

size of a small cherry, which you can see by the specimens I am sending. I am forwarding to you these little pears, packed in charcoal, by registered first class mail. The distance is enormous. All mail is carried overland on pack mules for 25 days, to a railway station at Taunggyi in Burma.

"The mountains have been glorious, the nights very cold but no frost. There is a drop in temperature every day of 50° F., so one feels it. At noon it is about 88° or 90° and in the early morning about 36° or 38°. I have inquired about *Taraktogenos kurzii* on the way and looked out for it but no sign of it anywhere. At Muang Lin I saw a native drug vender who had Kalow seeds, selling five of them for 2 pecks, about one cent; he said they came from Kengtung. I found out that they grow three days' journey from here, and as that is not far, considering the distance I have traveled and will yet have to travel, I shall go there. It is at Man Pangpeng in the hills. I am going from there to Kengtung in Yunnan.

"This is the best way to enter Yunnan, as there is nobody to hinder one. The boundary is a great mountain range, that is all. At Menglen in Chinese territory there is a band of several thousand bandits working but, thank goodness, they are west of where I shall go. Under the present conditions I think it best to spend the coming year in Yunnan to make a reconnoitering trip and go into the chestnut region, for then it will not be a blind chase. I will then know where to go to get them. It is difficult to get carriers from October to the end of December, as that is the rice-harvesting season and all the men are busy in their fields. Once the rice is harvested carriers can be obtained, although many have refused and I was told the reason was that they were not hungry. Before the harvesting season traveling is very difficult, as rice is scarce and people will not sell until the new rice comes in. It is impossible to get paddy for the ponies. So you see there is much that interferes with one's plans.

"As I write now, the sun is about to set, the hills are purple, and the cupolas of the Sawbwas palace, - an imitation of the Taj Mahal but with a board wall in the back, - are still glistening in the sunlight. To my left are the hills (6,000 feet). I shall soon cross into mysterious China."