

the road. The carts drove right over the debris, but we had to shift a few obstructive small blocks out of the way.

Another pass lay ahead of us. The ascent began, and soon became horribly steep, with very sharp hair-pin bends. We sat with our hearts in our mouths, wondering whether the gear would hold, or whether the car would run backwards over the precipice. But at last we got to the top, after climbing 60 m in 500 m. On the other side of the pass we went on E. S. E. along the winding cliff road on the opposite side of the valley. A cart had overturned, leaving spilt oil in the roadway. The drivers were trying to get it up in their hands. EFFE stopped and helped them to scoop it up.

The carts had large copper bells hanging under them. The donkeys, too, wore bells, so the valley resounded with a melodious clanking, tinkling and jingling. A few grottoes appeared on a slope to the right; and before us a red headland resembling a palace rose high above the valley — an Acropolis with tall columns, astonishingly like the work of human hands.

The road ran between steep grey mountains, with a good deal of newly fallen snow. The valley grew narrower, deeper, and colder. The two cliff walls were only from 50 to 70 m apart. Picturesque red mountains showed at the end of it. Savage, impressive scenery indeed! Suddenly we saw the end of the gorge; and soon after we emerged from the mountains, to see the Huang-ho valley spread out immediately in front of us to the south, bordered by pale mountains.

We drove on E. S. E. between wide, ploughed fields, with mountains on our left. In the south-west the Yellow River gleamed in the rays of the setting sun. We came to Erh-shih-li-p'u, the name indicating that it was only 20 li, or 10 km more to Lanchow, the capital of Kansu. To the right we caught a glimpse of the Great Wall and, as before, watch-towers with or without surrounding walls.

LANCHOW

It was 5.30 when we reached the Yellow River. The road ran 10—15 m above it. We drove through a turreted gate into the city, following a street that led to yet another gate. Camp. No. 168 was the yamen.

On the following day we paid a visit to the Governor-General, CHU SHAO-LIANG. He received us very politely, and told us that he had been instructed by the Premier, WANG CHING-WEI, to help us in every way and give us protection on our journey to Sian. On all dangerous sections military detachments would be told off to escort us.

We also visited the Catholic Mission, a magnificent establishment with a large church and several houses, of simple and dignified architecture. Bishop BUDDENBROCK received me with all the warmth and kindness that his letters to me had