

to lie in bed until the attack was over. My protests were of no avail. I did not feel so bad that I might not easily have continued, and wished under no circumstances to hold up the caravan, especially as the situation was critical, the camels tired and the provisions drawing to an end. Here, however, at camp LXXII, Bultin-buluk, there would be no harm in lying over for a day; we had water and better pasture than usual. I was therefore put to bed immediately and cared for like a babe in arms.

In the course of this rest-day (December 10th) a Mongolian caravan from Anhsi arrived at the spring. It was taking grain and flour to Dzasaktu-khan. A couple of days before their arrival here they had met NORIN's column, and they told us that on this particular day the latter would be camping at the spring Sebestei, distant three days' journey to the southwest. NORIN's camels had been making a good pace and they looked in good condition. This news was a relief, for I had felt a certain anxiety for the column, that was travelling through unknown country. The Mongols themselves had been thirteen days on the march from Anhsi, and they had a further six days' march ahead of them before they would reach their homes.

The great question now was: should we be able to reach Sebestei before NORIN, BERGMAN and V. MARSCHALL had left, or would our paths only cross at the spring?

Just before daybreak another caravan from Anhsi arrived. It was led by Chinese, taking flour to some destination in Outer Mongolia. They had been fifteen days on the way and would accomplish their journey in another ten. It was evident that our own route was intersected at Bultin-buluk by one of the few roads between Anhsi and the grass-lands in the north.

For some days the whole of the staff had been obliged to go on foot, an inconvenience that was also shared by the Chinese without any grumbling from their side. As the camels grew thinner, and at least one of their number had to be abandoned almost every day, it became necessary for us to economize their strength and to use also the riding-camels for the loads. The Mongols, who were not accustomed to walking, were still mounted, and I throned as usual on my tall riding-camel.

The doctor walked along by my side when we started off at half-past eight on the morning of December 11th. The air was still and the sky overcast. After traversing more open country we entered a labyrinth of little hills. The rock consisted of granite and diabase. After a while we rode past an emaciated camel, left to die in solitude.

When we had been a couple of hours on the march the doctor ordered a halt. A blazing fire was lit and I was tucked up in sheepskin coats on the soft sand. By this time I had such pains in the region of the bile-duct that he gave me an injection of morphine and caffeine, which came as a release and a blessing. For a full two hours we lay by the fire; and when we then resumed our journey in the tracks of the others I felt very uncertainly perched on my tall, swaying mount. Never have