



IN A KHOTAN BAZAR.

CHAPTER XXXII

LAST DAYS IN KHOTAN OASIS

ON the 27th of April I paid my farewell visit to the Khotan Yamen with sincere regret. It meant goodbye to Pan-Darin, who had proved in every way a true friend to me. He was unmistakably a man of the old school, not over fond of Western notions and influences. Yet from my first visit I felt that he understood my scientific aims and was ready to further them. I soon grew fond of his quiet, unaffected ways, which seemed to express so plainly his personal character. As an administrator this learned old gentleman may have his shortcomings. But all my native informants were unanimous in praising his integrity and genuine kindness. So I hoped that the literary attainments of my Mandarin friend would