

Snow fell during the night of February 6, but it nearly all melted by noon, except at the tops of the highest hills, and the day was sunny though the wind was cold.

One of Pereira's muleteers slipped and fell, but as he writhed on the ground rubbing his ankle the only consolation he received from the other muleteers was a roar of laughter. The sight of pain gives the Chinese infinite amusement.

Before reaching Sung-pan, 9750 feet, on February 8, he for the first time passed several Tibetans. Sung-pan itself Pereira found to be an interesting city with a good many wild-looking Tibetans walking about the main streets. It is 113 miles from Mowchow and $212\frac{3}{4}$ miles from Kwan-hsien. It lies on low ground on the eastern side, but on the west a wall runs up to a height of 600 feet. A sloping ledge about 300 feet high holds a few houses and the Ch'eng-huang temple—a poor building, but affording a good view over the town. The main north and south street contained all the shops and was always crowded. But the few side streets were very dead.

The magistrate sent Pereira a present of a "pai-mu-chi", a large bird of the bustard family, and a hunk of beef. The bird was dried and coal black, and after giving the runner who brought it a dollar, Pereira handed the delicacy to his boys. The magistrate also sent a guard, and two sentries mounted over his door much enhanced his dignity.

Continuing northward up the valley he left Sung-pan on February 11. The going was good