

later, after the ground had been rising constantly, it began to drop slightly, almost imperceptibly and formed a slight hollow N of the N spur of the mountains. 10 minutes later another solitary house and 30 minutes further on the ruins of a number of deserted buildings.

The road now took a slightly more southern direction and we crossed the river Tjutienti Kusa, the bed of which lies some 12 ft. below the rest of the ground in a S—N direction. The slopes of its banks become hills about $\frac{2}{3}$ of a mile further on, those to the E of the river being appreciable and forming the northernmost spur of the mountain chain, covered here with a layer of earth or sand, from which the denuded granite protrudes here and there. We proceeded on the other side of the river, drawing ever closer to the hills in the W. These became lower and lower. Those on the E bank of the river had become quite insignificant after a steep and fairly high rise. The ground along the W bank, over which the road runs, is uneven and forms slight mounds and hollows.

After a total ride of just over 7 hours from the village of Hsiao-tung we reached Tyenza kai, a lively little bazaar with a couple of graceful temples embedded in greenery. There was a good deal of life in the street and plenty of people who collected in groups and jostled each other in front of the booths and shops. The Dungans with their white cotton caps and often with enormous moustaches and the Sarts from Turfan were represented in great numbers besides the Chinese, of whom there seemed to be almost as many. The sarais were full. After a great deal of discussion, however, I succeeded with the help of the authorities in obtaining a stinking cabin which 5 individuals surrendered. Fruit baskets, donkeys, horses and sleeping people, wherever you looked in the dirty yard. Over there, two companions in vice — opium smokers devoting themselves to smoking, which has become a necessity for them, stretched out on a blanket by the side of their small lamps and in danger of being trampled upon by some beast of burden. Yells, shouts, the barking of dogs, the hee-hawing of donkeys almost unceasingly throughout the night.

Near the foot of this magnificent, snow-covered mountain range the little bazaar looks fairylike in the moonlight. It takes my thoughts back to Khan Jailik, the smoky, filthy sarai that made an indelible impression on me in its majestic surroundings. The village has 20—30 houses and 15—20 shops, mostly Chinese. Fodder, meat and bread can be bought at about the same price as at Kucheng. Miza, millet, wheat, peas and some opium are grown and yield up to 10 fold, though entirely dependent on the snow that melts in the mountains. This year, for instance, the crop was no more than 2 fold. There is snow from November to March and it reaches a depth of $1\frac{1}{2}$ metres. In the spring westerly burans occur almost daily and in the winter now and then. In the autumn and summer they are rare.

September 19th. The day's march was to be a short one. It was important that I should cover the distance in sufficiently good condition to negotiate the pass on the following day.

Sung shu go station.

A glorious view was unfolded as we started early this morning from the filthy and overcrowded sarai. The weather was clear and the air cool owing to the proximity of the mountains, the snowy summits and green wooded slopes of which would have charmed anyone. You approach one of these imposing ranges with eagerness and impatience and try