

## CHAPTER X

### AT CHINI-BAGH, KASHGAR

THE days in Kashgar which followed that night of my arrival in the midst of a dust-storm were as pleasant as the kindness of old friends and the varied comforts of the hospitable shelter they offered could make them. After five years' absence Chini-bagh still showed all the attractions which had so often made me look back with longing regret to my previous stays there, and which I have endeavoured to describe in the account of my previous journey. The British representative's residence, which Mr. Macartney's patient skill had evolved out of the modest nucleus of a native garden house, had been greatly enlarged in the meantime, and recalled more than ever an English home created somewhere in Eastern Europe. The garden still offered the same delightfully commanding vistas over the winding Tümen Darya and the fertile village lands which skirt the river's high loess banks. The trees along its shady avenues and walks were already putting on that profusion of fruit which made me remember my first long stay in August and September 1900 as a period of unbroken feasting.

But little had I then foreseen how greatly the brightness of Chini-bagh, with the old setting faithfully preserved, would be added to by the advent of a new master, the British Baby. Eric, the Macartneys' little son, who when barely six months old had proved himself a born traveller by doing the long journey from London to Kashgar at a tryingly early season without a day's illness, had long ago discarded the quaint conveyance, half perambulator, half sledge, in which I had seen him last in London