:30 A.M., demanding permission that the guards might come, and insisting that, if they should not be allowed to do so, larger numbers would be sent for. Under these circumstances, our anxiety on the first of June may be imagined. That was the fifth day of the fifth moon, a Chinese feast-day, when people would be at leisure, drink more wine than at other times, and be more ready to engage in riot. Dr. A. H. Smith said in our meeting: "We are sitting on a volcano, which is going to blow us and the church sky-high; but the Church of Christ will come down all right, and go

on even better than before ; but there is no knowing whether you and I shall come down or not."

The next day was scorching hot. The United States marines marched into Peking with fixed bayonets, followed by those of other nations, each of the four strongest being represented by seventy-five soldiers. Ten thousand Chinese troops were drawn up in two lines between the railway station and the city gate, a distance of four miles, and the populace turned out *en masse* to see the sight. The captain of the American marines said afterward that he never before had seen so many people in one day, and that, if the Chinese had attacked them, our men would have had no opportunity to defend themselves.

The same day reports came of native Christians being killed in the villages near T'ungcho. Four camps of Boxers were established close to the college. Two English missionaries, Messrs. Robinson and Norman, who lived midway between Peking and Tientsin, were attacked by six hundred Boxers and slain. They belonged to the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel." The name of their chapel was identical with that of the Roman Catholic cathedrals, and we thought that this may have been the reason why they were attacked before other Protestant missionaries.

Late in the evening, a telegram came from Mr. Sprague in Kalgan, saying that the Boxers were threatening that Mission Station, and asking that we demand from the Foreign Office instructions to the Kalgan magistrates, to protect the missionaries; also requesting us to go and help him as early as possible.

A few days before, Kalgan seemed the only place in our Mission not terrorized by the Boxers. On May 28, Mr. Sprague wrote that Kalgan did not propose to be behind the rest of the world, for Boxers had come there too. Several armed men had been seen near the place, and had used threatening words, but were arrested the next morning by constables from Peking, and proved to be not Boxers, but horse-thieves.

June 2nd, when he sent the telegram, Mr. Sprague wrote: "Boxer rumors are exciting many people here. The Boxers are drilling on the street daily. Two families living in our dispensary have left in fear. The Boxers say that they will enter our premises on Monday night, and burn the houses. I sent teacher Lo to the police office last night for a guard. The chief of police laughed at the matter loudly, but finally promised the men. I shall ask for an extra guard for a few days. I wish

you were here, to stand with your gun shoulder to shoulder with me. I hope that you will come as soon as the Mission Meeting is over. There is nothing more to say, except that we propose to 'trust in God, and keep our powder dry'."

Sunday came, but we could not all enjoy rest. Mr. Tewksbury and Dr. Ingram rode to Peking on their bicycles, consulted Minister Conger as to the safety of T'ungcho and Kalgan, and returned before evening. At five P.M. we sang Gospel Hymns, and at eight P.M. received the communion, Dr. Goodrich and Mr. Williams officiating.

Mission Meeting closed on Monday, the fourth. It is a necessary part of our Annual Meeting, to have an evening of music and recreation, as a relief for our minds under the strain of many meetings and much business. This year the need was greater, because of the unusual anxiety. On this last evening we held a musicale at the college. The missionary children sang and declaimed, and we had a good deal of sport and music; but underneath it all was the terrible feeling that our lives were in imminent danger. The Misses Wyckoff sang a duet:—

"Oh, for the wings, for the wings of a dove,—

Far, far away to my home would I rove;
In the depth of the wilderness build me a nest," etc.

As these ladies were shortly after cooped up in Peking during the siege, we who were traveling through the desert of Gobi could not help thinking of the song as being both appropriate and ominous.

CHAPTER V

PEKING JUST BEFORE THE SIEGE

At daybreak of June 5, Dr. Ament and I left T'ungcho, and went to Peking on our wheels. Entering the city, we saw the foreign guards on the streets, and felt that their presence gave security; but, shortly after, we learned that the Chinese expected an uprising of the whole populace within three days, in an attempt to massacre all the foreigners in the city; and we realized anew that we were standing on a volcano.

Minister Conger received us at the United States Legation. He was care-worn and anxious. Several tourists, who were his guests, were spending the entire day at the railway station, trying to go to Tientsin, but not succeeding, for they were not allowed to buy tickets. This shows the easy way in which the Chinese can make a railroad become no railroad for foreigners at any time. To go to Tientsin in any other way would have been impossible, for the country was full of Boxers, and we had received official notice that all the ap-

proaches to Tientsin were dangerous. Escape to the coast was cut off. To go out of the country to the south, east or west, was impossible, and the only way of escape,—a way full of dangers,—was northward to Kalgan and Siberia. Mr. Williams and I did not think of going so far as to Siberia, but thought first to go and help Mr. Sprague against the Boxers in Kalgan, and, if possible, to continue our missionary work there; for Kalgan is as far from Peking in point of time as Boston is from San Francisco, and frequently heretofore, when there were commotions in Peking, Kalgan had been quiet. We thought that, if it should be impossible to stay at Kalgan, we might withdraw to some place in the prairie of Mongolia, or to Urga at the farthest, until the storm should have passed by. Then we could return to our work. Mr. Conger at first advised us not to go. He said: "You are safe here, and would be safe at any place where foreigners reside, but are not safe traveling anywhere." But when we told him that we had lived many years in Kalgan, were well known along the road, and thought that we ought to go to Mr. Sprague's relief, he said: "You know that region better than I, and may go on your own responsibility, and I wish you good success."

While we were at the Legation, the native Christians were holding a meeting in the American Board Chapel, praying for some means of protection. Before the meeting was ended, Dr. Ament returned, and told them that Minister Conger had promised a guard of ten or twenty soldiers, in case of riot, to protect them at the American Board premises; but that, if the situation should become desperate, the guards and missionaries would have to go to the British Legation. This message cheered the Christians a great deal, but was in itself of little value, for the situation was rapidly becoming desperate, and, if the guards and missionaries should retire to the British Legation, these Christians, apparently, would be left to the mercy of their enemies.

That day we hired litters and mules to take our party to Kalgan, and, most unexpectedly, were able to get them without the usual delay. The mules, when wanted, are generally not in the city, and must be sent for; and the traveler must wait three, five, or even seven days, till they come. In our emergency, just before the siege, we were specially favored by a kind Providence, in being able to get at once all the mules that were needed.

In the evening there was a fight at Huang Ts'un,

thirteen miles south of the city, in which several soldiers were killed. There was rioting also at Cho Chou, but our chapel there was not destroyed, because the Boxers supposed it contained eight cases of powder, which they feared might explode. News came of a riot at Tsun Hua, one hundred miles east of Peking, where the American Methodists had a Mission station. A letter was received from Rev. H. T. Pitkin, of Paotingfu, telling of five bands of Boxers on different sides of the city, and escape entirely cut off. The letter showed his great anxiety, combined with a noble spirit of resignation to the divine will. While we were reading his letter, news came by a telegram from the Viceroy of Chihli to the Foreign Office, saying that seven foreigners had been massacred in Paotingfu. That was a month before the missionaries at that place were put to death; but, as the telegram was an official one, we had no reason to doubt it, and it added to our feeling of the seriousness of the situation. Another telegram came from Mr. Sprague, saying: "No attack. Boxers threatening."

Word was also received that the government had invited all the ambassadors to go to the Foreign Office at three o'clock the next morning, to

hear "a great state secret." We wondered whether this might be that the Reform Party was to return to power, or that the emperor had been killed; but we feared it might be a trick to entrap and kill the ambassadors. It is well known that the government did design to kill them all, on the day when the German minister, Von Ketteler, was assassinated.

Wednesday, June 6, we went out of Peking. The day was extremely hot and sultry. Our baggage had to be weighed, as everything must be packed so as to balance well on a mule. The scorching heat and suffocating atmosphere were well-nigh unendurable. For a year there had been scarcely any rain or snow, and the drought seemed to have filled the air with a dust that could not settle.

At length, before noon, the baggage was ready, and Miss Dr. V. C. Murdock, Rev. Mark Williams, Mr. Carl G. Söderbom and I, with my faithful servant, started for Kalgan. Dr. Murdock's plan was to give medical aid in Kalgan during the summer, which was much needed, for there was no physician there. Mr. Söderbom, a Swedish missionary of the Christian Alliance, had gone to Tientsin to act as business agent of his Mission.

An errand called him to Peking on the fourth, and he could not return. So he went with us to his family in Kalgan. As they went to Siberia in our company, it was most fortunate that he was with us.

To leave Peking is always a joy. As soon as one passes the city gates, the purer air of the country gives a feeling of relief. As the siege was about to begin, we were escaping from prison. As a choice of evils, if die we must, it seemed better to perish among the wild flowers of Mongolia, than in the ill-smelling streets of Peking.

CHAPTER VI

TO KALGAN BY THE GREAT WALL

Our leaving Peking was somewhat in disguise. We bought large sheets of oilcloth, and wrapped up our trunks and other baggage, in order to make them appear like bundles of Chinese merchandise, kept the mule-litter doors closed, and sat back away from the windows, so as to avoid observation and conceal the fact that foreigners were escaping from the city. Fortunately our mule-drivers, being Mohammedans, could not affiliate with the Boxers, because the latter practice idolatry. Therefore the drivers were true friends. They took us only to Mohammedan inns. We gave them a little extra pay, to lead us by a circuitous road, in order not to pass the Manchu barracks outside Peking, where I once was pelted with stones and mud, at the time of the Japanese war, and where on several other occasions stones had been thrown at missionaries.

The long, hot day finally drew to a close, and we stopped for the night at Kuan Shih. The head man of the inn was friendly, and anxious to hear the

news. We did not tell him all we knew, but enough to satisfy his curiosity. The next morning, as we were leaving that town, I heard a man say, with a coarse laugh, "When they are killed, they will be finished!" The people did not appear friendly at any place except Cock-crow Post-city, one hundred miles from Peking, where we were welcomed with the old-time cordiality.

At Huai Lai ("Bosom Come"), half-way to Kalgan, we met a son of Mr. Splingard, a Belgian. Mr. Splingard came to China many years ago, with a German named Graesler. The latter drank lager beer to excess, became wealthy by exporting wool, married a Chinese woman, adopted a Mongol child, and at last, discouraged by reverses, took his own life. Splingard used to be intimate with the Chinese officials, and Graesler spoke lightly of him, saying that he knew nothing of business; but Splingard was the more successful, for he was appointed a mandarin of high rank, to superintend the Customs Office at the western end of the Great Wall. He occupied that position many years, gaining, we are told, ten thousand taels (\$6,000) a year. As I said, we met his son going to Peking, with a view to escaping to the coast. He urged us not to go to Kalgan, saying: "It is of no use for you to

preach now. The people will not listen. You might better go to your old homes."

While on the way, we heard a rumor that the missionaries in Kalgan had caught two young Boxers, locked them in the dispensary, gone to see the official about them, and, on their return, could not find them! We also heard that no one was left on the Mission premises there.

Our arrival at Kalgan was on Sunday, June 10. For many years we had refused to travel on Sunday, paying the mule-men enough to feed their animals, and thus securing our day of rest. We thought it necessary to reinforce our teachings, by setting an example of Sabbath observance. At this time of danger, the welfare of our friends in Kalgan, as well as our own, made Sunday traveling unavoidable. Before we left Hsüan Hua Fu, we learned that the Boxers there were active, threatening the Roman Catholic Cathedral and community. One Protestant missionary, Mr. Lundquist, with his family, still lived in that city. Mr. Söderbom informed him of his danger, and insisted on taking him and his family to Kalgan immediately. They went there on a springless cart—the only vehicle they could get—and it was a trying ordeal for Mrs. Lundquist, as she was in poor health. The

children also were weak and sick. Mr. Lundquist took them to the home of Mr. F. A. Larson, in the northern part of Kalgan.

When we Americans had crossed the long stone bridge, we found the streets of Kalgan much as usual, but a stream of persons was walking to and fro, as if going to and from a theater. We did not imagine that our home was their objective point. As we rode a mile around the city to our gate, the crowds on the streets increased, and eyed us with curiosity, mingled with pity or hatred. Outside of our gate, there was a howling mob, hundreds of men and boys having come to see our houses burned. It was rumored in the city that our buildings already were burning. The smoke from a neighboring brick-kiln gave rise to this story. When we passed through the crowd, whose yelling was terrible to hear, I was thankful that I saw no clubs nor swords in their hands, and that they did not try to prevent our entering the gate. The mob lacked organization, mutual confidence, and a leader. If they had followed us into the yard, they could have killed us at once. Doubtless some among them were friendly, but dared not let it be known.

The anxiety of Mr. Sprague and the native Chris-

tians, and their joy at seeing us, was too great to be expressed in words. Yet there was little that we could do to help them. We told them of the hostile attitude of the government, and this definite information direct from the capital, at such a critical time, was the greatest possible help, and aided them, as the result showed, in making their escape.

The mob, after threatening us a long time, was at last persuaded to go away, by a small official beseeching them, and saying: "Go now, and save my face, for the time for burning these buildings has not yet fully come." It was evident where his sympathies were. In the afternoon we consulted with the Christians as to what should be done, but could not arrive at any definite conclusion. Though the danger was great, our desire to remain and continue the work was equally great, and the path of duty was not yet made plain.

CHAPTER VII

TAKING REFUGE IN THE YAMEN

"Having done all that you can, listen to Heaven's decree."

—*Chinese Proverb.*

In the evening the mob returned, and tried to break down our gate. Neither our guns fired in the air, nor the use of the fire-extinguisher, availed to frighten them; and the terrible moment came, which we had often feared might come, when it was necessary to mount the wall surrounding our yard, point a shot-gun at the crowd, and tell them: "If you do not scatter, we shall fire." If they had not dispersed, or if one of our number had acted rashly, blood would have been shed on both sides, and the results would have been most serious. But providentially, after repeated warnings, they did go away. Then, knowing that they would return, and fearing the attitude of the Imperial Government more than the threats of the local mob, we called the Christians together, and said that they must leave us while they could, and go to their homes in the country. Their homes were mostly

at distances of fifty or eighty miles southwest of Kalgan, among the mountains, where there are many places for concealment. In the night we sent away the boys and girls of our schools, with Christian men to escort them, and we learned afterward that they all safely reached their homes. The preachers, teachers and servants, and all the other Chinese on our premises, were likewise dismissed. Meantime we hastily packed some clothing and food, while Mr. Sprague most patiently spent the precious time in reckoning the accounts of the Chinese who were leaving us, and paying the exact amounts of money due them. It was an hour in which most men would have been unwilling to do this.

There were then in our party, Rev. Mark Williams, Rev. and Mrs. W. P. Sprague, Miss V. C. Murdock, M.D., Miss M. Engh and myself. Just before daybreak, June 11, we left our homes with saddened hearts, and fled on foot two miles around the city, carrying our hand-bags, guns and shawls, to the office of the general commanding the Manchu troops. One of our members was in no condition to walk, but received strength sufficient for the emergency. Without much difficulty we obtained entrance into the gatekeeper's house.

a long, low building, where the business of the under-officials is transacted. There we drank some wretched tea, and some of us got a very little sleep, while waiting for the late hour when the general would attend to business. Then we were asked: "What request do you wish to present to the great man?" Our reply was that we wished him to protect us through that day, and to send us the next day, with an escort of soldiers, out of the city into Mongolia. This he promised to do.

Early in the morning, Messrs. Larson, Söderbom and Lundquist, with their families, left the city on carts, going to Mongolia,—Mr. Larson carrying his loaded rifle in plain view of all that were on the street. He sent for Miss Engh, because she was a Swede, and formerly belonged to his own Mission, asking if she would go with them; but, after much hesitation, she decided to remain with us. Her indecision illustrates the difficulties of our situation. She did not dare to go, and hardly dared to remain.

During the day, Mr. Sprague returned to our houses, and packed such things as he could hope to bring away. Hiring carts, he brought to the general's office our trunks of clothing, some small supplies of food, and boxes containing important

articles, which he was anxious to save from destruction.

We spent the day in the guest-house of the Yamên, with very little to eat or drink, and constantly stared at by the unfriendly natives. Several of the Chinese Christians came to speak with us. Helper Sung brought a telegram of alarming import. It read as follows:—

“Roberts, Kalgan:

T'ungcho abandoned burned. Many Christians killed. All missionaries pupils refugees Methodist compound. American guard reinforcements expected. Political situation grave. Paotingfu safe Thursday.”

This message was sent from Peking, and meant that our beautiful college, chapels, hospital and homes in T'ungcho were destroyed; that the missionaries and pupils, not only of that city, but of all Peking, were cooped up in the Methodist compound; that all the other Mission premises in Peking were burned; and that our friends were in grave danger. Virtually the siege of Peking had begun. We sent a telegram in reply, in these words:—

“Ewing, Peking:

All fled Tutung Yamên, going Mongolia.

“Roberts.”

We hoped that this message would be forwarded

to America, and quiet the anxiety of our friends at home; but it never was delivered in Peking. The Boxers had cut the wires on every side of the capital.

That day was the fifteenth of the fifth moon, a holiday, or, as the Chinese say, one of the days of the gods. At such a time a riot was specially liable to occur. In the afternoon a mob gathered before the general's office, and he became unwilling to be known as one who protected foreigners. So he said to us:—"You must go to a place in the southern part of the city, where I have prepared rooms for you, and will protect you, the same as I would here." Knowing that to go down into the city would be to fall into the hands of the Boxers, we insisted on staying where we were, and begged him to send us, with a military escort, through the Great Wall into Mongolia in the night. Most fortunately, he yielded to our request. If he had not done so, we should have been at the mercy of the mob. Still he wished to pretend, to the Boxers, that we were not there. His yamèn consisted of a large yard, with many buildings. Just at sunset he had us and our baggage hastily removed from the guest-house to a little musty house in one corner of the yard,—a building full of legal documents

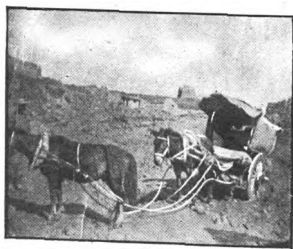
covered with cobwebs and dust,—and there we were shut in, and the door was locked. We were prisoners, and could not help thinking that fire or the sword might end our lives then and there.

CHAPTER VIII

THROUGH THE GREAT WALL INTO MONGOLIA

"They cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he delivered them out of their distresses."

At last the city quieted down, and went to sleep. The moonlight was at its best. Shortly after midnight, horses and carts were brought to the gate of the yamên, and preparations were made for

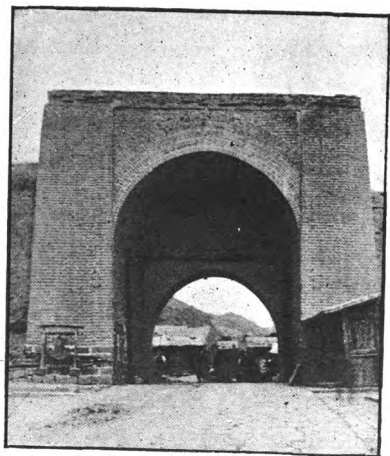


A CART THAT TOOK US
TO MONGOLIA

starting on the journey. Three carts had been hired for the ladies and baggage, and the men were to ride on horses. In the moonlight these carts and animals, and the horses of the soldiers

about to escort us, formed an imposing array, very unlike the appearance of our company the previous morning, when we fled to this place. Mr. Sprague desired to leave his boxes and goods stored in the yamên, but was not allowed to do so. He hastily

hired another cart, and took them with him. At last we started, and went through the main street of the city. The fifty or more soldiers going with us were as much to be feared as to be desired. Near the Custom House, there were many persons sitting at the sides of the street, with swords and spears in their hands. Whether these also were soldiers, sent to protect us in case of an attack, or whether they were Boxers, we did not know.¹ Arrived at the gate in the



GATE IN GREAT WALL, KALGAN

Great Wall, some officials came out of an adjoining house and examined our passports, which included an order from the general, to have the gate opened. This gate consists of two heavy folding doors, made of planks four inches thick, and covered on the outside with thin

¹ They were not Boxers.

sheets of iron. When closed, it is held in place by a beam fixed across it, so heavy that twenty men are required to lift it. No Chinese travelers can have this gate opened for them at night, and even the emperor, K'ang Hsi, traveling incognito, had to wait till dawn to pass through; but it has often been opened for Russians and other foreigners, for the sake of a liberal fee. If it seemed good to leave the poor little house, and come out into the open air, how much more rejoiced were we to go through that gate, into the valleys leading up to the plain of Mongolia! There would be less danger from mobs than in the city.

One mile beyond the gate were the houses of the Russian merchants. When we arrived there, all of our escort had gone back except two policemen and two soldiers. Mr. Sprague wished to leave his boxes in the care of a Russian, Mr. Schapoff, supposing that their buildings, unlike ours, would not be burned. It was two o'clock at night. The gatekeeper would not open the gate. He said that Mr. Schapoff had the key, and would not allow himself to be awakened. After long and unsuccessful efforts to persuade him, the day began to break, and his employer came to the gate, and gave orders that the boxes should be placed in his storehouse.

Then we went on our way, passing two natural arches on the mountains, one of which is said to have been made by a gun of Genghis Khan, when he came down through this valley to conquer China. We also passed places where highway robberies have often been committed, and stopped for lunch at a poor little village called "The Son of an Earthen Well." Here most of the people live in dugouts or caves, carved in banks of loess. Of these the Chinese say: "Those who live in earthen dugouts, have three things which cannot happen: in the winter they cannot be frozen; in the summer they cannot be hot; and, when the cave falls in, they cannot be found."¹ The ragged paper windows and the grass on the housetops give a peculiar appearance to the miserable village.

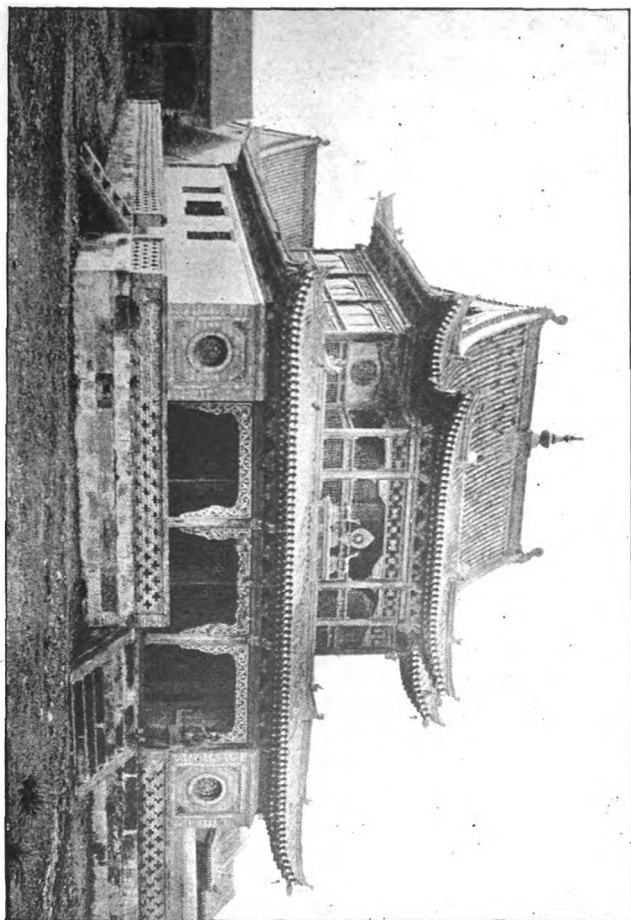
Going on up the valley, we came to Hanore Hill, which is at the edge of the great plateau of Mongolia. The road up this hill, from time immemorial, has been full of rocks, and extremely difficult to travel. Sometimes one would be delayed by hundreds of camels passing by, or by jams of ox-carts, loaded with salt or soda, some of them overturned in the narrow road. On this occasion, to our surprise, we found many men grading the

¹ This is a literal translation.

road, having made the ascent of the hill already much easier. Some carpenters were there, building a temple, which would commemorate the fact that the road had been repaired, and offer to the wayfarer a shrine, at which he might pray for a safe journey. The carpenters were old friends of ours, who had built our houses, and they greeted us most kindly. Exhausted and anxious as we were, to meet these friends was a great pleasure.

At the top of this ascent is Mount Pisgah, from which one can see a great distance in every direction, and, probably, with unaided eye can view as large an area of mountain and valley as Moses saw just before his death. Going north all the afternoon, we came to T'ou T'ai, where there is a large temple, and a family of Mongol officials, who for many years have been our warm friends.

These people received us cordially, supposing that we had come for a summer outing. Soon afterward they learned that we were refugees. Then the young man, acting as head of the family in the absence of his father and uncle, donned his official hat, robe and boots, drank wine to excess, and came into our room in a rage. "How can you endanger our lives by coming here?" he said. "The Mongols also are Boxers, and they will want to



MONGOL TEMPLE AT T'ON T'AI

kill us for having sheltered you. Besides, you yourselves will not be safe here. You and we have always been good friends, but now that you are fleeing for your lives, and sent north by the general, we dare not show you the friendship we feel. This is not the official guest-house, but our own home, and your coming here in these circumstances is an intrusion. The guest-house is at Chässa Ba¹. You must leave this place at once."

To learn that the Mongols also were Boxers, was quite a surprise; yet why should they not follow the politics of the government? We felt the truth of much that he said, but were in no mood to go, as we were exceedingly tired, having had virtually no sleep for sixty hours. To argue with him was useless. We sat and listened to his excited harangue. Presently his anger subsided, and he caught sight of my magazine shot-gun, which interested him intensely. I explained its merits at great length, to kill time. When he became more quiet, we begged him to let us rest there one night, and go to Erh T'ai in the morning. To this he reluctantly consented. Notwithstanding our anxiety for the morrow, we were glad to have a good night's sleep.

¹ Twelve miles away to the southeast.

The next morning we started to go to the second official post-station. We knew that we should meet no friends there, but it was necessary to leave this place, and, in order to shield our kind host, we must at least pretend to take the route of banished convicts. After going a short distance, we came to the home of our friend, the Ta Shao Yeh, a wealthy Mongol priest. Stopping only to call and present our respects, we were welcomed most cordially. He insisted on our staying a day and a night. This enabled us to rest and recuperate.

The following day we went northwest to Hara Oso, a Mongol encampment fifty miles from Kalgan, on the road leading toward Urga. At that place, fragrant with memories of "James Gilmour of Mongolia," where, during fifteen years past, we had often gone on preaching tours, there were quite a number of friendly Mongols. Before arriving, as the drivers left the carts to drink some water at a well, the horses ran a long distance on the plain, and one of the carts overturned, giving me an ugly wound on the hand, and causing Miss Engh, who was riding in the vehicle, to receive slight injuries on the head and arms.

It would be difficult to describe the joy of our party, and of the Swedish missionaries at Hara Oso,

when we rode into their camp. The dangers through which we had come, as well as those still surrounding us, made us doubly appreciate each other's company. Mr. Larson had said before: "When your people and mine are able to unite, we shall make a strong company, much more likely to go safely through the country."

CHAPTER IX

FIRST SIGHTS IN A STRANGE LAND

The plateau of Mongolia in midsummer,—who can enumerate its beauties? Carpeted with grass, and adorned with wild flowers of every color, with an expanse suggesting immensity and freedom, and a stillness like the Sabbath, it presents a striking contrast to China, where the multitudes toil and trade, and the farmers till every available plot of ground. You feel that you have come into a different country. Pinks, larkspurs, daisies of various hues and many other flowers delight the eye. The Swiss edelweiss indicates the altitude of the plain, which is more than five thousand feet above the sea. In sheltered nooks, where the soil is moistened by running water, buttercups like those of New England can be found. In a half hour's walk, one can gather twenty or thirty kinds of flowers, and forty-seven varieties have been collected by an amateur in one locality in a week. A botanist could find many more. The plants bloom in the greatest profusion. To the eye of the traveler or pleasure-

seeker, the many-colored sward is simply exquisite.

The rains of July, which are generally copious, make the prairie at its best in August. On the occasion of our journey, as scarcely any rain had



GIRLS' BOARDING SCHOOL, KALGAN.—MISS ENGH AND PUPILS
fallen during an entire year, there was little verdure to be seen. Neither would the beauties of nature be of much importance to persons fleeing for their lives. For this drought, threatening famine, we foreigners were thought to be responsible and worthy of death. It was believed that by a waving

of the hand we could sweep away clouds from the sky. When we reached the grass-land north of the desert, however, we found it as attractive as the prairie near Kalgan usually is.

The beauties above one's head equal those beneath his feet. In this dry and clear air, with a wide horizon, objects can be seen at a great distance, and the stars at night glow with remarkable brilliancy. The ground on which one treads seems near to heaven. The air is rarified, and the thin clouds floating low in the sky assume fantastic forms. Their shadows chase each other over the grassy plain. You breathe oftener than is your wont, and every breath is exhilarating. The beautiful green hills and valleys, with hundreds of cattle or horses grazing, is a sight that soothes one's nerves, and conduces to healthfulness.

The clearness of the atmosphere gives rise to optical illusions which are amusing, though sometimes disappointing. Gilmour tells of not being able to distinguish between a rock and a tent. The mirage lifts up distant objects, and creates lakes where there is only dry land. You see an object on a hillside, and remark that it is an eagle. "No," your companion will say, "it is a rock." As you continue to watch it, an old woman picks up her

basket and walks away. Once I saw, on a hilltop quite near me, what I supposed was a pile of stones. Mr. Sprague insisted that it was a boy. To ascertain which of us had made the right conjecture, we climbed the hill, and, behold, it was a goat! The animal looked at us demurely, as if it would say: "How could you make such a mistake?" In the desert of Gobi, I was surprised at seeing, in the distance before us, a neat-looking house, apparently of foreign construction. Coming nearer to it, I saw that it consisted of telegraph poles crossing a hill. It gave one a sense of being in dreamland.

Traveling in Mongolia, you frequently hear the warbling of a lark. At first you cannot fix its location. When you find it, you see it fluttering in mid-air, and singing as if its throat would burst. The larklets are in the grass below. When it comes down, it is shrewd enough to land at a distance from the nest. There is also the catbird, which ends a fine song with a mew. Both kinds of birds are valued by the Chinese, to enliven their shops and stores, and much skill is displayed in catching them for the market.

Hawks and eagles are often seen soaring in the sky or resting on a rock. They find plenty to eat, in a land abounding with field-rats, lizards and

other small game. Crows grow as large as hens, and perch on poles near the tents, or on a camel's back. The camel is fortunate if the bird does not pick and eat portions of its flesh. Ducks, geese, quails and other wild fowl, abound by the ponds and lakes. But the birds most loved by the Mongols are the swallows, that fly near the ground with apparently tireless motion, and build their nests and raise their young in the houses and tents.

Standing on Mount Pisgah, at the edge of the plateau, one can see range on range of mountains in three directions, and the beautiful prairie on the north. The rivers seem like ribbons in the valleys. Kalgan, and a city called "Perfection," lie below us on the south. One can see the Yücho mountains capped with snow, other familiar peaks half-way to Peking, and to the west some mountains in Shansi. Mount Williams, close to Kalgan, rising eighteen hundred feet above the city, seems a mere foot-hill of the blue mountains farther east. The hills all show the "tiger-claw," for deep gullies have been cut in their sides by the storms of ages.

Looking around the summit of Pisgah, we find that the dark volcanic rock contains black crystals of tourmaline. The Great Wall is here, with its dilapidated brick towers,—a unique historical relic.

If one studies the uneven surface of the ground, he can see where forts and barracks were once built for troops defending the highway at this strategic point. Horses and oxen now graze where formerly an army lit its camp-fires. Near by are a number of large mounds. In ancient times, there were mound-builders here, as well as in America. Ten groups of mounds, with from three to seventy in a group, have been found in the Kalgan region. The Chinese call them "false grain heaps," and say that they were made in time of war, to be covered with a thin layer of grain, and deceive the enemy into thinking that the troops could not be reduced by starvation. Such a trick would soon be discovered. More likely the mounds are tombs of princes, or the ruins of ancient watch-towers.

Going on past Yellow Blossom Plain, a straggling village of mud hovels, where Chinese thieves steal horses from all whom they dare attack, we come to Great Red Valley, where a number of Mongols live, some in houses and some in tents. Here the Russian merchants of Kalgan spend the summer, enjoying the cool mountain air, and here they prepared their caravan for the journey to Siberia, while we were making ours ready at Hara Oso.

A little farther on we pass the houses and stables of the Manchu troops, whose horses are sent here to graze. Just beyond, the telegraph line to Urga joins the road. Two miles to the west there is a large spring of cold water, flowing out of the rock; it is a pleasant

sight to see, when one has plenty of time.

Five miles north brings us to

X Borochai temple, a Buddhist

shrine full of idols, with

houses at one side for the vi-

cious and lazy priests. Little

piles of stones are arranged in

a circle around

the temple, and mark the path on which the priests walk in their pilgrimage. Sometimes men and women carry heavy loads of books on their backs around the temple, hoping thereby to atone for their sins.



BELFRY AND BELL, KALGAN

Just beyond, the valley broadens into a plain, which doubtless sometime has been a battle-field. The grass is thickly interspersed with fleur-de-lis. Flocks and herds are enjoying their freedom and abundance of food. At the foot of a hill is the abode of our friend, the Ta Shao Yeh.

Many happy days have we spent here. Sometimes a company of missionaries have come for a health change, and stayed a week or even all summer; and the utmost of hospitality always was given us. We tried to repay the kindness of our host, but it was not easy to show the same measure of cordiality, in welcoming a Tartar to our homes. Missionaries are human, and the Mongols are not noted for cleanliness.

Going north again, through a district tilled by the Chinese, two ruined cities are passed. In the first, which is called "Apricot Harmony City," the foundations of a fort and granary can be traced. The latter was burned over six hundred years ago; and yet if you break open the clinkers formed at that time, you will find lumps of burned millet, each grain of which has retained its distinct form through all the ages. In "White City," ten miles farther north, the foundations of a palace recently were dug up and carried away. The stone was of

the finest white marble, and must have been brought from a great distance. These cities were built by a Mongol queen, and were destroyed in A.D. 1368, when the Mongols were driven out of China.

Beginning with the reign of Kublai Khan, the Mongols ruled China for a hundred years; but they did not govern according to the principles of Confucius, nor establish a good government. They controlled the country by the fear which their ferocity inspired, yet leaving the administration mostly in the hands of the Chinese, were content as long as they kept the peace, and paid the taxes. The latter, however, were a heavy burden, because of the continual wars. Attempts to subjugate Japan drained the country of its resources. To support the army and garrison the country, one Mongol soldier lived with each ten families of the Chinese, and was supplied by them with whatever he might need. After many years of oppression, the people agreed that, at a certain hour in the night, each ten families should kill their guard. This was done to a great extent, and the Mongols who survived, being beaten in battle, were glad to escape to their original pasture-lands in the distant north.

Ten miles beyond the "White City" is our rendezvous, Hara Oso. The plain is easy to traverse, and the camel-trail is almost as smooth as a floor. Once when I came here on a preaching tour, the Chinese helper exclaimed: "The farther you go, the more level the land becomes!"

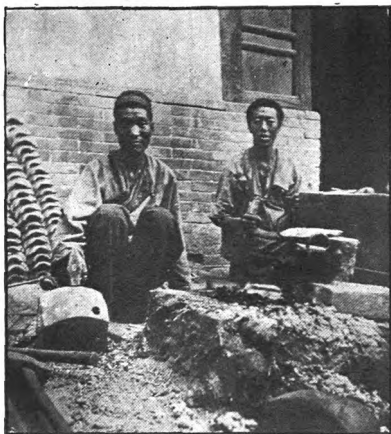
CHAPTER X

HOW THE MONGOLS LIVE

The Mongol's home is a tent. Study the tent, and you will know the people.

In constructing a tent, a circular platform, half a foot high and ten or fifteen feet in diameter, is made of turf, or, in the case of the wealthy, of brick and mortar. On this, facing the south-east, is erected a doorway four feet high, with folding doors. Attached to the doorposts, and extending around the circle, is a latticework of wood, of the same height, made in sections, so that it can be taken apart, folded together, and carried on a camel. A circular frame, three feet in diameter, is lifted up on sticks or rafters, little thicker than a man's thumb, the lower ends of which are then fastened to the top of the lattice. The rafters have a slope of about forty degrees. Many others are then put in place, their upper ends being inserted into holes in the edge of the wheel above. Both lattice and rafters are covered with two or three layers of felt, tied on by home-made ropes of

camel's hair. A piece of felt covers the circular skylight, half of it being drawn back in good weather, to admit the sunlight, and allow the smoke of the fire to escape. There is no other window. The felt not quite reaching the ground, there is



CHINESE BLACKSMITHS

ventilation on all sides in the summer. On the approach of cold weather, the lower part of the tent is banked up with earth.

Here, then, is a little circular hut, in which the sunshine, coming through

the window above, slowly moves from one side of the room to the other, and serves as a sun-dial. Pretty little bureaus, chests and cupboards, form a circle against the lattice. Among these, at the west side, toward Tibet, is a shrine full of bronze idols clothed in yellow silk, before which incense is burning, and small cups of wine are placed in an orderly

array. At the right side of the door, as one enters, are shelves holding jars of milk and cream, in various degrees of sourness. The floor is covered with felt, with the exception of the square fireplace in the center, and the amount and condition of the felt is an index of wealth or poverty. A poor man will have the bare ground as his floor, with only a time-worn piece of felt where most required for guests, and a woolly sheepskin, full of fleas or something worse, which he politely insists on spreading beneath his guest. The felts on a rich man's floor will be neat, and sewed in interesting patterns.

A well-to-do Mongol builds several tents side by side in a straight line, and behind them, if in southern Mongolia, he erects a small adobe house. There are enclosures fenced with turf, to be used as pens for horses and cattle, one of them being reserved to hold the winter's supply of hay. Before the tents there are frames for drying cheese, and at one side is a sheepfold, fenced with many high poles, to keep off the wolves. Another enclosure for animals is made by digging a circular trench, placing the earth in a regular ridge outside. A cow or horse may get down into the ditch, but will then be still less able to jump out.

The tents are warm in winter, with a good fire generously fed, but thick sheepskin clothing is the main dependence for warmth. In the summer, which is the rainy season, the tents are damp, even though they are occasionally taken apart to dry. For protection against the weather, they are better than a wigwam, but not as good as an adobe house.

But this is home,¹—and what place can be dearer? The home lacks much that makes our homes precious, for the gospel of love has not yet diffused its sweetness in the hearts of these poor people. The husband divorces his wife, or the wife leaves her husband, whenever inclined to do so. They ought to learn a lesson from the pretty swallows that flit in and out through the skylight and build their nest on a little board hung under the rafters. They never forsake each other or their young.

The traveling tent, used mostly by Chinese merchants, is very different from those above described. It has two posts and a cross-bar to hold up the ridge. Two layers of coarse cotton cloth form the sides, and large flaps of the same close in the ends at night. The cloth is held by ropes attached to pegs driven in the ground. Such tents

¹ The same word is used for tent and home.

give a poor shelter, but are infinitely better than nothing.

The Chinese thus describe a group of Mongol tents, and the surprise with which one sees them for the first time:—

“Yüan k'an, i tso fên,
Chin k'an, yeh yu mên,
Li t'ou hu shuo hua;
Ch'u lai la, yeh shih ko jên.”

“Seen from afar, they look like graves. At nearer view, each has a door. A gibberish talking is heard inside; and something comes out, which is also a man¹.”

As you ride up to an encampment, you must approach it from the front, not from any other side, for that would be impolite. The dogs, which are fierce and not tied, rush out as though they would devour you. You shout “Nohoi hure!” “Take care of the dogs!” and the women and children call them off, throwing sticks at them. Then you dismount, hitch your horse, and proceed to enter the tent. You must leave your whip or cane outside, for if not, the people will think you are about to beat them in their own home. Be careful for your head, as you pass through the low

¹ That is, it is a man, as truly as yourself.

doorway, and do not step on the threshold, nor hit it with your boot, for it is one of their gods, and you do not want to give needless offence. Saluting the people in the tent with "Mundo" (Peace), you turn to the left, and sit on the felt-covered floor.

As the room is small, strict proprieties must be observed. The place at the right of the door being reserved for the family, the guests must occupy the opposite or western side. If they wish to show one special honor, they invite and urge him to sit on the side opposite the door, and spread for him a thick and handsomely embroidered mat, and place another behind his back. That is the way they honor their priests. You may sit like the Turks and Chinese, or sit on one boot, as the Mongols do, clasping the knee of the other leg. Your feet may point toward the door, but not toward the idols; and you may lay your hat on one of the bureaux up toward the idols, but not toward the door. While we do not wish to honor the idols, we must have some regard for the feelings of the family. One must not let his boot hit the grate in the center of the tent, for that also is an object of worship. Having greeted the family repeatedly, inquiring after the welfare of each member, you must also ask if the animals are fat and well, for

that is the custom. The host offers his snuff-bottle, which you must receive with both hands, bring to your nose, and pretend to smell. If you are an accomplished traveler, you will have your own snuff-bottle, with which you could return the compliment. This is as important as hand-shaking in America.

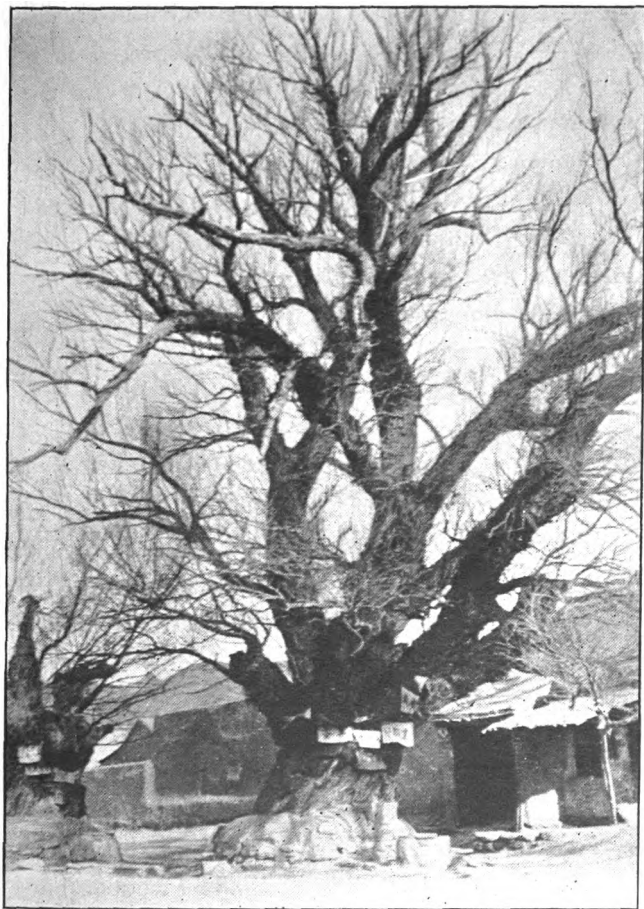
Once a Chinese preacher, wishing to impress on the Mongols the idea that their books of Buddhist prayers were of no value, and not being able to speak in their language, pretended to throw the books out of the door. Very naturally they replied by seizing his Bible, and trying to throw it out. His method was hardly the right one for winning the love of the people and teaching them a better way.

But here you are in their little round home, and taking mental notes of all that you see. A tiny table or box is placed before you, perhaps a foot long, half a foot wide and a few inches in height. On it is placed a plate containing strips of white cheese, sour or sweet, clean or the opposite, and a cup or bowl of salt tea. You receive each favor with both hands, to show your whole-hearted appreciation. You must at least taste what is offered, so as not to offend the host. If things are not perfect-

ly tidy, one must not be fastidious. This is prairie style. The tea has been made by boiling together water, tea, salt and cream. Its value depends on the proportion of cream, your condition as to thirst, and your familiarity with the beverage. It was a newcomer, unused to the ways of the land, who pronounced it "dish-water." If you are thirsty from a long ride in the sun and wind, or if you have traveled much in Mongolia, you will relish the drink. It at least has the merit of having been boiled. If taken in faith, without asking questions, it slakes one's thirst, soothes the weary nerves, and enables one to wait patiently while the dinner is being prepared.

The food of the Mongols is more palatable than that of the Chinese, because more thoroughly cooked¹, and because mutton, milk, cream and butter are freely used. Sometimes an entire haunch of mutton, with the large tail of pure fat, will be set before guests as their dinner. Each person helps himself by means of a long knife, a pair of chopsticks, and his fingers. Bowls of rice boiled in mutton gravy complete the feast. At other

¹ The Chinese say, that to only partly cook the food is economy of fuel; and that food thus prepared will keep off hunger for a longer time than it would if thoroughly done.



WILLOW TREE (WORSHIPED) KALGAN

times there will be dough-strings boiled in cream, or thick griddle-cakes fried in butter. If one is fond of drinking milk, he can have plenty in the summer, but not at other seasons, because the cows are so poorly fed. He will have the women use his clean tin pail or cup for the milking, instead of their wooden milk-pails, which are never washed. In respect to food, the Mongols who live near the Chinese have an advantage over those in the interior of the country in being able to buy rice, millet, potatoes, eggs and fruit.

