

climate. Not till ten o'clock did we begin our last day's journey on the road to Urumchi.

Our course was north-west. Presently, the connection pipe between the tank and the engine got clogged with earth and dust, and we had to stop again. It took three hours to repair the wretched thing, and it began to look as if the small car simply *would* not convey us to Urumchi.

ARRIVAL IN URUMCHI

At half-past six, however, we entered the outskirts of the capital and drove in through the gate of the Russian town. Ten minutes later we were driving through the gate of the Mohammedan town.¹ We passed the outer gateway of the Chinese town without anything untoward having happened; but at the inner gateway armed soldiers ran forward shouting »Stop!«

We stopped at once, not wishing to be shot. An officer came forward and asked us the usual questions in an authoritative tone. The narrow gateway was crammed with soldiers and ragamuffins. We waited patiently while they telephoned to SHENG TUPAN's yamen. Meanwhile YAROSLAVEV got out with his bundle, and disappeared from the scene for ever.

The young officer took the Cossack's place in the car and showed TSERAT the way to the yamen. The officer took our passports and visiting-cards and hurried in. He returned, presently, with a message from the ruler of Sinkiang to the effect that we must be tired after our long journey, and must go to bed early. But he would see us next day, and would send us an invitation to dine with him.

Our young officer escorted us to SHENG's guest-house, where we were to be his guests during our stay in Urumchi. Neither rooms nor food were to cost us anything. A large room with five beds was placed at our disposal. It was already occupied by our former passenger HUANG WEN-PI, who had managed to get out of the Lop Desert before us.

So ended one chapter in our story, while another began. From base camp No. 70 we had driven 790 km in seven days. So far all had gone well, though we were cut off from the expedition. That we should not stay a day longer than necessary was certain. And it is equally certain that neither YEW, TSERAT nor myself will ever forget the months we were forced to wait in the capital of Sinkiang.

¹ There is a good plan of Urumchi in AMBOLT's *Latitude and Longitude Determinations*, Vol. II:1 of this series. F. B.