

only had one look at him, and have asked him a few questions I would have been more satisfied, but the chance had passed forever. I would probably never again be in his presence and yet I must always have the idea that I have known him. Only a surmise could be given to the world, of course, but I promised myself that the story I would write would cause great astonishment in some quarters.

Darkness had hardly fallen before a detachment of soldiers came to my quarters to conduct me away from the vast camp. As before they took the precaution to bandage my eyes, nor did they remove the cloth until we were through the tunnel and well out into the plain, headed for the river. Once I looked back, but the huge mountains were dim in the darkness and presented only the appearance of an impenetrable barrier. No sign of the opening through which we had passed could be seen, and I could never have believed that it was possible to pass through the great stone walls but for my experience. As I had surmised we were making for the river, and before the dawn had broken had reached its banks. As I was about to step into the boat the officer in command thrust a parcel into my hands, under cover of the darkness, and we were soon far down the stream. I was hardly surprised to notice that the two guides whom I had brought with me were allowed to return, for with the great undercurrent of sympathy for rebels all through China they would hardly dare to speak of what they had seen, and their story would probably be laughed at if they did. There was nothing out of the ordinary in the parcel which the officer had given me, just a square box tightly bound with thongs. A line written on the box requested that it should not be opened

until the coast was reached; and this command I determined to obey as I considered the wishes of the strange man sacred, and if he had asked me to wait until I got to New York I would have consented.

No hostile gun was fired as we made our way down the river to the sea. Once or twice strange bands of horsemen appeared on the banks but a few words from the guides left us unmolested, and it was probable that they owed allegiance to the great rebel leader. On reaching the coast I hardly left the boat when I opened the package. Inside the box, carefully wrapped up, was the photograph of an officer of the British army in full uniform. The picture was that of one of the best known generals of his day. I recognized him instantly, as I had seen him many times in the early part of the Boer war. His disgrace and dismissal, followed by the rumored suicide in one of the great cities of Europe are matters of history. It had been said that he was still alive, but this opinion had been ridiculed. Now I would be able to tell his strange story to the public for the first time.

How the story was featured by the Review, and the immense excitement it created, and the fame that came to the paper are matters well known all over America and Europe. A few may still doubt, but some day, when the great Mongolian hosts unite for their attempt to regain their lost prestige there will no longer be room for any doubt. Then they will be convinced firmly that no Oriental hand ever moulded into shape those mighty fighting hosts or prepared the great engines of war. Some day I may return to that vast army and meet its great leader. In the meantime I can but wait for the uprising of the army and for the threatened Yellow Peril.