

where my camp stood. There was nothing to remind me of the neighbourhood of the desert or the equal barrenness of the outer hills. As far as the eye could reach over the large plots of fields and gardens fertility and plenty reigned. Much reminded me of Kashmir—the variety and luxuriant growth of the trees, the numerous picturesque Ziarats with shady groves near my camp, and in the Bazars the quaintly carved wooden houses.