



Two Sibo women, 30 years of age.

had unfortunately already been rented by a woman-dentist, who was expected in a few days. What a pleasure to have your teeth attended to here in Central Asia by delicate feminine hands, while a charming little face relieves the pain by means of an irresistible dentist's smile, intensified by a woman's charm. I was preparing to make my room in the sarai look cosy and home-like, with my shabby felt boots, filthy clothes, a broken compass, a cracked glass, a creaking bed etc., when an aksakal from the Russian consul arrived with a suggestion that I should put up in the house of a rich Sart horsedealer opposite the Cossack guard of the consulate. Naturally, I was delighted to accept this offer. The caravan was laden again and soon my treasures were unpacked in my new quarters, a splendid room with — believe it or not — 5 glass windows. The owner was in Tashkent, but the house was inhabited by no less than 8 clerks who conducted the various branches of the firm's business — horses, sheep, hides, wool etc. A Sart merchant rarely specialises, but transacts business according to the market conditions in almost everything. My 8 hosts with a watchman and his two sons occupy two small rooms next to mine. At night, when they have gone to bed, you can scarcely cross the room without treading on a snoring Mohammedan. My men occupy a room beyond theirs next to the stairs.

April 20th. Beyond the Cossack guard, whose barracks face my windows, stands the Russian
Qulja. consulate in a large shady garden with a couple of beautiful wide avenues. It is situated in a number of small one-storeyed houses painted white, at least a dozen, very like each other, that have evidently grown like mushrooms as soon as the space got too cramped. The largest, also rather small, differs slightly from the rest by having a recumbent stone