

grow well in years when a sufficient snowfall on the mountains around assures irrigation.

The elevation of Omsa, together with the change in the weather, made itself felt by a truly cold night. On the morning of the 29th of October the thermometer at 7 a.m. showed only 17° F. But the sky was of dazzling clearness, and in the crisp mountain air the cold had an almost exhilarating effect. After a pleasant march of two hours we reached the right bank of the Yurung-kash, close to Terek-aghzi. Instead of the previous route, I now followed the path by the river-side. It crosses the Yurung-kash about two miles below the above junction, and then winds along the precipitous cliffs of the left bank for another three miles. The ups and downs over slopes of loose conglomerate were very fatiguing, but the picturesque views of the wild river-gorge amply made up for this. At one point the river has cut its way through walls of solid rock, scarcely 50 feet apart, for a distance of several hundred yards. Elsewhere the vehemence of floods has excavated yawning caverns from the huge alluvial fans. Not far from the point where the Kash Valley from Karanghu-tagh joins this gorge, the path led over a succession of rocky ledges of remarkable steepness. The ascent indeed looked like a huge flight of stairs built by nature along the brink of a precipice more than 500 feet high. The yaks climbed it with astonishing surefootedness, but it was uncomfortable to look down on the track over which they had carried us.