ception was held. They left at 6:50 P.M. We followed at 11:00 P.M. A fairly important event (to me) happened; my bag was stolen from our train while we were at General Horvath's and I shall be short of many essentials which cannot be replaced, including cigars and an expensive photographic camera.

June 5th. En route; a clear, hot day. We are still this morning in the great level plain and a fine farming country, which extends westward to Tsitsikar..

We soon crossed the Khingan Mountains, a range, of no great elevation at this point. Eastern slope of the mountains is covered with a sparse growth of hardwood trees. Some interesting railway construction is seen. The crossing is made by a 1.5 per cent. grade and on the east side there is a five-mile loop, or spiral, and at the summit a two-mile tunnel (built for a single narrow track). The under-running loop crossing is guarded by elaborate stone forts at either side, said to be for protection against bandits. On the west side of the summit we descend into a valley and a grassy plain dotted with alkali patches-- very much like our own far West; from the rear of the train beautiful views are had of the blue distant mountains; the atmosphere is hot, dry and clear. On this vast plain are countless herds of cattle, horses and sheep, and the caravans and conical tents of the Nomads are frequently seen. Grazing camels also add interest to the scene. The town of Hailar is a headquarters for these Southern Chinese tribes and the country around is said to be infested with bandits. The town is merely a collection of mud shanties, with the conspicuous exception of the neat brick buildings of the railway terminal. The motley