Perhaps you have brought your own supply of food, as foreigners often do. A Chinese cook, a bellows, a stew-pan and griddle, and a few tins of foreign provisions, make life much more enjoyable. For some persons, these things would be essential to health. In no way can you win the hearts of the natives more readily, than by bestowing upon them a taste of your delicacies; but, whatever you give to any one, the same must be given to each person present or they will be envious and disagreeable.

At length you have an opportunity to see how they eat. Your host draws a shallow wooden bowl from his bosom, where all sorts of things are kept. If he wipes it, he does so with a blackened cloth,

that is used for various purposes. Towel, handkerchief and napkin, are all the same in his language. Then he puts in the bowl parched millet or oatmeal, and pours in milk or tea. With noisy lips, to show his appreciation, he eats and drinks at the same time, and, having licked the bowl clean, puts it back in its former place. Holding a piece of meat in his hand, he grasps it with his teeth, and slashes a knife in front of his face, thereby cutting off a mouthful. It does not injure his nose, for that is flat, and the habits of his ancestors have produced skill in this use of the knife. Wishing to wipe off the food that is left on his face, he draws his hands over his lips, and rubs them down his sleeves, gown and trousers, all the way to his boots. That his clothes become soiled is something that he does not notice. The Mongols never wash their clothes; they wear them out, and then buy new.

After a hot day, in which one misses the shade of trees, the long, cool evening is most refreshing. While the shadows are lengthening, the calves are brought home, and tied by their noses to a rope fastened to the ground. If your host is a man of wealth you may see twenty of these little innocents marshaled in a line. The cows come home of themselves, and are tied to other ropes. The women do

all the work, in all sorts of weather, while the men smoke and talk business, or perhaps care for the horses and camels. The calves know that they are to help do the milking, and are eager for the privilege. Without the help of the calf, no milk could be obtained,—a fact which foreigners deride and doubt, but have not been able to disprove. The sun sets in glory, and the twilight is so prolonged, as to remind one of the land of the midnight sun. The beautiful green prairie, the lowing of the cattle, the home-coming of a thousand sheep, and the leisurely manner of Oriental life, impart the feeling that you are not in the modern world, but are a guest of Abraham or Job.

As daylight will come early, the hours must be improved in sleep. The evening has been spent out-of-doors. In the winter it would be passed in the tent, around a blazing fire, with story-telling or music from a two-stringed fiddle. Custom requires one to sleep with his head toward the idols, and his feet pointing away from them, or toward the door. This is not considered as worship, but as the only orderly method of lying down for sleep. A new-born calf or lamb is brought in for shelter. The flap of felt is drawn over the skylight, and all go to rest; but sleep is broken by the barking

of dogs, and our host rises frequently, to see whether the animals are in danger from thieves or wolves.

Morning dawns, and the first question asked by every one is: "Did you sleep well?" The Mongols do not necessarily wash their faces, but when one does so, he sucks the water into his mouth, blows it out into his hands, and rubs it on his face. The women prepare tea as early as possible. By frequently drinking tea and eating cheese, the appetites of all are kept waiting until night, when men, women, children and dogs, eat the only meal of the day.

The women do all the hard work, except what can be done on horseback. In the spring and autumn, they gather fuel for the whole year. The stacks of black "argol"¹ near every home bear witness to their industry. When water is wanted, a woman trudges off to the well in her boots, and presently brings back a heavy load with her two buckets and pole. She never thinks of being on an equality with a man or a boy, or that she ought to be excused from going to get the water. If a wall needs to be built, or a mud-house plastered, and the family is not rich, the women do the work,

¹ That is, dried dung of any animal.

chiefly with their hands, using balls of mud¹ as bricks.

The husband goes away on long journeys, and the wife becomes skilful in buying what may be needed, and making the most of her scant supplies. She sells cheese and fuel to passing caravans, and is paid in flour, grain or tea. Her lips are always moving in prayer. Whenever her hands are free from work, which may not be often, she fingers her beads. Perhaps she is praying that she may be a man in the next life. Her lot in this world is not happy, and her hope of a joyous future is not bright. She is not a slave, like her Chinese sisters, but liberty is perverted, and a life with little moral teaching and less restraint is a life of sin and sorrow. While burdened with work, and caring for the children alone, with no help from her husband, she suffers from rheumatism and many other ailments. She is sick much more than women in Western lands. She always wears thinner garments than her husband, and has to sleep, even in the coldest weather, in the lowliest and least healthful place, on the ground at the door of the tent.

¹ Or perhaps balls of cow's dung.

CHAPTER XI

MORE OF THEIR CUSTOMS

The Mongols are a simple-minded folk, easily pleased, easily angered, and inclined to speak the truth. For a pecuniary advantage, as in business, they will prevaricate. They are childlike barbarians, unlike the smart and treacherous Chinese. After living among the latter, where everything must be watched, unless securely locked, it is a mental relief to go into Mongolia, where the tendencies to thievishness and hypocrisy are not so highly developed.

Here business is generally barter. Chinese cash is seldom used. It is too heavy to be carried conveniently on a horse. Bricks of tea are used as money in the north, but lumps of silver are the universal currency. They must be carefully weighed. The business man carries his little ivory balances wherever he goes. The quality of the silver is tested in the argol fire. The smoke gives it a black color, but that is no matter.

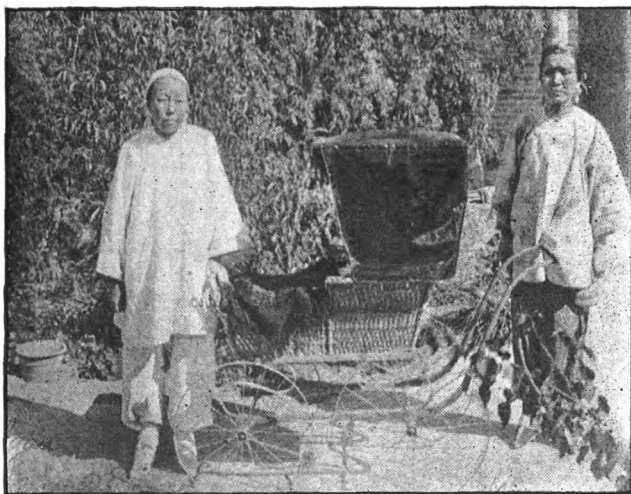
The Mongols have so little experience in buying

and selling, that they know nothing of the market price, and have exaggerated ideas of the value of their goods. They are honest in asking high prices, for they do not know better; but the Chinese knowingly ask several times what a thing is worth, expecting the buyer, if in full possession of his mental faculties, to dicker a long time, and insist on a much lower price.

Having no commercial instinct, the Mongol is terribly cheated by his more civilized neighbor. Having offered him tea, tobacco, alcohol and opium, and made him as drunk as possible, the Chinese trader, for one hundred dollars' worth of animals or goods, gives him credit for thirty dollars, and squares the account with perhaps five dollars' worth of Chinese wares.

Hospitality is a famous virtue of the Mongols. It is appreciated when one, traveling over an apparently boundless plain, is overtaken by a thunderstorm, or by the relentless approach of night. Any shelter that can be found is gratefully accepted. A stranger is sure of a cordial welcome, unless some one in the tent is sick. A bowl of food and a place to sleep are always freely given. There are no inns or hotels. When any one travels, he receives a return for the entertainment he has given to others.

A poor man will have two horses, whose feed costs him nothing, except a little work every autumn making hay. He can ride with relays of horses to any distance, for, at the beginning of each day's

**KALGAN WOMEN****Bible Woman in White****Mrs. Yen in Mourning**

journey, he leaves his horse in exchange for a fresh one. The horses are not injured, as each one can rest and graze the most of the time. In due season the rider comes back by the same route, and brings each horse back to its owner. This is the common method of traveling, and speaks well for the

mutual confidence of the people. Hospitality being so sure and universal, no money for road expenses is needed, even for a journey of a thousand miles. In what other country is it so easy for a poor man to travel?

In this vast territory, with its scattered population, the horse and camel are all-important. Steam and electricity have not yet rendered them unnecessary. All the horses of a village graze in one herd, for economy of labor in watching them. Once in a year, the colts are branded. The Mongols love their favorite riding ponies, and are kind to all their animals. The Chinese are often cruel to theirs, regarding them only from a financial standpoint. When one sees scores or hundreds of horses on the prairie, grazing or resting, and enjoying their freedom, it makes one commiserate their underfed and overloaded fellows in China.

To catch a horse in the open field, a pole with a rope fastened at one end, and tied around the pole in a loop, is used. Riding on a swift horse, one slips the loop over the head of the other horse, and twists the pole, which quickly subdues it. In a large enclosure, a man runs by the horse, puts his arms around its neck, and holds on with splendid pluck, the animal struggling to break loose, until

it is secured with a rope. The commonest device for catching a horse is to pretend to untie the fetters on its legs,—no matter whether there are any or not; it will stand still for this to be done, and so be caught.

The Mongols learn to ride at the age of thirteen. Before that time they would hardly have sufficient strength. Boys are selected to ride in the races, because of their light weight. After riding around the stone altar, and receiving a blessing from the priests, including a sprinkling of the horses with mare's milk, the boys ride leisurely to some place ten or fifteen miles away, and then race back. Sometimes one or more fall from their horses on the way, or when arriving at the goal, and a few receive fatal injuries.

While the people wait for the racers to go and return, they are entertained with an exhibition of wrestling. The Mongols are fond of this sport, often practice it in private, and acquire strength and skill. A priest and layman¹ are pitted against each other. After paying their respects to the

¹ The priests have shaven heads. All other men have queues like the Chinese, and are called "black men," from the color of the hair. Wrestling is always a struggle between the clergy and laity. This illustrates the fact that religious and ecclesiastical ideas are the ones that dominate the Mongol mind.

presiding officer, who may be a Living Buddha or other magnate, they dance around on the green turf, in a large ring of gorgeously attired spectators,¹ each wrestler trying to gain the advantage in taking hold.² Then follows a splendid contest of physical strength, a pulling and struggling and balancing. Their bare muscles quiver under the tremendous strain. A favorite method is to try to lift one's opponent in the air; when this is accomplished, it is easy to throw him. At last one falls; and the victor, with gestures of the wildest joy, in which feet and hands are equally active, runs to kneel before the presiding officer, who rewards him with a few pieces of cheese. These he flings in the air, as he goes to join the spectators. The small boys scramble for the cheese, and a fresh pair of wrestlers enter the arena.

The pole and rope, used in catching horses, are also of service in capturing a wolf. If sheep or other animals have been attacked repeatedly, and

¹ All the priests are clad in red, purple or yellow. The women are arrayed in all their ornaments, their elaborate headdresses dangling with silver and coral, and even the children wearing their best and brightest clothes. Many have come from afar to see the sights, the women riding horses astride, as well as the men.

² Once I saw a lama grasp one hand of the layman, and quickly go backward in a circular line, throwing his opponent by centrifugal force, when the contest seemed hardly begun.

patience is exhausted, two men watch at night, one armed with pole and rope, and the other with a forked stick. When the wolf comes, the men chase him on horseback, till he is exhausted, and cannot run farther. Then one catches him with the pole and rope, and the other pins his head to the ground with the forked stick. The first dismounts, and, taking out the long knife that a Mongol always carries, skins the wolf alive. Then they let him free, and he goes and tells the other wolves that the Mongols are terrible fellows. The flesh dries, cracks and bleeds, and after three or four days of agony, the poor creature dies. The Mongols were afraid to kill him, because their religion teaches them that taking life is sin; so they satisfied their feelings of revenge, without violating their conscientious scruples. Besides, they dared not let loose the devil, whom they thought to be incarnate in the wolf.

The Chinese being timid, wolves attack and devour them; but they run away from a Mongol. The Chinese, none too clean themselves, ridicule the filth of the Mongols, and say it is their odor that scares off the wolf. Their sheepskin garments, full of argol smoke and creosote, naturally are offensive to civilized men; but the Mongols do not

perceive the smell, for they are used to it, and live so much in the open air. If one of them should notice it, it would doubtless be a pleasant reminder of home.

A drunken Mongol is frequently seen, and is to be feared, because he is utterly unreasonable, and is liable to use his dagger. Their own wine, made from mare's milk, does not intoxicate so quickly, nor make them so crazy, as the alcohol which they buy from the Chinese. That affects them far more seriously than it does the Celestials. Alcohol in Mongolia is as bad as opium in China. When a drunken or notoriously bad man comes to a house, to rest and drink tea, the women pour the tea for him, fulfilling the requirements of etiquette, while the man climbs to the roof, from which advantageous position he holds a conversation with the visitor, as if seated at his side.

The Mongols become used to the cold climate, and in October, when snow was on the ground, and we who had come from Kalgan were wearing flannels and furs, the Mongol babies were running naked out-of-doors, as if it were midsummer. Even the flies are accustomed to the cold weather, and are lively after those farther south have been killed by the frost.

Haymaking is a busy season on this plain. The men and women go to the work together. Their scythe-blades, a foot and a half in length, are fastened to straight handles eight or ten feet long.



CHINESE CARPENTERS

Custom requires that the grass near a village should be reserved as pasture for the animals, and therefore the hay must be cut at a distance. An ox-cart is used to bring it home. Chinese workmen come

from afar to help in the haying, but only the wealthy can hire them, for they demand high wages, perhaps twenty cents a day. Every one must lay up some hay for emergencies. In the winter, the horses and camels, cattle and sheep, are expected to paw away the snow, and find dead grass enough for their sustenance. If the snow should be unusually deep, or evenly distributed, and not blown into drifts, the animals must be fed. Sometimes they starve and die in large numbers. In such a case, the people are impoverished and greatly distressed. Yet laziness is such a strong habit, that generally too little hay is cut. To the more provident, however, if living near a trade route, where there will be a steady demand, hay is a profitable crop. One man told me that, by cutting hay three months, and selling it to travelers, he could support himself and family for the entire year.

The Mongols are not anxious, like the Chinese, who live from hand to mouth, and are always in fear of starving. That is almost an unavoidable result of a crowded population, combined with a general lack of education. But the Mongols have so scant a population, and so many animals, that it would be well-nigh impossible for them to starve.

When hungry, they merely kill another sheep. A poor man will keep goats, and live on their milk, while they prance and fight on the roof of his tent. The very poorest have some relations or friends, who would help them to survive. No one would refuse to give a poor man a little food. The result is, that the people as a whole are cheerful, and even jovial.

Once it was my good fortune to see something of a wedding in high life. I went to visit the Am-ban, an official with whom we were acquainted. As he weighed about four hundred pounds, he had to have a cart and a chair made especially strong for his use. As soon as I reached his home, a sheep was brought to the tent in which I was to lodge, and I was asked in what way I would prefer to have it killed. Though I pitied the sheep, I must not seem ungrateful for the gift. It was thought that I might have some prejudice as to the manner of slaughter, like that of the Mohammedans. I said that they might kill it in their own way. Their method was most interesting, and not horrifying, as is the way of the Chinese. Pulling a little wool from the sheep's breast, and making a small cut through the skin, a hand was inserted, and one of the arteries near the heart was pulled apart, causing

a quick and apparently bloodless death. The men took it into my tent, to cut up the meat. The lattice was curtained with handsomely colored silk, and the furniture was of the best. To my surprise, they kept all of the blood in the skin, and nothing was spattered. The food was made in the highest style of Chinese culinary art, with extras supplied from a Mongolian dairy farm.

In the evening the bride was brought to the home, dressed in black, riding on a black pony, and leaning over its head as a sign of humility. The ladies who welcomed her were clad in silks of all colors, with skirts¹ that swept the ground, and wore headdresses of silver, with many strings of corals, pearls, and nuggets of silver and gold, reaching from their heads almost to their feet.² The father of the groom was purposely absent, according to custom. The bride knelt to worship heaven and earth, and each member of the family. During the evening we heard fine singing, unlike the Chinese

¹ In China the women wear no skirts, except on great occasions. Some ladies of means, invited to a feast, wore skirts on the way thither, but on their arrival took them off, and carefully folded them up, to be taken home. The Manchu and Mongol women always wear long dresses or gowns, which they do not tie at the waist. Therefore "girdleless" is the Mongolian word for woman. "Mothers" is used instead in the north.

² One of these elaborate headdresses, with all its pendants, would be worth about \$400 U. S. gold.

attempts at music,—several voices uniting sweetly in high and prolonged tones, that were very pleasing to the ear. I tried to get a copy of the words, but was told that they never are written, being known only to certain professional choirs, who earn their living by singing on great occasions.

The next morning the bride went to each tent in the encampment, made very low bows to the relatives and guests, and presented each one with a strip of colored silk. This could be kept as a memento, or be used as money in making purchases. The “hatag” is much used in this way in the north.

A funeral is a simple affair. When a priest has died, a service is held in a field, the body is placed in a sitting posture, like a Buddha, and is cremated.¹ Afterward each person present throws a stone on the ashes, and the monument is already made. In the case of any one not a priest, the body is stripped bare, placed on an ox-cart, and taken to some place not near to any village or road. Then the cart is driven furiously, and the body is jolted off, the driver not looking back on the way home. Quite likely he would not dare to look back, lest he might see a demon chasing him. The corpse is

¹ Argol is the fuel commonly used for this purpose, but wood would be used in the north.

left where it fell, for the birds and beasts to devour. The theory is, that the sooner it is completely destroyed, the earlier the soul will be released from purgatory, and will be born in this world again, by the process of transmigration.

The most delightful sight in Mongolia, apart from the beauties of nature, is the Midsummer Festival. It is held at every considerable temple, on the fourteenth and fifteenth days of the sixth moon. The people, after having witnessed a grand procession of priests in magnificent costumes, arrange themselves in a large circle in front of the temple. They are all in holiday attire, arrayed in brilliant colors, surrounding the green sward. If the weather is not stormy, the sky, with its puffy and foamy clouds, adds its charms to the scene below. Trumpets are blown, and two boys, with masks representing white-haired men with long beards, come slowly out of the temple, and walk wearily around. Having gone back, they come again with death-masks, and dance most comically, to the sound of trumpet and drum. Men follow in pairs, with masks representing the heads and horns of many kinds of animals, a few of which are fabulous. Then come others, with gorgeous robes, and crowns adorned with peacock feathers, personating

the gods. There is no confusion, but a solemn pantomime dance to the sound of music, each two retiring before the next come out. The performance was most pleasing, and contained nothing offensive to good taste. If it could be freed from its idolatrous associations, and be presented to Western audiences, it would be a delight to all. If Buddhism is to be replaced by Christianity, as we hope and believe, it would seem as if this ceremony, so quaint and harmless, might be retained, perhaps not by this people, but by some others, as a curious relic of bygone times.

The greatest event in a Mongol's life is a pilgrimage to a sacred shrine in Shansi, called Wu T'ai Shan, one hundred and fifty miles south southwest from Kalgan. One visit there is said to ensure happiness in the future life,—regardless of one's conduct in this world,—and if one can go there several times, it will make him happy in the same number of lifetimes hereafter. Such being the case, it is not strange that some persons strive to go there once in each year.

In the autumn or early winter, many companies make this journey. They go on camels and horses, with loads of valuable presents to the gods. Clad in their best, they appear like rich people traveling

for pleasure. They go to Peking, worship at the Mongol temples there, and then proceed several days' distance to the "Five Terraces" (Wu T'ai) in Shansi, where the mountains rise to the height of ten thousand feet, and in the many temples, built all the way up the mountain, the priests are waiting to receive the offerings of the devout. The visitor is treading on holy ground. If he has any ailment of the flesh, he may have it healed through prayer. If he has made the pilgrimage for the benefit of some one else that person will receive surprisingly great mercies for both body and soul, in his far-away home. The pilgrim worships and presents gifts at every shrine, gives away all his animals, and returns hundreds of weary miles on foot, begging as he goes. All the way, both going and returning, he counts his beads, or swings the prayer-wheel in his hand.

In some cases, especially if praying for healing, or fulfilling a vow, the devotee falls full length on the ground, rises and stands where his head was, and repeats the process, measuring with his own body the immense distance between his home and Wu T'ai. It may be a thousand miles or more, but his mind is desperately in earnest, and the distance, difficulties and dangers, do not appal him. In the

country where people believe themselves saved from sin by such works, the man, if he survives and returns home, is honored as a saint.

CHAPTER XII

PREPARING THE CARAVAN

"Ye have compassed this mountain long enough; turn you northward."

At Hara Oso there are three little villages, of a few families each. Behind the middle one Mr. Larson had pitched his large Mongol tent, a smaller one that he had rented, and two or three cloth tents. A camel-cart, a dog, horses and visitors, added to the picturesqueness of the scene. There were now in our company six American missionaries, six Swedish missionaries, and six little Swedish children. The oldest child was two or three years of age, and there were two babies only one or two months old. The tents and Boyinto's house were not sufficient for such a number of persons. Six miles away, great numbers of Boxers were preparing to attack a Roman Catholic village, and they might swoop down on us at any time. Mr. Larson told us that we should not be able to remain there twenty days. Our preparations for the journey were made in all possible haste, and used less than half of that time.



MR. AND MRS. F. A. LARSON AND CHILDREN

300635

Mr. Frans August Larson was a natural leader, most providentially raised up for us, and splendidly fitted for his task. He could speak the Mongolian language fluently, was a fine horseman and marksman,—which count for much in the desert and prairie,—and had won the true friendship of some of the Mongols, who for this reason were willing to go with us through many dangers. Mr. Larson had twice gone through the desert of Gobi, so that he knew what conditions we should find there, and what preparations should be made. Best of all, he was a brave man.

The people asked him a question which would be resented anywhere: "Have you any silver?" The inference was, that, if so, they would try to take it.

He replied: "Yes, and I shall buy what animals I want. I shall not steal from any of you."

The magistrate, whose name was Badam Dāroga, said to Mr. Larson: "You must leave this place."

Larson answered: "I must have a few days to prepare for the journey."

The official replied: "You must go to-day."

Larson said: "If you want a fight, bring on your men, for I have a good rifle, and am not afraid of any number of you."

With these words he overawed the official, and to this fact, under the divine Providence, we owed our freedom from attack while at that place. Badam wrote a letter to the "Big Man" at a yamên distant several days' journey, saying that he could not manage these obstreperous foreigners. We never heard of his receiving a reply.

With a few exceptions, both Chinese and Mongols were hostile. In these circumstances, the love and devotion of our friends was most touching. When we fled to the yamên, only one dared to go with us. He had been with us fifteen years, first as a pupil, and afterward as a chapel-keeper; and, being intelligent and faithful, had been useful in preaching, though not dignified with a preacher's title, nor paid a preacher's salary. He was a man of a pure life and willing disposition. Sad to relate, he became sick while helping us at Hara Oso, went home, and was killed by the Boxers. Mr. Williams' servant also came to us into Mongolia, and made himself useful, going to our homes, and bringing things which we needed. Two others, a schoolboy and a carpenter, followed us to Hara Oso, and showed us much kindness.

Consider for a moment the difficult problem to be solved. A thousand miles must be traversed

without the aid of steam. The natives along the route were liable to attack us. Three hundred miles of desert must be crossed, with the likelihood of a water-famine. With the ladies and children, we could not travel fast. There were no good prospects even of our being able to buy food. We prayed hard in those days of preparation, and prayed the prayer of Moses: "If thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence"; and we received in our hearts the promise of God to Moses: "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest."

Mr. Larson had ten camels and nine horses, all ready for our use. This was something more than refugees could expect. It was a mercy of Providence that he had these animals; for, if he had had none, and suddenly tried to buy a large number, the price would have gone up beyond our reach, and we could not have crossed the desert. Having these as a nucleus, he gradually bought more, until there were twenty camels and nineteen horses,—not a small number, but, considering how they lost their strength through lack of grass in the desert, they were none too many to carry our people and baggage. Mr. C. W. Campbell, British vice-consul at Shanghai, had intended to make a long journey

of exploration in northeastern Mongolia, with Mr. Larson as his business manager and interpreter,—Mr. Larson taking two camel-loads of Bibles, to sell and explain on the way;—and he had given Mr. Larson money with which to buy camels, horses, tents and all things that might be needed; but Mr. Campbell was detained by the war, assisting Admiral Seymour's column. Since he could not use his animals, we, of course, were most happy to have them. After reaching Siberia, Mr. Larson sold them and refunded the money to Mr. Campbell.

It was necessary that the ladies and children should ride in carts. Mr. Larson had one good camel-cart, which he had had made for Mr. Campbell. In this Mrs. Larson and her children were to be accommodated. For the other ladies, the best that he could do was to buy ox-carts. Though they were of very rude construction, ugly in appearance and likely to come to pieces, there were no others to be bought. He had wooden frames built over them, covered with cornstalk matting, to keep off the sun and rain. As the axles were mortised into the wheels, and turned around with them, one wheel would move and the other drag at every bend of the road. This would twist and

might break the axle. Therefore extra axles had to be provided.

One of the Mongols who helped us, but did not go with us, was Boyinto. Years ago he was Mr. Gilmour's servant. In 1885, to Mr. Gilmour's great joy, he confessed his faith in Christ. For ten years he witnessed a good profession. In 1895, Mr. Larson having made repairs in his house, with a view to living there, and doing mission work, Boyinto was persecuted, as the landlord and friend of the foreigner. He was dragged to the yamèn, kept there many days, made sick by the hardships of the journey, and all his cows and other animals were taken away from him. This brought his family to the verge of starvation. A gift of two cows from the missionaries saved them. We did not baptize Boyinto, for fear it would bring on him greater persecution, but esteemed him highly as a friend, who, notwithstanding some faults, has seemed to be a Christian.

The tent in which the Larsons lived had only one room, fifteen feet in diameter, circular in shape, with a low doorway, on which one entering would naturally bump his head. In this room the twelve missionaries and six children ate their meals, and, considering the furniture and baggage, there was

little vacant space. Mongol men, women and children came in at all hours of the day, to watch what was being done, or to talk about business. The pleasantest visitors were six or eight dirty little children, who, for several summers, had constituted Mrs. Larson's kindergarten class. She had played with them, shown them pictures, and taught them a great deal, without their suspecting it. Best of all, they had learned to love their teacher. As they came early and stayed all day, there was no privacy in the home, and to have them there all the time was a trying ordeal. Mrs. Larson, caring for her two little children, and providing food for so large a company, still entertained and taught her kindergarten scholars, with a sublime patience that never failed.

On Monday, June 18, there came a drizzling rain, worth millions of dollars. It was an answer to many prayers, and averted famine. At other times such a rain, following a drought, would so delight the people, as to make them more friendly to foreigners; but in this case the excitement was too great. Already the fighting at Tientsin and Peking had begun. After the rain, the weather turned cold, and the smoke from the fires congealed in the tent-roofs, and fell in black drops of creosote,

Our clothing and bedding were badly stained. Three camels were lost, and we feared they had been stolen, but a day later they were found. "Captain" Larson was busy buying camels. Every day the Mongols who were to go with us were being urged by their home friends not to do so. For this reason Mr. Larson promised that we should start not later than the twenty-third.

During these days of preparation, we received three letters from the Chinese telegraph operator at Kalgan, Mr. H. Y. Yook. In the first he said:

"I have heard that railway from Peking to Tientsin will repair in these few days, and the Boxers dare not rise again, owing to there have a great deal of soldiers protect railway."

His other letters were as follows:—

"Kalgan, June 14, 1900.

"Dear Sir:

Your telegram cannot send to Peking, because all wires to there were burnt by Boxers; now I must return it to you. Sorry no true news, owing to no communication with Peking lately,—only heard anything from natives, that Boxers have reached Peking's gate where are named Yun Ting Mun, and they burned many houses, and killed some foreigners. They have battle with Chinese soldiers three times, and they were killed a great number of persons by soldiers.

"We have ordered our lineman to inspect wires, and goes to Peking, to peep the condition; in accounting he shall come back in a few days, when must have a reliable term from him. Hoping your servant come to our office next time, when I will let you know true news by him (your servant).

"With my best regards to yourself and all your combinations, I remain,

"Yours sincerely,

"H. Y. Yook."

(The telegram referred to was intended to inform our friends in Peking and America that we were still living and going to Urga. We were disappointed that it could not be sent, and realized that we were cut off from civilization.)

"Kalgan, June 21, 1900.

"Dear Sir:

Lineman came back, and reported that he could not go in Peking city, because every gate shut up, and many soldiers protect there. He heard from some men told him that Peking Telegraph Office is empty: all of clerks were run away, their burned many Chinese and foreign houses. Killed a great number of persons. Now-a-days no means to post letter to there, and traveller is difficult goes there. Before yesterday a great number of persons go to our office, but I don't know they are kind or cruel, after magistrate sent two soldiers to protect our office, when they were run away. Now I and our clerks can't stay in office any longer, only come to here a few minutes every day. Please ex-

cuse me, I cannot catch time to write properly at present. I hope you and your combinations are safely at there. I will write you afterwards when I heard any news.

"With my best regards to yourself and Messrs. Sprague, Larson and Mrs. Larson, I remain,

"Yours sincerely,

"H. Y. Yook."

"P.S. Here enclosed a telegram to Mr. Sprague, please hand to him, owing to no means can send to Peking with obliged."

Some of the mistakes in the above letters were owing to a natural nervousness, because the telegraph operators were every moment in danger of their lives. The people could not believe that the telegraph lines were owned by their government, but regarded them as a device of the outside barbarians for bewitching and conquering the country. They hated the telegraph operators as much as if they were foreigners.

The following letter from Rev. Mr. Tewksbury throws some light on the condition of affairs:—

"Peking, Tues. 6-19-1.

"Dear Mr. Roberts:

Came to post-office to ask in regard to mails. Find one just leaving, so send you a word in haste. All Missions in Peking burned except M. E., where we all are. Seventy foreigners, six hundred or seven hundred Chinese, twenty American marines, all tired and anxious.

"Allied troops 2400 started over a week ago repair R. R. to Peking, not up here yet, and no news of them for several days. 1700 Russians said to have started on 15th from Riu,¹ also not arrived.

"Situation very critical, but think our lives are probably safe. The good Lord still rules.

"We are thinking much of you. To-day asked U. S. Minister to arrange with Russian Minister, to do what he could for your passage out through Russia, but as telegraph lines are down and Peking besieged, you will doubtless more easily secure passports through St. Petersburg.

"In haste,

"E. G. Tewksbury."

¹ A place on the railroad.

CHAPTER XIII

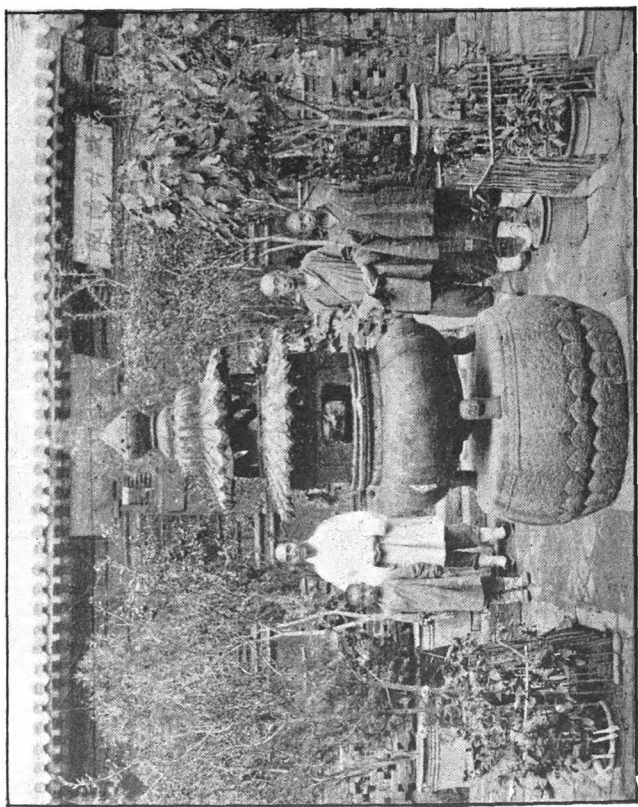
TWO RISKY TRIPS

"The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in."

When we left our homes, and were escorted out of Kalgan, we dared not take our Mission funds. The money was placed on deposit in a Chinese bank, as it had been for nearly twenty years, during which time we never lost a cent. In this time of turmoil, we did not think it safe to take the money with us, because we could not do so without publicity. We needed it to buy more camels and horses and pay the wages of our camel-drivers. Therefore Mr. Sprague went to Kalgan on a horse, June 16, attended by a Mongol named "Morning Star." He rode the entire distance in one day, going sixty miles by a circuitous route, to avoid going through the streets of the city. In the evening he cautiously approached the rear gate of our premises. After we had fled, three Christians had returned to watch the property. A Swedish missionary, Mr. A. L. Fagerholm, had come from

Pao T'ou, three hundred miles west of Kalgan, expecting to go to Sweden by way of Tientsin. He had been attacked by a mob, and rescued by soldiers, and arrived at Kalgan just before Mr. Sprague came. When he and the native brethren saw "Morning Star" climbing up and looking over the wall of our yard, they thought he was a Boxer. Great was their joy when they recognized him and saw that Mr. Sprague also had come.

In the evening Mr. Sprague went to the bank, protected by a soldier, and asked for the money. The men in the bank might have refused to give it, or might have said: "We know that you are fleeing for your lives; wait, and get it when you return." But no,—they paid him every cent; for the Chinese are very honest in large business affairs, however dishonest in small matters. This praiseworthy habit doubtless arose from fear of cruel punishments, which they would suffer if detected in large frauds. Furthermore, the bankers were truly our friends. The soldier might have killed Mr. Sprague, and two or three hundred dollars would have been a great prize for a poor Chinese to get. He probably would not have been punished, but rather would have been congratulated for having killed one of the "foreign devils."



IRON CENSER AND PRIESTS, TEMPLE COURT.—KALGAN

Mr. Sprague ordered the purchase of food supplies, and sent them on carts to Hara Oso; but there were so many to be fed, that, even with this provision, we did not have enough.

Having become convinced that our houses would be protected by the mandarins, he sent for his boxes, which he had left in Mr. Schapoff's care. At the Great Gate the cartload of boxes was stopped by the officials, who said that they contained arms and ammunition. This is not strange, for, about the same time and place, they captured seventy camel-loads of rifles and cartridges that were being taken to supply the Roman Catholics. They sent this message to Mr. Sprague: "If you want them south of the Great Wall, why did you take them out to the north? But if you wanted to take them to Mongolia, why do you now wish to bring them back?" If he would go in person to the gate, and testify as to their contents, the boxes would be admitted. He did not think it prudent to do so, and sent word to the cartman to haul them to Hara Oso.

Then he set out on his return, bringing the silver, and accompanied by Mr. Fagerholm, who traveled in a cart. "Morning Star" rode on in haste, with a letter to explain the delay; for the cart

could not go rapidly, and Mr. Sprague knew that we were anxious for his safety. The region through which they came was infested with highway robbers, for the approaching state of war had permitted a great increase of lawlessness; and we greeted Mr. Sprague, on his safe return, as one delivered from many perils, and given back to us by a kind Providence, in answer to our earnest prayers.

Then it occurred to us that there was need of warm clothing for the whole party, for the ladies and children were suffering from the cold, although it was in the month of June. Hara Oso is farther north than New York,¹ and more than five thousand feet above the sea; and flannels, overcoats and blankets were needed, even in midsummer. In traveling northward to Siberia, the warm clothing would be still more indispensable.

So I started back toward Kalgan on the twentieth, in the cart that had brought Mr. Fagerholm. My only companion was the driver, who was a heathen, and addicted to drinking wine. We went by the same roundabout route which Mr. Sprague had traversed, passing by the little city of "Perfection." Coming near to Kalgan, I walked across

¹ Hara Oso is in nearly 41° 36' north latitude.

the hills, past the Flower Pot Kiln, while the cart went around through the streets. It was in the busy hoeing season, and there were many men in the fields, but the most of them had gone to sleep, it being the hour of their noon rest. Enough of them were awake, however, to keep yelling: "Devil! devil!" as I went past.

Our homes had been sealed by the magistrates with strips of paper covered with printed and written words, which, being pasted over the doors and windows, would show if the houses had been entered. Three policemen were in the yard, and two soldiers were guarding it outside. The policemen had taken down the names of teacher Lo's family, ostensibly with the intention of giving them protection, but we thought that the real intent was, in certain contingencies, to put them all to death. The teacher was helping in the care of our houses. One of his pupils was there, crying much, but protesting that, live or die, he would not leave him. For a number of years Mr. Lo had taught the "New Virtue School," and was valued for his efficiency and thoughtful care for the boys. His courage in coming back to watch the Mission property was above all praise. Three others helped him in this hazardous endeavor. We learned

afterward, to our great joy, that, when our houses were burned, they all escaped without injury.

The police sealed up the houses again as soon as I had taken out the needed clothing. The war excitement in the city was intense. An attack by Russian soldiers from the north was expected, and hurried preparations for defence were being made. Two thousand five hundred (!) of Tung Fu Hsiang's soldiers were to come from Peking, to protect this city. No one seemed to realize that the lack of water in the desert of Gobi would make it impossible for a large army to reach Kalgan from the north.

I had brought from Hara Oso a letter which some one had sent there for Mr. Stewart McKee, an English missionary of the China Inland Mission, who lived at Ta T'ung Fu, one hundred and twenty miles southwest of Kalgan. The letter had been written to warn Mr. McKee and his comrades of their danger. I was wondering who could take it to him, when one of the persecuted Christians from T'ungcho arrived at our place, the same evening that I was there. He told me of the scores of Christians killed at T'ungcho. I hired him to start early the next morning, June 22, to take the letter. We never heard whether Mr. McKee received it,

but learned long afterward, to our deep sorrow, that he and the others of his party, in all six missionaries and four children, were attacked by the Boxers on the twelfth of July, and burned to death in their home. Alas for our well-loved friends! Would that they might have started early and escaped! How near our whole company had been to sharing their fate!

There was in Kalgan a so-called "Peking cart" with its trappings, which belonged to Mr. and Mrs. Sprague, and were needed by them. Repairs had to be made in haste. The driver and horses which I had hired to take this cart to Hara Oso refused to go, and it was with the utmost difficulty that I succeeded in hiring others and making the return trip. On the way, I passed a village where Boxers were practicing with their clubs, and they, seeing a foreigner, came and stood in a row by the road, while I slowly dragged past them in the cart. I had not disguised my appearance at all. I was thankful that I did not have to use my revolver. At dark I stopped at an inn, but was refused admission, and made my way to the home of the Ta Shao Yeh, who had received us before. His friendship proved unailing. He was anxious for the news, and I told him a good deal, but kept the worst in reserve.

The next day was the one set for the starting of the caravan. The wind in my face was terribly cold, as I traveled those twenty-three miles. Not knowing at what hour the caravan would start, I was anxious lest it go far away, and I might not be able to find it; for the cart-driver protested that his poor, thin mules could not carry me beyond Hara Oso. Arriving there at last, I found, to my delight, that the friends were still there, but were nearly ready to go. There was a scene of confusion. All kinds of baggage lay strewn around on the ground, and the camels were kneeling in the midst. Every one seemed to be shouting and hurrying, except the spectators, who looked on with various kinds of interest. Mr. Sprague was busily weighing silver, to make payments. The two Mongol tents, two boxes of Mongolian and Tibetan Gospels, and Mr. Sprague's eight boxes of clothing, for which he could find no safe place of storage, were left in charge of Boyinto and Badam Daroga.

The weather was perfect, and the sunset glorious, when our long string of carts, horses and loaded camels started northward over the grassy plain. The large black dog followed us faithfully. The sheep tried to go in every way but the right one.

No wonder, for the poor creatures were fleeing for their lives, like ourselves. We pitied them, but had to drive them on. The horses were frightened by Mr. Larson's bicycle, and the camels that drew the heavy carts were scared at their unaccustomed task, and attempted to run. This was rather trying to the nerves of the ladies in the carts. As some went slowly and others fast, the caravan could not be kept together. We were anxious as to the last things to take or to leave, and there were hurried words of farewell. How glad we were to be really starting for Urga! We crossed the low hill where Mr. Gilmour used to have his morning devotions, took a last sad look at the plain and villages of Hara Oso, and the beautiful lake of Angle Nor, and, after going only three miles, camped out for the night.

Does it seem strange that we were swayed by conflicting emotions? With the Boxers behind and the desert before, going toward the only door of escape, but leaving our China homes and friends, perhaps forever,—how could it be otherwise?

Unpleasant messages were sent us from Badam Daroga and other enemies. They were making trouble for Boyinto about the tents and boxes that we had left. He was in fear of impending sorrows.

We told him that he might go with us; but he refused to do so, saying: "Then what would become of my family?" Let us honor him for this brave word.

Badam Daroga continued to make trouble for us. We dared not stay where we were. Besides the danger of attack, we were much afraid that our camel-drivers would leave us, and return to their homes. This would be a calamity. Without them we would be helpless; for the loading of camels is an art, and besides, the natives all along the way would be more hostile if we were not accompanied by any of their own people. So we went on half a day's journey, and encamped by a well, which had little water and much mud. Tired and anxious, we held a meeting for prayer, after which Mr. Larson bought a camel. To travel or buy anything on Sunday was contrary to our wishes, but we were compelled by the necessities of the case.

CHAPTER XIV

A LOST CAMEL AND THE RESULT

"All things work together for good to them that love God."

Early the next morning we were startled at hearing that a camel was lost. Mr. Larson sent three Mongols on good horses scurrying over the prairie to find it. We waited all day, anxious and impatient to go, but still it was not found. The following morning, messengers came from some Swedish missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Oberg, Mr. Yacobson and Mr. Sandberg, who had been cruelly beaten by a mob, and were hurrying to overtake us. Mr. Larson at once sent a man with the messengers, leading two camels and two horses, to help the friends come on. Mr. Sandberg had been taken by the Boxers, to be killed, but was rescued by soldiers. Mrs. Yacobson and Mrs. Oberg were stoned by a mob, the latter was repeatedly knocked down in the street, and their gowns were covered with blood, when they arrived at the office of the magistrate. He was a good man. Rev. Dr. A. H.

Smith has said: "A bad mandarin will talk bad talk, and do nothing; a good mandarin will talk good talk, and do nothing." But this magistrate was unexpectedly kind. The missionaries asked an indemnity of a thousand ounces of silver for their homes which had been destroyed. He went and saw the houses, and on his return paid them eight hundred ounces of silver, worth six hundred dollars United States gold! He also gave them an escort of soldiers. By this remarkable kindness, not due to pressure from higher officials nor from foreign Powers, our friends reached Mongolia in safety. Having bought a cart and horses, and bags of flour, rice, millet and oatmeal, they came to us with large supplies of both food and money.

After two days of searching, the men found the lost camel. It had strayed away, and was found grazing west of Angle Nor. When the men and camel appeared over the horizon, we went out to meet them with ecstasies of delight. It was not so much because the beast was worth thirty dollars and we needed it to carry our supplies through the desert, but rather, because, if we had not found it, others would be stolen or lost, and we never could have reached Urga. The finding of the camel proved in some degree the trustworthiness

of our hired men. They were very faithful all the way, though they were daily asked by persons whom we met, "Why are you going with these foreigners?" They answered: "We are poor men, and have to earn a living, and the foreigners have offered us good wages." The real motive was love for Mr. Larson, and for others of us whom they knew well. Though their wages were not small, the risk to their lives at such a time was great. If the love of money had been their sole motive, they would have driven away our animals and sold them for several hundred dollars. They were helping us to escape from deadly peril, and we appreciated their devotion.

While waiting at Lost Camel Camp, Mr. Fagerholm began teaching me a few Swedish phrases. He has a scholarly mind, and his place in the tent was next to mine. I called him: "Min Lärare i Svenska,"—My Teacher in Swedish. "I am not sick, but lazy," was often quoted. Our "combination" daily used the English, Swedish, Chinese and Mongolian languages, and later the Russian.

Having exhausted the water in the well,—but not the mud,—we went on thirteen miles to White Marble Hill. Ledges of marble in many places were jutting out through the grass. The well was

at some distance from our camp, and near to a few Mongol tents. When "Morning Star" went there with the two large water buckets on a camel, the natives said to him: "You must not draw water from our well." If such a prohibition had been carried out, we and our animals would soon have perished. The message was disquieting. Mr. Larson went boldly to the tents, going on his bicycle, but without his rifle, and inquired: "*Why* must we not draw water from your well?" Then they were frightened, and denied that they had said it.

The country was parched with drought, but there were great thunder-storms in the region south of us, where the Swedish missionaries were traveling. After waiting for them two more days, they arrived, as tired as could be, and frightened by the cruelties they had endured, but overjoyed to see us. They told us of the death of Mr. and Mrs. Bingmark and their two children, who were killed by the Boxers at Yang Kao, eighty miles west southwest of Kalgan. We deeply mourned the martyrdom of our dear friends.

The loss of the camel, which at the time seemed deplorable, had resulted in saving the lives of four missionaries, and perhaps the whole caravan. The

four could not have traveled through the desert without our camels and horses; we could not have done so without their supplies of food; and they could not have overtaken us, if we had not lost the camel. So the loss, which at first seemed to be a great misfortune, was one of the best things that could have happened; and we realized anew that "all things work together for good to them that love God."

