

is a railing, behind which the entrance to the tomb, carefully screened by curtains, is supposed to be. The mullah draws aside the curtains with great ceremony and you see the dog in the shape of an elevation in the floor covered with glazed tiles. No European has probably been allowed to go any further and there can scarcely be much to see behind the curtains which cast a mysterious shade over the cavity. For a long distance before the holy place and beyond it the faithful do not journey except on foot.

From the mazar we rode some way up the gorge and viewed the ruins of destroyed Buddhist temple caves. They remind one in the method of construction and the choice of a site of the caves near Murtuk, but are in a far worse condition.

The mandarin in Turfan had given me a very curious companion, a »jai» with the physiognomy of a real brigand. After a couple of days' journey he told me how he had robbed a merchant and had cast suspicion on the keeper of a sarai, who had to sell everything he owned to make good the damage. Now he rode about as a representative of law and order with a long chain at his saddle in case of need and an iron riding whip plaited with leather.

Toyuk and the village of Subashi a little higher up the same river belong to the Pichan district. The former has about 350 houses with 1,200 inhabitants and 50 shops (1 Andijanlik), the latter no less than 5 ariqs with only 40 houses and 150 inhabitants. Toyuk, and especially its upper part, lies very picturesquely at the mouth of a narrow gorge on either side of a rapid little river. The lower part covers a very narrow strip of land with the river in the centre. The banks are comparatively sharply inclined, at any rate in places. The houses in the densely populated village rise above each other, climbing up the slope of the bank. The river is reached by narrow, winding lanes and is shaded by trees. The inhabitants look clean and pleasant. The houses are fairly large and there are vaulted rooms that are airy and cool in the heat of the summer. As we rode out of the village towards Lamjin, young Sarts, dressed in white, stood in a row with tambourines and sang. This was the preliminary to a wedding. The song was echoed by the mountains and was accompanied by the roar of the river. The terraced village with its crooked walls, old-fashioned lanes, verandas and terraces looked charming in the sunshine. Decidedly the most attractive Sart village I had seen. The ground is so restricted that it is only possible to grow fruit and vegetables. Large quantities of grapes are grown and a large percentage of the raisins that are exported from the Turfan district come from Toyuk. Fodder is unobtainable and grain is bought from Singim, Khando, Lukchun and Kucheng (from the latter place a great deal of grain is sold to the Turfan district, including Turfan itself). Many sheds of unbaked bricks with broken walls surround Toyuk and are used for drying grapes. In Toyuk I was offered a copper coin of the time of Catherine II and I was assured that it had been found during some excavations among the ruins.

From Toyuk the road runs over the same plain of barren sand, löss and gravel. On the left we had the same red mountains Qizil tagh and on the right at a great distance a few trees and houses. After 7 1/2 miles to the ESE the road divides. A track continues in the same direction towards Sirkip which is visible at a distance of a few miles. A high clay ruin, similar to the one at Kotu Yaghan, shows among the verdure. In the SSE Yankhe