

is a small lake, which, they say, has no bottom. Two horses are supposed to live in its depths. The descent on the Chinese side was much steeper and longer than the climb up. Camped again in the open, making the twentieth time on the way from Kegu.

*April 12.*—It snowed last night. The ground here is very swampy; two of the horses fell in. The way led down a valley between high mountains. The houses of the people are built of stone, and have small windows, which make them look like prisons. Stayed in a Chinese rest-house. Saw bamboos and some sweet singing birds. We are now only ninety *li* from Ta-chien-lu. The others will not get there to-morrow, but we hope to by taking horses from here. The Chinamen and Pontso have been and had a wash!

*April 13.*—Arrived at Ta-chien-lu. Found some French missionaries who were very kind. They took me to a good inn kept by a Tibetan woman whose husband is a merchant.

*April 15.*—Left for Kiating and the coast.