Shall we say that this great truth applies only to us who escaped and not to those whose lives were taken? Considering the sure promises of God, to say nothing of the fact that the laws of nature include a system of rewards and punishments, with unfailing compensations not limited by time or place, is it not certain that those who have gone through a cruel death to a world of glory, unite with us in saying that "all things work together for good to them that love God"?

CHAPTER XV

INTO THE DESERT OF GOBI

"Those that go toward the north country have quieted my spirit in the north country."

After the Oberg party joined us, we traveled over a hilly country with good grass. At the summit of the first ridge, there was a line of ancient earthworks, called the "Bad Wall." Going on camels and horses, and sleeping and eating almost anywhere in the fields, we looked like Ishmaelites or gipsies. We remembered that Mr. Yook had sent his regards to our "combinations," meaning our whole company, and therefore we called the caravan a "combination," which was appropriate, considering the several nations and missions represented. With our costumes not up to par, and our number and variety of animals, we might have been mistaken by a casual observer for a combination troupe, or a traveling menagerie. As the road wound over the low hills, we passed a well of clear, cold water, and after sunset arrived at Gombo's Camp.

Gombo is a Mongol about thirty years old, with an intelligent face, who had been a teacher of the Swedish missionaries in Kalgan. It was Saturday night, June 30, when we came to his place, and we tarried to enjoy a good day of rest. All of the Mongols were friendly. Mr. Williams preached a timely sermon on Elijah, persecuted and driven out of his country, yet having a work to do, and receiving divine comfort. We visited Gombo's home,—a poor place, but not lacking in good cheer, which was displayed with the usual salt tea and cheese.

It was a delight to be among friends. Yet we were worried at the loss of a large bag of dried rolls, which had fallen from a camel. Confronted by the danger of starving in the desert, we could not afford to lose any of our food. The suggestion of theft and treachery was alarming. We decided that we must watch the baggage-camels constantly when on the road, to guard against further loss.

In the afternoon there was a thunder-storm, and we dug trenches around the tent to drain away the water and not allow it to flood the interior. In our comparatively peaceful stay at Gombo's, how ignorant we were of the terrible massacres that were being perpetrated at Paotingfu!

The next day we stopped for the noon lunch at Argol Hollow. Argol is the Mongolian name for "buffalo chips," the only fuel we had to use, almost all of the way to Uрга. Being thoroughly dried in the sun and wind, it does not soil the hands much; it makes a blaze and much smoke, and, as the wind carried away the heat, enormous quantities of it had to be burned, in order to cook the food. Fortunately we had a large number of able-bodied men to gather it. Working with wash-basins and bags, they formed an "argol committee," whose duties were not light.

In the afternoon we passed through a number of showers, and stopped at Rain Camp. The trunks were piled together, and covered with oilcloth, weighted with stones, to keep them from being blown away. The tent being full of bedding, saddles and other baggage, the ladies had to cook standing out in the rain. Some of them had waterproof cloaks. The "argol committee" had to hurry around in the rain, to get the precious fuel before it should become thoroughly soaked. The situation was not a happy one, but our lives had been spared, and we tried to cheer ourselves by singing.

Wednesday was the glorious Fourth of July.

We made a huge bonfire, hurrahed, and fired off our guns and sang songs. "My country, 'tis of thee," waked the echoes of those barren hills. The horses had not been watered for thirty hours. The bottom of the leathern bucket for drawing water was gone. In its stead we had to use a marbled iron pail, which we feared would be injured by striking against the rock-walled side of the well. We did not want it to leak, as it was needed for cooking. There being no trough, the horses drank from a wash-basin. There were fourteen of them, each mad for the first drink, and they must be held back, for only one or two could drink at a time. Before they were satisfied, they had drunk more than two thousand pounds of water.

We traveled all day, without the usual noon rest. The heat made coats and vests unendurable. Toward night we passed out of the Jahara region, in which we were in danger of being arrested and taken back to Kalgan, into the Sunit district. These are names of Mongol tribes. As the long day was ending, Larson rode on before and lighted a fire, and our "combination" camped out in the midst of sand and dead grass. The grass had grown and died the year before. The place was named "Fourth of July Sandy Camp." It was

evident that we were nearing the desert ; and while we enjoyed the light of the big fire and the bright moonlight and the cool air of the evening, we were not without anxiety as to the sufferings that seemed unavoidable in our approaching journey through Gobi.

The ladies and children slept in the carts. It was better than sleeping on the earth, but they were very crowded, whether sleeping at night or riding in the day, for the carts were small. The men slept on the ground under a cloth tent. Captain Larson slept outside, with his loaded rifle at hand, ready to fight the Boxers or wolves at a moment's notice. Early in the morning he would make a fire, and put on the water to boil, and when it was nearly boiling, he would shout, "Up-stelling!" which is Swedish for "Attention!" Then all must rise quickly and drink tea. No quarter was shown to lazy persons; the captain would have the tent pulled down over their heads. After drinking tea, or sometimes cocoa,¹ and perhaps eating a few dry rolls, we packed up the baggage, and traveled till nearly noon. Then the animals must graze for at least five hours, and we would eat and drink, and catch a nap if possible. Toward evening we would

¹ It is needless to state that the cocoa did not last long.

pack up again and travel till midnight or day-break or long after that hour. Though this was the usual routine, no regularity as to hours of eating or sleeping was possible, as the wells were at unequal distances apart, and we must go on and on, until we could find a well. No one who has not been in similar circumstances can realize how essential to our existence were those precious wells.

The camels could not be trusted to graze in the night, for they would stray away and be lost. At night, if not on the road, they must be tied to a rope fastened to pegs in the ground. They must graze in the daytime, when they could be watched, and travel in the night. Early in the journey Larson said: "I must either kill the camels, by traveling in the heat of the day and not letting them graze, or kill the people by going in the night and not allowing them to sleep." The Mongols, knowing the needs of the animals, wanted to travel in the night, but the complaints of the foreigners were loud against it, for all were suffering from the lack of sleep. No formal decision could be made; but our circumstances of danger, and the necessities of the animals, which could not be ignored, compelled us to travel as much by night as by day, partly killing the camels, and partly killing

the missionaries,—and yet all survived. We had our Elims and Marahs, and realized, as never before, how unavoidable was the murmuring of the Israelites in the desert, when they had nothing to eat or to drink.

A thick haze each day gave the sun an appearance of fire mingled with blood. An hour or two before sunset the fire would die out and the ball of blood would slowly sink out of sight. This was repeated for about ten days. At such a time, when we were fleeing from scenes of blood in China, it was appropriate, but not pleasant, to see such an appearance in the sky. Without it the desert would have been weird and woeful enough.

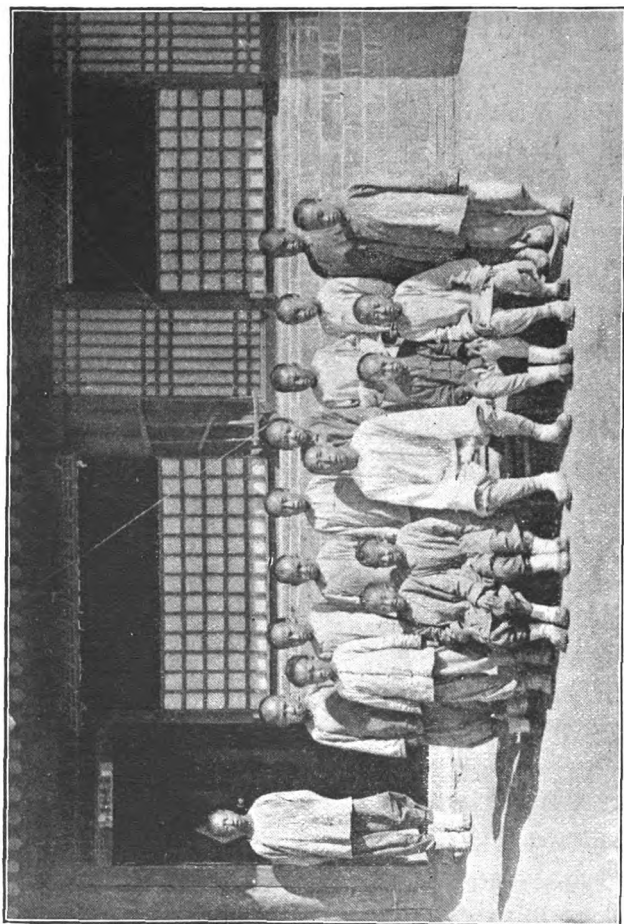
In such a flat country a bicycle is as serviceable as a horse, and one need not pity it when there is no grass or water. One day Mr. Larson was teaching Mrs. Larson to ride the wheel, when her dress became caught between the chain and sprocket, and the tension broke the rear axle. The baby carriage, after following Mrs. Larson's cart seventy miles, acquired a habit of falling over on its side. Both these vehicles were carried on the camels to Urga. They excited a great deal of curiosity.

The road consisted more largely of gravel than of sand. It was a camel trail, hard and flat, often

one or two hundred feet in width. A more magnificent gravel road could hardly be imagined.

The telegraph line, which we followed all the way, was a great help. Our enemy, the Chinese government, had set up guide-posts for us all the way through the desert, making it a "staked plain." At night we traveled toward the Great Dipper, at the left of the pole star. On cloudy nights, when the stars were hidden, or the trail divided, so that we were in doubt as to the way, one glimpse of a pole assured us that we were on the right track.

A Dane named Scheirn, in the summers of '98 and '99, had set up this line to Urga. With a large force of Chinese workmen, he "planted poles," as they say, at the rate of ten miles a day. With a machine turned by coolies, holes of the exact size required were bored in the ground, and the poles, which had been hauled from Urga, were let down in them. To carry these and the coils of wire used many carts, and four hundred horses were completely worn out. One of our men, Mūnghê, helped Mr. Scheirn in this undertaking, and was the chief manager of the water-supply. As he knew where all the wells and springs were along this route, it was most fortunate that we had him with us.



BOY'S BOARDING SCHOOL.—KALGAN

The wells near Mongol tents were dug by persons who lived there. Besides these, there were wells dug by merchants, whose caravans go up and down this road. The water was ten or fifteen feet from the surface. In many places, the soil would be good if irrigated. Some day Yankee wells and windmills may change a considerable part of the desert of Gobi into a garden.

Our intention in going to Urga was to find a temporary refuge till the storm in China should pass over and we might return to our work. Some of the party were unwilling to go so far, and felt certain that they should stop at the first telegraph station. As that place is in the desert, to divide the caravan would have been impracticable. No one could remain there long. Food would give out, the animals would starve, one's money would be spent in buying sheep, and no more could be obtained. The drivers, hired to go to Urga, could not and would not stop in the desert. Urga was the nearest abode of civilized men, and thither we must go. To argue the subject was fruitless. The facts convinced every one in due time.

The captain early gave his command: "Roberts, cheer them up!" He explained: "There will be

need enough of it, before we have crossed the desert. I want you to make it your special work to sing and help all the others to keep cheerful." In obedience to this word, I sang at all hours of the day, and astonished the natives all the way to Siberia. To mitigate our miseries, we sang Jubilee Songs, psalm-tunes, negro melodies, and Gospel Hymns, and even "The breaking waves dashed high" in the midst of the desert of Gobi.

The day after leaving Hara Oso, I was elected treasurer of the caravan. Since no funds were placed in my hands, I was simply an accountant. When a bargain was made, the captain would ask some one who had money to pay, and he must report to me the amount, to be placed to his credit. Gold and silver dollars, light and heavy ounces of silver, large and small cash, and afterward Russian coins, were used. With varying rates of exchange, the accounts were a complicated problem. Sometimes, when too weary to do anything but sleep, I was roused from sound slumber to put down an item of accounts. Yet I was expected not only to be cheerful, but to cheer up the whole "combination."

One other office to which I was self-appointed, was that of inspector of the camp. Whenever we

were breaking camp, I remained till the others had gone, to see whether anything had been left by mistake. A Chinese proverb, often quoted when leaving an inn, is this: "Money cannot buy the privilege of going back to take one more look." Once I found an iron tent-pin, and another time a spoon, each of which was precious, because the demand exceeded the supply. The inspection was a check on both carelessness and thieving. Things which we believed to have been stolen were brought back because we were searching for them, and the explanation was offered, that a driver had picked up the article to prevent its being lost. Often, as I walked about the smouldering camp-fire, after all my companions had gone, these lines of Thomas Moore came to mind:—

"I feel like one who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead
And all but him departed":—

only our "banquet" had consisted of poor food, and not enough of that.

We made an early start on the fifth. After passing a brackish well, where we watered the horses, the axle of Mr. Lundquist's cart broke. It was replaced with a new one, and the event only caused

delay. In the afternoon we went on under a blazing sun, and descended into the bed of an ancient sea. The action of the waves on the shore could easily be traced. The rocks were a conglomerate, full of flints of many colors. Beneath there were strata of red and white clay, visible to a depth of about eighty feet. The landscape was desolation in the extreme. Sand had been blown into heaps around the clumps of thorny weeds, making the ground appear to be full of graves, dismal in suggestion, and affording countless lurking-places for wolves. At one place we could see, far to the west, a tiny stream of water, and the grass on its banks, how beautiful! and how tantalizing! After crossing a dry river-bed called the "River of Gobi," we came to a wretched Mongol tent, where a few of our thirsty throng got a drink of goat's milk. "First come, first served." The most of us were bitterly disappointed. On and on we went in the dim moonlight, over a road that seemed interminable; until at last we reached a camp-fire, and stopped for the night on the gravel, desperately tired and hungry and thirsty. Our feelings were faintly portrayed in this stanza of a familiar poem¹ :—

¹ "A Winter's Ride in Chihli," by Rev. Jonathan Lees, of Tientsin.

"At length in hungry, wretched case,
Almost too tired to wash your face,
You welcome any halting-place,
That you can find in Chihli."

Only this was not Chihli, but Gobi.

We had made a forced march to Ponghong, the first telegraph station, one hundred and eighty-two miles from Kalgan, and one fourth of the way to Urga. We had hoped to get news, but the Russian merchants of Kalgan, fleeing northward as we were, but by a different route, had cut the wires, lest a message be sent before, to have them arrested.

As we made our food that night, little beetles swarmed into it, and into the fire. It was impossible to tell how many we ate. They were a pest. We called the place Ponghong Beetle Camp, and went to sleep, thankful that at least one long section of our journey was ended.

CHAPTER XVI

TO OUDE, THE HEART OF THE DESERT

Close to our camp, and at only a few minutes' walk from the telegraph station, there was a well which had been dug in connection with building the station, and had been walled up with logs. The water was unusually clear and pure, so the ladies insisted on staying there half a day, to do some necessary washing. The gentlemen visited the telegraph office, and were cordially received by the English-speaking Chinese. They were reformers in spirit, and would be in danger if the Boxers should come this way. The only news they could give us was that there were five hundred Cossacks in Urga,—which, however, was not true.

The day was scorching hot. We traveled from noon to midnight. After the moon had set, the road divided, and, in the darkness, the caravans became separated into two parts. The men in the rear part naturally were anxious, because all the food was with the other part. After all efforts to find the road had failed, three revolver shots at-

tracted the attention of the other company, just as they were going into camp. They sent a Mongol to find us, and bring us in. Tired, hungry and lame from constant riding, we could hardly keep our temper, nor dare speak to any one; and yet, sitting by the fire, our misery compelled us to try to cheer up, and we sang:—

“You ’ll not get lost in the wilderness;
Let my people go:
With a lighted candle in your breast;
Let my people go.
Go down, Moses,
’Way down in Egypt’s land,
Tell ole Pharaoh,
Let my people go.”

After what seemed an age of waiting, the food was cooked, and we ate as only those can eat who are famished; but whether it was supper or breakfast, we could not tell, because, just as we were ending our meal, the day began to break.

After sleeping less than three hours,—though Mrs. Larson and some others spent all the time in cooking,—we rubbed our sleepy eyes, and beheld a wonderful sight. Near to our camp there appeared to be a beautiful foreign city, built neither in Chinese nor Mongolian style, perfectly white,

except that there were red trimmings on the buildings, which fairly gleamed in the rays of the morning sun. They seemed new, and uninjured by the weather. To see anything so clean in the desert was a wonder. We ascertained that this was a Mongolian temple built in Tibetan style. That explained its foreign appearance. It was exquisitely beautiful, and how sorry we were that we had not a camera.

Going on once more, we were oppressed by the heat; yet the mornings and evenings were so cool that we dared not leave off much clothing. The large black dog which had followed us one hundred and fifty miles, disappeared. Walking so far over the gravelly road, he had become lame. We might have saved him, if we had had a pig's shoe,¹ such as are made in Kalgan. He must have remained with the Mongols at that temple; for the Mongols eat so much meat that there are always plenty of bones near their dwellings; and the peo-

¹ The pig's shoe is simply a few layers of coarse cloth, sewn through with hempen cord. In the lack of steam transportation, pigs, sheep and cattle have to walk long distances to market. The pig's foot, going over the rocky road, becomes lame. Then the shoe is placed under the foot, turned up in front and behind, a string is passed through the folds of the cloth, and tied around the ankle. Then the animal recovers from his lameness, and is able to arrive at his destination.

ple would treat the dog well, for he would be a good accession to the dogs guarding the temple.

We overtook an ox-cart caravan, going to Urga. The men were acquainted with the missionaries of the Oberg party, and were kindly disposed, having left China before the Boxer excitement had reached their homes. While we were at lunch, Mr. Yacobson bought from them a bag of millet, which he brought into camp amid our enthusiastic cheers. Our chances of buying food in the desert were so rare, that we commemorated the event by naming the place "Buy Millet Hill."

For several days the Mongol soldiers had been watching the wells, to see that we should not put poison in them. This was according to the command of the king of the Sunits, who also forbade his people to sell horses or camels to us. He had heard the Chinese say that foreigners poison the wells. The soldiers were so anxious to keep us away from the wells, that they willingly drew all the water needed for ourselves, our camels and horses, and saved us a great deal of hard work. Still, it was not pleasant to be treated with suspicion.

We bought two sheep, went a few miles farther, and lodged at "Sunday Rest Camp," where a little

sparse but tall grass was growing up through the sand. To see the caravan turn from the road, and go into the field to encamp, was a joyful sight to us weary pilgrims.

On Sunday, the eighth, Mr. Fagerholm led our meeting. Afterward we took turns bathing in the small blue tent, and had a delightful day of rest. Yet we were not free from anxiety, for the people showed some hostility, the soldiers were watching us, the well was far away, and we feared lest our water supply should be cut off. About sunset a sudden wind struck the tent, and, as the tent-pegs could not hold firmly in the sand, it blew the tent away from over us. It gave one a queer sensation, to be suddenly bereft of one's house, and be left out-of-doors. Mr. Larson said that such accidents frequently happen in Gobi, and that sometimes the iron tent-pegs, flying through the air, strike a person on the head with fatal effect.

One day Mr. Söderbom bought from a merchant caravan a better cart than his old one, in which Mrs. Söderbom had been made constantly seasick. The one which he bought at least had the virtue of having circular wheels.

Mrs. Larson's cart was a comfortable one in which to ride, and looked increasingly picturesque

after the matting on the top had been gnawed to pieces by the camels. Mrs. Sprague's vehicle was too short for comfort when sleeping, even if not full of baggage. None of the carts had springs, nor any such luxury as a "well," in which one could put his feet. The ox-carts drawn by camels, in which the other ladies and children endured their misery, were only wretched apologies for carts. The wheels had not a particle of iron, but were made of wooden blocks, mortised and dovetailed together, and held together by little wedges of wood. As they jolted over the road, these kept falling out, and the caravan had to be stopped while new wedges were being made and driven in. Whenever we washed our hands and faces, or anything else, we must not pour the precious water on the ground, but on the cart-wheels, to swell them, and make them hold together. Nevertheless, they entirely broke down, and then, most providentially, we met Chinese trading caravans, from which we were able to buy more cart-wheels of the same sort.

¹ To ride in a Peking cart, one must sit like a Turk; but foreigners, in doing so, get aching bones. To remedy the evil, a hole is cut in the floor of the cart, and a box fastened below, in which a person can place his feet. The relief to one's knees is unspeakable. The hole and box are called a "well."

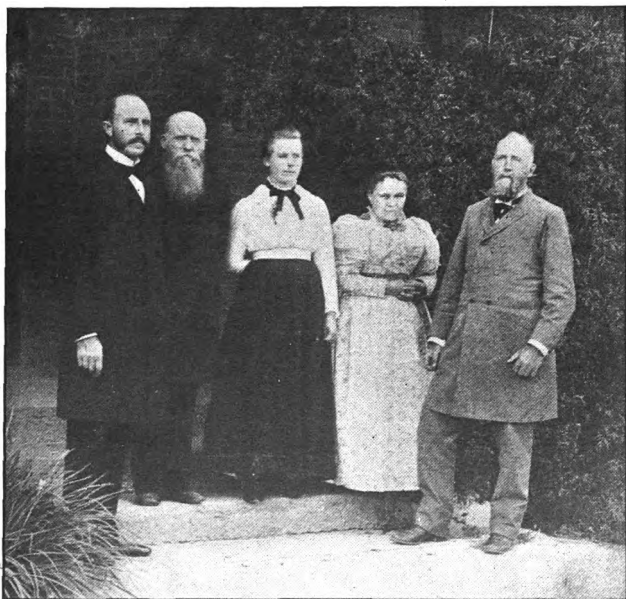
The wheels did not pretend to be circular. The people who made them did not care how much they jolted. The ladies, however, did care. One of them had been advised by her physician never again to ride in a springless cart; yet she could not avoid riding in one a thousand miles. The camels gave a swinging motion to the carts, which caused seasickness. One lady could not ride in a cart, and could not ride on a horse, though we did everything in our power to make them comfortable; and so she walked several hundred miles,—more than half the way to Urga.

One would suppose that, in the wild wastes of Gobi, there would be no lack of fresh air, or of room. On the contrary, the stench of decaying carcasses, and the breath of the camels after eating wild onions, were horrible; and, in a narrow part of the road, one of our party narrowly escaped having his leg crushed between two carts.

Some days, when the weather was intensely hot, we remained in camp until evening, and made longer stages by moonlight. One day we stopped at "Daybreak Tired Camp." It was absurd to give this name to any place, because night travel and complete exhaustion were a common experience.

A noticeable silence reigned in the desert. There

was no twittering of birds, nor chirping of insects. The place seemed a paradise for chameleons,—beautiful, many-colored little fellows,—that ran from our pathway, and stopped to look up at us.



KALGAN MISSIONARIES. OCTOBER, 1899

The tenth of July was a day long to be remembered. We lunched at "Bone Hill," where the ground was white with the bones of camels, horses and oxen that had starved in the desert. The

sight was enough to increase our apprehensions, lest our animals and people might perish in the wilderness. The heat was terrific. Fuel was scarcely to be found. "Morning Star," on the camel with the water-buckets, had to go so far to get water that it took him four hours to make two trips. We were sorry that he had no time for rest. It was hard to wait so long for water, when we were suffering from thirst.

Going on in the evening, we descended once more into the bed of an ancient sea, where the heaps of sand, as in the other similar place, gave the appearance of an immense cemetery. Our people were so desperately sleepy, that whenever the caravan stopped, as it frequently did, some of the men would lie down at full length on the ground and be asleep in a moment. On starting again, we shook them, to awaken them; but, as the procession was long, and the night dark, the moon being under a cloud, one or two were left far behind, and had to be sent for; we did not want the wolves to get them. We struggled with the road all night, while the moon struggled with the clouds. In the morning there was a shower of rain. On and on we went, when it seemed impossible to ride or walk a step farther. Mr.

Larson had said to me the day before: "We are going to have a terribly long night's journey, but do not tell any one, for they may as well not suffer it in anticipation." Although he had forewarned me, my expectations did not equal the reality. After we had sighted some tents in the distance, we went down to a lower level, and after what seemed an age of going by sheer will-power, we encamped near a wretched well, containing a saturated (?) solution of salt or soda. The night march had occupied eleven hours, and in twenty-four hours we had gone forty miles, at the rate of two and a quarter miles an hour! The camels' feet moved like slow pendulums, and, notwithstanding our anxiety to make haste, it was impossible to go faster.

A beautiful blue lake lay before us. Larson said that it had no water, but only dried mud, containing a large amount of salt. Near by was a caravan from Kalgan, that had waited here a month, vainly expecting a rain which would break up the cakes of mud and salt, after which they could be hauled to Kalgan. All of the salt for sale in that city is of this kind. We called the place "Lake View Camp."

Our circumstances were miserable. We were

exhausted to the last degree, too tired to eat, and able only to sleep; yet the work to be done would not permit sleep. It was almost impossible to find the necessary fuel. We had come out of the district inhabited by the Sunit tribe, into that occupied by the Meregen Mongols, who did not watch the wells, and were willing to sell us some horses. Mr. Larson bought two, for those we had been riding were half-starved and worn out.

At night we went on to "Stolen Horses Camp." The water there was comparatively good, which was a joy to us, as the water at "Lake View Camp" had been intolerably bad. In the morning Mr. Larson bought three horses and a camel for one hundred ounces of silver; and, while he was doing so, two of our horses were stolen in broad daylight. Our leader was anxious to depart from that thievish place. When I asked him whether we should not wait and try to find the horses, no matter how long it might take, as we had waited to find the lost camel, he said: "No, we are in the desert, and our food might give out. We have gone so far without losing any animals, that we may hope not to lose any more." In fact, these were the only ones lost on the journey, and it is evident

that in general our servants were vigilant as well as faithful.

Going on at night, the road became unusually narrow and rocky. Mr. Lundquist's cart broke down, and delayed the caravan. It seemed as if he and his driver, "Morning Star," frequently repairing the wheels with a hatchet, made them worse and worse. They kept chipping the rims, to make them more nearly circular, and drove in the wedges so hard that they split the wood. The delays were so vexatious, and the danger of an entire breakdown was so serious, that we dreaded to hear the sound of the hatchet.

That night the moonlight was magnificent, and seemed as bright as daylight. At three A.M. we stopped at a place among some mountains, where there was a well with clear, cold water. After drinking such vile stuff at "Lake View Camp," it was a joy to encamp beside this pure and delicious water. We called the place "Mountain Spring Well Camp."

At noon, under a burning sun, I tramped over the mountains with Mr. Lundquist two long hours, searching for a caravan from which he might buy better wheels. We were successful, but left the bargain to be made by Mr. Larson. On the moun-

tains we saw small shrubs with handsome golden stems; and, walking at random, we found right before our feet an ancient Chinese coin of the time of Christ. After we returned to camp, the merchants came there, and Mr. Larson bought two sets of cart-wheels and a horse. Thus Dr. Murdock's cart, as well as Mr. Lundquist's, was supplied with stronger wheels.

Starting again in the evening with great reluctance,—for we wished to stay by that good well, or else take it with us,—we saw many more shrubs, which appeared like bunches of green on the mountains, and were a delight to the eye, after traveling so far through the arid desert. After midnight we arrived at "Granite Rocks Camp," where there was good water and a fine new watering-trough. The latter was not unimportant, seeing that we had so many animals to water.

The next day we passed a small lake, where Larson went hunting for ducks. Although he did not get any at this place, the fact that he was seen with a gun was to our advantage, and may have made the natives less inclined to attack us. After resting in a valley at "No Grass Camp," we passed on among higher mountains than any we had seen before, in the midst of which we saw an elm-

tree,—the first tree that we had seen since climbing Hanore Hill, three hundred and fifty-four miles away! We met an ox-cart caravan that had come from Urga, and rejoiced to see that the oxen were fat, for that showed that the grass was good on the other side of the desert. That night we made a stage of thirteen hours, traveling our longest distance in any one day and night, viz., forty-nine miles. Going at the same slow rate as before, it is easy to see that we took little time to eat or to sleep. One of the camels ran away, broke his saddle, and made himself lame. Our eyes were delighted with the sight of six more trees. A drizzling rain came on, with a high wind, and at last we reached Oude¹ Telegraph Station, half way from Kalgan to Urga.

It was Sunday, July 15. We tried to dry our clothing and held a meeting for prayer. The well, walled with logs, contained very good water. In the afternoon we visited the telegraph station,² and heard startling news, which had been received by wire from Siberia. It was stated that all the ambassadors in Peking had been killed, and the for-

¹ Oude is close to a mountain called "Ertni Obo," which means "Treasure Mountain." It is 369 miles from Kalgan.

² The house was built of corrugated iron, and coils of wire were piled up by the door.

eign houses there and in Tientsin had been destroyed; but that all the guards and missionaries in Peking and the foreigners in Tientsin had gone in safety to Shanghai. At the time we could not know that this news was untrue, but realized that our friends, if still in Peking, were in the greatest danger; and we prayed much for them, and for the missionaries in the interior, who either were being massacred, or were fleeing for their lives.

In the cool of the evening the ladies went with us to the telegraph station, to see the curious building and the instruments and to meet the English-speaking Chinese. While the most of us were there, a furious storm of dust occurred, followed by a downpour of rain. Our tent was blown down, and much of the baggage was soaked with water. It was well that the ladies were under the shelter of a good roof. After returning, as the rain came on again we crowded together around the camp-fire in the wet tent, and cheered ourselves by singing hymns and sacred songs.

At Oude we noticed with joy that our food supplies were not half used up. Having lived on short rations, we could hope that, by continuing to do so, we should escape having a serious famine in the desert. A sheep had been killed once in a

few days, a considerable part of which was eaten by the seven hungry Mongols,¹ and the remainder had to be divided among twenty hungry missionaries. We were so careful to make it last a long time, that some even of this precious meat was wasted by being kept. Its quality was not improved by carrying it under a hot sun in a bag on a camel; but how else could it be taken? We had flour, but no way to raise or bake it; so that we ate biscuits that were steamed and perfectly soggy. The oatmeal could not be thoroughly cooked, for our meals were made in haste, and the fire was very poor. Our chief articles of diet were thin rice and millet gruels, which filled but did not sufficiently nourish us. The rice spoiled in the bag, taking on new forms of life. The gruel had gravel in it, which was very hard for our teeth. The reason for this was evident. The Chinese farmers thresh their grain on an earthen threshing-floor, and sweep up the grain and gravel together. Although we worked many hours, trying to separate them, we could not do so to satisfaction.

¹ Gilmour tells us that two Mongols have been known to eat a whole sheep at a single meal. Colquhoun says: "A Mongol will eat more than ten pounds of meat at a sitting, and some have been known to devour an average-sized sheep in the course of twenty-four hours."

An experience of hunger in the desert makes it easy to believe such stories as these.

CHAPTER XVII

GOOD GRASS AND "WELCOME CAMP"

Leaving Oude, we passed a caravan that had come from Kalgan, and stopped for the noon at "No Well Camp." Fortunately there was some water in our buckets, but it was not enough for thirty people to use for cooking and drinking; and to wash our hands, faces or dishes was out of the question. While at this place I saw two of our Mongols sewing up a camel's foot. The soles of the camel's feet wear out, just as the soles of our shoes do, and then they must be patched. The men made the camel lie down on his side, tied his feet together, so that he could not kick, and another man sat on the camel's head, to keep it from moving. Then the men used a long needle, and thongs somewhat like shoestrings, and sewed a patch on the camel's foot, passing the needle through the callous edges of the sole. It was not an act of cruelty, but of mercy, to save him from suffering with sore feet. A new skin grows between the patch and the foot, and the camel recovers from his

lameness. Sometimes an entire new sole is sewed on. The leather used is that of a horse's stomach. After the process of patching the feet was begun, every day one or another of the camels needed the same treatment.

Going in the night to "Rock Well Camp," we arrived the next morning at "Good Grass Camp." Here we suddenly came into the region where the grass was good. What a delight it was to see the poor famished animals at last having plenty to eat! Their eager manner showed the joy they felt. It was the first good grass that we had seen since leaving the Jahara district, thirteen days before. During this long time, the horses virtually had had nothing to eat, for we could not carry anything for them, and they had to live on their own flesh, plus water and the northwest wind.¹ The camels were able to eat the weeds, which grew in every place, but the horses could not eat them. The camels also were better able to endure the lack of water. The animals kept growing thinner, and became "fine" animals in the Chinese sense. If you tell

¹ Yet this is the common method of crossing the desert. Travelers generally start with animals in good condition, and expect them to come through the worse for their hardships. The only hope for the poor creatures is, that afterward a long period of rest and good grazing may enable them to recuperate.

a Chinaman that his horse is "thin," he will feel insulted; but if you say he has "a fine horse," he will not be offended, and will understand your meaning, that his horse is fine, as a needle is, because it is very thin.

At this place beautiful specimens of petrified wood were found, but they were of no account compared with the grass. We had come to realize that grass and water were the most precious things that we could find. Here there was a good mountain spring. A number of Mongol tents could be seen, for the people of neighboring districts had driven their animals over to this valley, to give them the benefit of the grass.

Our next stopping places were "Windy Camp," "Bad Water Camp," and "Sand Flat Camp." Though the grass was good, the water was worse than in the desert. Our sufferings, when the water was unfit for use, can be imagined better than described. At the last place the ground was strewn with beautiful pebbles, and many large moths, of a pale yellow color, fluttered around. The next day we lunched at "Agate Camp," where, by a little searching, we found beautiful specimens of agate. After another long night journey, we came to a well, hungry, thirsty, and exhausted with traveling

and lack of sleep. Here, we thought, we could rest a little, and eat and drink; but no,—the water was saturated with filth, and absolutely undrinkable. The place was "Horrid Water Camp." Our disappointment was most keen. After catching a little sleep, while the animals were grazing, we pulled up stakes, and went on four hours more, over red granite hills, till we came to a pool of rain-water, about as big as a New England farmhouse. Here, though the water would not be called sanitary, we were able to eat and drink, rest, and even bathe in the little tent, and the ladies did their washing. The half day's rest at "Rain Water Camp" greatly refreshed us all.

Starting again at dark, the stars were hidden by clouds, and the men riding on lame horses could not keep up with the slow-going camels. We could not see an object twenty feet away. Whether or not there was a road could not be discerned. The carts were far apart, and the camels' feet did not make noise enough to guide those who were following. As our food was with the caravan, to lag behind and be lost in that vast wilderness would be to starve, if not to be a prey to the wolves. The moon rose, and went into a black cloud, not relieving the darkness at all. If

we rode, the horses kept stumbling; if we dismounted and walked, they went still slower. We pitied them for their sore backs and tender hoofs, but there was no way in which their sufferings could be relieved. Mr. Williams and I had a diffi-



THE TA SHAO YEH AND FAMILY

cult task. To keep together, and yet follow in touch with the camel-train, required a long and agonizing struggle, and seemed more than we could do. To add to our miseries, the rain came down. We lost the road, and could not find the well, and seemed in desperate straits, until, to our

relief and joy, the order was given to pitch the tents. The noise of the hammers driving the tent-pegs into the ground was music. It was a privilege to lie down on the wet grass and sleep. However, we had a few oilcloths to spread under our bedding.

The morning dawned bright and clear, and the world looked as if it never had been under a cloud. In sport, Larson gave us a specimen of his marksmanship. He had lost one boot, and, having no use for the other, set it up to be shot. The toe of the boot being turned from him, at a distance of a hundred yards, he put a bullet directly into the back seam. The lineman came from the third telegraph station, Tuërin, to repair the line, but had no news for us. As the day was Mr. Lundquist's birthday, we celebrated the occasion with five o'clock coffee. We were in the Bělě tribe of Mongols, who had been noted for years as those most unfriendly to foreigners.

The sheep bought here, like those bought before, were difficult to drive. If driven by hand, they would not keep up with the caravan. When tied to a cart, they would hold the rope against the wheel until it was sawn in two, and then run away. Chased by the Mongols on horses, and caught, they

still were hard to manage. The best method was to eat one sheep, and tie the other by a long rope to the pommel of "Bonnie's" Mexican saddle. Then he would run around and around the horse, or dart between his legs, or get his rope tangled up among the legs of the camels. We all voted the sheep to be an "indispensable nuisance."

Sometimes the camel hauling Mrs. Söderbom's cart would be frightened, and run. The tin cans and cooking utensils hung on the outside of the cart made too great a clatter. The dishes in the food-box, if not packed carefully, would make the camels dance. This was not pleasant for the ladies in the carts.

On July 22 we were at "Tall Grass Camp." The ground was covered with sand, but the sparse and coarse grass was a foot or two in height. The Mongols described tall grass in these words: "You put your saddle down, and then you can't find it." Here we spent the Sabbath, but, in view of our necessities, we traveled Saturday and Sunday nights. Early in the morning, Mr. Fagerholm, accompanied by "Morning Star," set out to ride all day, to carry a telegram to the Tuërin telegraph station. It was in these words:—

"Russian Consul, Urga:

Six Americans seventeen Swedes going Urga request protection. Wire reply.

"Larson."

We all felt the solemnity of this message. The answer would be to us a sentence of life or of death.

The Mongol mandarin of Urga had commanded each tribe to send thither its quota of two thousand five hundred troops, to fight the Russians. All day long, as we rested in "Tall Grass Camp," we could see small parties of Mongol horsemen going to Urga to join the army. They drove sheep before them, some for themselves to eat on the way, and others to give as presents to the Living Buddha. As we saw these soldiers going north, we felt our need of such help as the Russians could give.

Fortunately we had some claims upon their sympathy. The consul-general, Mr. Schischmarioff, knew Mr. Larson, and would be interested in him. Thirty years before, his brother's wife died in Kalgan, and her little child had been cared for in the home of Mr. Williams for half a year. Further, the kindness of Dr. Murdock, in treating the Russian merchants and their families in Kalgan when sick, was known to the consul-general. So there were

three bonds of friendship between the Russians and ourselves, as well as the mutual interest of all civilized peoples, against whom the Boxers had taken up arms; and our anxiety was mingled with hope.

The country in sight, fringed with low mountains, was beautifully green, and flocks and herds grazing made the view still more picturesque. We held our Sunday meeting, and bought some horses. Exchanging two worn-out horses for fresh ones only cost three dollars. The horses were cheap in more senses than one.

It was painful to see the animals suffer. A few days of eating good grass could not restore them to their former condition. When we started in haste from Hara Oso, we could not have the horses shod, and the gravel wore their hoofs short, and made them tender-footed. The Chinese saddles let the weight of the riders press on the horses' backs, and injured them badly. This was partly the fault of the drivers, who neglected to strap up the saddles tightly, and yet rode furiously, regardless of results. They were accustomed to do this with their own horses, and of course did no better with ours. For some time, when the horses were worn out we sold them and bought new; but afterward,

in the grass-land, we led them along the road, and kept them as long as possible before selling, so that they could rest and recuperate, and be sold to better advantage. Before reaching Siberia, several of us were leading three or four horses each. This was our "cavalry." Though many, they were not worth much. Mongol horses, at best, are neither large, strong nor good-looking. They are far inferior to Siberian and American horses.

In buying in Mongolia, the system of making change is peculiar. You have a lump of silver, worth a dollar or two, which you cannot divide. You buy strips of felt, to use as camel-saddles, and take straps for the horses' feet, and some firewood, to make up the value. One item of expense was one dollar and nineteen cents for "sticks, argol and iron shoes." The two sets of cart-wheels were bought for six taels, but the lumps of silver weighed forty cents more. The difference was "taken out" in matches.

On Monday morning we went to "Chalcedony Hill," where the ground was white with fragments of geodes. At some places it was strewn with beautiful pebbles of all colors, looking like confectionery. The rain ceased falling, and the weather became cold and clear. In the evening we reached

"Granite Spring Camp," where a stream of good water flowed from beneath a large red rock.

The next morning one of our servants, Mëndè Bayara, took his bundle of clothing, and left us, riding one of our best horses, and leading another. He said that he was going back to get something that he had lost. This was the lame man with a blind eye. His face had a mean look, he was always begging, and we suspected treachery. However, a few hours later he overtook us with the horses. For the first time since crossing the desert, we saw thick dew on the grass.

Starting again, we passed some lakes, where Mr. Larson shot three ducks. Several Mongols came on their horses, and witnessed the shooting. We knew that they considered it murder as well as trespassing on their dominions. Still, they saw that we had guns, and could use them.

Our armament consisted of one rifle, one shotgun and two revolvers, with plenty of ammunition. If seriously attacked, this would have been a small number of weapons for so large a company. Nevertheless, our having some firearms doubtless shielded us from attack.

We were approaching Chwërin mountain, which was high, craggy and grand. The road was very

rough. The telegraph station was on the east side of the mountain, and the temple of Chwěrin on the west. The road led among huge boulders of red granite. As there were many encampments of Mongols in sight, we knew that the region was comparatively well populated, and therefore, in this time of war, dangerous to foreigners. The Russian merchants fleeing to Siberia did not think it safe to pass by this place, and went another way. Mr. Larson and our Mongols had chosen this route because it was the nearest. We found it sufficiently long, and fortunately passed Chwěrin without harm.

As we turned a corner, the temple came suddenly into view. It was a charming sight. There were three large temple buildings, gilded and glittering in the sunlight, surrounded by many little wooden houses, painted white with red trimmings. In these houses lived the lamas, or priests. There are two thousand of them here in the summer, and six or eight thousand in the winter. Quite a number, riding fine horses, came out and followed us, asking who we were, where we were going, and many other questions. If they had been armed and we not, our meeting with them would have been serious. As it was, we had reason to be

on our guard. The Mongols everywhere thought that we were Russian soldiers, and frequently asked us: "How many more companies of Russians are going from China to Urga?"

Proceeding around the mountain, we saw behind it immense blocks of granite, piled up by nature like walls and fortifications. A short distance beyond, to our great joy, Mr. Fagerholm and "Morning Star" rejoined us, bringing the following answer from the Russian Consul:—

"Tuërin, Lasson.

I will propose for you that is possible. Please to make yours stop immediately in Consulate, where you will have some rooms first time.

"Schischareff¹."

On receiving this good news, we flung up our hats, and sang the long meter doxology. Just at that place there was a tiny stream called the Tuërin River. We encamped to let the animals graze. Having received such good news of a warm welcome awaiting us in Urga, we named the place "Welcome Camp." The message caused great rejoicing. It gave us a hope of living to

¹Considering that this message to Americans and Swedes was sent in English by a Russian official, and transmitted by Chinese operators, it might well be called an international telegram.

reach a place of safety and civilization. Beneath our feet were candytuft, sweet alyssum, and some curious unknown wild-flowers. The weather was showery. The fuel was wet and cooking difficult. Many Mongols came and were anxious to sell horses. When we left this place, two little dogs followed the caravan. They gave us a deal of amusement. We started on the last quarter of the road to Urga with renewed courage, but patience must still be exercised, for the distance of one hundred and forty-seven miles, which a horseman could have covered in two days, would require six days of traveling at our slow rate of progress.

CHAPTER XVIII

TO THE CITY OF THE LIVING BUDDHA

After leaving "Welcome Camp," Mr. Larson sent two men to a village to buy fuel. Their horses were frightened by the lightning, and ran into the herd of that place, from which they could not be separated during the night. This our men gave as the reason for not returning before morning. We had some suspicion that they might have met old friends, and drank too much wine. However this may have been, we foreigners had to drive the train of pack-camels all night.

For various reasons, the train frequently broke up. As the camels were tied by strings fastened to wooden pegs passed through their noses, they could not be tied firmly, lest they should suffer when pulled. A camel would stop to nibble a little grass, the others would go on, and the string that fastened them together would break, or pull off from the saddle of the front one. Then they must be caught, and tied together again in the long procession. Their loads would tip to one side or the

other, and have to be readjusted, in order to balance.

We passed over apparently endless stretches of water and mud. The ruts were deep, and the carts jolted fearfully; whereupon the ladies got out to walk, and could hardly keep up with the hurrying "combination." Between watching the camels, the baggage and the passengers, to say nothing of trying to keep the road, we had no time for meditation. Constant shouting was required to urge the camels on. It made our throats hoarse. A candle in a lantern on the captain's cart, occasionally seen at a distance, gave us our only clue to the road. It was not very bright, but its use was like that of the pillar of fire by night that led the Israelites. Surely we had experienced much of a divine guidance, and ought not to complain, but be thankful.

The weather cleared, revealing the Great Dipper, toward which we were traveling. Like the shepherds of old, we searched the skies. Early in the morning a beautiful sight presented itself. In the east we beheld the planets Mars and Venus, and the old crescent moon.

On the day then dawning, Dr. Murdock and Mrs. Sprague, Mr. Sandberg and I, were the cooking

committee, and had hard work with damp fuel and muddy water, trying to boil the water, and prepare the food. Little Yatarawa, Dr. Murdock's camel driver, helped us indefatigably. He would lead his camel all night long, and help in cooking all day, apparently never sleeping, and yet never complaining. He won our admiration and love. As he fed the fire, he would whistle to make the wind blow. He really thought that the wind would hear him.

Another day brought us to "Glass Well Camp." After forty hours of incessant work, I was unspeakably tired. To my dismay, I had to ride a "dead" horse. He appeared fairly good, but was so worn out by traveling through the desert, that he could not carry me and keep up with the caravan; and, exhausted as I was, I preferred to walk.

