

was so full of dust that it was only just possible to distinguish in the ESE the outlines of the turret of a mosque that indicated the site of the ruins close to the town. The Choltagh mountains were still only vaguely visible. In the E a mountain rises without any apparent direct connection with the chain in the N and NE.

About 3 miles before the edge of the oasis the gravel plain forms large mounds running in fairly straight parallel lines. This was the famous Turfan subterranean irrigation system, a sample of which I saw just S of Toqsun.

The aksakal, who was suffering from some disease of the legs, had sent 3 Andijanliks to meet me. He was so kind as to set aside a room for me in his cotton-cleaning factory, a place well known to many Europeans, as, for instance, Klementz, Donner, Munck, Grünwedel etc. before me. After riding for 2 miles through cultivated and populated country, the numerous murmuring ariqs, luscious verdure and shady trees of which were a pleasant change after the strip of desert, we reached the factory and its spacious courtyard. Our hospitable host had set out three tables groaning under delicious fruit, fresh bread and sweets. In the shade of the trees we stuffed ourselves full of the never-failing pälaw, rice boiled in sheep's fat, with mutton, raisins etc., very greasy soup made of mutton and, »by way of variety», boiled mutton.

To-day we made an excursion to Yar Khoto. The ruins have been described by others too well for me to waste time on the same subject, but I must say that I expected something grander in the way of architecture and decoration. These clay buildings, worn smooth and stumpy by rain and wind, certainly look more imposing in a photograph than in reality. The paintings in the vaults are very badly damaged, large pieces of stucco having fallen away. Of the remains, illustrated in Klementz's pamphlet, Fig. 1, I should have liked to remove 3 Buddha paintings, but on seeing the destruction I resolved to leave them to more qualified collectors. They have inscriptions that appear to be Chinese, but if the Sarts are to be believed, no Chinese can read them. In one hole all the paintings had been systematically defaced. The Sarts who accompanied me, assured me that this was Grünwedel's doing, which, of course, is nonsense. The building that attracts the greatest attention among the ruins and dominates them is a tower, surrounded by 4 smaller ones at the corners of a square that encloses the tower. Like the other noteworthy ruins, it has been well described by Klementz.

To-day an Andijanlik sold me an old document dug up at Yar Khoto and various other objects from there and from Qara Khoja. The document looks as if it might be Chinese. It is more difficult, however, to secure ancient objects here than at Khotan and the prices are considerably higher.

*September 27th.* A few years ago Pichan and Lukchun were separated from the Turfan district and now form a separate district. There are 1,690 houses in the town with a population of 6,000. *Turfan.* Turfan is at present the seat of a simple Tungan. There are about 500 shops. None of them are of much importance. Russian cloth goods are well represented; the Andijanliks own 10 shops. Of Indian goods I only saw velvet, and a kind of coarse-meshed lace used for veils by the women. The Sart town is enclosed by a rectangular wall, 2/3 of a mile