

Yaks, camels, horses, sheep, these are their wealth. Tradition seems to give the right of grazing in certain valleys to certain families, who must have several places of accustomed resort in order to keep their animals in condition. Few, I believe, have been found living at higher elevations than our friends, who spent regularly a part of each year in the spot which received us, at an elevation of fourteen thousand feet above sea. If their pasturage is good they may eat meat not infrequently; if scant, they must not vary from milk, in many forms, and bread. This they obtain, by exchange of skins or condensed milk, from the caravans that may pass nearest their camps. So also they obtain their clothing, which is generally heavy and well made. Their rugs are home-made and excellent. The women are modest, though not veiled. The high, white turban of myriad folds seems never to be laid aside, though the whole day is filled with a leisurely industry, milking, cooking, weaving, nursing babies. They work quietly; one never hears the scolding and quarrelling which so frequently advertise the concourse of working women in civilised lands. Their faces are strong and comely, but not vivacious. Both men and women seem gentle with children, who, like their parents, are not noisy. The babies cry but little, unless ill. They all seem to suffer from colds, nasal catarrh being not uncommon.

While our new caravan was being organised, clothes patched, and bread cooked, we passed two days in Capuan ease at Camp Kirghiz. The tent was warm, and one's eyes harden to the smoke.