

long travel, radiant with success, happy because they had saved their friends.

Achbar's halting words were spurred to tell the story. Four and a half days down the valley, their ponies pushed to the limit of endurance, they had at last found *man*. The thirty-day refrain of "Adam Yok" was ended. Three Kirghiz tents, set where the valley widened and bore abundant grass, sheltered a kindly people. The exhausted ponies, the way-worn men, were fed. But the paterfamilias being absent, nothing there could be done for our relief. Nearly two days' away were two other tents. There the elders had gone, there our messengers must hasten, on fresh ponies now. The good Kirghiz were quick to act. Three men, four camels, and two extra ponies were at once set in motion. Grain for the going and for the return, and food for all, were promptly gathered. The Kirghiz knew the valley well, though none had gone as far up as was our camp. Travelling fast, under the friendly constraint of our servants, they covered in four days what we afterwards covered, with fair marches, in seven. They were now only an hour behind our Achilles and Ulysses. Soon we saw the familiar swing of the camels rounding the black rocks, and ere the sun set, we were a happy camp of friends. So material a thing is life that we must mark the reassurance of it by eating away all hunger and all appetite; the fresh mutton was good, the yak's butter was good, and the yak's clotted cream was good.

Good and surprising it was also to learn where we were. The great valley was that of the Karakash,