

blankets or clothing of any description, and stand out quite bare all night in a cold so great that I have even seen the hoar frost lying thick on an animal's back in the morning. But they are fed enormously while they are in work. They are given in the day as much as sixteen pounds of grain, besides bran and chopped millet-stalks. When they are not at work they are eating, and the eating and the work together occupy so much time that I could never discover when they slept. The programme for these animals was to start an hour or two before daybreak in the morning. At midday, or somewhat before, they would halt, and the instant they had stopped they would be put to a trough, which would then be piled up with a feed of barley or millet mixed up with bran and chopped millet-stalks or straw. This and watering would occupy them the greater part of the two hours' halt. They would then start off again for the rest of the day's journey, and halt for the night at dusk. Immediately on arrival they would be given another of these enormous feeds, and in the middle of the night a third. Then the next morning they would be off again before daylight. Grain, of course, was very cheap and plentiful, but in no other part of Asia have I seen animals so well fed as in Manchuria, and the result was that their owners could get the fullest amount of work out of them, so that two animals would draw their twelve hundred pounds of goods for thirty miles a day without any difficulty.

The country we passed through was very pretty even in winter, and must have been really beautiful in summer. It was undulating, well covered with trees, and intersected with many little streams and rivers. At this season it was all under snow, but we saw one morning one of the most perfectly lovely sights I have ever seen. I have never seen a similar sight, either before or since. It was a *frozen* mist. As the sun rose we found the whole air glittering with brilliant particles