



*Old Kalmuk, Surgan summun.*

The road led across a firm plain covered with grass and sometimes undulating. On the left flows the Qarasu, on both banks of which there are dozens of Kirghiz yurts, either singly or in groups of 3 or 4. Most of them are decorated with a design in red at the point, where the roof and the wall join. We reached the Tekes at a spot where a fairly large marshy place had formed on its southern bank. In its small bogs with standing water many wild geese and ducks were gathered. The Tekes flows in an arm about 20—25 fathoms wide. The water is yellowish-brown and rolls with a loud roar in small, foaming waves to the NE. The right bank, which we followed, is the higher and forms a line of small eminences that run along the river at a distance of about  $\frac{1}{6}$  of a mile. In some places the bed of the river spreads out and forms small lakes with islets and capes. On the opposite bank, not far from the river, we saw Nasumbatoff's and his father's Ukhereda's, rich Kalmuk camps with enormous herds of horses. Beyond them the plain rises northward and changes into grassy slopes that extend up the mighty Khunakhei chain of mountains. Further east I recognised the mountains that divide Kura from the bed of the Tekes. The Khunakhei gorge is clearly visible, marking the position of Kura, and further off rises the beautiful triangular peak of Bugra, behind which runs the road over Tchaptchal and Sâ dawan. How different these smiling plains and grassy slopes with their many yurts and grazing herds are from the mournful, snow-covered country, enclosed in grey, wild mountain ranges, that I rode across in April.

For a time the road follows the right bank of the Tekes, but then leaves it and again takes us into rolling country. In front of us there is an appreciable, steep rise in the ground at some distance which cuts across our road. Its foot is edged with a band of leaf-trees, through which the Aghias flows towards the Tekes. Opposite its mouth, on the other bank of the Tekes, are the very appreciable mountains of Attyn tau, the most projecting spurs of which reach the river. At a good distance the roar of the river announced that the