



*The Tung Ling of Khotan with his two children and some guards. His insignia of office are displayed on the table. The photograph was taken in the Tung Ling's tent during drill in my honour.*

»tchin ping», in full uniform, he had himself photographed sitting in a tent with the insignia of his rank on a table by his side. The entire garrison, 3 officers and 104 men, stood in the square in front of the old man's tent with rifles (muzzle-loaders) and fixed bayonets. It was a sight fit for the gods. Unfortunately, the light was very bad.

I had an opportunity of watching the infantrymen fighting an invisible enemy with long bamboo lances. Often jumping in a most comical manner, they fight as if for their lives, now attacking, then falling back, either in pairs or in rows of 8. The blows are delivered with either hand, steadying the lance with the other hand. A kind of breaking front was also carried out by these groups of 8 men. Their march in Indian file was interrupted at a sign from the leader, who marched along a spiral-shaped track, describing a circle with the point of his long lance, and stopped, facing in the direction in which they had been advancing.

I paid a short farewell visit to the agreeable mandarin to thank him once more for all his kindness and above all to take his photograph as a souvenir. He placed a hookah, some books and a horrible modern clock, which he preferred to a beautiful Chinese vase I had chosen, on a table by his side. Luckily, I got him to choose a typical straight armchair instead of a cane-bottom chair. Late in the afternoon both he and the Tung Ling returned my call and wished me a safe journey. It is a pity I cannot speak Chinese. With an imperfect interpreter, and even with a very good one, conversation is always stilted.

Khotan, described to me as the gayest town in Kashgaria, and the most interesting to foreigners, has not come up to my expectations. It seems poorer and worse built than Yarkand. On a bazaar day it swarms with people, like all the towns and villages of this country, but the shops, it seems to me, are not so well stocked as in Yarkand. Goods in