

A Shera Yögur woman weaving.

and glittering plaits, spinning thread, the men in leather caps and huge fur coats, lamas with cropped heads and clean-shaven faces, all muttering the same words over and over again, so it seemed, with the greatest solemnity.

To-day the Thumu had a sheep slaughtered in my honour and arranged a feast with dziun and singing. The songs were sung alternately by two women and two young men in a low voice. The women sang much better than the men. While they sang, they clung close to each other, gazing into each other's eyes as though trying to guess what the next note would be. The tunes were beautiful and usually ended on a sad, long drawn-out note. From time to time one of the singers would hand a small cup of hot brandy to some member of the company with a polite and pretty bow and a movement of both hands. There seem to be no Yögur songs, but Mongolian songs are learnt in childhood and sung. On the whole I was surprised to see how gracefully they moved about in their awkward furs and boots. The meat and soup were served by three of the Thumu's servants, three young men, two Tanguts and a Yögur, and it was a pleasure to watch the polite and graceful manner in which they offered the cups and dishes and took them from the assembled guests.

The sun rises late in winter and so do the Yögurs. As soon as they are up, they make December 31st. tea in a big kettle and take it with roasted flour. Then the day's work begins. The cows are Camp at milked, snow is melted in a big kettle, cups and kettles are scoured with ashes, flour is Kluadjek gol. ground, wood is chopped, the women busy themselves with the sheep. They walk carefully through the tightly packed flock, humming a snatch of song, with one or two lambs tucked under their arms, kissing and caressing them. The cattle are driven up the mountain slopes, but all household duties go on unceasingly until the evening, when the sheep come home again and have to be attended to. It is only when this is done that they think