

determined to try new hunting grounds and new hunters.

His third hunting trip he made on October 20, this time seeking takin. He started northward up the Tsao-shan and pitched his tent that night, just before heavy rain came on, at a height of 9400 feet. Continuing his climb the next day by a very rough uneven trail, through woods and deep undergrowth and along a razor-shaped ridge, he reached a ledge at 12,230 feet where he spent the night. And now at last he had the first signs of pandar—some droppings. And he sent his hunters out to track it.

Starting in thick mist and rain on the following day, he had an awful descent down an exceptionally steep and rocky hill affording very little foothold. He then had to wade through dense soaking bamboo. But after 4 miles of this very rough going he reached a shanty, and beyond it met with two grass-cutters who stated that six days before, whilst they were at work, a pandar had entered the shanty and eaten their food. Hope revived in Pereira. He was evidently in the place for hunting, and before the end of the day he came across traces of pandar, takin and serow. But the Chinese hunters disappeared and all Pereira was able to shoot—and it was with the first shot he fired with his rifle that year—was a hill cat (shan-mao), a beautiful little animal with black legs and belly, dark brown back, a long bushy tail, and a white mark on the face. He is known as the small pandar. He measured  $50\frac{3}{4}$  inches from the tip of the nose to the end of the tail. The tail was 22 inches long, the legs