

country we had been passing through. It was very beautiful. The plain, some six miles in length from east to west, and three or four from north to south, was covered over with trees, beneath the shade of which nestled the little Turki hamlets. About a mile to the south of Pi-chan was a remarkable range of sandhills like that I saw in the Gobi, and certainly two or three hundred feet in height.

The afternoon was terribly hot on the gravelly desert, and, after passing over it for sixteen miles, we were glad enough to come upon another oasis, and halt at a pretty village built on the steep bank of a little stream. There was a bustling landlord at the inn, who came out to meet us, and attended to us more in the Manchurian innkeeper style than in the usual listless way they have here. But how different these mud-hovels here called inns were to the well-built hostelries of Manchuria! In the one country timber was abundant, in the other, precious and difficult to obtain, and so nowhere in Chinese Turkestan did I see the well-built inns and farmhouses so characteristic of Manchuria.

We reached Turfan on July 17. As I