

of the Mekong prison range, its sides extending in precipitous buttresses to the depths below, tree on tree, like the masts of ships in a crowded harbor, - the mighty snow-capped peaks in the distant north glittering in the sunlight, and there I thanked the gods for being alive, well, and able to enjoy the glories of nature.

"Tomorrow we are off for Chienchuan, a six days' journey, and thence it will only take two days to Likiang to my base camp. From here on it is unsurveyed territory, and the map is a big blank. More revelations to come. Now I will close with the hope of being able to write to you soon from Likiang, telling you of our safe arrival."