



*An eagle trained for hunting, placed as a guard of honour outside my yurt in the Kirghiz camp on May 13th.*

it all they wear a black, unbuttoned coat with short sleeves. On their heads they wear a large white cloth, knotted rather elegantly and looser than the Kirghiz women in Russian and Chinese Turkestan. The dress of the men is very reminiscent of that of the Russian Kirghiz. The stock of cattle, especially sheep, seems to be large. My host told me that there were at least 6000 horses in his district. As, however, he owns 2000 himself and his brother owns as many, I expect he underestimated the other 98 yurts, the outward appearance of which rather indicated that they were prosperous.

*May 14th.* At my host's suggestion I left most of my things in his keeping and started on my shooting expedition to the Aghias gorge, carrying only the most indispensable equipment. Repacking my six cases in the midst of a crowd of inquisitive Kalmuks and Kirghiz was a horrible job. «The most indispensable things» could have been packed on to four horses or possibly even three, but as it was said to be a breakneck road, I divided the loads among six pack-horses to make them lighter. I myself had only two cases and my equipment for the night (a sleeping bag, blankets, a felt cape and my fur coat), but two tents, the kitchen, meal, potatoes and other supplies, the men's things, pails, teapots etc. easily increased the proportions of our luggage. As it was said to be very cold in the gorge, we were obliged to take plenty of warm clothing.

I said goodbye to the Kalmuks, all of whom promised to be in the Kirghiz camp when I returned in a couple of weeks. Nasumbatoff assured me that he had again tried to collect his sotnia, but had not been able to get hold of more than two more Kalmuks. On my return, however, he would meet me with the whole sotnia and a horse that he had presented to his gods, «burkhans», but which he intended to take back and give me instead of the one that I had got and was not very pleased with. His brother Djirgili also made me a present of a horse, but, when I told him through my interpreter that I had no spare rifle to give him, he said no more about it and I was quite content to drop the subject.