

that it was the exception. Behind is a projection upon which your boxes may be lashed. The body is covered gypsy fashion on three sides, with a flap in front to let down when the wind blows. Your boy carries the bag—the cash-bag which is the size and shape of a pillow-case. In this, one string of a thousand cash makes a dollar. The clothes on your back are worth more than the biggest load of cash your boy can stagger under. The two mules agreeably to the necessities of the road, go tandem. The driver in blue smock and trousers, with belt, walks alongside or rides on the thills before you. Where we come to a difficult pull he says “th-r-r-r” *ad libitum*. It must be admitted that the cart, the mules and the driver are well built for the roads.

It has been often said that China has no roads. When one sees the macadamized streets of the smart foreign settlements at the ports, he is apt to think the charge an exaggeration. But once leave the bounds of the foreign quarters and what do you find? In the towns, in parts, large, most irregular blocks of paving stone constitute the streets over which you receive your first jolting ere you leave the city, and then you come to where there are no roads but in a limited sense. No care is ever bestowed on them, nor was any human hand ever concerned in their building, for they run over virgin soil. On some hills, especially bad bits of sand had irregular *stairways* of stone. When the road gets really too bad even for a Chinaman, he makes another by running his cart on a new track alongside the old one. Very few bridges except foot bridges are necessary. We forded many streams which were shallow and narrow at this season. In fact the road very often lay along in the beds of rivers, which, at full flood would be hundreds of yards wide, though still very shallow. Wherever bridges could not be dispensed with they were built of substantial stone. We crossed one bridge of boats, our mules being unhitched, and the men pulling cart and all across. One fine stone bridge with solid stone guards was being repaired. We were presented with a subscription book and politely invited to put down our names. After a moment's deliberation we put down 250 cash (25 cents) as our joint contribution. One is irresistibly reminded of the same figures so frequently adorning missionary collectors' books in Canada.

“From ancient times,” this has been the great highway across