

the breakfast my men had soon got ready for us, made up his mind to visit Kashgar instead. Accepting my invitation to share my camp, he accompanied me to Sarik-Jilga, the end of my march.

On the way, and then at table, my young guest told me much of interest concerning his ten days' ride over the Russian Pamirs. Though far too rapid for close observation, it was a performance highly creditable to his endurance. Of outfit and provisions he had brought scarcely more than is wanted for a few days' outing in the Bavarian Alps, but he had soon been obliged to provide himself against the rigours of a Pamir summer, for which he was little prepared, by purchasing a large fur coat off the back of a Kirghiz. I wondered inwardly how he managed to get rid of the livestock likely to be involved in this transaction. As the Kirghiz had so far been his only hosts except at the Russian fort of Pamirski Post, and as he could not make himself readily understood by them, his bodily wants had found but scant satisfaction. His two ponies were also nearly done up by the hardships of these precipitous marches. On the other hand, there was no need for the two revolvers which he was carrying in his belt, and after our conversation he soon found for them a less prominent receptacle. For, indeed, if the Pamir region does not yet offer inns and rest-houses after the fashion of the Alps, it may boast of an equal degree of security.

Comparing notes from north and south we spent a cheerful evening together. Karakash Beg and his followers shared my satisfaction at this chance meeting. For the assurance that the unexpected arrival was after all not a 'Rus' relieved them of all responsibility. On the 5th of July we rode down together some fifteen miles to Ghujakbai (the 'Ujadbhai' of former maps), where the valley turns to the north and considerably widens. The snow-capped ranges on both sides now receded, and the widening expanse of the valley vividly demonstrated the importance which belongs to the Taghdum-