

Turk showed us into a most comfortable room, made of mud only, but looking clean for all that. A kind of dado of chintz had been arranged round the walls, which brightened up the place. On the kang, piles of felts and bedding were rolled up. There were two fireplaces in the room, but no chimney, the smoke going out through a hole in the roof. All sorts of household utensils were hung round the walls, and some mutton and herbs were hanging from a rafter. Everything was clean and neatly arranged, and there was no smell. It was a far superior room to those which are inhabited by the same class of men in an Indian village. My host bustled about to get some bedding ready for me, and brought me some tea, after which I turned in sharp, as I was very tired.

*July 26.*—Early this morning the cart was got out of the rut. I gave twenty-five cents to each of the five men who had helped us, and presented my host with some tea, sugar, candles, and matches. He was delighted, and salaamed profusely; the old lady of the house bowed very gracefully to me, too, as the things were brought into the house. They insisted upon my having some tea, and the lady produced a tray with some tea, bread, and flowers. The Turk then told me that another Englishman had also put up at this house a short time ago. After leaving the house the road was good, leading over a sandy plain covered with little bushes. At three miles we passed a small village with the ruins of a barrack.

Halted at forty li from the Turk's house, at Sho-shok, which only consists of a Turki house and an inn, kept up by government, with no one to look after it, and it was almost in ruins. We dried our things here; my clothes-bag was full of water. At sunset the mosquitoes came in swarms; and though we lighted four fires to smoke them off, it had no effect. We were to start at 1 a.m., and I lay down between the fires, but could not get a wink of sleep—rather hard luck after having been up till one the night before.