

very noticeable, and on the roadside the houses are actually built on to the trees.

We drove into an inn yard, but found there was no room ; and were told that a batch of soldiers were passing through, so all the inns had closed their doors. The gallant defenders of their country are not held in much esteem by their fellow-countrymen. After waiting for half an hour in the cart, the landlord made arrangements for a room for me.

A Turk who spoke Hindustani now appeared. He was a Hajji, and had spent ten years in India, horse-dealing. He was very friendly, and asked if he could be of any service. I said I wanted a Turk servant to go to India with me, and also wanted to buy a good pony. He went off, saying there were plenty of both, and soon the inn yard was full of ponies. He was a regular Indian horse-dealer, and I laughed when he began with the usual "Sahib, ham juth ne bolenge" ("I will not tell a lie"), "dam assi rupiye" ("the price is eighty rupees"). I told him I never told lies either, and what I would give was twenty taels (he reckoned eighty rupees at thirty taels). All sorts of ponies appeared, and I rode between twenty and thirty up and down the main street, which was the only place handy for trying them. They were asking about three times the price usually given for ponies in these parts, so I only selected one, which I bought for twenty-five taels (£5). It was about the lowest-priced pony they brought, but they were going by a different standard to mine, for size and weight-carrying capacity is what they value. The Hajji was very keen upon my buying a two-year-old pony marked with black spots all over. I said it was too young. "Not at all," he said. "He will be three or four years old by the time you get to India." This after he had told me I could get there in two months! Two Afghans also, who had lived here for twenty years, visited me. I asked them if they were here in Yakoob Beg's time. They said, "Yes ; that was a