



*The valley of the Muzart
between Kailik and Tamga-
tash. Taken from the N
against the sun.*

There was a regular gale throughout the journey. Whenever we rode close to a mountain wall, the horses were almost blown over. Towards evening the wind dropped slightly. Rakhimjanoff complains of headache and a cold. — The ground over which we travelled to-day was rough and very stony. With a few exceptions, however, it is fairly level. On this stretch it would not be impossible to make a track for vehicles, which could not be done on the stretch covered on the previous days except at heavy cost and with much labour.

It was originally my intention, after climbing the glacier, to spend the night on the summit in a cottage occupied by eight labourers, whose duty it is to cut steps daily in the ice and make bridges of stones across any new fissures that open. However, the apprehension of possibly being delayed another day or even two by a buran in this «eagle's nest», which would have seriously upset my calculations in view of my limited supply of fodder and almost entire absence of wood, induced me to decide, in case the weather was fine, to go straight on to the sarai at Khan Jailik about 20 miles from Davan or Muzart bashi. We started at 6.20 a.m., but actually got away a little later, because I allowed myself to be tempted by some ibexes on the heights behind the sarai. At the moment, when we were about to start, Ljo discovered them grazing on the slope quite close to us. It was the work of a few seconds to dismount and take my Mauser from Rakhimjanoff, but in the meantime the goats had crossed to the other side of the crest of the hill. I set off in pursuit, but it was by no means so easy to climb the hill as it seemed from below. It took my horse fully 8—10 minutes to make its way zigzagging up to the top, and when we got there, there was no longer any sign of the beautiful creatures with their bright, sabre-like horns.

*April 2nd.
Khan Jailik.*