

where was a spring and two ruinous houses. Here the weather was unusually cold, the thermometer indicating a temperature within one degree of zero F. at seven o'clock in the morning. When we approached the oasis of Tarim, the country laid aside its desert aspect. At the eastern edge of the cultivated ground the Yuz Bashi did me the honour of meeting me, and he led me to a roomy house a little beyond the bazaar. The extent of this oasis surprised me, but the scarcity of water was a cause of bitter complaint on the part of the Yuz Bashi. Similar complaints were made at Yupugay, where there is an oasis about four times the size of that at Tarim. When I passed through its bazaar, it was crowded with people in holiday garb, who were celebrating the *id* or end of the *roza*, the Mohammedan fast. Both Tarim and Yupugay are in the Maralbashi district, but are dependent on the Beg of Tazgun for their water supply. From Tazgun a large irrigation canal passes through both of these oases, and, by way of backsheesh or blackmail, but in consideration of keeping the canal supplied, the Beg of Tazgun had for many years received 1,000 tongas annually. For the last two years, however, the inhabitants of the oases had stopped this payment, and the Beg had cut off their water supply. In the hope of securing at least some stunted crops in early summer, the people had had their fields flooded in winter, but the results were unsatisfactory and complaints were made to the Taotai. This dignitary ordered the matter to be investigated by a humble official who duly went to Tazgun, received his bribe from the Beg, saw the water actually running for half a day, and returning to Kashgar, assured the Taotai that the supply was abundant.

On entering Khan Arik (Royal Canal) I found no sign of welcome nor any preparation for any entertainment. I took up my quarters for the night in a very dirty serai or