



*My host, a Sart Beg in official dress,
in his house at Yarkand.*

There are large almshouses in the town maintained by the Chinese authorities. They consist of long mud buildings like barracks, divided by long, narrow passages. The buildings are divided into small cubicles with doors opening on to the passage-like street. With their clay stoves and floors they are just like the rooms in one of the caravanserais you find on the road between Kashgar and Yarkand. The passages are kept swept and clean. The almshouses contain 130 rooms and house 284 inmates, who fix themselves up as they wish, in groups of friends, married couples or singly. Every inmate is entitled to 40 djins of maize monthly from the Chinese authorities, but owing to the greed of the minor officials and false weights they do not get more than 36 djins. Every winter a pair of trousers and a coat, both padded, are distributed to every inmate. Nothing is done for the care of the sick and among about 20 inmates I saw a woman whose face had been half eaten away by leprosy in a horrible manner. Married couples count as one person, nor do their children receive any assistance. The inmates are entirely free to do as they please. Some work at handicrafts, but the majority spend their days begging in the streets or from house to house.

*October 20th.
Yarkand.*

Yesterday we were invited to dine with the Governor of the district, Pyn ta yen, who bears the title of »Fuguan» here. I say »we», meaning Mr Raquette and myself, for I have grown so accustomed to seeing him several times a day. In Raquette's comfortable Russian ponycarriage we drove to the »yamen», the mandarin's official residence. All these manda-

*October 24th.
Yarkand.*