

oxen. In general the ox appears to compete more or less successfully with the horse as a draught animal on this side of Faizabad. The horned cattle are considerably finer and better fed here than in the parts of Chinese Turkestan that I have visited so far. The road was excellent and the weather fine and sunny until 3.30 p.m., when the snow that had been falling for the last three days began again. To the north, in the hazy atmosphere, a chain of mountains appeared indistinctly, running parallel to our road.

On the advice of my driver I bought a local arbah in order to spare the less solid Yarkand conveyance. But we had scarcely gone 1/2 paotai, when the absurdly long axle broke and the men and things were upset. By the time I had ridden up to the scene of the accident, vainly endeavouring to find a way out of the difficulty, my men and the mandarin's »jai» had stopped an unfortunate Sart, who was passing, and removed the wheels and axle from his arbah. Such is the respect for a »sahib» that all passers-by seem to consider it perfectly natural that the first person encountered should supply whatever is needed. Needless to say, I paid him the seemingly modest sum of 3 r. 22 c., but seeing that a whole arbah costs 7 r. 40 c., the price was a very decent one. Had I not paid him anything, he would have put up with it and possibly complained later to the mandarin. Even if I had harnessed the man himself instead of a horse, probably no one would have tried to prevent me.

In Yangiabad we stopped at a comfortable Chinese Government sarai with an enormous yard and rooms of almost equally impressive size. In summer, no doubt, these rooms would be excellent, but as it was we felt the cold very much, even when we succeeded in protecting ourselves from the snow that came through the roof, when the fire was lighted. From the yard close at hand we heard a strange wailing and crying — Mohammedan »weepers» collected on the occasion of a death and trying to console the mourning relatives.

*February 2nd.* The tilled fields of the village end a short distance from our sarai. Then the same *Qara Yulghun* inhospitable plain, in small hillocks, begins again. In this part of it grows a plant, *village.* »jantagh», similar to a bean and in height about 30—40 cm, which the population collects for cattlefood. During the night the thermometer dropped to  $-15.3^{\circ}$  C. and it was chilly when we started in the morning. After a time we met an old Chinese cavalryman returning to Yangi-Shahr from Maral Bashi, whither he had accompanied the Wu. A glance at his worn features was enough to show that he could not travel far without opium. The old fellow complained of the cold which, he said, made it impossible to remain in the saddle, although he was clad in furs from top to toe. He looked so comical that I took a snapshot of him. Later in the day we met more men of the same troupe (ljändsjyn) returning from the same place. Each man rides by himself, rests, where he likes, and enjoys the same liberty as regards feeding his horse. Their dress is very variegated. They are armed with small muzzle-loading carbines of fairly heavy calibre, so short that they look as if they had been chopped off. The horses are well fed and not bad. The saddles and harness are solid and in comparatively good condition, but heavy.

Two clay sheds put up on the plain at a distance of about 2 paotai from each other and from Yangiabad are available for travellers. Judging by the numerous arbahs, whose