

flood in a wide sheet of reddish brown. With the crowds crossing and the bathers on both banks it presented a wonderfully gay scene. Never had Kashgar appeared to me so full of colour as on that evening, nor its peaceful comforts more enticing than when after nightfall and a refreshing meal I sat with my kind hosts enjoying the cool air and repose from the terraced roof of my Chini-bagh quarters.

It was the last quiet evening I could hope to enjoy in the society of my kind and ever-thoughtful Kashgar friends. But we little thought that my start would be preceded by a leave-taking from the friend who for them was the last link with what Mr. Macartney used to call old Kashgar times. Notwithstanding the rapid extension of trade relations towards Russian Central Asia and the marked rise in economic conditions generally, Kashgar has scarcely at all changed in the appearance of the town and of its native inhabitants. But the small European colony has altered its composition so completely, even since my first visit, that of the Kashgar which Mr. Macartney had known when he first came there to watch over Indian interests, there remained no one but old Father Hendricks, that quasi-international link for all the divergent sections of Kashgar European society.

The genial old 'Abbé,' as he used to be called, whom chance had drifted to Kashgar nearly eighteen years before, found there a quiet, yet sufficiently sociable *milieu* and was content to remain. But for half a year past he had been steadily declining in health. His friends and protectors were soon aware that cancer was shortening his life; but the old priest in his semi-Chinese costume still continued assiduously to pay his daily round of visits impartially to British, Russians, Swedes, Chinese. Painfully I saw him struggling to Chini-bagh, drawn by force of habit and perhaps by that irresistible thirst for social intercourse which had made the lively old gentleman act as a living newspaper for Kashgar.

Yet none of us realized how near the end was. For some days before my departure his familiar figure was missed by my hosts, and when on the morning of June 22nd Mr.