

quietly down the river, and sadly tempting us to do the same, instead of laboriously plodding our way through the forest up the stream.

But we were now approaching the Ever-White Mountain, and the interest of attaining our goal would, we felt, repay all our exertions. As we neared it, however, our difficulties gradually increased. At Mao-erh-shan, on the Yalu, two hundred and eighty miles from Mukden, where we had expected to get all ordinary supplies, we found practically nothing. For a day or two before reaching this place, we had been living upon very short rations, and had been looking forward to eating a good square meal of meat on our arrival. But only some uneatable pork was to be had, and we were obliged to content ourselves, in the way of meat, with an egg curry, made of salted eggs six months old, and only eatable at all with the aid of a very strong flavouring by way of disguise.

We here had to leave the valley of the Yalu and plunge into the heart of the forest. Day after day we ascended the ridges which run down from the great mountain—up one side