

remark that on none of the passes which we have crossed, and many of which were over 16,500 feet above sea-level, did we find old snow, so the snow-line in this region cannot be lower than 17,000 feet above the sea . . . From a little above our camp I had pointed out to me, due south of us, M:t Buha mangnä. Between this dark, truncated, pyramid-shaped peak and ourselves is a perfect sea of hills, all trending more or less east and west. Nowhere can I see a snow peak; they are extremely rare in this region; we have not seen a dozen so far on the journey . . .

June 17th. We descended to the foot of the hills to a little stream which flowed in a south-south-west direction, between low hills of fine bluish sandstone, and followed it for some twelve miles to where it took an easterly bend, to empty into some other feeder of the Toktomai. To the south of where we have encamped to-day is another plain running east and west, in which the red sandstone again crops out, forming a short range of hills, and from the top of a hill behind our camp I saw that this sandstone formation extends as far to the west as the eye could reach. Small ponds and lakelets dot the plain to the south of us, and others appear here and there to the westward. The country seems badly drained, here the waters empty into small sinks, there they flow off to feed the Toktomai.

June 18th. We crossed a plain about three miles broad, in which were several lakelets and also a small stream flowing in a south-west direction through a broad opening in a line of low, red sandstone hills. Passing this, we continued in a south-south-west direction over an open plateau, bordered to the south by a range of hills running nearly east and west, but so confused and cut up that it was difficult either to lay them down on the map or indicate their trend with any accuracy. At their northern base, some eight miles away, several rivulets which drain this broad plain meet to form the northernmost fork of the Toktomai-ulan-muren, »the gently flowing red river«. Some thirty to forty miles to the west of our route and in the line of the axis of the little plain in which were the two lakelets noticed previously, I saw a fine snow peak. We made about fourteen miles and camped by the river bank, where fine grass covered all the country round. The Toktomai is at this spot about twenty feet broad and two feet deep in the middle, with a strong current. To-day has been the first since we left the Naichi valley, 23 days ago, in which we have had neither rain, snow, hail nor wind . . . The prevailing winds have become southerly, a quarter from which they never seem to blow in or near the Ts'aidam.

June 19th. We followed the river to-day fifteen miles, crossing it twice on the way, the valley broadening out a little below camp to nearly five miles in width, the bottom land of fine reddish gravel, boggy in many places, the higher ground covered with good grass. The river has a swift current with a pace of about twenty feet to the mile. The mountains on the west side of the valley are considerably higher than those on the east, which are not over two hundred feet high. Nearly due south of us is the Buha mangnä, along whose western flank our route lies, while the highroad to Nagch'uk'a runs some little distance from its eastern base.

June 20th. Eight miles below camp the north branch of the Toktomai is deflected due east, around a small hill with a rocky crest, and at its eastern ex-