

one of the principal rivers that digs a torrential course down the Kuen Lun Mountains, to fret its way through the slow sands of the Taklamakan, and to die of inanition as part of the great Tarim stream. The waters which appeared between Camp Abandon and Camp Purgatory were evidently its permanent sources, instead of the much more distant points which the maps had heretofore assigned to that character. Thus our stumbling among the mountains turned to some good account in the laborious effort which man has made to know the globe he inhabits.

Then came the blow to my hopes. The Kirghiz would not go farther from their tents; they could not help me to get back to Rudok. We must go out, if we wanted to be saved, by going northward, back to their grazing ground, thence westward until we should reach the Karakoram caravan route between Yarkand and Ladak Leh. They had not grain enough to furnish me forth for another journey, even if I had the horses, and they could not afford to part with such animals as I should need for such an attempt. Man is an essentially Unsatisfied Desire and an Irritated Sensibility. These people had come in the nick of time to save my life; their refusal to help me Rudokward was in every way reasonable, yet there was a moment of rebellious indignation. Soon, however, It-might-have-been was buried deep in It-is, and we turned towards thoughts of departure. Something like thirty days must pass ere we could reach the railway on the far north of India, but the route was known to our Kirghiz as far as the link that should bind Camp Purgatory to