

and third. It seemed immaterial to me and I did not pay much attention, when he tried to explain the difference. It must seem just as unimportant to the Chinese, when we try to make them remember our names.

As I was writing these lines, I was interrupted by another call from the same young man. He brought me a poem he had written in my honour — a curious form of politeness to a stranger. He turned out to be no less than 35 years of age, married and the father of a family, though his family lived at Honan. His elder brother was Chinese minister in Japan and the younger one is to occupy a high position in Peiping. His grandfather or great-grandfather had, he said, played the same part in China as Bismarck in Germany. And this man of 35 sits cramming in his cubbyhole, making himself ill, and hopes, at the age of 38, to pass his official exam and embark on a career that is certainly thornier in China than in other countries. In its way it shows as much energy as the Chinaman who makes the journey on foot, practically penniless, from Honan to Urumchi or Ili in the hope of making a slightly better living.

In order to thank the Hsietai for a basket of charcoal that he sent me on my arrival yesterday and to which I had replied by sending him some pheasants, I called on the highest military mandarin of the place. I was received in a very old-fashioned yamen by a man of 65 or 70, while a salute of 3 shots was fired and some musicians in a pavilion played some extraordinary Chinese music, as old-fashioned as the house, the ancient trees that shaded its small courtyard and the deaf old man, who came forward to meet me with a theatrical gait and a polite smile, robed in yellow embroidered silk lined with white fox-fur. Conversation was impossible. The man was so deaf that he could not hear anything, but he pretended that nothing was wrong and talked away to his heart's content. He told us that he was 45 years old. He claimed to have been an excellent archer formerly and had been through many wars, including the reconquest of the province under Tso gung bao. I am a little sorry now that I was economizing in photographic plates and did not take a portrait of the old man, for I have seldom seen such a finely formed old face.

The district is divided into 7 pa, conducted or flowing from a tributary of the Pei-ta-ho from the WNW or NW. According to the Chinese map the tilled area extends for about 180 li to the WNW of the town.

The following are nearest the town:

Chintapa	182 tja with an annual crop of 4,800 tan.
Hukopa	185 » » » » » 4,004 »
Utungpa	120 » » » » » 4,005 »
Santangpa	88 » » » » » 3,002 »
Wang za tchuang tung pa	188 » » » » » 5,700 »
Wangza hsipa	186 » » » » » 5,600 »
Hsi wai lupa	186 » » » » » 3,500 »

Much opium, wheat, millet, tchinkhö, tchumiza and small quantities of oil plants, cotton and mustard are grown. The crop on better soil is 8—10, on poorer soil 6—8 fold.

A tax is paid of 2 shyn or 1 tou in grain per tou of land according to the quality of