

tired out, it was only something unusually striking that had produced any impression upon me, and I would pass by peaks of marvellous grandeur with only a weary upward glance at them, and sometimes even a longing that they had never existed to bar my way and keep me from my journey's end. But now, seated on the back of a pony—miserable little animal though it was—I had no longer that load of weariness weighing upon me, and could quietly drink in all the pleasure which looking on that glorious mountain scenery gives.

The Shigar valley is from two to three miles broad ; its bottom is covered over with village lands, where apricot trees are grown in hundreds, and these trees now, in the autumn season, were clothed in foliage of every lovely tint of red and purple and yellow. This mass of bright warm foliage filled the valley bottom, then above it rose the bare rugged mountainsides, and crowning these the everlasting snows. The sun shone out in an unclouded, deep-blue sky ; the icy blasts of the Mustagh were left behind for good and all ; and we were in an ideal climate, with no extremes of either heat