

the rain which was pattering down on the top of me. What I felt particularly, too, at this period was the want of milk and butter, for the Chinese and Manchus never milk their cows, and none was therefore procurable. They seem to think it disgusting to drink milk. They will eat rats and dogs and bird's-nest soup, but they will not drink milk. And we greatly missed this simple necessary, and eventually had to take large quantities of oil with our food in its place.

The heavy rain we were now experiencing naturally swelled the rivers, and a dozen miles from its source a stream would be unfordable. When that is the case, the traveller has either to cross in one of the native "dug-outs"—mere logs of wood with a hollow scooped out down the centre—or wait several days till there is a lull in the flood. This last is what we had to do on more than one occasion, and in some ways I was glad; for it gave us a little rest and time to overhaul and repair our kit. On such occasions we put up in some farmhouse near the river, and here out in the country, away from the crowds of the towns, we could examine John Chinaman at leisure. All the