

retaining at one end the string of twisted hair which had evidently been used to attach it to some object. M. Chavannes' interpretation three years later showed that it had once marked the bag containing a certain quantity of grain issued to worthy Kuan, a soldier of the detachment in garrison.

With the stimulating finds of this first day I spent a happy evening when at last darkness drove me to the shelter of my little tent. The icy north-east wind always grew sharper in the evening, and it was pleasant to think that the men, by the side of their roaring camp fires lit within the brick-built ruins, were really warmer than I in my snug tent. For heating it depended upon the two candles I kept burning and upon the embers which I allowed to be placed in my small Arctic cooking-stove until the need of fresh air forced me to turn this contrivance outside. No one was so comfortable as 'Dash,' my little terrier, when, clad in his own fur coat, he could seek warmth and oblivion of all privations amidst the rugs of my bed. The Jaeger blanket which lay lowest, he claimed as his favourite bedding, and invariably would dig down to it whenever I was not at hand to tuck him up myself. With night temperatures now rapidly sinking to 13 degrees below zero Fahrenheit, I could scarcely have kept myself out of bed as long as I did in the evenings, had I not been able to ensconce myself, big boots and all, in the fur-lined sitting-bag which I had brought from Kashmir.