

ments of the art of looking after a 'Sahib's' kit and of serving at table.

Niaz Akhun, a Chinese-speaking native of Kashgar, whom, after several unsuccessful experiments with other individuals, I managed with Mr. Macartney's help to secure for the combined duties of 'Tungchi' (Chinese interpreter) and pony attendant, was outwardly a person of more imposing appearance and of manners to match. He had accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Littledale on their great journey through Tibet and China, and not unnaturally assumed an air of superiority towards the rest of my Turki followers who had not seen 'Bajin' (Peking) and the other wonders of Cathay. It is only fair to record that they were ever ready to retaliate by artfully conveyed doubts whether he was truly to be reckoned among faithful followers of Islam or not rather among his much-extolled paragons, the heathen Chinese. His relative intelligence made him useful for his particular function, and as an interpreter he served me honestly. Perhaps it was just as well that during the weeks of our stay in the well-ordered surroundings of Chini-Bagh he had no opportunity to display before me those little personal failings, such as his inordinate addiction to opium and gambling, and his strong inclination to qualified looting, which subsequently caused occasional trouble. Two young 'Tugachis,' or camelmen, were engaged with less difficulty through the traders who had sold me the camels. Neither Roza Akhun nor Hassan Akhun had seen much of the world beyond the caravan routes northward. But young as they were they well knew the difficult art of camel management, and prompted perhaps by youthful curiosity and love of adventure, proved readier to face the hardships and supposed risks of desert journeys than their elders. It mattered little that they made up for their cheerfulness and steady conduct on the march through the sand-wastes by an irrepressibly pugnacious disposition whenever the varied temptations of a Bazar were near.