

uphill towards Murree, and arrived at a dak bungalow at sunset. Here I rested for part of the night, but at three o'clock in the morning started again, marching the ten miles into Murree on foot. From there in a tonga I drove rapidly down the last thirty-nine miles into Rawal Pindi. The change was wonderful. I had thought riding a miserable native pony a luxury in comparison with the weary marching on foot. Then trundling along at a jog-trot in a native cart on the Kashmir road had seemed the very essence of all that was comfortable. But now I was in a conveyance with a pair of ponies galloping down the hill, and with what seemed perfect rest to me was covering every hour three or four times the distance I had been able to accomplish on foot. Still better, I was freeing myself from the nightmare of the mountains, and, in place of the never-ending barriers of ranges blocking the way and shutting me in, there was stretched out before me the wide open plains of the Punjab. From the plains of Turkestan on the one side, I had made my way through the labyrinth of mountains, over one range after another, past each succeeding obstacle, till I had now reached the