

the eastern stream piercing through a great wall of red and grey rock, showing high hills beyond with patches of cultivation, the work of Lisu. At $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles the road descends to the river again and passes by the wonderful La-p'u-Lu rapid, which Pereira thought the wildest he had ever seen. Here the mighty Mekong, restricted to less than 40 yards in width, thunders through the gorge, the muddy waters in their wild career dashing against the rocks and being churned into great white waves.

The hills again open out at $10\frac{1}{2}$ miles and the going is easy to Yeh-chih, a village of fifty-five families, Chinese and Mosu.

Pati was reached on August 24 after a march of 20 miles. There were the same sloping hills with a good deal of cultivation, and there were more flat belts with rice fields. Pati has twenty families, of whom eight are Mosu. It is at an elevation of 6095 feet.

These Mosu Pereira found to be a nice quiet friendly people. He stayed in a Mosu house. The kitchen showed that his host was in comparatively opulent circumstances. It was a big room with planks projecting from the wall on two sides like a guard-room at home. On these the natives sleep in hot weather. Part is covered with flat stones for the cooking. Three large copper tripods for supporting the ovens or cooking pots stood on these stones. The centre of the room was supported by a beam, round which were tied boughs and branches of trees. This Pereira's Tibetan boy said was to propitiate the spirits of the kitchen. The whole family with