

Petersburg, 5,000 miles." But if you are a seasoned traveller, not depressed by solitude, tough as leather, patient as a mule, not at all fastidious about what you eat or drink, nor about the condition of your skin and clothing, nor about where you sleep at night,—whether in bed, or on the floor, or in a jolting cart,—if you are such a traveller, you may cross Siberia as the Russians cross it, and quite as much enjoy the journey.

into which he may be actually clambering, seized by some Russian officer with no word of explanation save that "the king's business requires haste."

The first stage of Dr. Wenyon's journey was to Lake Khanka, where he reached the great river system of the Amoor. This he followed for two thousand miles, to the town of Nertchinsk. In the winter the ice makes a splendid road, but while waiting



ON THE GREAT POST-ROAD.—VILLAGE OF SIBERIAN STEPPES IN WINTER.

At the post-stations no supplies or provisions can be obtained except milk, eggs, and coarse, black bread, so the traveller must carry with him all else that he may require. The sleeping accommodation is also very meagre,—a big, bare room, with no furnishings but two or three wooden benches, a small box stove, and possibly a lamp.

One of the commonest vexations of civilian travellers, but one of which they dare not complain, is to have the conveyance which has been prepared for one's self, and

for the ice to break up and the river open, he had to lodge for some weeks in a Siberian log house, sharing the privations and discomforts of the rude peasant people.

Black bread and salt fish seem to be the staple food of these Siberian peasants. The rye-flour, of which the bread is made, is said to be mixed with powdered pine-bark, and certainly its taste is pungent enough for anything.

The more one knows of these people, however, the more interesting they become. Beneath their