*The Djentai in Aqsu
firing at a target.*

were innumerable and were served at fairly long intervals, presumably to give the guests a chance of enjoying the performance on the stage. Before each course the host urged the company by a general gesture to empty their glasses. As soon as you had sipped a little out of your glass, it was filled again with warmed-up wine, this being done by all the glasses being emptied into a tea-pot that was placed on a coal-basket and filled from another that had already been heated. The tea was treated in the same appetising manner. From time to time the painted table was wiped with a wrung-out towel and several times towels wrung out in warm water were offered to the company to cool their faces. — The performance on the stage went on without interruption and one play succeeded another. A couple of times I was asked to select a play from a list on three red bits of board, and by the fuss my neighbours made, when I passed the boards to them, I realised that this was a special honour. When we left at last after six o'clock, I was more exhausted than if I had spent 12 hours in the saddle and I lay down at once for an afternoon nap, a luxury I had not indulged in for eight months.

*March 21st.
Aqsu.* Yesterday I called on the Djentai by arrangement to photograph him and his family, which I was all the more ready to do, as in these countries there is always some difficulty in obtaining permission to photograph Chinese ladies. After drinking tea and spending another hour on the shooting range in order to test my rifles, this time with a miss for the Djentai and nothing but hits for me, I was conducted to his private apartments, also situated round a large rectangular courtyard, the fifth in order from the entrance of the yamen and extremely reminiscent of the others. He called to his wives, three in all, that »Ma ta-rin» had come, and soon two of them appeared from either side of the centre hall, strutting or swaying on their tiny feet and surrounded by a group of children and