

because the Tungans are Mussulmans.) His influence seemed to be very great. A large crowd of Turks collected round us, but by saying a few words he kept them clear of me, and they looked on silently. Now and then he addressed the crowd, and explained to them who the English were. I was glad of this, as he seemed to have a very good opinion of us. I heard him abusing the Chinese in the most open way, as there were several Chinamen there (Mohammedans, perhaps, though). A man like that might do a deal of good or a deal of harm, and I saw more clearly than before the great influence Mohammedanism has in these countries, and how dangerous this influence may be on occasions. The Mahdi was probably a man very like this Arab Hajji.

The owner of the shop in which we were gave me some tea, but I noticed the Arab took none. Whether he has caste, as in India, and won't drink with an infidel, I don't know. Both he and the Afghan came here from India *via* Peshawur, Kabul, and Bokhara. The Arab had been to Tashkent, and said it was as fine a town as Bombay. I felt quite brightened up by the conversations with these men. It was the first time for some months that I had been able to talk at all fluently with any one. Fancy an Englishman being so delighted to meet an Arab and an Afghan in Turkestan, and talking in Hindustani!

In the evening I saw two distinguished-looking men standing about in the courtyard of my inn, evidently wishing to see me, but not liking to intrude themselves on me as the Chinese do; so I went out to speak to them. They only spoke Turki, but I was able to make out that they were Kokhandees. Their country was Russian now, they said, and they called it "Ferghansky." I said I was Angrez (English), but they said at once, "Ingleesh." I got a few Turki words from them, and then they shook hands with me and went off.

I had read in some book that at Turfan it was so hot that