

There was also a good deal of Andijani silk of various colours. The silk of this place was only white; I could find none coloured. I bought a yard, fifteen inches wide, for sixty tael cents (about three shillings). It is very coarse. The shops are open towards the street, but divided from it by a counter, behind which stands the shopman, surrounded on all sides by shelves, reaching from floor to roof, and containing rolls of cotton fabrics or silks. These shops are ten to twelve feet square, and are an improvement on the ordinary bazaar of an Indian town, but not so good as the Chinese shops.

While walking about looking at the shops, I saw a man with a different look to the Turks—more of the Hindustani appearance; so I addressed him in Hindustani, and to my delight he answered back. He said he was an Arab Hajji from Mecca. Some Turks, seeing us standing talking, very politely asked us over to a shop where there was a seat, so we had a long talk. The Hajji had travelled through India, Afghanistan, Persia, Egypt, Turkey, and Bokhara. I asked him where he was going next. He said wherever Fate led him. He was at Herat a year ago (1886), and, pointing his two forefingers at each other and bringing them together till they nearly touched, said that that was how the Russians and English were then. Then he let his forefingers pass each other, and, keeping them parallel, said that was how Russia and England were now. He then locked his two forefingers together, and said that was how England and the Amir of Afghanistan were. He said that this was a poor country—all jungle, no water, and no bread; whereas in India there was plenty of both. I asked him about the tribes of this part, and he said they were Turks (I could not get a definite name beside that). At Karashar there are Kalmaks, and also in the mountains. The Kalmaks are Buddhists. He asked if my boy was a Tungani, saying they were good men, but the other Chinese very bad. (He said this, of course,