

Temples in Lanchow:

In the W of the town *Chuang yen sy miao* in honour of San ta shy, built during the time of the Emperor Yän tchau and rebuilt under Ta Ming.

N of the kulo tower *Cheng huang miao*, built under Yuan tchau Ming chang (people who die fall into the power of Cheng huang).

Outside the fortress on the bank of the river *Yen kung sy*, an old temple, rebuilt under Toguang.

In the E part of the fortress *Le tsu miao* to the god of thunder, built under the Emperor Kangsi.

In the E part of the fortress *Tung yeh miao* during the time of Ta ming Tja kin.

In the E part of the fortress *Huo shen miao*, the god of fire, Built? Rebuilt under the same Tja kin.

In the SE part of the fortress *Pu tchao sy* to the honour of San ta shy, built under Yän tchau; rebuilt in the third year of Mingtcha Tjenshun.

In the N part of Tung Kuan *Sjung jyn sy*, built under Toguang

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Near the bridge over the Hwang ho *Lao je miao*, built?, rebuilt under Tja Kin.

In the S part of the outer town *Kuang fu sy* to the honour of Kuang Lao yeh and others, built? rebuilt under Toguang.

In the fortress near the E gate *Thai pei tung*, built?, rebuilt under Cheng lung.

March 17th.
Kut'an village.

I had sent my luggage by the main road to Si-an-fu and decided to travel by Hochow and the Tibetan monastery Labrang. I should have left yesterday, but had to wait another day as the horses that had been promised for my luggage did not turn up until 2 p.m. It is gradually becoming a habit of mine to leave, after a stay of some considerable time, a day later than was fixed for departure. At any rate the men were actually ready by the time finally decided on and the last arrangements could be made without hurrying.

I employed the day in checking various information collected at Lanchow and re-arranging some material I had got together. As I was taking a last walk through the town and was once more annoyed by the horrible paving, a stranger begged me to come and look at some old bronzes. My luggage was already packed, but I followed him out of curiosity, inwardly resolved not to buy anything. Some of the objects were old friends, bronzes that I had seen at van Dijk's, who had allowed quite an exhibition to be collected at his house in order to help me. One of the things I saw again was a large dish with a bas relief running round it, for which I had in vain offered 50 taels through van Dijk's servant. Now, however, the price had been screwed up from 130 to 160 taels. Apparently keen to sell, the wily merchant began to bargain, to my great surprise, in spite of my only offering him 30 taels on the pretext of my cases being packed already. It ended in his accepting my offer with a disappointed air — an excellent illustration of Chinese trading, in which prices rise and fall as on the stock exchange according to the demand and the prospects of being able to sell. He grew quite desperate when I made him come with me to van Dijk's to weigh my silver. He made me promise to say that the price was 80 taels to save his