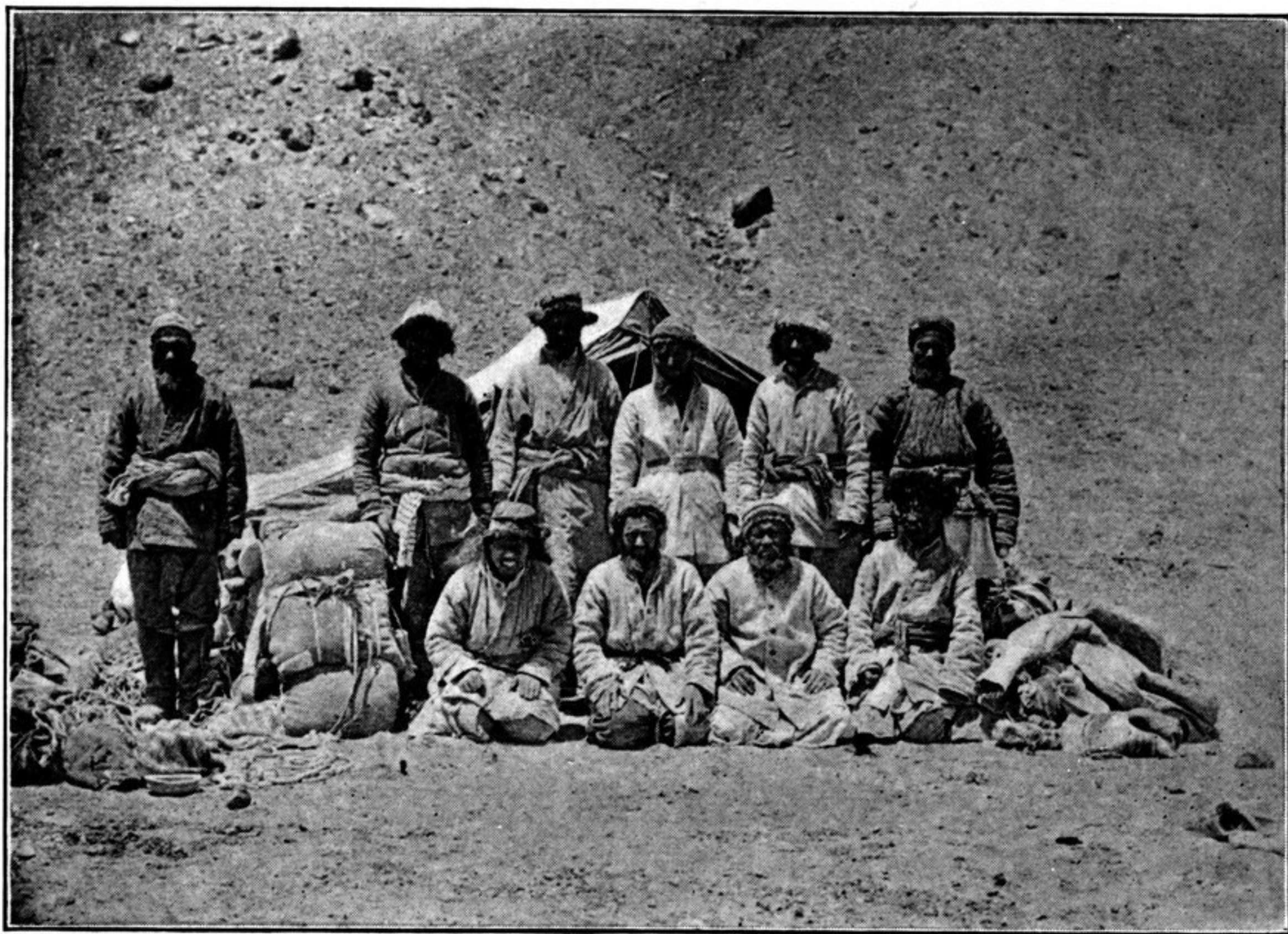


gave me a keen appreciation of the beauty of fertile land.

On July 21st I reached Leh, tired, dusty, and thirsty, and entering the stores of a Hindu trader who was acquainted with European tastes I asked for beer, a beverage which I had not tasted for two years. "A pint, or a quart?" he asked. "Pint be d——d; bring me two quarts to begin with," I replied.



MY CARAVAN MEN.

My short stay at Leh was enlivened by pleasant intercourse with new acquaintances, among whom were Captain R. L. Kennion, the energetic and hospitable British Joint Commissioner, the members of the Moravian Mission, and Captain and Mrs. King, of the Royal Irish Regiment.

It was with regret that I bade goodbye to the caravan men who had been my companions in my wanderings,