

and was all the more keen to reach his country and test his feelings as soon as possible.

But the second instalment of supplies had not yet arrived, and each day I looked anxiously up the valley of the Yarkand River for signs of Turdi Kol, as I was beginning to fear some mishap, and to imagine that we would be stranded in the middle of these mountains without anything to eat. At last, on October 10, Turdi Kol arrived with the long-expected supplies, and we then retraced our steps to the junction of the Shimshal River, and ascended the valley through which it flows. Up this valley, at five miles from its junction with the Oprang, is a Kanjuti outpost called Darwaza, or "the gate." It was from this place that the raiders started on their expeditions, and as we ascended the wild, narrow mountain valley in which it is situated, we wondered what sort of reception we should meet with from these robber bands. Rounding a spur, we saw in the distance a tower erected on the top of a cliff, and approaching nearer we saw that the whole line of the cliff, where it was at all accessible, was covered by a loophole wall, at the upper end of which was a second tower. The cliff formed the bank of a deep ravine, which cut transversely across the main valley. Looking up the valley on the right was the unfordable Shimshal river; on the left were precipitous mountains, and in front this deep ravine. The only possible way up the valley was by a difficult zigzag path up the side of this ravine, and that was guarded by the two towers. Some smoke was curling up from these towers, so we knew that they were tenanted, and the exciting moment had now arrived when we should have to beard these raiders in their very den.

I carefully reconnoitred the position with my field-glasses, so as to be able to decide on our best plan of action in case of a hostile reception. The path zigzagged down one side of the ravine, which was about two hundred feet deep, and up the other, and passed immediately under the wall and through