Heavy thunder-showers were passing around us, and at last one of them broke upon us in a fearful hail-storm. The downpour of hailstones continued, I should judge, fully ten minutes. The minutes seemed like hours. The hail pounded our heads, and seemed as if it would kill us. We tried to hide beneath the carts, but that was of no avail, for the hail beat down on all sides. The camels kept backing with the carts, and we feared they would run away, and that the ladies and children would be

injured. It was difficult to hold the animals, which were suffering with us. Some of the horses were frightened, and ran, but were afterwards recovered.

When the hail ceased, we were standing in two or three inches of mingled water and ice. Our clothes were thoroughly drenched. As Mr. Larson was better off, having been in his cart, and as the rain continued, he kindly sent me his mackintosh, which would have been more serviceable if it had come earlier. We were thankful that when the storm struck us we were not in camp, for in that case all of the baggage would have been on the ground and wet; but as the trunks and bags of provisions were on the camels, and covered with oilcloths, they were not only protected from rain, but also held up from the wet ground.

Soaked as we were, we could do nothing but go on. Streams of water flowed across our path, and we had to pass through two torrents that were cold, swift and wide but not deep. Fortunately the prairie at that place was comparatively level, so that the streams could not bar our way. The little dogs with great difficulty followed us across the rivers. We saw prairie-dogs that had been drowned by the water filling their holes. As we went over a hill, one of our dogs attacked a prairie-

dog, which was standing up at the entrance to his hole and barking; whereupon the latter caught the puppy's ear, and would not let go, even when the other dog came up, and held on till the men arrived. We dined at "Mirror Lake Camp," and drank a curious Mongol tea, made of parched millet and butter in boiling water. In the evening we went on through miles of mud to "Good Sleep Camp," half way from Tuërin to Urga.

The next morning we felt very much refreshed, having had eight hours of sleep, which was a remarkable experience. Our lodging-place was not so damp as it seemed. As we went on, Mr. Larson and Mr. Oberg shot some prairie-dogs, the fat of which was useful for greasing the cart-wheels after the oil which we had taken with us gave out. The weather was showery, but the landscape was beautiful, the grass and flowers having the appearance of early autumn.

Mr. Larson told us that there were inscriptions on rocks fifty miles east of where we were, which were made by the Uigurs, or ancient Mongols. We regretted that we had not the leisure to go and explore them.

About sunset a Mongol servant of a Russian merchant overtook us, having come on a horse

from Kalgan in sixteen days,—a greater distance than that which we had ridden in thirty-four days. He told us that five hundred soldiers of the notorious Yü Hsien's army had been sent from Peking to defend Kalgan against the Russians; and that they terrorized the magistrate, compelling him to release seven men who had been caught stealing from our houses, and who were being punished with the wooden collar or cangue. The magistrate had lost his face and dared not appear in public,—the general who had protected us had lost his life,¹ and the deputy had lost his button, or rank. The soldiers looted and burned our homes, schools and dispensary, as well as the telegraph office, and branch offices of the Tientsin wool merchants. Our Christians all had escaped in safety. The Ta Shao Yeh, who had been so kind to us, and who was Mr. Larson's landlord, begged the soldiers not to burn his house, but in vain.² They also destroyed the houses of the Russian merchants, and their beautiful little Greek Church. Of this our informant had been an eye-witness. The Boxers took his garment and his two fine horses. He dared not

¹ This information was not correct. The general was transferred to another post.

² We learned afterward that they burned only the gate and not the house.

make any protest. Then he fled at night on foot to Great Red Valley, twenty miles away, where he obtained horses to ride to Urga.¹

This announcement, by a terrified and breathless rider, alarmed and disheartened us, although we had not expected that our houses would be spared. We realized anew that we were in an enemy's country. What condition of things we should find in Urga we could not foresee. To pray, work and go on was all that we could do. The love of our heavenly Father, and the friendship of the Russians, were our only reliance. We had lost our all,—clothing, furniture, books, pictures, the fruit of years of literary work, and many keepsakes that never could be replaced, but our lives had been spared, and we gave thanks and tried to cheer up.

We asked the Mongol messenger, on arriving at Urga, to tell the consul-general that we were coming. Tired and hungry, we pitched our tents at midnight. When we saw the dogs trying to steal and eat the prairie-dogs, we could not repress a hearty laugh.

The hustling cooking committee thrust break-

¹ One going far in Mongolia must have two horses to ride alternately, since the strength of one would not suffice for such distances.

fast upon us very early, and we went on our way. At noon Mr. Sandberg read us a long poem in Swedish, describing the Boxer troubles and our journey. Again we made a forced march of thirteen hours, more than thirty miles at a stretch, without stopping for food or drink, and arrived at "Sunday Washing Camp," where there was a fine spring of water.

Two or three days before, fuel¹ could not be found, and Mr. Larson knocked to pieces some boxes, in which we had brought our provisions, and used the wood as fuel. When we had no more boxes to break up, there was a remarkable supply of fuel:—the lightning had struck a number of telegraph poles, and splintered them, so that we had plenty of chips with which to cook the food.

On one of these days we passed a pole that had been sawn down. From the fresh tracks of animals and carts, Mr. Larson knew that it had been done by a powerful servant of the Living Buddha, who had preceded us by a few days all the way from Hara Oso. This man was notoriously arrogant, and, like the other natives, hated the telegraph as a "foreign" affair. They called it a "foreign play-thing." He used the wood of the pole for fuel,

¹ That is, argol.

during the rainy days, when the argol would not burn. If he had sawn a pole north of Urga, he could hardly have escaped punishment; for the Russians control that line, and decapitated two men for similar offences. If the wire were cut and stolen, the punishment would not be so severe. We saw many places where such theft had occurred. The Russians had provided against this contingency by hanging an extra wire below the other two. This was cut by the thieves, as the one most accessible, and the important ones were left intact.

On this Sunday, for the first time, we saw the high mountain tops covered with pine forests. They looked like the mountains of Japan, and were a delight to our eyes. We held our usual Sunday meeting, but the work of washing had to be done. It was a joy to know that we were only seventeen miles from Urga. In the distance we could see Mongols manufacturing felt while riding on horses. The felt which they make is thicker, stronger and more impervious to rain than that which the Chinese make. Whatever the Mongols do, they must do on horseback, and we must admit that they have been somewhat inventive to have discovered such a method of manufacture.

We made what preparations we could for arriving at Urga. We thought we could go there in one night, but were stopped by a heavy rain when only halfway. A friendly caravan from China lodged with us at "Almost There Camp." The place being one frequented by robbers, the Chinese pitched their tents close to ours, so that we might protect them. We had been fleeing from the Boxers for so many days that it seemed strange to hear any Chinese asking protection from us. We were suspicious of them, and did not like to have them for near neighbors, but made the best of the situation, and no harm resulted.

At last, on Monday morning, July 30, in the mercy of God, we reached Urga. After going a few miles, we crossed the Tola River on a good bridge that had been built by the Russians. The foreign-looking structure was a sign to us of the nearness and influence of those who would befriend us. Before us lay a beautiful grassy valley, dotted with flocks and tents, and surrounded by forest-covered mountains; a Chinese business city in the nearer part, and large glittering temples beyond; the white palace of the Living Buddha, covered with green tiles, a little south of the city; and, in the midst of all, the stately buildings of the

Russian consulate. Mr. Larson, Mr. Fagerholm and I rode on before, to give early notice that the caravan was coming. We all received a cordial welcome from the consul-general and his subordinates, and fourteen rooms were placed at our disposal, including a large kitchen, which was very convenient. The camel-drivers lived in a tent, pitched in one of the yards of the consulate. We were glad to be among friends, and to enjoy a good rest.

We had come to the city of the Living Buddha! In Mongolia and Tibet there are not a few of these living idols. The one in Llassa is the highest in rank. This one in Urga is the second. People come from afar to receive his blessing. Some Living Buddhas attain their rank by doing important works, such as building temples, or carrying Buddhistic teaching into distant lands. More are born Buddhas. A large temple, with hundreds or thousands of priests, must have its Living Buddha. When he dies, the priests search out a child born soon after, into whom, they say, the soul of their former "Gege" has entered by transmigration. The boy is allowed to remain with his mother until he is seven years of age, when he is brought to the temple to be worshiped. He is

given everything he desires, and becomes a wealthy and spoiled young man.

The Living Buddha is supposed to be divine. One who gives him anything, or receives anything from him, must do it in a kneeling posture and with both hands. One of these Buddhas visited us in Kalgan. He was thirty-five years old, ate cake and drank tea like an ordinary mortal, and said, when about to go: "You have a doctor here, have n't you?" "Yes," we answered. "Then," said he, "I would like to have a little medicine for my nose, for it is stopped up with a cold." We thought that, if he was a god, as his followers declared, he ought to heal himself by faith.

The Living Buddha of Urga is a Tibetan about thirty years old. His common title is the "Bogda." He can speak three or four languages, and has traveled widely as a Buddhist missionary. Ten thousand lamas do his bidding. He lives like a prince and rides a bicycle.

The old-fashioned, conservative priests wear yellow gowns; those of the progressive party wear red. The priests had built stockades around their tents, to keep off the cold wind. To show his authority, the "Bogda" commanded them to cut down the stockades. They begged him to pity

them, and cancel his order, but he was not to be persuaded, and Mr. Nästegard heard them chopping down the logs at all hours of day and night. The secret of his power is that he has fifty or more hired assassins who punish the refractory priests.

The spiritual power amounts to temporal power, and the Living Buddha is the real ruler of northern Mongolia. In authority, the Mongolian mandarin and Chinese resident are not to be compared with him. The Russian consul-general represents the coming power. Sometime he may place the "Bogda" in a lower position, and occupy his summer palace.

The following poem was written by the Rev. Mark Williams, when we were traveling through the desert:—

SONG OF THE URGAL PILGRIM

Farewell to the plains of the Flowery Land!
We flee from the rage of the fierce Boxer Band.
Both Yankees and Swedes form our strange Gypsy throng;
Our caravan moves, we are inching along.

Chorus:

Inching along, we are inching along,
At the pace of a snail we are inching along.
Our horses are hardy, our camels are strong,
We all shall reach Urga by inching along.

That we all "lend a hand," this is well understood,
So some pick the argol, while some cook the food.
Our leader is Larson, to whom we belong;
At word of command, we keep inching along.

Constantly breathing Mongolian air,
Hunger is sauce for our plain, wholesome fare;
The cooks are the ladies, whose praises we sing;
Their mutton and millet are fit for a king.

Weary, we stretch out our limbs on the ground;
Our dreams are delightful, our slumbers profound:
But the voice of our captain rings out clear and strong,
"Stop snoring! get up, and be inching along!"

In the Desert of Gobi are rare, precious stones;
In the Desert of Gobi are strewn camels' bones.
The sprightly chameleon glides swift from our feet,
And far in the haze bounds the antelope fleet.

At midnight the caravan halts at the camp;
The bright blazing fire is both candle and lamp;
Tired and hungry, we take the late meal,
And silently off to our couches we steal.

The things that are common all men will despise,
But these, in the desert, we most highly prize;
For water is worth more than huge bags of gold,
And argol than diamonds of value untold.

Traveling by day, or traveling by night,
Our "Great Combination" is no mean sight;

And funnier far than circus or clown,
When the camel rolls up, and Sandberg rolls down.

The "Ship of the Desert" is oft in a calm;
For slowness all vessels must yield it the palm.
With eye on the Pole Star, we cannot steer wrong,
But safe reach the harbor by inching along.

Daily fighting the dust and the dirt,
Yet where is the man who can keep a white shirt?
Scorched by the wind, and burnt by the sun,
Mongols we'll be when the journey is done.¹

Mr. Sandberg was the fat man of our company. He found it difficult to ride a camel. When one wants to mount, he must jerk the string fastened to the camel's nose, and say: "Sook! sook! sook!" If the camel-train is going he will not stop. In any case, as long as he can he will refuse to obey; but if the man is more persistent than the camel, the latter at last doubles himself up and kneels down. Then one must get on quickly, for the camel rises quickly, in order to prevent the rider from mounting. Having got on, one must grasp the camel's hump in front of the saddle and hold on as if

¹ The above poem is inserted in this book by permission of the author. The book, "Across the Desert of Gobi," from which these stanzas are borrowed, is "A Narrative of an escape from the Boxer Uprising," and can be obtained from Prof. S. R. Williams, Oxford, Ohio, by mail postpaid, price 35 cents.

for dear life; for the camel rises with a lurch backward, a lurch forward, and another backward; and if you cannot hold on, you fall off, as Mr. Sandberg did. However, after a time he became skilful in riding.

CHAPTER XIX

THE RELIGION OF THE MONGOLS

The original religion of the Mongols was Shamanism, or the belief that all the good and evil in life are brought about by spirits or gods, who can be influenced by priests. This cult is common among the uncivilized Siberians and some tribes of North American Indians.

The Emperor Kublai Khan, in the thirteenth century, is said to have believed equally in Moses, Buddha, Christ and Mohammed. He sought to bring European priests to China and Mongolia, but not succeeding in this project, he favored Tibetan Buddhism, and not only brought lamas to Peking, but also appointed one of them to be the prince of Tibet, thus founding, perhaps, the rule of the Living Buddha at Llassa.

After the Mongols had lost their political power, they turned their thoughts more to religion. The effect of misfortune was similar to that which it had upon the Jews, who valued religion more highly during the Captivity than when Solomon

reigned "in all his glory." It came as a consolation, showing them a sphere of activity and an avenue to greatness which did not depend on the sword and seemed more to be desired than a throne.

About the year 1700, the Ordu Mongols, who were the most barbarous, and lived south of the Yellow River, made incursions into Tibet, and brought away some priests, who converted their conquerors. The religion rapidly spread among the other tribes, and was received with profound faith.

It cannot be denied that Buddhism has benefited the Mongols in some degree. It tamed their savagery by teaching the sin of taking life, so that a people who had slaughtered whole cities with the utmost cruelty, and without compunction, became unwilling to kill even an insect. It also led them to give up the custom of offering human sacrifices at the tombs of their chieftains.

Their religion having been acquired together with what civilization they have, it seems to them the symbol and guaranty of everything that is good; and a person who preaches a different faith is regarded as a subverter of the foundations of social order.

To the Mongols, as to us, the equal belief of the

Chinese in three religions appears most absurd. They think that Tibetan Buddhism is the only true religion, and that religion should pervade all the affairs of life. To them, religion is the only important concern. Agriculture, manufactures, commerce, art, education, literature, diplomacy and war are nothing, but religion is everything. Of course some attention has to be given to temporal affairs, but, in their opinion, all such things are a distraction from religion, and should be avoided when possible. Prayer, works of penance, pilgrimages and gifts to temples are the means by which they seek to prepare for a future life.

They have an acute sense of sin, but think that they can more than balance the account by doing works of merit. To seek salvation from sin, or healing of their bodily ills, they go to many and distant temples, and in numerous instances give away everything that they possess. Religion permeates their every thought and action. It is evident that these people, if converted, would make the best of Christians. But they are now so ignorant, superstitious and bigoted, and the power of their state-church is so great, that, as has been said, it is doubtful whether, in case one should become converted, he would be allowed to live.

Though they know nothing of a heavenly Father and a divine Saviour, they are conscious of sinning against their own better nature, against their fellow men, and against all kinds of creatures. Murder, adultery, theft and lying, of course are regarded as sins. They say that we must cast out from our hearts the dog, the hog and the serpent; that is, lust, greed and malice. But they also believe that the killing of sheep for food, or the killing of vermin, or the accidental stepping on an ant, are acts of murder.

A people living on their flocks and herds cannot avoid taking life. It is proverbial that those who raise cattle eat beef, those who tend sheep eat mutton, and those who have the care of horses eat horse-flesh. The Chinese testify to the meat-eating propensities of the Mongols in this saying: "Among the 'Saddle-bags' there are a few good families; when they are hungry, they eat beef or mutton; and when thirsty, they drink tea with milk in it." The Mongols believe that they cannot avoid sinning, that they will be punished for it in the future life, and that the only way to escape suffering is to be so religious as to earn the remission of their sins. It is evident that in their system of thought there is no righteousness or

forgiving love. One is held responsible for sins that he could not help committing, and the debt is not cancelled until he has paid "the last farthing."

With this false notion of sin, their consciences are grievously burdened. Mutton is their staple food, and sheepskins and furs must be worn in the winter. If they light a fire, some insects will lose their lives in the flame; and when they ride, some creatures are sure to perish under the horses' hoofs. If we tell them of the myriads of microscopic animals in the water and air that are destroyed when any one drinks or breathes, they are horrified.

Once, in the rainy season, as my tent was very damp, I made a fire to dry it. Little beetles came in swarms, attracted by the blaze, climbed the fire-grate, and perished in the flame. I was careful that no one should see me, when I pushed some of them into the fire. If I had been seen, I should have been regarded as a very wicked man.

My Mongol teacher, one winter, was tormented by the vermin in his sheepskin trousers. To kill them would be sin. Being a really devout priest, but not lacking in ingenuity, he turned them with the woolly side out, and hung them on a post for

seven days, so that they should be thoroughly frozen. Meantime he himself was somewhat frozen. Afterward he not only wore the clothing with comfort, but also was not burdened in his conscience with the sin of killing so many creatures.

The wording of the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill," is pleasing to them, for they think that it forbids killing anything. To make the real meaning plain, the translator must add the word "men." This they do not like, for it seems to be tampering with the Scripture, and spoiling the prohibition, by granting liberty to destroy animals.

Life is what they honor, not human life, but that of any living thing. The swallows, that bring worms and insects all the day to feed their little ones, are considered to be great sinners; but the Mongols apologize for them, saying: "They cannot help it, for they have no milk for their young."

The dignity of man, and the preciousness of human life, are not in their creed. Lacking these ideas, and many others of heavenly origin, they have nothing to lift them out of their degraded condition.

It is said that two boys, walking along a lonely road, passed some tiger cubs that were nearly dying of hunger. Having gone some distance beyond,

one of the boys excused himself, returned, and lay down by the little tigers and let them eat his arm. The other lad, after waiting impatiently, went back, and discovered the meritorious deed of his comrade. The Mongols consider this a praiseworthy example of vicarious sacrifice. The difference in value between the lives of the boy and the tiger does not enter into their minds.

Self-denial and mercy are inculcated by Buddhism. They were exhibited in the life of Gautama, but no more so than in every true Christian character. The virtue of these principles is lost when a boy is not valued more highly than a brute. Buddhism at its best is a worship of abstract goodness, but, to our minds, the kindness of the boy to the cubs, in being willing to die for them, does not atone for his lack of filial piety in robbing his parents of a son.

The low estimate of human life is the necessary result of the dogma of the transmigration of souls which the Mongols and Chinese thoroughly believe. If the boy may have been a tiger, a rat or an insect in a previous state of existence, and the tiger may become a man in the next life, there would seem to be no great difference between the two. To think that any animal may be a renewed

embodiment of one's ancestors, and that it may be our destiny to become less than human in the near future, destroys the moral sense, depresses one's



IDOLS IN TEMPLE.—KALGAN

self-respect, and makes it almost impossible to aspire to live a noble life.

This religion never is at its best, except in books, that is, in theory. Its doctrines have no power to

redeem the individual, or to elevate society. My teacher would argue at great length in defense of his religion, but would admit that the disciples of Jesus are better than those of Buddha. One day he said to me: "How is it that none of your people quarrel or fight? I have lived here half a month, and have seen nothing of the kind. Outside of this Mission compound, whether in China or Mongolia, so many persons could not live together without hatred and strife."

In modern life it is not found that Buddhism has made any nation progressive, or virtuous, or happy. Wherever it prevails, womanhood and childhood are not honored; education and civilization are in a most rudimentary state; and in the temples, where the results of the religion are most manifest, the priests are licentious and vile. Poor as is the family life, one who does not want to see vice enthroned should stop at tents rather than at temples, when traveling in Mongolia.

One boy in each family is consecrated from childhood to be a priest. At such an early age, it is a pleasing distinction to wear a robe of bright colors and a nice, embroidered cap, to be called "Lama," and to be considered the most religious member of the family. Lamas of high rank are

adored. Those of moderate position are revered, like "the minister" a century ago in New England. All the priests have leisure for study, and that which most delights a Mongol's heart, an opportunity to spend the most of his life in idleness. They are well fed and clothed at the public expense, pose as gentlemen of leisure and piety, ride the best horses, and have no cares as to family or money. With such privileges who would not be a lama?

An American gentleman has been heard to say: "I wish that some one would take all the money that I earn, and pay all of my expenses and those of my family without requiring my attention to the details of account." Such a person would find this sort of bliss at a Mongolian monastery, only he would have no family. Yet many priests prefer to give attention to money matters and amass considerable wealth.

There is a dire necessity that compels each family to have its own priest. All the people keep on sinning, and some one must save them by being religious and saying many prayers. The lama, unfortunately, has a taste for mutton, but that is no matter; his brother kills the sheep, and in doing so commits murder; the priest eats the meat, but

there is no sin in that, for the animal is already dead; and then the priest says enough prayers to atone for the sins of the whole family. The other members are good by proxy. This certainly is a convenient religion.

At an early age, from seven to twelve, the boy is taken to one of the temples. Here he is going to see more of the world than hitherto. If he cries for his mother, he will be told that he is helping her in the best way by being there, and that a glorious career is opening before him. He has to do the most menial tasks, and is virtually the slave of some older priest. To sit cross-legged six hours a day, droning out prayers¹ with the other lamas, is a severe repression of his animal spirits; but he gets used to it, and has bright hopes of promotion, and of having a great name some day.

At last there comes a day of awakening. The noblest aspirations of the heart never can be realized. The lama cannot have a home. The boy once pure of heart finds himself immersed in a sea of vice. He has not escaped defilement, living with such companions, with whom lust has taken the place of love, and who seldom long refrain from words and gestures of obscenity. There are nuns

¹ The prayers are in the Tibetan language, which scarcely any of them can understand.

as well as priests, and they are equally bad. There are rooms in connection with the temple into which a casual visitor is not permitted to look. Sometimes the prohibition comes too late. In such cases, nothing good, nor even decent, is seen.

Gilmour describes the temples as nests of unclean birds, and says that Urga, the religious capital and headquarters of Lamaism, is "a stronghold of unblushing sin," and the most supremely wicked place in that whole wide country."

Nästegard, who had lived in Urga several years, in summing up the population of the place, after mentioning the ten thousand "celibate" priests, said that there were thousands of women leading immoral lives.

The smaller monasteries scattered throughout the country manifest the same tendencies to depravity.

On first discovering that one is in such a den of iniquity, the question arises, Will he try to escape? Perhaps he has gradually become calloused in regard to it, or is allured by the pleasures of sin. If he should expose the evils of the temple community, or openly abandon the priesthood, it would endanger his life. There are many lamas who, after finishing their apprenticeship, return to

live in the home of a brother, and help him in caring for the flocks and herds. Yet we cannot respect all such men alike, for the unruly and the stupid, as well as the virtuous, find it impossible to remain in the temple.

A few of the lamas marry, although it is forbidden by the rule of their order. Such persons cultivate the better feelings of humanity, and resemble the layman in their gravity, good judgment, and comparatively upright lives. The possession of a home, and the care of a family, make men better in Mongolia, as elsewhere, but unfortunately the people regard celibacy as more honorable than marriage.

In a temple may be seen images large and small, shelves loaded with little bronze Buddhas, and banners with embroidered gods without number; also trumpets and drums, the costly gowns and fantastic caps of the priests, and the Tibetan scriptures covering all the sides of a small room. A little lamp, fed with butter, is always lighted. There are thrones for the chief priests, and long, cushioned benches for the lesser ones, extending all the way to the door.

When prayers are to be offered, the lamas take their places, sitting so as to face the central aisle.

The older lamas read from Tibetan books,¹ in low sepulchral tones, and the small boys near the door try to imitate them. Trumpets are blown, cymbals clang, and the temple resounds with something like the Chinese singsong prayers, "O-me-to-foa," "O-me-to-foa," which means "Living Buddha, Living Buddha." To repeat this many times constitutes a prayer. The prayer is not supposed to be heart-worship, and is just as effectual if one does not understand the words, for the benefit to be derived depends on struggling through as much of the prayer-book as possible. Quantity, not quality, is the measure of successful prayer. The merit obtained is in proportion to the number of pages that are read.

At New Year's and in the spring, prayers are said for "good luck," that is, for a prosperous year; in the summer for rain,—as that is the rainy season; and thanks are offered to the gods in the autumn, for all the blessings of the year. These include good grass, fat cattle, plenty to eat, and something to devote to wine and gambling.

There are flags on the tents and houses, or on the hilltops, which pray as they flutter in the breeze. Wind-mills, water-wheels, and little

¹ They read from left to right, and lay aside each leaf when finished.

machines to be turned in the hand, all are used as means of praying. The religion is not spiritual, but mechanical. Prayer is measured by the mile, or by the cubic foot, and can be done by machinery. If you hire a man to pray by the day or month, the virtue is yours, not his.

Prayer is not addressed to a divine person, but to all the gods in the universe. If long-continued, it becomes a penance. One of the tortures of hell is compulsory prayer, to "make up" the prayers that were left unsaid in this life. The soul is driven to it by an imp armed with a whip.

Prayer, which should voice a yearning for righteousness and mercy, has become a dead form. The lips are always moving, and the fingers counting beads, but there is no lifting of the heart toward a heavenly Father, and therefore no consolation and no hope.

At the temples there are large cylindrical prayer-wheels, several feet high, each holding some bushels of prayers. They are filled to the top with strips of paper covered with Tibetan writing. The wheel is balanced on a pivot, and provided with handles for convenience in turning. If you walk around it once, pulling or pushing it as the hands of a watch move, you will have prayed all of the

prayers that it contains. One who turns it several hours has the benefit of praying by wholesale. Once I tried turning it in the opposite direction, but the Mongols interfered, protesting that if I should do so I would unpray all those prayers.

The spirits of the high places must be appeased. At stated times the priests assemble on the mountains. Three poles planted on different sides of the altar are connected by a string enclosing a triangular space. Paper streamers of bright colors are fastened to the string, and make a pretty sight, as they flutter in the breeze. They are not put there for ornament, but to have them do a great deal of praying. The lamas read their prayer-books to the sound of trumpets and cymbals, and sprinkle holy water and ring bells, as they do in the temples. Boiled legs of mutton and cakes of cheese are placed on the altar, and libations of wine are poured, to satisfy the cravings of the tutelary ghost. When the ceremony is finished the men take the meat away and feast on it, while the dogs climb up the hill to eat the cheese. Instead of feeding the spirits of the high place, the priests have fed themselves and the dogs.

They think that our Bible is unimportant because it can be contained in so small a volume. Here

again quantity is to them the sign of value. Their own scriptures are printed on pages one foot wide and three feet long, the leaves not being bound together but laid on each other, forming piles about a foot high. Above and below are boards of the same size, and the whole is wrapped around with yellow silk. Each temple¹ has a complete set of these scriptures, consisting of one hundred and eight bundles, and costing from seven hundred to fifteen hundred dollars.² One copy of these books would make several cartloads. These are the books which the people carry around the temples as a work of merit. Four of the large packages in each set are said to be the "Jesus Scriptures." As they have not been translated,³ it is impossible to state whether they are our whole Bible, or the four Gospels, or the writings of Nestorian missionaries. I have been told by a Mongol, that if we should get a copy of these books and make them the basis of missionary teaching, the people would readily believe the gospel, because they already have un-

¹ That is, each temple except those that are very poor.

² They cost the larger price when bought from the Chinese government, but are much cheaper if bought from bookstores in Peking.

³ An endeavor was being made in 1899 to have them translated and published in London,—but with what success I have not learned.

questioning faith in these books. Buddhism having adopted Jesus and the Virgin Mary into its pantheon, it would not be strange if its scriptures should be found to contain something of ours.

CHAPTER XX

THE MONGOLIAN LANGUAGE

With one teacher and from one lesson-book the sons of Mongol officials try to learn three languages at once, namely, their own, the Manchu and the Chinese.

Though these languages are distantly related, their difference may be illustrated by one word, meaning a tent: in Mongolian, it is *gere*; in Manchu, *bao* (bough); and in Chinese, *chang-fang*.

These languages, with Corean, Japanese, Turko-Tartar, Finn, Samoyed, and some North American Indian tongues, are called the Turanian or agglutinated languages, whose chief peculiarity is that, with some exceptions, each syllable consists of a single consonant followed by a single vowel. The syllable seems to be glued together, like those of compound words in English, except that the component parts are simpler. Little children can speak them easily; as, *papa*, *mamma*, *Minnehaha*, *Yokohama*, *gere* (tent), *nara* (the sun), and *mori* (a horse).

In turning from the study of Chinese to that of Mongolian, the chief contrasts are: that one has no longer to memorize complicated hieroglyphics, but to acquire an alphabetical language, in which each word can be spelled; that the meaning of a word does not depend on the tone in which it is spoken; and, that Mongolian is more diffuse than Chinese. Further, while the written language in China is more concise than the spoken, the opposite is true of Mongolian. The latter has many more closed syllables¹ than the former.

Foreigners find Mongolian much easier to learn than Chinese, but there are few books to aid one in the study. The only grammar is in German, and the only dictionaries render Mongolian words into German and Russian or French and Russian.²

¹ That is, syllables ending with a consonant. The Chinese closed syllables end only in *n* and *ng* in the north, to which are added *k*, *p* and *t*, in the south. Mongolian syllables may close with any of the twelve consonants. The language is difficult for the Chinese to speak, especially the *r*, which must be trilled. In Pekinese only 420 syllables are spoken; in Kalganese only 324; but over a thousand are used in Mongolian. This makes it easy for the Mongols to pronounce the words of foreign languages.

² The grammar and German dictionary were compiled by T. J. Schmidt. The former was translated into English by Rev. H. D. Porter, M. D., in 1875, but unfortunately was not published. The dictionary was translated into English and Swedish by Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Larson in 1899. Both works were destroyed by the Boxers.

The Mongols regard syllables as units, and spell a word by pronouncing its syllables, not its letters. Foreigners distinguish seventeen consonants¹ and seven vowels.²

The language was reduced to writing in the thirteenth century. The letters were modified from Uigurian, which was formed after Syriac. The letters still resemble the latter, and are also said to appear like a knotted cord. As in Syriac and Hebrew, without the Massoretic dots, the only vowels written are (י yodh and ו vau) i and o or u, so it is in Mongolian. The other vowels must be guessed by the aid of the context. Thus *nara* (the sun) and *nere* (a name) are written exactly alike.

Schmidt, following the Mongols, gives seven vowels, viz. a, e, i, ö, ô, ü, û. In fact, however, there are ten vowel sounds, corresponding to five written forms,—except that some of these letters can hardly be discerned, unless by a skilful exercise of the imagination. The sounds are five long and five

¹ The consonants, in their Mongolian order, are: n, b, kh, gh, k, g, m, l, r (never initial), t, d, y, s (ds), ts, s, sh, w.

² The long vowel sounds are: a, as in ah; e, as in herd; i, as in machine; o, as in no; and u, as in rude. The short vowel sounds are: a, as in cat; e, as in met; i, as in pin; o, as in not. These are as pronounced by the Jahara (Chakhar) tribe. The last-named vowel is called the sixth, and is pronounced differently by the other tribes.

short, nearly the same as those in English. There are also eight diphthongs. The forms of the consonants differ, according to whether they are at the beginning, middle or end of a word. The vowels in each word must harmonize with each other in sound, in one of two classes; viz., a, i and o; or e, i and u. A word that contains a or o cannot have e or u, and vice versa.

Consonant sounds are the ones most heard. The words are spoken loudly and boldly, because the people live so much out-of-doors. A Mongol, telling an exciting story, seems to forget to speak the vowels, and his long sentences consist almost exclusively of consonants. This harmonizes with the comparative lack of vowels in writing.

The writing is vertical, like the Chinese, and to be read down the column; but, unlike the Chinese, the second line to be read is the one at the right of the first. The leaves of a book are turned as in English.

Another difficulty in reading in Mongolian is, that d and t, g and h or k,¹ and also ch and j, are interchangeable; that is, what is written t may have to be pronounced d, etc.; as in the word todora (in), which must be read dotora. Further,

¹ K or kh in the north is pronounced h in the south.

b and p, j and y, are written almost exactly alike. One has to learn two languages at the same time, for the written and spoken Mongolian differ not only in the number of syllables in a word, but also in the construction of sentences. Hạng (a king) is written hagang; hu (a son) is written hubegung; but the chief difference is the construction.

No Mongol teacher is willing to invent a new method by writing words as they are spoken. Gilmour has illustrated this at length, telling of his attempts to induce a man to write in that way. The Kalmuk tribe alone write the words as they are spoken. Therefore their dialect is called "the Key to Mongolian." With this exception there is universal opposition to the much needed spelling reform.

The dialects of this language are much more alike than those of Chinese. Persons from distant parts of the country scarcely ever have any difficulty in understanding each other.

The various parts of speech display some interesting peculiarities.

Postpositions take the place of prepositions, following the nouns which they govern, instead of preceding them.

In the grammar, nouns and pronouns are said to have ten cases, their use with each postposition making a separate case, though the form of the noun is not altered. The true number of cases should be determined by the number of forms which the noun assumes, and is three, nominative, possessive and objective, as in English. Gender is not indicated. The plural endings are: *nara*, *nere*, *ōd*, *s* and *d*. The plural meaning is also denoted by the words *all* and *many*.

The pronouns are most interesting, because of their similarity to those in Indo-European languages. *M* is the root sound in the first person, as in *my*, *mine*, *me*; while *t* in the second person is like *th* in *thou*, *thy*, *thine* and *thee*. *I* is *bi*; *my* is *monai* or *mini*; *me* is *namaigi*; *thou* or *you* is *ta*; *thy* or *your* is *tanai* or *tini*; *thee* or *you* is *tanigi*. The demonstrative pronoun *that*, *tere*, is used for the personal pronoun of the third person. The relative pronoun is lacking, and its place is supplied by circumlocution,

The adjectives are not inflected.

The verbs have only one conjugation, which is regular and simple. There are many forms for tense and mood, but few for person and number. The imperative is the root of the verb; as, *id* (pro-

nounced eat), which means, Please eat. To eat, is idehu; I eat, ideyě; I am eating, ideji baina; I have eaten, idelě; I ate, ideseng. The other forms, passive as well as active, are made with their various endings.

The adverbs are simple particles, affirmative, negative, modal, interrogative, etc., or are formed by suffixes from other parts of speech.

There are few conjunctions. The relations of clauses are shown by verbal forms, mostly by participles and the gerund. In speaking, the conjunctions are almost wholly dispensed with; and no wonder, seeing that they are so long and awkward; for instance, the little word *for*, meaning because, is written in eleven syllables, thus: *tere yagono tola hemebesu*.

The verb is placed at the end of the sentence. The order of words is as follows: indications of time or place (by adverb or substantive with postposition), the object and other cases depending on the verb, and last of all the verb, preceded by adverbs that qualify it.

In a sentence or paragraph, the causal, hypothetical and concessive clauses come first, and the finite verb appears only at the end of the main predication. The periods are longer than in other

languages, one of them sometimes filling several pages.

Oriental peoples excel Occidentals in their clear idea of the points of compass. This may have resulted from the drier atmosphere, enabling them to see the sun and stars more constantly, or from the high value put upon ceremony, in which position plays a prominent part. You tell a blind man in the streets of Peking, "Go north!" and he instantly avoids danger, never hesitating to inquire which way is the north. Similarly, the Mongol always imagines himself looking out of his tent door, to the south or southeast; and therefore the word for right is west, and that for left is east. The Mongol speaks of his west hand, and of his east ear, or foot.

A special class of words is used for everything that is divine. These at first had reference to the Buddhas, but have formed a certain style of speech. In the New Testament we read that Jesus stretched forth his divine hand, and touched the leper; and that they platted a crown of thorns, and put it upon his divine head.¹

In addressing an official, common words are not

¹ Head is *tölogai*, divine head is *tërigung*. Hand is *gara*, divine hand is *mōdora*. Foot is *hül*, divine foot is *ülemi*.

used; one must speak in an honorific diction, or special phraseology. For instance, the morning salutation, Sai honabō? (Did you sleep well?) will not do in speaking to a magistrate; one must say: Sai noiresebo?

The Turks being a branch of the Tartar race, we find the root of the word salaam in Mongolian, with the same meaning. Thus we are told, in the Mongolian New Testament, that James and John made a profound bow to their father, as a ceremonious farewell, and then follow Jesus.

The Buddhist books brought into Mongolian many Sanskrit and Tibetan words. The language uses foreign words with the utmost freedom, adding the Mongolian endings. To interpret, is to "Mongolize." Some words are taken from Chinese; as, pensa, a dish; loasa, a mule. Others originally were common to both languages; as, mōdong, (Chinese mu-t'ou) wood, or a tree.

Words denoting repentance and forgiveness are long and awkward, showing that these ideas are not indigenous to the Mongol mind.

Important books are printed from wooden blocks. All the words to be printed must be separately carved on the boards, as there are no movable types. The engraver selects pieces of the finest

grained willow, trims and planes them himself, writes the words backhanded of course, and carves them with little knives of his own manufacture. If working by the job, he charges only half a cent per word, though some words have six or eight syllables. If desired, he will carve pictures of Buddha, to be printed and worshiped. The block, having been prepared, is placed on the table; ink¹ is applied with a brush; the paper is laid on the block and the hand is wiped over it, sometimes moving the paper and blurring the print, and always applying the pressure unevenly.

Books, whether copied by hand or printed in this way, are few and costly. The Mongolian literature is mostly religious, consisting of the lives of saints, poems, historical sketches of Mongol warriors, and a few novels.

¹ The ordinary Chinese writing ink is used. It has no such odor as the oily ink used in foreign printing, which is offensive to the Mongols and Chinese, and excites their fears of poison or witchcraft. If offered a book printed at a foreign press, the native smells of it, and says that he does not want it.

CHAPTER XXI

THE RISE OF THE MONGOL EMPIRE

A nomadic people, in a savage or barbarous condition, whose chief industry is the tending of flocks and herds, can hardly be said to have a history.

Once, however, the Mongols raised an immense army, and founded one of the most extensive empires that ever existed, embracing almost all of Asia and a large portion of Europe. An outburst of valor and savagery won for them a place in the history of the world.

The earliest mention of them relates that, in A.D. 619-690, they were living by the Kerulon, Argun and Onon¹ Rivers, in the northeast part of Mongolia. They were a branch of the Tungus peoples, who from early times inhabited the Yenesei and Amur valleys.

One of their leaders was Budantsar, a semi-mythical person, whose descendant in the eighth generation was Yesukai, the father of Genghis Khan.²

¹ Or Nonni.

² Khan is the Mongolian word for king.

Genghis was born in the year 1162 near the river Onon. His name in childhood was Temuchin. When he was only thirty years of age, his father died, and the tribes which had been united by his valor dispersed. Temuchin's mother, Yulun, led troops against them, and brought back at least one half.

In 1206, a great assembly by the Onon proclaimed Temuchin as their king, under the title of Genghis Khan.

He first defeated the Naimans, who were formerly ruled by his father. They fled far away to the west, to the Irtish River.¹ Then he invaded the Hsia kingdom, in the northwest part of China. In 1208 he conquered the Naimans and Merkits,² in their new abode at the Irtish. Returning, he defeated the Kins, and took possession of Liao-tung, which is the southern part of Manchuria.

In 1213 he sent three armies to overrun China, each of which was successful. One of them reached Honan, and captured twenty-eight cities. Another, led by Genghis, ravaged Shantung, until stopped by the sea at the promontory. All of China north of the Yellow River, except Peking, submitted to him.

¹ This river rises in western Mongolia, flows past Omsk and Tobolsk in Siberia, and empties into the Obi river.

² These are names of Mongol tribes.

For that city the Kin emperor gave a large ransom, and obtained a temporary peace; but, fearing another incursion of the Mongols, he fled to K'ai-fêng Fu, south of the Yellow River. Genghis regarded this action as a revolt, and pursued him.

A Naiman named Kushlek, who had taken refuge among the Kitans, abused the hospitality given him, and supplanted their king. Genghis defeated him in one battle, and took the kingdom.

At that time the conqueror seems to have thought that his realm was large enough; but an unexpected event opened the way for the invasion of Europe.

There was a kingdom in Turkestan called Khwarezm. Its king was Muhammed. Genghis sent him a friendly message regarding the regulations of trade. Afterward Inaljuk, governor of Otrar, in that country, killed some Mongol merchants as spies. Genghis demanded the extradition of the governor, but Muhammed beheaded the chief envoy, and sent the others back bereft of their beards.

In the spring of 1219, Genghis led his army from Karakorum.¹ The first column defeated Muham-

¹This city, on the banks of the Orkhon River, had been founded in the eighth century by Buku, khan of the Uigur

med, who is said to have left 160,000 dead on the field. He fled to Samarcand. The second column besieged Otrar five months, took it, slew Inaljuk, pillaged the city, and leveled its walls. The third and fourth columns were equally successful. Bokhara, Samarcand and other cities were taken, and the inhabitants massacred.

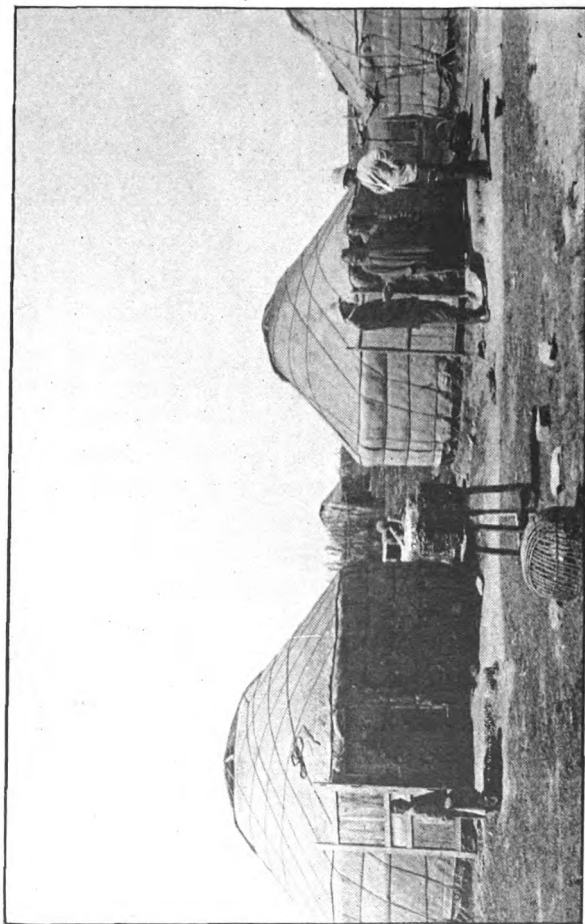
Muhammed fled to Nishnapoor, in the north-eastern part of Persia. An army of 70,000 Mongols captured the city, and slew all of the people except four hundred artisans, who were sent to Mongolia.

Muhammed died by the Caspian. His son Jalaluddin was pursued by Genghis, and defeated on the banks of the Indus. He fled to Delhi. The Mongols sought for him in vain, but ravaged the northwestern portion of India.

Herat had welcomed the Mongols, and had been spared. Most foolishly, they revolted. As a result, an army besieged the city six months, overcame it, and killed and burned for a week. It is said that 1,600,000 persons perished.

In 1222 a horde of Mongols defeated the Circassians, captured Astrakhan, and pursued their

Mongols. Under Ogdai, 1227-1256, it was the capital of the empire. Its ruins can still be seen.



MONGOL TENTS
Dr. Ament and Mr. Roberts in foreground

enemies to the Don. The Russians assembled an army at Kiev, and killed the Mongol envoys, but were routed in battle. The victors ravaged Great Bulgaria, and returned home with their booty.

From Central Asia, Genghis went to fight in China. The five planets were in conjunction, which was regarded as a bad omen. Being sick, he left Kansuh, and soon after died by the river Sale in Mongolia, A. D. 1227.

In order to keep his death from being known, the guard escorting his body slew all whom they met, till they reached Kerulon in the north.

One effect of the wars of Genghis had been that the Osmanli Turks were driven from northern Asia, and invaded first Bithynia, and then Europe.

His will appointed Oghotai, or Ogdai, as his successor. He knelt three times to the sun, took oaths from his princes, and gave them rich presents. Then he sacrificed forty maidens and many horses to his father's spirit.

His first campaign was against the Kins in China, and was successful. Then he sent an army of 300,000 men to subdue an uprising in Khwarezm.

In 1235, Ogdai overran Mesopotamia. The people were so terrified that single Mongols are said

to have slain entire villages without opposition. The same year he sent one army against Corea, another against China, and a third into Europe. The Mongols were able to go such great distances, because they were all mounted, were inured to hardships, and carried no heavy baggage, but took what they needed from the various countries.

Riazan, in Russia, was taken in 1237. "The prince, with his mother, wife, sons, the boyars (nobles), and the inhabitants, without regard to age or sex, were slaughtered with savage cruelty. Some were impaled, some shot at with arrows for sport, others were flayed, or had splinters of wood driven under the nails of their fingers and toes. Priests were roasted alive, and nuns and maidens ravished in the churches."

Next they took Moscow, which was then a small place, and other cities of Russia, in which horrors were enacted. Kiev, "the mother of cities," was destroyed, and the people massacred.

