

sixty-pound load over roads where even the unloaded "Sahib" grows weary? For six days the same band of coolies trudged through the deep snow. The first day rain fell, and our pathway was full of slush. The coolies wore nothing on their feet except grass sandals, a pair of which only last a day or two. At the end of our day's journey we stopped at one of the little "bungalows," or rest-houses, built by the government. The men sat down by a fire in a dark room full of pungent smoke, dried their feet and clothes, ate their supper of bread, and set to work to repair their sandals, or to make new ones from the bundles of grass which they had brought with them. The next day was clear, and the hot sun, reflected from the fresh snow, burnt our faces in a way troublesome even to the hardened coolies. By ten o'clock the snow had begun to melt, and to thunder into the narrow valley-bottom in avalanches. More than once the men began to run, thinking that the snow was about to overwhelm them. Fortunately, no avalanche quite reached us, although toward noon the roar was almost continuous as the snow plunged down on every side. The finest avalanches were those which came down little gullies in the steep mountain side, and at the bottom cascaded into the main valley. The precipices, over which they fell in spray, were due apparently to the steepening of the lower part of the valley sides by ancient glaciers which have now retired.

The third day, like the second, was clear and painfully sunny. As we were now above Sonamarg, where the valley has been much broadened by glacial erosion, all danger from avalanches was at an end. Nevertheless, we could see and hear them on every side; and long white streaks among