

cotton buyer,—but he was some sort of Asiatic Russian. No true European residents are found east of Kashgar. At Yarkand you are in Asia, *rien que ça*. Our best acquisition made here was Mohammed Joo—Kashmir man, Mohammedan horse-trader, follower of Captain Deasey in his journey across Western Tibet and Turkestan. He had just come down from the Himalayas—a week's softening in Yarkand was enough for such a sturdy traveller. Danger and toil at twelve dollars per month were preferred to inglorious ease and nothing per day. He and Lasso live in our memories as associate heroes and saviours. We learned later that the Kashmir man generally is, in North India, considered to be a commercial craven, fair prey for the warlike Dogra people, who now rule him. But Mohammed Joo had sucked strength into his bones from a thousand mountain-sides. In the morning he rose with might. The day was filled with his good counsel; by watchfulness he brought peace for the night. Whether his heart would be stout against the glint of steel or the loud report of powder, I do not know, but as against the menace of starvation and death in loneliness, his courage failed not. And what a master of horses! He soon out-generalled good Mir Mullah at every point and modestly took away from him, at our direction, the title and function of *caravanbashi*. The wonders of transportation contained in the history of Asiatic horde-movements become in part understandable, when one sees Gordian knots untied without swords; horses made to ascend impossible mountains, yet without Pegasus' wings; hoofs shod under con-