

passed through the street there was a murmur of "Oroos," "Oroos," and a small crowd of Turkis and Chinese collected in the inn yard to see me. My boy was told there was a Russian shop in the Turk city, so I immediately went over there hoping to meet some Europeans. We dismounted at a shop, and I was received by a fine-looking Turki who shook hands and spoke to me in Russian. He then took me through a courtyard to another courtyard with a roof of matting. On the ground were spread some fine carpets, on which sat some fair-looking men in Turk dress. But I was disappointed to notice that none of them looked quite like Russians. They spoke no language that I knew, and matters were rather at a standstill, when I heard the word "Hindustani." I said at once, "Hindustani zaban bol sakta" ("I can speak Hindustani"), and they sent off for a man who could speak that language. When he appeared, I had a long talk with him. He was an Afghan merchant, he said, and he explained that the men of this house were Andijani merchants from Russian Turkestan, and were therefore called Russians. He had travelled through a great part of India, and