station also gives one a feeling of being in another country; there are Chinese on every hand trying to sell a great variety of food stuff and wares. Tobacco and liquor are in abundance; we are in the land of plenty again!

I felt a curious sense of relief in being at last out of Russia; we are now in Manchuria and home seems almost in sight!

August 24th. Arrived at Harbin at 9.00 A.M. -- a very hot day. Golder woke me, saying that our Provodnik was either drunk or drugged and could not be waked. No breakfast to be had. As it afterwards developed the man was drunk, as were most of the other train-hands and many of the passengers. We also found that during the night the panels under the windows in the observation end of the car had been unscrewed and put back again very clumsily; our old man is not as dumb as the Englishman had thought; I more than suspect we have been carrying a cargo of contraband opium with us; however, I shall ask no questions. We called at the Chinese-Eastern Railway offices. Gen. Horvath, the Vice-President, was away, but we saw Kazakavich, the genial and capable Chief Engineer, who seemed greatly pleased to meet us again. The telegram of the Railway President, sent from Petrograd the day before we left, saying that we wanted our car cut off at Harbin and sent south into China, had not reached them. It took us some time to straighten out this snarl, but it was finally arranged that our car should be coupled to the afternoon "local" for Chang-Chun. As we were 24 hours late, the through "train-de-luxe" south into Korea had not waited for us, so we shall be hung up at Chang-Chun to-night.

We then called upon Moser, the American Consul and got some late news from America and the outside world generally, including a bundle of