

there seemed no room for doubt as to his dishonesty. However, as it would have been inconvenient to bring matters to a crisis while we were *en route* to Gilgit, I pretended to be ignorant of his misdeeds, even though Abdul Karim offered to enlighten me on the subject. Natives have generally a clearer insight into each other's characters than Europeans possess, and have generally better opportunities for arriving at a correct opinion. I, therefore, when on the march to Astor, took advantage of Abdul Karim's presence alone with me and spoke of Khalik's character.

"Well, Abdul Karim, what do you think of the caravan bashi?"

"Sahib, he is a very bad man and a great thief; kill him, Sahib, at once, and there will be no more trouble." Seeing that I did not at once concur, he added, "If you do not like to kill him, give me the order; I shall kill him at once, and then you will have no more trouble."

Abdul's method of dealing with the delinquent was more severe than any I had considered, and did not obtain my approval, but, as I did not wish to extinguish completely the zeal of my orderly, I only remarked that, as we were still on British territory, it would be better not to act on his advice just at present. Khalik was cordially hated as well as dreaded by several of his fellow-countrymen, who offered convincing evidence of his evil doings. He was apparently quite ignorant of the dislike with which he was regarded, and when we came to Dak Pari, the last rest-house on the way to Gilgit, he openly denounced and abused me in the presence of all my followers and the few Dak men, or mail-runners, who inhabited the place. He asserted that his Sahib was a miserable cur, who had himself meanly purchased the few ponies which belonged to his section of the caravan, and had even bought the