

pass through on his way to Yarkand, where he was proceeding to welcome Liu-Darin's successor. He had postponed his journey—as I was told, on account of my approaching visit—but the preparations for his reception were complete. Broad strips of scarlet cloth were stretched across from house to house under the matted awnings that cover the whole long Bazar street; the latter itself was thronged with a crowd apparently making holiday. The local Beg received me in his official Chinese garb, and politely invited me to the large shop that had been fitted up with carpets and felts as a kind of reception-room. So I had to partake of tea that was welcome enough after the dusty ride, and of a fine collation of fruit.

By half-past four I had approached Karghalik through a belt of villages rich in orchards and shrines of all kinds. The pebble-strewn bed of a half-dry stream, which I passed shortly before entering the town, betokened the vicinity of the hills. I soon passed into the tangled net of Bazars that form the centre of Karghalik town, and was struck with their comparative cleanliness and the thriving look of the whole place. It is clear at the first glance that Karghalik derives no small amount of profit from its position at the point where a much-frequented route to the Karakorum Passes joins the great road connecting Khotan with Yarkand. After a long search among the suburban gardens to the south I found a large plot of meadow land with some beautiful old walnut-trees that carried me back in recollection to many a pretty village in Kashmir. It was a delightful camping-ground for myself, and, as my people found quarters in a cottage close by and the ponies excellent grazing, everybody was satisfied.

On the morning of the 29th some Begs sent by the Amban brought a present consisting of a sheep and fodder for my animals. I returned the attention with a collection of Russian sweets, sardine tins, and highly scented soap of German make, bought for such purposes at Kashgar. About noon I