

Meanwhile, as I was looking round the tent, my hostesses were examining my kit, and showing the greatest interest in it. I had to take off my boots and socks, and it so happened that my socks had holes. This immediately appealed to the feminine instinct; they were whisked away, and one of the old ladies proceeded carefully to mend them. Good old soul, it quite reminded one of more homelike times to be looked after in this way! After mending the socks, the lady devoutly said her prayers, and was followed by the others one after another, so that throughout the time I was with them one or other of the old ladies always appeared to be praying.

In the evening all the cows, sheep and goats, which had been left in the encampment, were collected and milked, and one or two young kids brought into the tent to be better looked after. The milk was rich in cream, and delicious to drink. But the Kirghiz drink whey mostly, and they have a method of rolling the nearly solidified curds into balls about the size of a man's fist, and drying these balls in the sun to keep for the winter or for a journey. Balls of curds like these are not