

can Hills, grim and bluff looking. Still ascending, the air becomes chilly, until at a height of 3,800 feet, coats are a necessity. Over plateaux, down steep inclines and up again till the hill station of Maymyo is reached. Here are the headquarters of the Government and military people in Upper Burmah, and certainly no healthier location could be found. The troops are some regiment of Ghurkas, great friends of the Highland Regiments. It was a surprise to hear the skirl of the pipes, clear and shrill, in this place, so far from home. But sheer amazement is the most appropriate term that can be applied, when first one, then another started playing, until eight sets of pipes, all on different tunes, were under manipulation. But the Ghurkas, too, are great fighters, so we must be lenient.

Near Maymyo is a gorge well worth a visit to see the huge trestle bridge, built over the chasm. After a climb down of eight hundred and fifty feet one can realize to the fullest extent the grandeur of the scene. Towering up on both sides are the jungle-covered mountains, showing cliffs in places hundreds of feet in height. At the bottom is a rushing stream hurrying over a rocky bottom

into a cave, where bats and snakes abound. Over rustic bridges one can follow the course of the rivulet almost to its exit from the cave. Huge stalactites and stalagmites have been formed by the constant dripping of water, some hanging eighty feet down from the roof, and many of the latter being twenty feet in diameter and a hundred feet high. The cave is formed by a natural arch of limestone five hundred feet in height, one hundred and fifty of which forms the entrance to the cavern. On top of this archway is built the bridge, which, from foundation columns to rails is three hundred and twenty feet, an excellent monument to the skill of modern engineers.

But at such altitudes and with no companions one wearies, despite the invigorating effects of the climate. The mornings are misty and the evenings chilly, and though fires are requisitioned, they make a poor substitute for the warmth of the tropics. A quick journey down by train to Rangoon, a hurried departure, and we are once again on a voyage, richer in experience and more enlightened as to how still another section of the peoples of the earth live from day to day.

