

There is little that is strong or masculine about the Balti to cause one to admire him, but yet one likes him for his very patience and the ease with which he can be pleased. And among these Baltis I have employed, have been some for whom I have borne respect for their intense devotion to what they believed to be their duty. I now was on the eve of parting with those five who brought me over the Mustagh Pass, and for Wali, their headman, I entertain a regard such as I do for few other men.

I picture him now as he was first brought before me at the inn at Yarkand—a short, thick-set man, with an iron-grey beard, a prominent, rather hooked nose, and an expression of determination and proud indifference to danger about his chin and underlip. Asked if he were willing to conduct me over the Mustagh Pass, he replied that he did not want to go, but if he were really required he would undertake to guide me; the only condition he would make would be that I should not look at a map! He had heard Englishmen were inclined to guide themselves and trust the map rather than the man with