

Glancing at the map of North-Eastern China the reader will observe that the Shan Mountains run in a north-easterly direction through Manchuria. It was my intention to follow the foot of this range as closely as possible, travelling slowly, and thoroughly searching the surrounding country for specimens, to a village called Ninguta.

Saunders and I were attired in canvas "ducks" and large sun helmets. We had game rifles slung over our shoulders, revolvers in our belts, and leather specimen boxes strapped like knapsacks on our backs. The bearers were dressed in dirty canvas, drawn in at the waist by a girdle, in which a long curved knife, like a scimitar, was stuck. They carried the cases destined to hold our prizes, and the ammunition boxes slung over their shoulders on long bamboo poles.

As night came on, we ascended the slopes of the mountains, to find a suitable camping place, and while the coolies prepared food and pitched their tents, Saunders and I packed away the trophies we had secured during the day.

After supper I noticed the bearers talking very earnestly together, and, considering the unsettled state of the country, this fact gave me some uneasiness, the more so as I had conceived a great distrust of their leader, a large muscular individual, rejoicing in the name of Tom Sing. I called Saunders, and found that he shared my misgivings.

"This evenin', sir," he said, "I saw that pig-tailed rascal, Tom Sing, meet another of his kidney at the corner of the road yonder, and it's my humble opinion that they're

going to spring some devilment on us!"

"Well, Saunders, we must keep a sharp eye on them; is your revolver loaded?"

"Yes, sir, and so's my rifle," he answered.

That night we determined to keep watch alternately; there was, however, no alarm.

We were astir early the next morning, and during the day the bearers did their



FULLY EQUIPPED FOR THE TRIP.

work in a sullen, almost defiant manner, which in a Celestial must be regarded as a very bad sign.

Progress was very slow along the rude mountain track, intersected here and there by creeks and rivulets, bridged by a number of bamboo rods laid parrallel with each other, about twelve inches apart. Over these primitive bridges the coolies skipped