

tremity it empties into the southern or main branch of the Toktomai, which flows down a broad valley running due east and west, and some forty miles in length.

Leaving the north branch at the bend, we continued due south for six miles, till we came to the south branch, a good-sized river flowing in a number of channels over a soft sandstone gravel bed a half mile in width. We had not a little difficulty in getting across, as the channels were deep and the sand very soft. There is certainly five times as much water in this branch as in the northern. We camped near the river, and I saw far to the west, probably forty or fifty miles, a large, snow-covered mountain in or near which, I take it, the south branch of the Toktomai has its source . . . Nothing but a small plain now separates us from the Buha mangnä, which rises dark and imposing some ten miles to the south-east of us . . . The grazing is excellent on every side of us, and the weather continues fair . . .

From what I have been able to learn so far there are three roads leading into Tibet from the north, and all probably parallel to the trail we are following: 1st. By the highroad via the Angir-takshia; 2nd. West of the one we are following, and followed by the Taichinär Mongols of Hajir, leading over country similar to that we have traversed, crossing no high passes, but along it water and grazing are poor; 3rd. Considerably farther west than No. 2 and leading directly from the Lob-nor. This last is followed by the Torgot Mongols and is, I imagine, the one taken by Bonvalot. It is said to be very bad.

I caught a glimpse of the famous Dang la chain this evening; it is the first really imposing range I have seen . . .

June 21st. A few miles south of our camp we crossed some very low hills which prolong the foothills of the Buha mangnä to the west, and entered the basin of the Murus. From this point we got our first view, in a south-east direction, of an immense snow-peak, probably Prjevalsky's Mt. Dorsi, but called by my guide Atak Habseré mengku. Crossing a rivulet, which probably empties into the Murus about twelve miles east of our route, we ascended another range of low hills and the Murus («The River») was before us. Crossing the col we camped about a mile below it; the river about a mile farther south.

Climbing a steep hill directly east of our camp I had a splendid view of the great Dang la range, certainly the most imposing chain of mountains I have seen in Asia. While its eastern extension was far beyond our line of vision, its western end did not appear to be over forty miles away . . .

June 22nd. We followed up the course of the Murus for about nine miles over sandy soil tolerably well covered with grass. The river bottom where we came on to it is about six miles wide. To the south it is bordered by a range of very low hills, beyond which is another low range running parallel to the main or Dang la chain. In this latter valley is said to flow the southern branch of the Upper Murus, or rather the principal feeder of the headwaters of this river. The water reached to the horse's back and the current proved very strong, but the river bottom was hard. The water was very muddy and the river much swollen from the melting snows and by the daily rains, but there was no evidence that it ever overflows its bed to any considerable extent.