

seem to be selected. The custom exists in China, but Pereira had never seen so many as here. Piling stones is a Buddhist hobby. The piles Pereira liked best were the small piles on the top of every pass surmounted by small prayer flags. They let him know the top had at last been reached.

Great preparations were being made here for the arrival next day of the new Kalon Lama of Chamdo. He required over one hundred horses, brushwood for fuel, tents, carpets, etc.

Sing-ka was reached on September 16 after a march of $19\frac{3}{4}$ miles. There was a steep climb for 8 miles to the Do La, 14,360 feet, from which there was a glorious view—everywhere a panorama of hills with one high partially snow-covered range running N.N.W. and probably 30 miles off to the north. Most of the tops of the higher hills were bare, but many of the near hills were covered with bush and fir. The descent was very steep, as it usually seemed to be on the southern side of passes. The path was then very narrow, leading along the hill-side with a steep slope on the right.

A surprise awaited Pereira. When he was 800 feet on the hill-side above the valley, about 7 miles from Sing-ka, he was met by a view of the mighty Salween coming in from the west. The course of this great river, which flows down through Burma, was unknown as high up as this and was incorrectly marked on the maps. Here below him it was winding through a narrow valley between hills 2000 feet above it and with mountains higher still behind.

Far below were small patches of crops, and