

there were always at least eight or ten. It was evident that, even if there were no wind, the air in summer would be full of dust continually.

Zanguya is like Sanju, but as it lies about fifteen hundred feet lower, at an elevation of five thousand feet, it proved hotter and less agreeable. It is a typical town of the zone of vegetation, with dusty, shady streets, mud walls, a small bazaar with open shops, many orchards and gardens, and a mild, gentle population. I camped in a garden, and was entertained in the cool of the evening by a group of village musicians, who sang vociferously as they thrummed on preposterously long-necked guitars, which somehow sounded musical though not in tune. A day's journey to the east, we came to Pialma, another village of the zone of vegetation, where I was lodged in the house of the Beg of Sanju, whose guest I still was. From there I crossed the gravel southward to Dua, another beautiful terrace village, and found the Beg himself waiting to give me a last series of "dastarkhans." I explored the Dua valley, which no foreigner had ever before visited, and found that at its head there were thick deposits of loess in the grassy pasture zone, where Chanto shepherds care for sheep, horses, cattle, and yaks.

As we rode eastward out of Dua, all of my escort suddenly dismounted. When I asked if they would like to have me do so too, they seemed much pleased. After walking a short distance, they put their hands together, kicked off their low shoes, and began to pray before a few poles on the top of a bluff, the tomb of a saint. I understood then the reason of our walk of two hundred yards through the deep dust. If by inadvertence I happened to ride past a shrine where the