

stiff water-crackers, an eighth of an inch thick and over a foot in diameter; other sheets suggested stringy pie-crust; and still others of the same size, though thicker, were bordered by a rim the size of one's finger. This last kind of bread was considered unusually delicious because of the plentiful admixture of sheep's-tail fat and fresh onion stems. Wherever one goes, the "dastarkhan" is sure to appear, which, perhaps, accounts for the sleek, fat appearance of the well-to-do Chanto.

The day after my arrival in Sanju, I wanted to take a quiet ride alone, and accordingly had Ibrahim prepare breakfast at six o'clock. Just as I thought to get away unnoticed, Ibrahim appeared to say that in spite of his protests, the servants were preparing another meal, and the Beg, in whose house I was lodged, would feel much hurt if I did not partake of it. Resigning myself to the inevitable, I sat down at eight o'clock with the Beg to a characteristic Chanto dish of "mantos," balls of chopped mutton, rice, and onions, wrapped in a thin film of dough, and boiled in fat. As the Beg swore at the cook for not preparing the dish well, I felt obliged to eat a good deal to show that it was not so bad. After breakfast, my host announced that he was going to accompany me. "When I have a great guest, can I let him go alone?" he asked when I tried to dissuade him. Five other "honorable" men and some servants came with us, for it would not have been deemed polite to make the party smaller. In spite of the crowd, we had a delightful ride down the river among green fields and scattered trees to the end of the oasis, and then up the steep face of the highest terrace to the omnipresent desert. Here where