

had a most pleasant glimpse of the inner life of a Khirghiz family. As we entered the village of Kichik Karamuk, I spied a villager making a rude sledge of the sort which the semi-agricultural Khirghiz use for hauling grain and hay, and style "arbas," or carts. Of course I wanted to photograph it, and told my servant Sherif to ask the carpenter to sit out farther into the light. Sherif, for some reason that I did not catch, said that it was impossible, but as another servant put the man in the right place, I took the picture before asking any questions. The sledge-maker proved to be Sherif's brother, whom he had not seen for seven years. Out of sheer politeness, the brothers remained silent till the picture was finished, then they embraced each other gently, as wrestlers might clinch before a struggle, first on this side and then on that, repeating very often and very fast the greeting, "Salaamet, salaamet, salaamet" ("Peace to you, peace to you, peace to you"). Later, I saw Sherif meet another brother, the oldest of nine, and an older sister, who had been like a mother to him. The gray-bearded man, who was some twenty years older than Sherif, literally fell on his brother's neck and wept. The story of the Prodigal Son seemed very real just then. Meanwhile the wet-eyed sister stood silent till her turn came. As she fell on her brother's neck, she wept aloud for a moment, and then, still clinging to him, began to chant a song of thanksgiving; and so she continued for some minutes, first weeping and then singing. Feeling out of place, I went into the kibitka and sat down on the floor. After me came a chubby little urchin of three, with a rosy, dirty face and a single scanty garment. A vague idea possessed him that some one had come whom