

KOV wrote out a medical certificate in which he declared that HUMMEL's blood-poisoning necessitated thorough treatment at a special institute for tropical diseases. Painful as it was, HUMMEL *must* leave the expedition for the sake of his health. He was, certainly, convalescent; but his state might grow worse *en route*, and I could not take the responsibility of letting him set out on the long, difficult journey alone. There was no-one but BERGMAN to accompany him, which meant a double loss for me. I will not attempt to describe what I felt at losing my two Swedish friends and veterans at one blow at so critical and perilous a time!

A Russian visa for HUMMEL's and BERGMAN's journey home to Sweden was easily and quickly secured. Even the mighty SHENG TUPAN received us amiably, and promised them passes and permission to leave the province by way of Chuguchaq. But it was nearly a month before they got an opportunity to start.

Our funds were calculated to last for eight months, and we had been away for nine months already. Living was dear in Sinkiang in war-time. A hundred cattles of flour cost 10,000 taels at this period. And the long journey to Nanking lay before us. We therefore composed a telegram to the Minister for Railways, Dr KU MENG-YÜ, explaining that we had come to the end of our resources on account of the loss of time occasioned by our captivity, that we could not leave Urumchi or return to Nanking without money, and that we needed a supplementary grant of 20,000 silver dollars. This telegram was left unanswered for nearly three months.

A minor relief-expedition, meantime, had to be sent to those who were still waiting on the Qum-darya — GEORG, EFFE and CHEN. KONSTANTIN was instructed to convey the petrol and oil we had succeeded in obtaining to camp No. 70. He was to take this, together with provisions and money, in a cart that the excellent mayor had placed at our disposal free of charge.

SHENG TUPAN tried to persuade KUNG to stay and help him make roads. Why, this was just what we had come for! But we were kept like prisoners, and treated as spies; and if we so much as poked our noses outside the town wall we were thought to be meditating a bolt.

He also bought one of our motor-lorries. We tried to get a good price, but he forced it down to 2,500 silver dollars. This sum was to be paid into the Russian bank — »to-morrow». The morrow came, but not the money; weeks passed, and it was still always »to-morrow».

After some time had passed we sent Nanking a fresh reminder about the 20,000 dollars. Unfortunately, we could not say in so many words that we were detained against our will, as the telegrams were censored by the Tupan himself. But we said that if we received no support we should have to prepare ourselves for a lean time. If we got no help from Nanking we meant to sell all the cars; both SHENG TUPAN and the Russians wanted them. We could then try to return by cart along