

deeply as I did. I had, indeed, the comfort of having through Mr. Macartney's kindness obtained for him the richly deserved appointment as Chinese Munshi of the British Consulate at Kashgar. But would this justify hope that I might ever see again the kindly face of the most devoted and capable helper Asia had ever given me? Even little 'Dash' seemed to feel the emotion of the moment, and cuddled up to his Chinese friend with an exceptional display of affection. Honest Badruddin Khan, too, had tears in his eyes when we parted. Then, as I rode on, the quivering glare and heat of the desert seemed to descend like a luminous curtain and to hide from me the most cherished aspects of my Turkestan life.