

not prepared like my better-trained followers to attack large heaps of melons and other fruit after so short an interval. So I strolled away into the inner part of the garden, where there were cool, shady walks between roomy tanks of water, and a fine wood-built prayer-hall. In smaller buildings half-hidden behind the trees and intended for the accommodation of pilgrims, I could hear voices reading chapters of the Koran. But it was no time for popular pilgrimages, and the inmates were only a few itinerant mendicants and 'Talib-ilms' or theological students.

Beyond the garden stretched barren, sun-baked ground, filled with graves and tombs in all stages of decay. In its centre rises the simple but massive cupola which covers the resting-place of the holy Mairyam (Miriam). Yaqub Beg, or Bedaulat as he is popularly known, had raised it with hard-burnt bricks, and the good condition of the building, which has seen no repairs since the death of its founder, speaks well for the solidity of the construction. All around are only crumbling ruins, mud walls slowly mingling with the loess dust from which they were made. The shrine has kept some of the land left to it by former pious benefactors, but it would be against all Eastern notions if any of the proceeds were spent on repairs. The feeding of poor pilgrims and of the ever-present Darwishes is a more urgent task.

At four my hosts and guides had finished their feast of melons and meat with a pious prayer, and we resumed the march. The single canal along which we rode could not supply water for the whole plain. From where we entered the limits of the land of Khan-ui ("the Khan's residence"), stretches of desert ground could be seen both to the north and south. By 5.30 p.m. the last hamlet eastwards was reached. To proceed for camp to the old site which I intended to visit was impossible on account of the want of water. So I gladly assented to the proposal to pitch my camp in a large 'Bostan' or arbour of the hamlet. I found