



ON THE MARCH TO SIBERIA.

tained so cheaply as on the Upper Yenisei. Ten pounds of Russian bread could be purchased for five cents, a pound of beef or mutton for two cents, a hundred cucumbers for four cents, thirty-six pounds of potatoes for five cents, a fowl for three cents, a duck for five cents, and a goose for twelve cents. Fresh eggs were regularly sold at five or six for two cents, and new milk at one cent per quart. This is a poor district for earning money, though such a good one for economically spending it.

The city of Tomsk is, after Irkutsk, the largest in Siberia, having a population of forty thousand. The largest building, or rather series of buildings, is the university—the only one in Siberia. It was opened in 1889. Here travellers usually commence their land journey to the East, and as many as fifty thousand sledges and tarantasses are manufactured in the city every year. The voyage westward from Tomsk to the Ural Mountains usually occupies a week by the Obi and Irtysh rivers. The last is 2,500 miles long, and the Obi still longer.

Before I reached the Obi river I had hired for this journey not less than 360 horses.

As we proceeded northward, says Dr. Wenyon, the June days lengthened until there was no night at all. The sun just dipped below the horizon, but the sunset glory never faded, and as banners

waving above hedgerows indicate the progress of an unseen procession, so the golden splendours of the evening followed the sun's movement round the north until again they brightened into day.

The farther one goes northward the more abundant do remains of fossil mammoths become. They are washed up with every tide upon the Arctic shores, and some extensive islands off the coast seem to consist almost entirely of fossil ivory and bones.

From Tiumen, the then western terminus of the Siberian railway, it was a journey of two nights and a day to the Kama river, on the western side of the Ural range. In the evening twilight, we stopped at a small station bearing the great name of "Asia." After a short run beyond it, we reached a precisely similar station, called "Europe." We had crossed the water-shed between two continents.

Approaching the Russian frontier at Wilna, our tourist was surprised at the attention shown him by the military guard, still more at his arrest. The soldiers plainly told me, he writes, that there was reason to believe me to be an escaped exile; and that my passport had no doubt been taken from some traveller whom I had murdered. When I called attention to my identity—a banker's letter of credit, visiting cards, pocket-book, and correspondence—the soldiers gave a knowing chuckle, and replied that of course when I took