

oasis, and for three miles passed through a country covered with trees and houses. The road also was lined with trees and houses, even before we reached the actual town. The number of trees was indeed quite noticeable, and I remarked some houses which were actually built on to the trees.

We drove into an inn yard, but found there was no room; and were told that a batch of soldiers was passing through, so all the inns had closed their doors. The gallant defenders of their country are not held in much esteem by their fellow countrymen. A little diplomacy was therefore necessary. After waiting for half an hour in the cart, we managed to induce the landlord to arrange for a room for me.

Two Afghans, who had lived here for twenty years, visited me. Afghans, at any rate out of their own country, are always worth talking to. In comparison with the docile, domestic Turkis they are much more "men of the world," and I was always interested in having a conversation with them. These two Afghans told me that they had been in Turkestan in the time of Yakub Beg, the native ruler who had been turned out by the Chinese ten years previously.