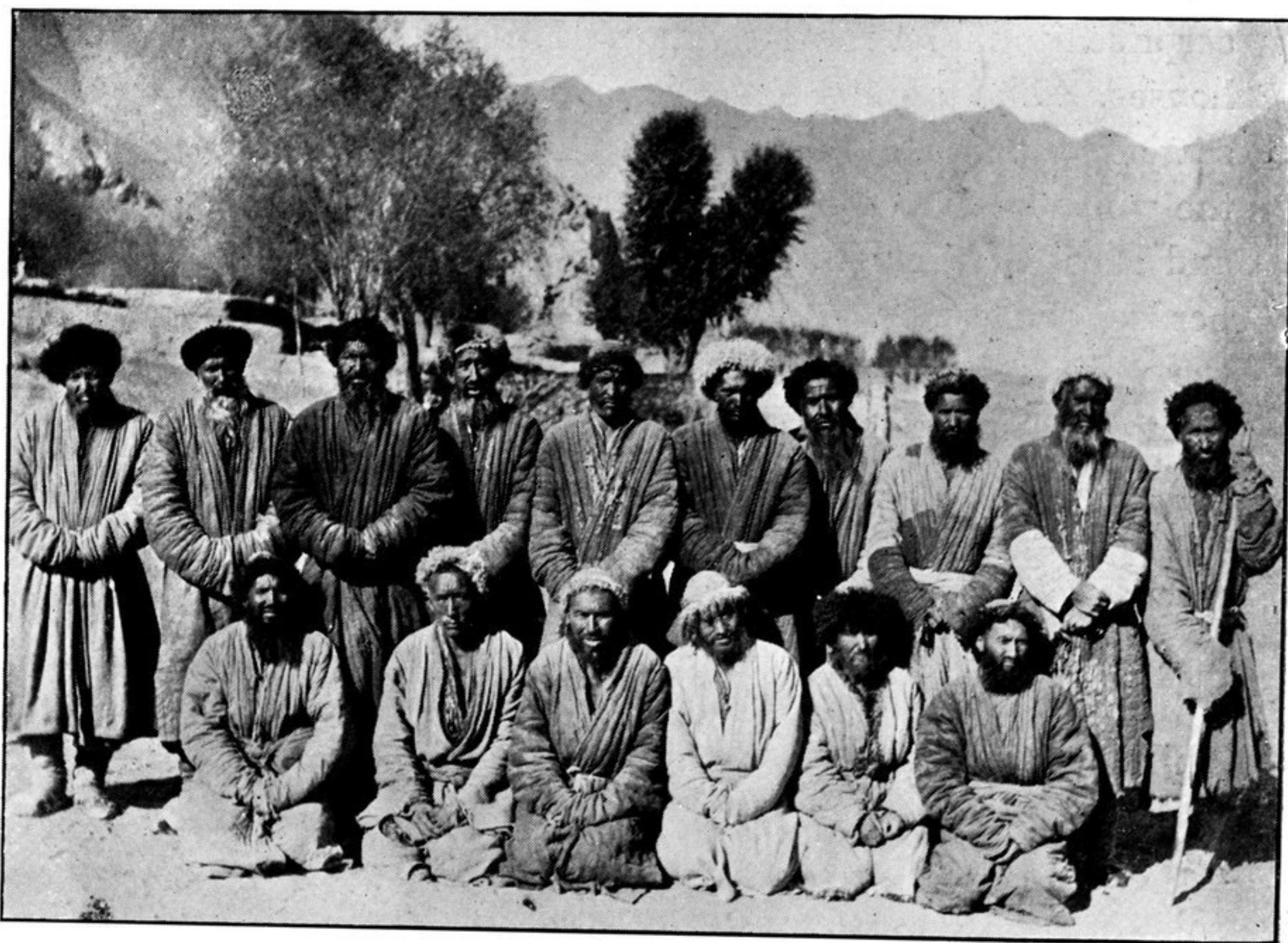


inspiring. On my return I passed the cemetery of Karanghu-tagh. The number of tombs it contains may, in view of the very scanty population (barely amounting to 200 souls), be taken as a sign of long-continued occupation. There were plenty of decayed little domes of mud and wooden enclosures marking graves. Over them rose high staffs, invariably hung with a yak's tail. I counted also two mosques



TAGHLIKS AND EXILED CRIMINALS AT KARANGHU-TAGH.

in the place, and half-a-dozen simple Mazars, where a bundle of sticks bedecked with rags and yak's tails marks the reputed resting-place of some holy man. I could well believe that the dreariness of their earthly surroundings might turn the minds of the dwellers in this gloomy vale to a happier world beyond.

The information extracted with no little trouble from the Yüzباشi of Karanghu-tagh and his people about a route up the main valley of the Yurung-kash was by no means