



Ma Titai at Kanchow.

I spent four days in Kanchow, studying local conditions, but I was not able to complete this and must leave the description of the place until I return from Yanga. On the morning of the 24th I started with the intention of making an excursion to a Tangut monastery not far off in the mountains. The lamas and the local population are said to be «Huang Tan zy» and to speak a language similar to that of the Kalmuks. Thanks to the Shenguan I was able to hire 4 pack-horses from Dungans who had arrived from Khodjo with a consignment of rice. Each horse has a man in charge of it, a luxury I had never yet allowed myself, but which leaves me indifferent, as I pay them 2 lan per day. *December 25th.*
Kan-chun-pao
village.

I was not able to see much of Kanchow. I called on the three highest mandarins of the place and on the Roman Catholic missionaries.

The Djifu is an old mandarin, born in Peiping, where he had done all his previous service. He is of the commonest type of mandarin and makes no impression on a stranger. The local Shen is said to come from Tchili; he is young and energetic. Unfortunately he was prevented from seeing me and I considered it awkward to receive callers in my little cabin. He is said to be strict and is feared by the inhabitants. The highest local military commander is also the first military mandarin of Northern Kan Su. He lives in a very spacious and imposing yamen. This huge, stout general of 67 with his moustaches and jovial appearance looked martial and imposing. He was more like a Turkish pasha than the Chinese officers I had seen hitherto, which is not surprising, for the old fellow is a Dungan and, as a renegade, played a distinguished part in suppressing his kinsfolk after their