

accomplished before noon. Behind me came Abdul Karim with my riding pony, of which I made use only when the day was very hot. One morning, just as I had overtaken Ipay with the camels, an excited Yuz Bashi galloped up to him and inquired for news about me. The camel man pointed me out to him, as I stepped along in the cool morning air, bareheaded, clad in an ancient and patched khaki suit and grey flannel shirt, without any attendant; and the Yuz Bashi, surprised and incredulous, thinking he was being imposed on by my people, created much amusement by his perplexity.

The inhabitants of this region (as, indeed, of most others that I visited) welcome British travellers, and, when not forbidden, are willing to assist them. In Sai Bagh one of the most important residents insisted on my partaking of tea and sweets at his house. A little further on a rich and influential mullah had prepared for me a substantial breakfast, which, though I had but recently had a hearty meal, I found it impossible to escape. When I pleaded my utter inability to avail myself of the proffered hospitality, my host seized the bridle of my pony on one side while his friends took hold of it on the other, so that I was constrained to dismount and eat of the baked mutton and bread prepared for me and my men. The repast was spread in great simplicity. Seated on the ground under the shade of some large trees we were provided with bread, large, round, and thin, to serve for plates on which the viands were laid. While the other guests, in primitive fashion, tore the meat from the bones with their teeth, I was able to facilitate matters by using a knife, which was my constant companion.

The last day's march to Polu was long and fatiguing, as it included an ascent of more than 3,000 feet from Imam La to the high plateau above the village. This plateau, consisting, in fact, of a long, broad, and gently