

ful. At about nine he asked for the light to be put out and said he would try and sleep. But he was very restless and was moaning in a dull way. Later he wanted a drink of water and apologised for causing so much trouble. He then dozed and wandered in his sleep, sometimes talking in Chinese and sometimes in English. At 1 A.M.—that is in the early morning of October 20—he wanted to turn over on his side. Thompson helped him over, and again Pereira thanked him and talked quite rationally. But a few minutes later a sudden change came and he became unconscious. About ten minutes later he passed away quite peacefully, resting in Thompson's arms.

He had died of gastric ulcer, and the sudden collapse on the road twelve hours before his death was probably due to perforation. He was already in such a weak state that he had no chance. And this trouble must have been going on for some time. His friends at Yünnan had noticed how extraordinarily small was his appetite. He did not eat enough to keep a child alive, Mr. Sly said. And to all inquiries he replied that he was upset if he ate very much, but that he would be all right once he was on the road again. He was very impatient, too, of any objections being raised against his making another long journey in the middle of the rainy season. In short, his passion for travel wore his frail body to death.

Kanze has a population almost entirely Tibetan, but Dr. Thompson was able to get from the Chinese magistrate permission to bury Pereira in