

inn, where, however, the innkeeper and his wife were polite, and provided me with the best they had at their command. In the evening the Beg's son came and offered me presents of dried lucerne, chopped straw, corn, and a sheep, making numerous excuses for the non-appearance of his father, but, as I did not believe the explanations, I did not accept the presents. Later, the large crowd which had gathered round the door of the serai began to disperse, and I ventured forth to the open space towards the bazaar to take observations. Then the multitude returned, but it was clear they had no hostile intentions, and I went on with my work. While I gazed at the stars I was gazed at by this quiet, orderly assembly who neither knew, nor cared to know, what I was doing, but were pleased with the unusual sight of a Sahib at work.

From information received at Tarim, Yupugay, and Khan Arik, I believe that the whole region extending from Tarim to the neighbourhood of the Kashgar River and included within the Takla Makan Desert, contains nothing but barren waste.

Setting out from Khan Arik in the morning, I walked for a few miles and was met by the Beg of Khan Arik, a fine-looking old man, the very picture of contentment and happiness. When we came in sight of each other, he dismounted and donned his official hat, which, wrapped in a handkerchief, a servant had worn outside his own hat. After the usual greetings had been exchanged, he and I remounted, he, a portly man, being assisted by two of his retainers. We rode on towards the Beg's house near Yigdarik, the last few miles being over uninteresting waste land covered in some places with a whitish incrustation. The house stood about a mile to the east of the road from Yarkand to Kashgar, and was the finest private building I had seen in Sin-Chiang. The courtyards were spacious