

knocking. He had a mortal fear of foreigners, and evidently expected something to spring out of the door at him. A Chinaman answered our inquiry and informed us that Mr. Turner lived across the river. As we went on we attracted very little attention even in the crowded, narrow streets, for Ta-chien-lu has a motley population, and no one suspected that I was other than a Tibetan. After we had crossed the bridge a young Chinaman ran up and told me to hide my knife and chopsticks that hung by my girdle, as thieves might steal them. He then led us through a narrow, dark alley underneath a house, where I dismounted, as a lama called out in stentorian voice, "What are you doing mounted here?" Our guide was the cook who, upon arrival at the Fu-ing-taog (China Inland Mission House), rushed into the young men's room telling them a man had come, not knowing whether I was a Tibetan or a European. In response to his excitedly given information, two missionaries, Messrs. Amundsen and Moyes, stood in the outer courtyard when I walked through the entrance. How clean they looked in Chinese garb, and how white their faces! I knew I was not clean, yet, conscious of my dirtiness and rags, I stood in their presence waiting to be addressed. But no, I must speak first; so I said in English, "Is this Mr. Turner's?" and Mr. Moyes replied "Yes." How the word thrilled me through and through. It was the first English word I had heard since that never-to-be-forgotten morning two months before when my husband disappeared around the rock, and the speaker was the first white stranger I had seen