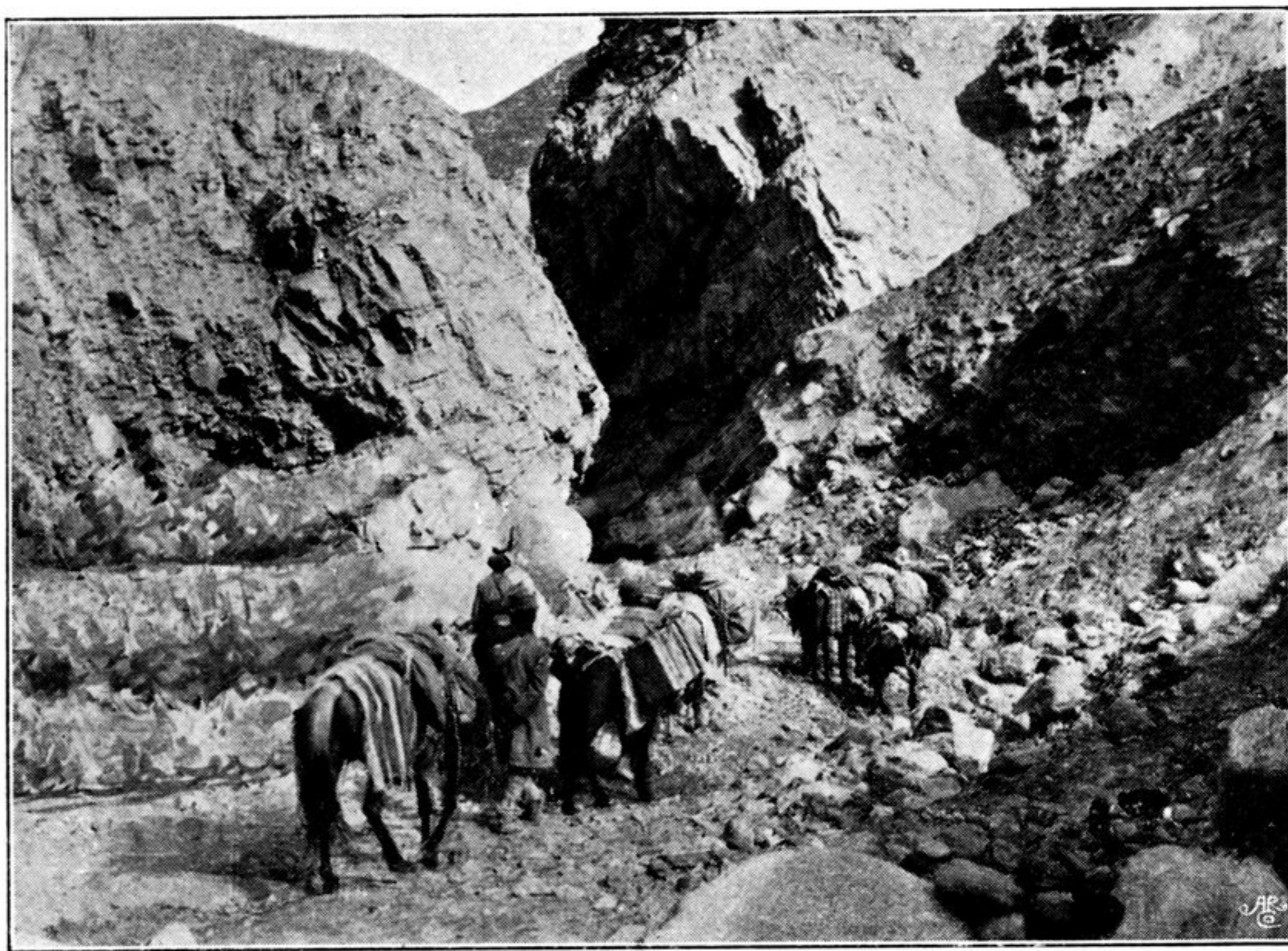


pelted those who were struggling below. After we had passed the worst part of the gorge, we met the Yuz Bashi of Polu and several of the villagers bringing a large present of delicious melons, peaches, and grapes. Halting and returning the salutations of our friends, we at once showed our full appreciation of the refreshing fruit. I reserved a fair share for my hard-working companions who were behind, and all, as they came up, joined in



SCENE IN THE POLU GORGE.

praising the fruit. One man who had been lazy and vexatious was, by general consent, left unsupplied, and the spectacle of "virtue rewarded" provoked his keen resentment. From the spot where we rested we had a view of the green hills of the lower part of the valley. After months spent in the desolate regions of Tibet and Aksai Chin a glimpse of vegetation was delightful, and seemed to charm away the anxiety which had oppressed