

CHAPTER II.

NORTHERN MANCHURIA.

ON September 3, after a three weeks' rest, we set out once more on our travels, heading this time towards Tsi-tsi-har. The roads were to be comparatively level and good, so we were able to return to the use of carts, and travel over twenty-five miles or more daily. But the season was bad, rain had been falling constantly, and in consequence the roads—of course none of them metalled—were simply quagmires. Even just outside Kirin we stuck hopelessly for a couple of hours in a mass of mud, and delays more or less lengthy were constant. But we had three mules to each cart, and when one cart was badly stuck we harnessed on a team from another to help, and in this way managed to get over more ground each day than the state of the roads would have led one to believe possible. The hills became