



*The Indian aksakal of Khotan with Afghan merchants.*

nually. The lucerne fields are usually fertilised every year. After 15 or 16 years the lucerne fields are ploughed up and planted with fruit, and are turned into lucerne fields again a year later. — The cattle are poor and badly cared for. The horses are lean and almost always bad-tempered. The best are not reared here, but come from Afghanistan, Kashgar, Asiatic Russia or Polu. The cows are small and lean and give very little milk. In milking, calves have to be used as a lure. If there is no live calf, a stuffed one is substituted, the cow licking and fondling it when it is brought for the milking. Asses are very common and render good service. You seldom see a Sart on foot, and as a horse is too dear to keep, asses are used generally. The sheep often look beautiful and plump. You see none but fat-tailed sheep. Hens are common, but the eggs that are sold are often uncommonly small. — Poverty and lack of land are general. It is hard to say whether it is possible to cultivate more land and this question would require a more prolonged stay than mine. The better informed men among the population seem to believe that there is not much land to be reclaimed and complain more of a shortage of water. About two years ago new land was ploughed in the district of Zawa on an area of about 13000 mou. It was intended for Chinese soldiers, but either they were not interested or suitable for the experiment, for the land had to be transferred to Sarts at 5, 4 and 3 lan per mou respectively.

*December 10th.* With two yigits, whom the mandarin insists on my taking with me, I start on the  
*Khotan.* return journey to-morrow. I have decided to ride along the road closer to the mountains via Duwa and Sanju and let the arbah roll through the sandy deserts by the same road along which I came to Karghalik, where I expect to meet it. The unreliability of the driver forces me to send Ljo with the arbah. I have chosen this road in order to practise drawing maps.

Flattered by my request to be allowed to photograph him, the Tung Ling arranged a drill in my honour for which he dressed up in full array. Surrounded by his guard,