

for large caravans. The sarai is very bad. I was housed with my men in a smoky and sooty kitchen the sole merit of which was that it was built of logs so badly fitting that they allowed the smoke to escape, though they let in the wind.

September 20th. The sky became overcast towards evening yesterday and it began to rain, which is equivalent to a fall of snow and usually a buran in the mountains. The rain continued almost until morning. At 4 a.m., when I performed my duties of waking the men, the sky was still completely overcast and I was hesitating about starting, when I caught sight of a blue patch which revived my hopes. The horses were saddled, the donkeys loaded up and about an hour later we started.

At first the character of the gorge was the same as yesterday. On the left high and fairly steep granite rocks with a thick growth of the firs here and there interspersed with deciduous trees that creep up the most inaccessible walls of rock. On the right, rather less steep mountains, the surface of which is covered for the greater part by earth overgrown with short grass. The road, however, is from the very start rougher and considerably narrower than yesterday. The same rapid little river went on roaring at the bottom of the gorge, its seething surface and noisy current being very picturesque in the wild surroundings. On the right at an angle of 120° a gorge opens immediately behind the sarai. At the place where its walls meet, mighty snow-covered mountains are visible. In about half a mile we crossed the gorge by a narrow, but strong and new bridge of logs. Immediately beyond it the river again receives water from the right at 80° from a gorge «Nienza gu» and $1/3$ of a mile from it we crossed a similar bridge. The road, now leading part of the way up the slope, then down again into the bed of the river, was rough and stony. At times it was fairly steep or crossed slippery shoulders of rock. $1/3$ of a mile from the bridge we passed the ruins of a sarai, built of stone and destroyed during the Dungan rising according to the statements of the local people. The ruins looked rather older, however. The place is called Shang bäng vo. On the left we now had snow-covered mountains and the wooded belt scarcely extended halfway up their slopes. $2/3$ of a mile beyond the ruins of the sarai, after a stiff ascent, we came to a narrow gateway, $1\ 1/2$ metres wide, in a spur of rock in the mountain on the right called Shi-myngza (mountain gateway). The ascent that had been steep from the first bridge to-day and at times simply fierce, was now almost imperceptible for $1/3$ of a mile, after which it began again, if possible even steeper than before. The wood on the left ceased altogether, only mountains enveloped in snow being visible on either side of the road. The road now ran, with slight deviations, in a SW direction, ascending steadily, until 2 miles further on we crossed a last bridge, weak and unsatisfactory. The banks of the river were steep and we had to make some short climbs up and down slippery walls of rock. Otherwise the ground consisted of sandy clay, now comparatively firm, but deep and slippery in places after heavy rain. The greater part was heavily strewn with stones of different sizes, washed down by rain or wrenched out by the wind at some time from the crumbling sides of the mountains. From the last bridge the road takes a more southerly direction and finally leaves the river which is now called Tchän tsho gu. The gorge out of which it appears to come is called Ho-to-pu-tzu (the camel's neck). Crossing a steep,