



Fig. 3. Our camp no. 56 on the Konche-darya, April 8th

went for a ramble in the woods; he estimated that there were about 82 trees to the hectare. Most were of moderate age, but there were some old trunks, too, twisted into fantastic shapes and resembling dragons with outstretched legs and claws.

We made a short trip to the little village of Aq-supe, to which we had ordered some new canoes, oars and ropes, as well as flour to be sent from Konche and Tikenliq. There were about 70 families living in Aq-supe; mostly immigrants from Chara, engaged in wheat-growing. They had moved to these parts for the sake of the water when the Tarim dried up in their own neighbourhood. The bottom of the irrigation canal was now three feet above the surface of the river; but in September and October the water streamed into it and was spread over the fields. This afforded us valuable proof that irrigation was a practical possibility lower down the river.

The little community at Aq-supe even had a school-house, though it was more like a *satma*, as they call the draughty reed-huts built by the herdsmen. SALI BEG, the headman of the village, a big, burly, dignified Turki, came to call on us with presents in kind.

Our most important article of food was mutton. All the way down the Konche-darya we passed flocks of sheep every day, from which we were able to buy. CHIA KUEI was skilled in the preparation of this meat according to all the rules of Swedish cookery, as well as in its Turkish form of *shisliq*, consisting of small chunks of mutton roasted on spits over the embers, with thin slices of fat in between.