

far away to the west have peacefully absorbed foreign elements more numerous and cultured than themselves.

I reached Kara-kash town in the afternoon, after crossing the wide bed of the river from which it is named, and found it a comparatively lively and well-built place. The garden of one of Islam Beg's relations had been hospitably prepared for my reception, and there I was busy until a late hour with the measurement of many heads for anthropological purposes and the record of interesting details about local administration, taxes, &c., for which I had in Islam Beg a first-hand authority.

April 30th was to be my last day within the territory of Khotan. I used it for a long excursion to a 'Tati' site called Kara-döbe ("the Black Mound"), of which Islam Beg had obtained information, away to the west on the edge of the desert. In order to reach it we had to traverse in succession the remarkably fertile tracts of Bahram-su, Kayesh, Makuya, and Kuya, all stretching in long strips of highly cultivated ground with shady orchards and lanes along their own separate canals fed by the Kara-kash. No more pleasing picture could I retain as a souvenir of rural Khotan. The day was hot and close, and the vision of the mountains had already vanished in the usual haze. So I was quite glad when, after passing for some seven miles over a scrub-covered sandy plain and then through low dunes, Kara-döbe was reached. I found the ground for about a square mile covered with ancient pottery, and in the midst of this débris a small mound of broken masonry. The brick work was undoubtedly old, and might well have belonged once to the base of a Stupa. Elsewhere broken pieces of hard white stucco with relievo ornament possibly represent the last remains of some long-decayed shrine. Heavy dunes of coarse sand, very trying to our ponies, had to be crossed for some four miles before we struck the western bank of a broad marshy Nullah in which the stream of Yawa expands among reed-covered lagoons. And when by nightfall I arrived at my camp pitched near the village of Zawa, I might well feel as if, by these changes of rich village land, sandy jungle, high dunes and marsh, Vaisravana, the divine *genius loci* of