of Madeira, possibly from the Caucasus or the Crimean vineyards. Two little wine-glasses and proper forks by the side of the orthodox eating-sticks also betokened the progressive attitude of my host in matters culinary.

We parted in mutual good feeling, and I utilized the occasion to pay a cursory visit to the Bazars. There were plenty of shops open, though it was not market day, and I was soon able to make the needed purchases in felt materials required for my men's winter outfit. The hills about Kökyar are renowned for the 'Paipaks' or felt socks there produced, and Karghalik is the great market for them. All the Bazars are covered with substantial matting which gives shade for the summer and keeps off the glare. Canals neatly bridged over cross the Bazars at numerous points, and the luxuriant trees that grow by their side give a welcome change of colour. Open kitchens or eating-houses were to be met at numerous spots, and, as the rush of customers was not great on this day, I could conveniently inspect their arrangements. They resemble far more those to be found in similar establishments of the West than anything that could be seen in an Indian town. There were pots and cauldrons kept boiling in regular stoves, plates with breads and cakes, dishes of vegetables, &c. One of these street restaurants struck me particularly by the elaborate floral designs on its whitewashed front walls.

When I returned to my camp much pleased with the stroll I found the Amban already waiting to return my call. He had whiled away the time by a careful inspection of my camp furniture, which evidently met with his approval, as he sent next day a carpenter to take measurements of the neat folding table Messrs. Luscombe & Co., of Allahabad, had made for me. We talked a good deal about old Hiuen-Tsiang and his account of the country. I showed Chang-Darin the Chinese glossaries attached to Julien's translation of the Si-yu-ki, and the plates of Dr. Hoernle's publications on the antiquities of Khotan and Kucha. The ancient Chinese