

what he said, but his speech, which lasted for nearly an hour, seemed to be full of self-adulation and contempt for the foreigners; others followed suit. As the speeches continued the multitude became more and more excited. Suddenly I felt a touch on my arm. I turned quickly, and saw the disguised Englishman at my elbow.

"Quick!" he said, "let me cut your bonds, and we will be off by the back entrance."

The attention of the crowd was so completely centred on the speaker that we managed to slip off unnoticed through a door covered with a curtain.

"Away to the hills!" exclaimed our new friend, "we will escape them yet."

As we entered the forest there was a tremendous uproar in the pagoda; our escape had been discovered.

For several hours we pushed on, hearing the shouts of our pursuers in the distance. By night we had completely out-distanced them, and lay down to rest. Before doing so I expressed gratitude to our deliverer, and asked him how he came to be in a Chinese Lodge in disguise.

"Well, gentlemen," he replied, "I am an attaché of the British Embassy of Peking. The chief learned that there was likely to be trouble with the Boxers, and sent me out to discover what I could. I was about to disappear from their midst when you come along. *Voilà tout!*"

We found Mr. Frank Graham, for such was our friend's name, excellent company. He informed us that Tom Sing, the leader of our bearers, was an officer of the Boxer's Lodge. This accounted for many circumstances which had puzzled me. The piece of rag in the bush, which had so evidently disturbed them, was, no doubt, a summons to some important function, and this explained their sudden flight.

"And now, gentlemen," said Graham, "if you have no objection I will remove this sheepskin skull-cap and pigtail, which are very uncomfortable, and most unsuited to my dignity."

As Graham was not expected back in

Peking for some time, he at once elected to join us in our botanising expedition, which we decided to continue. We had seen nothing of Tom Sing and the Boxers, but managed to engage fresh bearers.

The country in which we now were was thickly wooded, and exceptionally rich in orchids and other plants, valuable to the botanist. The tree trunks and rocks were covered with the gorgeous flowers of the *nepenthe*. This plant is a parasite. One day we were proceeding along a rough track, when suddenly Graham grew very excited.

"Look, Ross!" he exclaimed, "what do you make of that light up there among the trees?"

"Why!" I exclaimed, "I believe it is a *dendrobium*. If it is, it is a miracle. It has never been seen out of Borneo and Central America."

On approaching we found that it was indeed this beautiful orchid. The lovely white blooms, which measure fully eighteen inches across, nearly covered the tree, and cast a radiance over all surrounding objects.

We were in the heart of the orchid land. All round us the *calanthe* and the *phalenopsis* flowered in great profusion, while at the tops of the very highest trees we could see the beautiful *cymbidium*, glowing like a jewel in the Easter sky. We collected a number of specimens of these plants.

That night, Graham asked permission to send one of the bearers to Yow Chow with a message to the British Consul acquainting him with his discoveries in the Lodge. I also wrote to Mr. Wilks, informing him of my non-success in my special mission, and also of our adventures.

Although we had not heard of the Boxers for some time, we still kept a sharp lookout day and night, and were careful not to build large fires at night for fear of attracting attention from the passing bands of robbers with which the country is overrun.

One night as we sat smoking I asked Graham how he came to be so intimately