

Modest specimens they seemed and of no great age, standing in a row some 150 yards from the foot of the cliffs and all bent westward by the prevailing wind. Yet I could not help approaching them with respect. For were they not the hardy advance guard thrown out into a forbidding desert from the jungle of a river system which failed to struggle through to Lop-nor? Near them we found two wells about five feet deep, which, after being cleared, yielded water less brackish than any we had tasted since Panja.