

were quartered in the little wooden one-roomed houses. Both officers and men were Kalmuks. The latter were short and wore curious sugar-loaf felt caps. Their boots were somewhere between European and Chinese in fashion, but were of leather with a projecting sole. Their black or dark-brown dress, made of felt-like cloth, made them look rather shabby. They were armed with small Mauser carbines for 1 cartridge at 1,100 metres. There were supposed to be 120 of them, but just now there were not more than a dozen.

*April 5th.* Guided by Numgan, a celebrated old Kalmuk hunter, I rode up the Dundugol gorge *Shata.* this afternoon. He seemed to know the district well enough to determine exactly, at what time of day the game visited different parts of the mountain. After riding a mile or two up the steep side of the gorge I climbed after the old man, sometimes through deep snow, up a steep, breakneck slope. It was very trying for my legs, I promise you! However, our efforts were crowned with success, for from a spur of the mountain, whence the game certainly did not expect an enemy, we caught sight of a roebuck, called ilek here, with 7 branched antlers. My Mauser made short work of it and we had the pleasure of returning with the beautiful creature tied to the yigit's saddle. — This district is a veritable paradise for the sportsman and I am thinking seriously of returning from Qulja to the Tekes valley in order to start eastward across the Yulduz valley and thence to Qarashahr with the old Kalmuk as a guide. It must be lovely in the mountains later in the spring. — On my return I found that the commander of the post and his brother, a subaltern, two fine fellows of herculean physique, had returned. They seemed to think it quite natural that I had taken possession of their house in their absence. We exchanged presents. I received the traditional sheep and gave them a couple of excellent Eskilstuna knives that apparently afforded them much satisfaction. — The influence of the proximity of the Russian frontier shows itself in more and more of the Kalmuks understanding Russian. There is a Russian from Prjevalsk in the village, who trades with the Kalmuks, a couple of whom spoke Russian fluently.

*April 6th.* There is not much to be said about this day's journey, For scarcely ten minutes after *Camp at* leaving the village we had on the right the northern spur of the Marts tagh which is *Gilan.* continued northward by some slight hillocks. On the last of these there is a place of sacrifice or prayer, where the Kalmuks annually sacrifice sheep. The Marts tagh continues in a NE direction. On the opposite bank of the Shatâ Musur su the Marts tagh proceeds at a distance of  $\frac{2}{3}$  of a mile to a mile from our road and extends slightly further south than the mountains on the right. The course of the river was slightly more W than the road and we lost sight of it. Two-thirds of a mile from the village the road divides. A well trodden track leads ENE to Aghias and further east. The path we followed went NNE across the plain of the river Tekes, covered with grass and now under snow. In some places small bare patches had formed already. In these and where the snow was thin, the grass showed. The horses neighed with longing, whenever a blade of grass appeared in their path. In the summer many Kalmuks are said to live here and enliven the monotonous