

Some of the animals showed bruises due to ill-fitting saddles, while the knocks suffered by some of my boxes plainly indicated the necessity of proper packing crates. So the 'Ustads' were set to work again, and by dint of continual pressure managed to complete the desired alterations and additions within two days. On September 10th the camels with the main body of my camp establishment marched off to Khan-arik, where Ram Singh had proceeded direct from Khanui. Thus, when on the morning of September 11th, I set out from Kashgar on the journey that was to take me *viâ* Yarkand to Khotan and the field of my explorations, there was no imposing caravan to give *éclat* to my departure, but also no final preparations to cause worry or delay. On the preceding evening, a dinner given by the Macartneys allowed me to say a quiet goodbye to those members of the European community with whom I had become acquainted.

On the morning of the 11th I bade farewell to my hosts, whose inexhaustible attention and help had rendered the long halt at Kashgar far more pleasant than I could reasonably have hoped. In the outer courtyard of Chini-Bagh there was quite a little crowd, composed of Mr. Macartney's native staff and others connected with the Agency. Mr. Macartney himself accompanied me round the city walls and through the suburbs to the point where the high road towards the south enters open country.

For my march to Yarkand I had chosen a route east of the ordinary caravan road, so as to traverse the desert tract containing the famous pilgrimage site of Ordam-Padshah. Though visited before by members of Sir Douglas Forsyth's mission and by Dr. Sven Hedin, the exact position of this shrine had never been fixed. The opportunity thus offered for new topographical work and the useful experience of a short desert trip preliminary to longer excursions were an ample set-off for the slight detour. The first few miles of my ride took me along the road leading to the "New City," but