Hungary and Poland then were devastated. By a night attack at Pesth, the Mongols won a great victory. The roads for two days' journey in every direction were strewn with corpses. In Poland, on the approach of the savages, the inhabitants of Cracow burned their city and fled. The army of

Duke Henry II of Silesia was defeated with terrible slaughter. The Mongols were accustomed to cut one ear from each of the enemy slain, and on this occasion carried away nine sacks of ears. They pushed on into Bavaria, but received news of Ogdai's death, and a summons to return to their own land. Their khan had given himself up to drink, ease and licentiousness, and died Dec. 11, 1241.

The next khan was Kuyuk. His doctors and two ministers in charge of affairs were Christians. A chapel stood in front of his tent. The Nestorian missionaries were in favor. To a letter from Pope Innocent, seeking terms of peace, he sent a haughty answer, bidding him to come quickly and pay tribute, and saying that the Mongols were about to "overwhelm the whole earth from the east to the west. Expeditions were made against Asia Minor, Syria, Corea and China. Kuyuk died after a reign of seven years. He was followed by Kaidu and Chapai, grandsons of Ogdai, each of whom ruled only for a short time. There was war between the house of Ogdai and that of his brother Jagatai.

Mangu, a nephew of Ogdai, became khakan¹ in

¹ This is a longer form of the word khan, and was used

1251. He was impartial to Christians, Mohammedans and Buddhists, but Shamanism was the state religion. He was visited in 1253 by a priest named Rubruquis, who has left an account of the palace and its grandeur. He was sent on this mission by King Louis XI of France. Mangu asked him how many "rams, horses and oxen the French king owned," and said that he should soon make war upon him.

Mangu sent his brother Hulagu to put down an insurrection in Persia. To obtain favor, Rokn Al-din dismantled fifty of the principal fortresses of Kohistan, after which the Mongols exterminated the people.

Hulagu then marched over snowy mountains to Baghdad, besieged it, and sacked it seven days, killing, it is said, 800,000 people. The caliph, who was the spiritual head of Islam, took away one hundred of his seven hundred wives, but soon after died. Some accounts narrate that he was starved, and others that he was put in a sack and trodden to death by horses.

Having committed these dreadful acts, Hulagu showed an interest in science by building an as-

to denote the Mongol emperor, when the empire was developed to its greatest extent.

tronomical observatory at Maragha, in Mesopotamia. Both there and in Syria the invasion caused famine. The Mongols stormed Aleppo, and Damascus surrendered to them.

On hearing of Mangu's death, Hulagu went to Mongolia, leaving one of his officers as commander in his place. In the division of the kingdom, Hulagu retained the regions which he had conquered, and they were known as the Empire of the Ilkhans.

Mangu and Kublai had led their armies into Tongking and Tibet. Kublai issued a humane order, forbidding indiscriminate massacre. Mangu died in Ssu-ch'uan, A.D. 1259, after a sickness of a few days. His body was taken into Mongolia on the backs of two asses, and all who were met on the way were killed, numbering 20,000, according to Marco Polo.

In fifty-three years the Mongols, who before had occupied an insignificant strip of territory, had acquired an empire stretching from the Pacific ocean to Poland and Hungary, and from the Indian Ocean to the frozen zone. Only the north of Russia and the southern parts of India and China had escaped their fury. China soon after succumbed. But the Mongol work was destructive.

With the exception of Kublai Khan, they had no constructive ability, and established nothing to take the place of that which they overthrew. They ruled for themselves—not for the good of the governed,—and their empire was not destined to endure.

CHAPTER XXII

KUBLAI KHAN AND HIS SUCCESSORS

Kublai, a grandson of Genghis, born in 1216, was the most eminent of his descendants, and became the founder of the Yüan dynasty in China.

In 1226-7, though still very young, he and Hulagu had taken part in Genghis' last campaign. In 1235 Mangu sent Kublai against the Sung emperor in China, whose capital was at Hangchow, but for some unknown reason he went to Yunnan instead. He captured the city of Ta-li Fu, and left his army there, while he returned to the north. In 1260 he was elected in an assembly at Shangtu,¹ to succeed Mangu as khakan. Although elected to this high position, he had to fight his brother Arikbugha and his cousin Kaidu, in order to obtain it.

In 1264 Kublai established his capital at Peking, and built the so-called "Tartar City," which then included one-third more of area than it does now. The old wall two miles north of the city still exists,

¹The ruins of Shangtu are near Dolonnor, 200 miles north of Peking.

and is called the "Mongol Wall." The building of the city was finished in 1267, and was known as Cambaluc, the "City of the Khan."

The next year the war against the Sung kingdom was resumed. Hsiang-yang and Fan-ch'êng on the Han River held out for five years. In 1276 Hang-chow was taken, and the emperor and his mother were sent to Peking. The princes of the Sung dynasty attempted to maintain themselves in the provinces of Fu-kien and Canton, but were overcome, and in 1279 the minister and his prince jumped into the sea together. So the whole of China came under the sway of the Mongols.

Kublai probably ruled over more people than any monarch before his time. In his reign the Mongol empire attained its greatest extent and power. The conquests of his generals extended the limits of the realm, until no one could ascertain where they were.

Having been educated in China, he understood the customs of the country, and was popular among the Chinese, though he did not raise them to the highest offices. He was warlike, but not barbarous; intelligent, benevolent, and a patron of learning. He made two of the astronomical instruments which have attracted so much attention

in Peking. His splendor, his palace, his hunting expeditions, the paper currency, and the vigor of his administration, are described by Marco Polo. He was fortunate in having such a guest from afar, to make known to the western world the grandeur of his realm.

Kublai had the genuine Mongol thirst for new dominions. He fitted out several expeditions to subdue Japan. The last one, in 1278, was prepared on an immense scale. All of his efforts were in vain. The Mongols never were successful at sea. The difficulty of raising money to defray the expenses was all that prevented a renewal of the attempt. He obtained a temporary success in Cochinchina, and a real victory over Burmah, where his troops overran the country to the delta of the Irrawaddy, and destroyed the old capital and dynasty. Expeditions sent to obtain professions of homage, and to bring back curious presents and reports of foreign countries, went as far as to southern India, eastern Africa, and even to Madagascar.

In 1287, in his old age, Kublai went in person against Nayan, a prince of his own family, who, with Kaidu, had stirred up a revolt in Manchuria. He took and executed Nayan.

His last war was against Java. A great army and

fleet were prepared at Foochow. On attempting to land in Java, a battle occurred, in which 3,000 men were lost. After this, the expedition returned to China.

The great khakan died in 1294, at the age of seventy-eight. Near the end of his reign the first Roman Catholic missionary, John of Montecorvino, came to Peking, and labored with considerable success.

Timur, a grandson of Kublai, succeeded him. During his reign the families of Og dai and Jagatai became reconciled to the ruling house.

Kaissan, a nephew of Timur, became the next emperor. "On the election being announced, four of the princes of the blood raised the new khakan aloft on a piece of white felt, two others supported him, while a seventh offered him the cup. While Shaman offered up prayers for his prosperity, and saluted him by the title of Kuluk Khan, carts full of gold pieces and rich tissues were brought out and distributed. So many pearls were spread on the ground, that it resembled the sky. The feast lasted a week, during each day of which forty oxen and four thousand sheep were consumed. Libations of milk from seven hundred sacred cows and seven thousand ewes were sprinkled on the ground."

Kaissan died in 1311, at the age of thirty-one. His nephew Buyantu succeeded him. He was a patron of literature, and rescued the "stone drums" of the Chou dynasty, of the date of B.C. 1122-255, and placed them in the temple to Confucius in Peking, where they still remain. The offices of government were filled with Mongols, to the exclusion of the Chinese. Literary qualifications for holding office were ignored, and the Chinese felt that their most cherished customs were being subverted.

Buyantu died in 1320, and his son Gegen reigned in his stead. After three years he was assassinated, being the first one of these rulers to suffer a violent death.

Yissun Timur was the next emperor. Before his time China had consisted of twelve provinces. He divided it into eighteen.

The rulers that followed him were weak and worthless, caring only for pleasure. Meantime floods and earthquakes devastated the land, and there were insurrections in various places. The discontent was increased by the impoverishment of the people, through an enormous issue of paper money, which became worthless.

The last Mongol emperor was Toghon Timur.

He ordered 70,000 men to make a new channel for the Yellow River, and imposed new taxes to meet the expense. A comet appeared. Then there was a severe earthquake, which overthrew the temple of Imperial Ancestors, and in the darkness and confusion the silver tablets were stolen. There was a rebellion in the south, another in Corea, and still another in the north, which almost annihilated the army sent against it. In 1368, after eighty-nine years of rule and misrule, the Mongols were driven out of China, and a Buddhist priest established the Ming dynasty.

To this day, however, the common people of China make their clothing on the Mongol pattern, and the lamas wear the imperial color, yellow, which was permitted them by a special decree of an emperor.

Toghon Timur fled to Dolonnor, where he soon after died. His successor was Biliktu, who died in 1379; and the ruler after him was Assakhal.

When driven from China, the army fled to Kerulon, in northern Mongolia. There the Chinese defeated Ussakhal, and took as prisoners 2994 officers and 77,000 men, and a large amount of booty.

Afterward the eastern Mongols were governed by those of the west. For fifty years the Oirads

treated them as vassals. The eastern tribes finally broke up in 1604-1634, under Lingdan Khan, who was arrogant and brutal.

When the Ming dynasty became weak, the Mongols who had formerly been in China returned from the north and occupied the Ordus desert. The royal family took possession of the Chakhar country, and in 1644 aided the Manchus to obtain control of China. For this service the Manchus gave them special privileges, enrolled them as eight banners of the army, and allowed them to occupy the fertile prairie north of Kalgan, guarding the road to Peking from the northwest.

The Khalkha tribe, north of the Gobi, in the seventeenth century yielded a nominal allegiance to Russia. Afterward they threw it off and helped the Khirghiz Mongols against their former suzerain. Still later their chief, the "Golden Khan," sent an embassy to Russia, requesting presents of jewels, arms, a telescope, a clock, and "a monk who had gone to Jerusalem, that he might teach the Khalkhas how the Christians pray."

Early in the Manchu dynasty, the Khalkhas sought the help of China, to save them from being exterminated by the Kalmuks and Eleuths. The Emperor K'ang-hsi invited all their chiefs to meet

him at Dolonnor, and on that occasion they were incorporated in the "Middle Kingdom."

The Torgod Mongols, who lived near Astrakhan, were attacked alternately by the Russians and Turks, and in 1771 emigrated to Ili, in the western part of Chinese Tartary. Seventy thousand families made the journey of seventeen hundred miles. The Russians vainly endeavored to win them back. The Chinese gave a year's food to each family, besides land, money and cattle. Probably 300,000 persons of this tribe survived to reach Ili.

The Kalmuks, in 1444, acquired an empire in western Asia. They frequently fought China or Russia. The Emperor K'ang-hsi defeated them, in order to protect the Khalkhas, and a few decades later Ch'ien-lung subjugated them.

The Buriats, inhabiting the lands around Lake Baikal, came under the control of Russia. They are the most civilized of all the Mongols.

The Golden Horde were the army whose ravages in Russia have already been described. Their leader, Batu, a grandson of Genghis, set up his golden tent by the Volga. His brother, Bereke, who succeeded him, carried desolation a second time into Poland. He was converted to Islam, and died in 1265. In the time of his successor, Usbeg,

this Horde were becoming somewhat civilized. Their khan married a princess to the Sultan of Egypt, and another to George, prince of Moscow. He summoned the grand-prince Michael of Russia, condemned, tortured and executed him. Then he began to sympathize with Christianity! Janibeg, a later khan, was said to be "just, God-fearing, and the patron of the meritorious," yet he raided Poland after the old fashion.

The White Horde lived farther to the east. It was conquered and ruled by an enemy named Toktamish. In 1382 he pillaged and burned Moscow, and slaughtered the inhabitants. Other Russian cities suffered in the same way. In 1390 he led 90,000 troops against Tamerlane. He was successful at first, but afterward was defeated, and his country near the Volga was laid waste. Five years later, it was devastated again by the same enemy.

After the Golden Horde was destroyed, the Kazaks established a dominion east of the Caspian. They made war against the Moghul empire, and with each other, and finally fell under the power of Russia.

The Krim Tartars lived in the region of the Crimea, which took its name from them. At one time they helped the Russians against the Golden

Horde. In 1555, the Russians having taken Kasan and Astrakhan, the Krims attacked Moscow, and burned the city, churches, and all the houses within a radius of thirty miles, but were not able to take the Kremlin. The number of people killed, and the value of the treasures carried away, were exceedingly great. The Mongols withdrew to the Crimea, ravaging the country as they went. In 1572 they again invaded Russia, but were defeated. After the accession of Peter the Great their power declined. The Russians invaded the Crimea in 1735 and took control of their country in 1783.

After all that the Russians have suffered at the hands of the Tartars, it is remarkable that they can have any kind feelings toward them.

The history of the Mongols is a sad tale. They have shown how bloodthirsty and cruel human nature at its worst can be. They fought for booty and a name. They obtained both, and caused untold miseries to their fellow men. Their history is not yet ended. Buddhism has made them mild; Christianity will make them moral, intelligent and happy; and they may sometime become a blessing to the world.

CHAPTER XXIII

A COUNTRY WITHOUT A SEAPORT

Mongolia, the central part of Chinese Tartary, of the same size as China Proper, and due north of it, is bounded on the north by Siberia, on the east by Manchuria, and on the west by Ili.¹ Outer and Inner Mongolia are the parts north and south of the desert of Gobi. The Chinese are Mongolians only in a wide sense of the term, including all the east-Asiatic peoples. The Mongols occupy more land than that of Mongolia, some of their tribes living in Ili, southern and western Siberia, and even the southeastern portion of European Russia. Mongolia is said to contain only two or three million people, or one hundredth part of the population of China. Besides these, the Khirghis tribe has three million, occupying as many square miles of land between Ili and the Caspian Sea, and other tribes in Russia bring the total of the Mongol race to about seven million souls.

¹ Ili, pronounced Ee-lee, is also a part of the Chinese empire.

Even a short journey reveals the sparseness of the population. There are scarcely any cities. The largest, Urga, has perhaps thirty-five thousand; Uliassutai has a few thousand; Cobdo has two thousand houses; and Dolonnor is a small trading city, with more Chinese than Mongols. The villages contain from one to twenty families each, and are miles apart. The people being of pastoral habits, the land cannot support nearly as many as it could if they tilled the soil. The desert of Gobi, three hundred miles wide and over a thousand miles long, is almost uninhabitable.¹ About half of the Mongols being priests, their celibacy hinders the natural increase of the population. The lack of knowledge of hygiene, and the lack of decent dwellings, cause much sickness and a high death-rate. The tents are a poor shelter from the weather. In the rainy season they are reeking with dampness. Sleeping on the cold or wet ground, or on damp mats of felt, the people almost universally suffer with rheumatism. Skin-diseases prevail, as the result of uncleanly habits. The cold climate and lack of houses forbid bathing. The native physicians have no scientific knowledge

¹ Yet some people live in the desert, along the trade routes, making their living by barter.

or valuable training. Their chief interest is to receive high pay for their services. Even if the patient is in great pain or danger, the doctor will slowly dicker as to the amount of his remuneration, in case of a successful cure; and only after that important question is settled will he try to administer relief. His methods and materia medica resemble those of Chinese physicians. It has been said that in any village the number of diseased persons equals that of the inhabitants. In view of all these facts, it is not strange that the country is so sparsely populated.

A careful estimate of the Jahara (Chakhar) tribe near Kalgan gave, as a result, a population of forty thousand souls. The exact area which they occupy is not easily defined, but is somewhat like a semi-circle, whose radius, on the Urga road, is one hundred and forty miles. Supposing these data correct, the area would be sixty-one thousand, six hundred square miles, and the average population would be only 0.65, or less than one person to a square mile. Yet this is a fair sample, or better than the average, for the Jaharas obtained these fine pasture lands as a special privilege.

Mongolia having no seacoast and no port, never will need a navy. With such slight resources, and

with no natural boundaries, it never can be independent, but always must be governed by China or Russia. There are hardly any rivers. Not one is crossed in going from Kalgan to Urga, a distance of seven hundred and ten miles, except the Tola, which is closed to the latter city.¹ A navigable portion of the Yellow River flows through the southern part of the land; but the shoals, rapidly changing their positions, endanger navigation; and the current is so strong, that between Ninghsia and Pao-t'ou, a distance of two hundred and sixty miles, whereas the voyage down the river occupies seven days, the return trip requires twenty-four. Running on a shoal, the boat is liable to be upset. At night it is difficult to find a safe anchorage. After heavy rains, or when the snow is thawing on distant mountains, torrents of water come down, in which the boats are as helpless as bits of straw. Below Pao-t'ou boats never ascend the river; they go down stream, and after arriving at their destination are broken up and sold as planks.

On the northeast border are the Argun and Onon Rivers, important branches of the Amur. The

¹ The River of Gobi, which is a dry torrent bed, and the Tuërin, which is a tiny, trickling stream, are too insignificant to be considered in this connection.

rivers near Urga join the Selenga, which flows northward, and is not navigable in Mongolia. The headwaters of the Yenesei, and a few streams that empty into small lakes, complete the list of the rivers of this country.

The chief mountains are the Hing-an on the east, the Altai and T'ien-shan on the north and west, and the Alashan on the southwest. The country is a table-land, four or five thousand feet above the sea-level, but somewhat lower in the desert, which in recent geological times was an inland sea. The land mostly consists of low hills alternating with flat plains. Mountains, which at a distance appear high, are found, on nearer approach, to rise so gradually, that a Peking cart could be driven to the summit without difficulty. The mountain of Chwërin is an exception, being steep and craggy. On the sides of the hills, in many places, can be seen terraces, that were carved by running water ages ago, when the valleys were not so deep as they are now.

The stone altars on the hilltops are conspicuous landmarks. The traveler carefully notices them, and thereby avoids losing his way.

The Haraching Mongols, in the southeast, till the soil, and speak Chinese. The tribes of the

north, being far from Peking, are kept in nominal subjection by annual gifts from the emperor. They send him tribute, and receive much more valuable presents in return. Thus they are bribed to keep the peace. The custom, however, is not wholly bad.

Mongolia always has suffered from the lack of natural boundaries, such as those which protect Japan and Tibet. Invading armies could enter easily from any side. This has prevented a feeling of national unity, without which no people can attain their highest prosperity. The tribes have shown little cohesion, except occasionally under the influence of an able leader.

Properly speaking, there are no manufactures or commerce. Some Mongols can make boots, saddles and tents, or even a decent knife or lock, but the goods are only for home use. Those who live near the Russians or Chinese, prefer to buy manufactured articles from them. This comports with their tendency to avoid work. Horses, camels, cattle and sheep, are the products of Mongolia. Chinese merchants buy, and send to the south, hides, wool, camel's hair, crude salt and soda, pine lumber from Urga, timber of the fir-tree from Dolonnor, and antelope's horns, for use as medi-

cine. The transportation of tea from China to Siberia is one of the chief industries. In some years three hundred thousand boxes of tea have been sent over the Urga route, valued at twenty million dollars gold. The tea is raised near Hankow. Its transportation on camels is very expensive, as well as slow, and a railroad, if built, while having little local traffic, would have enough through freight to make probable its commercial success.

Religion and wine, and the condition of their animals, occupy the thoughts of the natives. There is no desire thoroughly to understand their own country, much less to defend it. Foreign exports and imports are meaningless words.

Schools are very few, and one of them may have only two or three pupils, or possibly six or eight; for the people have little ambition to study, and the priests doubtless desire to keep them in ignorance. The latter study Tibetan in the temples, but the most of them learn only to pronounce the words, for that is the essential part of reading prayers. Yet illiteracy is less prevalent than in China, because the Mongols have more leisure, not being under the pressure of poverty, and not spending so much of their time in hard work.

A considerable portion of the laymen can read

Mongolian. Excepting those in official life, and those living near the frontiers, there are few who learn to speak more than one language. The Mongols seem not to know that such studies as mathematics and the sciences exist. The most recently arrived traveler is their newspaper. Their nation has had its rise and fall. The vicissitudes of other nations are of no account to them.

CHAPTER XXIV

IN THE "HOUSE BEAUTIFUL," THE CONSULATE AT URGÄ

Our stay in Urgä was only four days. The consul-general, and Mr. Pavyel, the priest, treated us very kindly. The former gave to each of us a Russian passport, which would enable us to enter Siberia and travel to St. Petersburg. He also offered to lend us a thousand ounces of silver, but we thought it would not be necessary. This offer was prompted by the kindness of Mr. J. Dietrick, a rich miner from California, who desired to help us. The secretary of consulate, Mr. Dolbescheff, "had charge of us," and was most attentive in supplying our wants. The postmaster, students, Cossacks and servants, were friendly and helpful.

The weather was cloudy and showery all the time that we were in Urgä. The forests on the mountains were a feast to our eyes. After such a long and difficult journey, it was an unspeakable relief to rest a few days among friends.

Another missionary, Mr. O. S. Nästegard, Jr.,

a Norwegian Lutheran, who had been living in Urga several years, preaching to the Mongols, was obliged to go to Siberia with us, because of the Boxer troubles in Urga. We were glad to have his company. As he could speak Russian and Mongolian, as well as English and several other languages, he was sure to be a great help.

The Boxers had reached Urga before us, and were stirring up strife. Two thousand Chinese troops, on the west side of the city, were practising the Boxer tactics. That which the Russians most apprehended was that their houses, which were all built of wood, might be burned. One evil-minded man, on a windy night, could do a work of great harm. The high Chinese and Mongol mandarins already had proclaimed that they would not be responsible for the lives of foreigners, which was the same as advertising that any one might kill them with impunity. The arrival of our caravan of innocent civilians had been viewed by the natives with suspicion and alarm. We were supposed to be Russian soldiers in disguise. One Mongol was overheard saying to another on the street: "Something is surely going to happen, for so many Russians have just come, and they are all people whom we do not know." The mandarins

were urging the consul-general to send us off at once, and he told us that, for our own sakes, we ought to go to Siberia as quickly as possible. Mr. Larson could not avoid promising him that we should go in two or three days; but there were so many preparations to be made, that it seemed impossible to go so soon.

Less than a week from that time, a quadrennial feast or fair was to be held, at a place ten miles from Urga, on the road which we were to take. Every official in Mongolia would be present, including the Living Buddha. The Russians said that about a million persons would be there. This estimate doubtless was too large, but shows the importance of the occasion. There were to be horse-races, wrestling contests, a brisk business, and worshiping of the gods. The popular feeling toward foreigners being so hostile, it would not be safe for us to be near that place, after the multitudes should have begun to assemble. The day after leaving Urga, we saw the place where the feast was to be celebrated. Preparations were being made, and trees that had been cut down were being planted before the tents, to facilitate the hitching of horses.

While we were in the consulate, our "combina-

tion" had to be reorganized. We were not a homogeneous company. There were the Larson party, including the Lundquists and Söderboms, the Oberg party, the American Board party, and Mr. Fagerholm, whom we called "The Fagerholm party." Under the stress of the Boxer troubles in China, we had promised allegiance to Captain Larson, who was our "Moses," about to lead us through the desert. Our hope was that we might remain in Urga until the disturbances in China should quiet down. Having reached our destination, and a place of comparative safety, there was less cohesion in our company, and individual and party claims asserted themselves. Mr. Larson, brave and happy on the journey, was discouraged and downcast while in the consulate.

We were all sorrowful at having to part with our faithful attendants. We had learned to love them very much; but they wished to return to their homes in Hara Oso, and, considering the differences in dialect and customs, it was necessary to hire northern Mongols for traveling in northern Mongolia. In dismissing the men, Mr. Larson gave them, as part of their wages, two ounces of silver each, a good horse for each to ride, a small tent, and a horse to carry the tent and baggage.

As Mr. Nästegard was acquainted with the Mongols in Urga, he hired some of them to drive our camels to Siberia, and they naturally looked to him, rather than to Mr. Larson, as their commander. In fact, Mr. Nästegard was a man of such ability,—far-seeing, determined and brave, as well as kind-hearted, and polite in manner,—that he was one fitted for leadership. Yet Mr. Larson had done us such an incalculable service in bringing us all the way through the desert to Urga, and had shown such splendid qualities of mind and heart, that we begged him to continue to be our captain. This he finally consented to do.

One of his principles was that he would have no one for his follower who was unwilling to place all of his money at the disposal of the caravan. He had a right to require this, not only because mutual helpfulness was essential to success, but also because he had spent for the caravan every cent of his own, and more than any other individual had paid. Yet the American Board funds were low, and must suffice for the support of six people, and we had no assurance that a new supply of money could be obtained in Siberia. The public nature of these funds led us to hesitate as to our right to place them unreservedly at the command of a per-

son not formally connected with the Board; but inasmuch as our flight for life was not yet ended, and we were still dependent on our leader, he was really connected with us and our Board in a most vital way, and gratitude, as well as necessity, required us to put all our resources at his command.

We were anxious to send a cablegram to America, asking that money be sent for our use. The consul-general told us that, as Siberia was in a state of war, private telegrams would not be sent promptly, but he would forward our cablegram as an official telegram to St. Petersburg, at an expense of only five cents a word. For our Swedish friends he sent a telegram to their minister in St. Petersburg, asking him to send five thousand rubles¹ for their traveling expenses, charging it to the Christian Alliance in New York. For the Americans he sent the following:—

“United States Minister, St. Petersburg.

Please cable Fernstalk, Boston: Kalgan burned. Foreigners including Murdock arrived Urga. Inform friends. Ask Fernstalk cable approval five persons return America, and fifteen hundred dollars Russo-Chinese Bank, Kiachta.
“Roberts.”

¹ Nearly \$2,600.00 U. S. gold.

Fernstalk is the code word for the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Miss Engh, of our party, was going to her home in Sweden, and her expenses must be paid out of the fifteen hundred dollars, as well as those of the five going to America, but in the cablegram we could not specify details. We were not sure that so many would go to America, for some might wish to stay in Siberia, awaiting a change in Chinese affairs; but we thought best to ask the same permission for all, and the event showed that this action was not a mistake.

The cablegrams were sent by a fast courier, who left Urga with a light mail at daybreak, August 2, and, traveling with relays of horses, reached Kiachta, two hundred and ten miles distant, the next day. From that city the message went "like lightning," and the American papers of August 3 gave the first news of our escape from China, in the following despatch to the *New York Journal and Advertiser*:—

"Seven American missionaries from Peking and their families have arrived in Troitzkosawask, Transbaikali, Siberia. They escaped from Peking, and were chased across the sand and mountains of the Gobi desert, for 400 miles, suffering fearful tortures from the hot sand, exposure and lack of food and water. The Russian governor of Trans-

baikali sent out 500 Cossacks, who galloped south 400 miles into the desert, and rescued them. The cavalry gave them food and shelter, and brought them to Troitzkosa-wask, where they are receiving care at the hands of the authorities."

This account, though sensational and inexact, was not far from the truth. It brought relief to the minds of our home friends, who for weeks had been in suspense as to our fate; but they did not know whether it was trustworthy, nor whether it referred to us, as it did not mention our names. Probably they tried to imagine in what way the "cavalry" had given us "shelter." Within a few days, our own cablegram was received by our friends, and they knew that we had reached Urga, and were going to Siberia.

Previously, when our telegram from Tuërin came to Urga, Mr. J. Dietrick laid it before Von Grote, the head of the gold-mining company, and he telegraphed it to St. Petersburg, saying: "Americans and Swedes are coming to Urga requesting protection, and how can we protect them without soldiers?" Thereupon orders were sent by the Russian government, that three hundred and fifty Cossacks¹ should go to Urga to protect

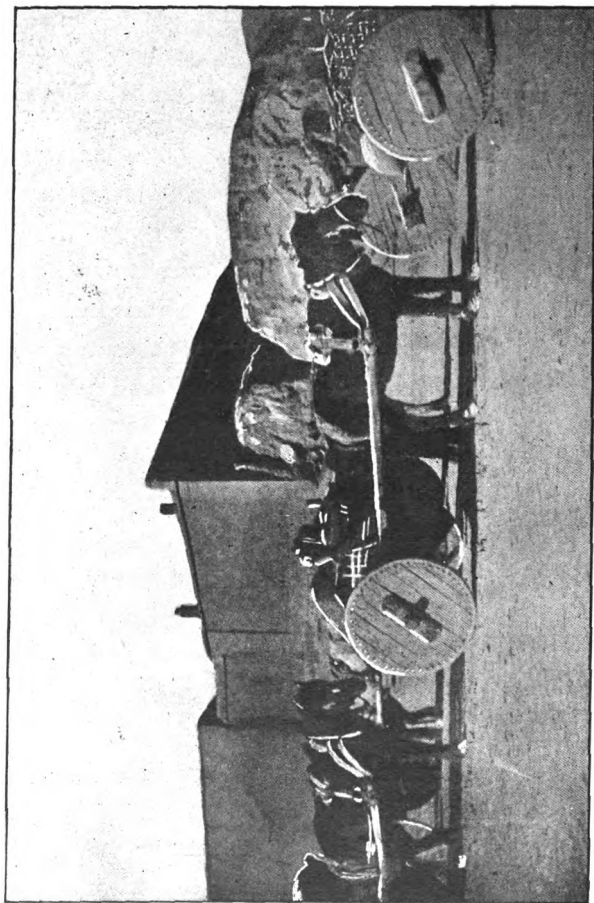
¹ See Appendix A.

us;—and we met them the second day after we left the city.

We went to the Mongolian part of Urga,¹ nearly two miles from the consulate, to exchange our Chinese bullion for Russian coin. The road was a new one, graded by the Russians for their "traction engines," which were soon to come from Kiachta. We passed by temples and yamêns and Mongol tents, and saw many prayer-wheels in little sheds, and yards surrounded by palisades ten or twelve feet high, and lamas in red and yellow gowns riding on swift horses. Urga is famous for its religion, immorality, beggars, street dogs and filth. We saw only a part of each, but sufficient. The Russian blacksmith kindly received us in his home, as did also Mr. Grinōchin, the agent of Mr. Batouieff, whom we had known in Kalgan, and who was always friendly and generous.

Mr. Griznōchin offered to Dr. Murdock a good camel-cart, to ride in to Kiachta. Afterward he loaned three others to Mrs. Lundquist, Mrs. Oberg and Mrs. Söderbom. All were most happy to accept this favor, and get rid of the wretched ox-carts. While the kindness thus shown us

¹ According to local usage, that part only is called Urga, and the Consulate and Chinese business city are called by their own special names.



CARTS FOR TRANSPORTING WOOL.—KALGAN

merited our true gratitude, it was pleasant to know that we were requiting the favor, by having our camels haul the carts to a place of safety in Siberia, where the Boxers could not destroy them.

In Urga we bought bread made by the Russian women; and, although it was sour and dark, we relished it as those only can whose appetites have been whetted in a desert.

We had a pleasant interview with the consul-general, in which he told us that he was making arrangements for our safe conduct, and assured us that we should meet with no dangers between Urga and Kiachta. Doubtless he did much for us, and a word from him to the governor at Kiachta probably saved our lives at the border line; but the condition of the country was such that our apprehensions could not be completely allayed.

The Mongols who had traveled with us were an interesting company. The most efficient in business, a bright young man, and very trustworthy, was Mūnghê, whose name means "Eternal." He was clear-headed, prompt in action, as well as faithful. The man most associated with him in work, and in caring for the pack-camels, was Badza, who was always obliging, and a good worker, but too much addicted to strong drink.

Sèra Ot, or "Morning Star," was a frisky young fellow a few years ago, but has sobered down under the responsibilities of mature life. He used to say, with delight, that he was a "Jesus man," or Christian, when he was driving a cow and calf past the custom-house, seeing that by saying this he could avail himself of the privileges granted to foreigners, and avoid paying duty. His chief fault was that of occasionally drinking wine.

His father, who was Mr. Sprague's cart-driver, never seemed at all trustworthy, and was allowed to go with us as an accommodation to "Morning Star," and because, in our haste to leave Hara Oso, a sufficient number of satisfactory men could not be found.

Yatarawa was a small young man, and therefore, according to Oriental custom, the hardest work was put upon him. Besides doing the same work as the others, he was our servant in cooking, and a servant of all the drivers. In tending the fire and washing dishes, he was indispensable. His constant good temper was a joy to us all. The other drivers were lamas, with shaven heads and yellow gowns. One of these was the man sent by Mr. Larson to welcome the Oberg party.

With many regrets we bade these men "Fare-

well," as they went through the ceremony of starting for Hara Oso. The next day we met them on the street in Urga, where they doubtless waited to obtain employment as guides and servants for some caravan going south.¹ There were many Chinese merchants fleeing southward, to escape from the impending war at Urga, and we thought that with some of them our men might earn good wages.

One evening we attended services in the little Greek church of the consulate. The students sang chants, the priests recited prayers, and burned incense before the beautiful pictures, while another man cared for the lighted candles, and the worshippers knelt and crossed themselves in prayer.

Of the six men hired to go north from Urga, two were Buriats. One was a very pleasant and helpful giant. The other was short, slightly lame, clad in threadbare clothes of Russian style, and had the features and manner of an Irishman. As these men spoke both Russian and Mongolian, they were of service as interpreters. The others

¹ In 1901 we learned that they did not find employment, and that, when they were near "Stolen Horse Camp," they were robbed of their horses and all of their baggage; only the thieves, at their earnest entreaty, gave them two or three worn-out horses, which the seven men might ride in turn.

were not so noticeable, and were with us only a few days.

While in Urga the cooking committees had no rest from their labors. Our appetites showed no signs of abating. The caravan accountant had to post the accounts, and make a preliminary statement. The drivers came, and refitted the saddles to the camels. We took eleven horses to the Mongolian city, and had them shod. Our trunks, repacked, were weighed in the consulate yard with a Russian spring balance, that showed how many poot each weighed. (A poot is thirty-six pounds.) The consul-general viewed our preparations from the second-story window of his residence, and sent us a gift of Moscow candy "for the children." There was too much for them, and each of us received a large portion, sufficient to cheer us for several days.

The grass in the Urga valley is devoured by so many animals that our horses and camels were injured more by grazing there than they would have been by traveling the same number of days in the desert. The horses looked as if they had been in constant use. The camels especially were poor and thin, and we had to reduce the weight of our baggage as much as possible, giving or throw-

ing away things which were of some value. Mr. Larson gave his baby carriage to the secretary of the consulate, and his bicycle to the Russian blacksmith. Both articles were in need of repairs, and were worth repairing. Part of our Gobi stones had to be thrown away. Four of the camels were not fit to carry burdens. Enormous sores developed on their backs, which, when treated with antiseptics, were relieved only in part. The poor creatures were really worn out, and had to be led away from Urga, and left to rest in some place where there was better grass.¹ To be merciful to the other camels, and enable them to travel a little faster, we hired seven ox-carts to haul our trunks to Kiachta, and put on the good camels only the two tents, rolls of bedding and supplies of food that were needed for the journey.

How much dickering, hard work and unavoidable delay were involved in these preparations can be realized only by those who have visited Oriental lands. It has been said that China is a good place to learn patience. We found that the same is true of the land of the Tartars.

While at Urga, we heard that Messrs. Friedstrom

¹ They were sold long afterward for ninety rubles, of which gold \$14.40 was paid to the American Board as its share.

and Suber, Swedish missionaries, were to arrive there August 6. Circumstances did not allow us to wait for them. They had spent the preceding winter in Uliassutai, a city five hundred and forty miles west of Urga. In the spring they went south, to go to Kui Hua Ch'êng; but hearing of the Boxer riots there, they turned north, and were trying to reach Urga. Nästegard had received a letter from them. Our anxiety for them continued until the end of the year, when we learned that Mr. Friedstrom, after terrible sufferings in crossing the desert alone, had reached Kiachta.

A letter to friends in America gave some of the details. He and Mr. Suber had gone to Mr. Stenberg's mission station, north of the Ordus desert. Everything had been looted or destroyed, the missionaries—three gentlemen and three ladies—had wandered about for twenty days, begging their food from tent to tent, and afterward returned to their desolate station. Then the Mongol chief had taken them to his own village, saying that he would protect them, and would try to recover their property. Going thither, Mr. Friedstrom waited with the camels at some distance,¹ while Mr. Suber went

¹ This was necessary, for there would be no good grass near the village, because the animals there would keep it eaten short.

into the encampment to bring out the other missionaries. After waiting sixteen days, Mr. Friedstrom sent a trustworthy Mongol servant to inquire what was the matter. On returning he reported that all the missionaries were dead, and that Suber had been cut to pieces as soon as he entered the village,—but that the chief still affirmed that all were with him, and were enjoying his protection. "Furthermore," said the servant, "twenty men are coming now to kill you, and I dare not go with you any longer."

So they bade each other an affectionate farewell, and Friedstrom put a little food and clothing on a camel, and started to cross the desert of Gobi alone.

He was followed several days by men who wanted to kill him, but who were deterred by his firing a revolver in the air. Both he and the camel became so exhausted that he often thought it was hardly worth while to try to pull through. However, at last he reached Urga, and the consul-general gave him money, and helped him to go to Siberia. He found employment as foreman at the gold-mines, where he was able not only to earn his support, but also to do some missionary work among the Mongols.

CHAPTER XXV

OVER THE ALTAIS AND FAR AWAY

Ho for Siberia! On August 3 our caravan left Urga. Thanks were expressed for the favors received at the consulate, and farewells were said. It was not a pleasant thought that we were leaving those kind friends and hospitable quarters to travel among a hostile people and sleep again on the ground. A Cossack escorted us out through the Mongolian city. A policeman was sent by the Mongol mandarin, at the request of the consul-general, to give us official recognition, secure for us wood and milk at the government post stations, and convey a Mongolian letter in our favor to the mandarin near Kiachta. This policeman did a good business; for we paid for everything received, but have no idea that he paid for anything. In fact, at the post stations where we did not wish to buy sheep, he doubtless told the local officials that they must give him the value of the sheep in silver, and succeeded in getting it,—for such is the custom in the Chinese empire.

At noon we rested on the border of a forest. To wander among the fragrant pine-trees was a pleasure seldom enjoyed in China and never in Gobi. The mountains, valleys, clouds, rivulets and wild-flowers made a most delightful scene. The road was bordered with little heaps of stones, marking the bounds within which common people must not intrude, when the Living Buddha should travel this road a few days later, to attend the great feast.

On breaking camp, Mr. Williams had a second fall from his horse, but fortunately was not injured. We went up a long hill, on the summit of which there were forest-trees and exquisite wild-flowers. The carts with difficulty descended the steep road beyond the ridge. We had crossed the Altai mountains,—the backbone of the continent. Shortly after, we stopped near a Mongol village, at "Roaring Brook Camp."

The next morning our way led through a broad valley. The stream flowed north, on its course to Lake Baikal and the Arctic Ocean. The following day, three hundred and fifty Cossacks marched past us, all mounted, wearing white caps and blouses, and armed with good rifles. We welcomed them with hurrahs, and poured tea for the officers, some of whom were fine-looking men. The troops

were followed by a hundred small carts, carrying stores and ammunition, and in the front of the line were two large carts marked with the Red Cross. We rejoiced at the emblems of Christianity and civilization that were going down into the old Chinese empire.

As the carts went past our camels, which were grazing, one of the camels became frightened, his pack-saddle turned under his body, which alarmed him still more, and, with the saddle dangling beneath him, and going to pieces, he ran in and out among the Russian carts, rapidly vanquishing a whole host of them. Mr. Larson remarked: "If the Boxers should come to attack us, all that I need to do is to let loose a camel among them, and they will be defeated."

The coming of the soldiers terrified the natives, so that they dared not refuse to give what we wanted and brought cartloads of fire-wood to our camp with the utmost promptness.

Two days later we reached the Hara Gol, or Black River, where there was a Russian ferry-boat. It was held by a cable, anchored quite a way up the river, and with a little pushing and careful steering the craft was carried across the stream by the force of the current pressing against its side. The water

was clear, and the current very strong. A few of our number had a good swim. Some of the horses, with their fetters on, went into the river to drink, sank in the quicksand, and were nearly drowned. After having been distressed by the lack of water in the desert, it was a joy to see such an abundant supply. Our lunch on its bank might have seemed like a picnic, if we had not been traveling in earnest, very weary, and not yet out of danger.

Going on, we camped before a mountain which resembled Cock-Crow mountain in China. As the mosquitoes were at their best, and seemed to think that the place belonged to them, the place was called "Mosquito Camp."

The next day we went to "Business Session Camp." After dinner we held a business meeting, to decide upon the method of dividing the expenses of the caravan. It was agreed that nothing should be charged for the food or transportation of the children, and no difference should be made on account of more or less baggage. As Mr. Nästegård had his own horse, and could go much faster without the caravan, and as we were dependent upon him for speaking Russian, he was to pay only for his food. By mutual concessions, conflicting interests were compromised, and it was decided that,

in addition to one share for each adult, one share should be charged for hauling each cart. In this way the American Board party, with six persons and two carts, was charged eight shares. The Larson party, which had six adults and three carts, were charged nine shares. The Oberg party, having four adults and one cart, would have had five shares, but several circumstances led us to reduce their portion of the expense: first, they joined the caravan half a month later than the others, and so should be charged less for board; secondly, the Oberg cart was not hauled through the desert by a caravan camel, but by Mr. Oberg's own horses; and thirdly, he drove all the way to Urga, and saved the expense of a driver. For these reasons, we charged his party only three shares; but after the accounts were settled in Kiachta, they felt that they had been treated too generously, and paid, as a rebate to the other members of the caravan, the sum of one hundred rubles, equal to about fifty dollars of American money. The "Fagerholm party" of course had to pay only one share. On settling the accounts, one share amounted to rubles 147.67, equal to about \$59.07 gold. This represents the cost of our journey from Hara Oso to Kiachta. If we had not traveled under com-

pulsion, and started in haste, the expense might have been considerably less.

A difficulty arose afterward as to rates of exchange, for at Urga silver was changed at the high rate of 1.85 rubles per tael; but in Kiachta, owing to the increase of war excitement, and the anxiety of the Chinese merchants to flee with their valuables to their own land, the rate was 2.20 rubles per tael. The caravan expenses had been paid chiefly in Chinese bullion, but the accounts had to be settled in rubles. Even the money received by cable in Kiachta did not give us a true rate, but showed what the bank would allow us for pounds, shillings and pence, after deducting their commission, as well as the cost of bringing the money from London. We agreed to use the rate of 1.85; but, strange as it may seem, in all our journey through Siberia and Russia, we never learned the exact value of a ruble.

As we went on our way again, the weather was showery, but the showers went away from us. The camels traveled faster than usual, and the fine moonlight in the evening was a great help.

The following day was terribly hot. We spent the noon at "Brook Meadow Camp," where the grass was tall, and there were trees and bushes

overhanging the stream. Between the hills and the woods not a breath of wind could reach us. Mr. Sandberg and I, with Mrs. Söderbom and Mrs. Lundquist, were the cooking committee. The heat and smoke of the fire, added to the scorching heat of the sun, were almost killing; yet this was no worse than what others often had suffered.

Afterward we went through a magnificent pine forest. How we enjoyed the sight of the great trees, their yellow branches, the verdure above, the shade below, and the carpet of pine needles! Yet we were not devoid of utilitarian ideas, and were glad to replenish our supply of firewood.

The country beyond was almost devoid of grass, as no rain had fallen for a year. This was the case all the way to the frontier of Siberia, a distance of fifty-four miles. We passed a small river called "Bayin Gol," (Rich River,) and spent the night at "High Hill Camp," which seemed to be on the roof of the world. Mr. Oberg's camel, poor fellow, could hardly go up the long, steep hill. It was worn out by the journey, and heavily handicapped. The Russian camel-carts, while more comfortable for the occupants than the ox-carts used before,

were much heavier, and harder for the camels to draw. With their diminished strength, an uphill road, even when not slippery with mud, made their task very difficult.

The next day we came to the Yüro Gol, the largest river that I have seen in Mongolia. The Russian ferry-boat had to cross the river several times, and an hour and a half elapsed before all of our caravan had crossed. Then a drizzling rain began. We camped on high land by the river, and our animals had good grass in the meadow near by. The rain was specially unpleasant for the cooking committee, who had to work outside the tent, but were protected by waterproof cloaks. The rain was so great a blessing to the inhabitants of the country that we rejoiced in the midst of all our discomforts.

The train of ox-carts carrying our trunks overtook us at this place, as at several others previously. I busied myself with posting the caravan accounts, and we all passed a wretched afternoon in a crowded tent. A number of Mongols helped to fill the limited space. Some came from curiosity, some for shelter from the rain, and others to buy or to sell. Their incessant talking made sleep impossible. Yet, in all our trials, we recognized

that a kind Providence had been watching over us,
and had brought us far on our journey in peace,—
and we were thankful.

CHAPTER XXVI

FIRST EXPERIENCES IN KIACHTA

We were nearing Siberia. On Saturday, August eleven, very early in the morning, I started with Mr. Nästegard to ride rapidly to Kiachta, find a hotel in which our whole "combination" could stop, get any mail that might have arrived, and inquire whether our money had come in answer to our telegram.

