

of the road where "the crooked had been made straight, and the rough places plain," in honor of the governor's pilgrimage to meet the foreigner.

I shall not attempt to describe my two weeks' stay in Khotan. Other travelers have told of the crowded weekly bazaar, the good-natured people, the Wednesday festival in honor of the life-giving river, and the houses, dress, and manners of the Chantos. Nor is it necessary to tell of Chinese official dinners with over thirty courses, of all of which I partook, including fat fish-skin, rotten eggs, and green algæ from the rice-fields. I was impressed by the strength and civilization of the Chinese, and by the similarity of their attitude toward the Chantos to that of the English toward the people of India.

After Mr. Barrett's arrival in Khotan, we returned almost to Pujiya, and betook ourselves once more to the mountains, among the semi-nomadic people of the pasture zone, who live in tents or in caves of loess. On August 5, twelve days after leaving Khotan, we crossed the Yurungkash River near Nissa, on the rough, loose timbers of the only bridge within hundreds of miles, and climbed in a heavy rain to a wonderful upland. The next day was remarkably clear, and as I stood there on the soft, green, loess-covered slope of the Pisha basin, 14,000 feet above the sea, I saw at a glance the lofty mountains bordering the plateau, the pasture zone, the desert mountains among which lie the terrace villages, and the deserts of gravel and sand whence comes the haze. There was no life or movement, save where a flock of black goats and brown or white sheep were herded near a felt tent far down the gentle incline of the verdant mountain