

some distance from the Baga Yulduz, though the river is often seen in the marshy ground winding in innumerable curves. We crossed a river bed, Ulasta usun, coming from a gorge in the N. The ground now changed to pure sand. When we rejoined the Baga Yulduz after passing a boggy stretch on the right, it flowed NW, pressing against a high sandbank, along the slope of which we rode. Considerable mountains projected from the NNW, coming right up to the sandhill, round the slope of which the road curved and then continued eastward at the foot of the mountains that had now come up to it. About 2 1/2 miles E of the place at which we left the Baga Yulduz, we saw, downwards from the plain, two Tibetan prayers picked out in stones in gigantic letters on the green slope. It seemed to be the same inscription that I had copied from the wall of rock at Kok-su, where it had probably been carved by some bigoted lama. Steady rain prevented my photographing the inscription either that day or on the following morning. In any case it would not have been easy on account of its size. Prayers are offered here annually in the presence of the Khan himself. A mile or two further on, at the mouth of the river Borgustai (or Burusta in the Kalmuk language), we came across three Kalmuk families that had just come from the mountains for the summer. They had not yet put up their yurts, having only raised the roofs to protect themselves from the rain and wind. They lent us one of the roofs, which we accepted gratefully. Over 11 hours' riding in the wind and rain had exhausted us, so that we went to bed after getting some tea and milk from the Kalmuks, and Izmail Ahun was spared the necessity of making soup. — At the outlet of the river from the mountains there are remains of the small stone cairns that I have described, on the right bank.

During the night one of the camels had gone astray and the Kalmuks did not find the deserter before midday. We had plenty of time to boil our soup and make up for yesterday's fast. The weather had not improved and we started from the gorge of the Borgustai usun, in pouring rain and a bitterly cold wind. We crossed the river at a place where it is 35 feet wide and 0.5 m deep with a stony bottom. For a mile or two the road goes ESE and then again takes an E direction. In the S, about opposite the Borgustai gorge, we saw a broad, fan-shaped watercourse flowing from a gap in the mountains on the other side of the Baga Yulduz. It is called Itelikte usun. Where the road turns from ESE to E, it runs for about 2/3 of a mile quite close to the Baga Yulduz which comes from the other side of the valley, forms a curve and touches the foot of the mountains, only to recede again slightly. Here we saw a couple of groups of yurts. The valley grows perceptibly narrower and the grass improves. After three miles we reached the slope of the hills that had been running parallel to the road for some time at a distance of about 1/3 of a mile. We continued in the same direction, ascending constantly. Hills arose on the right in an ENE-WSW direction between the road and the Baga Yulduz, at first only slight, but gradually growing higher and soon hiding the river and its valley that was now comparatively narrow. During our gradual and by no means steep ascent we crossed four narrow watercourses running at a distance of a mile or two from each other. On the fourth, Sharga Myrni usun, we encamped. It was hard to believe that after such an easy ascent we had already reached Körl dawan. Water boiled at + 89.86° and the aneroid indicated 524.50. The mountain rises to the N of us,

July 3rd.
Camp at
Auragan
usun.

July 4th
Camp at
Körl dawan.

July 1st.
Camp on
Körl (Kom-
blus) dawan.

July 4th
Camp at
Shagan
Tungan.