



*The mother of the Khan of
the Torguts at Yulduz
in her yurt.*

year and his mother was in charge during his absence. We put up our tents on a little stream with clear water about $1/4$ of a mile W of their camp. (Between the camp and the river that we crossed there are many remains of stone cairns of varying size similar to those on the Little Dshirgalan, but smaller and not in such good preservation. Most of the heaps of stones have been thrown up by rodents.)

We put up our tents without anyone taking the slightest notice of us. Later in the day *June 17th.* I sent my card to the Khan's mother to apprise her of my presence. The interpreter returned *Camp at* with a message that I would be received next day, and yesterday morning one of the Khan's *Bain Bulaq.* officials came to fetch me. Instead of leading me to the «Khansha», as the interpreter calls her in his bad Russian, he invited me into a yurt, where the highest officials of the «court» were assembled, about a dozen men, whose buttons of office in their caps were the only things to distinguish them from ordinary filthy Kalmuks. While we were sitting and talking, my officious introducer brought the news that the Khansha had fallen ill and could not receive me that day. I lost no time in expressing my regrets and saying at the same time that, having undertaken this long and difficult journey with the sole object of paying my respects to her, I should in that case saddle my horses at once and take my leave, which would deprive me of the opportunity of presenting the letter of Biliktu Bashi (Dr Ramstedt) to the Khan. Soon a message arrived that the illness had passed and that, if I would wait while her hair was done for the solemn occasion, I should be presented that morning. I was conducted past a row of bowing Torgut functionaries into a large yurt, draped in red at the top, where a Kalmuk woman of 35 or 40 with a pleasant face came forward a few paces to greet me. The traditional tall, narrow wooden pail with kumys stood in the middle of the room. Facing the entrance stood a beautifully carved green table, richly