

not only speak to me, but could bring meals to my room, though her son must set them before me.

Tuyok is a peculiar town. All of its two hundred and fifty families live by grape culture. They say that they raise absolutely nothing else except a little fruit and a few vegetables for their own consumption. Their grapes, a small, seedless, green variety, are taken to Peking for the emperor's table. They are decidedly the best that I have ever tasted.

On leaving Tuyok, I visited various ruins, especially those of Kara-Khoja, the ancient capital; and finally finished my explorations in Central Asia at the city of Turfan, March 12. There I met the Rev. G. W. Hunter of the China Inland Mission, and had the keen pleasure of talking English for the first time in six months. He, too, had been long alone among natives. More than once Chinese words slipped unconsciously into his conversation, as Turki did into mine. From Turfan I rode a four days' journey to Urumchi, the provincial capital. There the Chinese viceroy, and still more the Russian consul-general, Mr. Dolbejef, assisted me most heartily. As my work was now finished, I disposed of my horses, and sent back my faithful servants by the main caravan road through Kucha to Khotan, where three of them went east to their homes near Chira and Keriya, and two traversed the Karakorum route to Ladakh. I parted from them with genuine regret, for one and all had done most faithful and efficient service. For myself, I hired a two-wheeled Chinese cart and two worthless servants from Turfan. Seventeen days of hard traveling to the northwest across Dzungaria brought me to Chuguchak on the border of Siberia, April 7. There the Russian consul,