

*July 14th.* The aksakal in Kucha, who had undertaken, according to Ljo, to have my arbah repaired, *Tawilgha* had done nothing. I had to be content with it in its present state and pay a good sum to *station* have my things forwarded on a separate arbah. I let my seven packhorses go unladen, as *(Tavelgu* they would have been insufficient to carry all the baggage.

*on the map).* It took a long time, however, to hire the arbah and engage a driver for my arbah and a new yigit (instead of Hassain, who was to return to Uch Turfan as agreed). The six days I was obliged to sacrifice at Qarashahr did my horses a lot of good. I sold the most exhausted one for 10 lan. It was indicative of their condition that one day I could not get a higher bid than 4 lan. The Torguts and Kota were sent home with handsome tips and presents. I sent the Khan's mother an opal necklace, a musical box, a triptych mirror, another in which I had framed three very successful portraits of her and the yurt, and about 100 revolver cartridges. I also showered imitation diamond rings etc. on Kota. In exchange I took both his khalats which I require for my ethnographical collection. I purchased them at a fairly high price, it is true, but as he is an habitual drunkard I am afraid he may not buy any others and I doubt whether he will then get safely through the cold and burans in the Yulduz valley and on the Dagit dawan.

The road to Urumchi goes NNE, at about  $210^{\circ}$ . We passed the Chinese fortress on the left and rode along a shady road flanked by trees. A strong breeze raised clouds of dust and slightly modified the heat of the sun. The flies and midges were savage and troubled the horses a good deal. There were some solitary houses standing among shady trees along the road and sparsely scattered in the plain on either side. Gradually they grew scarcer and about  $5\frac{1}{2}$  miles from the town we left the last of them behind and at the same time all tillage. The grass on both sides of the road was excellent and at first appetising for the animals. Very soon, however, it became very coarse and grew in tufts as tall as a man, often even taller.

About  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles N of the town we passed a small, square ruin on the right, about 100 yards long on each side. The wall, built of unbaked bricks, is about 15 feet above the surrounding ground. Inside, everything is filled with earth. At an angle on the left of the road and at a good distance from it we saw a large grassy mound, possibly also a ruin.

The soil, which had been saliferous and porous all the way, now became more so and the grass got worse and worse. 8—9 miles from the town we passed, on the right, the remains of a building.  $2-2\frac{1}{2}$  miles further on the grass ceased. For a time the ground ran in mounds.

About 18 miles from the town we rode for about  $\frac{2}{3}$  of a mile through a thin wood, after which the grass reappeared. We met a mandarin in an elegant carriage drawn by mules. His driver, who ran alongside bareheaded, drove at a sharp trot, and a similar carriage followed. Just behind came the caravan with his luggage, 20 heavily laden carts with Chinese faces disfigured by opium smoking, wherever you happened to look. This was the newly appointed Tsouguan in Khotan (Fuguan in Yarkand) on his way to his residence, where he was to succeed the kind and excellent mandarin. Like most people who travel on these roads, he preferred to travel by night in order to escape the flies.

Some time later, at 8 p.m., having ridden 26—27 miles, we reached Tawilgha (or Tavelgu