

since I left Gilgit, had profited by experience and were able to walk where walking seemed impossible. They passed safely along execrable tracks, over slippery ice, and down steeply sloping rocks. They had even become proficient in negotiating dangerous drops, and we could with confidence look forward to new feats of pony skill.

Near Sanglash there was a dangerous corner to turn at a spot about 200 feet almost vertically above the river, and I had some anxiety as I watched the progress of the caravan. The yaks, as usual, went first, then one of the men led the quietest and most sure-footed of the ponies, while several other men hung on to his tail to prevent his turning a somersault over the cliffs. The yaks had probably often passed that way and were utterly indifferent to the danger, but some of the ponies showed great fear. The Ladakis thought it better that all except the foremost should be allowed to choose their road unled, and one in terror actually took a more dangerous course, but lengthened experience told in his favour, and he was able to cross without mishap.

When we came within a few miles of Sanglash men from that village met us, and I was glad when I found that they had brought milk for me, for during several days my health had been unsatisfactory, and my diet had been restricted to soup, rice, and tea. The milk was not milk-white, nor so clean as that from an English dairy, but I greedily drank it, for I was exhausted with my arduous march, performed mostly on foot and without solid food. Sanglash village, consisting of three houses and a water-mill, stood about three-quarters of a mile from the Yarkand River, and close to the mouth of a small side-valley. There was some little cultivation in the vicinity, but I saw no traces of jade or of petroleum, nor were the inhabitants acquainted with either, though the region has been credited with both. Having here