

be unenterprising and lazy, but goodnatured and obliging. Work in the streets only begins after 7 a.m. The natives sit and talk or smoke in large groups. A Sart from whom you have refused to buy something on account of its high price, will often accompany you to a neighbouring shop and do his best to help you get the goods cheaper.

The irrigation work carried out many centuries ago is wonderful and is probably unrivalled. Thanks to it, drought and sun are overcome and with the most primitive treatment the fields yield 5 or 6 crops of lucerne during the summer. The water is conducted from the river Chirchiq, about 3 miles from the town, along a network of canals, some of which are as large as rivers and not only supply the necessary moisture, but also power for primitive industries. In the old town, especially, the ground is hilly, and the canals or «ariqs», as they are called, intersect each other in all directions. You often see several large ariqs rushing in a parallel direction at different levels of the same slight slope and working mills etc. at intervals of a few yards from each other. At one point you see an ariq flowing from under a house at the very surface of the ground, at another it passes over your head in a primitively constructed aqueduct connecting the roofs of two houses built on a slope. The main ariqs are often quite deep, as much as 6 1/2 feet, but the majority are of no great depth. The water contains a lot of clay and is quite turbid. If you let it stand in a glass, the mud settles very quickly and the water becomes drinkable and has no by-flavour. Innumerable small ponds enable the population to find relief from the scorching sun in bathing. Being good Mohammedans, they avail themselves of this benefit to the full. The children, in particular, tumble about in the water from morning till night, always in a pair of cotton drawers which the boys often inflate before jumping into the water, producing a very amusing effect. The only drinking water used is the ariq water.

After many enquiries and discussions I succeeded in obtaining 3 cwt of powder for shooting and fishing, 7 rifles of an old Russian Army type and 2,000 cartridges. The news of the unexpected dissolution of the Duma forced me to hasten my departure and complete my purchases with feverish speed.

*July 26th.* On Wednesday evening, July 26th, I started for Chernyaevo, the last Customs station, *Samarkand.* where certain formalities had to be gone through. Thence I proceeded to Samarkand to take charge of the two Ural Cossacks who were to be placed at my disposal by order of the Czar.

*July 27th.* The town of Samarkand lies about a mile and a half from the railway station of the same name. The cabs, as everywhere in Turkestan, are drawn by two horses (one galloping on the curb). Some of the drivers are Russians, but a great many are natives wearing an embroidered skull-cap under the Russian cabman's hat. After calling on the staff of the Cossack Division and the temporary Commander of the Division, General Naumoff, I drove to the barracks of the 2nd Ural Cossack regiment, about 3 miles outside the town. The Commander, Colonel Koudriavtseff, displayed great interest in my expedition and was flattered that only Cossacks of his regiment were to accompany me. It appeared that he had read Przevalsky's four fat volumes and had a very good idea of conditions in Central