

After a rapid inspection of the buildings, among which only a large quadrangular Madrasah built by Niaz Hakim Beg with burnt bricks can claim some merit, I proceeded across the ice of the northernmost lake to the hill opposite. Its foot is occupied by groves of fine old trees, amidst which pious donors have erected praying platforms and various little Sarais for pilgrims and the scholars who attend the school of the shrine. All the trees were



TREES WITH EX-VOTOS, ON PATH TO IMAM JAFAR SADIK'S TOMB.

decked with little flags, yak tails or simple rags, the votive offerings of visitors. The path to the hilltop ascends through a large number of rough wooden arches, all bearing the same marks of pilgrims' devotion. At the first of these arches there is to be seen the motliest collection imaginable of rags. All colours and materials are represented, from fine Indian muslin to Birmingham cotton prints, Chinese silks, Russian chintzes, and