

bread, onions, and tea for ourselves, as well as a quantity of linseed cake to be fed to the camels, when necessary, at the rate of two pounds a day. For personal luxuries, there were raisins, eggs, and chickens, but in general my fare was no better than that of the men.

For the first three days, our way led eastward along the gravel at the southern edge of the zone of vegetation to Miran, or, as the natives often say, Miyan. The Miran River rises in typical fashion in the main snowy range of Kwen Lun, breaks through the front range in a deep gorge, traverses the piedmont gravels in a terraced trench, and disappears during much of the year in a broad flood-plain of gravel. Where the river enters the zone of vegetation, I discovered the ruins of a large town. Perhaps "discovered" is not the right word. The famous Russian explorer, Przhevalski, had long before recorded the fact that a ruined fort is located at this point on the map. He climbed a tamarisk mound near the cultivated fields of Miran, and with a field-glass saw the walls of a fort a mile or two away. He did not visit it, nor describe it, nor give any idea of its size. Accordingly, it was a great surprise to me on Christmas day, 1905, to find myself encamped among the ruins of a large town.

Geographically, Miran closely resembles Vash Sheri. The reasoning applied to the one applies with increased emphasis to the other. Archæologically, Miran is far more important. The ruins are not only much larger, but a new type of architecture is developed, the chief structures being elevated ten or twenty feet on solid pedestals of sun-dried brick. At present, Miran is not permanently inhabited. The fisherfolk of