

apparently not worth cultivating, as we only passed one small hamlet.

On July 24 we reached Karashar, which, like all towns hereabouts, is surrounded by a mud wall, and the gateways surmounted by the usual pagoda-shaped towers.

We had to make a half-halt here, to dry things which had been wetted in the rivers. I went for a stroll round the place. Outside of the walled city there are two streets running down to the Karashar river, which is rather more than half a mile from the walls. Near the river were some encampments of Kalmaks who were very like Mongols, living in yurts, dressed as other Mongols, and wearing pig-tails, the round coloured caps with a tassel, and long coats. They are easily distinguishable from both Chinese and Turks. I questioned several people about the different races of this part of Turkestan, and was told that there were three different races—the Kitai (Chinese), Tungani, and Turks, and here at Karashar were a few Kalmaks. The Turks do not appear to be divided into tribes, but are called by the town they belong to. The Chinese call them Chan-teu (turban-wearers).