

south appear low ranges of red sandstone running east and west, and beyond these again rise the peaks of the Dungburé, in this part apparently of no great height. As we neared the base of the Namchutola tolh'a, the ground became hummocky and the grass fairly good, though short. We passed by several lakelets and finally made camp beside four small pools of sweet water fed by the melting snow on the summit of the mountain . . .

June 13th. About two inches of snow fell early this morning, the storm, as usual, coming from the west-south-west and preceded by an easterly breeze. I fancy there is a regular warm and moisture-laden current from the east, which, on meeting the cold, dry westerly currents prevailing in these regions, results in a hail storm or a sharp fall of snow, as in the present case . . .

June 14th. To-day we travelled some six miles in a south-west direction to the foot of a short red clay and sandstone range, trending east and west, and camped in a little gorge just as a violent hailstorm (stones half an inch in diameter), accompanied by very sharp thunder, swept down upon us. Height 15,900 feet . . .

June 15th. An inch and a half of wet snow covered the ground this morning, enough to prevent the mules and ponies from getting anything to eat. A little after daylight a violent squall of hail struck us, but by 9 A. M. the sun had nearly melted it all and we got off. We trudged up the bed of the stream — which flows from west to east along the base of the Ulan-ula, »Red Hills», as we called them, emptying somewhere into the Namchutola or one of its feeders — plunging all the way knee-deep in mud and water, till we reached its source and the west end of the Ulan-ula. From here we enjoyed a gorgeous view of a perfect maze of mountains, short ranges and little *massifs*, all trending in a general east and west direction. Some eight or ten miles to the west was a beautiful snow peak, seemingly the point where the mountains to our north and the Ulan-ula culminate. At its southern base was a lake, its greatest length being apparently from north-west to south-east. The lake we christened Trashi ts'o-nak . . . A rapid descent of about three miles brought us into a broad valley with a little stream flowing in an easterly direction in a very broad bed, to meet, beyond the east end of the Ulan-ula, the Namchutola. South of this broad (and dry, for a wonder), valley rises the main range of the Dungburé, or rather the western extremity of the range, or Dungburé eken, a mountain of dark colour and easily recognizable by that peculiarity, as all the other hills hereabouts are of reddish hue. The valley in which we have camped, though sandy, is tolerably well covered with grass.

June 16th. We continued our journey in a south-west direction by a very easy road up the course of a torrent (now nearly dry), which has its source on the west flank of the Dungburé eken, and then crossed a low col, from which we had a fine view of the Trashi ts'o-nak. Lake Trashi ts'o-nak, as seen from the pass, appeared some six or eight miles from east to west and perhaps two miles broad. To the west of it, some thirty miles or more away, I saw a fine snow peak. We then descended by a short and narrow gorge leading into another broad valley down which flows a small stream, a feeder of the Toktomai. We had entered the basin of the Murus, the Dréch'u, the Yang-tzū-kiang of the Chinese. I may here