

river of Tun-huang, we reached in the dark a spring-fed pool known to the Lopliks as Yantak-kuduk.

After leaving, on March 11, this convenient halting-place, we moved over an absolutely bare gravel 'Sai', unbroken in its sterile uniformity except by two dry flood-beds, until after about seventeen miles we almost suddenly stepped across the edge of Tun-huang cultivation. Close to it I halted for the night near a small Chinese hamlet, and next morning my camp was moved to outside the walled town of Tun-huang Hsien, which was destined to become the base for my antiquarian operations of the next three months.

Final march
to Tun-
huang.