The distance was thirty-three miles. Going up a valley ten miles, in which, years before, Mr. Nästegard had had a serious encounter with wolves, we crossed a ridge, and went on until we reached a Russian post station, close to a great pine forest. The road was muddy and slippery, from the rain of the previous day. The post station consisted of a square stockade, with its walls of upright logs twelve feet high, enclosing a few Mongol tents. Here lived a family of Russians, with plenty of room for visitors, and a shed for horses. Little Russian children were running about. The hostess brought us tea and cakes and

a samovar of hot water, which were much enjoyed, but hardly could take the place of a square meal.

Traveling on ten miles through the forest, we passed a clearing, at one side of which, in 1894, Mr. Nästegard and Mr. Larson had spent a night among robbers. That was at the time of the war with Japan. The mandarin in Urga had learned that a Japanese spy was there, and gave orders that any foreigner found in Chinese clothing should be arrested and killed. These missionaries wore only Chinese clothes, and were forced to ride in haste to Kiachta, to buy Russian clothes. They rode the distance of two hundred and ten miles in two days and the intervening night. On the way back to Urga, at nightfall, they stopped at the little hut where the robbers lived. After they had lain down to sleep, one of the rascals hung up a gun on the wall, in such a way as to point directly at the head of one of our friends. The latter arose, took down the gun, and lay down again; whereupon the robber hung it once more in the same place. After it had been hung there the third time, our brethren decided to watch by turns, one of them each half of the night. In their weary condition, this was not easy to do. They had not much which the robbers could steal, but knew that they wanted to

steal their horses. Fortunately the missionaries escaped without harm or loss.

Shortly after Mr. Nästegard and I emerged from the forest, on going over a low hill, we saw the white church and other buildings of Kiachta rising up before us in the distance, exceedingly beautiful to behold. To see these symbols of Christianity and civilization, the place of safety and the Mecca of our pilgrimage, toward which, in fear and weariness, in hunger and thirst, we had been hurrying for two long months, was a joy too great for words.

On nearing the frontier, we found the Chinese country patrolled by Russian scouts, who rode up to us and inquired who we were and where we were going. With Mr. Nästegard speaking Russian, and our passports showing that we were officially recognized by the consul-general in Urga, it would seem as if we might have crossed the border promptly; but that would have been too good for the Orient. We were delayed five hours. One of the scouts remained with us, and the other rode off furiously, to consult his officer. Four more soldiers came, and after talking and seeing our passports two of them rode away, while the others stayed to watch us. This maneuver was

performed several times, more soldiers coming each time, among whom were two officers, one of whom commanded one hundred and fifty soldiers. We learned that all the roads leading into Siberia were being watched with equal care.

As we were tired and thirsty, we wanted to go to a Mongol tent and drink tea; but, because the tent was nearer to Kiachta, the soldiers forbade our going. We went there, nevertheless. Mr. Nästegard was willing to show the Buriat soldiers that we did not fear them. If we had been Chinese or Mongols, disobeying their orders, I suppose they would have shot us. After drinking salt tea, and eating Mongol cheese, both of which were delicious to us in our exhausted condition, Mr. Nästegard preached in Mongolian to the women in the tent, and to the neighbors who came to see us. The long summer day was drawing to its close, and the hills and plain, the grasses waving in the sunset glow, and the beautiful city, so near and yet so far, were too great an attraction to allow of our staying indoors.

Not far from the door of the tent, I found in the grass a large six-shooter, containing four cartridges, three of which had not been used. The question arose: "Whose property was it?" Prob-

ably it belonged to the people living there, but a Russian soldier might have dropped it. The second question, "Shall we give it to the Mongols?" was more difficult to answer. The woman living in the tent said that it was hers, and that her son had lost it only a few days before. We remembered that it was war-time, and that, if we gave it to the woman, the Russian soldiers who were watching us might regard us as arming their enemy. As Mr. Nästegard was a missionary to the Mongols, he had a keen sense of their rights, and his thought was that we ought to give it to the woman. I protested against doing so, for fear it would be misunderstood by the Russians, on whose favor we were now dependent for the lives of all in our caravan. At length he yielded to my arguments.

By this time the soldiers had become unwilling to receive the revolver, apparently supposing that it was part of some deep plot to injure them. After much urging, we induced one of them to take it. He gave it to his officer, and he to the higher officer. One of the native women did her best to get the weapon, crying and screaming, and throwing herself around on the ground; but the officer, who was a fine-looking and intelligent man, merely

looked on good-naturedly, and afterward said that he should give it to the police in Kiachta, and that, if it were really hers, the police would give it to her in a few days. This actually proved to be the case. After a number of days, to our surprise, the woman was called to our hotel, and the revolver was given to her.

After the woman had finished her frantic entreaties, as the darkness began to gather, and twilight was changing to moonlight, the two officers and thirteen soldiers, all mounted, escorted Mr. Nästegard and me through the Chinese city of Maimaichêng, across the frontier, and into Kiachta. There the soldiers stopped at their barracks, but the officer in command went with us two miles beyond to Troits Kosavski, which is much the larger place, and is really the business part of Kiachta. He took us to a hotel, which we called the "First Bug Hotel," but the people did not want to receive us, because they feared that we were Boxers. Besides, the women declared that the hotel-keeper was not at home. The repeated command of the officer compelled them to open the gate and let us in.

After we had entered the house, both of the women recognized Mr. Nästegard as an old friend,

and the cordiality with which they welcomed us can be imagined better than described. A most satisfactory dinner was set before us, and the evening was spent in talking of the Russians in Urga, of Chinese affairs, and of our journey through the desert. Mr. Nästegard translated for my benefit, and I began making a collection of Russian words.

A delightful evening was followed by a night of misery, for the many small inhabitants of our room allowed us no rest. The house was made of logs, as are most of the buildings in Siberia, and we have been informed that not a few of them are occupied. In fact, if the little creatures once got in, it is difficult to see how they could be expelled from walls and floors so full of cracks.

Sunday morning came, and the bells of four churches rang, but we were too busy to attend the services. After going to the post-office and telegraph-office, and learning that no letter nor telegram had come for any of us, we hunted for a hotel, and found only the "Limbòski" large enough for our caravan. The terms were very reasonable, only twenty-five rubles (twelve dollars) per day for nine rooms and the board of twenty-four people. According to Siberian custom, candles, tea, sugar and milk were to be furnished by the guests.

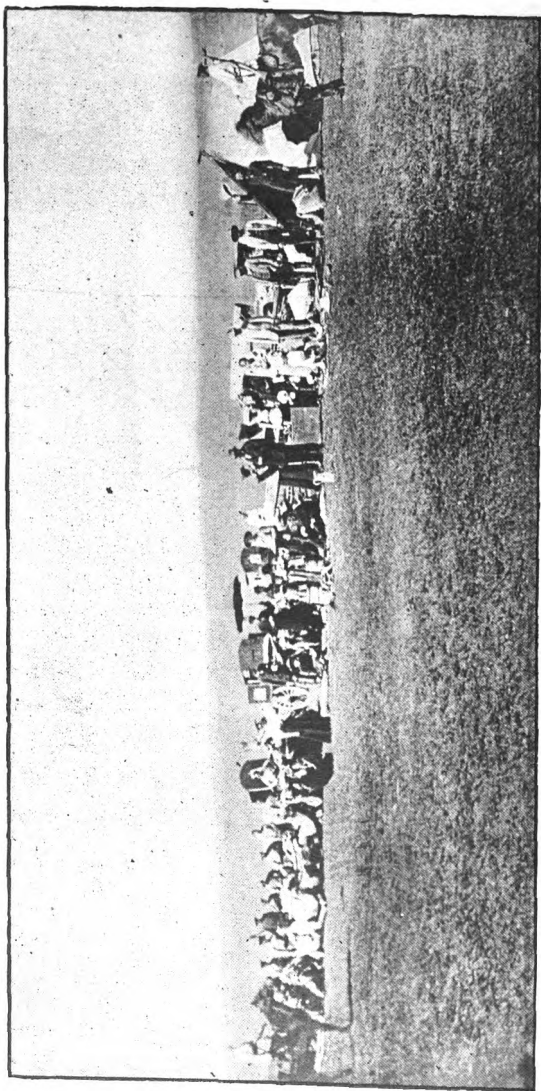
It required a long search to find the Russo-Chinese bank. The many persons of whom we inquired seemed not to know its location. The bank was a new one, and this fact may account for its not being known. At last we found it, located in a back yard on a side street, with no sign to show what it was. Again we were informed that no money had come for us. It was a great disappointment, for ten days had elapsed since our telegram was sent from Urga.

Having had only tea and cakes for breakfast, and no dinner, and our horses having had no chance to graze, the time now being three P.M., we were anxious to reach the caravan quickly. During the previous day our friends had followed our route, the camel-carts crossing the ridge with great difficulty, and, having come through the forest by moonlight, they encamped about midnight at "Pine Forest Camp," five miles southeast of Kiachta. In the morning the great white church and Russian city delighted their eyes. A long, hot ride from the bank, and a détour around a large swamp, brought Mr. Nästegard and me to the camp, where we were fed bountifully, and plied with questions.

The edge of the forest was a delightful place to

encamp. There were giant trees, young and comely evergreens, a carpet of pine-needles, abundance of shade, good water, and plenty of grass for the animals. If we had been out for a picnic we could not have found a pleasanter place.

At sunset the Russian photographer, Mr. M. B. Baturina, came to take our pictures, having mistaken the time. We had asked him to come on Monday morning. At any rate, this was too late in the day, and the light was insufficient for taking photographs. His drunken servant made such a row that we feared bloodshed and were glad when they returned to the city.



MISSIONARY CARAVAN AT REST

CHAPTER XXVII

CROSSING THE FRONTIER

Monday morning, August 13, was an exciting time. We broke camp without waiting to drink tea, and marched to a well called in Mongolian "Altang Bōlog," Golden Spring. This was as near the frontier as caravans were allowed to approach without special permission. Here we encamped and breakfasted. Mr. Nāstegard had ridden into the city, and called the photographer, who took pictures of the caravan encamped and on the march. As our long procession started to go to the city, Mr. Larson as captain and Mr. Nāstegard as interpreter went with all our passports to the Mongol yamên in Maimaichêng, having been summoned there to meet the Russian governor of Kiachta. The caravan, after going a short distance, stood waiting for "Moses" and "Joshua" to return.

After coming back, Mr. Nāstegard repeatedly and emphatically told us that "the Russian governor was very kind to us"; but a long time elapsed before we learned the particulars. The Mongol

mandarin, acting for the Chinese government, tried to prevent our crossing the frontier, on the plea of our not having Mongolian passports; but the Russian governor came to our rescue, going out of his territory to see the mandarin, and claiming us as his friends. He insisted on the validity of our Russian passports, had them immediately translated into the Mongolian language, and sent his soldiers to guard us while crossing the line.

Thus our company of missionaries, after fleeing for our lives two long months, and enduring the hardships of the desert, came near being taken prisoners at last. The Boxer movement had spread to the utmost confines of the Chinese empire. They burned Uliassutai and Kuldja, or at least the houses of the foreign merchants in those cities, and threatened the destruction of every place on the frontier.

To the Russians we owe a debt of lifelong gratitude, for the protection which they so willingly gave us. On their part, it was an act of international courtesy, and of true kindness, to rescue us from our enemies, who were the enemies of all civilized nations, and were seeking to kill us without cause. **F**or this and other favors, the Russians received not only our own profound thanks, but

also, after we reached America, the formal and hearty thanks of the United States government, and of the American Board.

On Saturday, Mr. Nästegard and I had learned that the front door of Siberia was not easy to enter, and on Monday we found that the back door of Mongolia was difficult of exit. That it was not so on Saturday must have been because the "Big Man" had not waked up. It must be remembered that these events occurred in war-time. On ordinary occasions the difficulty would have been much less.

The border of the two empires is a neutral strip of land, two hundred feet wide, between Maimai-chêng and Kiachta. On the one side was China,—it looked and smelled so,—and on the other side was "Holy Russia." A few Chinese came out to see us cross the border. No matter now, for we were beyond the reach of the Boxers. To be at last on Russian soil, in a land of law and order, a country thoroughly policed, under a strong and civilized government, which was both able and willing to protect us,—the joy that this gave to us pilgrims we could read in each other's eyes.

Close by the road loomed up the beautiful cathedral, which we had seen from afar. The building

was recently erected, at a cost of two million rubles. Mr. Nimchiloof, who donated this money, had died but a few days before, and prayers were being said daily for his soul. We arrived just at noon on one of the holy days,—for it is said that “the Russians have three hundred holy days and sixty-five Sabbaths in the year,”—and, the service having closed, crowds of people were just coming out of church. There were rich people riding in carriages with fine horses, so unlike our Mongol horses, and there were the poor,—the women with shawls over their heads, and the men arrayed in caps, blouses, and trousers tucked into their high boots. Some of the wealthy persons had known us in Kalgan, and congratulated us on our arrival. All looked at our caravan as an interesting and curious sight, and such no doubt it was; but the people were most interested in the children in the carts, and smiled at them, with a human nature like our own.

After exchanging greetings, we marched on to Troits Kosavski, and made our temporary abode in the Limboski Hotel. The keeper was a kind and gentlemanly man. The hotel was spacious, and had four fairly good rooms; but the old log houses had an odor of their own, and were the abodes of cockroaches and of other tribes too

numerous to mention. Several of us lived in the office. Some had rooms in a musty little house in a corner of the yard. We had drawn lots, before entering the city, to determine the order in which we should choose our rooms. This was done in order to avoid delay and confusion. The musty house had been well aired, and seemed much better on our arrival than it proved to be. It was unfortunate that the sick children were lodged there. The yard was in an unsanitary condition. Close to the front door of the best house was one of the worst places. When we in the office had washed our hands, we must take the wash-bowl down-stairs and outdoors to empty it, and bring up a bowlful of clean water.

Beds, of course, were not numerous enough for our whole "combination," and many slept on the floor. The mattresses and blankets which we had used in the desert continued to be a great comfort. The floor, if clean, would have been good enough, after sleeping on the ground for sixty days; but the small occupants claimed prior possession, and gave us no rest, until we yielded to them the disputed field. Various means were devised for avoiding them. I climbed out of a window, and slept on a low and sloping roof, except

when the rain drove me in. On clear nights, it was a great pleasure to gaze right up at the stars.

The Russian food consisted of tea-cakes for breakfast; soup, cabbage and meat for dinner, and more of the same for supper; besides tea at four o'clock. The samovar, with its plentiful supply of hot water, was a great comfort. We bought a good deal of boiled milk, for fresh milk was not to be had. Yet the food was not nearly enough for our ravenous appetites, and we often left the table unsatisfied. The trouble seems to have been that our host had not calculated on our having desert appetites. Considering how cheap the board was, we got our money's worth. In our famished condition, not to have enough to eat may have been a blessing in disguise.

CHAPTER XXVIII

IN SIBERIA THE LAND OF FREEDOM

"Proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound."

Siberia has been called a prison, but we found it a land of freedom. We had as much liberty there as we have in our own country.

As long as we were on the march we had not realized our exhausted condition. On reaching a place of safety we partially collapsed. To read or write seemed an intolerable task. It was necessary to rest a few days, sell our animals, settle the caravan accounts, and hire tarantasses to take us to Lake Baikal. These affairs took more time than we had expected, and we spent fourteen days at the Limboski. However, we were gaining a valuable knowledge of Russian life and customs.

Two little boys, David and Jonathan Lundquist, always thin and weak, started from Hara Oso with the whooping-cough. The other children caught it, had it lightly, and soon recovered. The warm

weather and tent life were good for them. But the little brothers and Mrs. Söderbom's baby, little Anna Elizabeth, contracted summer complaint in the desert, and the baby wilted in Troits Kosavski. When the sickness assumed a serious aspect, the parents requested Dr. Murdock to help, but it was already too late. A kind lady, Mrs. Ogloffski, who formerly lived in Kalgan, opened her home to Mrs. Söderbom and the child, and Dr. Murdock went there to help. The latter, knowing that the law forbade medical practice by one not having a Russian license, called in the aid of the Russian doctor. Notwithstanding all that was done, the dear child's life could not be saved.

It became necessary to inter the little body; and, although the Russians generally are not favorable to Protestants and knew that we were such, the priest allowed us to bury the child in consecrated ground, in the midst of a large churchyard full of crosses, between the two churches at the south end of the city. Both doctor and priest were very kind. Mr. Williams conducted a service in the hotel, and also at the cemetery, where the priest himself attended the funeral, as did many others. They expressed sympathy for the bereaved parents, just as friends in Sweden or

America would have done, and their kindness was most highly appreciated. We were thankful to bury the child in such a place, and amid such circumstances, rather than in the wilderness, where it would have been a prey to wolves.

From the place where we stood during the service we could see the distant mountains of Mongolia, and the babe seemed to be laid to rest on the border of the Promised Land, where she still could look back toward the scene of her parents' labors of love in the old Chinese empire. She at least had not been taken by the Boxers, but was safe in the arms of Jesus, the Friend of children, and the Good Shepherd.

Standing around the little grave, under a beautiful sunset sky, we sang an English and then a Swedish hymn. The Russians patiently listened to the German tune and the Swedish words for "A mighty fortress is our God." I could not help fearing that the Protestant tune might give offense, though surely no offense was intended. After the hymn was begun, no discussion of this point could have been made.

The money cabled from America came shortly after our arrival, so that our anxiety as to the means of going on was relieved. The Boston ca-

blegram, as given us by the Russo-Chinese bank, was as follows:—

“Pay James Roberts three hundred English pounds, for Mr. Glinmills, London; be so kind to tell him he may return to Siggin.”

We wondered where Siggin was.. Could it be Si-ning? or Si-ngan? or some other place in China? and were we told to return to the land of the Boxers? Or was it some place in America? I telegraphed to St. Petersburg to inquire where “Siggin” was; but ere long Mrs. Sprague made a happy guess, from internal evidence, and said: “It is WIGGIN; for of course the treasurer of the Board signed his name to the telegram.” This, when stated, was self-evident; and we knew that we had permission to return to our home land. Our passports required us to go through and out of Russia in three months; and, after traveling all the way to Germany, we could not do otherwise than go on to America. To meet our home friends, who had endured a long and terrible suspense as to our safety, would be an unspeakable joy.

Still the question of duty was a serious one, and we were anxious to make no mistake. Mr. and Mrs. Sprague and Mr. Williams had been in China from seven to ten years, and a furlough for them

was in order. It was not so with Dr. Murdock and myself. She very much desired to go to Tientsin by way of the Amur River and Japan, so as to rejoin our Mission; but there was war on the Amur, the Chinese controlled twenty miles of the river, the railroad in that direction was monopolized by the army, and officials repeatedly told us that it would be impossible to go to the East. The imminent danger of war between Russia and Japan also complicated the question.

On August 19 we heard of the capture of Peking by the allied troops, but the news was contradicted a day or two later. On the twentieth, wishing to let our Mission know where we were, and to get their advice, we sent this telegram:—

“Wilder, Tientsin.

Spragues Williams America. Murdock desires return Tientsin. Roberts undecided. Advise.”

Five days afterward this message was returned from Chita, a city east of Kiachta, for explanation. Evidently the officers had not found the words Spragues, Williams, Murdock or Roberts in their dictionaries. As martial law prevailed, it was right that they should know that we were not sending improper information by means of code words. They accepted our explanations and

promised that the dispatch should be forwarded without delay. After having reached America, we learned that Dr. Porter received our telegram in Tientsin about September first, and, after consulting the Mission, sent a reply, advising us all to go to America.

Mr. Sunitson, of the Russo-Chinese bank, repeatedly invited us to drink tea and dine at his home. Mrs. Sunitson was equally kind, and wished to give free passage to Irkutsk on their steamships to any one of us who might have no money to pay expenses; but, as our money had come, none of us needed to accept this favor. Miss Jane Walker, a Scotch lady in Mrs. Sunitson's home, translated for us, and visited us at the hotel. Mr. Nästegard was indefatigable in speaking Russian and transacting business for us, each of our seventeen adults calling him to help in all sorts of matters, and at all hours. We could not do otherwise. If he had been hired at a large salary to do this work, he could not have done it better, nor so well as he did it from the motive of brotherly love.

A number of our company were rapidly picking up Russian phrases. At the bank, a Chinese interpreter sometimes helped, but all important business was transacted by the help of Mr. Nästegard, or

of Mr. T. Kitaioff, who spoke English well, and was very cordial, giving us rides in his carriages, and inviting us to his home. His mother had known us in Kalgan. The home was handsomely furnished, a beautiful and restful place; and the family, like the other wealthy Russians who befriended us, were most intelligent and refined. He took us to see the immense storehouses of the tea merchants, and the beautiful cathedral. We met several other friends from Kalgan, including Mr. Schapoff, who had stored Mr. Sprague's boxes for him, when we fled from the city.

We called on the American engineers, to see them and get news. How hungry we were for news, after two months of isolation from the civilized world, cannot be described. The engineers had gone to Bilutai, twenty miles to the west, where they were unloading from the steamer, and putting together the traction engines for Urga. We met Mr. J. Dietrick, who had offered to lend us money at Urga. He told us of the massacres of Russian women and children by the Chinese on the Amur;¹

¹ He said that, when the war began, the Russian officers were called to Port Arthur; and that, as soon as they had gone, the Chinese fell upon their defenseless families, tortured and killed three thousand Russian women and children, and carried their heads about on poles. Rev. Dr. Wright and son had seen these horrors enacted, and bare-

of Rev. Dr. G. Frederick Wright's escape from there, and arrival at Irkutsk; and that the Cossacks went to Urga for the special purpose of protecting us. Mr. and Mrs. Dietrick called, and we dined at their house, and met several other Americans. We read American and English papers at their home, and learned, to our great grief, of the massacre of sixty missionaries in Shansi. Why were they taken, and we spared?

We sold our horses, camels, tents, guns and ammunition, and whatever else we could spare, so as not to be charged excess baggage rates on the railroad. Three tourists from Paris called, and told us about the Exposition. August twenty-fourth being Mrs. Larson's birthday, we gave her an early morning serenade. We often enjoyed the singing in the churches, which were almost always open.

Long before this time, when we were coming out of the desert, Dr. Murdock began teaching us Russian words, which she had learned from her friends in Kalgan. Afterward we learned such words from Mr. Nästegard and the Buriat drivers. Every little gain in speech was useful, and made us seem to the Russians less barbarous. In Si-ly escaped with their lives. After hearing this story, the slaughter of the Chinese in that region, which occurred later, seemed to be not an atrocity, but mere justice.

beria we could feel the dislike of the people toward the English and Japanese. Instead of saying: "Ya gevert po-Angliski," ("I speak English"), it seemed preferable to say: "Ya gevert po-Amerikanski," ("I speak American"). At the word "Amerikanski," a peculiar glow of friendly feeling could be seen in the Russian eyes.

It was a pleasure to see the large high school, and a number of other schools in Troits Kosavski. We were told that the tuition charged for pupils in the high school was five rubles a month, which, at ten months in a year, would be fifty rubles (\$25.00). This does not seem a high rate, but must deter some of the poor from educating their children. There are also in this city three handsome churches, post and telegraph offices, department stores, and a white building in ten sections, called the Ten Stores. In each city of Siberia, the Emperor Nicolas II, to encourage business, has built a large house containing ten stores. Each house cost fifty thousand rubles, and the rent of each store is only one hundred rubles a year. The government keeps the buildings in good repair. The rent being only two per cent. of the capital invested, all can see that the people are benefited, rather than the government.

We were preparing for a five days' trip in tarantasses to Lake Baikal, and needed to purchase a plentiful supply of nutritious food. I went to the market-place to buy eggs, and saw plenty of farm carts, loaded with all manner of produce, but no eggs in sight. I had forgotten that the Russian word for eggs is "yaitsi," and the sign language for once failed to convey my meaning. When I was at my wits' end, I cackled, and the farmers at once brought out as many eggs as I could want.

CHAPTER XXIX

"BONNIE"

How can I tell the excellences of "Bonnie," Mr. Sprague's pet horse? Bought in Kalgan for twenty-two dollars, and fed on beans as well as straw, he endured the march through the desert best of all the horses in the caravan. His color was white sprinkled with pepper; his height, large for a Mongol pony; his disposition, perfect. His age being medium, he combined the fire of youth with the gravity of mature years. He was of a willing mind, equally ready to amble away with a rider, or to pull a cart,—caring for only one thing more than to do his master's bidding, and that was, to eat grass.

Bonnie was a missionary. He had gone on many a preaching tour. He would carry a large load of bedding and provisions, as well as books, and a full-sized man,—climbing mountains and fording rivers,—and yet he never complained.

Bonnie had his escape from the Boxers. On Sunday afternoon, June 10, when the mob was

at our gate in Kalgan, Mr. Sprague sent his servant, whom we called the "Bandit," to ride on Bonnie to the Upper City, with a note for Mr. Larson. When they returned, the mob would not let them enter the gate, and tried to catch Bonnie. He behaved well then, outrunning the enemy, escaping to "Thyme Hill," and then going to the Upper City, where he had a good rest in Mr. Larson's yard. He needed it. The sprint had made him lame.

The next day he helped Mr. Sprague to go from the yamên to our homes, in order to get the trunks of clothing. The good horse went with us to Hara Oso, and enjoyed eating grass for a few days, before starting for Siberia.

I can truly say that Bonnie saved my life; for, as I had neither horse nor cart, I do not see how I could have crossed the desert without his help. Yet I could not monopolize him, for Mr. Sprague, Mr. Williams and others, needed to ride him at times, Then I either walked, or rode on a cart, camel, or another horse; but Bonnie and I stuck to each other pretty well.

Bonnie was the "dude" of the horses. He had good times rolling in the sand when his work was done, but was brushed clean each time before being

saddled. No other horse received such care. The Mongols thought it absurd to try to keep a horse clean. Either they did not value cleanliness, or they did not love him, as I did.

Luckily Bonnie had a good Mexican saddle, which saved his back; and he was not used much by the Mongols, whose careless riding ruins horses. When theirs gave out, the drivers wanted to ride Bonnie, but were allowed to do so only when driving the other horses to camp. His hoofs were long at the start, and the gravel wore them short, but he did not become very lame before we reached Urga, where we had him shod.

A terrible time he had in the desert, with no grass for thirteen days; yet he carried his burden right bravely. His good feeding at Kalgan enabled him to survive the starving process better than the other horses.

Miss Engh's horse was the only one besides Bonnie that was used all the way from Kalgan to Kiachta. The others were worn out and sold. A few came through in such bad condition that they could not be ridden. Miss Engh's horse had some days of rest; but Bonnie alone was ridden every day, through heat and cold, rain and shine, the whole length of that weary road.

Bonnie had a special friendship for Mr. Williams' horse, and would walk with him on the soft ground or grass at the side of the road, when their hoofs were short and tender. What they used to say to each other he never told me.

By starlight or moonlight, or in the glaring sunshine, under rain or hail, in hunger and thirst and weariness, Bonnie was our companion in toil and misery,—and he was faithful. What better can be said of any creature, or of any man?

He received his reward in love, not merely from one, but from all who rode him. Dr. Murdock was especially fond of him, and petted him as she would a little dog. To part with him was a real sorrow. He was sold for fourteen dollars,¹ and Mr. Larson remarked that few horses could be sold for so much as that, after having been ridden all the way from Kalgan to Kiachta.

¹ It should be borne in mind that horses are very cheap in Mongolia, a trotter costing ten dollars, and a pacer twenty or thirty.

CHAPTER XXX

BY TARANTASS TO IRKUTSK

Three villainous-looking fellows, who called themselves explorers, but who, we thought, might be government spies, came and lived in our hotel, and dogged our steps fourteen days. We came to the belief that they were highway robbers, who had learned of our receiving money by telegraph, and were willing to relieve us of it. Robbery was so common in the forests between Kiachta and Lake Baikal, that whether we should go by tarantasses to Myssowaiya, on the eastern shore of the lake, or go in the same manner to take the steamer from Bilutai, in regard to safety there was little to choose. When we went to the bank, to draw out our money, one of these rascals went there, and heard every word that was said. Of course we did not like it, but the result was better than our fears. He saw us receiving no gold or bills, but only letters of credit, to be paid in Irkutsk. After that day, the "spies" left us, and we saw them no more, to our great relief.

By tarantass to the lake was the quicker route, for the times of sailing of the steamers were uncertain, and access to them difficult. The carriage, large enough to take two persons, has long wooden springs and small wheels. Hauled by three horses driven furiously, it jolts to perfection. A good deal of hay in the tarantass, and rolls of bedding to sit on, made the riding easier, but not easy. The bargain having been made, we waited six days for the vehicles to return from the Baikal. To be impatient at the delay would do no good. On Monday, August 27, the seven tarantasses came to the hotel, but their owner was tricky, and compelled us to make a new bargain, more advantageous to him, before we could start. Mr. Larson had decided to remain in Kiachta a few months, as interpreter for the American miners. "Moses" being withdrawn from our number, Mr. Nästegard was our "Joshua"; and it was most fortunate that we had such a leader. Mr. Larson gave us a generous "send-off," with dinner and tea at his expense; and the sleighbells jingled merrily, as we drove out of the city.

From this it must not be supposed that there was snow on the ground. The tarantasses always have these bells, which probably were meant to

scare away the wolves from the road. Their sound was delightful; but the sight of the poor horses, two of which had their heads tied off to one side, so that they looked away from the middle horse, was pitiful. How they could avoid stumbling, going at such a rapid pace, and not able to look ahead, we could not imagine.

Evening came, and, dusty and tired, we reached the post station of Ust Kiachta. Here we were refused admission to the house in which we were to sleep, until Mr. Nästegard showed the keeper an official letter given him in Kiachta, requiring that we should be treated hospitably.

The next day we crossed the Selenga River, about thirty miles from the place where William Stallybrass and Edward Swan, English missionaries, lived in self-exile from 1818 to 1841, and translated the whole Bible into the Mongolian language. Their work is an inestimable means of blessing to the Mongols. We were sorry that we had not the leisure to visit the scene of their labors, where some of their company had fallen asleep in Jesus. In their day, this region was farther away from the civilized world than any place on the globe is now.

The third day we crossed a wide and desolate

plain called the Barokōlski Steppe. At the Fourth Station, we rested in the midst of romantic scenery,—the mountains, river, forests and new moon combining to make our surroundings perfect, except for the manifestations of insect life in the house. Then we passed fine farms, and entered a wild country with woods and trout brooks. Through rain and mud the horses plunged on, and we were at least making progress.

On Thursday, for half a day we were going down a steep mountain road, while a brook, all the way at nearly the same depth below the road, flowed past us in the opposite direction. This freak¹ of nature we all saw, but could not explain. It will be said that we were going up the mountain; but we know that we were going down such a steep descent, that frequently we had to lean back in the tarantasses, to avoid falling out. Our company, containing eighteen adults of a good degree of intelligence and education, were agreed as to the facts. If the phenomenon had been brief and local, instead of continued through a ride of half a day, it would have been easier to understand.

The next morning our road led uphill, and we obtained a view of distant mountains, on which

¹ A common optical delusion in these districts.

there was snow. Then we came to a meteorological observatory, called Verkini Mishiba, at a height of seventy-two hundred feet above the sea. It is at the summit of the mountains bordering Lake Baikal on the east. Two scientists came out on the road and conversed with us. They stated that no astronomical observations are taken there, and that the meteorological reports are used in computing the daily forecast of the weather for eastern Siberia. While we were talking with these men, our carriages were being ransacked by customs officers, whose chief object was to search for tea. We passengers had none, but the drivers had a small quantity.

At last, after five days of jolting,—the last day and a half through a magnificent forest, whose pines and larches were interspersed with birch and mountain-ash trees, raspberry bushes, daisies and buttercups, and every leafy twig seemed made expressly to delight our eyes,—we came to the flourishing little city of Myssowaiya, where the Siberian railroad leaves the Baikal for the east. The splendid inland sea, four hundred and fifty miles long, and from twenty to fifty miles wide, lay before us like a mirror framed in blue mountains,—a most charming sight. Its usefulness for

navigation must conduce to the rapid building up of towns and cities on its shores, especially because it is on the line of the great Siberian railroad.

Instead of taking us to the wharf, as the written bargain required him to do, the insolent Suaroff took us to his own yard, which was reeking with pigsties and filth. There were no rooms for our use. The air consisted of condensed odors. The steamer on which we should have gone sailed an hour after our arrival. For half of the afternoon and until midnight, our ladies and children were kept in that vile place, while the rascal tried to compel us to pay eighty rubles (\$40.00) for their release. He locked his front gate, and brought out his shot-gun, to use as an argument. In this crisis, Mr. Nästegard rendered us splendid service. When he had appealed to the police three times, they compelled Suaroff to take us to a hotel, allowed him to receive only the amount of money specified in the contract, and fined him ten or twenty rubles. Worn out and wretched as we were, it was a joy to escape from the clutches of that villainous fellow.

Our twenty-three people had only two rooms in the hotel. Some slept in the hall, and all break-

fasted on the verandah, looking out on the beautiful lake. In the opposite direction there were some railroad trains,—the first that we saw in Siberia. The rails and wheels were light, but both the tracks and the cars seemed to be of first-rate make.

At noon, September 1, we boarded a little steamer to cross the Baikal. Our baggage was examined by the customs officers, in a thorough but most gentlemanly way. We were glad to be traveling by steam. The ship appeared to be neither strong nor clean. The voyage, pleasant enough at first, became very rough under the influence of the north wind. The swells were immense. Seasickness was almost universal. How anxiously we watched for the western shore! The trees on the mountains, by their increasing size, in the light of the setting sun, showed us the diminishing distance of *terra firma*.

Landing in the evening at Barachig, we were accosted on the gangway by a man speaking English. It was an unexpected pleasure to hear our own tongue. When he learned that I was going to America, he asked to what place, and as I told him Hartford, Conn., he said: "I have a brother there, at 108 Ann St., and I wish you would find

him, and tell him you have met me." As I went on, I said to myself, "The world is not so very large, after all."

We had reached the terminus of the famous Siberian railway. The train would not go before morning. So our whole company slept on the station platform. The waiting-room was crowded with poor-looking people, and its atmosphere was unbreathable. Our place under the open sky was much to be preferred. We piled up our trunks, making a wall of them, put the hand luggage behind, and laid down mattresses there for the ladies and children; and the gentlemen slept in front, while a soldier, with fixed bayonet, paced to and fro all the night. We were glad to be under his protection. The next morning a train took us in an hour and a half to Irkutsk. The road lay along the wide Angara River, which is the outlet of Lake Baikal. From the depot, the view of the city, on the other side of the river, is superb. Irkutsk is the largest city in Siberia, having a population of fifty thousand, and is the capital of Eastern Siberia. Its situation on the railway, and on a navigable river, with Lake Baikal near by, ensures its growth and prosperity. In fact, if the gold-mining interests succeed as anticipated, to say nothing of the de-

velopment of other resources, Irkutsk will become one of the greatest cities of the empire.

Having crossed the bridge, a long ride in the hot sun brought us to the French hotel. As a lodging-place, it was comfortable in the comparative degree, but not in the superlative.

We visited the cathedral, and the British and Foreign Bible Society's rooms, and saw the oldest building in Siberia, a grass-covered brick structure, built by Yermak, the conqueror of Siberia, about the year 1585. This man was a robber chief, who had fought against the czar's troops, and found refuge in flight to the far East. With only a few hundred men, he marched through a wild and most difficult country, over a thousand miles in extent, fighting the natives, and living on whatever he could find in the prairie or forest. At last he offered to his emperor, Ivan "the Terrible," the new kingdom of Siberia, and at the same time begged pardon for his earlier misdeeds. This was granted, and a cloak and a medal were bestowed on him, in recognition of his valuable services.

CHAPTER XXXI

OVER THE SIBERIAN RAILWAY

At the advice of the consul-general in Urga, we had sent from Kiachta the following telegram:—

“United States Minister, urgent, Petersburg:

Please wire Government permit five Americans travel mail train Petersburg without delay. Irkutsk, Roberts.”

The word “urgent” was necessary because of the state of war, in which private telegrams were liable to indefinite delay; but this word, and the payment of a triple price, thirty kopeks or twelve cents a word, ensured prompt delivery. Several train-loads of soldiers were being sent to the East every day, in new and handsomely painted freight-cars, all marked “Mobilized for the War.” We were liable to be side-tracked many hours, or even days, unless we had the government permit. We never received an answer to this telegram, but the permit was procured and sent us by the Hon. Herbert H. D. Pierce, *chargé d'affairs* of the United States embassy, St. Petersburg,—and it

also was made known to the railway officials. For this reason, we were treated most kindly and cordially all along the route. Traveling second class, at half of the first class fare, we paid rubles 41.85, or gold \$16.74, for a ticket from Irkutsk to St. Petersburg, a distance of 5706 versts, or 3782 miles. Excess baggage rates of eight cents per pound were charged for all over thirty-six pounds of weight carried in the baggage car. Nothing was charged for hand luggage; therefore all the passengers took as much baggage as their limited spaces in the car could contain, although doing so occasioned much inconvenience. Owing to our "permit," we enjoyed a special car, new, clean and commodious, the best car on the train. Our good fortune and comparative comfort can be seen in the fact that our car had only twenty-four berths, whereas the others, some smaller and none larger than ours, had thirty-two, forty-eight, fifty-four, or even sixty-two berths.

We went from Irkutsk to Moscow in ten days and nights. The fast train, with dining-car attached, made the same distance in eight days, but went only once a week, and passage on it would be much more expensive. So popular was this train, and so limited its accommodations, that

passengers for it must be booked a week before. We could afford neither the expense nor the delay.

The day was rainy, but our hearts were happy, as we started by rail for Europe. It was not like traveling by camel. Four days we went over low hills and through dense forests, then two days over a prairie, and four more days through rich farming lands, where the soil was black and villages were numerous.

In no other country but America or Canada, could one travel by rail in one direction for so many days. The road-bed was well made, old ties were being replaced with new, and at frequent intervals there were men standing with green flags, indicating that they had inspected their sections, and that the road was in good condition.

It became evident that our permit to travel without hindrance was needed, for others envied us the good car in which we rode. It was well that we had official recognition and protection. In such a military country, especially in war-time, army officers would be privileged persons. Such men tried to turn us out of our car, and stamped and swore because they could not do so, but were told by the railway officials: "This car is reserved

for the Americans, who are going to St. Petersburg."

While thus defended and favored by the representatives of the government, we were cheated almost everywhere by the hotel-keepers. One of their tricks was to have a chair with a broken leg, which would give way under the guest and occasion an extra charge for repairs. One such chair, in the course of a year, must be quite a source of profit. Some others besides hotel-keepers seemed willing to make money out of our necessities. It was an interesting mark of human nature. A large company of travelers, unfamiliar with the language and customs, cannot economize, or conceal their needs. In every difficulty, Mr. Nästegard helped us immensely, standing up for our rights, yet patiently arguing each case on its own merits, and saving to the American Board and the Swedish missionaries not a little money.

Food, the most important thing, was cheap everywhere in Siberia. It was a surprise to find nice Vienna bread and butter, roast chickens, cheese, milk, and everything needful, for sale at almost every station on the Siberian railway,—to say nothing of tea and coffee,—a regular lunch counter every two or three hours, and restaurants

both numerous and well kept. Our food, including dinner in the restaurant and lunches morning and evening, cost on the average one ruble, or fifty cents gold, for each person per day.

The steel bridges, especially those over the Yene-sei and Volga Rivers, and the depot in Samara, were grand. The bridge over the Yenesei was one verst or thirty-five hundred feet in length, and that over the Volga consisted of eleven spans of more than three hundred and sixty feet each. The depot at Krasnoiarsk, lighted by electricity, seemed like one in America, except that we saw many army officers in brilliant uniforms.

Our company not quite filling the car, one compartment of it was occupied by three young Russians. The fourth berth was empty. To prevent any one taking it, an artificial man was made of stuffed clothing, lying in the berth. The ruse was successful for a time, until a man who wanted the berth pulled off the dummy's boots.

We saw only a few companies of prisoners. One of perhaps twenty, with shackles on their feet, were leaving Irkutsk for the far East, surrounded by well armed soldiers. While a few may have been political suspects, the larger part were doubtless real criminals. Another such company was seen

standing on the platform of a railway station. Mr. Nästegard inquired for what reason they were being deported, and received this answer: "Because they have no passports." Since the railway was constructed, there has been a constant stream of escaped convicts going back to Russia. They have to be rearrested, and sent again to the East. It is said that murderers, robbers and defaulters fare worse in the Russian empire than in countries farther west; and the statement is quite credible.

The scenery in the Ural mountains was fine, forests alternating with pastures and fruitful farms, all gliding by as in a panorama. The huts of the villagers were thatched with grass. The black soil of southern Russia reminded us that we were in the wheat-growing region,—one of the greatest granaries of the world. A splendid harvest had been cut, tied in bundles, and left on the ground. It was said to have been destroyed by eleven days of frequent rains. What a pity that the peasants cannot take better care of the precious grain! When the crops fail, this is the famine region. We passed through the city of Upha, where the poor people are said to *hibernate* during a large part of the winter. They heat up their huge brick stoves, go to sleep

on the top of them, occasionally come down to add a little fuel, and eat a little food, and then go to sleep again, making sleep partly take the place of food, until the dreary winter is past.

CHAPTER XXXII

A PEOPLE MUCH MISUNDERSTOOD

Our lives having been saved by the Russians, we may be prejudiced in their favor, and our high estimate of them must be judged according to its intrinsic worth. We may admit that we have not seen their character on all sides, and that a longer sojourn among them might lead us to modify some present convictions. However, even a rapid journey through their country affords a glimpse of their customs, and gives one a little real knowledge of them at first hand. During the forty days spent in their empire, we not only saw, but also heard, some things which we might not have learned from papers and books. It would seem ungrateful, after receiving so many favors, not to say a few words on their behalf, to correct current misapprehensions.

Americans have had little opportunity to know the Russians; we do not study their language in our schools, nor have extensive business dealings with them, nor travel much in their country. When our

people go abroad, they visit England and Central Europe, or Constantinople, Egypt and the Holy Land; or perhaps sail around the world by way of India. The result is that most Americans derive information about the Russians from their rivals and enemies, who perhaps cannot see the better side of their character, or appreciate the reasonableness of their actions.

It should be borne in mind that the Russian empire contains peoples many and diverse: Finns, Poles, Cossacks, Persians, Samoyeds, Tunguses, Yakuts, Kirghiz and Buriat Mongols, and other tribes, besides Russians and Siberians. The last term is used to designate descendants of Russians who have lived in the wilds of Siberia several generations, and have lost something of the refinement of the people in their fatherland. All degrees of civilization, from the Parisian to the savage, can be found in this wide domain. It is not fair to blame the Russian for the barbarism or brutality of the subject races. It is easy to look at a Buriat, call him a Russian, and write a newspaper article on his lack of good manners; but the argument is inconclusive and unjust. Even the natives of European Russia are far from being alike. Contrast the peasant of Upha with the merchant of Moscow;

the difference is unspeakably great. The former have not had sufficient opportunities of education and intercourse with the world. Yet all have the same human nature, and ability to receive instruction. Russia is civilizing them as fast as she can. The task is great, and the process necessarily slow.

The picturing of Russia in cartoons as a bear has given the impression of a force not governed by reason nor pity. Our "combination" learned, by a happy experience, that the Sclavs have a large supply of the best instincts and feelings of mankind. Their hospitality and kindness to us were spontaneous and sincere. I will merely point to the case of Mrs. Ogloffski, welcoming to her home a stranger with a sick child, caring for it till it drew its last breath, and doing all that she could to comfort the afflicted mother. What was the babe to her? She might have let it die in the hotel; but she had a loving heart, and a home to which the unknown Swede was welcome.

In affection for their families the Russians are the equals of other nations. Gentleness, quietness and neatness are seen in many of their homes; and no country is perfect in these respects. Their life, as we saw it, was polite, reasonable and kind-hearted. Reverence toward those above them in

the family, church or state, was very noticeable. This must be conducive to public order, and might well be imitated by other peoples. Religion pervades their lives. Witness their frequent attendance and worshipful manner at church, and the pictures of Jesus in their homes. The latter are always to be seen, high in the corner of the chief room, with a lighted lamp or candle, as an emblem of devout service. Each person who enters the room salutes the portrait of the Saviour, bending the knee and making the sign of the cross. In any city or village, the noblest edifice is the church or cathedral. How much the people understand the prayers and Christian teaching must not be misjudged by one unfamiliar with their tongue. Prayers which were unintelligible to us may have been understood by them. Best of all, they worship the true God, trust in our own Saviour, and have the same hope of a future life in heaven which comforts us. The children are taught the same Bible stories that have thrilled our hearts. If one does not appreciate the Christianity of the Russians, let him first sojourn in a pagan land, and the contrast on entering Russia will be most striking. We ourselves need to be reminded that Protestantism is not the whole of Christianity, and that no sect, however

good and true, has the monopoly of the road to heaven.

