

plains rolled on to the left. To the W. S. W. and southwards one saw the far-away peaks of the Lang-shan. To the right were three yurts at the foot of the hill, and on the plain to the left two in one place and four more in another, while at a distance of about ten kilometers one saw the little temple Hailutain-sume.

Dusk was beginning to fall. A Chinese camel-rider caught us up and handed over a slip of paper. »Unfortunately fresh catastrophe. HASLUND's seventy-five camels bolted — also money-chests. About ten li eastwards of NORIN's camp. We have all gone out to try and get them together, but more help necessary. — HUMMEL». Happily there was a P. S. in HASLUND's handwriting: »Money-chests in safety».

We reached a very broad depression full of rather high bushes and sandy. The path wound ahead like a sand street. This depression stretches on to the Hailutain-gol, a broad shallow river-bed seeming to come from far and containing a couple of winding streamlets. At half-past seven we arrived. Our thoughtless camel-drivers were just getting their beasts to kneel, preparatory to unloading. We shouted to them to go on up on the other bank, rising six to eight meters above the bed, for we had no desire to be washed away in case a new storm should break loose. On the farther bank stood two yurts and a tent belonging to a Chinese merchant.

The curious thing about the beginning of our long journey to Urumchi was that it was not so much LARSON or myself who set the pace. This little matter was managed, and in a very superior way, by the camels. If they wanted a rest-day they simply threw their burdens and ran away. They knew that they would certainly have a holiday the next day.

Camp XIII was an important point on our march to the Edsen-gol. Here, for the last time for a long period, were assembled all the different columns of the great caravan. Here we were to work out a new plan of campaign on the basis of the experience we had gained since the start. It was now August 5th, and we had a clear survey of the whole situation.

The day was warm. After the night's minimum temperature of 18° Centigrade it was 33° in the shade. The morning's pilot-balloon had risen to 13,000 meters, with an upward drift of 160 meters.

I sent a Mongol over to NORIN, with orders to move his camp and the whole of his column over to us.

### CONFERENCES IN CAMP XIII

The whole day was taken up with important conferences. The first took several hours and took place in SÖDERBOM's big white tent, where he, NORIN and BERGMAN slept together. For an old mapper like myself it was a pure pleasure to look