

crawled over the occasional fearsome little bridge, shied from a wayside beggar, disappeared into the man-high, centuries-old ruts which are roads; and finally along a well-shaded avenue, marked by the dull mud garden walls, we get into the maze of alleys, paths, streets, which for more than two thousand years has been a well-known breeding-place of men. From the main bazaar, where a submissive but curious crowd can scarcely let us pass, we turn into an alley, skirting an empty enclosure whose stench quite staggers us. We thread our way between lines of expectant horse-holders, then enter the gate of a respectable court, flanked by roomy quarters for our men, and closed by a reception platform. This is under cover, and constitutes the front part of the building in which are four good rooms—the quarters for the sahibs; back of those rooms, a garden of fruit trees and some flowers, all growing in thick disorder. Personal cleanliness one does see among high-class Asiatics, but *general* neatness, order, decorum, in all surroundings—that is European. We were very comfortable, however; our bedding was soon put in its proper corner, and a few rickety chairs were found for our use, this house having already received Sven Hedin, Dr. Stein, Captain Deasey, and perhaps other white men before us. As the two Americans (Mr. Morse and Mr. Abbot) who had preceded me in Turkestan had not gone as far east as Khotan, that ancient city now felt its first thrill from contact with the Very New.

To fleece the sheep bearing wool-of-gold is a hereditary right of all communities small enough to