

streets were being made in the city. And Mr. Baldwin, the Inspector of Salt, had constructed a steam roller with four corn-grinding millstones. Mr. Baldwin had also started a club on European lines. He was the only European; but there were more than a hundred Chinese members. A tennis court had been made; dinner-parties could be given; there were bedrooms for strangers; and newspapers to date were taken. Yungcheng also possessed a model prison.

Crossing another of the fertile plains with peach trees now in blossom, Pereira reached the range which forms the northern bank of the Huang Ho (the Yellow River). This range he crossed at a height of 3650 feet, and then next day dropped some 1500 feet to the Yellow River, where he encountered a snowstorm which made the roads very heavy and slippery. The river had to be crossed by a ferry. There were six or seven boats, and one of the larger took his caravan of eight mules and three carts, the mules being taken out and the carts man-handled up planks on to the boat. The mules, as is their wont, proved refractory and began kicking about. But luckily none went overboard.

The Province of Honan lay on the other side of the river. The bank rose several feet above the river in a great plateau of loess—a light friable soil which is very dusty in dry weather and cakes into heavy slippery mud in wet weather. After the snow and rain Pereira found the road to Kwanyintang one of the worst he had seen in China. The wretched mules with difficulty dragged the cart through the mud. They often