

the time came for departure. As I left the Yamen the popguns again sounded, and I proceeded at a quiet pace through the bazaar towards my quarters. I had not gone far when the news reached me that the Chow-Kuan was already half way thither on the return visit. Setting off at a gallop, I reached Kolkachi in time to welcome my former host. He came in a two-wheeled cart, or marpa, drawn by a very fine mule, and he was provided with a numerous retinue of tag-rag and bobtail. Some of his attendants carried placards, one an umbrella, another a gong to give notice of the approach of this distinguished magistrate. With his consent I took several photographs of him, but as all my photographs were developed by Messrs. Law Brothers, at Umballa, I could only promise him a print in the distant future, a promise which scarcely satisfied him. On the whole, the Chow-Kuan was considerate, and his visit was of short duration.

Yarkand has often been described, and I need not repeat details with which readers of books of travel in Asia are familiar. The dirty, gloomy bazaar, with its tumble-down appearance, cannot be called pleasant, but it is certainly picturesque. The most frequented streets, however, and the most interesting, are very narrow and far too dark for the purposes of an amateur photographer. On the first day of the Chinese new year (held as a gala day) there was a remarkable display, intended as a military parade, outside the Yangi Shahr. The company of men claiming to be soldiers was no better than a rabble, though provided with a plentiful supply of large flags and a fair number of antiquated muzzle-loading firearms with very bad black powder. In the evening the Chow-Kuan gave a dinner at which I was the honoured guest. The repast was served at a large round table under the portico of the inner courtyard, in order that the guests might witness a strange, dreary performance in which the