

the little settlement of the Swedish missionaries, two comfortable stuccoed and painted clay houses separated by a wall and surrounded by beautiful gardens. Built 7 years ago in a clay pit without a single bush, the older of the two houses now stands in a fine shady garden with tall trees. The soil is so fertile that, if you were to stick your cane into the ground, a year later you would find a flourishing bamboo plant growing there — nothing is wasted.

The work of the missionaries consists to a large extent in school teaching and especially in medical assistance. In the latter field their help has been in great demand. They work in two groups, one among the Chinese, the other among the Sarts. Among these Mohammedans they have worked for a fairly long time and yet not one of them has consented to be baptised. The Chinese, however, embrace Christianity more readily. Dr Högberg, the missionary, is particularly busy as a doctor. During one of my visits to his dispensary I counted 37 patients in the little courtyard. There lay an emaciated Sart with such a deep knife-wound in his breast that in breathing he expelled a bowlful of matter out of his lung. A number of neglected, severe wounds showed that people put off a visit to the doctor as long as possible. In a couple of very small, dark rooms there were two patients who had been operated on the day before for cataract, a disease very prevalent among the Sarts. The fact that Dr Högberg has trained himself to be a doctor by studying on the spot and by constant practice, makes this admirable activity and this energetic work all the more deserving of recognition.

September Almost a month has passed since our arrival. The local European colony, numerous
26th. according to Central Asiatic standards, has taken up more of my time than it should have done.

The Russian Consulate occupies a large space on the right bank of the river. Besides the house occupied by the consul, formerly the residence of Yaqub Beg, the talented ruler of Kashgaria, there are buildings for the chancellery, staff, the Cossack guard of 60 men, its commander, a church begun, but not finished, and another couple of houses. The one-storeyed clay houses surrounded by walls, are built without any apparent plan. The garden is not large and the river sees to it that it grows less year by year. Beyond the Consulate wall, confined between it and the crenellated town wall, 6—9 feet in height, lies the branch of the Russo-Chinese Bank in a cool and comfortable house built, like another one for the staff of the bank, in European style.

The Consulate is very busy and there are a considerable number of callers who assemble in the morning in the courtyard before the Consulate. In all the principal places the consul has official agents under the title of «aksakal» and in Kashgar itself he has a multitude of others, unofficial. In the absence of any other intercourse with the Chinese than purely official calls, without any local newspapers, it is only by means of gossip picked up in the bazaars that public opinion and events can be followed. However inadequate this intelligence service may seem to us with our easy and rapid means of communication, it is undoubtedly a factor of no mean importance in the life of the people.

Above Yaqub Beg's former residence, a hillock with the «China Bags» shady gardens