

sheepskin coat and long Yarkand boots, with a round Tam-o'-shanter cap as the only European article of dress about me, with a rough beard, and my face burnt by exposure in the desert and cut and reddened by the cold on the glaciers, I was addressed by the people of the place as a Yarkandi. My first care, therefore, was to go off to one of the native shops which provide all necessaries for Europeans, and purchase a clean shirt and a knickerbocker suit, such as officers wear out shooting in Kashmir, and to have my hair cut, my beard shaved off, and get a good wash. When I had expended nearly two hours upon these preparations for my plunge into civilisation, I went to see Captain Ramsay, the political agent on duty at Srinagar at the time. It was very trying, therefore, when Captain Ramsay, almost immediately after shaking hands, said, "Wouldn't you like to have a wash?" This was the first of the many shocks I had on returning to civilisation.

But there were some pleasant surprises too, and I remember the satisfaction I felt at receiving a telegram at Srinagar, conveying to me the congratulations of Lord Roberts, the then