If the marvelous growth of the British empire and the American republic seem to be providential, and to indicate some divine intent for the welfare of the human race, the same may be said of the expansion of the Russian empire. Like the United States, it faces toward Europe, sharing in the best thoughts and discoveries of other nations, while in its rear opens a new country, of continental extent, with the evident privilege and duty of possessing and civilizing it, and making it more useful to the world. In opportunities of growth, in the task of subduing and governing, and in the ability to fulfil their missions, the two nations are similar. As is often remarked, a strong nation must grow, and one that does not grow is sure to decay. The Russians, in addition to their unique location and opportunity, have a strong government and a noble ambition; they are Occidental in their prevailing sympathies, and exert a beneficent influence over any new peoples whom they undertake to govern, opening our roads, establishing post-offices, administering justice, fostering agriculture and commerce, and teaching a true religion. As a civilizing power, they are worthy of admiration.

Their methods are moderate and conciliatory. As Mr. Nästegard said, they are not rough in their treatment of conquered tribes, but "let them down easily," saying to the prince, "You may retain your honors and authority as long as you live, but after your death, the czar will appoint a ruler to succeed you;" and to the people, "You may worship in your own mosques and temples, but not repair them, nor build new ones, and whenever you wish, you may come to our church." It cannot be denied that there is much falsehood in the diplomacy of all nations, except in the case of the outspoken Brother Jonathan. This cannot be condoned; but it is true that Russian diplomacy seeks and wins by peaceful methods the ends which other nations would gain by war.

The United States needed the Pacific coast, fought the Mexicans, and took it. This was done in the interest of slavery; but all must see that if we had not taken it then, and for that reason, we should have done so later at all costs. It was indispensable to our welfare, and "manifest destiny" pointed the way. Similarly, the Russians need their Pacific; and it is equally true that that coast needs them. If the Chinese governed Manchuria with justice, and for the good of the governed, their

claims would have more force. As a matter of sentiment, it is a great pity that the white people took away the American forests and prairies from the red man; but, as an event of benefit to the world, who can regret it?

Strong nations have their rights; and it is time to admit it, as a fact and law of nature. It is noble to plead for the rights of the weak, which of course should be defended; but much may be said of the rights of the strong. They have not merely the right to exist, but also the right to grow, to obtain room for development, and to gain access to the sea, which is necessary for national strength. They have the right to protect trade, to police unruly countries, and to unify the lands they govern, by imparting just laws and true civilization. Since all progressive nations have these rights, each must modify its action, so as not to infringe on the rights of others; but in this age the unprogressive nations, if they maintain their independence, do so at the sufferance of their stronger brothers.

Certain sects have given offence in Russia, by erecting an *imperium in imperio*, or by refusing to bear arms. Against such the government was obliged to take action. It could not be expected that any portion of the country, or class of people,

should be exempt from bearing its share of the burdens of the commonwealth. If it is a hardship for a civilized man to go to defend some distant frontier, the good which is accomplished for his country and for the world, is such as could not be won without this sacrifice. The best portions of the empire suffer for the welfare of the less favored. If they do so with the right spirit, there is something divine in the act.

Americans never can forget that a Russian fleet arrived in New York harbor in the darkest days of the Civil War, bringing an assurance of friendly aid in case of need. For many years a lack of sympathy with Great Britain promoted a cordial feeling toward Russia. Now that a warm friendship for England has grown up in the United States, there is no reason for any change of feeling toward Russia. The two empires, working for the betterment of northern and southern Asia, are equally appointed to this task from above, and are one in toil and suffering to bear "the white man's burden." Friendship to the one is not inconsistent with friendship to the other. Russians and Anglo-Saxons fought and bled together in the siege of Peking. The British and Americans in Tientsin, under bombardment, and likely to be exterminated by the

Boxers and Chinese soldiers, were first relieved and defended by Russian soldiers, of whom two hundred laid down their lives in the struggle. The solution of the railway siding dispute shows the needlessness of hostility. If larger interests may be adjusted with the same wisdom, which in this case led to a peaceful issue, the benefit to the world will be immeasurable. In such affairs, reason has to take the place of force, and friendly rivalry is not an evil, but an essential means of the greatest good.

CHAPTER XXXIII

FAREWELL

"Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee."

The glories of Moscow who can declare? A city of a million people would be interesting anywhere; how much more such a place as this, endeared to the Russians as the ancient city of their kings, and magnificent also at the present time, with its flourishing business, extensive manufactures, stately buildings and ornate churches. The streets are well-paved and clean. The store-windows of plate glass rival those of American cities, and the meat and fish markets and bakeries are surprisingly neat and attractive. The city is said to have five hundred churches or cathedrals, many of which were built as works of merit. Each has several towers or spires, gilded, or painted with bright colors, red, blue or green. The combined effect, when viewed from a high place, is a strikingly picturesque and almost fantastic scene. It is more

than beautiful,—it is glorious. Besides these many churches, there is the Cathédral du St. Sauveur, a new and immense structure, built at a cost of fifteen million rubles. The interior is adorned with large and elegant paintings of Scripture scenes. The altar is a house within a house, several stories in height, and exquisite in form and color. After seeing this cathedral, St. Paul's in London seemed to have little grandeur and less beauty.

Our party reached Moscow September 15, 1900, and lodged in the Great Hotel of Moscow (Belshaya Moskovskaiya Gostinitza). The next day was Sunday, and we were glad to attend the services. We visited the Coronation Church, where each czar crowns himself, and two other churches in the kremlin, or citadel, and the great cathedral. All contained most interesting pictures; one of them, as a small part of its attractions, had the entire story of Jonah emblazoned on the walls. The Coronation Church was profusely gilded, and so crowded that one could hardly enter or leave. There were no seats, and the audience was standing; there was no room to kneel. Both there and in the cathedral, elaborate services were being conducted. In the latter there were two choirs, consisting of men and boys, perhaps fifty in all, who

sang in perfect time and harmony, without the aid of any instrument.

In the kremlin we saw the largest bell in the world, the piece broken out showing a thickness of two feet; the monument to the grandfather of the present czar, which cost two million rubles; the quaint and crenelated wall of the kremlin, built by the Chinese eight centuries ago; the gilded and painted domes and buildings of a large part of the city, gleaming in the sunlight; and, perhaps most glorious of all, hundreds of cannon and balls left by Napoleon Bonaparte, after his disastrous campaign.

On Monday we visited the palace. In the large halls, with exquisite mosaic floors, the walls and ceilings painted white with elegant gilt trimmings, there were pictures of all the czars and members of the royal family,—thrones, tables, gifts from other monarchs, and dishes of silver and gold. There was a set of crockery given to Russia by Napoleon, before the time of his war, and a white eagle sent as a gift from Japan. The cost of the palace halls was seventy million rubles. They enclose, in a small court, the oldest church in Moscow, built by Ivan "the Terrible." We saw a sleigh of Peter the Great, which had been drawn

by twenty-four horses; also his bed and boots, and the sleigh which he used when he was a little boy; the bed in which Napoleon slept when in Moscow, and the smaller bed of his field-marshal, Ney. There were armor and other relics of the crusaders, the private chapel and rooms of Ivan "the Terrible," flags, helmets, guns, swords, shields and quivers embroidered and jeweled. There were many thrones, each of which had been used by a different czar. One of these was made of ivory. There were the gowns worn by the present emperor and his mother at the coronation; also gowns of the patriarchs, and their Bible with its binding glittering with diamonds. We saw many crowns sparkling with diamonds and jewels, each of which had been taken by the Russians from the king of some tribes in Central Asia. Perhaps the most interesting of all, at least to the Swedes in our party, were the chair and relics of Charles XII of Sweden, together with his swords and guns lost at the battle of Pultawa, of which it has been said:—"At that chair began the greatness of Russia, and the downfall of Sweden."

At the United States consulate Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Smith welcomed us, and we heard the American news, and saw the newspapers. This, to

us pilgrims, was no small treat. In the evening our whole party went to the depot in haste for the train, having made arrangements by telephone for a special car. Contrary to our expectations, no such car was there, and there was no room for us on the train. We were so many, and necessarily had so much luggage, that we could not crowd in, where a smaller number of persons might have done so. The American consul, Mr. Thomas Smith, had come to the station to see us start for St. Petersburg. With so many ladies and children in the party, it was no small disappointment not to be able to take the train. Before we could decide what to do, Consul Smith, with Mr. Lewis B. Brown, of New York, Mr. Albert L. Nickerson, of Boston, and Mr. C. W. Purington, of Harvard '93, had engaged a special car for us, on a fast train to leave a few hours later, and arrive at the capital about the same time as the train we had lost. For this privilege they paid fifty rubles, which they would not permit us to refund. We were most grateful for this opportune and unexpected help.

After a night's sleep on the cars, we were in St. Petersburg. We visited the palace, and the picture gallery of the Hermitage, and saw wonders too

numerous to relate. At the United States embassy, we were most happy to see the *chargé d'affaires*, the Hon. Herbert H. D. Pierce,—a splendid man, and a worthy representative of his country,—who, in telegraphing to America and Siberia, had been very helpful to us. Rev. Dr. and Mrs. King, of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and Rev. Franklin Gaylord, of the Y. M. C. A., also merit our thanks for many favors. While in this city, we heard of the terrible massacres in Paoting-fu, which caused us a sorrow that no words could express.

On the evening of the nineteenth, the American Board party left St. Petersburg, to go to New York by way of Berlin and London. Dr. King and Mr. Nästegard went with us to the train. The immense depot was crowded with people, the most of whom seemed to be peasants or emigrants. We parted from our Swedish traveling companions with mingled joy and sorrow;—joy, that we all had been delivered from the Boxers, and from the perils of the desert, and were nearing our homes; and sorrow, because we might not meet again. Miss Engh was to go to Sweden with Mr. Nästegard and all the other missionaries. All were in good health, except little David and Jonathan Lundquist, who

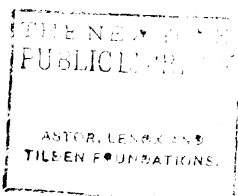
had been ill ever since they were in Gobi. Our American party reached New York on the eighth of October, and soon after were at our homes.

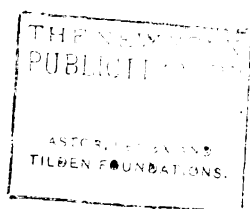
Farewell, Larson! Farewell, Nästegard! Time and distance enhance our appreciation of your noble services. For your arduous toil and unfailing kindness and great achievements, you merit our lifelong gratitude. Farewell, all ye brethren of our "combination," who together experienced so many tribulations and joys. To Him who has saved us by so many special providences, will we consecrate ourselves anew in a perpetual covenant. May the kind hand of the Lord, which has helped us in the past, lead each one through all the journey of life, until we meet in a "better country!"

Farewell, ye beloved friends, who for Christ's sake have laid down your lives in China. We will meet you again in glory, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

Farewell to the past, the conservatism and stagnation of China! Welcome, the future of progress, and true civilization, and complete redemption,—

when the millions of China shall no longer look to the ancient times for the Golden Age, but shall find it in a new millennium; when the vices and cruelties, the sins and sorrows, of the China that now is, shall have forever passed away.





APPENDIXES

APPENDIX A

ADDITIONAL NOTES AND ITEMS

THE NUMBER OF COSSACKS.

The number of Cossacks sent into Mongolia to protect us has been stated as 350. I counted the ranks and files as they passed, and found the total to be 160, exclusive of officers. First came five men, three together, and one at a distance on each side; then twenty-five; after an interval of half a mile or more, one hundred; and later twenty-five, with five scouts in the rear, deployed like those in front. On discussing the matter with the prominent members of the caravan, they uniformly insisted that there were three hundred and fifty. My conclusion was that some must have passed us in the night, or by some other route.

THE POPULATION OF MOSCOW

The population of Moscow is given in atlases as 989,000, but Mr. Nästegard told me that it was two millions. The explanation may be that it is a rapidly growing city, as it appeared to be, judging by the miles of factories seen in the suburbs. The real number of persons doubtless is between the two estimates. So the population of Siberia is sometimes given as five millions, and again as nineteen millions. The figures in books are always below the real numbers, as regards new countries or growing cities.

ST. PAUL'S

St. Paul's cathedral, considered in itself, is grand; but the interior is dim, and the exterior blackened with smoke. The historical monuments in it are most interesting, and of course are such as could not be found in a new cathedral. Nevertheless the one in Moscow was by far the more pleasing and inspiring sight.

THE SICK CHILDREN

Later news as to David and Jonathan Lundquist informs us that they both recovered good health in Sweden, and also had the joy of welcoming a new little sister.

A FEW SIGHTS IN ST. PETERSBURG

In the picture gallery of the Hermitage we seemed to go through miles of halls lined with paintings. It was bewildering, and tantalizing, to have so little time to see them. Certain pictures remain in one's memory, after the others have faded. In one hall there were many pictures of wolves. Though we knew they were only painted, they were so lifelike that it was a relief to the nerves to pass on. Other pictures displayed numbers of persons on horseback, drawn life-size, and the horses seemed to be prancing right into the room.

In the adjoining palace we were taken through halls with exquisite inlaid floors, and saw most beautiful medallions, statues, suits of armor, electric chandeliers with glass pendants and portraits of the royal family. That of Peter the Great was most attractive, showing him as a person alert, firm yet gentle, and one whom it would be easy to trust and follow. In the church there were relics in a gold case,

among which were two shriveled hands, one said to be that of John the Baptist, and the other that of Mary; and there was a piece of wood, said to have been taken from the cross of Jesus Christ! There was also a dish of gold, with the apostles in relief, said to have been used by our Saviour.

We saw the Record Book of all the czars, many paintings of battles, the plates used at the coronation in 1894, and to our surprise, here, as in Moscow, we saw the chair of Charles XII of Sweden! There was a Krupp gun, presented to the reigning czar by Emperor William, and the writing table and Bible of Alexander II, and his last cigarette. One very interesting picture portrayed the forests in the midst of which St. Petersburg was founded, and a ship being built for Peter the Great. Another, perhaps the most impressive of all, showed a meeting of the czar with peasants; the scene was most lifelike, the colors resplendent, and the work of the artist had been done so skilfully that we seemed to see the persons themselves, and expected to hear them speak.

HOW THE KALGAN CHRISTIANS FARED

Seventeen days after we fled to the yamên, our houses were looted. The H'siem mandarin defended them as long as he could. The previous day the telegraph office was attacked. This gave warning to the few Christians who had returned to our Mission premises, and, with the connivance of the officials, they jumped over the wall in the night and escaped. The looting continued ten days, and on the 15th day of the sixth moon, about July 10, our houses were burned. The Boxers destroyed so much property that

the people of Kalgan had to assert their rights, and on the 19th day of the same moon the authorities led forth a new little army quickly drilled in foreign style, and fought the Boxers, killing thirty or more of the leaders, and putting many in prison.

The Christians dispersed to places of concealment, among the mountains, in Mongolia, or at their homes south of Kalgan. A native preacher of the Christian Alliance Mission fled with his family from Hsüan Hua Fu, and all were murdered in a village not far from that city. The Roman Catholics were driven from their cathedral and forced to take refuge among the mountains, but punished the Boxers so severely that the latter were glad to let them alone. With this exception, no blood of Christians was shed within fifty miles of Kalgan.

The case was different at the village of Azure Hill (Ch'ing K'ò Ta). The most of the Christians stayed at their homes, and the Boxers of a neighboring village, after being called five times by the heathen of Azure Hill, at last attacked them. They fled in two companies toward the mountains, but were overtaken, and were not permitted to recant. They knelt and begged that their lives might be spared, but sixteen were slaughtered, none surviving except a few who feigned death.

Farther south, two companies of Christians hid themselves in valleys among the mountains, and were fed by compassionate heathen neighbors, who took food to them by night, at the risk of their own lives.

Others fled northeast to Red City (Ch'ih Ch'êng Hsien), where the magistrate caught and punished all the Boxers,

with the result that his district was quiet. Some Christians hid in the hemp or sorghum growing in the fields, and ate cold food for a month, to the permanent injury of their health, or made themselves lame for life, climbing the mountains in haste, to escape from their pursuers. More than one infant was sacrificed to prevent whole families from being betrayed by their cries. Perhaps the saddest case of all was that of six Christian women in Yücho, who were buried alive in a well. The most of these horrors might have been avoided if the Christians had been willing to renounce their faith. That they did not do so shows the moral fiber of this people, as well as the sustaining grace of God.

APPENDIX B

THE MARTYRS NEAR THE GREAT WALL

The marvel of our escape is shown in the fate of the other missionaries living near the Great Wall.

The death of Mr. and Mrs. Bingmark and two children, and the narrow escape of the Oberg Party and Mr. Fagerholm, have been described.

The China Inland missionaries at Ta T'ung Fu, numbering six adults and four children, after ten days of suffering at the yamên, were told that they could no longer be protected, and were sent to their home. The next day the place was surrounded with soldiers, to prevent egress, while the Boxers burned the missionaries in their own house.

Miss Gustafson, who lived alone in Tung Ching Tzû, forty miles southeast of Ta T'ung, fled eastward toward Kalgan, perhaps thinking she might reach the coast. After going seven miles, she was robbed of her donkey and silver, and her servant went into the city of Hsi Ning, to complain to the official. Having gone three miles farther, while passing through the village of Hsia Hsin Chuang, she was killed, and thrown into the Sang Kan River.

The Swedish missionaries of the Holiness Union, in northern Shansi, were driven from their homes in Hun Yüan Chou, Ying Chou and Tso Yün, and gathered at

Shuo P'ing Fu. After suffering days of privation and insult in the yamên, they were handcuffed and chained, under pretence of being sent as criminals to Peking, and were slain soon after leaving the city.

At Kui Hua Ch'êng, both the Mission Stations were attacked by mobs June 24, and Mr. and Mrs. Olson, Mr. and Mrs. Lundberg and Miss Erickson went to the yamên, where the Hsien mandarin received them in a friendly manner. A draft of Mr. Stenberg's Mongol Mission having come to hand, Mr. Olson was under the necessity of giving it as security to the official, in borrowing from him \$500. Besides this, he pawned the Mission houses and goods for \$800. Having hired camels to take his party to Urga, they left Kui Hua July 1st, and the next day they reached Koko Iligeng, thirty miles to the northwest. Soldiers were sent to protect them. Mr. and Mrs. Anderson joined them there, having come from Toto City with two soldiers and helper Su. There was delay in getting the necessary number of camels. After two days, Boxers came and began drilling at Koko Iligeng. In the evening four men came from Kui Hua, saying that the Taotai had sent them, to see whether Russian soldiers were coming from the north. They made such a disturbance that Mr. Olson gave them each 500 cash to quiet them. He sent Su twice to Kui Hua, to hasten the camels, and on July 12 they came, with bags of rice and flour, trunks, tents, and other baggage. The drivers would not start for Urga unless a fee should be paid to the brigands to ensure protection. After much argument, seeing no other way to get started, Mr. Olson gave \$39 for this insurance. He also hired three

soldiers to accompany them five days on the way toward Urga.

Late in the evening of July 13, they started and went twenty *li*, four men riding camels, and two camels hauling carts. The next day they went the same distance, and stopped at sunset, whereas they should have traveled all night. Either the drivers were in league with the robbers, or they were acting under orders from the Taotai. The third day also they went only twenty *li* (7 miles), when the drivers said that the camels must rest. In the evening a shot was heard, and men appeared, who said they were sent by the Taotai, to kill them or bring them back. They bound Mr. Lundberg's hands behind his back. Miss Erickson hid herself in a sheepfold. Silver was demanded and searched for; Mr. Olson opened a trunk, and the men, seven or eight in number, took the silver out. Then the drivers led away the camels, some carrying loads of food, and went toward Kui Hua. Mr. Olson sent a servant named "72", to ask an official to compel the camel-men to fulfil their contract. This servant was an eye-witness of the robbery, and from him the particulars of the sad story were obtained. After going seven miles, he overtook the camels, but could not persuade the men to go back. On reaching Kui Hua, he learned of the murder of Captain Watts Jones, of the British Royal Engineers, who had come overland from India, and was killed at the yamèn at Kui Hua, the same day that Mr. Olson was robbed. At such a time, it was impossible for "72" to get any help from the officials.

Again Mr. Olson was robbed, the thieves bringing their own animals, loading up his carts, and hauling them away.

Then the missionaries returned to Wu-la-pa-lao, twenty miles from Kui Hua. They had lost the best of their clothing, and were begging their food, and sometimes eating grass and leaves. A man tending horses at pasture told this to "72"¹ At one place a beggar asked Mrs. Olson to give him some food; she brought out a little bag of rice, and said: "Take this; it is all we have." Instead of taking it, he gave her what he had. A Mongol priest rented to Mr. Olson a little house hidden in a cleft, and lent him a cooking-pot, and there the party stayed two or three days. Then, about August 5, the Roman Catholics from T'ien-ke-tan-kou, who had made three previous efforts to find them, came with an ox-cart, and took them to their Station, fifty-seven miles away,—a journey of three days. There they lived in peace for fourteen days.

On the 28th day of the 7th moon, Boxers and soldiers from Kui Hua arrived, and the next day at noon they attacked the Station. The Catholics numbered 800 or 900 men, women and children. At first they made a good struggle, but the enemy set the Station on fire from the rear. Those trying to flee were caught and killed. Some say that Mrs. Olson and two children rode out on a horse, but were taken. It is also reported that Mr. Olson and Mr. Lundberg's daughter "Peach Blossom" came out, and were seized, whereupon the military leader shouted: "Do not kill the Protestants!" Nevertheless he afterwards asked the Taotai, and was compelled to kill them. The

¹ The use of a number as a person's name is a method of honoring a grandparent, and commemorating the age of the latter at the time when the child was born.

other missionaries were burned with the Catholics in their Station.

On hearing of the riots at places farther east, the missionaries living west of Kui Hua fled to Pao T'ou. On June 27 there were Mr. and Mrs. Blumberg and one child, Mr. and Mrs. Helleberg and one child, Mr. and Mrs. Noren and two children, Messrs. Palm and Wahlstadt, and Misses Clara Hall and Christina Örn. A mob collecting at their door, Messrs. Helleberg and Palm got ten soldiers to protect them. Just as two Chinese Christians were hiring carts to take the missionaries to Pa-tzü-pu-lung, one hundred and seven miles farther inland, Mr. Stenberg arrived from that place. The next morning, June 28, all started together, with their baggage and supplies of food, and were escorted out two miles by soldiers. On the 30th they arrived at their destination, and settled down to live in a newly built and unfinished house, Stenberg and Palm living in tents. It was peaceful, except that there were rumors of killing foreigners. Here two of the children died of smallpox. The missionaries thought best to leave that place, and go to Wu-la-pa-erh, where Miss Anna Lund and Misses Clara and Hilda Anderson were living. They hired carts for that purpose, but before they could start, five or six soldiers. On July 27 the missionaries sent a messenger to their going. However, before this, Messrs. Stenberg, Palm and Wahlstadt had gone to Wu-la-pa-erh with an escort of soldiers. On July 27 the missionaries sent a messenger to Ta Shê T'ai, asking that the soldiers might take them all to Wu-la-pa-erh; but the request was denied, and the presents of maps, a watch and spoons, were refused. Then the mis-

sionaries decided to hire five soldiers themselves, and go to join the others. Before this could be done, four robbers came from Pao T'ou, saying that they were sent by the mandarin, and arrested two servants. Five taels of silver, a watch, a fur gown and other clothing were given to have one man released. They took the other to Pao T'ou, beat him, and let him go.

As the situation was becoming more critical, and further robbery was feared, the missionaries went to Ta Shê T'ai, thirty-three miles to the south, the soldiers trying in vain to hinder them. On July 30 they were led into the camp, and became both guests and prisoners,—the same day that the Larson caravan entered Urga. In September General Nieh was summoned from that place, to go and see the Taotai in Kui Hua. He compelled the missionaries to go with him, starting September 4. After going fifty miles, they were told that the Boxers at Pao T'ou would surely kill them, and made such strenuous objections to going on that the general sent them back with a guard of four soldiers. They arrived in camp September 10. At Kui Hua the Taotai asked Nieh if he had killed the foreigners in his camp, and he dared not do otherwise than say "Yes." He was ordered to another place, and sent a letter to his wife at Ta Shê T'ai, bidding her to have the missionaries slain. Soon afterward some Manchu soldiers and Boxers came to the camp, and plotted for their death. They arranged that Mrs. Nieh should send off the captives, as if helping them to go to Urga, and they themselves would be in ambush at a distance of seven miles. This was done, and the party started on September 21, using their own animals

and carts, and doubtless happy in the thought that they were going to a place of safety. After going a few miles, they were attacked with guns and swords, and put to death. The soldiers escorting them helped in the massacre and shared the spoils. This was on the day when the American Board party were in Berlin, Germany. Alas for our beloved friends! Would that they might have fled early, and gone with us!

Messrs. Stenberg, Palm and Wahlstadt, with the Anderson sisters and Miss Lund, lived on in peace at Wu-la-pa-erh until the 20th day of the 7th moon, about Aug. 15. Then they received word from the Catholics near them, telling of the destruction wrought in all parts of the country, and saying that the foreigners there were going away the same day.

Two days later Mr. Stenberg gave his deeds of land and all of his animals to one of his friends, a carpenter "Chang," who would care for them. The same day men came from the Mongolian mandarin, and some from a widow, Mrs. Ya, to loot the place, but went back without taking anything. The missionaries watched the whole night. It was said that Boxers and soldiers would come to kill them the next day.

Early in the morning they took some bedding and food, and went a short distance, to hide in a dry river bed. The carpenter Chang visited them there. From their concealed position, they saw the carts of the mandarin and of Mrs. Ya go off loaded with things from their Station. Their horses were brought to their hiding-place, and loaded with their baggage, and the party started for Urga. Besides

the missionaries, there was a Mongol girl called Halahan. Each person had a horse to ride. They went in the middle of the afternoon, escorted by Chang a few miles. Mr. Stenberg knew nothing about the other missionaries from Pao T'ou. He said that they should go seven miles into the mountains, and send back a messenger to see whether Boxers and soldiers really had come; if not, they would return to the Station.

After they had gone, the mandarin Daraji (Ta-la-tsie) sent his servants to call them back. They found them at Yen Shêng Hô, five miles away, where our friends had some land, and a half-built house. Stenberg and Palm went back, but on reaching their old home were seized by the mandarin, and threatened with instant death. After much talk, and knocking of their heads on the ground, they were allowed to go away. When they rejoined the others, their horses and other things were stolen.

On the 25th, Mr. Chang, having heard what had happened, brought food to them at Yen Shêng Hô. He found the house empty, there being nothing left but a Chinese cooking-pot. He got up on the roof and shouted, whereupon Mr. Stenberg came out of the high grass. As he grasped Chang's hand, he could not refrain from crying. They called the others to the house, and all in tears ate the food that Chang had brought. He repeated this favor each of the next few days, and promised them a horse and some provisions, if they should decide to go away; but on the 1st day of the 8th moon Stenberg sent him word that he need not send any more food, for they still had fifty taels,

with which they should buy a horse and food. They were intending to go at once to Urga.

The next day the mandarin sent men to rob them, and nothing was left but the clothes they were wearing. While wandering around, they had met one of their Mongol servants, named "69," who afterward died with them. He advised them not to go away, but to go to the mandarin, and appeal to him for protection; if he would not grant it, they might as well die there as anywhere else. They followed this advice. The mandarin is said to have received them, given them a tent, and promised protection. Also he doubtless gave them food. There they hid until about September 17 (the third day of the intercalary eighth moon), when they were murdered. At that time the Larson party had reached St. Petersburg.

Before this massacre, as we suppose, Messrs. Friedstrom and Suber returned from Uliassutai in the north, and Suber went to see Stenberg. The mandarin said that he should be taken to the place where his friends were, but sent soldiers on before to the mountains, where they killed him on his arrival.

Soldiers were also sent to kill Friedstrom. They followed him two days, after which they returned, saying that they could not find him.

The carpenter Chang was robbed of both Stenberg's and his own things, and had to suffer a great deal because he was friendly to the missionaries.

This account of the sufferings of Stenberg's party was obtained by Mr. Söderbom in 1902 from the natives at Pao T'ou.

APPENDIX C

A BOXER PRAYER FROM YÜCHO

The god of wealth, who adds to our happiness sends down this command. Ah-er-la-so Kung-tai strikes the gate. We learners knock our heads (on the ground) and pray. We thrice invite the Holy Mothers, K'ang Sêng, Sha Sêng, Pa Chieh¹ and Wu K'ung,² no matter which one; we pray you to send down a divine spirit. We call upon Heaven, and the gate of heaven opens; we call upon Earth, and the gate of earth closes. We want to learn the complete art of the Classics, and therefore call down a teacher. Ah-er-hêng-hsi,³ we pray you to intercede much with the Holy Mothers; Ah-er-hêng-tai, we pray you to worship much the ancient ancestors. On the stone mountain the stone gate opens, and we twice call upon our ancient Mother; on the stone mountain the stone gate breaks in pieces, and we twice call upon our ancient Teacher and ancient Mother. The felt⁴ mountain keeps the art. T'ang Sêng, Sha Sêng, Pa Chieh, Wu K'ung, divine persons riding the flying horses,—O my ancient ancestor, how quickly the eight di-

¹ Pa Chieh means Eight Commandments.

² Wu K'ung means Discerner of Vanity.

³ Hêng is pronounced hŭng; sêng, sŭng; hsi, see; ch'i, chee; p'ò, poa; pei, bay; and pa, ba.

⁴ Felt, that is made from wool.

agrams¹ respond! Ah-er-la-p'o, thou Holy Mother that leavest the mountain,—T'ang Sêng, Sha Sêng, Pa Chieh, Wu K'ung, Nan-wu-ch'i-tai, much worship the ancient ancestors. The peacock illumines the chosen ground. We learners knock our heads and pray,—no matter which one of you,—we pray you to come down from the mountains. Nan-wu-hsi-pei, much worship Ta-mo. We want to go up to the Western Heaven.²

¹ The eight diagrams are an ancient means of divination.

² We cannot help thinking, that such a prayer as this repeated several times, might easily put one in an abnormal frame of mind.

APPENDIX D

MONGOLIA BEFORE THE MONGOLS

The people living north of China in ancient times were called Hsiung-nu, "Fierce Slaves," and are supposed to have been the Huns. The Great Wall was built B.C. 214-204, to prevent their incursions. The nomads of the north always envied the wealth of the Chinese acquired by agriculture and the arts of a comparatively civilized life. As they made their raids on horseback, the wall was built from ten to twenty feet in height, with a special design of stopping cavalry.

In A.D. 265 to 280, the Huns invaded China, and one of them, Liu Tsung, built a palace at Ch'ang-an (Si-an Fu), and reigned in grandeur amid ten thousand of his followers, having a bodyguard of women.

Between the years 386 and 534, the Huns ruled the northwest of China, under the name of the Wei kingdom. Trade was carried on with tribes beyond Lake Baikal and the Obi River, and from the Caspian Sea to Corea. The report rendered by an officer, Tai Wu, 424-451, who was sent to travel through the kingdom and describe it, is still extant.

In 627 Mongolia was included in the Chinese empire, ruled by the T'ang dynasty.

Three Tartar kingdoms, called the Hsia, Liao and K'in,

ruled portions of China between 913 and 1235 A.D. The histories of China and Mongolia are closely interwoven, because each country ruled the other when it had the power.

The Hsia kingdom held sway in the northwest of China, until it was conquered by the Sung emperor, Chên-tsung, about 1000 A.D.

Shortly before, the Kitan Tartar Kingdom called Liao controlled the northeast of China, and forced the emperor, in A.D. 936, to give it "sixteen cities in Chihli, and an annual tribute of three hundred thousand pieces of silk." This kingdom was overthrown by the Mongols in the year 1201.

Meantime the Kin, the ancestors of the Manchus, having established themselves at Peking in 1118, carried away the Chinese emperor in 1125, and his son the next year. In 1228 the Emperor Ning-tsung engaged the help of the Mongols against the Kin, and in 1235, under the leadership of Genghis Khan, they drove them out of Peking and the Kin kingdom came to an end.

APPENDIX E

THE ITINERARY OF THE FLIGHT

Date	Place	Day's March	From	Kalgan
June 11-14.	Hara Oso		150	li
June 23 Sat.	Buy Camel Camp	15	li	165
" 24 Sun.	Lost Camel Camp	35	"	200
" 25 Mon.	"	0	"	"
" 26 Tues.	"	0	"	"
" 27 Wed.	White Marble Hill	40	"	240
" 28 Thurs.	"	0	"	"
" 29 Fri.	"	0	"	"
" 30 Sat.	Gombo Camp	70	"	310
July 1, Sun.	"	0	"	"
" 2, Mon.	Rain Camp	40	"	350
" 3, Tues.	Bonfire Camp	70	"	420
" 4, Wed.	Fourth of July Sandy Camp	65	"	485
" 5, Thurs.	Ponghong Beetle Camp	62	"	547
" 6, Fri.	Holt Temple, i.e., Lost Caravan Camp	71	"	618

Date	Lodged	Place	Day's March	From Kalgan
July 7, Sat.	Sunday	Rest Camp	32	650
" 8, Sun.	"	"	0	"
" 9, Mon.	"	Daybreak Tired Camp	80	730
" 10, Tues.	Noon	Bone Hill (Prairie Camp)	120	850
" 11, Wed.	"	Lake View Camp	40	890
" 12, Thurs.	Lodged	Stolen Horses Camp	30	920
" 13, Fri.	Morning	Mountain Spring Well Camp	40	960
" 14, Sat.	"	Granite Rocks Camp	35	995
" 15, Sun.	Lodged	Oude Telegraph Station	112	1107
" 16, Mon.	Noon	No Well Camp	?	?
" 17, Tues.	Night	Rock Well Camp	85	1192
" 18, Wed.	Noon	Good Grass Camp	33	1225
" 19, Thurs.	Night	Windy Camp	33	1258
" 20, Fri.	Noon	Bad Water Camp	40	1298
" 21, Sat.	Night	Sand Flat Camp	35	1333
" 22, Sun.	Noon	Agate Camp	25	1358
" 23, Mon.	Night	Horrid Water Camp	63	1421
" 24, Tues.	Noon	Rain Water Pool	28	1449
" 25, Wed.	Night	Shoot Boot Camp	35	1484
" 26, Thurs.	Noon	Lundquist Birthday Camp	26	1510
" 27, Fri.	Night	Tall Grass Camp	35	1545
" 28, Sat.	All day	"	0	"

"	23, Mon.	Noon	"	Chalcedony Hill	45	1590
"	"	Night	"	Granite Spring Camp	40	1630
"	24, Tues.	Noon	"	Tuerin River, Welcome Camp	30	1660
"	"	Night	"	Mud Camp	?	?
"	25, Wed.	Noon	"	Eat Duck Camp	70	1730
"	"	Night	"	Glass Well Camp	75	1805
"	26, Thurs.	Noon	"	Mirror Lake Hailstorm Camp	30	1835
"	"	Night	"	Good Sleep Camp	16	1851
"	27, Fri.	Night	"	Prairie-dog Camp	63	1914
"	28, Sat.	Noon	"	Sandberg Poem Camp	35	1949
"	"	Night	"	Sunday Washing Camp	91	2040
"	29, Sun.	Night	"	"Almost There" Camp	25	2065
"	30, Mon.	Noon	"	Urga, Russian Consulate	25	2090
						From Urga
Aug. 3, Fri.		Noon	"	Pine Grove Camp	30	30
"	4, Sat.	Night	"	Roaring Brook Camp	10	40
"	"	Noon	"	Broad Valley Camp	30	70
"	5, Sun.	Night	"	Russian Soldiers Camp	40	110
"	6, Mon.	Night	"	No Duck Camp	30	140
"	"	Noon	"	Temple River Camp	60	200
"	7, Tues.	Night	"	Dewy Camp	20	220
"	"	Noon	"	Hara Gol, (Black River)	50	270
"	"	Night	"	Musquito Camp	10	280

Date	Place	Day's March	From Urga
Aug. 8, Wed.	at Business Session Camp	40	320
"	" Seventh Station Camp	60	380
" 9, Thurs.	" Brook Meadow Camp	45	425
"	" High Hill Camp	55	480
" 10, Fri.	" Yüro River Camp	35	515
" 11, Sat.	" Last Post Station	45	560
"	" Pine Forest Camp	45	605
" 12, Sun.	" " "	0	"
" 13, Mon.	" Kiachta	15	620
"	" Troits Kosavski	7	627

SUMMARY OF DISTANCES

Kalgan to Ponghong	547 <i>li</i>
Ponghong to Oude Telegraph Station	560
Oude to Tuerin	543
Tuerin Telegraph Station to Urga	440
Total, Kalgan " "	2090
Urga to Kiachta	620
Total, Kalgan to Kiachta	2710

Note.—Others estimated the distance from Urga to Kiachta as 40 *li* more than the above. One *li* equals one third of a mile or more. The *li* in Mongolia are "long," sometimes equal to half a mile.

RIVERS CROSSED

Tola, just before reaching Urga.	
Hara Gol, 270 <i>li</i> north of Urga.	
Bayin Gol, 445 " " " "	
Yüro Gol, 515 " " " "	

GLOSSARY

PRINCIPLES OF PRONUNCIATION

ā as in ah, ă as in at, a as in table, a as in sofa.

ē as in herd, ě as in met, ê as in run, e the same as a.

ī as in machine, ĭ as in pin.

ō as in no, ǒ as in not, ô as in nor, o the same as a.

ū as in rude, ŭ as in run.

au as ou in out, ai as in aisle, oi and oy as oi in point.

r to be trilled.

Some Chinese words have no vowel sound after the initial consonant; as, after ch, dz, j, sh, ss, &c., like the final e in able, ruble, &c.

ABBREVIATIONS

Chi., Chinese; F., French; Hind., Hindu; Man., Manchurian; Mon., Mongolian; Rus., Russian.

The other abbreviations will be readily understood.

NAMES

ALASHAN (ā-lā-shān'), a mountain range in the south of Mongolia, west of the Ordus desert.

ALEPPO (ā-lěp'-pō), a city in N. Syria.

ALTAI (āl-tai'), a group of mountain ranges in N. Mongolia, partly on the border of Siberia.

ALTANG (āl'-tāng), Mon. adj., golden.

- ALTANG BOLOG (āl'-tāng bō'-lōg), Mon., Golden Spring, name of a well, and halting-place for caravans, less than a mile S. E. of Kiachta.
- AMBAN (ām'-bān), Mon. n., a high official title.
- AMUR, (ā-mūr'), a large river north of Manchuria, flowing E. to the Sea of Okhotsk.
- ANGARA (ān-gā-rā'), a river in Siberia, the outlet of Lake Baikal, flowing N. W. to the Yenesei River.
- ANGLE NOR (ān"-gl' nôr'), Mon., a lake more than 20 miles in circumference, 50 miles N. W. of Kalgan.
- APRICOT HARMONY CITY, Chi. name Hsing Hô Ch'êng, a ruined Mon. city 33 miles N. of Kalgan.
- ARGAL (ār'-gāl), Mon. n., the dung of animals, dried in the sun and wind, and used as fuel.
- ARGOL (ār'-göl), the Anglicized form of the preceding.
- ARGUN (ār'-gün), a river on the N. W. border of Manchuria, one of the chief branches of the Amur.
- ARIKBUGHA (ā-rīk'-bū-gā), a brother of Kublai Khan.
- ASTRAKHAN (ās-trā-kān'), a city in S. E. Russia, near the mouth of the Volga River.
- "AZURE HILL," a village 50 miles S. of Kalgan, in which there are many Christians.
- BADAM DAROGA (bā'-dām dā'-rō-gwā), the Mongol mandarin of Hara Oso, who governs only seventy families.
- BAGDAD (bāg-dād'), a city in Mesopotamia, by the Tigris River.
- BAIKAL (bai'-kāl), Turk., "Rich Lake," the chief lake in E. Siberia, about 700 miles in length, or as long as the distance from Kalgan to Urga.

- "BANDIT," the name applied to one of Mr. Sprague's servants, because of his wild looks. On the night when we fled from our homes, he stole a shot-gun.
- BAO (bau), the Manchu name for a felt tent or yūrt.
- BARACHIG (bā'-rā-chīg), the place in Siberia from which the railway leaves Lake Baikal for the west.
- BARAKOLSKI STEPPE (bā-rā-kōl'-skī stēp), a prairie between the Selenga River and the mountains bordering Lake Baikal.
- BATOUIEFF (bā-tū'-ī-ěf), Mr., a Russian tea-merchant who once lived in Kalgan.
- BATU (bā'-tū), a grandson of Genghis Khan, who was the first chief of the Golden Horde, and lived in a golden tent by the Volga River.
- BATURINA (bā-tū'-rī-nā), Mr., the Russian photographer in Troits Kosavski.
- BAYARA (bā-yā'-rā), Mon. n., happiness, blessedness.
- BAYIN GOL (bā"-yīn gōl'), a small river 148 miles N. of Urga, flowing W. to the Orkhon.
- BELE (bē'-lē), a tribe of Mongols in the N. part of the desert of Gobi.
- BELSHAIYA (bēl-shai'-yā), Rus. adj., great.
- BEREKE (bē'-rē-kē), the second leader of the Golden Horde, who oppressed the Russians, ravaged Poland, and became a convert to Islam; d. 1265.
- BI (bī), Mon. pers. pron., I.
- BILIKTU (bī-līk'-tū), the first chief of the E. Mongols, after they had been driven out of China; d. 1379.
- BILUTAI (bī-lū'-tai), a place in Siberia, 23 miles W. of Kiachta, where steamers from Irkutsk unload and reload.

- BLUMBERG (blüm'-bērg), Mr. and Mrs., Swedish missionaries of the Christian Alliance, killed by Boxers near Ta Shê T'ai, Sept. 21, 1900.
- BOGDA (böğ'-da), the title of the Living Buddha at Urga.
- BOKHARA (bö-kā'-rā), a city in Turkestan.
- BOLOG (bö'-lög), Mon. n., a spring.
- "BONNIE," the name of a favorite horse; see Chap. XXIX.
- BOROCHAI (bö"-rō-chai'), Mon., the name of a temple 28 miles N. W. of Kalgan.
- BOYARS (boy'-ärz), Rus. n., pl., nobles.
- BOYINTO (bö-yin'-tō), Mon., name of a convert of James Gilmour, living at Hara Oso.
- BUDANTSAR (bū-dān'-tsār), Mon., an ancestor of Genghis Khan.
- BUDDHA (bū'-dā), 1. Shakyamuni, a Hindu Sage. 2. Any deified saint. 3. An idol worshiped by Mongols and other Buddhists.
- BUKU (bū'-kū), Mon., the king of the Uigur Mongols, who, in the eighth century, founded the city of Karakorum.
- BURIAT (bū'-ri-ät), Mon., the name of a tribe of Mongols living S. E. of Lake Baikal, mostly under the Russian government.
- BUYANTU (bū-yān'-tū), Mon., the third Mongol emperor after Kublai Khan; d. 1320.
- CALIPH (ca'-līf), the spiritual and civil head of a Mohammedan state.
- CAMBALUC (cām-bäl'-üc), from Khan Bolgas, Mon.,

"The Fortress of the King,"—the medieval name by which Peking was known among Europeans.

CHAKHAR (chāk'-hār), the tribe of Mongols living near Kalgan. They call themselves Jahara.

CHANG (jāng), Mr., Chi., a kind-hearted carpenter at Olan Bar.

CHANG-FANG (jang-fang), Chi. n., a cloth tent used by travelers in Mongolia.

CHANG YEN MAO (jāng" yěn mau'), Mr., a wealthy Chinese in Tientsin, once the hostler of the Seventh Prince, who was father of the Emperor Kuang Hsü.

CH'ANG-AN (chāng-ān'), Chi., "Continual Peace," the ancient and western capital of China; the same as Si-an Fu.

CHAPAI (chā'-pai), one of the Mongol emperors of China; d. about 1251.

CHASSA BA (chās"-sā bā'), Mon., a pass and village at the edge of the Mongolian plateau. E. of Yellow Blossom Plain.

CH'ENG (chêng), Chi. n., a city; any walled city; a city wall.

CHEN-TSUNG (jên'-dzūng), Chi., an emperor of the Sung dynasty, about 1000 A.D.

CHI (chī), Chi. adv., together.

CHAI (jī-ā'), Chi., the native pastor of a church connected with the American Board Mission.

CHICHMAREFF, J., the Russian consul-general at Urga.

CHIEH YING (jī"-ě yīng), Chi. v., to receive, welcome.

CH'IENT-LUNG (ch'iēn'-lūng), a Manchu emperor of China, 1736-1796, A.D.

CH'IH (ch'), Chi. adj., red.

CH'IH CH'ENG HSIEN (ch'" chêng sǐ'-ān), Chi., Red
City, a county-seat 77 miles E. of Kalgan.

CHIH LI (j''-lǐ), Chi., the Province of China in which
Peking is situated.

CHIN (jǐn), Chi. adv., near; another adv., fully, com-
pletely.

CH'ING K'O TA (chǐng"-kē-dā'), the Chinese name of
"Azure Hill."

CHITA (chǐ'-ta), Rus., a city in Siberia, 340 miles N. E.
of Kiachta.

CHO CHOU (jō'-a jō), Chi., a flourishing city 47 miles
S. W. of Peking.

CHOU (jō), Chi., the dynasty which ruled China from
B.C. 1022 to 255.

