

We have now our first experience in circumlocutory interpretation from French to Chinese. Joseph, receiving in French, transmits in his variety of Turki to our Sart, who repeats in the Kashgar variety to a local Beg, who roars it in Chinese to our host. Joseph's general education may have reached that of a high-school boy; the Sart and the Beg may be classed as to book-learning among the infants. When my courteous French companion started this sentence on its travels, "Tell him, Joseph, that in my country we are deeply interested in the philosophy of Confucius, and are constantly increasing our knowledge of all Oriental classics," it was wrecked at the first station out.

Floundering across the Kizil Zu (Red Water) on camels, our ponies swimming free; drinking cool, acrid Kumyss on the hot mountain-side, frightening the upstart marmots into their underground homes; urging vainly the Sart to use his falsely credited art as cook; encouraging and scolding the inept Joseph, whose lantern jaws declared that rough riding and doubtful fare were no longer possible for him—thus we reached the villages which announced Kashgar, still three days distant. Food was again plentiful—chicken, eggs, sheep, fruit and melons now refreshed rebellious stomachs, giving complete independence of the deceptive Sart. The Turki people were curious and cringing; the Chinese, masters of the country, were indifferent, but not ugly. In an earthquake-wrecked village we climbed to their dilapidated little temple, whose gods had not saved the people from ruin, and were correspondingly held, it seemed, in light esteem.