

and Rahmat-ula-Khan went in, said we were travelling to Kashgar, and asked for accommodation for the night. In this way I found myself quartered in a tent with four old ladies, one of whom was a great-grandmother, and the youngest a grandmother. But their hospitality was equal to their age, and we took a mutual interest in each other. The tent was similar in construction to the yurts of the Mongols, but these Kirghiz seemed much better off than any of the Mongols I had met, or than the Kirghiz we afterwards saw on the Pamirs. They were well clothed in long loose robes of stout cotton cloth—generally striped—of Russian manufacture. Round the tents were piles of clothes and bedding for the winter—good stout felts and warm quilts; and rows of boxes to contain the household goods and treasures. A small portion of the tent was always partitioned off, and there were kept the supplies of milk, cream, and curds, which form the staple food of the Kirghiz. On the whole, the tents were clean and comfortable, and by living *en famille* with these Kirghiz, I got to see a great deal more of their customs and habits than I otherwise should have done.