CHOU (jō), Chi., an important county or county-seat.

CH'U (chū), Chi. v., to come or go out.

CH'UI (chū-ī), Chi., the first day of a month.

CHWERIN (chwě'-rǐn), Mon., a mountain and temple in
N. Mongolia.

CIRCASSIANS, inhabitants of Circassia, on the N. side
of the western part of the Caucasus Mts.

COBDO (cōb'-dō), Mon., a city in N. W. Mongolia, about
1000 miles due west from Urga.

COCHIN-CHINA (cō"-chǐn-chai'-nā), the S. part of
Annam.

COCK-CROW MT., a picturesque mountain 93 miles N.
W. of Peking, close to the Kalgan road. Seen from a
distance, it appears as a truncated cone.

COLQUHOUN (cōl-hūn'), Mr., an English traveler, the

author of "China in Transformation" and other books.

"COMBINATION," a name for the missionary caravan that went to Siberia with Mr. Larson.

COSSACKS, members of a race inhabiting southern and eastern Russia; Russian soldiers.

COUP D'ETAT (cū" da-tā'), F., a bold and sudden stroke of policy, such as the seizure of the Emperor of China by the Empress Dowager in 1898.

CRACOW (crā'-cō), an ancient city in W. Galicia, Austria.

DARAJI (dā'-rā-jī), Mon. n., a personal name, of Tibetan origin.

DAROGA (dā'-rō-gwa), Mon., the title of an official of low rank.

DIETRICK (dī-trīk), Mr. James, an American miner in Kiachta.

DOLBESCHEFF, (döl'-bē-shěf), Mr., Rus., the Secretary of the Consulate at Urga.

DOLLONNOR (dō"-lōn-nōr'), Mon., "Seven Lakes," a Mongolian and Chinese trading city, founded by the Emperor K'ang-hsi, about 160 miles N. E. of Kalgan.

DOTORA (dō'-tō-rā), Mon. prep., in; written todora.

"DUDE," a title applied to Mr. Sprague's horse, "Bonnie."

EDELWEISS (ēd'-ēl-wais), a small perennial flower, with thick whitish leaves, found on the Alps and in Mongolia, always in high altitudes.

ELEUTH (ī'-lūt), a fierce tribe of Mongols, living west of the Ordus desert.

- EMPRESS DOWAGER, the real ruler of the Chinese empire, and mother, by adoption, of the Emperor Kuang-hsü.
- ENGH (ěng), Miss Marie J., a Swedish lady connected with the American Board Mission at Kalgan.
- ERH T'AI (ēr'-tai), Mon., the second Post Station on the official route to Urga, about 35 miles N. W. of Kalgan.
- ERTNI OBO (ērt'-nī ō'-bō), Mon., Precious Altar, or Treasure Mountain, the name of a mountain at Oude, in central Mongolia.
- FEN (fên), Chi. n., a graveyard.
- FENG T'AI (fêng'-tai), Chi. prop. n., "Fertile Terrace," the place of junction of the Peking-Tientsin and Peking-Hankow railways, about ten miles S. of the capital.
- FERNSTALK, the cable code word for the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.
- FIRST TELEGRAPH STATION, a term used to denote Ponghong, 182 miles N. W. of Kalgan.
- FLEUR-DE-LIS (flūr"-de-lī), F. the iris; a flag with pale blue flowers.
- FLOWERY LAND, China.
- FRIEDSTROM (frīd'-ström), Mr., a Swedish missionary to the Mongols, who escaped alone through Gobi to Urga in 1900.
- FU, FU, CHI., a department, or chief section of a province.
- FU-KIEN (fū"-k'ī-ě'n'), Chi., a province in the S. W. of China, the capital of which is Foochow.

- GARA (gā'-rā), Mon. n., the hand or arm.
- GUATAMA (gua"-tā-mā'), the Sage, who first taught the doctrines of Buddhism.
- GEGE (gē'-gē), Mon., the common appellation of the Living Buddha.
- GEGEN (gē'-gēn), a Mongol emperor who ruled China, and was assassinated in 1323 A.D.
- GENGHIS KHAN (gěng"-gis kân'), the founder of the vast empire of the Mongols; b. 1162, d. 1227 A.D.
- GERE (gē'-re), Mon. n., a felt tent; a yurt; home.
- GEVERIT (gē'-vē-rit), Rus. v., to speak.
- GILMOUR, Rev. James, a heroic missionary of the London Mission, who labored for the Mongols from 1870 to 1891.
- GOBI (gǒ'-bī), Mon., the desert that stretches N. E. and S. W. through the central part of Mongolia.
- GOL (gôl), Mon. n., a brook or river.
- GOLDEN HORDE, a tribe of Mongols whose chief, Batu, lived in a golden tent by the river Volga, and to whom the Russians, at one time, gave all the land from the Carpathian Mts. to Lake Balkash in central Asia.
- GOLDEN KHAN, the chief of the Khalkha tribe in N. Mongolia.
- GOMBO (gǒm'-bō), Mon., the name of a Mongol teacher, whose home is by the Urga road, 103 miles from Kalgan.
- GORDON HALL, the name of the municipal hall, in the British Concession, Tientsin.
- GORDON MEMORIAL THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, an institution of the American Board Mission in Tung-

- cho, named after its chief donor, Mr. Nathaniel Gordon.
- GOSTINITZA (gös'-tī-nīt'-za), Rus. n., hotel.
- GRAESLER (grēs'-lēr), Mr., a Belgian merchant, who once lived in Kalgan.
- GREAT RED VALLEY, a Mongol village 20 miles N. W. of Kalgan.
- GRIZNOCHIN (grīz-nō'-chīn), Mr., a Russian merchant in Urga.
- GUSTAFSON (gūs'-tāf-son), Miss Alida, a Swedish missionary of the Christian Alliance, who was killed by the Boxers.
- HAGANG (hā-gāng'), Mon. n., king; this is the written form; the spoken form is hāng.
- HAI P'A (hai-pā'), Chi. v., an intensive form of P'a, to fear.
- "HALAHAN" (hā'-lā-hān), a Mongol woman, who fled from the Boxers with the missionaries from Olan Bar.
- HANG (hāng), Mon. n., a king, the spoken form of hagang.
- HANG-CHOU FU (hāng'-jō fū'), the Chinese name of Hangchow.
- HANGCHOW (hāng-chau'), an important city and seaport of China, 107 miles S. W. of Shanghai.
- HANKOW (hān-kau'), the chief port of central China, on the Yang-tzū Kiang, about 600 miles W. of Shanghai.
- HANORE (hān'-ōr), a village and hill at the edge of the Mongolian plateau, 15 miles N. W. of Kalgan.

- HARACHING (hā'-rā-chǐng), a tribe of agricultural Mongols, between Dolonnor and Newchuang.
- HARA GOL (hā"-rā gôl'), Mon., "Black River," a stream 90 miles N. of Urga, flowing westward to the Orkhon River.
- HARA OSO (hā"-rā ô'-sô), Mon., "Black Water," the name of a stream and village 50 miles N. W. of Kalgan.
- HATAG (hā'-tāg), Mon. n., a strip of silk given as a present or used by the northern Mongols as money.
- HERAT (he-rāt'), a city in W. Afghanistan.
- HING-AN (hǐng-ān'), a range of mountains in E. Mongolia.
- HO (hē), Chi. n., and adj., harmony, harmonious.
- HOLT (hōl'-t'), Mon., the name of a temple 206 miles N. W. of Kalgan.
- HONAN (hē'-nān), Chi., a province of China S. W. of Shantung.
- HSIA (sǐ-ā'), the Chi. name of a Tartar kingdom in N. W. China, 1000 A.D.
- HSIA (sǐ-ā'), Chi, adv. and v., below, to put down; see SHOU.
- HSIA HSIN CHUANG (sǐ-ā" sǐn gwāng'), Chi., "Summer Bitterness Village," a place 80 miles S. W. of Kalgan, where Miss Gustafson was killed by Boxers in the summer of 1900.
- HSIAO (sǐ-au'), Chi. adj., small.
- HSIAO CHANG (sǐ-au' jāng), Chi., a city 130 miles S. W. of Tientsin.
- HSIAO T'AI HOU (si-ao tai ho), Chinese name of the

- Mongol queen Hsiao, who built cities N. of Kalgan when the Mongols ruled China.
- HSIEN (sǐ'-ăn), Chi. n., a county or county-seat, generally smaller than a chou.
- HSI-NING (sǐ'-ning), Chi., "Western Repose," a city 80 miles S. W. of Kalgan.
- HSIUNG-NU (sǐ-üng'-nū), Chi., "Fierce Slaves," the hordes from Mongolia, supposed to have been Huns, who invaded China in ancient times.
- HSÜAN-HUA FU (swĕn'-hwā fū'), Chi., "Conversion by Preaching," a large city 20 miles S. E. of Kalgan.
- HU (hū), Chi. adv., wildly.
- HU (hū), Mon. n., a son; the spoken form of hubegung.
- HUA (hwā), Chi. n., spoken words, talk.
- HUAI LAI (hwai'-lai), Chi., "Bosom Come," a city midway between Peking and Kalgan.
- HUANG TS'UN (hwāng'-tsūn), Chi., "Yellow Village," a village 13 miles S. of Peking; a station on the Peking-Tientsin railroad.
- HUBEGUNG (hū"-bē-gūng'), Mon. n., a son; the written form of hu.
- HUL (hūl), Mon. n., the foot.
- HULAGU (hū'-lā-gū), Mon., a brother of Kublai Khan. He fought in Persia, Mesopotamia and Syria, 1251-1259 A.D., and founded the empire of the Ilkhans.
- HUNS (hūnz), a nomadic and warlike tribe of Asiatic origin, who overran Europe in the 5th century, under the leadership of Attila.
- HUN-YÜAN CHOU (hūn"-yüĕn jō'), a Chi. city 133 miles S. S. W. of Kalgan.

HURE (hū-rě'), Mon. v. imper., Look out for (the dogs) !

I (i), Chi. num. adj., one.

I (i), Chi. adj. and n., righteous, righteousness.

ID (id), Mon. v. imper., eat, please eat.

IDEHU (i'-dē-hū), Mon. v. inf., to eat.

IDEJI BAINA (i'-dē-jī bai-nā'), Mon. v., I am (or he is) eating.

IDELE (i''-dē-lě'), Mon. v. imp., I have (or he has) eaten.

IDESENG (i''-dē-sēng'), Mon. v., past tense, I (or he) ate.

I HO CH'UAN (i' hē chwěn'), Chi., "Righteous Harmonious Fist," the Chinese name of the Boxers.

ILI (i'-lī), Chi. n., the province of Tartary, W. of Mongolia, and N. of Tibet and Kokonor.

ILKHANS (il'-kānz), empire of, extended from the E. border of Persia to the Mediterranean Sea; see Hulagu.

INALJUK (in-āl'-jūk), governor of Otrar in Turkestan, punished by an army of Genghis Khan under Jagatai, 1219 A.D.

INNER MONGOLIA, the southern half of Mongolia, i.e., the part south of the desert of Gobi.

IRKUTSK, the chief city of E. Siberia, pop. 50,000.

IRO GOL (i''-rō gôl'), Mon., a river in N. Mongolia 33 miles S. of Kiachta, flowing W. to the Orkhon River.

IRTISH (i'-tīsh), a river which rises in Ili near Cobdo, and flows N. W. 1620 miles to the Obi River.

IVAN (i'-vān), "the Terrible," Czar of Russia, 1529-1584, conquered Kazan and Astrakhan.

JACOBSON (yā'-cōb-son), Mr. Emil, a Swedish missionary of the Christian Alliance Mission, who escaped to

Siberia with the Larson caravan.

JAGATAI (jā-gā'-tai), Mon., a son of Genghis Khan, and commander of one of his armies.

JAHARA (jā-hā'-rā), Mon., the Chakhar tribe, according to their own pronunciation.

JALALUDDIN (jāl'-āl-ūd'-dīn), the son of Muhammed of Khuarezm, defeated by Genghis Khan.

JANIBEG (jān'-ī-bēg), a ruler of the Golden Horde, murdered by his son Berdibeg, in 1357.

JEN (rūn), Chi. n., a man, men.

JUNG (rūng), Chi. n., glory; used as an abbreviation for Jung Lu.

JUNG LU (rūng'-lū), Man., a prince of the royal family in China, who was one of the leading Boxers.

KAIDU (kai'-dū), Mon., cousin of Kublai Khan; d. 1301.

K'AI-FENG FU (kai'-fēng fū'), Chi., the capital of Honan Province.

KAISSAN (kais'-sān), a Mongol emperor of China, &c.; d. 1311.

KALGAN (kāl'-gān), a city in Chihli, China, close to the Great Wall, 140 miles N. W. of Peking.

KALMUK (kāl'-mūc), a tribe of Mongols living in Ili and W. Siberia.

K'AN (kān), Chi. v., to see.

K'ANG-HSI (kāng-sī'), the most illustrious emperor of the present (Manchu) dynasty in China, who reigned from 1662 to 1723 A.D.

KANSUH (gān'-sū), Chi., the N. W. province of China proper.

- KARAKORUM (kā"-rā-kō'-rūm), Mon., an ancient city of N. Mongolia, in 1227-1241 the capital of the Mongolian empire.
- KASAN (kā'-sān), Rus., a city in the E. part of Russia.
- KAZAK (kā'-zāk), Mon., a tribe of Mongols, E. of the Caspian Sea.
- KERULON (kē'-rū-lōn), a river in N. Mongolia, E. of Urga, flowing eastward, and becoming the chief branch of the Argun River.
- KHAKAN (kā'-kān), Mon. n., the title of the Mongol emperors; the same as khan and hagang.
- KHALKHA (kā'-kā), Mon. n., a tribe of Mongols in N. Mongolia.
- KHAN (kān), Mon. n., a king.
- KHIRGHIZ (kīr'-gīz), a tribe of Mongols living in Ili, and westward to the Caspian Sea.
- KHUAREZM (kū"-ār-ězm'), a kingdom in Turkestan, conquered by the armies of Genghis Khan, 1219 A. D.
- KIACHTA (kī-āk'-tā), a frontier city of Siberia, to which tea is brought on camels from China, by way of Kalgan and Urga.
- KIAO CHOU (kī-au' jō), a port of Shantung, S. of the Promontory, seized by the Germans in 1898.
- KIEV (kī-ěv'), "the Mother of cities," a city by the Dneiper River, in S. W. Russia.
- KIN (kīn or jīn), Chi. n., "Gold;" the name of a Tartar kingdom in N. E. China whose capital was Peking, 1118-1235 A.D.
- KITAI OFF (kī'-tōf), Mr. T., a young Russian gentleman in Kiachta, who was very kind to members of the Larson caravan.

- KITAN (kī'-tān), Mon., a Tartar kingdom in N. E. China, overthrown in 1201 A.D.
- KO (gē), Chi., numerative, not translatable into English; the same as "piece" in Pigeon-English.
- KOHISTAN (kō-hīs'-tān), (Khoristan? or Khorasan?) a province of Persia.
- KOKO ILEGENG (kō'-kō ī'-lē-gěng), Mon., a village on the Mongolian plateau, 30 miles N. W. of Kui Hua Ch'èng.
- K'OU (kō), Chi. n., a pass among mountains.
- KRASNOIARSK (krās'-nō-yārsk), Rus., a city in Siberia, by the Yenesei River, and also on the line of the trans-continental railway.
- KREMLIN (krēm'-līn), Rus., the citadel of Moscow.
- KRIM (krīm), Mon., a tribe of Tartars in S. Russia, from whom the Crimea was named.
- K'UAI (kwai), Chi. adv., quickly.
- KUAN SHIH (gwān'-sh'), Chi., "Mandarin Market," a village 20 miles N. W. of Peking.
- KUAN YÜAN (gwān'-yüēn), Chi. n., officials.
- KUBLAI (kū'-blai), Mon., the name of the most illustrious Mongol emperor that ruled China; b. 1216, reigned 1259-1294.
- KUEI-TZU (gua'-z'), Chi. n., a demon, foreign devil, foreigner.
- KUI HUA (gwī'-hwā), Chi., same as the next.
- KUI HUA CH'ENG (gwī'-hwā chēng), Chi., "Belongs to Civilization City," a Chinese trading city in S. Mongolia, 240 miles W. of Kalgan.
- KULDJA (kūl'-jā), a city in the extreme N. W. of Ili, restored to China by Russia in 1880 A.D.

KULUK KHAN (kū"-lūk kân'), a title of the Mongol emperor, Kaissan.

KUSHLEK (kūsh'-lĕk), a Naiman Mongol, who gained the throne of the Kitan kingdom, but was overthrown by Genghis Khan.

KUYUK (kū'-yūk), the Mongol emperor who succeeded Ogdai in 1241; d. 1248 A.D.

LAI (lai), Chi. v., to come.

LAKE BAIKAL, see Baikal.

LAMA (lā'-mā), Mon. n., a priest.

LAMAISM (lā'-mā-ism), the religion of the Mongols, Tibetan Buddhism.

LARARE (lā'-rā-rĕ), Swed. n., teacher.

LI (li), Chi., measure of distance, one third of a mile or more.

LIAO (liāu), the Chinese name of a Tartar kingdom, that of the Kitans, overthrown in 1201 A. D.

LIAO-TUNG (liāu-dūng'), the part of S. Manchuria E. of the river Liao.

LIMBOSKI (līm-bō'-skī), Rus., the name of a hotel in Troits Kosavski.

LINGDAN KHAN (līng"-dān kân'), the last ruler of the Eastern Mongols.

LI-T'OU (lī'-tō), Chi. adv., inside.

LIU-TSUNG (liū'-dzūng), the king of the Huns, who ruled in Si-an Fu, China, A.D. 265-280.

LLASSA (hlās'-sā), the capital of Tibet.

LOASA (lō'-ās-ā), Mon., a mule; the word was borrowed from the Chinese.

LUNDBERG (lünd'-bērg), Mr. and Mrs., Swedish missionaries of the Christian Alliance, killed by Boxers in 1900.

LUNDQUIST (lünd'-quĭst), Mr. and Mrs., Swedish missionaries of the same Mission who escaped to Siberia in the Larson caravan.

LUNDQUIST, David and Jonathan, children of the preceding.

MAIMAICHENG (mai'-mai-chēng), Chi., "Business City," a place in N. Mongolia, just S. of Kiachta.

MANCHU (mān'-chū), a native of Manchuria, or member of the ruling race in China; their language.

MANGU (māng'-gū), the Mongol emperor who preceded Kublai Khan; d. 1259.

MARAGHA (mā'-rā-gā), a city in Mesopotamia (or Persia?) where Hulagu let his astronomer, Nasir al-din' build a handsome observatory. Four western Asiatic astronomers were employed, and there were "armillary spheres and astrolabes, and a beautifully executed terrestrial globe, showing the five climates."

MARCO POLO, a Venetian traveler and author, 1254-1324, who was in China in the reign of Kublai Khan.

MASSORETIC DOTS, the dots which represent vowels in Hebrew.

MEN (mên), Chi. n., a door.

MENDE BAYARA (mên'-de bā-yĭ-rā), "Peace and Joy," the name of a camel-driver, the father of "Morning Star."

MENDO! (mên-dō'), Mon., a salutation, "Peace!"

MEREGEN (mě'-rē-gēn), a tribe of Mongols in the desert of Gobi.

MERKIT (mêr'-kît), a tribe of Mongols.

"MIDDLE KINGDOM", China.

MIN (mĭn), Swed. pers. pron., my.

MING (mĭng), Chi. n., life; see T'ao.

MING dynasty (mĭng), "Bright," the one preceding the present Manchu dynasty.

MINI (mĭ'-nĭ), Mon. pers. pron. pos., my, mine.

MODONG (mō'-dōng), Mon. n., wood, a tree.

MODORA (mō'-dō-rā), Mon. n., a divine hand.

MOGHUL EMPIRE (mō'-gŭl), an empire founded at Delhi, Hindustan, by Baber, a descendant of Timur or Tamerlane.

MONAI (mō-nai'), a Mon. pers. pron. pos., my, mine.

MONGOL (mōng'-gōl), a Mongol person, Mongolian.

MONGOLIAN,—1. In a wide sense, all E. Asiatics; 2. Properly, a native of Mongolia; 3. The language of the Mongols.

MONGOL WALL, an earthen wall enclosing a large area adjoining Peking on the north.

MONTECORVINO (mōn"-tē-cōr-vī'-nō), John of, the first Roman Catholic missionary to China, 1292-1328 A.D. In Peking he built a church "which had a belfry with three bells, that were rung every hour, to summon the new converts to prayer." He wrote: "It is now twelve years since I have heard any news from the West. I am become old and gray-headed, but it is rather through labors and tribulations than through age. I write and read and preach openly and freely the testimony of the law of Christ."

MORI (mē'-rī), Mon. n., a horse.

MOSKOFSKAIYA (mōs-kōf-skaí'-yā), Rus., of Moscow.

MUHAMMED (mū-hām'-mēd), the king of Khuarezm, in Turkestan, defeated and pursued by the army of Genghis Khan, 1219 A.D.

MUNDO! (mūn-dō'), the same as Mendo.

MUNGHE (mūng'-hē), Mon. adj., "Eternal," the name of a faithful and efficient camel-driver employed by Mr. Larson.

MU-T'OU (mū'-tō), Chi. n., wood.

MYSSOWAIYA (mīs'-sō-wai'-yā), Rus., a new city in Siberia, where the railway leaves Lake Baikal for the East.

NAIMAN (nai'-mān), a tribe of Mongols defeated by Genghis Khan in 1206-8 A.D.

NAMAIGI (nā-mai'-gī), Mon. pers. pron. obj., me.

NARA (nā'-ra), Mon. n., the sun.

NARA (nā'-rā), Mon., an ending after nouns, denoting the plural number.

NASTEGARD (nēs'-tē-gārd), Mr. O. S., Jr., a Norwegian Lutheran missionary, who accompanied the Larson caravan from Urga to Sweden.

NAYAN (nai'-ān), a prince of the family of Kublai Khan, who led a revolt in Manchuria in 1287, but was taken by Kublai, and executed.

NERE (nē'-rē), Mon. n., a name.

NERE (nē'-rē), Mon. pl. ending, the same as nara.

NIEH (nī-ě'), Chi., a general in command of troops at Ta Shē T'ai, in Mongolia.

NIMCHILOFF (nĭm'-chĭ-lŏf), Mr., a wealthy Russian, who built the cathedral in Kiachta.

NING-HSIA (nĭng'-sĭ-ā), Chi., a city in N. E. Kansuh, 550 miles W. of Peking.

NING-TSUNG (nĭng'-dzūng), a Chinese emperor of the Sung dynasty, A.D. 1195-1228?

NISHNAPOOR (nĭsh"-nā-pūr'), a city in N. E. Persia, destroyed by Mongols about 1220 A.D.

NOHOI (nŏ-hoi'), Mon. n., dogs.

NOHOI HURE ! (nŏ-hoi'hū-rě'), Mon., Call off the dogs!

NONNI (nŏn'-nĭ), a river in N. E. Mongolia, the same as the Onon.

NOR (nŏr), Mon. n., a pond or lake.

OBO (ŏ'-bŏ), Mon. n., an altar of stones, generally on the summit of a hill.

OD (ŏd), Mon., following a noun, as a sign of the plural number.

OGDAI (ŏg'-dai), Mon., the emperor who succeeded Genghis Khan in 1227; waged many successful campaigns; d. 1241 A.D.

OGHOTAI (ŏg'-gŏ-tai), same as the preceding.

OGLOFFSKI (ŏ-glŏf'-skĭ), Mrs., Rus., a lady in Troits Kosavski, who was kind to Mrs. Söderbom.

OIRAD (oi'-rād), (or ŏrāt), a tribe of Mongols, who live W. of the Chakhars, and N. from Pao T'ou.

OLAN BAR (ŏ"-lān bār'), Mon., "Red Hill," one of Mr. Stenberg's Mission Stations in S. Mongolia, N. of the Ordus desert.

ONON (ŏ'-nŏn), a river in N. E. Mongolia, famous as the

original home of Genghis Khan; it flows N. E. to the Amur.

ORDU (ôr'-dū), a tribe of Mongols, who live S. of the Yellow River.

ORDUS DESERT, the abode of the Ordu tribe, N. of the province of Shênsi; it is not a sandy desert, but a poor grass-land with scrubby bushes.

ORKHON (ôr-kôn'), a river in N. Mongolia, flowing past Karakorum, and on N. E. to the Selenga River.

OSMANLI (ôs-mân'-li), same as Ottoman, from Othman or Osman, the first sultan of the Turks, who established his empire in Asia Minor in 1288 A.D.

OTRAR, a city in Turkestan, destroyed by Genghis Khan's army in 1219 A.D.

OUDE (ūd), Mon. n., a door, the name of a region some miles in extent, in the desert of Gobi, halfway from Kalgan to Urga.

OUDE TELEGRAPH STATION, the second telegraph station N. of Kalgan, located at Oude.

OUTER MONGOLIA, the half of Mongolia that is N. of the desert of Gobi.

P'A (pā), Chi. v., to fear.

PAO (bau), Chi. v., to protect.

PAOTINGFU (bau"-dǐng-fū'), Chi., a large city 113 miles S. W. of Peking, the capital of the province of Chihli.

PAO-T'OU (bau'-tō), Chi., a trading city by the Yellow River, 470 miles W. of Peking.

PA-TZU-PU-LUNG (bā"-dz'-bū-lūng'), one of Mr. Stenberg's Mission Stations, 107 miles W. of Pao T'ou;

the awkward name is a Mongolian word mispronounced by the Chinese.

PAVYEL (pail), Rus., the name of the priest at the consulate in Urga, in 1900.

PEI HO, pronounced by foreigners (pai hō'), but by the Chinese (ba'-hê), "North River," flowing past Tungcho to Tientsin.

PEKING (pī-kǐng'), pronounced by the Chinese Ba-jǐng'; the capital of China.

PENSA (pên'-sā), Mon. n., a dish; the word is borrowed from the Chinese p'ên-tzū.

"PERFECTION," a small Chinese city called Wan Ch'üan Hsien, 10 miles W. of Kalgan.

PESTH (pěst), same as Budapest, the capital of Hungary.

PING (bǐng), Chi. n., soldiers.

PISGAH, Mt., a mountain peak on the edge of the Mongolian plateau, 17 miles N. W. of Kalgan.

PO-AMERICANSKI (pō"-ā-mer-ĭ-kān'-skĭ), Rus. n., English, the "American" language.

PO-ANGLISKI (pō"-āng-gli'-skĭ), Rus. n., English, the English language.

PO-KITAISKI (pō" kĭ-tai'-skĭ), Rus. n., Chinese, the Chinese language.

POOT (pūt), Rus. n., a weight of forty Russian pounds, equal to thirty-six English pounds.

PORT ARTHUR, a fortified port in S. Manchuria, occupied by the Russians.

PO-RUSCISKI (pō"-rūs-cĭs'-kĭ), Rus. n., Russian, the Russian language.

RIAZAN (rĭ"-ā-zān'), a city in central Russia, captured in

1237 by the Mongols, who massacred the inhabitants with the utmost cruelty.

ROKN AL-DIN (rōkn ăl-dīn'), the governor of the province of Kohistan, in N. E. Persia, who dismantled his fortresses in a vain attempt to conciliate the Mongols.

RUBLE (rū'-bl'), a Russian coin worth about a half-dollar U. S. gold.

RUBRUQUIS (rū"-brū-kīs'), William de, a French traveler and envoy from the pope, who visited the Mongol emperor, Mangu Khan, in 1253 A.D.

"SADDLE-BAGS," a contemptuous epithet of the Mongols, given them by the Chinese.

SAI HONABO? (sai" hōn-a-bō')? Mon., the common morning salutation, Did you sleep well?

SAI NOIRASABO? (sai" nēr-a-sa-bō')? Mon., the same in honorific diction.

SALE (sā'-lē [?]) a small river in Mongolia, beside which Genghis Khan died, A.D. 1227.

SAMARA (sā"-mā-rā'), a city in E. Russia, by the Volga River.

SAMARCAND (sā"-mār-cānd'), a city in Turkestan, captured by the Mongols under Genghis Khan.

SAMOVAR (sā'-mō-vār), an urn for hot water, used by the Russians in making tea. It has a charcoal fire in a vertical tube in the center.

SAMOYED (sā-mō'-yēd), a portion of the Ural-Altaic race, living in Siberia.

SAN (sān), Chi. adj. num., three, the third.

SANG KAN (sāng'-gān), the upper portion of the Hun

River which drains a large section of country W. of Peking.

SCHAPOFF (shap'-off), Mr., Rus., a tea-merchant formerly in Kalgan.

SCHISCHAREFF (shish'-ā-rěf), the consul-general at Urga, more properly written Chichmareff.

SCHISCHMARIOFF (shish-ma'-rĭ-ôff), the same, as frequently pronounced.

SCHERIN (shern), Mr., a Dane employed by the Chinese government to set up the telegraph line from Kalgan to Urga.

SELENGA (sā-lěng'-gā), a river in N. Mongolia and Siberia, flowing to Lake Baikal.

SERA OT (sě"-ra ôt'), Mon., "Morning Star," a camel-driver in Mr. Larson's employ.

SEVENTH PRINCE, the seventh son of the Emperor Tao Kuang, and father of the Emperor Kuang Hsü.

SHA (shā), Chi. v., to kill.

SHAMAN (shā'-mān), a medicine-man or priest-doctor, supposed to be possessed with the devil, and therefore to be very wise.

SHAMANISM (shā'-mān-izm), Hind., a belief that all good and evil are produced by spirits, who can be influenced by priests.

SHANG (shāng), Chi. adv. and v., above; to go to.

SHANGTU (shāng'-dū), an ancient Mongolian capital, now in ruins, about 40 miles W. of Dolonnor, and 170 miles W. of N. from Peking.

SHANSI (shān-sĭ'), Chi., the second province from the coast of N. China, between Mongolia and Honan.

- SHANTUNG (shān-dūng'), Chi., a province in the N. E. of China Proper, S. E. of Chihli, forming a promontory between the Yellow Sea and the Gulf of Pechili.
- SHIH (sh'), Chi. v., to be, am, is, are.
- SHOU (shō), Chi. n., the hand; hsia shou, to take hold, to begin.
- SHUI (shwī), Chi. interrog. and rel. pron., who? who.
- SHUO (shwô), Chi. v., to speak.
- SHUO P'ING FU (shwô p'ing fū'), Chi., a city in N. Shansi, 230 miles W. of Peking.
- SI-AN FU (sī'-ān-fū'), Chi., the ancient or western capital of China, 600 miles S. W. of Peking; also called Ch'ang-an.
- SIGGIN (sīg'-gīn), a telegraphic error for Wiggin.
- SILESIA (sai-lī'-shī-a), a province in S. E. Prussia; also one in N. Austria.
- SI-NGAN (sī-ngān'), the same as Si-an Fu.
- SI-NING (sī'-ning), a small city in N. W. Chihli, 80 miles S. W. of Kalgan.
- SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL, an Anglican High-Church missionary society.
- SÖDERBOM, Mr. and Mrs. Carl G., Swedish missionaries of the Christian Alliance, who escaped to Siberia in the Larson caravan.
- "SON OF AN EARTHEN WELL," Chi., (t'ū ch'ing' tzu), a village 10 miles N. W. of Kalgan.
- SOOK! (sūk), Mon., the word used in commanding a camel to kneel down.
- SPLINGARD (splīng'-ārd), Mr., a German merchant, who became a mandarin.

STALLYBRASS (stäl'-ly-bräss), Rev. William, a missionary of the London Mission to the Buriats in Siberia, and translator of the Mongolian Bible.

STENBERG (stěn'-bērg), Mr. David, a Swedish missionary to the Mongols, killed by the Boxers in 1900.

"STONE DRUMS," ten stone pillars with inscriptions of King Hsüan (swēn), B.C. 827, discovered near his capital in A.D. 600, and kept in the Confucian temple at Peking since the year 1126. They are 28 inches in diameter, and 18 to 35 inches high, and are probably the oldest relics of Chinese history.

SSU-CHUAN (s'-chwān'), a large province in W. China, bordering on Tibet.

SUAROFF (sū-ār'-ôff), Mr., an insolent Siberian, large and rough-looking, who drives tarantasses between Kiachta and Lake Baikal.

SUBER (sū'-bēr), Mr., a Swedish missionary to the Mongols, killed by Boxers in 1900.

SUNG dynasty (sūng), the dynasty which ruled China from 960 to 1280 A.D.

SUNG (sūng), Mr. John, an English-speaking Chinese Y. M. C. A. worker in Tientsin.

SUNIT (sū'-nīt), a tribe of Mongols living N. of the Chakhars.

SUNITSON (sū-nīt'-son), Mr. and Mrs., Russian friends in Kiachta, who were very kind to the Larson caravan.

SVENSKA (svēn'-ska), Swed. n., the Swedish language.

SWAN, Mr. Edward, a missionary of the London Mission to the Buriats in Siberia, and translator of the Mongolian Bible.

TA (dā), Chi. adj., great.,

T'A (tā), Mon. pron. 2nd pers., you; this is the polite or honorific term.

TA CH'ING (dā ching'), Chi., the Great Pure (i. e., Manchu) dynasty.

TAEL (tal), a Chinese ounce of silver, worth about 62 cents U. S. gold.

T'AI HOU (tai' hō), Chi., the Empress Dowager.

T'AI WU (tai wū'), an officer of the Wei kingdom, established by the Huns. The records of his travels, A.D. 424-451, is still extant.

TA-LA-TSIE (dā'-lā-tsi-ě), the Chinese mispronunciation of Daraji.

TA-LI FU (dā"-li fū'), Chi., a large city in Yunnan province, S. W. China.

TAMERLANE (tām"-ēr-lan'), from Ti"-mūr-ī-leng'; also called Tī'mūr; a Mongol conqueror in S. W. Asia. In 1390 he equipped an army against Toktamish, ruler of the White and Golden Hordes, giving each man "a bow with 30 arrows, a quiver and a buckler. The army was mounted, and a spare horse was supplied for every two men, while a tent was furnished for every ten, and with this were two spades, a pickaxe, a sickle, a saw, an axe, an awl, a hundred needles, 8 1-2 pounds of cord, an ox-hide, and a strong pan." After months of weary pursuit, he fought Toktamish three days in Bulgaria, gained a great victory, and returned to Samarcand with the spoils.

TANAI (tā'-nai), Mon. pron. 2nd pers. pos., thy, thine, yours.

TANIGI (tā'-nī-gī), Mon. pron. 2nd pers. obj., thee, you.
 T'ANG (tāng), Chi., the dynasty which ruled China from
 618 to 913 A. D.

TAO (dau), Chi. v., to arrive at, to come to.

T'AO (tau), Chi. v., to flee; t'ao ming, to flee for one's
 life.

TAOTAI (dau'-tai), Chi., a mandarin of high rank, the
 chief governor of a department.

TARANTASS (tār"-ān-tās'), Rus., a large covered four-
 wheeled vehicle with wooden springs.

TA SHAO YEH (dā shau' yě), a Mongol priest and friend
 of the Kalgan missionaries.

TA SHE T'AI (dā shē tai'), Chi., a military camp in S.
 Mongolia, N. W. of Pao T'ou.

TATAR (tā'-tār), a general term for Turks, Cossacks,
 Mongols and Manchus.

TA T'UNG FU (dā" tūng fū'), an important city of N.
 Shansi, 120 miles W. S. W. of Kalgan.

TEMUCHIN (tē-mū'-chīn), the name of Genghis Khan in
 his childhood, commemorating his father's victory over
 an enemy of the same name.

TERE (tē'-rē), Mon. demonstr. pron. that; used for pers.
 pron. 3rd pers., he, she, it, and other forms.

TERE YAGONO TOLA HEMEBESU (tē'-rē yā"-gō-nō'
 tō-lā' hē-mē-bē'-sū), Mon. conj., for.

TERIGUNG (tē"-rī-gūng'), Mon. n., a divine head.

"THYME HILL," a hill one mile W. of Kalgan.

TIBETAN (tī'-bēt-an), pertaining to Tibet; the language
 or religion of Tibet.

T'IEN CHING (tiēn' jīng), Chi., name for Tientsin.

- T'IENT-KE-TAN-KOU (tiěń"-gē-dān-gō'), Chi., a Roman Catholic mission station in S. Mongolia, where the Kui Hua missionaries were killed by Boxers.
- TIENT-SHAN (tiěń-shān'), Chi., the "Heavenly Mts.", a range of mountains in Ili, on the N. side of Eastern Turkestan.
- TIENTSIN (tiěń-tsīn'), Chi. (tiěń'-jīng), the chief port of N. China.
- TIENTSIN VOLUNTEERS, a company of citizens of all nationalities in Tientsin, who armed and drilled to protect the foreign settlement.
- TIMUR (tī'-mūr), the grandson and successor of Kublai Khan, who reigned over China and Mongolia A. D. 1295-1308.
- T'ING (tīng), Chi., a small city governed by a military official, especially near the frontiers of China proper.
- TINI (tī'-nī), Mon. pron. 2nd pers. pos., thy, thine, yours.
- TODORA (tō'-dō-rā), Mon. adv., in; the written form of dotora.
- TOGHON TIMUR (tō'-gōn tī'-mūr), the last emperor of the Mongol dynasty in China, who reigned 1333-1368.
- TOKTAMISH (tōk-tā'-mīsh), an enemy of the White Horde, who conquered both it and the Golden Horde, but was vanquished by Tamerlane.
- TOLA (tō'-lā), Mon., a river in N. Mongolia, flowing westward past Urga to the Orkhon River.
- TOLOGAI (tō'-lō-gai), Mon. n., the head.
- TORGOD (tōr'-gōd), a tribe of Mongols, who emigrated from Russia to Ili in 1771 A.D.
- TONGKING (tōng⁷-kīng), the N. part of Annam, now a French possession.

TOTO (tō'-tō or tō'-tō-chêng), a city by the Yellow River, S. W. of Kui Hua Ch'êng.

T'OU T'AI (tō'-tai), the "First Stage" on the official route to Kiachta, a temple and a Mongol village 28 miles N. of Kalgan.

TRANSBAIKALI, an error for (trāns"-bai-kā'-lī-a), a province of Siberia, E. of Lake Baikal.

TROITS KOSAVSKI (troits" kō-sāv'-skī), Rus., the northern and most populous part of Kiachta.

TROITSKOSAWASK, an error for the preceding.

T (talz), the sign for tael; see T AEL.

TSA-CHIA (dzā'-jīa), Chi. pers. pron. pos., our, ours.

TS'AO CHOU FU (tsau"-jō fū'), Chi., a large city in S. W. Shantung, 315 miles S. of Peking.

TSO (dzō'-a), a Chi. numerative, not translatable into English; the same as "piecee" in Pigeon-English.

TSUN HUA (dzūn'-hwā), Chi. a city 100 miles E. N. E. of Peking, a mission station of the American Methodists.

TU (dō), Chi. adj., all.

TUERIN (tū-ēr'-in), a telegraph station E. of Mt. Chwerin in N. Mongolia, 147 miles S. E. of Urga.

TUNG CHING TZU (dūng-jīng'-z'), a market town in N. Shansi, 90 miles S. W. of Kalgan.

TUNGCHO (tūng'-jō), Chi., a city 13 miles E. of Peking, at the head of navigation on the Pei Hô.

TUNG FU HSIANG (dūng"-fū-siāng'), a Chinese general; the fiercest hater of foreigners; defeated in the Boxer war.

TUNGUS (tūng'-gūs), a general term, including a number of Mongol tribes.

TURANIAN (tū-ra'ni-an), a family of agglutinative languages of Asiatic origin, now preferably called Ural-Altaic.

TURKESTAN (tür"-kēs-tān'), the S. W. portion of Russian Asia. E. Turkestan is the S. part of Ili, or W. end of Chinese Tatar.

TUTUNG (dū'-tūng), a Manchu general; the one in Kalgan governs the Manchus in that city and the Chakhar Mongols.

UIGUR (wī-gūr'), an ancient tribe of Mongols in N. Mongolia, see Note, bottom p. 165.

UIGURIAN (wī-gūr'-rī-ān), of or pertaining to the Uigurs; as, the Uigurian language.

ULEMI (ū"-lē-mī'), Mon. n., the divine feet.

ULIASSUTAI (ū"-lī-ās'-sū-tai), Mon., "Poplar Grove," a city in N. Mongolia, 600 miles W. of Urga.

UFA (ū'-fa), a city in E. Russia.

UPPER CITY, the N. portion of Kalgan, which is two cities in one, or one shaped like an hour-glass.

"UPSTELLNING!" (ūp-stēl'-nīng), Swed. v. imper., "Attention!"

URGA (ūr'-ga), the chief city of N. Mongolia; pop. 30,000.

USBEG (ūs'-bēg), a king of the Golden Horde, 1313-1340 A.D.

UST-KIACHTA (ūst"-kī-āk'-tā), Rus., East Kiachta, a small town half a day's distance by tarantass N. W. from Kiachta.

VAU (vau), the Hebrew letter for o or u.

VERKNI MISHIBA (věrk'-nĭ mĭ'-shĭ-bā), Rus., a meteorological observatory on a mountain pass E. of Lake Baikal.

VERST (vērst), a Russian measure of distance, equal to .66 mile, or about 3500 Eng. ft.

VON GROTE (vŏn grŏt'), Mr., the head of a Russian mining company, Urga and Kiachta.

WAN (wān), Chi. v., to end, to finish.

WEI (wa), Chi., the name of a kingdom established by the Huns in W. China, A.D. 265.

WILLIAMS HALL, a large dormitory of the North China College, Tungcho, named after its chief donor, Dr. S. Wells Williams.

WILLIAMS MT., a mountain close to Kalgan on the N. E., 1800 feet above the city, and 4500 feet above the sea; called by the Chinese Fish Mt. and Eastern Peace.

WILLIAMS, REV. MARK, a missionary of the American Board, who has lived in Kalgan since 1867.

WHITE CITY, a ruined city 40 miles N. W. of Kalgan.

WHITE HORDE, a tribe of Mongols also called Eastern Kipchaks, who sacked Moscow in 1382, and were repeatedly defeated by Tamerlane in 1390-1398 A.D.

WIGGIN, MR. F. H., Treasurer of the American Board, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

WRIGHT, REV. DR. G. FREDERICK, a clergyman, geologist and author; specialty, glaciers.

WU-LA-BA-LAO (wŭ"-lā-bā-lau'), a small place 20 miles N. W. of Kui Hua Ch'eng.

WU T'AI, same as the next.

WU T'AI SHAN (wū' tai shān'), Chi. "Five Terrace Mt.", a mountain in N. E. Shansi, 260 miles W. S. W. of Peking; there are many temples, and the place is the Mecca of the Mongols.

YA (yā), Rus. pron. 1st pers., I.

YA (yā), Chi., the name of a widow, who sent her servants to loot the homes of missionaries at Olan Bar.

YAITSI (yai'-tsī), Rus. n., eggs.

YAKUT (yā-kūt'), a portion of the Turkish race, living in the valley of the Lena River, E. Siberia; their language.

YAMEN (yā-mên), Chi. n., the residence or office of a Chinese mandarin.

YATARAWA (yā'-tā-rā-wā), a Mongol camel-driver employed by Mr. Larson.

YEH (yě), Chi. conj., also.

"YELLOW BLOSSOM PLAIN," a village where robbery is common, 18 miles N. W. of Kalgan; named from the eschscholtzias which abound there in the summer.

YERMAK (yěr'-māk), (—1583), a Cossack chief, who conquered Siberia.

YENESEI (yě'n'-ī-sa'-ī), Rus., one of the chief rivers of Siberia.

YEN SHENG HO (yě'n shēng hē), Chi., a small place 5 miles N. of Olan Bar, in S. Mongolia.

YESUKAI (yě-sū'-kai), Mon., the father of Genghis Khan.

YING CHOU (yǐng'-jō), Chi., a city of N. Shansi, 200 miles W. of Peking.

YISSUN TIMUR (yīs'-sūn tī'-mūr), a Mongol emperor ruling China, A. D. 1324-1328. He divided China into 18 provinces.

YODH (yōdh), Heb., a letter denoting i.

YU (yō), Chi. v., there is, there are, one has.

YÜAN (yüēn'), Chi. adv., far, from afar.

YÜAN DYNASTY (yüēn'), Chi. adj., "Original;" the dynasty established in China by Genghis Khan, 1260-1368 A.D.

YUCHO (yü'-jō), Chi., a city 80 miles S. of Kalgan.

YÜ HSIEN (yü sēin'), the governor of Shansi in 1900; one of the fiercest and bloodiest of the Boxers.

YÜ LU (yü' lu), Chi., the governor of Chihli in 1900.

YULUN (yü'-lün), Mon., the mother of Genghis Khan, who was quite a warrior herself.

YÜNNAN (yün'-nān), Chi., "The Cloudy South;" the S. W. province of China Proper.

YÜN TING MEN (yün'-ding-mēn), Chi., the S. gate of the southern or Chinese city of Peking.

YUN TING MUN, an error for the preceding.

YÜ YÜ (yü yü), Chi., see Yü Hsien and Yü Lu.

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