

at them to keep them straight. In spite of it all, we would see the ponies, with our clothes or bedding, fall into a pool with the water nearly over their backs. Most of the men got on the top of the packs, but some waded through the water, and they had a rough time of it.

We passed the Shimshal River, up which lies the route to Hunza we were seeking for, but we were rather short of grain for the ponies, on account of their having had more than their usual share on the glaciers, where they could get no grass, and, as I calculated from observations for latitude that we could not be far from Chong Jangal, where I hoped to find Turdi Kol with a fresh relay of supplies, I thought it best to go there first.

Chong Jangal was the point on the Yarkand River where it was believed the Oprang River joined it. As I have already said, we could not carry all the necessary supplies with us, but had to carry them in two instalments. We had reached the end of our first instalment, and had to look out for the second. There was no map of this region, and I could find no man with any full or accurate knowledge of it, or any information at all about what lay between the Shimshal Pass and the Yarkand River. All I could do was to tell Turdi Kol to go along the Yarkand River with the second instalment to this place, Chong Jangal, where he said a large river joined in from the south. This he thought must be the Oprang River, whose upper waters I should be exploring. The supplies would therefore be at Chong Jangal; but whether the river which joined in there really was the Oprang River, and whether, even if it was, my party would be able to get along it, nobody knew. The river might have flowed far away from Chong Jangal. It might never join the Yarkand River at all, or it might flow through gorges along which it would be impossible to take our ponies. Of all this we had to take our chance. But Turdi Kol had been down the Yarkand River before, and before leaving it