

not to complain so much as the unfortunate men, who had to wade through the icy water.

The Gurkhas managed to clamber along the hillsides like goats, but, unfortunately, at the end of the day they were at the other side of the river to our camp. We had halted because we had not been able to find a ford; for the water had risen, as it always does in the afternoon, on account of the melting of the glaciers during the day. I was very anxious as to how I should get them across, and was just mounting a pony to try the stream, when the first two Gurkhas appeared on the other side, and, without cogitating about it for half an hour, as I had done, promptly proceeded to wade through the water in the most happy-go-lucky way. I shouted to them to stop till I had tried the depth, but on account of the roar of the water they did not hear. How they got through I don't know, for the water came nearly up to their armpits; it was icy cold, the current very strong, and the bottom covered with boulders, and I know from our experiences in Manchuria what that means. However, they got across all right, and landed with a broad grin on their faces, as if crossing rivers was the greatest possible joke. I then rode across, leading another pony with me. I took up one Gurkha behind me from the other side, and mounted the remaining two on the second pony, which I brought across. We then started back. Once or twice my pony gave some ugly lurches, and I thought we were gone; but we got across all right, and I gave the Gurkhas a drop of whisky all round to cheer their stout little hearts.

We arrived at Chong Jangal at last, but found no Turdi Kol, no supplies, and no letters. I thought we were never going to arrive there. We rounded spur after spur, and at each I expected to see the Yarkand River, and Chong Jangal on the other side. In the afternoon, after rounding a great bend of the Oprang River, we entered a wide pebbly plain, and in the distance could see an extensive jungle. I thought it might