

and his master of all uneasiness as to the future arrangements of the travelling household. For Sadak Akhun had brought with him not only the appearance of a smart 'Karawan-bashi,' but a training in the mysteries of European cuisine amply sufficient for my wants. When he turned up in his fur-lined cap and coat of unstained azure, and red leather top-boots of imposing size, my camp seemed to receive at once a touch of Central-Asian colour.

But it was not only from the Far North that I was anxiously expecting during these days a much-needed complement of my camp. Knowing that no European traveller in the parts I was bound for could wholly refuse the *rôle* of the 'Hakim' forced upon him by popular belief, I had early ordered my medicine case from Messrs. Burroughs Wellcome & Co., the great London firm of "Tabloid" fame. The South African War and other incidents delayed its arrival for months, and even when it had at last been reported by telegram as landed at Calcutta, it seemed doubtful whether it would reach me in time. The Indian Post Office does indeed provide with its usual efficiency for the wants of the distant frontier post of Gilgit. But its power cannot level mountains, and as the transport of heavy articles across the snow-covered passes was not to begin till later in the season, there seemed little chance of that eagerly looked-for case ever catching me up if not received before my start from Srinagar.

Fortune seemed to offer a small mark of favour at least in this direction. For when, on the evening of the 29th of May, the time of departure fixed weeks before, my little flotilla of boats was lying opposite to the Srinagar Post Office, worthy Lala Mangu Mal, the attentive postmaster, triumphantly reported the arrival of the box. When it was at last safely deposited in my hands it was time to set out from the Venice of India. Gliding down the dark river under the seven bridges which have spanned it since early times, and between the