

reached such a pitch that peaceful travellers had to submit to body-search at the hands of his patrols.

My application for travelling-permits for HAUDE's journeys to the Bogdo-ula and Pichan was granted.

Winter was now beginning to make itself felt. It grew colder and colder, and by nine o'clock on the evening of December 1st the temperature had sunk to $-24.^{\circ}6$ C. We had to heap up the fires in our big Russian stoves to get the rooms even moderately warm.

INSECURITY IN THE STREETS

One of our special friends in Urumchi was the English-Russian, Dr ETCHES, who often partook of supper with us and who always had interesting and entertaining stories to tell. He was a man of sixty-seven. When on December 3rd he was riding home from a visit to us he was attacked by a night-patrol of about twenty soldiers and badly knocked about with rifle-butts and sabres. He managed, despite the blows, to keep his seat in the saddle. His horse shied, reared, sprang towards the cowardly mob and darted off like an arrow to the courtyard of his master. Not until the following morning did we receive news of this assault. HUMMEL hurried at once to ETCHES' house and tended his bruises. ETCHES lodged a complaint with the Governor-General, who replied that the culprits should be thrashed in their victim's presence — a pleasure that the latter declined with thanks.

Some time later HASLUND, who had just returned from his six weeks' tour among the Torguts, met with a similar adventure, being dealt a severe blow on the crown of the head. And once again CHIN had to apologize. We never at any time had any trouble with the peaceful and good-natured population, and Sinkiang was one of the few provinces in China where no robbers made the roads unsafe. But the soldiers did constitute a danger to life and limb for peaceable folk in the streets.

VISIT FROM THE PRINCE OF THE ALTAI MONGOLS

DZAKCHIN BEILE, the prince of the Altai Mongols, had come to town, and he paid us a visit, accompanied by half-a-dozen stalwart Mongols. With much pomp they came riding into our courtyard on magnificent horses with silver-mounted saddles and bridles. At the residence of our friend SENGTSSEN GEGEN, about twenty-two kilometers N. N. W. of Qara-shahr, HASLUND had taken phonograph records of several Torgut songs. The Altai Mongols were thus able to listen to the familiar