

paddy fields full of water. But much of it was green with winter crops just coming on. The weather was quite mild and sunny. South of Kiungchow the plain is left and the road rises gradually over undulating country. Near Ya-chow-fu he crossed the river by a neat bridge of bamboo and planks on bamboo rafts. On entering the city he followed behind a procession of soldiers who were conducting two brigands to execution. The whole city with smiling faces had turned out to see them. Beyond Ya-chow the road was fairly good leading along valleys, and the inns were remarkably clean. But as he approached Tsing-ki-hsien there was first a steep rise of 7000 feet over a badly cobbled road which was crowded with laden coolies, and then a descent of nearly 4000 feet—the height of the pass being 11,130 feet above sea-level. This pass was across the divide between the Ya and the T'ung Rivers, and from it Pereira had a magnificent view over the Tsing-ki plain far below to the S.S.W. and high ranges to the west overtopped by great snow peaks to the north-west.

Beyond Tsing-ki, a small city of only 260 inhabitants, he followed the main route to Yunnanfu for a short distance and then turned up a valley to Nitow. The hills were bare of trees, and though the altitude was 6000 feet there was no snow on them and the sun was bright and warm in the middle of the day, though cold came on after sundown. Both his boy and his cook had taken to wearing spectacles—from vanity, Pereira thought. They posed as his secretaries or Chinese