



Fig. 4. Khudai Qulu, the old Turki who served under me also in 1900



Fig. 5. Sadiq, the head of our boatmen during the trip down the Konche and Qum-darya

It gave me a shock, for my first thought was that the petrol-boats had caught fire. But they were all right; both were behind us. I gave strict orders that our two inflammable boats should always be moored at a respectful distance from the camp-fire and to the weather side of it.

The river was unexpectedly deep that day — as much as 8 m!

On the morning of April 14th we slipped along at a good pace through the clear, greenish water between wooded banks. Once more we passed a string of little islands, thickly covered with reeds. At Sepe Niazigi, where we encamped on the right bank, we had a visit next morning from ALA QULU, the *beg* from Chara. He brought with him 260 chin of flour, five new paddles and 27 fathoms of fishing-net. He regaled us with tea, bread and eggs in a *satma*, or shepherd's hut, on the river bank. He also presented us with a sheep.

A little farther on, at a place called Kuyush, we were met by another village headman, YUSUP BEG, who regaled us with *shisliq*. Among those in his company was old KHUDAI QULU, who took part in my march along the dry river-bed in the spring of 1900. I recognized him easily, although he had become wrinkled and bent. It was always a pleasure, both to my old servants and to myself, to meet after so many years and to recall our adventures in the past.