

bright red cap which effectively set off their prominent features, the appearance of the Turki women was strikingly picturesque.

Hami I found to be a town of some five or six thousand inhabitants, with all the bustle of life customary to a trading centre. There were fairly good shops and a busy bazaar where men of many different nationalities met together—Chinese, Mongols, Kalmacs, Turkis, and others. Large heavily-laden travelling carts come lumbering through the town from Turkestan, and strings of camels from across the desert. European cotton goods, cloth, native manufactures, and produce, and all the necessaries of life were obtainable here. I even bought a bottle of English sweetmeats.

I was looking out for a shop where it was said Russian goods could be bought, and, on finding it, noticed Russian characters above. I looked behind the counter and was both surprised and delighted to see a Russian, who shook hands heartily with me, and asked me to come inside. He spoke neither Chinese nor English, but only Russian and Mongol; and as I could speak neither of those languages we had to communicate with each other through