

of young cultivation, I reached the edge of the Yurung-kash canton. There faithful Islam Beg, with the emblems of his new dignity, Badruddin Khan, the Afghan Aksakal, and a posse of local Beks and Yüzbashis were waiting to give me a cheerful welcome on my return to Khotan territory. Joined thus by old friends and an imposing escort, I rode on through shady lanes where the scent of the fruit trees and weeping willows, now in full bloom, was almost overpowering. When I reached my re-united camp in a pleasant old garden near the Madrasah of Yurung-kash town, 'Yolchi Beg' gave vent to his joyful feelings by the most sonorous of barks.