



Arbah with fruit on the bazaar square at Osh.

by the water. While we were occupied in drying these important objects, we noticed that one of my stirrups and straps had disappeared. Evidently, while the horse was rearing, it had slipped from the saddle and fallen into the water. Rakhimjanoff (the Cossack) undressed and after dragging for some time with his feet, he found this object, which at that moment was far more valuable to me than many more expensive things a month ago.

The road from Osh goes NE, not SE, as marked on the 40 verst map of the General Staff. It is only about 7 miles further on, at the village of Mady, that the road turns in a SE direction. The beautiful snow-capped mountains that are visible to the south of Osh, are lost sight of and you ride through verdant, fertile country crossed to the north by a small ridge of mountains. Beyond the village of Mady the country becomes hillier. The ground here is a series of hillocks, though these seldom intersect the road, and to the south considerable mountains are visible, partly covered by snow. The population regards me with curiosity, but treats me with respect. In Mady almost everyone stood up and greeted me, as I rode through the bazaar. Kirghiz yurts appear more frequently, the villages are smaller, often no more than mud walls, in the shelter of which stand a few yurts. At the village of Qaratay (Black Foal), 14 miles from the town, we pitched our camp at about 6 p.m. The trouble of packing and getting off had evidently tired the men. There was no mutton to be bought and we went to bed, hungry, in a fairly high wind. The cold of the night made us realise that we were at a different altitude than in Osh.

The caravan was to load up at 7 a.m., but again the work started an hour and a half late and we did not get off until a little after 9. The road runs in a southerly direction along the bed of a wide river, flanked on the east and west by hills and covered with gravel and pebbles. The road for wheeled vehicles goes along the valley of the river, at times along its bed. Chains of hills seem to converge and, as it were, shut off the valley. The hills rise up, covered with verdure in beautiful, dark shades, while small flowers similar

*August
12th.*