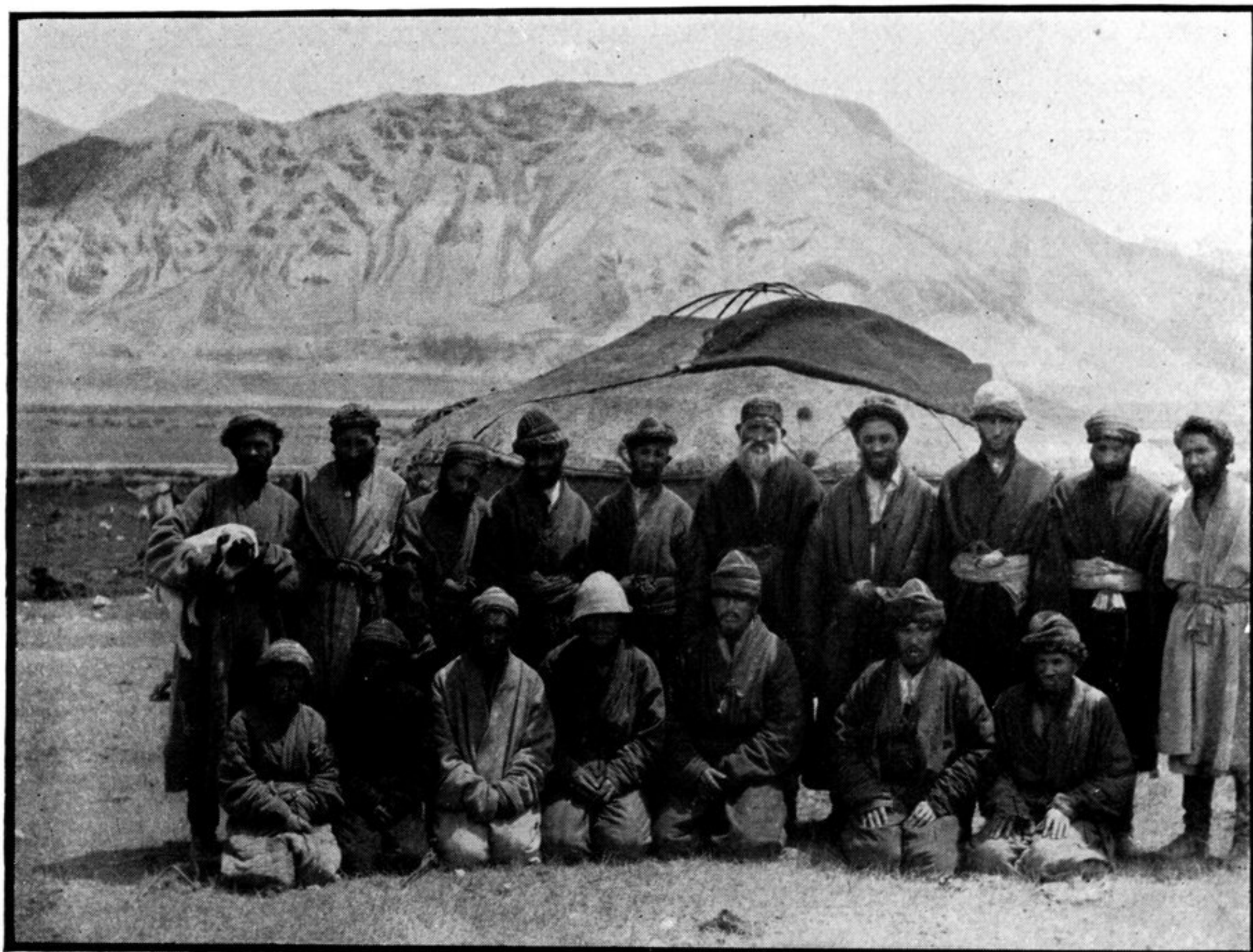


herbs which scented the air quite perceptibly. When about midway of the march I made a short halt on the green meadows of Ghan, a summer grazing-ground, I could easily imagine myself enjoying a bright summer day on a Hungarian "puszta." A troop of ponies turned loose to graze around were lustily enjoying the delights of freedom and rich



WAKHIS AND KIRGHIZ AT DAFDAR.

pasture. To watch their lazy, happy ways was a pleasant distraction.

Light, fleecy clouds hung over the mountains, and it was only in the afternoon when approaching the end of my march of some eighteen miles that I could perceive, rising above them in the north, the glistening mass of a great snowy dome. This was Muz-tagh-Ata, "the Father of Ice Mountains," which I had so long wished to behold. At Yurgal