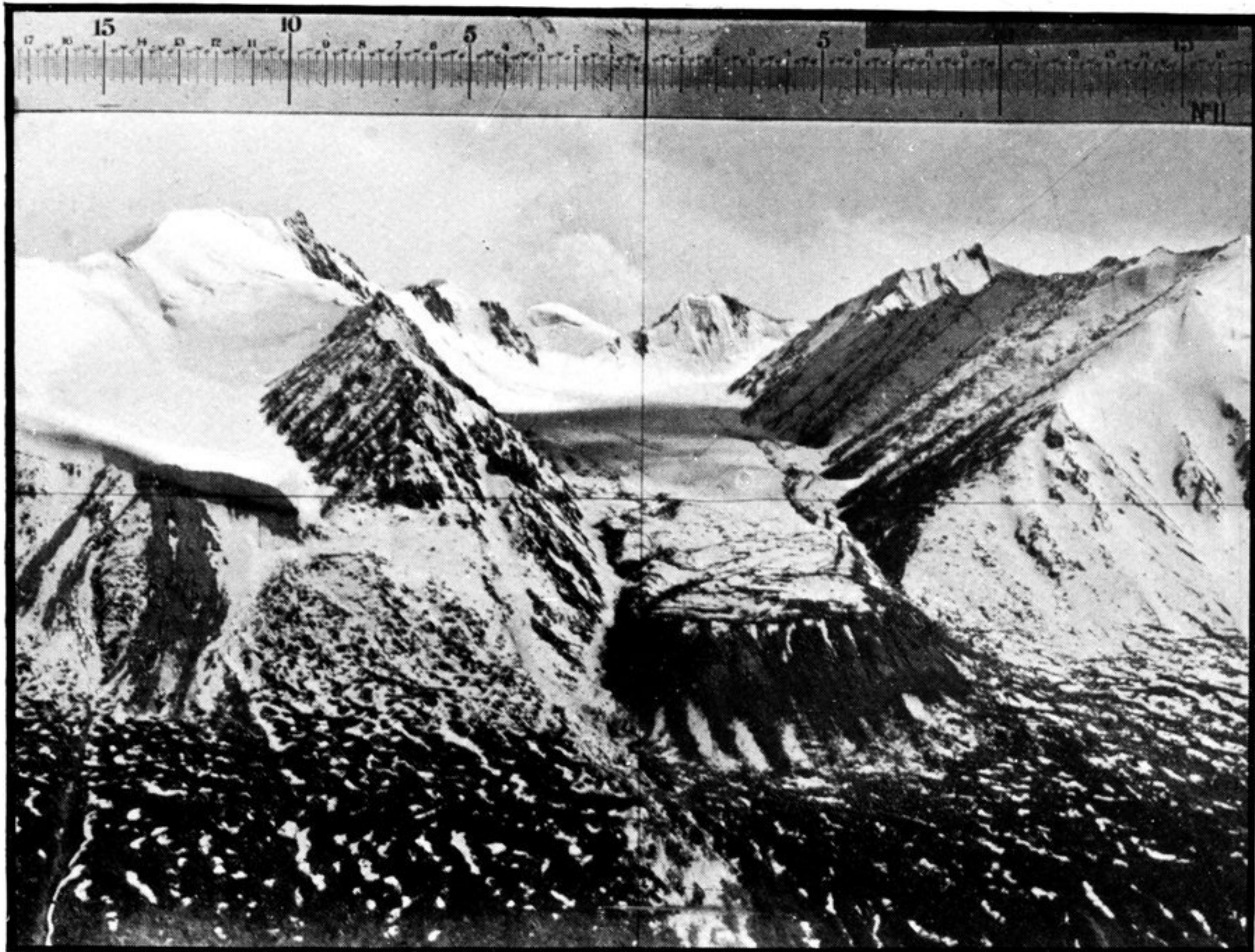


there was snow at the bottom of the valley, or boggy soil where the snow had just melted. In front I had the view of numerous small glaciers, which clothe the slopes of the range south of the pass. My intention of going up to the latter the same day was frustrated by a storm which brought sleet and snow. In the cutting cold my people felt the scarcity of fuel; for even the coarse grass known to the Sarikolis as



SNOWY RANGE SOUTH OF HEAD OF AB-I-PANJA VALLEY.

‘Dildung’ and to the Kirghiz as ‘Burse,’ the dry roots of which supply the only fuel of this region—apart from dry yak dung—was no longer to be found at this altitude.

By the morning of the next day the weather had cleared, and the ascent to the pass could be effected without difficulty. One and a half hour’s ride on a yak over easily sloping snow beds and past a small lake brought me to the watershed. It