



*Impromptu sketch by a Tibetan encountered on the road, who had never seen European paper nor had a pencil in his hand.*

marshy ground, soaked by the rain, while caravans of mules passed each other at a rather better pace. A little further on the sound of the mules' bells reached us, accompanied by the soft tolling of those on the arbahs, sounding wonderfully melodious among the hills.

We were once more on a main route with deep wheel-tracks cut into the soaking soft earth. A train of heavily laden arbahs had been stopped by one that had sunk in too deep. With wild cries the beasts were being driven to do their utmost with the help of 3 mules taken from the shafts of the next arbah. We met and overtook small caravans. The elegant, plump mules, turned out as though for a prize show, were allowed to move freely and pick their own way. The packs were arranged and tied with true Chinese precision, delightful to see. A village lay on the other side of the river at the foot of the mountain. Small trays or tables were placed outside the houses with various supplies, bread, lapsha, nuts, pears, sandals of string etc.

A road led us in sharp curves to the top of the mountain. Barometer No. 1 610.8. Ascending and descending is convenient for horsemen, but very trying for arbahs, but we were not spoilt and managed. From the top there is a lovely view, or rather, two: northward over the valley we had left and over the valley of the Wei ho. Having joined forces,