

for Chinese officials and better-class travellers, surprisingly clean, and gratefully availed myself of its deep, shady veranda for a short rest while the camels came up. It was nearly five o'clock before my eyes again rested on green fields and trees. Kok-robot ("the Green Station") receives its water, and with it fertility, from a stream coming from the hill range that was dimly visible in the west. I had to ride through the main village, spreading its houses in a single street over a mile long, before I found an arbour suitable for my camp. I could not have desired a shadier or more secluded grove. Curiously enough there was no proper entrance through the wall enclosing it. But sun-dried bricks are a material easily handled and replaced. So when my choice was made the owner without much trouble knocked a hole in the wall and thus established easy communication between the 'Bostan' and his courtyard, where my servants were quartered. The yellow leaves lay thick under the walnut and other fruit-trees, a sad memento of rapidly advancing autumn.