

splendid as to us they seemed, coming out from months of travel in naked lands.

One starry night we spent in this enchanting spot. Near by, the Sind curbs his impetuous speed and purls a gentle way, while his valley opens a gracious door to those who come up from the flat, teeming field below. The morning gave us sunshine, fresh eggs, good ponies, and light hearts. To ask more than this is avarice. And now if the eye were for a moment sated with the leafy luxury spread before it, there were men and women to gaze upon—clear eyes, graceful garments, upright mien, and somewhat of that Caucasian cleanliness which avouched them as our kin.

Neatly uniformed natives were directing road-gangs to smooth the path of commerce, and then I knew that I smelled the blood of an Englishman, and, dead or alive, I should soon find him. Ere an hour's ride had ended, ponies were seen bearing such truly squared kit-boxes as are unknown to native caravans, and coolies were met, shoulder-ing gun-cases which fairly cry out in leathery tongue, "We were made in England!" Lasso and Achbar mingle in the train: "This is a Sahib's caravan?"—"Of course."—"And the Sahib?"—"He is there." Aye, there he was, and the very back of him all British, from the comfortable outing-gear which he wore, to his imperturbable tread which puts surveyors' marks on the vale of Kashmir and makes it an extension of Regent's Park. His welcome was not the less courteous, but his measured surprise was the greater when the two white men who bore down upon him proved to be not British, but a