

of slaughtering begins. The man wielding the knife murmurs prayers during the act. A Mohammedan will not eat meat that has been slaughtered by any but a Mohammedan, i.e. without certain prayers.

The hills between the two Dshirgalans present no serious obstacles. There are considerable slopes, but they are not particularly steep. The ground, however, is very stony. From the top you obtain a wonderful view of the valley of the Great Dshirgalan from far to the SE to its junction with the Tekes. There is a plain, about a mile in width, between the river and the hills, mostly level, but at times rising to a considerable height. The river has cut a deep bed in the plain, in which it winds foaming and roaring. The opposite bank is similar in character — a high plain leading up to a grassy stretch of hills with clefts here and there, through which a rapid stream or small river runs into the Dshirgalan. In its lower course the river is as much as 100 yards wide and often divides into several arms. There are many yurts at the foot of the hills and along the bed of the river. The number of yurts in the valley is about 200, forming two Zangi districts. A Sart and a Russian Tartar have built two clay houses, in which cloth, medicine, flour, rice, salt etc. are sold at high prices.

The road leads up the river over excellent grass-land. At times it descends into the bed of the river, but for the greater part it runs along the plain. The hoarse piping of pheasants and some shining yellow geese made me long for a shot. Where the river debouches from the northernmost spurs of the mountains we came down a steep road into the bed of the river which looked like a charming park here, fruit-trees growing between the foaming river, the steep bank and the wild spurs of rock in the S. Not far off there was a poor bridge, 14 feet long, or rather a few planks thrown across the river that is confined between the rocks. The road on both sides of the bridge is over bare rock for several yards. Gunpowder would be needed here to make it fit for wheeled traffic.

On the other side of the river the road goes NW down the river. Excellent ground led us to the hills and about 2 miles further on we reached the Aq Bulaq, a tributary of the Great Dshirgalan, densely populated by Kirghiz (about 200 yurts). We encamped on the spot where the road is intersected by the Aq Bulaq.

*June 11th.* The Tekes, which we had now definitely left, is a mighty river at this time of year and cannot be crossed except by a ferry or by a bridge. There is a ferry at Gilan and bridges at *Camp at Talde Bulaq.* Qizil Moinak at the mouth of the Aghias and near the mouths of the Kok-su and the Dshirgalan. Except at high water it can probably be forded at almost any place and the water does not reach higher than the belly of an average-sized horse. The fords mostly used are Gilan, Tokhtuntukha, Maatie, Tchulutu (Tasetköl in Kirghiz), Sakhantua (Agdalai in Kirghiz) above Aghias, Ambinetukha (Antaral) and Atambeltchir (Atyng tau) above Tchulaq Terek and Tavunsala (Beshötköl) a little above the Kok-su. There are a couple of other fords below the latter river.

During our ride to-day we followed at first a narrow hollow between the grassy hills that divide the valley of the Great Dshirgalan from the Kunges. The slopes are so steep and the hollow so narrow that some digging would, perhaps, be necessary for wheeled