

tured by these robbers and afterwards sold into slavery. It was necessary to take every precaution, and, as it is their habit to attack at night, cut the ropes of the tent and let it down on the top of you, if you are unwary enough to use one, we had to live in the open, even on the glaciers, and, however cold it might be, sheltering ourselves behind any friendly rock we could find, and after dark always altering the position we had ostentatiously assumed during daylight, so that if any Kanjutis happened to have been watching us then, they might be unable to find us.

Descending from the Chiraghsaldi Pass, we followed down the pebbly bed of a stream. But soon the stream disappeared under the stones, nor could we find grass or bushes for fuel, and the three great requisites of a traveller, water, wood, and grass, were all missing. Darkness came on, and with it a snowstorm; but still we plodded on, as under these circumstances there was no possibility of encamping. Stumbling along over the heavy boulders, we at last came across some bushes, and a little farther on the stream appeared again; grass was found on its edges, and we encamped for the night.