

caravan, to reach a grassy slope, where we found a small excavation used by shepherds in summer. Here Dass lighted a fire of yak dung, and about nine o'clock Mohammed Amin, the old Pathan, arrived with his party, very tired and without baggage, all of which had been left some little distance behind. It is worth mentioning that the full-length mercurial barometer and spare tubes filled with mercury survived this day's journey.

Early next morning several villagers from the Asgan Sal valley came hurriedly to our bivouac (Camp 31), anxious to know why I had not reached them in the evening. Being satisfied on this point, they asked why I had chosen the more difficult and longer route, in preference to that over the Karamut Dawan. When they had heard my explanation they gave free and emphatic expression to their opinion of the conduct of the Yuz Bashi of Tir, but that official was now beyond our reach, and I could only report his behaviour to the Chow-Kuan on arriving at Yarkand.

For a few days Dalbir Rai's illness was a puzzle to me, but when we reached Zumchi he was plainly suffering from dysentery. He had, as I learned, disregarded my strict orders to abstain from solid food while his temperature was above normal, and had gorged himself with ghee and whatever else he could lay hands on. It was not easy to make an effective or lasting impression on this patient, but I tried and had some success. When he was suffering the pangs of sickness I cheered him up with the prospect of a speedy release, indicating that there was no hope of recovery except by strict self-restraint. My harangue had a good effect, and he promised not to swallow a mouthful of solid food. It was necessary to have him fed on milk and properly cared for in his weakness, and I had to devise the means of his removal to a place of safety. No stretcher could be procured,