



*Numgan riding across  
the river Aghias.*

and hollow. The river is swollen and roars along with a noise that carries my thoughts back to the mighty rapids of my own country. It is a joy to listen late at night to this voice, familiar to us northerners, that makes a grand impression in this wild gorge.

*May 16th.* It took from 6 or 6.30 a.m. to about 2 p.m. to take an impression of the stone. I got an impression of some of the old signs, but others were so faint that they only produced an indistinct roughness on the stamp. Unfortunately, I was unable to superintend the washing of the rock personally and as a result some of the sheets of paper became very dirty. I could not bring myself, however, to sacrifice any more of my small stock of paper for a fresh impression. The paper had not dried completely, when the wind, rising to a severe storm later, forced me to take it down. It was rather late for crossing the Ketsu-su, but I was determined to move my camp and find better pasturage for the horses. But just as we were about to start, Hassain and Numgan returned with the news that it was impossible to ford the river to-day. Hassain had attempted it, but had only got half-way across, when he had to turn back, as his horse was swept aside by the rushing water and almost knocked down. We zigzagged up the very steep ledge of the bank and half a mile up the slope towards the mountain, where we encamped close to a stream about 260 metres higher than yesterday. It is characteristic of the ideas of the local population that the place is called Shartek, which means »the level ground». It is so level that, if you lie down on your side, you roll downhill.

*May 17th.* We reached the Ketsu-su slightly E of our camp after some very steep descents. Here it flows S—N and is about 21 feet wide, the bottom being covered with large stones and the current very strong. We crossed without incident. On the right bank of the river we