

turned out to be photographed in their parade dress—blue velvet trousers, red cloth tunics, with Chinese letters in black velvet sewn on them, and neat black felt boots. All these articles were in good order, less so their Enfield carbines bearing the “Tower” mark. In the meantime the news of my arrival had been sent on to Karm Shah Beg, the chief of the Kirghiz herdsmen in the valley North of the Ulugh-Rabat, who duly came to welcome me. As the rain had stopped I moved my baggage down two miles from the post of Subashi to where his Kirghas stood. One of them was readily vacated for the accommodation of my servants, while a short break in the rain sufficed for pitching my tent on a dry, sandy spot by the side of one of the numerous branches by which the stream of the Subashi Valley finds its way down to the Karakul Lake. The glittering surface of the latter, one and a half miles further North, could just be seen from my camp.