

that of Kashgar. The attractions of the Yarkand Chini-bagh, where I again took up my quarters, had in no way diminished. Often I had from afar recalled to my mind the picture of its spacious halls, and it was now cheering to make sure that the picture was true in all details. Plentiful Khotan carpets had been spread in all the main rooms, and I felt almost like the owner of all this grandeur coming back to his own place. Anyhow, the real possessor of this *villeggiatura*, Niaz Hakim Beg's son, was as obliging and anxious to efface himself as of yore. My only regret was that financial pressure had obliged him to sacrifice the delightful wilderness of the neglected old garden to prosaic wheat crops. Yet there still rose the fine big fruit-trees and the high enclosing walls to ensure seclusion.

The refreshing cool air of my lordly quarters and the unwearying help of the worthy Ak-sakal, Pandit Butha Mal, made it easy to use my four days' stay at Yarkand to the full. Additional ponies were secured after a good deal of trial and bargaining, among them a good-looking young bay horse for my own use, which passed as of Badakhshi blood. It proved with experience as hardy a mount as I could wish for, indefatigable on the roughest ground and quite inured to the privations of deserts without grazing. So, in spite of its unsociable temper, 'Badakhshi' in time became dear to my heart as a constant companion, though never quite near enough to rival my little canine comrade whom he at times obliged with a ride. Either Sahibs could still command more willing labour here than at Kashgar, or else the local picnic parties of Yarkand were less of an attraction—anyhow, tailors, tanners, etc., were secured for the remaining needs of my establishment. Surveyor Ram Singh now joined me, after having effected much useful new survey work along the eastern buttresses of the Muztagh-ata Range between the Tash-kurghan River in the south and the Kara-tash River towards Yangi-Hissar; and, of course, after all the roughing undergone his equipment needed many repairs.

Chiang, my genial literatus, had a busy time, too, at Yarkand, where long employment at the local Ya-mên had given him many friends and local ties of another sort