



*Chinese huntsman
with hunting falcon in the
neighbourhood of Qizil.*

they are reminiscent of the Kirghiz, but the colours are more in the taste of the people of Bukhara. Both turbans and fur caps are worn as headgear. Their boots are similar to ski-ing boots and are laced halfway up the calf. A kind of puttees, wound from the top downwards take the place of stockings. Their horses are very beautiful, perhaps a trifle long in the leg and thin. Their heads are lean and noble. The buttocks are high and they have well arched, long necks. Their action is smooth and elastic. They are covered with plenty of rugs and blankets that also serve as a cover for the pack-saddle, which in their case takes the shape of a padded roll folded in such a way that it runs along either side of the backbone, leaving the latter entirely uncovered. Every horse has a necklet, often consisting of beads, with an amulet suspended from it. — The shops in Yangi Hissar do not seem to be less well stocked than in Kashgar and, as in the latter town, there is an inconceivable number of them. Here for the first time you see Indian goods that have made their way across the mountains in spite of the difficulty and expense of transport. The price of a pack-horse (that carries 2 1/2 cwt) is 48 roubles, whereas between Osh and Kashgar you pay 8—16 roubles according to the demand. Of the Indian goods tea was being sold at 64 cop. per lb., paper at 90 cop. per djin, lace (brought via Kashgar) at 4 1/2 to 8 roubles an arshine (28 inches), black silk at 20—50 cop. an arshine, white cloth for turbans in lengths of 12 arshines at 1 r. 20 cop. — 3 roubles and red cotton sashes at 8—20 cop. in lengths of 2 arshines.

My stay in Yangi Hissar was prolonged by a day, as I wanted to see more of the town and was anxious to exchange some of my horses. Unfortunately, I only succeeded in getting rid of one of them, though luckily the most intractable of all. For an additional payment of 10 roubles I exchanged it for a grey ambler that was about as good, but with a far better temper. My attempts to secure an Afghan horse in exchange were not crowned with success. Neither musical boxes, nor rings set with bits of glass, nor mirrors nor even

*October 11th.
Qizil.*