

The Chinese Taotai of Kashgar.

peans. Sure enough, the branch of the Russo-Chinese Bank and, quite close by, the garden and building of the consulate. A roomy edifice on the bank of the river had been set aside for me during my stay in Kashgar. I spread my raincoat on the stone floor and pillowing my head on my haversack I lay down with delight. - In the evening, having made myself more presentable, I called on the Russian Consul, Sergei Alexandrovitch Kolokoloff. A bearded yigit announced me and I was welcomed by a man of middle age with an expressive, though delicate and nervous countenance. Evidently pleased by a visit from an explorer who spoke Russian fluently, he invited me to have my meals with him during my stay. K. was fond of joking, cheerful and delighted to entertain guests.

In the afternoon I called on the Chinese Taotai and his assistant with whom August I had exchanged cards the day before. The Taotai, Juanj Chong Jo, a thin old man of 31st. distinguished appearance and manners, received me with exquisite politeness. Wearing Kashgar. his hat of office with its red knob and fringe, he met me in the hall of the residency and led me through two anterooms into a smaller one that looked like a bedroom, where a table had been laid with a great many sweetmeats. With a polite gesture he requested permission to remove his hat, whereupon he offered me a steaming cup of tea after putting two lumps of sugar into it with his own hands. In addition to fruit in which Kashgar excels, cakes fried in dripping and some kind of force-meat were served. After quite a long conversation I withdrew, accompanied into the hall by the polite old man. — When I called on the Tung Shang Ljo Dje, who received me wearing his fringed hat, the ceremonial, entertainment and conversation were absolutely identical. Ljo Dje was a tall Chinese of a little over 30 with a touch of the Japanese in his manner. From the residency I rode through several gates embellished with painted dragons and terrifying figures to