



*Brass case containing paintings of Buddha etc., worn round the neck. From the Hochow-Labrang section.*

we went until it finally became a chain of mountains of soft outline. In the far distance in front of us the valley was shut in by hills, beyond which we could see the white-clad range that we had seen far off from Tang wang chuen shining in the dazzling sun. The local people call its left part Teidzeshan and the part further on the right Tardia shan.

The district was well cultivated in all directions. Ploughing and sowing were in full swing. Busy yokels could be seen working with a will everywhere. A blue-clad Chinese or Dungan, often naked to the waist and wearing an enormous straw hat without a crown and with a slightly sloping brim, followed the plough. His better half followed him on her tiny feet, scattering seed in the furrows. Most of these women wore gaudy colours and their short dresses were decorated with bright ribbons. Others were harrowing with harrows made of woven twigs, while others again simply stood and pounded the earth with narrow wooden clubs. The ploughs have two small blades placed at a short distance from each other in the opposite direction to the one taken by the plough. Up in the hills and in the neighbourhood of Lanchow I saw a similar plough being used in combination with a sowing machine. A divided wooden funnel was placed above the plough. There was a slit in its lower edge at the back and a peg in it, fastened to the bottom of the funnel. A stone was