

By midday it had stopped snowing, but the wind had increased to a hard gale. By two o'clock it had risen to a hurricane. Everybody stayed 'indoors'; one had the impression that the whole camp might be whisked away at any moment.

This was the first day the temperature had not risen above zero. During the last forty-eight hours the atmospheric pressure had sunk by nearly twenty-six mm., or from 656 to 630.5, although we had been at practically the same level the whole time.

At three o'clock the boys' tent was ripped into rags, fluttering and smacking in the wind. One heard the sound of tearing when the canvas gave way. The tent had to be abandoned; the boys were given HUMMEL's tent, and the doctor moved to LIEBERENZ's quarters. Professor SIU's *valet de chambre*, WANG, had to live with his master for the future.

When darkness had fallen the Mongols who had gone to Sebestei's well with two camels to fetch water returned. If the snow had remained on the ground we need not have feared any shortage of water, but it had been swept away by the storm. Once more it was necessary to issue a general prohibition against washing, for no-one knew with certainty how far we were from the next well.

The storm had abated. The morning of November 20th was calm and clear. One of ANDREWS's camels had to be left behind at this camp, for he had stopped browsing and refused to rise.

We entered a valley running north-west. It was partly blocked by two dunes, on which tamarisk grew. HEYDER shot a four year-old argali-sheep in a side-valley. He also wounded another; it fell, but sprang up again and made good its escape. The first argali was taken to the next camp on camel-back, and once more we had meat for a day or so. Mountain partridges cackled on the slopes of the hills. The landscape was lovely and picturesque, narrow valleys meandering between steep, dark hills. From the top of one of these one had a splendid view over the whole extent of Ghashun-nor. Our hunters found a magnificent skull of an old argali ram and an equally striking ibex-skull.

### TURNING WEST AGAIN

After crossing the mountains we came out again on open ground, surrounded at a considerable distance by low hills. At camp LIX we had both springs and wells between bound sand-dunes; there was also plenty of fuel, but the pasture was as usual wretched, being woody, dry as tinder, and practically without value as nourishment.

The next day's march led at first through a landscape of dunes, overgrown with tamarisks and saxaules and even surrounded with a few poplars. Everything was dun, dry and frozen. At this place we passed no fewer than four wells. After this