

not very large here, though this does not prevent their coping with a tekä goat of the size of an average calf or a horse. Eagles and vultures are plentiful, and there are a few foxes and lynxes. Flowers are rare, at any rate at this time of year, but those I saw were beautiful. A kind of orchid-like blue flower with white stripes grows here, two bluish flowers reminiscent of violets, one of them the size of a one-copeck coin, the other paler with four double-petalled leaves and the size of a Finnish penni coin. I also noticed a white variety of our lily of the valley and a yellow flower. Wild onion grows on the mountain slopes at an altitude of 3800 metres and even higher and the natives eat it with avidity. On the heights you find large quantities of a thistle-like plant, about 70 cm in height, the thorns of which penetrate your clothing. The stalk is stiff and so strong that it often does not break when you tread on it. In general the plants here are very thorny. When you return from shooting in the mountains, you spend some time in getting rid of prickles and thorns that have got under your skin.

The roads, if you can call the paths you follow by such a name, are very stony and steep, and so difficult in places that heavy loads could not be carried. The gravest obstacle is presented by the rivers with their swift currents that swell daily in the afternoon and towards night to such an extent that it is dangerous to cross them. They cut off all communication for about a month.

At our camping place the Aghias was 80—100 feet wide at 7 p.m., the water coming up to the saddle of an average-sized horse. Current 2 m per second. At 7 a.m. the current was the same. The water seemed to be slightly lower, however.

Numgan, who had again begged for permission to go out shooting at night, advised me to be careful at this camping place. According to his statement, Russian Kirghiz make this district unsafe. They are famous for being the greatest horse-thieves of the Ili district and cause the population a great deal of trouble and frequently occasion heavy losses. The highway from Qulja to the Russian frontier is also considered so unsafe that practically all traffic ceases after dark. It is a regrettable fact that the disturbers of the peace are to a great extent Russian subjects.

In the twilight we saw a small fire glimmering on the edge of a wood on one of the mountain slopes. A yigit, whom I sent there, came back with the news that, when he hailed them, four men left the fire and ran into the wood. As I had sent the two Kalmuks home, there were four of us, all armed with guns, it is true, but only Lukanin and I could handle a gun. I divided the night into watches and each of the men in turn was to watch the horses with a loaded rifle over his shoulder. The cook, who was to take the first watch, buckled on Lukanin's sabre besides the gun and from time to time I got a glimpse of him, strutting about among the horses with drawn sword, obviously delighted with his warlike activity.

*May 28th.* The night passed quietly and we started early. During the steep ride, or rather walk, *Kirghiz* for it had to be done on foot, from the valley of the Aghias Lukanin's horse slipped and *Camp at* rolled down without either trying to or succeeding in finding a foothold before it reached *Qarasu.* the bottom. I have never seen a horse roll like that. It bent its legs under it and rolled